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Spring blossoms. Publisher photo.

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From the Publisher's Desk...

By Gabriel Cruden

I sometimes reflect on how fabricated our lives are and how human society is really just a bunch of agreements. Don't get me wrong – I'm not dissing it. The agreement about time, for example, is an important one. If I want to meet someone at 3 p.m., the fact that we can both know exactly when it will be 3 p.m. is very helpful. I think my musings on the matter are more rooted in sometimes searching for a little perspective.

I watch a pair of western bluebirds, returned from their overwinter in Palm Springs (I can tell by their golf shirts), as they pick through the detritus in the rain gutter, seemingly undeterred by the wet snow falling in chunks all around them. Little shards of blue, like the sky we keep hoping to see more of amid all this snow and rain. I wonder, with their impeccable migratory timing, if they have their own 3 p.m. agreement? Probably not. Like so many other migratory species, their seasonal travel plans seem genetically imbued.

I have been taking stock of my life's trajectory, how I spend my time, and how I want to spend the rest of it. Asking questions about purpose and legacy and all that. Big stuff. One result of this internal inquiry is a growing awareness of how caught up in our societal agreements we

all are. It's kind of like picturing what we would look like if our cars were invisible. Seated figures whizzing down the highway. When I strip away all the contextual elements of day-to-day living, and get down to the basics in order to rebuild a life with purpose, there are things I do – and a lot to just be mentally caught up in – that are peripheral to a life well lived.

Perhaps that's part of why it is so relaxing to watch the bluebirds. Aside from the cyclic reassurance of their reappearance, there's also a kind of simple peace in seeing them flit about, attending to a seemingly uncomplicated life. And as they go about meeting the basic needs of survival, I am reminded of the great luxury I live in that so many others in our communities here in northeastern Washington, and around the world, do not have. Food to eat when I am hungry. A safe place to live. Healthy children. Hot running water. Electricity. Telecommunications. Reliable transportation. And so forth.

This leads to further resolve to use the tools I have, such as this magazine, to engage with life in a purposeful way. Tell the stories. Enrich perspective. Find the common ground. Make a difference. Spend the time well.

Along with these musings, I feel a great sense of gratitude for the opportunity to be a part of this continuing conversation with you, our readers. Knowing that the articles our writers share are resonating and are contributing to your day in a meaningful way adds to my own sense of purpose in doing the work. I am also so very grateful to our advertisers who make this work possible. They are the ones who foot the bill, so if you find value in this publication, please be sure to visit their stores for your shopping needs and tell them thank you.

I also invite you to get in touch with us, anytime, and if you have something you would like to share with others please submit your article for consideration to ncmonthly@gmail.com. Some topic areas of interest, to get the thought juices flowing: community design; community development; business development; entrepreneurship; home building; architecture; social science; humor; neuroscience; technology; robotics; invention; math/theory/science; astronomy; causes for good. For more ideas, visit the About page at www.ncmonthly.com, or come to us with your own. Let's put our energy and creativity and care into the social agreements that matter. Let's make a difference, together.

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Random Acts of Community

Out of the Box and into the Heart

By Christine Wilson

There's a Danish TV advertisement that shows groups of people stepping into white outlined squares on a dark floor in a big, open room. A narrator speaks as we watch people moving into the different squares, and he says: "It's easy to put people in boxes. There's us and there's them. There are the higher ups and those just getting by. Those we trust and those we try to avoid ... there are the new [ones] and the ones who have always been here; the people from the countryside and those who've never seen a cow ... there are those we share something with and those we don't share anything with." On that black floor, with such clearly defined white lines, it looks like there is no chance for connection. It's all about divergence and separation.

And then the organizer asks various questions. "Who was a class clown?" "Who are stepparents?" The groupings rearrange themselves "and then suddenly there's us. ... Maybe there is more that brings us together than we might think." My favorite part is the one person who identified himself as bisexual, while the remaining group cheered for his courage to stand alone.

In the 1920s a group of German psychologists developed what became known as Gestalt psychology. The drawings in gestalt show two different images. At first you see just one of them, depending on what your eyes settle on. The most common gestalt image shows either an older woman or a younger one, depending on your perspective. Another one shows either a vase or two people facing each other. It's possible to see only the one image, you think, until you shift and see the other one.

The message of these images is the same as the message of that Danish television advertisement. Perception is fluid. The shifting is not just visual; long-held attitudes and unconscious biases are even more influential but equally fluid when we work at it.

When I lived in Wyoming, I knew two brothers who had never been out of their small town. To be honest, I didn't like them much at first, because their view of the world was so limited. If they were not familiar with something, it was stupid and wrong. Their attitude about women was especially archaic and annoying to me. I, for my part, annoyed them as well, with my more urban attitudes about pretty much everything.

And then our boss, clever woman that she was, had us play four-square every day at lunch. We were working at a grade school over the summer and had the run of the playground. It turned out those two brothers were really

good at four-square. So was I, having played it a bazillion times during grade school recess.

They had been sure I'd be bad at it, being urban and a girl and all that. I had been sure they'd be annoying, still having the hubris of my own youthful views. We had so much fun trying to get each other out that we would almost be in tears with laughter sometimes. By the end of the summer, I adored them. I can't say whether they adored me or not, but I vaguely recall some sweet comments about their shock of finding out I was an OK person. It was a lesson I cherish to this day.

At the Oscars recently, Jimmy Kimmel said: "As you know, I don't have to tell anybody, the country is divided right now. It's time to bring people together. You have to say something. I'm not the man to unite this country, but it can be done. You know, if every person watching this show took a minute to reach out to one person you disagree with, someone you like, and have a positive, considerate conversation - not as liberals or conservatives, but as Americans - if we could all do that, we can make America great again. We really could. It starts with us."

America has always been an experiment in democracy, a work in progress. As individuals, we can follow Kimmel's advice. It is so easy to write people off, thinking of each other as idiots. When I first met those two brothers in Wyoming I could not have imagined the gestalt of that summer shifting to how I eventually saw them.

Life has always been a gestalt. We can think we have a clear handle on who someone is and that view can completely shift by their actions, their words, or even a smile.

When my son and I met an Iranian man in Stockholm, who joked that we were enemies, we went from tense to laughing with him when he told us he was joking and we were all just people and not enemies at all. The shift in my physical being, after we realized he was teasing us, was stunning. And it worked, because we were able to have a nice chat with him and discover he was just another human being trying to make it in the world.

That fluid sense of categories is something we all need to keep in mind. It starts with knowing it is possible, important, and worth the effort. We can shift our sense of others and experience the gestalt of creating the connection we so desperately need right now by finding what we have in common underneath our differences. One of my biggest lessons from all these years as a therapist is the evidence of commonality and

the reality that it is a much bigger category than the differences we see on the surface.

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



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Mud Season and Building Tiny Homes

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

I was lying flat on my back in a river of mud, rain soaking my face, reaching around the half buried tire on someone else's vehicle. I was trying to wrap a chain around something solidly attached to the vehicle in order to pull it out with my forlorn looking tractor, and asking myself this question: "How did I get here?"

I trust that by the time you read this story, Stevens County mud season will be winding down. But today, we are in the thick of it.

It had been a really great day. I met with the city planner and worked on some ideas for creating housing for people without shelter. I had stopped by the Home and Garden Show to talk for a moment with Keith Wilder about the tiny house prototype for Hope Street Project. I am so pleased with the fine job that Keith and his crew did on the first home for our project. I hope that many of you had a chance to tour the home. I would like to thank the many other community members and businesses who donated their time and materials to make it so beautiful. To me, it really feels like our community is coming together over a fantastic project.

As if that weren't enough, Rob McCann, director of Catholic Charities in Spokane, is incredibly supportive of what we are doing and has very definite plans for working together. Finally, I met with a grant writer who really wants to help us find additional funding to begin the next steps.

Then I drove across Oakshott and saw flocks of Canada and snow geese in the wetlands by the Colville River. It's hard not to notice what a beautiful part of the world we live in.

With all of those thoughts running through my mind and a grateful heart, I drove home

with a load of deck material for a little project I am working on. As I neared our home, I noticed a vehicle tilted at a very awkward angle, half buried in a deeply rutted driveway. A tractor stood nearby, a pickup stalled just above it, and another 4 x 4 vehicle stranded above it, with no way to get around. I pulled over. These are neighbors, after all, and, well, I've got an old dozer and a tractor. Maybe I could help.

A young man walked over to my vehicle and I asked if I could bring over my dozer and pull him out. "Yeah, that might help," he replied. "Right now we are waiting on AAA to come." Oh, I queried, are they planning to pull you out? "No," he explained, "They are going to unlock the doors." I laughed. What a mess. Hopelessly stuck and the keys are locked inside. I promised to come right back.

A few moments later, I found that someone had left the key on and drained the battery on the dozer, so I decided to bring the tractor over instead. It still had the chains on the back tires for battling the winter's snows, so I drove it over and eased around the topline of the precariously perched vehicle. There was no way it was going to budge until we took it out of park, so I decided to rearrange my approach.

As I backed down the hill, I put one tire on the shoulder of the road and immediately sunk eighteen inches into the saturated soil. I was stuck. I looked up. "I'll go get the smaller tractor," the young driver suggested. He hooked on and pulled me back out, but went across the road into the other shoulder and got stuck over there. Between the two of us pushing and pulling, we managed to get out.

About that time, the man waiting in the vehicle up the driveway walked down to check on us. It must have seemed like a comedy of errors from his vantage point. When he realized that I am a doctor, he began telling me of his various medical maladies. It's a common occurrence, and I don't mind talking to people about such things. We were in the middle of a friendly conversation when a van pulled up.

"Must be AAA," we thought. It wasn't. It was FedEx. He seemed quite upset that we were in this predicament.

"No one should be driving on this road in this condition," he exclaimed. He began to curse mildly. "What were you guys thinking?" He looked at me. I explained, rather sheepishly, that, actually, I don't live here. I was just trying to help. I tried to hide the muddied flank of my tractor where I had just gone over the edge into the ditch. The FedEx guy mumbled something about having five more packages to deliver and disappeared over the horizon.

Soon afterward, the AAA guy arrived. He happened to recognize me and we exchanged greetings. He snaked a device into the door and popped open the lock. We thanked him and lined up the tractor for another run at getting the car pulled out of the crevice.

"Actually, Doc, can you take a look at this thing on my chin?" asked the AAA guy. "I'm not sure what it is, and I've got an appointment next week, but I am worried about it. What is it?" I took a look at it and told him this was something that couldn't wait until next week. I would call in something that same day, and he could still come in to see his doctor the following week, but he shouldn't delay treatment.

It's actually not bad giving medical advice

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along the roadside, dressed in your grubbier outfit and smeared in mud. It feels as natural as, well, pulling a car out of the ditch.

After the various patients were taken care of, we hooked onto the vehicle again, but nothing was moving. I shifted the position on the tractor and tried again. In the meantime, the young driver stepped out of the car, and the doors locked again. Fortunately, he had left a window down, so he was able to climb back in without the help of the AAA guy.

It was about this time when, lying flat on my back to wrap a chain around the front end, and looking up at the sky, I wondered what I had gotten myself into. I wrapped the other end of the chain around the bucket of my tractor, climbed on, and eased the stubborn car out of the ravine and onto solid ground. The young man parked it at the end of the driveway. He

thanked me and I headed home.

Most people will understand this. There is something extremely gratifying about having a piece of equipment and helping a neighbor out of a tough spot, no matter who we are or what position we hold. It's part of being a good neighbor. It's the way I would want to be treated, so it's the way that I live.

I think it has a whole lot to do with why we are building tiny homes. They are an answer to a simple question that I have asked myself. If I were homeless, sick, scared, without shelter or a job or hope, suffering from mental illness or addiction, wishing to God that I could provide for my family, but I couldn't, what would I want done? I think I know, and I think we are answering the question.

