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More Event Information at SpokanePublicRadio.org

SPR Presents: Paula Poundstone

Thursday, November 7, 7:30 p.m. at
The Bing Crosby Theater,
901 W Sprague Ave, Spokane



Comedian and frequent Wait, Wait... Don't Tell Me! panelist, Paula Poundstone, returns to Spokane with her quick-thinking, unscripted humor. According to Peter Sagal, Paula is "the funniest human being I have ever known." Tickets on sale now at TicketsWest.com or by calling 1-800-325-SEAT.



Fall Folk Festival - Live Broadcast

Saturday, Nov. 9, 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. on KPBX 91.1

Join SPR hosts Verne Windham and Steve Jackson on the air as we help kick off this annual event with some of the area's finest folk musicians. You can attend the full event at Spokane Community College on Nov. 9 and 10.



KPBX Kids' Concert - Open Doors

Saturday, Nov. 16, 1 p.m. at
Westminster Congregational Church,
411 S. Washington St.

Hear the Spokane Area Youth Choirs and Le Donne Choir raise their voices in the historic Westminster Congregational Church, hosted by SPR's Verne Windham.

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DECEMBER 2019 ISSUE DEADLINES

AD SPACE RESERVATIONS:

Friday, Nov. 15th

WHAT'S HAPPENING LISTINGS:

Friday, Nov. 22nd



People **L**ike **E**njoying **A**ll **S**enses **U**sing **R**eal **E**xperience

- JOHN ODELL, WordsOfWords.com

Four Thousand Words...



Ermine, by Dave Jones.



Evening tree time, publisher photo.



Fallen leaf with raindrops, publisher photo.



At the kitchen sink, by Stephanie Ludlam.

From the Publisher's Desk

By Gabriel Cruden

My dog Molly, a side-of-the-road rescue as a pup nearly 13 years ago, now spends the majority of her time sleeping or lying alertly in the lawn surveying the driveway and the upper fields beyond the horse pasture. I can see her out of my home office window, sniffing the layers in the air as it stirs the turning maple leaves.

We have a fairly steady parade of deer that traverse the upper meadow during the morning and evening hours, and Molly is vigilant about voicing her disapproval if they come within what she considers her "zone" of responsibility. On a few occasions she has had the excitement of a neighborhood bear heading for the old orchard in the gully, and even the rare moose sighting.

Visitors get lots of wags and sniffs, and the UPS delivery man is greeted with great interest as he invariably has dog treats to dispense. And, of course, she tags along to supervise when I make the rounds for farm chores.

As I consider the arc of her life and see her entering her elder years, I wonder how she experiences her days now, as compared to before, and what she thinks about. And in that vein, I wonder too what I'll be thinking about in my elder years and how it may differ from my present thoughts.

My son, on the cusp of teen-hood, has taken to calling me "Old man." And we laugh. But part of me – well, OK, most of me – is not laughing. Not because I don't want to grow old – that's a privilege that I should be so fortunate to know. No, I'm not laughing because I'm seeing life sift through the fingers of responsibility and occupations that dominate my days and nights and I'm weighing its worth differently.

When I left home for college I had no career path in mind. At all. But I had a great many interests and an appetite for engaging with learning and doing. I wasn't too concerned about the absence of a career path, instead seeking to assemble as big of a tool belt of knowledge and skills as I could with the idea that I'd then be able to make my way in whatever direction I went. The emphasis was on seeking to do things I was passionate about and that would be meaningful and contribute to a better world, however large or small. And this worked.

Now, as I see Molly's muzzle turning white and notice the sprinkling of grey in my own hair, I find myself on the cusp of a new phase in life.

One that emphasizes quality over accomplishment. Of spending time with friends and family over broadening the network of connections and possibility. Of being consciously grateful and focusing appreciation on all that I have over what I am still working toward.

I'm not going to drop everything in a dramat-

ic life change. But I have been making plans and have begun the shift. I'm not moving away or quitting the *Monthly*, in case you're wondering. But I am saying all this out loud as a greater affirmation of commitment and to encourage anyone who may feel similarly. Each day truly is a gift and I need to treat it as such.

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Grooving Optimism

By Christine Wilson

“To be hopeful in bad times is not just foolishly romantic; it is based on the fact that human history is a history not only of cruelty but also of compassion, sacrifice, courage, kindness. If we do act in however small a way, we don’t have to wait for some grand utopian future. The future is an infinite succession of presents and to live now as we think human beings should live in defiance of all that is bad around us is itself a marvelous victory.” ~ Howard Zinn

In sharp contrast sits Puddleglum, of *Narnia* fame. He is a marshwiggler of extraordinary pessimism. He could spot a tiny wisp of cloud in the distance and bemoan the miserable weather. In order to persevere on his negative course, he said, in *The Silver Chair*, that, “Life isn’t all fricasseed frogs and eel pie.” He was disinclined to hopeful action.

And then there is Eeyore, another

beloved pessimist. His overarching philosophy of life can be summed up in his saying, “I wish I could say yes, but I can’t.” When someone greeted him with a “good morning,” he said, “If it is a good morning, which I doubt.”

Howard Zinn was a professor of history and I can say, having a bachelor’s degree in the subject, that it would be impossible not to understand the dark side of humans with

his level of knowledge. Researchers on the subject of optimism categorize the Howard Zinn versus Puddleglum continuum based on how one explains misfortune.

An optimist sees misfortune as specific and temporary. You get fired. Maybe you were late a lot and your boss got tired of it. Lesson learned. Get out there and find a new job and show up on time. Maybe the economy caused a cutback at your work and it had nothing to do with you. Get out there and find a new job anyway. The misfortune won’t last forever and it doesn’t apply to all aspects of your life. Keep exercising, get together with friends, and experiment with healthier, less expensive slow food, since you have more time for now.

A pessimist sees misfortune as permanent and pervasive. You get fired. Nothing ever works out for you. You should probably just give up on people. While you are at it, quit exercising and don’t go outside. It’s all hopeless anyway. Pessimism can be a gloomy contagion.

Babies are not usually born feeling hopeless; it is learned. Anything that is learned can be unlearned. For starters, we can examine our interpretation of life events. Pema Chodron took a lesson from her teacher, Chögyam Trungpa Rinpoche. He said we trust too much in the success of our specific expectations. We say we trust everything will work out OK, but we usually mean things will work out according to our definition of working out. His recommendation was to trust in reality. Chodron jokes that since we tend to trust in our expectations instead of reality, that might explain our trust issues.



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Random Acts of Community

Here's the deal. In an analogy I have probably used too many times, the Forest Service creates roads that they sometimes decommission. In the decommissioning, they put up gates and signs and piles of dirt they call Kelly Humps. As people honor those restrictions, the road returns to forest.

In our brain, we create neuro-networks based on what we repeatedly do. "Neurons that fire together, wire together" means that each time you do something, your neurons create an easier pathway for the next time. A mental deer trail, if persistently used, becomes a superhighway. We get good at what we practice.

Decommissioning pessimism is not one of our easier mental decommissioning processes. I would say it is up there on the list alongside quitting smoking, possibly even higher. However, those pessimistic grooves can return to brain forest with conscious effort.

It is easier if you surround yourself with more optimistic people. In these dark times, paying attention to reality can be tough. We can't be active in every issue and we can't donate money to every worthy cause. We can keep our heart open to the pain in the world, but at some point we have to pick where our specific energy and finances will go.

The misfortunes of our time have to be addressed. In my not very humble opinion, we cannot afford to collapse into pessimism. We don't have to be extraordinary people, we don't have to do huge things, but we must all do something, again in my not very humble opinion. I hesitate to list my ideas because they start sounding kind of trite and maybe they are just my list. But if you go by the adage of the guy who was throwing starfish back into the water, you can't do it all but you can make a difference to the starfish you have time to save.

When I was first learning EMDR, the trauma treatment I use, one of the trainers taught us to finish up unfinished EMDR sessions with a sense of something positive the person can believe about themselves. She would say that the future starts the minute our clients step out of our office. I've taken that on as a part of how I think now, for my clients and for myself.

I can get discouraged with the best of them, but Howard Zinn is right. The future is an infinite succession of presents. The way we make these dark times temporary and specific instead of permanent and pervasive is for us to take each of those present moments we have and do our bit, big or small, to move us as humans in the right direction. On this, the month of

Thanksgiving, in addition to identifying that for which we are grateful, maybe we can each start to imagine what our aspirations are as well. Happy Thanksgiving to all our readers!

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



The poster for China Bend Winery's 2019 Holiday Wine Barrel Tasting Event is set against a green background with a yellow banner at the top. The banner features the winery's name in a cursive font. Below the banner is a central illustration of a wine barrel on a wooden stand, with a wine glass to its left. The year '2019' is displayed in a yellow circle. The event title, 'Holiday Wine Barrel Tasting Event at the Winery', is written in a large, stylized font. To the left of the text is a silhouette of a person in a long dress holding a glass. The event details, including the date 'Saturday November 9', time 'Noon - 5:00 ~ Admission Free!', and 'One Day Only', are listed. Below this, it mentions 'Special Wine Prices Stock Up For The Holidays!' and lists 'Organic Wine Tasting', 'Hors d'Ouvres by Victory', and 'Organic Gourmet Foods'. The phrase 'The Healthiest Wines On The Planet!' is prominently displayed. At the bottom, the address '3751 Vineyard Way ~ Kettle Falls, WA 99141' and contact information are provided, along with 'Drive In ~ Boat In' and 'Bed & Breakfast at the Winery'.

China Bend Winery

2019

Holiday Wine Barrel Tasting Event at the Winery

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Noon - 5:00 ~ Admission Free!
One Day Only

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Drive In ~ Boat In
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Get Out of Jail. Free.

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

I'm sitting in the lobby of our newly re-modeled clinic on Main Street in Colville. It's a lovely setting. Beautiful flamboyant plants, relaxing music, a play area for kids modeled after a Greek island, comfortable seats. I'm sitting with my team and we're reflecting on our work. There is the usual chatter about doing a better job, learning from our mistakes, new medicines and policies, improving the ways that we help our patients.

It's customary at these meetings to

bestow an award. We call it the Azungu Award, named after the Swahili word roughly translated as "stranger," "visitor" or "weird looking white dude," depending on the context. Every month we try to recognize someone in our team who has modeled teamwork, courage, compassion or any of the many traits we want to honor.

This month it's being given to one of our receptionists. She's a good choice. She has worked hard, gone the extra mile, been kind and encouraging to our patients, even when they've been a bit

rough around the edges. She seems to understand that people can have a bad day now and then, and she lets it roll off her shoulders. We take turns affirming the attributes that are worth recognizing as a valued member of our team. It's fun and lighthearted.

Our meeting is winding down. A few final details. Then I remember. There is a question I wanted to ask: "What was the one patient interaction that you had that stood out to you this week and made you think, 'we made a difference for that person?'"

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Silence for a moment. Then our receptionist speaks, the one who won the award. "I think it was that guy that we just saw." She speaks in quiet undertones, as though we are walking on sacred ground. I nod. "That's the guy I was thinking of too."

I ask her to elaborate. She looks at the group and begins to describe what she witnessed. She speaks in short phrases. It is almost as if she is in awe of what she experienced. Quiet reflections, each phrase wrapped in emotionally charged wonder, as if bathed in deep reverent joy.

"He was kind of a mess ... he was just released from jail. He doesn't have anywhere to go. He's only got a pickup. No one is ... he can't go anywhere ... so he came here to us ... he heard that he might get some help here ... so I talked to him. I'm sorry, I know that it delayed our meeting, but I thought it was too important. So I called you, doctor."

She has tears in her voice now, overcome for just a moment, unable to find words to match the emotion she is feeling.

The man was tall, wasted, smelling of too many nights without a bath, unwashed clothes, looking for all the world like a life that is completely undone, a prodigal still out feeding on slop, but looking at us with eyes still intelligent and human, distantly reflecting a life not so different from my own, wanting desperately for someone to believe in him.

"I haven't been able to believe for some time now," he told us. "I haven't been able to hold onto hope. But someone in the jail told me that I could hope again." He's breaking down in tears now. He mentions a name that I recognize. "He was my cell mate. He told me about you. He told me I could come here and that you would help me."

I smile. An old friend recently incarcerated, whose own life is terribly messed up. I shake my head. He is still speaking to me from the jail. Wasted life, out of control, criminal behavior, and he knows it. Yet he welcomes a chance to tell someone in the jail that there is reason to hope. And he points him in the right direction.

"You did the right thing," I say to the re-

ceptionist. "He was really hurting. He has been in jail for three weeks and he has nowhere to go except back to the place that supported his addiction. His life has spun out of control."

"Yeah, but he wants this so bad. He really wants to get better," she explains to the group.

"Exactly. And we have the chance to help another human being. We can't fix everything. We can't give him a place to stay. But we can give him some medicine so he's not driven by his cravings. We can be here for him."

"How did he know about us?" someone asks. "Is he someone you knew from before?"

"No. Never seen him before. First time I've met him."

"Then how did he know how to find us?"

I smiled. "There was a guy in jail. His cell mate. Someone I've known for years. He told him he could get help from us. Even though the cell mate has really messed up, he saw a chance to help this man who was getting out, and he told him not to give up. He told him there was reason to hope." I look around at my team. "That's who we are. It's the best work that we do. Helping people to put their lives back together."

Our meeting wraps up. My thoughts return to my friend languishing there in jail. I know that he will have to face the consequences of his mistakes. But today, I am recognizing the humanity that remains inside him. I recognize his deep desire to do the right thing, even in the middle of the chaos of his life. He is finding ways to help people from the desperate ruins of his own life, to tell people where they can get help, to give them an encouraging word and a hug and directions and hope.

P.S. This is a personal message to that man in the cell. If you are reading this today, let me just say to you I'm thinking about you today. I remember you. I know who you are and I'm thinking about you there in that lonely place. And the guy that you helped along the way says thank you. I don't know if this will make a difference or even if it will make any sense, but

I want you to know that you are forgiven.

Barry Bacon is a physician who has lived and practiced family medicine in Colville for 28 years. He now works in small rural hospitals in Washington state, teaches family medicine, and works on health disparities in the U.S. and Africa.



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NOV. EVENTS

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Feathered Wisdom

By Eileen Delehanty Pearkes

This spring, in nearby Kokanee Creek Provincial Park, a pair of great horned owls nested in a hollow tree and gave birth to three owlets. Park naturalists kept the exact location of the nest quiet, so the parents would not get spooked as they raised their young within sight of the visitors center. At night, the woods were filled with the birds' recognizable *who-hoo hoooo-hoooo*. A fierce predator, the great horned owl can take down a larger osprey or hawk, or another species of its same family, such as the barred owl.

One late-summer afternoon, I had just settled into my reading hammock when I noticed a barred owl, positioned on a low branch of a nearby tree. Its streaked, brown and white feathers ruffled in the stiff breeze. My hammock swayed in the agitated wind as I watched the owl's pair of warm, brown eyes do its own watching. Of me.

Whatever I had been reading grew unimportant. It's rare to see such a well-camouflaged owl in broad daylight. Had my hammock, or the owl for that matter, been positioned elsewhere, we would have missed each other altogether.

The owl's fluffed head turned occasionally, following flickers of movement that might turn out to be prey. Owls are known for

their acute vision, which allows them to hunt in forest gloom, or from tree-height to the ground. Their ears are very important, too. The great horned owl has tufts of feather that look like ears but aren't. Facial disc feathers that surround the great horned owl's intimidating yellow eyes direct and concentrate sound waves. The barred owl has asymmetrical ear holes on either side of its head, buried deep within its feathers. One sits above the level of the eye and one below it; this allows the barred owl to triangulate and pinpoint the exact location of a sound.

See-Nee-Nah, I said softly. *Hello See-Nee-Nah*. It was both a greeting and a gesture of respect. I had read about an owl-monster called See-Nee-Nah, in Sinixt elder Nancy Wynecoop's memoir *In The Stream*. Wynecoop learned about the monster from her grandmother Able-One, who was born on the Columbia River upstream of Kettle Falls around 1800. It must have been a spooky favorite around winter fires long ago in North Columbia Country.

See-Nee-Nah was not entirely owl. He was a magical mix of various animals, including the human one. His head and neck, Wynecoop recalled, were "the pattern of the owls." He had shoulders and arms like a man and the body of a bear, with a tall

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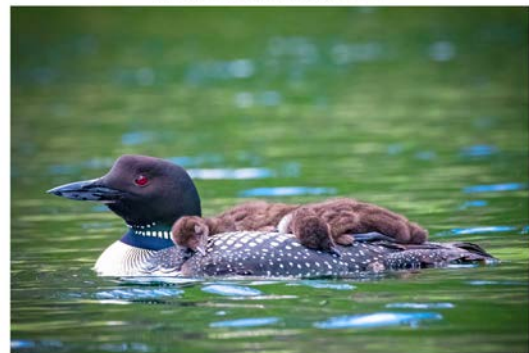
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Award-winning photographer and regular NCM contributor **Joanie Christian** has two different 2020 calendar styles for sale: "A Year in the Natural World of Northeast Washington" features scenes from Ferry, Pend Oreille, and Stevens Counties; "Birds of the Inland Northwest" displays the amazing birds of the region. Calendars are 9"x12" and full color, shrink wrapped. Perfect for holiday season gifts!

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frame reaching “midway to the treetops.” His legs, feet and hands took the shape of an eagle’s claw and he was covered with a mixture of mountain goat wool, fish scales, feathers and hair. As if he was not imposing enough, See-Nee-Nah could also raise and lower a “mane of bristles” along his back. There he carried a woven willow basket, stuffed with yearling deer and mountain goat.

See-Nee-Nah drank the blood of these plant-eating mammals with great relish. As things often go in Sinixt animal stories, Coyote eventually met up with See-Nee-Nah. Though

the dog didn’t approve of the monster’s dietary habits, he was not afraid of him, either. Soon, a friendship formed and the monster was inviting Coyote to travel with him. “You are strong but I am wise,” See-Nee-Nah said to the trickster-dog. “Strength and wisdom should go hand in hand.”

These were famous last words. One day, Coyote built a cooking pit to show See-Nee-Nah how to roast the meat of the young goats and deer, rather than eat it raw. He tricked the monster into pouring warm pitch on himself. During a dance, Coyote tricked him again, drawing him into the fire. See-Nee-Nah burst quickly into flame. All the young animals in his basket escaped. From the burning body of the mythic monster flew two birds: one, with a head shaped like the beast itself, became known as owl. The other, Nancy Wynecoop said, was called night hawk.

While the barred owl’s appearance in my outdoor reading room



From the author's field notebook.

surprised me that day, I had known it was around. Uh-uh-uh-uh-ooohooo floats frequently through the mature forest like an echo, just after dark. Sometimes the owl’s song has reached toward me from deep in the darkness of my dreams.

It has been an owlish year so far, with baby chicks being born by the visitors center and the surprising visit from my wise feathered friend. As the rainy shadows of November and December arrive, the wisdom embedded in dark days may step forward. The story of See-Nee-Nah is a good reminder that balancing strength and wisdom is not an easy task.

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

NOTE: By complete coincidence, J. Foster Fanning also wrote about the barred owl this month, page 18.