I think I would want a chance to feel human again, like I belonged, a chance for dignity, a

chance to have a place where my family could be safe and I could provide for them. I think I'd want a chance to rebuild my life.

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I can't fix everything, but I know this much. Tonight, there are three families who were homeless or at risk of it who can sleep in peace because my wife and I gave them shelter. They live on my property for now, until something opens up for them. I guess you could say I decided to treat them like they were my neighbors.

And now, they are.

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

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Mountain Grown Goodness

Coyotes and the Gift of Time

By Eileen Delehanty Pearkes

My dog Dellie and I head west from Spokane on Highway 2, trundling across the winter-dry grasslands and farm fields in *La Tortue*, our trust-worthy mechanical companion during this past year of on-and-off travel and discovery. It is to be the last of my turtle-van's many wanderings, for she has been sold to two new adventurers from Wenatchee. By way of saying good-bye, we are taking the van on a local lope across the upper Columbia landscape.

To the north sit the southernmost fragments of the Selkirk Mountains, rising blue and expectant in the distance. In front of me, the east-west highway cutting through farmland runs straight and true, an asphalt ribbon that invites the speedometer to rise. *La Tortue* remains resolute. We will take our time.

As the farming community of Davenport at last comes into view, we turn up Highway 25, another ribbon that undulates more variously northward toward the low-rising mountains. We are headed to the Spokane Indian Reservation and the mouth of the river bearing the tribe's

name. The tribe's lifestyle of fishing, hunting, gathering and listening closely to the landscape once dominated the east shore of the upper Columbia and the Spokane River all the way to the falls that roar through today's city.

Before setting out, I had asked a friend and lifelong resident of the greater Spokane region, who was born on the Spokane Indian Reservation more than three-quarters of a century ago, how long it would take a coyote to lope from Highway 2 up to the boundary of the reservation. He paused, and after quite a think, replied, "I figure less than a day."

Travelling in a turtle-van has slowed me down considerably, yet within an hour we have wound through the swelling grasslands to approach the river's confluence with the Columbia. I reach around behind the driver's seat to pat the soft fur around Dellie's neck, apologizing for not taking more time to experience the wonder of the landscape as a coyote would. We could have set our sights on the mountains in the distance, in particular on Cayuse Mountain. We could

have bent our heads into the cold spring wind and loped northward, until we reached the mouth of the Spokane River.

Travelling with Dellie over this past year has taught me a lot about how to move deliberately with a sense of wonder. Regular readers of this column know that my dog is a unique coyote-cross mutt, the product of a family's pet (in heat) bolting away during a fire in the home. When the frightened dog returned two weeks later from the thick woods on the east shore of Kootenay Lake, Dellie was in gestation.

Being a hybrid of wild/domesticated, she exhibits both loyalty and independence. I rarely attach her to a leash (or "lead" as we say in Canada) because she understands our unspoken agreement: While she needs to stay close by, she knows that doing so won't compromise her curiosity.

Is this willing proximity because she is well-behaved, or because our sensibilities fit together, hand-in-glove?

La Tortue weaves through the last of the turns in the road and we arrive at the remnants of Fort

APRIL
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North of the Border

Spokane, situated on the south side of the river confluence. Not to be confused with Spokane House, the trade fort established in 1810 about which Jack Nisbet writes with graceful authority, Fort Spokane was established by the U.S. government in 1880. The fort housed four companies of soldiers whose primary work was to restrain the indigenous people to two reservations: the Colville Reservation on the west shore of the Columbia, and the Spokane Reservation on the east shore.

We lumber deliberately past this reminder of the forced confinement of the continent's founding cultures, to cross over the imaginary line that marks the southern boundary of the reservation. Out the van's west window, the confluence of the Columbia and Spokane rivers is fringed not by trees and cliffs of old, but by reservoir silt, exposed in the spring draw-down of Lake Roosevelt. The road climbs steeply before me, forcing us to slow our pace even further. Only an hour ago, the hills were blue and distant. Now, they are straw-colored and littered with ponderosa pines.

A creation story of several northeastern woodland tribes, including the Iroquois, involves a muskrat diving down into the waters that originally covered all the Earth. He finds pockets of submerged soil, which he piles on the back of a turtle, creating land that eventually grows to become the continent of North America. Since the 1970s, many tribes across the continent have used the term "Turtle Island" to refer to North America. Gary Snyder's 1974 poetry collection of

this title won the Pulitzer Prize. Snyder argues that calling our common home Turtle Island would help knit together the frayed divide between indigenous and colonizer world views.

We pull over for a rest at the top of a rise. Dellie bolts from the turtle-van, knowing to take every

surprised to watch Dellie wander cheerfully along the sidewalks and sparse parks, as if in heaven. She found much of great and mysterious interest, revealed only occasionally. Once her nose led her to the base of a tree where a raccoon had taken refuge in broad daylight. Had I not seen it peering

down at us both with its tight eyes, I would never have known that it was a raccoon scent that had caught Dellie's attention.

Maps of the traditional historical territory of the Spokane tribe show a landscape they once freely used, enjoyed and cared for that stretched much farther west, north and south of the current reservation. Its establishment in 1881 by an order from President Rutherford B. Hayes shrank their domain from approximately three million acres to the present-day 159,000 acres, a mere five percent of what it had once been.

We climb back into the turtle-van and drive northeast away from the Columbia and Spokane Rivers, across a reservation that takes less than an hour to span, even with our lumbering steps. The tale of the rest of our journey north to the international boundary will have to wait until next month. We are out of time and out of pages for now.

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.



"Coyote/spilyt paying respect at Stevens family cemetery near Cayuse Mountain," by Glen Galbraith, Spokane/Sinixt Tribe. Courtesy of Arnold "Judge" Wynecoop.

opportunity out from under its shell as perhaps her last. Some people call such enthusiasm "living in the moment." Most animals excel at it.

I stand under a tight grove of pines, listening to the wind pull at the feathery branches while Dellie occupies her nose in the damp mosses. How many times I have wished she could speak in my tongue, so that I could hear about her many discoveries.

Sometimes they are obvious – wet nozzle plunged curiously into a groundhog hole, a friendly face-off with a steer grazing on family ranchland. In highly urban settings like Vancouver, B.C., where I spent a month this winter, I was

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The Mountain Ram

By Jack Nisbet

Vaseux Park, which spreads east above the Okanagan River between Lake Osoyoos and Lake Okanagan in southern British Columbia, features glacier-cut, clearly stratified, pink cliffs rising off the valley floor. The park is home to a healthy population of bighorn sheep and when I visited there in February several animals could be seen working their way across meadows and up the steep rocky draws.

The bighorns made me feel I had found a remote, wild place echoing the best of the Intermountain West until I remembered that I had seen just as many sheep the day before, wandering through suburban housing tracts above Kelowna. Within a few feet of the Westside highway there, one ewe had lain down to nibble on bunchgrass, as if to take in the morning traffic during breakfast.

Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep, *Ovis canadensis*, have always had a curious relationship with people and place. When fur agent David Thompson was exploring the upper reaches of Alberta's Bow River in the early winter of 1800, he amused himself for an entire afternoon running after sheep he found there, impressed by the creatures' "Air of daring with a Dash of the Formidable." He and his voyageurs also enjoyed their supper that evening, finding the bighorn's "Meat to be exceeding sweet & tender and moderately fat."

Even as the fur traders stuffed themselves with sheep, science and politics were edging into the

story. One of Thompson's fur trade partners preserved the skin from a bighorn ram that he shot that day, planning to send it to the Royal Society of London. He continued to hunt sheep through the winter and later delivered a dried specimen to a New York City museum owned by Dr. Samuel Mitchell, who happened to be a U.S.

congressman and close friend of Thomas Jefferson.

Mitchell was also the editor of a scientific journal, and in it he published "An Account of the Wild North-American Sheep" that described both those Bow River sheep hunts and Thompson's geographical surveys west toward the Continental Divide. President Jefferson took note, so that when the Lewis and Clark expedition set off from St. Louis, they not only carried a map Thompson had made of the Missouri River west from the Mandan Villages, but also were well prepared for the bighorn sheep they would encounter along the White Cliffs section of their journey.

Captains Lewis and Clark shot several on that stretch of the Missouri, and sent a specimen back East in 1805 that ended up at Charles Willson Peale's



Illustration: Paul Kane, 1846, "Bighorn Rocky Mountain Sheep" courtesy Stark Museum of Art.

Museum in Philadelphia. William Clark's maps also mention bighorns on the slopes of the Cascade Range as the corps traveled through the Columbia River Gorge, but the captains never managed to collect one west of the Continental Divide.

When Thompson came across the Rockies in 1807, he encountered sheep in widely scattered locations along his Columbia River trade routes. Sweet sheep meat formed part of the diet during two of his winters at the Saleesh House post near modern Thompson Falls, Montana. Thompson's canoe paddlers also pulled ashore to chase a group of sheep at the mouth of the Methow River in 1811, but did not succeed in shooting one for supper.

After Thompson retired, spotty reports of bighorns continued to dribble into fur trade records. North West Company agent Peter Skene Ogden mentioned hunting and eating sheep during forays into eastern Oregon in the 1820s, in an area today memorialized as the Mutton Mountains on the Warm Springs Indian Reservation.

All this set the stage for the arrival of David Douglas on the lower Columbia in 1825. As the first naturalist to visit our region tasked only with collecting flora and fauna for science, Douglas eagerly sought exotic and little-known residents. He had learned all about the sheep encounters of Lewis and Clark from their published journals, and personally studied their Missouri River specimen when he visited Peale's Philadelphia museum in 1824.

Upon his arrival in the Northwest, Douglas was often in the company of men who had worked for David Thompson, and he met Peter Skene Ogden at Fort Vancouver. Douglas questioned hunters and local tribal people wherever he went, seeking a good specimen from the Columbia drainage that he could send back to England for comparison with the Peale's museum skin and other Rocky Mountain collections. His hope was that the Columbia animals would prove to be a separate species, worthy of a new Latin name.

While Douglas' journals never mention any

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bighorn information gleaned from the Columbia Gorge, where he certainly had expected to find them, the collector did run into local knowledge at Kettle Falls. There he watched agent John Work prepare two mountain goat skins – which the voyageurs called *Mouton blanc* – for shipment to the Hudson's Bay Company museum in London. He also heard that bighorn sheep – known locally as *Mouton Gris* because of their grayish winter pelage – could be found in mountain ranges around the Kettle River. In the summer of 1826, Douglas canoed up the Kettle with fur agent William Kitson in pursuit of a specimen, but had no luck.

At Spokane House that summer, Douglas met scout Jaco Finlay, who had worked with David Thompson for years on both sides of the Continental Divide. Finlay told his visitor that he knew the *Mouton Gris* well, and would shoot one for Douglas in August, when he and his family traveled into the mountains to pick berries.

Douglas returned to England for a break in his explorations in 1827. While there, he published a paper describing a new species of bighorn sheep that he defined as *Ovis californianus*. He began his account with a complete description of the animal, including careful measurements, distinctive body parts that included an 18-inch tail, wool colors and texture, and of course the horns: "lunate, partly compressed, comparatively smooth, 24 to 30 inches long, yellowish." The naturalist was quick to add that "of the manners of this majestic animal I can say nothing, never having had an opportunity of seeing it alive."

By talking to tribal hunters around Celilo Falls, Douglas had determined that bighorns lived all through the Columbia Gorge and especially in the mountains that extended south. His range includes country that we now split into the Oregon Cascades and the Sierra Nevada of California, but at that time his fur trade contacts lumped them together under the name California. This, along with reports of bighorn sheep farther south from Spanish Franciscan monks, is the source of Douglas's Latin *californianus*.

Douglas also described encountering an unnamed tribal man at Celilo Falls who was wearing a freshly dressed sheepskin. Although Douglas dearly wanted to own this skin for himself, the man refused any offer of trade save for Douglas's own British-made wool shirt. Unable to part with the only shirt he owned at that time, the collector did manage to procure the skull and horns of the animal for "a few trinkets and a little tobacco."

Douglas presented that bighorn head and rack to the London Zoological Society, where it resided until 1852. The British Museum purchased it then, but over time the specimen of *Ovis californianus* came into the collection of the Natural History Museum in London, where it still may be found today under catalog number 1852.9.18.5. An accom-

panying tag declares that the skull was collected by David Douglas in 1826 somewhere in the vicinity of Mount Adams – written, no doubt, by someone who believed that bighorn sheep dwell exclusively in the mountains, and that Douglas had braved the elements to scale the biggest peak visible from Celilo Falls and bag one.

Meanwhile, back in Columbia country, bighorn sheep have faced two centuries of often cataclysmic change. Individuals are dangerously tamed by feeding programs and reintroductions; they die from domestic-sheep diseases ranging from lungworms to soremouth to scabies; they are picked off by automobiles and poachers as they lick on winter road salt. Yet bighorns continue to appear in strange and familiar places, including some of the same rock

outcrops where Thompson saw them on the Clark Fork River and the Mutton Mountains.

Beginning in 1840, scholars have periodically examined the skull that Douglas sent back to London from Celilo Falls, usually retelling the story of Douglas' shirt and declaring that the bighorn sheep of the Columbia drainage is probably only a subspecies of the Rocky Mountain bighorn, *Ovis canadensis*. Modern genetics have so far confirmed that, so Douglas did not get to claim his new species after all. But the sheep themselves remain as a totem animal of the Columbia country, both impossibly elusive and watching humans pass by in plain sight.

Jack Nisbet's latest book, *Ancient Places*, is now available in paperback. For a listing of Jack's spring presentations and field trips, visit www.jacknisbet.com.

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To Buzz or Not To Buzz

By Loren Cruden

Something my mother, a close observer of nature, once told me still niggles in my mind. So I'll pass it on and maybe some informed reader out there can put this to rest for me. It's about house flies. My mother previously reported her observations of the habits of ants and wasps, and on what transpires when insects of different species encounter one another while traversing window panes. She was also keeping an eye on a pair of otters, a family of beavers, and a herd or pod, or whatever you call them, of bullfrogs in residence at her wee lake. As she was knowledgeable as well as observant – and a schoolteacher – the reports always enlarged my view of the world. Even when she focused on very small parts of it. Such as flies.

After extended surveillance, my mother was surprised to find that flies don't always buzz when flying around the house. Mostly they buzz, but sometimes not. Discovering this was like finding out that French people don't always speak with a French accent.

I was doubtful, and interrogated my mother about her methodology and findings. "Under what circumstances did flies not buzz when flying?" I demanded, peevisish.

She had discerned no apparent pattern. I could tell it contrarily pleased her. It suggested spontaneity, which raised the flies in her estimation.

"Humph," I said. But couldn't dismiss it. Do flies have reticent moments?

Frans de Waal, a famous primatologist, claims that, "Anthropomorphism is problematic only when the human-animal comparison is a stretch, such as with regards to species distant from us." I suppose flies are a stretch, though distance closes a bit when I recall the classic horror movie *The Fly*, with the guy whose human head is exchanged for a fly's. De Waal also says that, "Unjustified linguistic barriers fragment the unity with which nature presents us." I have a feeling my mother and de Waal would've gotten on like a house afire.

Linguistic speed bumps, unjustified or not, sometimes lead us astray from understanding even if we're of the same species and speak the same language. In the U.K., for instance, a vest is an undershirt, pavement is sidewalk, knickers are undies, and a bat is something with which to play cricket, not baseball. But humans nonetheless remain adept at communicating feelings to one another, even in the face of formidable language barriers. Gestures, facial expressions, sighs, tears, laughter, all say a lot. Some of our best conversations are wordless.

Why should flies buzz at all? Unless it is an unavoidable side effect of wing action, it must use up precious calories. (Which makes me wonder how many calories I burn when humming during nervous moments.)

Communication is said to successfully take place when a sender intentionally transmits information to a receiver able to understand and act upon it.

According to de Waal, creatures of all (non-distant) kinds show more similarities than differences in how emotions are conveyed and relationships are conducted. It is therefore safe to assume that if you come upon a pair of coyotes cavorting, they likely are feeling playful; if you see chimps with their arms slung around each other's shoulders, it is likely a posture expressing companionability; if a rabbit shrieks it's reasonable to suspect it is experiencing terror or pain; if the cat in your lap is purring, it may signal contentment; if the snake in front of you is hissing and rattling, it may not.

Communicating feelings doesn't seem like rocket science. Body language has an explicit vocabulary. Tension (fear/anxiety/stress) is readily apparent, as is relaxation (ease/enjoyment/openness). It is not

hard to distinguish affection from aggression, upset from equanimity, and interest from indifference, whatever the species.

Back when I lived in Michigan and was taking a stroll with my husband and cat on a moonless, pitch-dark night, we disturbed a bear in a berry thicket. The four of us, representing three different species, reacted from the same menu of startle responses: fight, flight, flail, or freeze. I froze, not knowing which way the bear would go. The cat pressed up against the back of my legs. The bear flailed and fled, and I don't know what my husband did, since I couldn't see him. None of us uttered a sound. Amazingly, no one collided with anyone else.

Sometimes, as with the bear, discerning a fellow creature's mental state takes no pondering at all. It was thus the time I was chased a quarter-mile down my driveway by a stream of furious hornets after a bear ripped open their nest. And there was no doubt about feelings when a (captive) male African lion rolled onto his back for me to rub his furry tummy. It would be strange indeed if nature – based as it is on interdependence – were lacking in basic ways for its myriad species to interpret emotional signals from one another.

Beyond all this, there are those inexplicable instances in which creatures from a wide spectrum of species act in ways that seem to run counter to instinctive individual advantage. Such as the male bear in Oregon that began bringing food to a hungry adult feral cat. Or the crows offered food by a little girl in Seattle who started leaving her trinkets, buttons, and paper clips. There are a multitude of examples of odd interspecies friendships, and of course all those instances of females of one species nurturing babies of another.

Certainly it is tricky to separate basic biological urgings from idiosyncratic feelings and behaviors, something true for human relationships as well. We do what we do out of a combination of causes and conditions, impulses, reasons, habits, instruction, and biological directives.

A bird once gave me a gift with no inducement at all, as far as I could tell. A snowy owl, out of its usual range, hung out by my place in Michigan for some days one winter, perching on a fence post near the house, gazing at me. A beautiful bird, though its steady regard was eerie. Then one morning the owl was gone, but it had left an ermine on my doorstep, immaculate except for tidy talon punctures on its neck. What would an owl expert make of this behavior? Nothing, probably. The owl, though out of its range and therefore vulnerable, managed to kill a perfectly tasty-looking ermine, but instead of eating it, flew over to the house and set it on the threshold before flying away. Hmm.

I like to think de Waal and my mother might agree with the idea that mysteriousness as well as understanding wonderfully flows within the workings of nature.

EAVESDROPS

What people have written about the north Columbia region

*"...somewhere in the heavens
a river begins..."*

~ Excerpt from a poem by Peter Christensen

WHAT'S



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APPREZENZ

Events

Apr 1: Chewelah's "BIG" Home & Garden Show, 10 am - 3 pm at Gess Elementary, 405 E. Lincoln Ave., Chewelah. Sponsored by the Chewelah Chamber of Commerce.

Apr 1: April Fools Day.

Apr 2: Northport Lions Club and the Northport Jr. Dance Team host Bingo at the Northport School Cafeteria. Doors open at Noon, games begin at 1 pm. Early Bird Games, Regular Games, Fast Pick & Black-out with a \$500 Jackpot! Must be 18 to play. The Jr. Dance Team will assist with Bingo and sell concessions to raise funds for their program.

Apr 2: April Fools Day.
(kidding...it's Apr 1)

Apr 4: Republic Blood Drive, 1-5 pm at the FCPHD parking lot.

Apr 8-9: Junk Drunk Vintage Market, 9 am - 4 pm on Saturday, 9 am - 3 pm on Sunday, at the Northeast Washington Fairgrounds in Colville, featuring vintage, antique, and retro salvaged goods and crafts, presented by Forget Me Not. \$5 admission (covers both days), kids get in free. Email junkdrunk2011@yahoo.com for vendor info or call 509-684-8757.

Apr 15: Easter Egg Hunt, 10 am, at the NE WA Fairgrounds in Colville, featuring three egg hunting areas and over 5,000 eggs! Sponsored by the Colville Elks, Colville Rotary, Boy Scouts, and Northeast Washington Fairgrounds. Call 509-684-2585 for more info (see ad on page 25).

Apr 15: Northport Lions Club Annual Easter Egg Hunt at Noon at the Northport City Park. Arrive at 11:45 and bring your own basket. Ages 0-10 welcome.

Apr 15: Meyers Falls Market 8th Annual Trash to Treasure Recycled Art Show. Submit your original artwork made from material that would otherwise be destined for the trash or recycling bin. There will be 4 age categories (Elementary, Middle School [grades 6-8], High School & Adult), with prizes awarded in each division. Entries must be turned in before the store closes on Saturday, April 15. Artwork will be on display April 17-22. The public is invited to view the entries and vote for their favorites.

Apr 16: Easter.

Apr 18: Tax Day.

Apr 20: Disabilities Resource Fair, 9 am - 3 pm at the Spokane Community Colleges - Colville Campus, featuring vendors from government agencies, advocacy groups, employment programs, residential agencies, community services, education and health organizations, and independent business. The event is hosted by the Northeast Washington Alliance Counseling Services Developmental Disabilities Program, servicing Stevens and Ferry counties. Call 509-685-0680 for more info.

Apr 21: Registration deadline for the Colville Chamber of Commerce Open Golf Tournament, May 5, at the Dominion Meadows Golf Course in Colville. Call 509-684-5973 for more info.

Apr 22: Earth Day.

Apr 22: Chewelah City-wide Clean Up.

Apr 22: Conservation Fair, Ferry County Fairgrounds.

Apr 22: Fire District 10's annual fisherman's breakfast, 7-11 am at the fire station at 2572 Smackout Rd, near Deep Lake Boundary Rd. Pancakes, sausage, eggs, coffee and orange juice will be served. Donations welcome. Call Ron Beedles at 509-732-4195 for info.

Apr 23: Volunteer Appreciation Reception at 2 pm the Cutter Theatre, 302 Park Street, Metaline Falls, WA. Call 509-446-4108 for more info.

Apr 23: Guest speaker Linda Bailey, a member of the American Primrose Society since the early 70's, will share her great love and knowledge of the genus *Prima* at 1 pm at Parkview, 240 S. Silke in Colville.

Apr 24-28: National Money Smart Week @ Your Library. The Libraries of Stevens County is joining a nationwide campaign to offer free financial education classes at the Kettle Falls Public Library, 605 Meyers St. Kettle Falls, WA. **April 24,** 5-6 pm: To Your Credit, presented by Leanne Pomrankey from Banner Bank. **April 25,** 11-2 pm: One-on-One Budgeting Assistance, first come, first served basis. **April 25,** 5-6 pm: Property Taxes & Discount Programs, presented by John Olson from Stevens County Assessor's Office. **April 26,** 5-6 pm: Estate Planning, presented by Logan Worley from McGrane & Schuerman. **April 27,** 11-2 pm: One-on-One Budgeting Assistance, first come, first served basis. **April 27,** 5-6 pm: Home Ownership, presented by Jan Owens from Rural Resources. **April 28,** 5-6 pm: Starting a Small Business, presented by Barry Lamont from Tri-County Economic Development District. Visit www.thelosc.org or call 509-738-6817 for more info.

Apr 29: Community Health Expo, 10 am – 3 pm the Cutter Theatre, 302 Park Street, Metaline Falls, WA. Demonstrations, vendors, information, fasting blood draws (8 am). Call 509-446-4108 for more info.