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Saturday, Nov. 9th 7 pm

Sunday, Nov. 10th 2 pm

Woodland Theatre, Kettle Falls

Admission at the door: \$10 & \$5 (12 & under)

Summer Strands

By Loren Cruden

This past summer was a quiet stay-at-home one for me while my son and his family were away on their epic 11,000-mile road trip. Most evenings my cat Taliesin and I watched movies in bed and waited for the air to cool enough to open the windows.

When it comes to movies, Taliesin favors anything disparaging of dogs or featuring prey-like characters unsuccessfully eluding cunning (feline-type) “predators.” So, we watched *Black Panther*, *No Escape*, *Wag the Dog*, *Dog Eat Dog*, *A Time to Kill* and *Bob the Street Cat*. Though I did draw the line at *Panther Girl of the Kongo*, *Killer Nun* and *Valley of the Cycle Sluts*. It’s not good to let cats exert too much influence on one’s viewing choices.

During one week of that stay-at-home summer a couple friends from California came for a visit. We popped over to Canada to wander around Cascade Falls one morning. The Canadian border official studied our passports and asked the usual questions, concluding with, “Do you have any personal protection devices such as firearms, mace, pepper spray or – in the case of your California contingent – crystals?” which surprised a kind of percussive snort out of me like when Taliesin unexpectedly lands on my chest as I’m falling asleep. This reply seemed satisfactory to the border guy, however, who waved us on.

Another interruption of routine came

about when my eldest granddaughter and I did the *Monthly*’s July and August distributions in Colville and Kettle Falls during Gabriel’s absence. This entailed me doing the driving and Zara – who’s twenty – doing all the climbing in and out of the car (85 times!) to leave magazines in shops and restaurants and waiting rooms.

It wasn’t the most fun way to spend four or five sweltering summer hours each time – except that it kind-of was. I got to hang out with my granddaughter and catch up on what was new with her; and there was something cool about threading together all those stops in one day like a dot-to-dot map of community, using the *Monthly* as the connective strand.

The resulting picture tangibly impressed upon me that where I live includes far more than the handful of usual places I go and people I know. It was like border-crossing as a horizon-broadening local – rather than international – experience (and didn’t involve quizzing by cunning officials).

Another facet of this locally-expansive summer theme had to do with my quiet neighbors in the Marcus cemetery. Strolling around the shady grounds on a hot afternoon with one of my (non-crystal-bearing) California friends, we became curious as to why so many of the graves were for people with Russian names. Some of the headstone inscriptions were even in Cyrillic writing and inset with photographs of the dead.

The cemetery’s oldest graves – mid 1800s to early 1900s – were occupied by non-Russians. The oldest inscription on a Russian grave had a birth date of 1912. A bunch of the Russians were born in the 1930s, some were in the 1950s, and one (who died young) had been born in 1984. Intrigued, my friend looked online but found nothing to explain this mystery. Next we tried the Kettle Falls Library, whose librarians are ever quick to rise to a research challenge. Though, in this instance, they could only find information relating to German Russians.

More than 100,000 Germans moved to Russia (invited by Czarina Catherine II, of German birth) in the wake of the Seven Years War. Catherine promised them freedom from military service and religious or cultural persecution and paid their travel expenses. Each family was given 80 acres, a wagon, plow, horses and tools, and was not required to pay taxes for 30 years. Not a bad deal!

The transplanted Germans and their descendants worked hard and did well for a hundred years until, in 1871, Czar Alexander II nullified their privileges and began conscripting their youth. Many families left: By 1920 some 300,000 of these German Russians had immigrated to America. In 1882 a group of 16 families settled in Washington Territory, arriving here via wagon train following the Oregon Trail to Walla Walla and from there moving on to Ritzville. A reunion is held in Ritzville

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over Memorial Day weekend each year for descendants of these German-Russians. Other of the original immigrated families founded Harrington and Odessa and a number of other farming communities in eastern Washington where their descendants remain the majority population.

But this didn't account for the non-German Russians buried in the Marcus cemetery. My friend and I unsuccessfully tried to locate a cemetery we heard was up the road in Bossburg, hoping to see if any gravestones there bore Russian names.

A breakthrough came, however, on another trip to the Kettle library where I was given the phone number of Susan Dechant of the NE Washington Genealogical Society, who obligingly copied down a sampling of the Russian names and set to work tracking their origins.

Her results showed that some of the Russians on the list had been born in Russia and immigrated here some time ago. A few of the non-Russians I'd mentioned to Susan were from Austria. There was also a list of eight non-Russians buried without headstones, dating from the early 1900s, that included one from 1915 identified only as "Indian." And Susan sent me a copy of a clipping from the Colville *Examiner*, Sept. 20, 1919, that reported the death of Helen Wilbur, seven years old, who drowned when her brother backed their car (a Chalmers) off the Marcus ferry. Her body was found by fishermen two miles below Kettle Falls and was buried in the Marcus cemetery.

A knowledgeable woman I spoke with

at the Marcus City Hall explained that the town's original graves, including that of young Helen, were moved to the River View Cemetery (until about five years ago known as the Grand View Cemetery) when the Columbia was being dammed and Marcus transitioned to higher ground. She said that the Williams Lake and Evans areas had, and retained, a number of people of Russian descent and that the cemetery in Marcus has been popular with them because the graves are inexpensive and require no liners – liners not being traditional in Russian graves.

I thought about the distances people had traveled and the borders they'd crossed in coming here – journeys eventually ending in Marcus' wee cemetery – and the brief journeys of young Helen and the several babies also buried here. I thought about the enigmatic pictures on Russian gravestones and the unnamed Indian surrounded by settler remains, silent histories of incomer and native: hope and loss. While beside the cemetery the great river flows on over the drowned streets of Old Marcus and the drowned falls at Kettle, a flow simultaneously moving and ever-present.

The woman at the Marcus City Hall also told me that a bull snake lives in the cemetery these days. And, in fact, I

encountered a man with a Russian accent a year or so ago at the cemetery gate who was excited about having seen a rattler there, though I imagine it was actually the resident bull snake.

When my friend and I were strolling around the cemetery this summer, studying the gravestones, a flock of wild turkeys was strolling the grounds too, like low-budget peacocks. The Grand View – now River View – is an appropriately restful place, watched over by appropriately eastern Washington wildlife.

Having lived in Marcus only a few years, I'm still sussing out its history and local characteristics. Like Orient, where I used to live, it appears to be a shrinking community, population-wise, but staunch in tone. (What's not to like about a place whose streets are named for varieties of apples?) The post office is the only remaining business in town but the park bustles with commerce and entertainment during the annual October Cider Fest. If you ever find yourself perusing the quiet cemetery north of town, though, please don't trouble the guardian reptile in our modest Eden.

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

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Columbia River photo by Claudia Castro Luna.

A Journey of a Thousand Tributaries

Claudia Castro Luna's proposal to the American Academy of Poets for their inaugural poetry fellowship was one of the more unusual they received. And certainly ambitious. Luna, who is Washington's current poet laureate, had a vision to convene poetry workshops and readings along the length of the Columbia River in Washington state. Not only to develop her own work about the river, but to collaborate with each region's local poets, to inspire new and developing writers, and to kindle conversation about the river. The Academy was suitably impressed and awarded her the fellowship.

"Claudia Castro Luna is a poet whose work exemplifies how poetry can spark conversation and can help us learn about one another's lives and unique experiences, which promotes greater understanding," said Jennifer Benka, executive director of the Academy of American Poets, as reported by the *Spokesman-Review* (April 26, 2019).

Highlights of the tour, which began this fall in Kettle Falls, are being documented at rivervoiceswa.com and in this publication. An anthology is also planned. Poet Lynn Rigney Schott was her Kettle Falls collaborator.

"We read together to a full house at the Kettle Falls library, and led a spirited workshop the following day," says Luna on her website. "The poet Dennis Held drove up from Spokane and it was wonderful to have his presence and expertise at the workshop. Lynn is working alongside those who attended to further edit their poems and she also visited a fourth grade classroom to

write river poems. I look forward to receiving those poems from the teacher and to posting some of them on this website. In the meantime here is one of Lynn Rigney Schott's poems from her book, *Light Years* (Hawk and Handsaw Press, 2016)."

RICKEY RAPIDS

Lynn Rigney Schott

Here the river should always have a story to tell
of strong south winds, dark swells blooming among rocks,
pewter clouds hanging over the mountains
above whirlpools wild and silver as a miner's dream.

Today, as the wind listens to its endless tale,
the boisterous voice of the river
is reduced to a small rhythm of sorrow,
a heart pulsing with a long-forgotten purpose
in waves that curl around a rubble of smooth stones.

Geese fly over on dark wings, shadows
drift and sail like the spirit of what is lost.

In the silent voice of deep water
lives the rushing voice of white water,
the dream voice of water on its way somewhere,
poised like rain ready to fall,
aimed like an arrow on a journey to the past.

One River, Many Voices

To Kettle Falls and Back

By Claudia Castro Luna

As soon as I pulled into the Gifford loading zone to cross the Columbia River to Inchelium on one of the two free ferry crossings in the state, I knew I was treading new territory.

A man leaned against his large motorbike, bulging saddle bags on either side of it, eating a banana under the shade of a vast tree. I maneuvered my car slowly and lined up behind him and watched him for a few minutes. When he remained immobile, and seeing there was space for a couple of cars between him and the start of the loading zone, I decided to step out of the car and ask him if he was waiting to get on the ferry.

"Yes, I'm waiting," he said, chewing the banana. "But go right ahead. I am just trying to catch some shade. The ferry had just taken off when I pulled in. It will be a while."

I navigate ferry docks and loading zones all the time in Puget Sound, Seattle-Bainbridge, Mukilteo-Clinton, Southworth-Fauntleroy, and in all my years and travels no one has ever offered to have me drive around in front of them, and I have never seen anyone be the recipient of such a generous gesture. On the contrary, I have seen people sneaking into line in front of others and altercations unfolding as a result. Clearly, I was far away from the adrenaline-driven lifestyle of the city.