Apr 29: Wild West Gold Rush, Raise Your Glass Casey McKern Pay It Forward Foundation Fundraiser, 5-10 pm, at Northern Ales, 325 W. 3rd Ave., Kettle Falls. Pool tournament, 2-4:30 pm, appetizers, silent auction and giveaways, plus live music from Killin' Time, 7:30-9:30 pm. Call 509-738-7382 for more info.

Apr 29: Party in the Park: Funding Fabulous Fossils, 5:30-9 pm, at the Republic City Park, across from the Stonerose Interpretive Center. Silent and live auction, entertainment, and hearty party food and beverages. Register for tickets (\$20) at www.stonerosefossil.org or call 509-775-2295.

Music, Dance, Theater & Film

Apr 1-2: Kettle River Grange will present a 3-act play, *Kettle River Boiling Over*, written by Mary Moore and directed by Patty McKern and Hannah Smith. Showtime information and tickets are available at Sandy's Drive In in Kettle Falls, Barstow General Store, or by calling 509-738-6050.

Apr 15: Bunny Hop Dance featuring Buckshot, old time country and 50's rock-n-roll, 7-11 pm at the Kettle Falls Legion Hall, 1057 Hwy. 395 N. \$5 at the door, food, soft drinks and snacks available for purchase. Hosted by the American Legion Post 146.

Apr 15: Alex Ashley & Ruthie Henrickson in concert, 7-9 pm at the Pend Oreille Playhouse, 236 S Union, Newport, WA. Both Alex and Ruthie are singer/songwriters from Washington and will move you with their blend of folk, blues, and Americana music. Visit www.pendoreilleplayers.org or call 509-447-9900 for tickets (\$12) and info.

Apr 20: Jazz at the Griff: The Devils You Don't, 7:30-9 pm, at the Muriel Griffiths Room, 1501 Cedar Ave., Trail, BC. From renditions of Sinatra and Hank Williams to bluegrass and rock and roll, the group uses its vocal prowess and its eclectic instrumental savvy to deliver a unique sound. Visit www.trail-arts.com or call 250-368-9669 for tickets and info.

Apr 21: Jazz at the Griff: James Hill & Anne Janelle, 7:30-10 pm, at the Muriel Griffiths Room, 1501 Cedar Ave., Trail, BC. Four strings and a favorite chocolate bar: that's all James Hill and Anne Janelle had in common when they first met. Today, they're an award-winning, singer-songwriter-ukulele-cello duo. Visit www.trail-arts.com or call 250-368-9669 for tickets and info.

Apr 21, 22, 29, May 5, 6: Rossland Light Opera Players 2017 Mainstage Production: *The Reluctant Dragon*, a musical of monstrous proportions, will play at several school locations. St. George, a semi-retired dragon slayer, has been summoned to rid the town of a terrible threat. A wannabe mayor fans the flames of fear to advance his political career. The village folk will do anything to get out of a day's work... Meanwhile, the peace-loving Dragon would sooner recite Shakespeare than fight! Visit www.rlop.ca for schedule details, tickets and more.

Apr 22: The Princess & The Tea Party at 11 am the Cutter Theatre, 302 Park Street, Metaline Falls, WA. \$15 - Adults \$6 - Under 10. Tiaras & Gowns encouraged! Call 509-446-4108 for more info.

Apr 23: Dances of Universal Peace, 2 - 5 pm at the Colville Library basement. Donations appreciated. Potluck following. Call 509-684-1590 for more info.

Apr 28: Isaiah Daniel - Illusionist at 7 pm the Cutter Theatre, 302 Park Street, Metaline Falls, WA. \$12 reserved seating, \$15 at the door. Dinner at 6 pm \$10 (by reservation). Call 509-446-4108 for more info.

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

4th: Finessa Fann, 6-8 pm

13th: Alex Ashley, 6-8 pm

15th: Project Graduation Fundraiser

20th: Kettle Creek, 6-8 pm

21st: Open Mic, 7-10 pm

27th: Sara Brown, 6-8 pm

29th: Raise Your Glass, 5-10 pm

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

8th: Yukon Blonde w/ Guests, 9 pm

Free Movie Day at the HUB Senior Center, 231 W. Elep, Colville, at 1 pm on Thursdays. Free popcorn.

Interested in the world of Magic? Meet with amateur and professional magicians from all over the Inland Northwest with the Spokane Magic Club the first Wednesday of each month at the Corbin Senior Center in Spokane at 6:30 pm. Visit spokanemagic.org or contact John H. at jack@panamagic.net or 509-675-8243.

Literature & Writing

New Writers' Group: Open invitation to writers of all skill levels and categories of writing, to the formation of a **Writers' Group** facilitated by author Loren Cruden. Proposed twice monthly gatherings for feedback on one another's work and help in developing skills. If interested, don't be shy; call Loren at 509-675-8644.

Arts & Crafts

Apr 6: First Thursday Art Walk in Chewelah, 6:30 - 8:30 pm.

Apr 7: Gold Mountains Gallery reception in Republic, 4 - 6 pm, featuring the works of Allan Ferguson, best known locally for his turned wooden bowls, but he also makes a variety of things from pepper mills to decorative objects. Refreshments will be served. The artists coop is open Wednesday through Saturday from 10:30 to 4:30 and offers a wide assortment of locally made arts and crafts.

Apr 15: Do you have an old jar or a coffee pot that you just can't throw away? Our Savvy Seniors Craft Class will be creating upcycled Terrariums using found items - and literally filling them with new life! Join us at 1 pm at the HUB, 231 W. Elep Ave. in Colville. Sponsored by Parkview. Please RSVP by April 15 at 509-675-1479.

Featured Artist J. Foster Fanning of Curlew has landscape and wildlife photography on display through mid-May at Tri County Economic Development District, 986 S Main Suite A in Colville. Stop in and view his work Mon - Fri, 8-4.

Busy Hands=Happy Hands. Bring your favorite needlework or other craft project to the HUB Colville Senior Center, 231 W. Elep. at 1 pm on Tuesdays. Games will be provided as an alternative.

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

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

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

Farm, Field & Forest

Apr 6: Invasive Weed Control & Hands on Calibration Training Day, 9:30 am-3:30 pm, Wellpinit Longhouse. Earn 5 WSDA Recertification credits, learn about the latest programs and apps used in weed control, how to control weeds at the right time and the basics of calibration. To register, email asabins@wsu.edu or call 509-684-2588.

Apr 12: Loggers Workshop at the Ag Trade Center in Colville. Contact Andrew Perleberg at 509-667-6540 or andyp@wsu.edu for more info.

Continued on page 32

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

Northern Flicker

Article & Photo By J. Foster Fanning

When wandering the Ponderosa pine forests of our highlands area it can be a common occurrence to note a flash of white flitting from the forest floor into the lower boughs of the trees. A blaze of white, maybe a glint of red and there is a good chance you are in the company of one of our most common woodpeckers, the northern flicker.

Colaptes auratus are somewhat large, predominantly brown woodpeckers of the *Picidae* family. Of the 11 species of woodpeckers found in Washington State this is arguably the most common one. It's a strong-featured bird with black-scalloped plumage and a slightly down-curved large bill, a slim, rounded head, and a long, flared tail tapering sharply. In flight these birds employ an up-and-down path using substantial flaps intermingled with long glides. They inhabit open edges of our forestlands from the Columbia River up to the timberline.

You may know this bird by one or more of these common names: gaffer woodpecker, harry-wicket, heigh-ho, wake-up, yarrup, the gawker bird, clape, or yellowhammer (there are numerous more). Many of these names are endeavors at mimicking its calls.

Flickers are prominent across North America – the yellow-shafted flicker in the east, and red-shafted flicker in the west. These were once considered separate species. The two forms hybridize expansively in a zone from Alaska to Texas. They interbreed wherever their ranges come in contact, passing on mixed traits and markings.

In Native American mythology the flicker's bright red markings are associated with fire, and sometimes related as a medicine character with powers over fire. Similar to other members of the woodpecker family, flickers are considered lucky birds and are connected with friendship and cheerfulness. In particular, yellow-shafted flickers or yellowhammers are believed to bring good luck and healing; hearing their calls means a visitor is soon to arrive.

Though our bird can climb up the boles of trees and strike upon timber like other woodpeckers, the northern flicker selects to forage the bulk of its nourishment on the forest floor. The flicker consumes more ants than any other North American bird but it also feeds on beetles, termites, and caterpillars, while occasionally shifting to fruits, berries, seeds and nuts, espe-

cially in fall and winter. If you note northern flickers hammering at the soil the way other woodpeckers drill into wood, they are most likely after ants and ant larva. This bird will also open cow patties to eat insects living within, capturing their prey with tongues that can dart out about two inches beyond the end of the bill. Flickers occasionally catch insects in the air.

Unusually for North American woodpeckers, these birds have prominent migratory traits. Flickers in the northern parts of their range move south for the winter, though a few individuals may winter-over in the north.

Northern flickers, like most of their woodpecker cousins, occasionally drum on objects as a form of communication and territorial defense. To emphasize the sound, sometimes they drum on metal objects. But not all drumming is communication-based; when searching for insects, flickers tap on wooden surfaces looking and listening for insect movements. If they see or hear an insect, they will continue chiseling until the insects are caught. Hollow sounds also may indicate that insects are present, thus encouraging flickers to continue carving away.

Another reason for pecking is to excavate nest

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sites in dead or dying trees and other suitable places (posts, barn walls, house siding). The birds use their stout beaks to chisel down 6 to 18 inches, making a wide bottom for the egg chamber. Eggs are laid on wood chips created during excavation of the nest. Both male and female flickers excavate the nest, the male doing substantially more than the female for the two weeks' worth of effort. Birders may use specially designed nest boxes to attract this bird.

Have a problem with flickers drumming and drilling on your buildings? The Washington Department of Fish and Wildlife has a site called Living With Wildlife and some suggestions for non-lethal management: <http://wdfw.wa.gov/>

living/woodpeckers.html.

Just for the record: The eldest known banded, red-shafted northern flicker lived at least 8 years, 9 months.

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 show, "A Walk On The Wild Side" is at the Colville TEDD Building through mid-May. Learn more at <http://fosterfanning.blogspot.com>.

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A Good Read

Thirteen Ways of Looking, by Colum McCann

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

Despite the often bleak scenarios of his stories, Irishman Colum McCann's are gifted with a surprising solace. His newest collection of short fiction contains only four stories, the first of which is a novella-length mystery about the last day of an elderly judge in New York City.

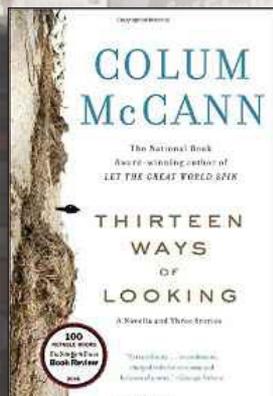
Like Andre the Giant's character in *The Princess Bride*, the judge can't resist making rhymes and word plays out of what he hears (or thinks). Much of it is self-mocking. Such as when he discovers he has lost bowel control as he hobbles in his diaper toward the bathroom. "Careful now. Contents in the underhead bin may have shifted during flight. Oh God, oh Lord, there's nothing worse than the sound of Velcro." Even for the rich and respected, old age's infirmities challenge dignity. But it isn't old age that kills the judge.

All four stories involve aloneness of one kind or another. A writer invents a story about a Marine on New Year's Eve phoning a loved one from her isolated Mideast outpost. A woman and her deaf son try to make a go of things on the Irish edge of nowhere. A nun hopes she has finally distanced herself from the

brutal incidents of her past. McCann is masterful with unconsummated encounters, human juxtapositions like puzzle pieces that don't quite interlock, though framed within one picture. The reader feels the yearning in this, how much emotion is spent in the un-arriving reach, like waves over and over flung forward, falling short.