I saw the half-drunk coffee cup resting in the cup holder of my car, took in his easy manner, decided to take advantage of his offer and moved the car to be the first one to load once the ferry arrived twenty minutes or so hence, as he had said. I was simply too excited to be the first to load for my first-ever ferry crossing of the Columbia.

At this location the Great River, approximately 50 miles into Washington from the Canadian border, is already a grand river. Just 35 miles south of this spot it becomes even more impressive when the Spokane River merges with it, a spectacular encounter that can be viewed from a barren, windy promontory off Highway 25.

I did not yet know that in three days I would witness this amazing union, as I sat

looking out onto the wide expanse of water, eagerly waiting for the free ferry crossing to take me to the Reservation of the Confederated Colville Tribes to meet young students in an after-school program. Just as I could not have imagined that on my return to their side's ferry landing I would encounter a black bear gingerly taking her time deciding whether to cross the road or to return to the river's banks.

Already the size of an adult, the bear would take a step onto the road, look back to the river, then to the car, the road, the river, like that for a few minutes, while my heart pounded at the lucky sighting and my brain raced ahead to the knowledge that missing the boat would jeopardize my return flight to Seattle.

The bear did not mind my anxiety and the river waited, just like it had done on my way in.

Eventually, the bear turned around and its black shape disappeared behind the thicket that lined the road and I rolled on, magically, onto the waiting boat.

The bear preferred the river. Here, on the banks of it, with my days in Kettle Falls and Inchelium ahead of me, without knowing it, I was already in agreement with it. The river is better, its sandy meanders, its pebbly banks, its movement, all better than an asphalt road, even one recently repaved and painted. The river is a force whose water flows into you through your eyes, your ears, your hands and feet, if you ever happen to stick either extremity into its current. The river stares back at you with its dusky eyes, it hears you in between the pauses of its gurgling. The river is alive, and it will tell you stories, for example the story of how its majestic falls at a place known as Shonitkwu, 30 miles upriver from Gifford, were silenced when downriver the Grand Coulee Dam was built.

It will tell you of the sadness this fact caused the people who'd known it as their home for thousands of years, it will tell you, but only if you honor its presence with the quiet of your mind and with silence in your heart.



Washington State Poet Laureate Claudia Castro Luna (left), Spokane poet Dennis Held (center), and Kettle Falls poet Lynn Rigney Schott (right).

Payout at the Old Dominion Mine

By McLean Taylor

The following narrative is drawn from numerous historical documents, books, letters, interview transcripts, and newspaper articles of the time.

Trudging to the mine, young Elmer Alexander's brain struggled with the arithmetic. Kearney's telegram reporting superior assay results meant his fortune was at hand. Despite the July sun, pulling more ore was going to be easier today.

"That's far enough, Elmer." Alexander's body jerked in alarm. Lost in thought, he hadn't seen the downed trees and broken brush piled above the mine or the four men behind that breastwork.

A slim, dark-haired man stood amid the scrub above. Alexander recognized him. It was Earp! Behind him were Fuller, Stokesbury and Erickson. He'd met them a few weeks ago when they were camping near him at Embrey.

"You're trespassing on our mine," Earp said, sweeping one arm to encompass the open workings.

"What?" Alexander stammered, attempting to understand the situation. "You – you've jumped our claim? I'll put the law on you."

"Law's on our side, Elmer. Isn't claim jumping?" Earp stated flatly. "Sit. We'll talk."

Alexander looked around. Everyone was armed; his innards squirmed. "I can hear you from here," he retorted.

"Have it your way." Earp shrugged, his blue eyes studying the fear in the young man's face. Holstering his "Long Tom" six-shooter, he motioned his companions to do the same. Earp braced his booted foot against a rock and leaned forward, sending pebbles tumbling down the incline toward Alexander. "We've the best of you. Your claim is illegal."

"You're wrong," sputtered Alexander. "We filed legal. In April."

"Maybe so," said Earp "but your partners aren't citizens. They can't file a claim." Alexander's jaw dropped. "Besides, the stakes were moved after you filed." The young miner was flabbergasted. Two stakes had been moved three hundred feet to encompass the full vein. Earp was right and, apparently, aware that an amendment had not been filed. Alexander's body quaked at the enormity of the situation. "And there will be no more shipments until we say so."

"You can't do that," sputtered the incredulous man.

"Already sent the telegram." Sands wasn't back yet but he'd ridden to Colville, carrying Earp's instructions for the telegram.

"Elmer, you're a friend. We're willing to declare you in," offered Fuller.

"If I had any weapons or could make a bomb I would blow you to Kingdom Come," shouted the distraught man. They grinned at his bluster.

"We're willing to parley. Tell Benoist."

Alexander stormed back to his tent. He'd been left in charge of the mine and lost it overnight. The knowledge was overwhelming. His partners, Al Benoist and Bill Kearney, weren't due back for six days. Kearney was shopping for a safe in Spokane Falls. Would there be anything to put in it?

The next day, July 10, 1885, the *Spokane Evening Review* reported the claim jumping. Colville townsfolk declared their readiness to fight for the mine that would "be the making of the Upper Country."

While Earp and his party remained at the mine, Alexander waited. He was outraged at the situation and frustrated with his inability to correct it. His days were long. He did small chores around the site. He couldn't work the silver vein or bag ore. Sometimes he crawled

When Old Dominion Was Yielding Mineral Wealth



OLD DOMINION MINE IS PRIME.

The Old Dominion shaft house is shown in the center, near the left. A lower level tunnel was started at this point. The original mine location was up the hill, near the upper right. Miner's cabins are shown along the hillside.

Newsclipping from the Spokesman-Review, April 15, 1928.

to the ridge above his tent and watched the gang of interlopers.

He wrote to his brother, Spencer, relating his predicament. He reminded his sibling of their recent visit to the gamblers' Embrey camp and how they'd thought the group was a rough lot. The beleaguered man's pen scratched angrily across the paper, declaring the claim jumpers a "gang of desperadoes that killed people in an Arizona gunfight." Dwelling on the possibility of his own involvement in a gunfight with the same desperadoes, he enclosed his will.

Tuesday, July 14, 1885, dawned. It was Alexander's twenty-fourth birthday. He hoped it wasn't his last. The sun was not yet high when swirls of dust announced an approaching rider. It had been a long week. Benoist had barely reined in his horse when Alexander began excitedly describing the confrontation. Benoist had heard stories of the claim jumping in town. What was the situation now?

"They're fortified up there, Al," said Alexander. Benoist dismounted and stretched. He peppered Alexander with questions between refreshing swallows from his canteen.

"Keep an eye on me," said Benoist, pulling a rifle and a box of cartridges from his pack and tossing them to Alexander. "I'm hoping I won't have to skedaddle. It's a rough trail but I'd be easier caught on foot," he explained, remounting. Confirming that his pistol slid easily in its holster, he rode out.

Expecting to be ordered to storm the mine, Alexander admired the civilized manner in which Benoist was handling the problem. He scrambled up the wall of the ravine with the rifle and watched Benoist's horse pick its way along the narrow track to the mine.

Fuller and Earp, weapons holstered, came forward to meet the rider. The hair stood up on the back of the miner's neck as he watched the proceedings. He saw the others, Stokesbury, Erickson and Sands, armed and in position. Earp reached into his pocket. Drawing a deep breath, Alexander touched the trigger.

Producing a paper, Earp unfolded it and gave it to Benoist, who read it and handed it back. The three men continued talking. Alexander couldn't believe what he was seeing. Benoist just shook hands with the two outlaws. Straightening in the saddle, Benoist turned his horse and headed back. Alexander didn't breathe easy until his partner reached the encampment. Then he slid and hopped

down the slope to meet him.

"Are we going to fight?" Questions tumbled out. "They said they had a legal paper." Benoist fended off the questions. He said he could resolve the matter without resorting to violence but he needed to return to Colville. Promising to mail Alexander's letter to his brother, he swung into the saddle, jerked the reins, and started the slow descent to the grasslands.

Friday morning, the miner saw the puffs of dust kicked up by horses long before his partners rode into camp. While Kearney watered the horses, Benoist approached Alexander and quietly asked him if he would be willing



Warren Earp, courtesy Wikimedia Commons.

to put up fifty dollars for "his friends." Puzzled by the request Alexander said no. Benoist offered no explanation. Kearney was angry and impatient. The two men remounted and started for the mine.

Again, Alexander scampered up the rise, rifle at the ready. He watched his partners dismount. Their backs were to him. He couldn't see what was happening. He couldn't even get off a clean shot. A short time later, they remounted and returned.

"It's settled," said Kearney darkly. "We can start shipping ore again."

What had happened? It was a long time before Elmer Alexander understood.

"...the ownership of the Old Dominion Mine has been amicably settled ... the parties

that took possession of the mine were friends of Mr. Benoist, and they did so to prevent other parties from jumping and holding the mine. As a proof of the sincerity of the party, they at once turned the mine over to Benoist when he appeared upon the ground." *Spokane Evening Review*, July 20, 1885.

Contrary to the rumors and Alexander's letter, it was not Wyatt Earp but his youngest brother, Warren, who had jumped the claim. The previous year, Warren had been in Eagle City, Idaho, prospecting with his brothers, Wyatt and James. His brothers left Idaho in the autumn of 1884 and, in December, Warren headed to Spokane Falls, Washington Territory. In Spokane Falls, he worked and resided in a saloon at Howard Street and First Avenue. It is also where he met his unsavory friends.

Pat Kearney grubstaked his brother, William, and Benoist. Patrick earned that money working in a saloon - in the 200 block of Howard Street. Saloon workers interested in prospecting, working only a few blocks apart, in a small city? In the off-chance they never met, they would, at the least, have known of each other.

Having filed his own claims, Warren Earp was familiar with mining law. He knew the Kearneys and Benoist were French-Canadians. Somehow, he learned of the moved stakes. Perhaps he should have pursued his charges against the Old Dominion's owners. The law appeared to be in his favor. It was illegal for foreigners to hold claims. (It was rumored the Kearneys back-dated their applications and Benoist did not even apply for citizenship until the following November.) Any movement of stakes required filing an amendment or the claim was considered abandoned. Earp and his pals' get-rich-quick extortion scheme may have been successful, but their payout was insignificant by comparison. The Old Dominion was a blanket vein right on the surface, easy to work, and quickly produced profits; it became the largest producer of silver and lead in Northeast Washington.

Author's note: Wyatt Earp was operating the Fashion Saloon in Aspen, Colorado, at the time of the Old Dominion claim jumping.

Taylor moved to the North Columbia-Kootenay region 20 years ago and discovered a history of interesting and intriguing characters and believes their stories should be shared and celebrated.

The Wide-Ranging Barred Owl

Article and Photo by J. Foster Fanning

Saying that *Strix varia* is an elusive creature is true, at least until it isn't. The barred owl now has a core habitat throughout much of the Columbia Highlands, except for the highest elevations.

I've had friends make observations or catch images of this bird in the dense forest of southern interior British Columbia and within the Colville National Forest. My first sighting of what is sometimes called the swamp owl, striped owl, hoot owl, eight hooter, round-headed owl or rain owl, was just recently, hence these photographs. According to the Washington State Department of Fish & Wildlife, "The barred owl is primarily a bird of eastern and northern U.S. forests and is a recent arrival to Washington." As a side note: Of the 19 species of owls in North America, 15 can be found in the Pacific Northwest

at different points in time during the year.

From WDFW: "The influx of the barred owl from British Columbia has been rapid. The first state record was from Blueside in Pend Oreille County on October 2, 1965; the first western Washington record was a dead bird found near Skykomish in King County in December 1973. Birds were first found during the breeding season, which indicates possible breeding in the state, in 1973. Some of these early breeding-season records include one at Middleport in Stevens County in July 1973; one throughout the summer at Park Rapids, also in Stevens County, in 1974."

The barred owl is a hefty brown-grey and white bird with a round head and no ear tufts. Notably, while most other owls have yellow eyes, the barred owl's eyes are deep brown. It also has a small, sharp, dull-look-

ing yellow beak. This bird is named after the bars on its chest.

The barred owl is also the most vocal of owls. In fact, it has another nickname, the laughing owl, due to its many vocalizations. One of its calls resembles, "Whocooksfo-ryouall?" frequently repeated, along with a strong, "Hoo hoo ho-ho."

The adult barred owl is 16-25 inches tall with a wingspan exceeding three feet. Weight in this species is 1.5 to 2.5 pounds. This bird has a somewhat pale face with dark rings around the eyes. The upper parts are mottled grey-brown. The underparts are light with markings; the chest is barred horizontally while the belly is streaked vertically. The legs and feet are covered in feathers down to the talons.

Recognizing this bird is not difficult in that the spotted owl is the only other owl

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similar in appearance. The spotted owl is somewhat smaller and has spots rather than streaks down the underside. Comparatively, the great horned owl is much larger, has ear tufts and yellow eyes and is the most serious predatory threat to the barred owl. That predatory relationship highlights the struggle these creatures face as their range expands and inter-crosses. Research also shows that barred owls are partly responsible for the recent decline of the northern spotted owl, native to British Columbia, Washington, Oregon and California.

Barred owl habitat is generally in moderate-aged to mature woodlands, using hardwood, coniferous and mixed forests. Occasionally they are found in city parks or low-density residential areas with suitable forest coverings. The barred owl's range has expanded rapidly from northeastern Washington in recent years, and in western Washington it may still be expanding. Ornithologists state that the territorial limits are uncertain, but it is likely to be distributed throughout Washington state,

if not already so.

If they manage to avoid disease, predation and starvation, barred owls have a lifespan of over 20 years. Their nests are often in a tree cavity, occasionally hollows created by pileated woodpeckers. They are opportunists, taking advantage of nests made by hawks, crows and even squirrels. They are also attracted to nest boxes.

These non-migratory birds are permanent residents but may wander over a broad territory after the nesting season. If a nest site has proved suitable in the past, they will often reoccupy it. These owls typically nest between late winter to mid-spring, laying a clutch of up to a half dozen white eggs. As with many birds, both adults incubate the eggs for approximately a month before the hatchlings arrive.

The young owls can fly at just over 40 days old, although dependent for the remainder of the summer on the adults to provide small mammals, rabbits, birds, amphibians, reptiles and invertebrates as their primary diet.

Barred owls may be active day or night

and are reported to be able to hear the squeak of a mouse from up to 150 feet away. These owls may be seen frequently near water where they drink and bathe, even in the coldest of winter months. Occasionally barred owls wade into water to catch fish and crayfish.

Late autumn is a good time for wildlife observations. It is also good to remember that many species are in critical mode of food intake to build up reserves for the onset of winter. Tread lightly. Leave only tracks that the snow, wind and rain will wash away.

For a map and more facts, go to http://naturemappingfoundation.org/natmap/facts/barred_owl_712.html

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

NOTE: By complete coincidence, Eileen Delehanty Pearkes also wrote about the barred owl this month, page 10.

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The Foundation for Making a Difference

By Adenea Thompson

November is Rotary Foundation month. Like a foundation for a house, this distinct entity within Rotary International is an important support structure for many Rotary club projects. The mission of the Rotary Foundation is to enable Rotarians to advance world understanding, goodwill and peace through the improvement of health, the support of education and the alleviation of poverty.

In 1917 an endowment was started in Rotary International for “the purpose of doing good in the world.” That first contribution was \$26.50. In 1928 the endowment was renamed the Rotary Foundation. Even in its fledgling years the foundation was making impacts that would ripple out for decades to come. In 1929 the foundation made its first gift - \$500 to the International Society of Crippled Children. Founded by Rotarian Edgar Allen, we now know this organization as Easter Seals.

The Rotary Foundation transforms donations into service projects that change lives both close to home and around the world. Global grants are an opportunity to leverage relationships to make dramatic impacts that a single club could never accomplish. The Rotary Club of Colville had an opportunity to make such an impact

a couple of years ago when they joined with other clubs to help bring clean water to villages in Ethiopia. With the help of the Foundation, the project raised \$400,000, which resulted in clean water supplied to over 20,000

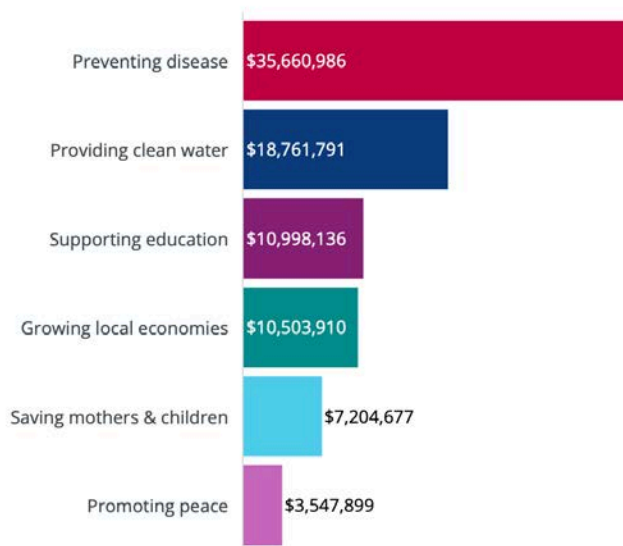
This amazing program delivers free books monthly to all children under the age of five who have signed up. The Rotary Club of Colville has partnered with other local donors, including the Library Foundation of Stevens County, Colville School district, Kettle Falls Rotary and the Opie/Coxie Foundation. Due to tremendous support and the Foundation grant, the Dolly Parton Imagination Library program was expanded beyond Colville to all of Stevens County. Currently in Stevens County we have 596 children registered.

Nationwide, as of September 2019, 126,474,278 books have been mailed. All it takes is \$25 a year to support a child. If you are interested in inspiring kids to love to read, please reach out to the rotaryclubofcolville@gmail.com. If you are interested in signing up your child, please visit <https://imaginationlibrary.com/usa/affiliate/WACOLVILLE/>.

Since it was founded more than 100 years ago, the Rotary Foundation has gone from that initial \$500 grant to distributing more than \$4 billion toward life-changing, sustainable projects. Whether your heart is in giving back internationally or locally, joining your local Rotary Club can make lives better in our communities and around the world.

Foundation grants

The Foundation awarded \$86,677,399 in funding to 1,306 grants during fiscal year 2018. Here is a breakdown of causes the grants supported.



people residing in multiple villages in Ethiopia.

The Rotary Foundation makes impacts close to home as well. Just this year a grant for \$3,000 was awarded to the Dolly Parton Imagination Library.

than \$4 billion toward life-changing, sustainable projects. Whether your heart is in giving back internationally or locally, joining your local Rotary Club can make lives better in our communities and around the world.

*This page made possible by the Rotary Club of Colville. Learn more on FB @ColvilleRotary
To view a list of all the Rotary Clubs in the district, visit district5080.org/clubdirectory*

Stanley's (Very) Little Known Animal Facts

By Stanley Carruthers ☺

Stanley's facts this month are about bears. Bears are so busy getting ready to hibernate just now that they won't have time for reading articles about themselves. An annoyed bear is never the kind of reader you want on your doorstep.