The way McCann builds his emotional frameworks is through clusters of short phrase-images that compactly, poetically, evoke entire scenes, atmospheres, lives. "The late news. The last moment of the day. The world at its least consoling. The dark falling outside. Everything moving toward sleep, or its lack." Or: "The protests outside. The shouting. The placards. The bullhorns. She and her Sisters were condemned from the pulpit."

The stories in *Thirteen Ways of Looking* are full of the human condition's mortification; yet, within this McCann reveals what's noble and tenacious. The mother resolutely swimming a frigid winter sea in search of her missing son; the scarred nun confronting the man who tortured her; the judge keeping chin up, humor intact; the Marine taking a chance, dialing the phone – people who do not fail, regardless of outcome.



The Sympathizer, by Viet Thanh Nguyen

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

The Vietnamese-American author of 2016's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, *The Sympathizer*, characterizes the Vietnamese people as having been "the Italians of Asia." As with the story's other wry, sharp, cynical, and covert observations, this one is delivered by the narrator, a half-Vietnamese, half-French double agent.

The story begins with the operatic fall of Saigon in 1975. Our communist protagonist is aide-de-camp to a South Vietnamese CIA-advised general. The narrative voice is dryly detailed but selectively withholding – just right for a spy. The reader listens closely for secrets; there is tension. "Their beloved city was about to fall, but mine was about to be liberated.... So it was that for two minutes we sang with all our hearts, feeling only for the past and turning our gaze from the future, swimmers doing the backstroke toward a waterfall."

Nguyen, like Joseph Heller, makes mischievous use of war's absurdities and contradictions. Key to achieving this view – and rightfully spreading the blame – Nguyen endows his sympathizer with a compulsion to acknowledge *all* sides of the issue. Each player in the game is cherished and despised, each ideology admired and shredded. It's a debilitating two-mindedness for a revolutionary (even one who is a double agent); ambiguity is not what war is about.

From suffering Saigon the story moves to lax Los Angeles, where our refugee mole continues working for both his communist masters in Vietnam and his now exiled general. The entire book is, in effect, our unnamed spy's confession, the reader reminded of

this through occasional narrative remarks directed at the "Commandant."

The reader is also reminded of the conflict's layers of historical context: "We had been forced to adapt to ten years of living in a bubble economy pumped up purely by American imports, three decades of on-again, off-again war, including the sawing in half of the country by foreign magicians and the brief Japanese interregnum of World War II; and the previous century of avuncular French molestation."

Near the end of the story, when the spy's confession reaches narration of his capture and interrogation (which includes supposedly writing the book). I found this portion less story than philosophical exercise, if enlightenment through torture can be thought of as such. The book's finale was deeply moving, nonetheless. As were his passages on friendship.

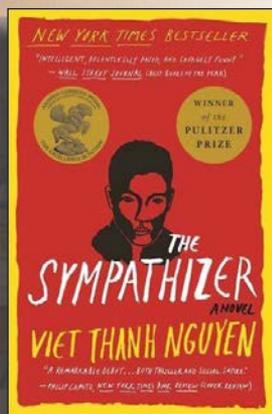
My favorite scenes were Nguyen's descriptions of a Hollywood movie being made about the Vietnam War; the spy is on set – in charge of "native" extras. These hilarious, satirical passages alone would've made the book worth reading. "*Dead Vietnamese, take your places!*"

Other recommendations from the M-N shelves:

Joe McGinniss Jr. – *Carousel Court*

Yann Martel – *The High Mountains of Portugal*

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



In Theaters: *Get Out*

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous

Liberal elitism gets a wickedly entertaining skewering in *Get Out*, the feature film debut of Jordan Peele, half of Comedy Central's sketch duo *Key and Peele*. Both suspenseful and a satirical take on race relations, *Get Out* manages to do what few if any recent popular American horror films accomplish: offer up complex issues in a simple presentation.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Let's start with the plot, which has Chris (Daniel Kaluuya) and his girlfriend, Rose (Allison Williams), going off

on a weekend getaway to meet Rose's parents, Missy (Catherine Kenner) and Dean (Bradley Whitford).

At first, Chris perceives the family's excessively obliging behavior as thinly veiled, anxious attempts to deal with their daughter's interracial relationship, but as the weekend progresses, he begins to realize that something is indeed wrong in this supposed suburban bliss, and that's when things get weird in the best of ways.

Think *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* meets *The*

Stepford Wives. The movie's social uneasiness is a direct link to its tension: Chris, gallantly coping with the malignant awkwardness, is unsure if what he's experiencing is actually from real threats or just a worn tolerance with these lofty, self-important jackasses.

Kaluuya, who had a supporting role in 2015's *Sicario*, leads an ensemble of effective performances in a pertinent film that successfully blends scares and laughs. This "sleeper hit" is more awake and aware than most. Give it a chance.

The Classics Corner: *On the Waterfront*

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous

Tackling corruption, personal responsibility, and individual failure, Elia Kazan's 1954 film *On the Waterfront* stars Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint and Karl Malden. The film was ahead of its time and remains relevant today.

Brando plays Terry Malloy, a dockworker who was a professional boxer before mobster Johnny Friendly (Lee J. Cobb) paid him to throw a fight. When a man is murdered before he can testify concerning Friendly's stronghold over the local waterfront, Terry finds his conscience in a bind. His knowledge of Friendly's misdeeds clashes with his growing affection for the dead man's sister, Evie (Saint) who is determined to bring her brother's killer to justice.

Malden plays the local parish priest, Father Barry, who attempts to rally the neighborhood to stand up against the local sleaze.

To say this film has a strong political undercurrent is to invite a resounding "Duh." Some say the film serves as director Kazan's self-justification for his testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee during the McCarthy era, which in turn tarnishes the

film's impact. Whether you agree or not, *On the Waterfront* is a powerful movie, and Brando's approach to acting influenced generations of actors to this day. (His performance, some critics say, is only matched or surpassed by his portrayal of Stanley in *A Streetcar Named Desire*.)

This one is easy to revisit and a foundation

for anyone looking to delve in cinema history.

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

Mitch Malloy's Noise Therapy

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

It used to be that you needed a big facility with rooms of engineers, mixing consoles, racks of gear and an entourage to make an album worth hearing. Now all you need is a computer, a mic or two and a good set of ears to get the job done.

Some good songwriting and an ability to sing like a rock god don't hurt either, and Nashville-based rocker/songwriter Mitch Malloy is geared up for all of that and more. Malloy says: "I have always brought in a



few musicians or songwriters to work with me on projects in the past and have really enjoyed what they brought to the table. But this time, I was in a different place and really needed to work through everything musically by myself. ..."

The result is *Making Noise*, a true solo album in a world where albums seem to be mostly a thing of the past.

Leading off with the high-velocity "Rock-n-Roll," Malloy slams through a gospel-tinged classic rock piece with a heroic tenor reminiscent of ex-Boston singer Fran Cosmo. Following it up with

note-perfect performances on track after track, the studio whiz dazzles with "Shook," "My Therapy,"

and the gorgeous, driving balladry of "It's Just a Word," where Malloy mines the (slightly) softer side of his vocals and songwriting. There's a hint of country sensibility on "I Was Wrong," where the singer's current digs bring a soulful, southern tone to the story.

To say that Mitch Malloy sings well is like saying Eddie Van Halen was a decent guitarist. And it's an appropriate comparison, given that Malloy did the briefest of stints at the mic for Van Halen at a tumultuous time, where his incredible vocal sound gave hard rock fans around the world a glimpse of what might have been.

And that's all we'll say about that, because the real story is that Mitch Malloy – the artist – is a phenomenal singer, instrumentalist, songwriter and producer all on his own. Check out *Making Noise* without delay at Amazon or via mitchmalloy.com.

BTS: Boy Band from Afar

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

Living in a connected world, you now hear about music you would otherwise never encounter, usually through people and sources you don't see face-to-face. I had an online friend steer me toward some music – specifically Korean pop – that I had only heard of in passing, and K-Pop, which is obviously not the same as J-Pop or C-Pop, is seeing a surge in popularity around the globe.

Leading the charge is the seven-member BTS, whose members blend elements of hip-hop, pop, electronic and traditional Korean without breaking a sweat. And that's no mean feat, because their 2016 Korean release, *Wings*, has propelled their indie presence into a global force musically and culturally.

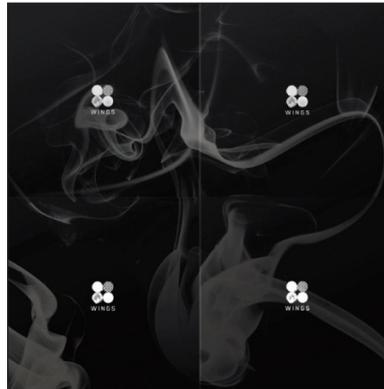
While the first single, "Blood, Sweat &

Tears," racked up a massive fan base and over one hundred million video hits, songs like the stuttering "Begin" and "Lie" show the range and depth over the course of the album. Covering pure, trap-inflected pop ("Lost") and massive ballads ("Awake"), the one thing BTS – also known as Bangtan Boys – isn't short on is melody. There are more hooks here than in a bait and tackle superstore.

It's such a cool, compelling collection of sounds and songs, and it shows just how far

reaching music can be and how quickly it can take over parts of the world. Paired with a series of short films (you can see them on YouTube), each track feels like part of a larger story, giving the album a unique and cinematic scope.

While you might not gravitate to everything K-Pop, as a genre, has to offer, this is absolutely worth listening to a bunch of times. Thanks, Courtney.



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: Release

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

“Trust and let go.” ~ Ingela Abbott

“First you must learn the steps. Then, you can dance”



Yoga is a mental discipline. We have many systems in our body, both voluntary and involuntary. Our muscular system is primarily voluntary. We train ourselves to stand up and to walk by watching our parents and others. We learn through repetition, and create patterns in our brain. After we have mastered such a skill, we can effortlessly go to that pattern and repeat the skill. We are basically self-programming. It is a lot like walking a maze. At first, you are lost, running into walls! After you learn the pattern of the maze, you can quickly go to the center.

Dharana, the sixth limb of classical yoga, is uninterrupted concentration, with the mind focused on one point or object. In alignment-focused yoga, we focus on the placement and use of various muscles and parts of the body. We learn where to place our feet for greatest stability, and how to distribute our weight across the foot for muscular balance and support. We refine and bring into consciousness the skill of standing up.

As we practice, we reinforce the pattern of optimal standing, and the pattern of mental focus. After a time, this becomes our primary pattern. We achieve ease. As we learn the actions that make up the asanas, we create patterns of conscious movement. We train our body to move in ways that balance our muscles, protect our joints, and bring ease into our nervous system. Body, mind, and spirit. ... Yoga!

The mind/body patterns we create by practice lead us to Dhyana. The seventh limb of yoga, Dhyana is meditation. When we are well practiced, we no longer have to go through a mental check-list. Where are the feet? Are

my quads engaged? We begin to have a more all-encompassing experience of the body as a whole. This is much like what is called a peak experience in sport. Getting there, of course, takes lots of practice!

We tend to move in and out of this elevated space, just like an athlete has good and bad days. But the more we train, the easier it becomes to come into this place of integration. We begin to identify with this state as our home, operating in our body conscious of our inner strength, and more able to let go of distraction. We become more effective in our actions as we become clearer in our intention.

How does all of this help us to relax? Many people come to yoga for stress relief. By practicing Dharana, we “catch” our mind. There are no problems in the present moment. Challenges, perhaps, but no problems. We learn to respond

to what is now, rather than worrying about it. When we are out of alignment in a pose, we change something. When we feel unnecessary tension in a muscle, we learn to let go. We notice where our mind is wandering, and gently draw it back to the task at hand. And, of course, we use our breath. Full, intentional exhalations release what we are holding, in the body and in the mind. We learn to let go. And when it doesn't work, when it all falls apart? We recognize that all things are in constant flux. We smile, we adjust, and we resume the practice.

As you proceed along the mountain path, be focused and precise in your intention and movement. Come into an awareness of the joy of simply being. Then, trust and let go!

Namaste.

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

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From the Soil

By Louanne Atherley

*Pease porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot
Nine days old.*

Split pea soup is comfort food for me. It is just the thing for a rainy spring or fall day. If I smelled it cooking after school when I was growing up, I always had to have a bowl as soon as I got home. It usually appeared at the end of a week when we'd had a ham for Sunday dinner.

After I left home and didn't have much occasion to cook a full ham, I discovered ham hocks at the grocery store. Split pea soup was what I served my later-to-be-husband, Ben, the first time he joined us for dinner. (It was years before he finally told me that he prefers it on the thin side; I usually made it thick, more like a porridge.)

The traditional rhyme about "pease porridge" is thought to have originated in the middle ages and first appeared in print in a children's rhyme book published in the 1700s. (According to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, by 1600, the last two letters, "se," were dropped, forming the singular.) Porridge or soup made from dried

peas and sometimes additional vegetables was a common food among peasants in Europe, including served cold for breakfast.

Peas may have been one of the earliest cultivated vegetables, with varieties found in archaeological sites in Egypt and Thailand. Pea soup was even a popular street food during Greek and Roman times. An ancient Roman cookbook included no fewer than nine recipes for pea soups made with various meats, vegetables and herbs.

I was surprised to learn when I traveled to England that peas are traditionally served as a side dish with fish and chips. I love the idea of getting something green and healthy along with all that white food. When we visited our daughter Jessica in Malta, she introduced us to a street food called *pastizzi*. It is a kind of pastry stuffed with curried green peas. It makes a great snack or light lunch.

Pastizzi

- 1 cup dried green split peas
- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- 1 small onion, finely chopped
- 2 garlic cloves, crushed
- 3 teaspoons mild curry powder
- 4 sheets frozen puff pastry, partially thawed
- 1 egg, lightly beaten

Place peas in a saucepan. Cover with cold water. Bring to the boil over high heat. Reduce heat to medium. Simmer, uncovered, for 30 minutes or until peas are tender. Drain.

Heat oil in a large frying pan over high heat. Cook onion and garlic for 5 minutes or until softened. Add curry powder. Cook, stirring, for 30 seconds or until fragrant. Add peas and 1/4 cup cold water. Cook, stirring occasionally, for 5 minutes or until liquid has evaporated. Set aside to cool completely.

Preheat oven to 425 degrees. Line 2 baking sheets with parchment paper.

Cut 4-inch rounds from each pastry sheet. Brush edge of rounds with egg. Spoon 1 scant tablespoon of the pea mixture onto the center of each round. Spread to form a log. Fold up 2 sides of pastry and pinch to seal. Twist ends to form points. Place on prepared baking sheets. Brush with remaining egg.

Bake for 20 to 25 minutes or until puffed and golden.



Peas are among the first seeds sown in my garden and always herald spring to me. I've become over-anxious more than once and planted my peas while the ground was still too wet and cold, only to have to replant once it warmed up a bit.

In early spring, once winter is finally over and I am anxiously awaiting the first garden harvest, I find myself craving fresh greens. One way to satisfy this craving is by turning to sprouts. There are nearly as many possibilities for varieties of sprouts as there are seeds. This time of year, especially, I enjoy some of the heartier varieties such as pea, bean or sunflower seed. They offer a satisfying crunch and juicy sweetness that is great on a sandwich or in a salad with marinated grains and a tangy dressing. Once your peas are up and doing well you might try snipping off a few pea tendrils and adding them to salads or use them as a garnish.

Peas also improve your garden soil. When left in place, the decomposing pea vines return the nitrogen from the plant back to the soil.

I have grown garden peas (the type you shell), snow peas (the flat pods that you cook pod and all), and sugar snap, which you also cook in the pod though they are fleshier. I prefer sugar snap because I can harvest them for a longer season before the pods become tough and stringy. My favorite way to eat them is straight off the vine as I pass by while I'm working in my garden.

Dreaming of spring and looking forward to my first harvest of sweet crunchy peas.

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

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The Art of Giving and Receiving Criticism

By Linda Bond

As a writer, you've likely heard the word "critique" and may have considered joining a group so you can receive feedback about your writing. But are critique groups a good idea? When should we consider one and what might we expect to get out of it?

According to the *Merriam-Webster* dictionary (online), as a noun, "a critique is a careful judgment in which you give your opinion about the good and bad parts of something (such as a piece of writing or a work of art)." This source goes on to say that "Critique is an alteration of an archaic word that referred generally to criticism. Critique itself dates to the early 18th century."

Although criticism has negative connotations, as in "finding fault," it need not be negative. In fact, writers count on critique groups to give them feedback to help improve their writing. But that does not mean all critique groups are equal.

Choosing a Group

Whether you intend to join a group or start one of your own, do a little research before making your final decision. A few guidelines:

- What do you want out of the group? Groups are made up of writers with varying levels of experience. There are groups in which everyone is somewhat equal, and there are groups of more experienced writers who are willing to include a beginner or two in their midst.
- What is the size of the group? Usually, about 4-5 members is about right. Fewer and the level of feedback may suffer. More, and it may become difficult to keep critique activities within a reasonable timeframe.
- How often can the group meet? How about your schedule? How far would you have

to travel to meet with the group? If it is a year-round group where seasonal weather can make travel difficult, will this still work for you?

- Would an online critique group work better for you? If you join one and the feedback you get consistently seems of low quality or the writing of others who send their work to you is so bad you just can't stand it, then you should look elsewhere.

You will want to consider these and other questions before making your choice. Just remember, you can always change your mind and look elsewhere for a good fit.

Giving and Receiving Criticism

Believe it or not, there is a right way and a wrong way to both give and receive critical comments. It's referred to as "critiquing etiquette" and I found a great article that offers a wealth of knowledge about the critiquing process. In her blog <http://ericaorloff.blogspot.com/2009/01/what-critique-is-and-isnt.html>, author Erica Orloff posted helpful comments for any writer looking to connect with a group. I particularly liked that she noted not everyone critiques in the same way and not everyone is looking for the same kind of critique.

An excellent and concise listing of tips for giving and receiving criticism is at <http://www.thewritersloft.org/critique>. A list of links to "references and additional resources"

is included at the end of that article. You will find the link to Erica Orloff in that list, and a link to a couple of forms you can use for asking/answering questions. Feel free to edit these forms when you use them to suit your own genre and particular needs.

Final Tips

Critiquing is a two-way process. Look for a balance between what you give and what you receive from a group. Not all the input you receive will be appropriate and you should watch for the warning signs of improper critiquing methods from others. Maintain enough humility to listen to what others have to say and enough personal strength to resist making changes just because someone tells you to. In the end, this is your work and you have to make the final decision about what to keep and what to remove, what to accept and what to ignore.

It's worth the hard work. Once you find a good fit, your group may go on for years and the encouragement and input you receive from other writers can help raise your writing to a higher level. If nothing else, you will know you are not alone!

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

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Color Me Weird

By Tina Tolliver Matney

While we live among some very “colorful” folks here in northeastern Washington, I think most folks try to just live a quiet and peaceful life and avoid being the sort of character that gets talked about around the campfire long after they’re gone.

But some things are just hard to explain to folks. If you are the one doing the explaining, for whatever reason, you hope that the person you are explaining a situation to will understand, maybe even laugh a little, then go about their own lives with a memory that wasn’t captured on a phone camera with the potential to wind up viral on social media.

In the tiny town where I grew up there was a “colorful” character on every street. Ruby, for instance, lived just a couple of houses away from my childhood home. Her gravelly voice would yell “Hello!” or “Get out of my yard!” from her rocker on the porch of her tidy little stucco house where she sipped her “tea” that most of us suspected was made up of a lot more hooch than Lipton.

Ruby had a reputation for being a wee bit cranky and a lot “colorful.” Her campfire legend is the story of the evening she invited the two boys who mowed her lawn to stay and have supper. They

watched with hungry bellies as Ruby prepared a large thick steak in a thick loose foil packet that they assumed she would place over a grill ... which she did eventually ... after she took it out to the little parking spot beside her white picket fence and placed the wrapped packet under the back tire of her car where she proceeded to back over it, then pull forward and repeat this tenderizing process in rapid succession until the foil began to fall apart and she deemed it fit for the grill.

Those boys ate up their supper with gusto, picking out little bits of gravel and knowing they had just witnessed a legend in action.

There have been more than a few moments in my adult life when I wondered if perhaps I had lost my grip on sanity. Fortunately, I was quick with explanations for anyone who happened to be watching. Unfortunately, it’s possible these explanations may not always have been enough to convince others that I’m not just a little bit “colorful.” I like that word better than “weird,” which is the word my kids prefer to use.

One warm summer morning I stopped in my tracks about halfway across my carport when I heard the unmistakable sound of a vehicle that had turned off from the highway and was coming down my driveway.

As the crunching of the gravel and the whine of the bad timing belt grew louder, sweat beaded up on my forehead. For a fleeting moment I considered turning and making a dash back to the porch and into the house, but I knew I would never make it to the door without being seen and even if I did my hands were full so I wouldn’t be able to get the door open anyway.

So I did what I’ve had to do on more than one such occasion. I turned and squared my shoulders while doing my best to muster up some dignity. I held my head high and hoped and prayed it would be someone I knew. Someone who would get it.

Someone who wouldn’t have a phone camera readily accessible because there I stood dressed in shorts and a sleeveless top with my brightly flowered pink muck boots on my feet. My head was covered with a mosquito hood that draped down to my shoulders. I had crammed my sunglasses on over the netting to help hold it in place. My hands were covered in surgical gloves and in my right hand was a freshly thawed gopher while my left clasped a syringe loaded with antibiotic. Draped from the pocket of my shorts and threatening to pull them down to an indiscrete level was a spray bottle full of water.

I couldn’t pull the shorts up because my hands were full.

As the car came in to view my heart sank as I realized it was not someone I knew.

The car slowed and rolled next to me, and the window came down just enough for me to see the look of shock and possibly even fear on the older gentleman’s face. I also saw a woman on the passenger side. I assumed it was his wife, but I’ll never know this for a fact because she did not utter one word, but instead pursed her lips, locked the car door and turned her head to watch the river roll by in a way that reminded me of my dog when she chooses not to see or hear me.

This poor couple really had no idea what they had stumbled upon and I’m not sure they were listening as I explained that I was simply heading up to the raptor pen to feed a hungry little owl his morning meal that would be medicated with a squirt of the antibiotic. The spray bottle would come in handy for calming the little creature down if he got cranky and impatient. The netting on my head was just camouflage so that the little owl wouldn’t associate my face with its food and the sunglasses helped protect and hide my eyes.

Because an owl that associates my face with food will become a little over-exuberant when I next appear at meal time. An over-exuberant owl

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becomes an over-exuberant grown owl eventually and ... well ... that generally requires a tetanus shot but I'll save that story for another time.

It really was that simple, but the shaking head and the urgency to turn around and go back to the highway was evident on the face of the poor man who had only wanted to take his wife for a nice drive and had stopped in to see if I had any tomato plants for sale.

Sometimes I forget that there are people watching. Not in a creepy spying way but because I live next to a busy highway and a glance into my backyard could lead to some speculation about what in the world goes on down here in this place by the river. Running through the backyard in

your underwear and a T-shirt toting a rifle will be duly noted by someone who will then make it the topic of morning coffee at the local, I guarantee it.

Hanging clumps of alpaca fiber from the clothesline to dry could cause a Border Patrol agent to come knocking on the door and wondering if he should have called for back-up.

Walking to the flight pen loaded down in personal protection gear with a net large enough to capture King Kong will elicit a "toot! toot!" from the car that drives by before you can duck out of sight.