Which brings us to a pertinent fact: that bears are LARGE. Stanley's opinion is that emotionally sensitive animals should be low impact. *Small.* What we need instead of big moody bruins are dwarf bears. Though I suppose wolverines fill that niche, but with an ungraciously resentful attitude about being smaller than bears. Which, as Stanley says, just goes to show.

Most bears in our region are black bears, but not all black bears are black. Some phase blue, cinnamon, or (in areas populated by ursine of Scottish extraction) tartan. Unlike Alaskan Browns, grizzlies, or camels, black bears have no hump or chip on their shoulders and their faces are not dishy (as my mother would say about anyone who

was not Cary Grant).

There have been a number of famous bears, including Yogi Berra, a baseball player fond of honey and odd batting postures or "asana;" football coach Bear Bryant who galvanized his players with sideline bellows, growls, and unintelligible paw gestures; "Teddy" Bear Roosevelt – our first ursine president – a (very) little known fact because Teddy managed to at least partially disguise his ursine identity by wearing a hat and spectacles and going to war in warm countries in order not to fall asleep during winter months; and of course bossy old Smoky the Bear, who tried to conscript other animals into the Forest Service, but most of them were smokers, unfortunately. (Special Stanley Fact: more forest fires have been ignited by crows dropping their cigarette butts than by lightning strikes.)

There used to be a popular television show called "Grizzly Adams" about a woodsy guy and his bear pal – kind of like Flipper but inland and furry. What most people don't

realize, however, is that a bear actually played the part of Adams, the guy, and a guy in a bear suit played the grizzly. Early television was like that.

Bears often, in fact, are mistaken for humans, and vice versa, because both species walk on the entire foot and have five toes on each foot – and a weakness for junk food. Bears have been known to steal cars in order to use the drive-through services at fast food restaurants. Bears are omnivorous but have individual preferences: some eat only meat, some are vegetarian, some are totally into Thai.

If encountering a bear, keep in mind that most bears will hustle away of their own accord if seeing a human. But also remember that bears can sprint at 35 MPH (and climb trees) so if a bear seems disgruntled don't try to run away. Instead, your best bet – as with humans – may be bribery. Gently toss your daypack, snacks, grocery coupons, cell phone, wallet, and perhaps a lesser companion into the space between

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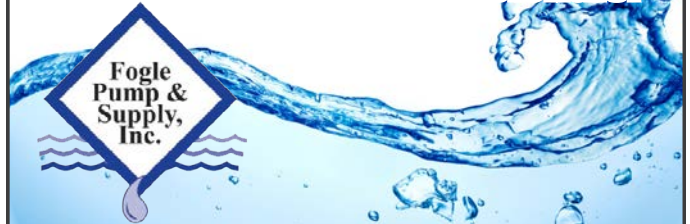
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the bear and you, and slowly back away. If you are standing between a mother bear and her cubs, however, you may want to instead, as swiftly as possible, text loving farewells to your family.

Black bears living in the north semi-hibernate during the winter, denning beneath fallen trees or in hollow logs, beneath roots, in seedy motels or wherever they can find suitable shelter. (The inspiration for Cub Scouts, in fact, came from discovering that young bears like to hibernate in tents.) Volkswagen Beetle owners may need eviction help if finding their vehicle occupied by a semi-hibernator. As may semi drivers.

During warm months black bears – in-somniac after all that hibernating – tend to be nocturnal, going to drive-in movies or all-night diners and donut shops, or just moodily wandering around inspecting garbage cans and bird feeders and rearranging lawn ornaments. Some of them, bored with this, create crop circles or tag box cars.

Unlike the story of the three pigs and that

of the three Billy Goats Gruff, the tale of Goldilocks and the three bears is not based on true events. For one thing, Goldie – an infamous juvenile delinquent known as Goldie the Pick – was already behind bars for GBH at the time she supposedly pulled off the break-and-enter at the bears' place. Secondly, bears never live in family groups, "Papa" bears being congenitally unsuited for domesticity. One can only assume the story was invented in an attempt to rehabilitate Goldie's reputation by positing that her only crimes were cutesy ones against dimwitted bears.

Far from being dimwitted or interested in furniture ("Who's been sitting in MY chair?") Grizzly bears are a particularly intimidating octave on the ursine scale. Experts like to bicker about how many different species of grizzlies there actually are, opinion ranging from 74 different kinds to just one (*Ursus arctos*) for all of North America, Asia, and Europe. Stanley, though, declares that the only true kind of

grizzly is *Ursus horribilis*, because it has the coolest name. Though he'll also concede *U. inopinatus* – the Yellow Bear of Rendezvous Lake, Mackenzie, Canada – and possibly *U. major* and *U. minor*.

A grizzly's home range may cover 50 miles (compared to a black bear's mere 15 miles) but, despite the elbow room the griz travels the same trails over and over, even stepping in the same footprints, whereas the black, not so OCD, may fecklessly meander, consulting his GPS or travel app from time to time if necessary.

North America is also home to Alaskan brown bears, bigger than grizzlies, and polar bears, who can scent prey 40 miles away (and, unlike other bears, have good eyesight). But we'll say no more about these bears as they don't live around here (thank goodness) and Stanley doesn't want to annoy them even at a distance.

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WHAT'S



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APPENZ-ING

Events

Nov 1: Parkview Craft Fair, 9-4, Parkview Senior Living, 240 S. Silke Rd, Colville. Call 509-684-5677 for more info.

Nov 1: American Association of University Women's 29th Annual Coffeehouse, 7-10 pm, The HUG Senior Center, 231 W. Elep Ave., Colville. Performers include Off The Grid, Zarah and Chip Johnson and the Johnson Family, Stazya Richman & Students and Leslie Waters and Lynda Heath. Tickets at the door: \$15/Adults and \$8/12 years and younger. Snacks provided and beverages available. All funds raised go for educational opportunities for local students.

Nov 1: First Fridays Open Mic Night, 8-10:30 pm, Meyers Falls Market, Nov - May.

Nov 3: Daylight Savings Time ends.

Nov 3: Northport Lions Club BINGO at the Northport School Cafeteria, Noon-4. Early Bird, Regular, Fast Pick and Blackout with a \$500 Jackpot. Must be 18 or older to play. A portion of this session's proceeds benefit the Northport Dollars for Scholars. Call 509-690-2158 for more info.

Nov 6: Melissa Cole, featured artist for November and December at Trails End Gallery, 101 N. Park St., Suite B, Chewelah, will give a talk at Quartzite Brewing, 6:30-8 pm.

Nov 7: First Thursday Art Walk, 5:30-8 pm, downtown Chewelah.

Nov 8-9: Craft Bazaar, presented by Arden Homemakers Club, 9-4, Arden Community Hall. See ad page 41.

Nov 8-9: Kettle River Weavers and Artisans Annual Holiday Sale, Nov 8, 4-7 pm, Nov 9, 10-2, Northern Inn, Republic.

Nov 9: The Colville Library Improvement Club book sale, 10-1, library basement. Items for all ages: hard backs \$0.50, paperbacks \$0.25, CD's and video's \$0.25, many children's books \$0.10. Boxes of books by well-known author's \$1.00, and some free items.

Nov 9-10: Harvest Harmonies 2019 fall concert, presented by Woodland Production, featuring brass ensemble, chorus, and concert band. Nov. 9 at 7 pm, Nov. 10 at 2 pm, Woodland Theatre, Kettle Falls. See ad page 11.

Nov 9-10, 15-16: Murder Mystery Dinner Theatre "Murder on Board" at the Cutter Theatre, 302 Park St., Metaline Falls, 6 pm (2 pm on Nov 10), \$25, reservations required. See ad page 9.

Nov 11: Veterans Day.

Nov 13: One River Nonprofit Network, 12-1:30, for anyone in the region involved in or with an interest in nonprofits. Held at the Hospitality House, 216 South Washington Avenue, Newport. Visit washingtonnonprofits.org, call 509-675-3791.

Nov 15: Grand Reopening at Meyers Falls Market with games, prizes, music, and more. See ad back page.

Nov 16: Veterans For Peace and Public Policy Forum: "U.S. Militarism pollutes world, and frauds, wastes and drains economy. Alternative? Support Extinction Rebellion Leadership," at the Kettle Falls Public Library, Noon - 4 pm. In association with St'al-sqil-xw, Veterans For Peace Chapter #004, Poor Peoples' Campaign. Potluck lunch, snacks, non-alcohol beverages offered. Email info@stalsqilxw.org for more info.

Nov 16: "Shingleworks," a display at the Cutter Theatre, 302 Park St., Metaline Falls, by local artists who have re-imagined the weather worn cedar shingles from our old roof, creating whimsical and wonderful works for this collaborative community art project. Meet the artists, 4-6 pm. Light refreshments will be available by donation.

Nov 17: Dances of Universal Peace, 2-5 pm, lower level of the UCC Church, 2nd and Maple, Colville. Donations appreciated. Potluck following. Call 509-684-1590 for more info.

Nov 22-23: Junk Drunk 2019 Holiday Shopping Market, presented by Forget Me Not, Ag Trade Center, 317 W. Astor, Colville. See ad page 5.

Nov 28: Thanksgiving.

Nov 29: Santa arrives for tree lighting at Astor Court, Colville, 6 pm. Pictures with Santa at Sandra's Furniture. See ad page 13.

Nov 30: Pictures with Santa and live reindeer at North 40, Colville.

Nov 30: Small Business Saturday, Colville, featuring giveaways, buggy rides, scavenger hunt, and grand prize drawing. Get rules, shopping bags, and passport at Heritage Court. Email info@colvilletogether.org for more info.

Trail & District Arts Council has a packed calendar of events at trail-arts.com.

Music at Northern Ales, 325 W. 3rd Ave., Kettle Falls, northernales.com, 509-738-7382 (Note: calendar was not updated at press time - visit their website for current info):
15th: Open Mic, 7-10 pm

Music at Republic Brewery, 26 Clark Ave., Republic, republicbrew.com, 509-775-2700.
9th: Nathaniel Talbot and Benji Nagel, 7-10 pm
16th: Gregory Rawlins, 7:30-10 pm

Meetings & Opportunities

Nov 13: Northeast Washington Genealogy Society meeting, 1 pm, LDS Church basement, Juniper Street in Colville, entry at the back of the building. Guest speaker is Barry McCombs on how to be more successful in family research using the new Find A Grave website. Visit newgs.org for more info. All visitors are welcome.

The South Stevens County Chamber of Commerce, first Thursday of the month, 11 am, visit SouthStevensCountyChamber.org to find each month's location. **The Chewelah Chamber of Commerce**, Fridays, 7 am, Chewelah Casino, 2555 Smith Road south of Chewelah off Hwy. 395. **The Colville Chamber of Commerce**, Tuesdays, noon, Eagles Lodge 608 N Wynne Street. Details at www.colville.com. **The Kettle Falls Chamber of Commerce**, Thursdays, 7 am, Sandy's Drive Inn. For info, call 509-738-2300 or visit kfchamber.com. **The Northport Chamber of Commerce** meets the first

Wednesday of each month, 6 pm, Northport City Hall, 315 Summit Ave, Northport.

Gail Johannes is the featured artist at the Tri County Economic Development District gallery through November, featuring her watercolors, Mon-Fri, 8-4, 986 Main, Suite A, Colville.

November is National Novel Writing Month (NaNoWriMo)! Join with other writers on Mondays (except holidays) from 3-5 pm at the Colville Public Library and Thursdays, 4:30-7 pm at the Kettle Falls Public Library.

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

Celebrate Recovery, a 12-step program, meets Fridays, 5:30 pm, Mt. Carmel Health Education Building, 1169 East Columbia Avenue, Lower Level, Colville, WA (across street from emergency room). A light meal is served. Call 509-935-0780 for a ride or more info.

Deer Park Business Referral & Networking group, Tuesday mornings, 8-9 am for breakfast at Paulines, Deer Park. 509-276-8556.

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

The NE WA Amateur Radio Club, first Saturday at 11 am, Valley Fire Training Center.

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

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

Colville Piecemakers Quilt Guild, 3rd Tuesday of the month, 6 pm, at the Colville Community Center (HUB), 231 W. Elep, Colville. 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 509-445-1796.

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

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

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

MORE LISTINGS & DETAILS AT NCMONTHLY.COM

CORRECTION

Last month's edition included a photo with the article "The Macaroni War" that was missing its caption. It should have said, "*Camille Lauriente outside his grocery store. Photo courtesy of the Colombo Lodge (originally Cristoforo Colombo Lodge) in Trail, BC.*" Our apologies for the oversight.



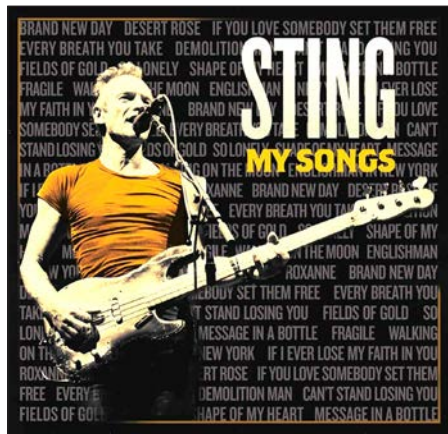
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LISTEN UP

Reviews by Michael Pickett

Sting's Rewind

As is the case with remastered collections or certain types of remixes, you sometimes



either need to be a massive fan to really “get” the re-release, or – as with Ozzy, Rush, Boston or Van Halen remasters, the sound needs to be appreciably better.

For Sting’s *My Songs* album, there are subtle adjustments and retoolings across the fifteen tracks, but not much here is as interesting as 2010’s *Symphonicities* (which could have been even more interesting itself).

Far closer to a greatest-hits release than a reworking of classic material, *My Songs* offers lots of his best tracks, including obvious game-changers like “Every Breath You Take,” “Message in a Bottle” and “Englishman in New York.” In reality,

only “Englishman” and “Fragile,” originally released on ‘87’s *Nothing Like the Sun* album (which boasted a show that tore the LA Forum to pieces when I was an impressionable freshman in college, but that’s another story), have really noticeable changes in percussion.

While “Roxanne,” “Synchronicity II” and a few other tracks benefit from captured live performances here, the album feels a little uneven, given that Sting has billed this as a kind of retooling of lots of his greatest work.

If you view it as a greatest hits package with the live tracks being a bonus, then it probably feels like a solid purchase.

Devah Quartet Storms the Temples of Syrinx

Forty-three years after Rush laid down the law to their record company with *2112*, fellow Canadians the Devah Quartet have convened in a Toronto studio to reinterpret the iconic work in a way only their visionary string quartet can.

Add to that their own incredible compositions, and you have a record that makes a person really excited to buy whole albums again.

Some of Rush’s opus truly lends itself to the dramatic interplay between the violins of Emily Hau, Sharon Lee and Moira Burke and Liza McLellan’s blazing cello, as “Discovery” and the driving “Soliloquy” jump

out of the roiling, dramatic interplay. With this mix of instruments, the iconic music slips into some stunning and unexpected dynamics and textures at times, almost sounding like regal bluegrass at the end of “Discovery,” before jumping back into full-throttle orchestral rock.

The other thing that absolutely has to be mentioned is Devah’s incredible original work on the multi-part suite of “Heaven and Hell.” It’s a cinematic powerhouse that welds polyrhythms, distorted violin riffs and huge melodies to such grand effect that you might guess you were listening to another Rush masterpiece. Hints of Zeppelin,



Sabbath and perhaps even Al Di Meola’s late-‘70s excursions seem to inform the larger-than-life “III. Purgatory to Heaven’s Gate,” and it feels like something you could have on repeat for weeks and still hear in it new elements.

It is a dangerous undertaking to cover Rush material on record, and perhaps even more bold to pair that with an original composition, but Devah Quartet lays down an album that is as satisfying as it is ambitious.

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A Good Read

Reviews by Loren Cruden

Friday Black, by Nana Kwame Adjei-Brenyah

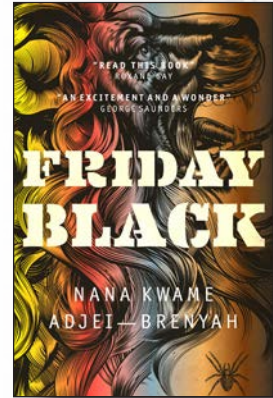
The stories in Nana Kwame Adjei-Brenyah's debut collection leave tread-marks. The dark humor in them, though welcome and indeed very witty, does not so much dilute pain as add unforgettable specificity to it. "...it was impossible to get his Blackness down to anywhere near a 1.5. If he wore a tie, wing-tipped shoes, smiled constantly, used his indoor voice, and kept his hands strapped and calm at his sides, he could get his Blackness as low as 4.0."

Adjei-Brenyah's stories are surreal, satirical, absurdist and compellingly relevant. "In a stunning act of graciousness and honesty, my New Federation ancestors told the truth and said, 'Yeah, we did poison the reservoir,' and in doing so, saved many, many lives that were later more honorably destroyed via nuclear." Adjei-Brenyah's stories prowl from the realm of unrestrained racism to strange afterlife characters, and from excruciating injustice to pernicious consumerism ("Most of the customers can't speak real words; the Friday Black has already taken most of their minds.").

The reader is swept into the rapids of Adjei-Brenyah's

inventive stream, tossed from one story to the next, an astonishing ride. Sentences grab ("Working [in a clothing store], I've learned that married men use their wives as mirrors.") even as the reader is spun onward. What may be the most startling aspect is the sweetness: "She'll say, 'Gracias, gracias,' a few more times and tap my shoulder in parting, and I'll say, 'De nada, de nada,' which will be a lie, because she is everything." Making the stories all the more devastating.

Three of my favorites in the collection take place in the same shopping mall, with the same main character. The names of stores in the mall – PoleFace, Radio Castle, etc. – are take-offs from famous brands. The humor is priceless but be prepared to bleed.



The River of Kings, by Taylor Brown

North Carolina writer Taylor Brown renders another regionally atmospheric novel in *The River of Kings*, which refers to Georgia's Altamaha River, one of the last semi-wild places along the Southeast's coast. The novel's plot is presented through three narrative strands: a 1564 French expedition as seen through the eyes (and illustrations) of the first European artist to venture the New World; a kayak river journey made by two modern-day brothers bearing their father's ashes to the sea, and the story of the brothers' conflicted Vietnam-veteran father.

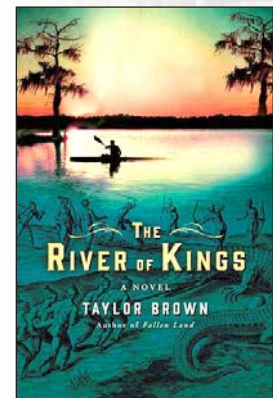
The three plot strands are like transparencies laid over one another, taking place along the same river with its alligators, exotic birds, ancient cypress trees and primeval sturgeon. Ghosts of history – Native-tribal and Euro-clannish – dwell within this lush, secretive, brooding landscape, the weave of strands unsettlingly seamless.

The brothers – especially Lawton, the elder, a Navy SEAL on leave – are on a mission to not only release their father's ashes, but also to uncover the truth of how he died. Jacques Le Moyne, the French artist in the 1564 strand, meanwhile, faces his own shadowed journey as his comrades provoke trouble with both locals and the Spanish. There's a sense of kinship across the centuries between conscientious Le Moyne and Hunter, Lawton's brother.