Sure, we live "out here," some of us with neighbors that aren't within shouting distance. But not much goes unnoticed, at least not in my neck of the woods. And I like it like that. People are friendly.

We let each other know we're here to help when needed or to celebrate life and each other when the time is right.

If I'm ever talked about around the campfire someday after I'm long gone, I hope it's a good story, a funny story worth a good laugh. And I hope that if you're ever driving by, you'll honk and know I'm down here living my life like so many others around these parts ... with a weird and happy heart.

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

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Ethnography at its Finest

By Tina Wynecoop

Imagine that my house is on fire. In it are things that speak of generations of my family. I have forty seconds to think and act on what I should try to save. How can I move quickly, thoroughly and intelligently to collect that which will soon become irretrievable?

To me, Professor John Ross's ethnography, *The Spokan Indians*, is what was pulled from the "house," the collective memory of the life-ways of our region's aboriginal people. Those forty seconds in which to preserve the essence of its inhabitants are symbolic of the forty years the author spent listening, gaining trust, gathering for safe-keeping, and finally putting on record for posterity all the Spokan information that was humanly possible to collect by an outsider.

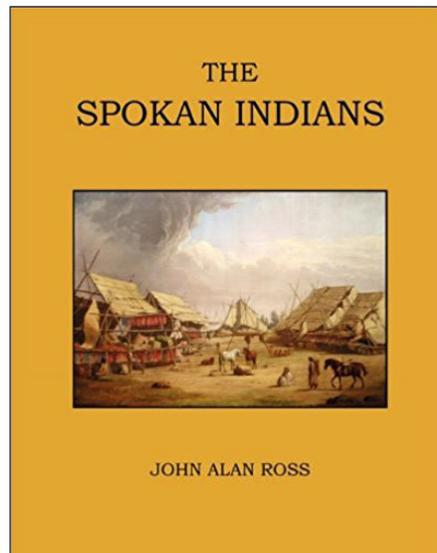
The "fire" is now out. The history, language, economy and the spiritual and familial structure of the building remain, though precariously. What Ross has given the reader is a testimony to a magnificent people, a cultural group inhabiting the common ground with everything that once completely surrounded and sustained

them. What could be saved has been. Four decades were not time enough to gather from the elders their collective knowledge and connections with the way things were, before contact with an aggressive new culture began to erode what had been in place for millennia.

Ross's ethnography of the Spokans is a magnificent compendium of memories cached between two covers. Its bibliography and appendices are extensive and invaluable.

The chapters are arranged so that the reader can delve in depth on a particular subject.

The extensive index in the back of the book



magnifies the scholarly Table of Contents (the index proves more accurate in the digital edition than in the hard copy) in thoroughness, and both are a researcher's dream resources. They invite the reader and tribe to inspect and gather valuable information from this storehouse of memories and life-ways by leading/guiding in an organized way.

Beyond the table and index and appendices, the body of work

itself has been enriched, strengthened and woven into a complete and seamless book by Professor Ross's son, Michael, who stands quietly in the shadows as its editor and publisher.

This book is far shorter than it could be. Its nine hundred pages can only hint about the lives of an extraordinary indigenous culture. Yet it is a living testimony, a tribute to Indians who were well aware that the fires of cultural fragmentation and assimilation would soon try to incinerate traditional ways and the remembrance of them.

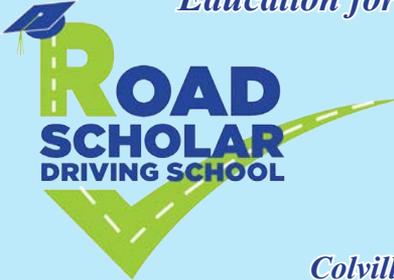
Deepest thanks to those who entrusted their "belongings" to John Alan Ross. And heartfelt gratitude to the author whose forty years among the Spokans resulted in this comprehensive book about an original people. The house remains.

Recently a workbook assignment was given to the sixth grade class at Wellpinit School. It included this question: "What are three major regions in which Native Americans lived?" Grant, tribal member, age ten, answered: "We still live here."

A multidisciplinary perspective on the 2011 ethnography The Spokan Indians with a response from the author may be found in the Journal of Northwest Anthropology, Spring 2013, Vol. 47, No. 1, pp. 71-90.)

Tina Wynecoop lives on the southern edge of Half Moon Prairie, a landscape that is a family member of that sisterhood of prairies: Wild Rose Prairie, Orchard Prairie, Orchard Bluff, Green Bluff, Five Mile Prairie and Manitou Prairie, and Paradise Prairie.

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Meals with a Kick!



By Alex Panagotacos

Waffle Watch

Waffle is a Bernese Mountain Dog training to be a therapy animal at Rural Resources Victim Services and Kids First Children's Advocacy Center in Colville.

I have a lot of things to be excited about right now: my birthday, a new dog trainer, Child Abuse Awareness Month and Sexual Assault Action Month!

I just celebrated my second birthday on March 10. In Bernese mountain dog terms that means I'm a teenager now. I'll be an adult when I turn three. My birthday party was really fun. The advocates at the office surprised me with a bag full of chew toys and a yummy bone.

Also last month, I started working with my new trainer, Amelia from Rescued for a Reason. She has experience training service animals, medical alert dogs and courtroom dogs. It's tough to find someone with courtroom dog training experience, so we are very fortunate. Last month, we worked on therapeutic techniques like the commands "touch" and "rest."

I learned a new trick, too: "kiss." This is something I already like to do, but I'm learning that I need to get consent before I give a kiss. "Nothing without consent!" my human is always saying. Anyhow, I'm learning I should only give kisses if the person wants a kiss. This is a good lesson for the kiddos that I work with, too. It is important for all of us to respect consent.

April is a hopeful and busy month for us at Victim Services. It is both Child Abuse Awareness Month and Sexual Assault Action Month. This

month is dedicated to these issues to keep them top of mind. Both child abuse and sexual violence are preventable, and together, as a community, we can make that happen. It starts with raising awareness.

Did you know that only 2-8% of sexual assault allegations turn out to be false? That's why End Violence Against Women International (EVAWI) started the Start by Believing campaign. It's simple: When someone tells you they were raped or sexually assaulted, start by believing. Survivors who are believed are less likely to develop post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) and more likely to seek help and to report the crime to law enforcement. When we start by believing, we support healing and justice.

Here are two things you can do this month to help:

- Pick up a Child Abuse Awareness Month pinwheel from our Colville or Republic offices. Display it proudly and tell people what it represents.
- If someone tells you they were raped or sexually assaulted, tell them, "I believe you and I'm here for you."

For more information on Waffle and the work of Rural Resources Victim Services and Kids First Children's Advocacy Center, visit them on Facebook (@RuralVictimHelp) or call 24 hours a day 1-844-509-SAFE(7233). Rural Resources Victim Services provides support to survivors of violence and crime in Ferry and Stevens Counties. RRVs also provides awareness and prevention education. Services are confidential and free of charge.



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A Year On the Farm

By Michelle Lancaster

A question we often get asked is “How do you do all that you do?” Apparently we give off the appearance that we get a lot done on any given day. Or maybe that we are crazy to attempt so many different projects?

Spring is a good time to reflect on the past year and start making changes in line with the purpose and productivity of a home and homestead. This extended winter has me contemplating what changes we need to make for this year. Below are some tricks and tips I've learned over the years that help us accomplish all we do.

1. Make lists: Recently my husband and I made an inventory of our homestead's main categories, then discussed improvements and wrote down a checklist of what needs to get done before next winter. We also made a list of income streams and compared them to the necessary time and labor in relation to amount of profit.

1.1. Sometimes emotions take over and we keep doing something not overly smart financially because we are attached. For example, we always seem to have more cows than we need, because we are passionate about them. As long as we recognize that, I'm OK with continuing on as long as we have an exit plan if life requires us to change. Life is a balancing act!

2. Be organized: A place for everything and everything in its place. If I know where things are and do not have to search for them, I can get a lot done in a short amount of time. The tiny extra amount of time it takes to put things away properly saves a lot of time down the road. Also, store tools near where they will be most frequently used.

3. Be ingenious: Whether you're a few miles from town or half a day away, try not to depend on stores for everything. Besides, a lot of us cannot afford to run to town every time we need a part and there is no guarantee that the part will be found in our small town. *Create. Make do. Improve. Invent.* I needed new lampshades, so one came from an idea to use an old galvanized milk strainer, upside-down, and another idea meant I could rip out old fabric from a shade and replace it with a woven yarn from my sheep. This concept works with food as well – I keep a shelf of dried foods to replace fresh or canned foods when I run out. In today's world, we cannot even plead lack of creative ability – a quick search on Pinterest can give multiple good ideas.

4. Compromise is OK: Do not feel guilty occasionally eating out or buying pizza to bring home to bake. Even though we grow most of the ingredients that are found in meals we buy, there are only so many hours in a day. Certain days we get on a roll and our options seem to be either skip a meal or procure an instant meal from a purchased source. For the sake of getting certain projects done, an all-day commitment is necessary and purchased food is sometimes the answer to finding enough time in that day. In that instance, enjoy the luxury of having food prepared for you!

4.1. In line with this concept is the problem of those items that seem to stay on the “To Do” list week after week. Instead of saying “I'm gonna” or talking myself out of a project because I do not want to do it, I sometimes force myself to say: “Today, I WILL do this, no matter what.” That may be the only way certain unappealing projects will get completed.

5. Discard and donate: Every spring, a part of cleaning is necessary culling. Unless an item is valuable (sellable through classifieds), most of our discards go to a local thrift store or to someone who can use the items we do not need. One year I gave away all my quilting supplies because I realized I had carried them around for years, never touching them. Now someone gets to enjoy actually using the items!

5.1. Bartering is a rich tradition in our area. What your neighbor has and does not need may be exactly the thing you could find useful.

5.2. Tastes change in life, and that's OK, so be careful not to let “stuff” bog you down. This can be especially difficult, because there's always the question of whether or not someday in the future some items will be of use, especially for those of us living rurally. I heard a rule that if you have not used something in the past year, let it go. I fudge on that rule just a bit because our area is so seasonal, it could be a full year between normal uses (for example, saved rubber



boots came in very handy this year for the first time in a long time). Another idea I heard is to make three piles: Keep, Maybe, and Donate. Place items in the appropriate pile, and send off the donations. Then go back through the Maybe pile and see what else can be removed. If this is a new concept for you, try filling one box full of stuff you will never use and donate it. Amazing feeling of relief, right? Each time gets easier. Now you can focus your time on what really matters.

5.3. Culling is important for livestock, as well. If you want to be business-minded, rotation of animals is often required. For example, chickens should be rotated every two years or so in order to maintain productive egg-laying. Animals that do not fit the harmony of your program or are not productive should be removed. You can help others by not passing along problems – for example, consider butchering a mean animal instead of selling the problem to an unknowing party. We all get tempted to find the best income, but some things are about what is right rather than what is most profitable. This concept pays back – do unto others as you would have others do unto you.

6. Keep the animals you can feed: A quick way to get behind – particularly in finances but also in time, compounded problems, and manure management – is to over-populate your land. Towns limit animals for a reason – you may be able to have pets and a few chickens, but that's about it due to the small size of plots. Those of us living out in the county have the ability (and responsibility) to make decisions about land use. If we properly graze the right number of cows and sheep, we can get half a year's “free” feeding from our pastures. If we over-stock, our pastures may only last a few months, weeds will overtake, and we have to fork out extra cash for hay at a significant price. At the cost of purchased feeds, keeping more animals than your land can support rarely balances out financially.

7. Buy quality: My parents taught me at a young age that paying more for something is OK if that item is top quality and will last a lot longer than a cheaper product. Like a durable vehicle. A lot of health issues are avoided by eating fresh and organically raised foods for most of our diet. Our animals are in peak health because they come from good bloodlines and their food is high quality. Prevention is a lot cheaper than cure. Quality products rarely break down, saving time.

8. Reserve “goof off” time: Every Sunday we try to attend church and spend the remainder of the day in relaxing activities. Yet that still involves travel, social time, study, and potluck. Find other time to totally relax or quiet time to think and reflect. For me, this is expressed through time in the hammock on a warm afternoon reading a book, hiking through the woods enjoying nature, or spending a few hours knitting on a project with a cat sleeping in my lap.

9. Find joy in what you do and everything will be easier to accomplish.

The above list is simply our guideline. In making your own, keep the highest priorities in mind first – perhaps this is your faith, your family, your relationships. Be at peace with the notion that the rest will fall into place, with a little balance and a lot of hard work. My spring goals never seem to completely come to fruition, but each year some definite improvements are made and we are left with other ambitions to dream and aspire toward.

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

What's Happening... *Continued from page 17*

Apr 12, 26: Spring Soil Testing and Supplementation Seminar at the Northport Community Connections Center. Attend two evening seminars and learn how to test and supplement your soil. Part 1 April 12, 6-8pm, Part 2 April 26, 6-8pm at the Northport Community Connections Center (425 Center Ave Northport, WA). The seminar is free, does not include the cost of the soil test which is approximately \$35. Contact Nils Johnson at 509-684-2588 or nils.johnson@wsu.edu.

Apr 15: Free Kids Seed Starting Class, 10 am and 10:30 am. Farmers from Meadowlark Farm, a local vegetable producer, will teach kids how to plant and care for seedlings. This fun, free event is hands-on and everyone takes home a planted seed. Space is limited, sign-up for one of the two classes by calling 509-738-2727 or at Meyers Falls Market in Kettle Falls.

Apr 20: Northeast Washington Permaculture Guild meets at 5 pm to network at the Community Connections Room, Meyers Falls Market, Kettle Falls. Please park in back; bring a snack or dish for afterward potluck. For info, call 509-680-1480.

Apr 29: Mushroom Foray: Mycologist Jim Groth will again lead a one-day mushroom foray on the Little Pend Oreille National Wildlife Refuge. Emphasis will be on collecting morels for the table, but stress will also be put on identification and ecology of all fleshy fungi encountered. Meet at the Refuge headquarters at 9:30 am. Follow the brown signs as you head east out of Colville on Highway 20. Bring a bag lunch, water, collecting bag (no plastic) or basket, rain gear, and wear long pants. Also bring binoculars if you wish - birds and plants will be included for those interested. We should be finished by 3:30 pm. Please email joann_groth@yahoo.com or call 509-684-1379 if you intend to participate - enrollment is limited.

Wellness

Apr 23, 30: Basic At-Home Emergency First Aid classes, 2-4 pm on both days (Part 1 & 2). Taught by local veteran US Army combat medic Beverly Chapman, off-grid homesteader and author of two children's books. Northport Community Center. High school students especially invited. Sponsored by the Northport Seventh-day Adventist Church.

Gentle Yoga for Seniors every Monday at the HUB Senior Center in Colville, 8-9am, free. Class is taught by Care Tafoya and is sponsored by Parkview and Buena Vista. Please RSVP at 509-675-1479.

Leisurely Walk About Group leaves every Thursday at 10:30 am at the HUB Senior Center in Colville.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Miscellany

Apr 12: Northeast Washington Genealogical Society morning Computer Interest Group meets in the basement of the LDS Church, Juniper Street, Colville, at 10:30 am. NeWGS member Kathy Ochs will show us how to navigate the FamilySearch online catalog Lunch at Noon, then a video presentation by Judy Russell, the Legal Genealogist speaking on "Mothers, Daughters, Wives: Tracing Female Lines." All visitors are welcome.

Apr 15: The Stevens County Democrats will hold their monthly meeting at 10 am at Quartzite Brewery, 105 W. Main Ave., Chewelah.

Jane Cody Democratic Women's Club (not just for women any more), meets at 4:30 pm in the Episcopal church basement in Republic on the second Wednesday of every month. Call 509 775-2605 for more info.

Colville Toastmasters meets on Tuesdays, 5:30 pm, at the Health Education Center, across from the hospital in Colville. Visitors encouraged - come see what we have to offer those who want to boost confidence and sharpen communication/leadership skills and be a part of a life-changing program with a free mentor to help guide you! Call 509-690-3539 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. Check the website for schedule of events www.colville.com. **The Kettle Falls Chamber of Commerce** meets on the third Thursday of each month. For info, call 509-738-2300 or visit <http://www.kettle-falls.com>. **The Northport Chamber of Commerce** meets the fourth Tuesday of each month at 7 pm at the Northport City Hall, 315 Summit Ave in Northport.

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship in America (Colville Chapter) meets on the 3rd Thursday of each month at the Stevens County Ambulance & Training Center in Colville. Call 509-684-6144 for more info.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PFLAG: Parents, Families, Friends and Allies United with LGBTQ meets in the lower level of First Congregational United Church of Christ, 205 N. Maple, Colville, the last Tuesday, 6:30 - 8 pm. Call 509-685-0448 or email info@newapflag.org for more info.

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

MORE LISTINGS & DETAILS AT NCMONTHLY.COM

Family Ties

By Becky Dubell

I have been told for years that TEAM stands for “Together Everyone Achieves More” and that seems to be the case with the Tough Enough Equestrian Drill Team, which definitely has this action going on. These young women and their 1,200-pound friends are definitely a team, with deep trust and respect for each other. And when they perform, the audience is told that there are “24 hearts, souls and minds working in the same direction, we hope” out there in that arena.

Cindy and Dave Baskin were looking for something more for girls to do with their horses, and spare time, other than just riding up and down the county roads and trails. They were looking for something that would provide structure in these girls’ lives – give them some purpose. It has been a 20-year evolution for the drill team, from the love of riding to forming an extended family each season.

For Cindy, the love of horses started way back when she was four years old and being led around on the back of a plow horse. She bought her first horse for \$600 at the age of 23. She may not have had a saddle, bridle or truck and trailer, but she did have a horse!

The Baskins currently have 11 head bred for the ring. Six are trained as drill horses and the others are still learning. I watched a video of their daughter Emily and her teammate, Joker, “riding at liberty” (what I call bare naked -- no reins, bridle, saddle) controlled by her body movements and voice. It was VERY impressive.

While talking with the Baskin family you can see, and hear, the excitement coming from all the family members. The horse culture has been receding lately but this family decided: If you are feeding this 1,200-pound animal, why not put it to some use and have fun at the same time?

They volunteer their time and energy, choreographing the arena routine to the customized music, making flags, decorating/cleaning breast collars, making food for the trip, riding outside of practice with the girls who would like more personalized training, and hauling horses and equipment while looking like the Clam-petts going down the road. I wish I could stir up this kind of enthusiasm on the committees I have been involved with.

Cindy and Dave are always looking for support personnel and new riders to try out for the team. The only requirement, other than the horse (and that can maybe be worked on), is that the cell phone, attitude and drama are checked at the gate. The idea is to have FUN while learning to work yourself and your horse.

The Tough Enough Equestrian Drill Team is totally self-supported with fundraising events. The fundraising covers the cost of gas to haul horses, wall tents and camping equipment to events, enough groceries to feed an army, insurance, equipment, flags, and blingy shirts and accessories (glitter for the horse and rider included). The girls provide black

jeans, black hat, leg gear for their horse and smiling faces.

They perform for donations at local events – no set fee! The fundraiser coming up is one that sells out pretty quickly but they can always get more: Manure Mania! Yep, it really is manure, donated with the agreement that all friends and family members get to shovel it into bags for the sale. (I’m told it’s a blast but I think I’ll just take their word on that.)

This year they have another item to sell – Krispy Kremes. Now who can resist that?! You can have “food for the garden and the belly.” Look for manure and donuts coming to a street corner near you – well ... actually to Maruji and Raines parking lot at 775 S. Main St., Colville – April 22 and 23 and then again April 29 and 30, 9-5.



The team will perform at the Arden Old Timers Rodeo May 20, Winthrop on Memorial Day weekend, Clayton Rodeo on July 21 and 22 and Republic Fair on Labor Day weekend. I’ve been told the horses love the audience reaction – the louder the crowd the better the horses do.

The minute Cindy blows her whistle to start the performance, horses and riders become a very professional team and put on a fantastic show. One of their favorite routines is the “Tribute to the Troops.” There are American flags and flags representing all the branches of our armed services. The video brought tears to my eyes and now I have to go see it in person.

The Tough Enough Equestrian Drill Team members put their heart and soul into each performance. Committing to

practice twice a week, learning that safety is first and foremost, discovering “tricks of the trade” (such as duct tape inside hat to keep it on in the wind), living with the divot on your knee from holding the flag in place, and performing in sun or rain are just small portions of the big responsibility taken on by each team member.

Emily sums it up: “So much fun! Proud of each other and our horses. Team pride at all times and in every aspect of life!”

2017 Dining &

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

Chewelah

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



CHEWELAH MOTEL & RV PARK: Guaranteed low rates, new beds, flat screen TVs, WIFI, easy access location. 311 S Park St. 509-935-4763. Check out our website at www.chewelahlmotelandrmpark.com.

Colville

BEAVER LODGE: Located on beautiful Lake Thomas, 24 miles east of Colville on Hwy 20, RV parking, campground, cabins, store, gas, restaurant open 7 days a week 8am-8pm for lunch and dinner, everything from hot dogs to prime rib. Come and relax with no cell service! 509-684-5657 www.beaverlodgeresort.org.



CAFE 103: Located at the corner of 1st and Main with espresso, wraps, panini, salads out, smoothies, baked goods, local brewed beers and WA wines. M-Sat 8am-8pm. Delivery 10am-3pm. Skip the line, order online at 103cafe.com or call 509-684-0103.

CHATEAU VIN: Artisan-prepared salads and chef-inspired tapas paired with a great selection of wine and beer at 161 E. Third Ave., Suite F. For orders to go call 509-675-6243. M-F 11:30am-8pm, Sat 1-8pm. Also catering and event planning.

EAGLES LODGE: Open to the public for lunch M-F 11am-2pm with salad bar and a great menu, Friday night dinner and salad bar 5pm-7pm with line dancing and karaoke, Sunday breakfast 9am-12pm. Live band 2nd Sat night. Darts, pool, poker, Bingo! 608 N Wynne. 509-684-4514.

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



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

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



Say You Saw

Lodging Guide

Look for more communities and listings in upcoming editions of the *North Columbia Monthly!*
To have your business listed, please email us at ncmonthly@gmail.com or call 509-684-3109.



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

SELKIRK MOTEL: Guaranteed low rates, new beds, flat screen TVs, WIFI, centrally located, walking distance to restaurants. 369 S Main St. 509-684-2565. Check out our website at www.selkirkmotel.com.



Kettle Falls

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



RIVERWOOD B&B: Washington's most scenic highways lead to Kettle Falls, halfway between paradise and heaven. Come relax in comfort on the banks of the Columbia, 7 Riverwood Circle E. Call 509-850-0873 or visit www.riverwoodbnb.com for reservations.



Northport

RIVERTOWN SUDS N GRUB: Meet our friendly staff and enjoy daily specials, the best prime rib around (Fridays), awesome steaks, and fantastic salads! Open 7 days a week, 11 am till closing at 302 Center Ave.. 509-732-6638.



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

Orient

BEARDSLEE FAMILY RESTAURANT: Where everyone is family. Home cooking and specials every day. Also serving spirits, beer and wine. Karaoke every Thur and Sat. Open Tue-Sun, 5am-8pm. 509-684-2564.



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Us in the NCM!

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CASEY MCKERN'S **PAY IT FORWARD**

LIVE MUSIC

7:30 PM - 9:30 PM BY



POOL TOURNAMENT

2 PM - 4:30 PM

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