Lawton himself is more like their father – volatile, tempted to meanness, and vulnerable: a dangerous roil of heart and violence. This is a book about men; few women are mentioned and only

as foils to the men – seduction or stability. And all these men, whether college student, soldier, fisherman, priest, artist or tribal king, seek something hidden in or embodied by the river, ever eluding grasp.

"The interstate bridge rises in the distance, a lithic grey hulk presiding over the swamp.... The drivers pass high over the land, dazed by the hum of their machines, the sanctums of metal and glass that protect them from the wastes of swamp, the nameless creeks and rivers and shoals. The history they will never know." While the Altamaha flows on.



Other recommendations from the A & B shelves:

Kate Atkinson – *Transcription*

Naomi Alderman – *The Power*

William Boyd – *Love is Blind*

Kim Barnes – *In the Kingdom of Men*

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

Living in NE WA: Lessons Learned

Cross-Generational Rewards

By J. Merrill Baker

My mother was thrilled when I was retiring from my job, as she had plans for us to *do* things. But first, it was necessary for my mom and me to get fingerprinted and undergo a background check.

As I parked the car at the police station, I distinctly recall thinking, here was yet another incidence I hadn't really imagined happening in my life: sharing a mother-daughter afternoon getting fingerprinted. Drifting in on the remnant of this thought was my grandfather (mom's dad) telling me once that he had dated Bonnie Parker's sister, of the famous gangster duo Bonnie & Clyde. I hoped it wasn't some kind of sign.

Never mind that my first novel was waiting now that I was retiring. Mom had signed us up to volunteer at the lo-

cal grade school as part of the Grandma and Grandpa Club, a creative endeavor that matched elders from the local senior housing with young readers at the elementary school. The fingerprinting and probably FBI background checks were a simple formality to join the club. As far as I know, there were no hidden long-lost criminals in our grandparent group. Maybe some of us were slow and gimpy but we had our hearts and humor intact.

The local student bus came by the lobby of the apartment complex to pick us up, and for a quarter each to help defray fuel costs we could ride to school and back. We met in the school library; the students would bring their book to our seats, and we would smile and get first names and listen really well and try to help where we

could.

But it wasn't just reading. There was a lot of sharing and questions from curious kids and elders alike. While no handguns were required, mom was remarkably adept with her cane and the children noticed how she could retrieve a dropped something, or even manage to tip up her cane to grab it up off the floor. The woman had skills! "Make your cane work for you," she would say as she performed her magic.

I watched in fascination as I saw generations bonding in mutual admiration. This was something important; both the young and the old were sharing their interest and curiosity, kindness and knowledge. It was a mutually enjoyable, co-operative assistance effort. We each and all benefited.

It was fun to observe, and I remembered a long time ago my mother reading nursery rhymes to my own children and entertaining the adults in the room, mostly me, with cleverly disguised, mostly harmless revisions. For example, "Little Red Riding Hood" became "Little Heidi Woodenhead." And that "Jack Be Nimble" had often befallen to some minor tragedy with that darn candlestick because he hadn't been nimble nor quick. I think that my mother had probably been remotely responsible for the fractured fairy tale meme, because she was very good at it!

At an end-of-the-year celebration, the school contributed cupcakes and a small musical program with the children singing to us grandparent figures. The teachers had been taking photos of the groups, and the children had made cards, along with a journal for the school. We each were given a thank-you card, with a to-be-treasured photo of a memory we shared with the little readers. It was a treasure my mother never relinquished. The lesson here was that sometimes there are such situations as "win-win!" where everyone gets a reward that is built right into the action.

Onward!

J. Merrill Baker, volunteer grandparent and reader of revised nursery rhymes...

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Mountain Meandering

Moments of Grace

Photo & Text by Patricia Ediger

Another “thunk” at my front window. I immediately looked out and found that a red-breasted nuthatch lay stunned upon the wood deck below.

For the third time since summer, I hurried outside and tenderly picked up the fallen bird, cradling it in my hand. Observing that no wings were broken, nor the beak, I brought it into the house and found a small plastic tube syringe which I filled with a bit of warm water. Dropping a few drops into its open beak, I then sat outside, bird in hand, and waited, protecting the fragile small body, while it recovered. It took about 15 minutes until it revived enough to fly off my hand and into the lilac bush to continue its recovery.

Only a week before, a black-capped chickadee had done the same thing, hitting a different window on the west side of the house. This one too had stunned itself and was lying awkwardly with its head bent under its body. With the same care, I had held it loosely but securely for about 5 minutes until it too flew off into the trees.

During the daytime, birds will often mistake the reflection of trees, shrubs and plants seen in the window glass as open space and hit it full force while in flight. The danger obviously is being so stunned that it falls to the ground where predators, especially cats, can easily take advantage of the situation and kill the semi-conscious bird. To diminish the chance of such accidents, people use various tactics, such as window screens and gridded windows to break up the reflection.

The benefit of being in the right place at the right time to intervene quickly and provide a

safe, quiet and shady place in which the bird can recover is ideal, though clearly not predicable or convenient.

Earlier this summer my yard was filled with families of evening grosbeaks, adults teaching their offspring to fly and forage while still receiving food from the parents. One morning, a young male flew hard into the front window and I was fortunate to be right there, watering the plants in my flower pots, when I heard the loud thunk and found the youngster contorted

my porch. After a while, his eyes opened yet he still remained until a shadow spooked him and he flew off to join the others of his flock. I was relieved to see that instincts and wings were clearly working.

Each of these interventions were to me a moment of grace. Surely for the injured bird, but also for myself. To be able to take the time to sit and be still, to watch the little wild life within my palm, to appreciate the wonders of its being and beauty close up, the chance to feel the soft-

ness of feathers and lightness of body on these winged creatures was truly a gift. This opportunity to protect and help restore and to even say a prayer for healing and well-being gave me a special sense of meaning and joy.

And ... as I contemplate these three cherished moments (whatever presents itself in “3s” always gets my attention), I acknowledge that most of us have these moments of “stunning” by something in life. How often we are blindsided by sudden losses and unexpected circumstances and events, leaving us in need of some tender loving care, for friends and family to come alongside and hold us and provide a safe place

while we recover. A gentle kiss, a kindness or a sweet simple prayer for healing and well-being can be just the thing we need. That compassion given can be powerful, and can truly be enough to help us find our way again, to give us the strength to take flight once more.

Patricia Ediger is a freelance photographer specializing in wildlife, nature, and landscape photography. See her work at her gallery at the Old Apple Warehouse, Kettle Falls, WA and at patriciaedigerphotography.com.



and still on the deck. I could see that this fledgling's large beak was cracked just a bit at the tip and his eyes were closed.

I gently picked him up and, after a few minutes, fed him some sweetened water that I happened to have ready for the hummingbird feeders. He drank and swallowed what I offered and rested for a good 30 minutes in my hand, slowly recovering from the shock. He seemed to not be in a hurry to leave my hand as I sat with him in the warm morning sunshine on

How I Ended Up in Stitches

By Karen Giebel

Before moving to Washington State in 2011, I bought a new sewing machine to replace my 35-year-old heavy metal machine whose greatest accomplishments were a straight stitch and buttonholes. This new machine was quite pricey at close to five hundred dollars but it was capable of 294 different stitches and I just knew I'd get years and years of sewing projects out of it. Besides, I figured that after 35 years of straight stitching, I owed myself something special.

Moving here to Ferry County, I anticipated many quiet country hours to increase my sewing skills and create wondrous handmade, beautifully embroidered works of sewing art. I was looking forward to our long cold winters and spending quiet time with the machine purring along and soft music playing in the background.

Let me tell you sister, when I am wrong, I am majorly, overwhelmingly wrong!

First off, we had overestimated the size of our little house. After moving in with 40-plus years of accumulated stuff, there literally was not a spare inch of space to set up a sewing machine or to cut fabric. But that was just the start.

As a full-time salaried employee, I did not work anything close to an eight-hour shift. We moved here with our three large dogs and we inherited five barn cats that were left at our house – not by the previous owner, these kitties were literally just left here. For some reason that we still don't fully understand, we also thought that raising a herd of alpacas would be a great idea. (That's another story in itself.) On top of that my husband started traveling the world again for his employer, leaving

me at home to care for the dogs, cats, alpacas and all the outdoor yard work.

I had so much on my plate that to even consider sewing was out of the question. Once in a while I would open the closet where Miss Big Bucks was staying and look longingly at the box that housed this sewing machine and sigh.

In 2014, my hubby was offered a transfer to Germany. It was an amazing opportunity but also an incredible change in lifestyle. It meant I would have to quit my job and spend two years basically on my own in Bavaria as my husband traveled all over Europe for work. But I opened that closet door, looked at my lonely, unopened sewing machine and said, "Yes, let's do it!" I bought lots of material, notions, lace, buttons and patterns to take with me and looked forward to spending many hours becoming an accomplished seamstress.

Our house in Bavaria had the perfect space for a sewing room. It had lots of natural light and a patio door that opened onto a little seating area and then into the backyard. I was so happy. After eight weeks, our furnishings finally arrived and I busily got my little room all set up.

There was just one small hitch. Germany's electricity is 220 volts versus the American 110 volts and the plugs and outlets are totally different. A simple adapter added to the sewing machine cord fixed the outlet problem, but I needed a transformer to convert the power. My spouse was very busy but finally, after much nagging, bought the transformer and installed it. Then, he said these words that became infamous. He said, "Just plug it in." Four simple words that shortly became explosive.

I thought to myself, "Well that's pretty darn lazy. You're on your hands and knees under the sewing table, why didn't you just plug it in?" He went back to his upstairs home office and I crawled under the table and plugged it in. Sparks flew and ozone filled the air and my beautiful sewing machine went "Pffffffttttt"

Yes, instead of plugging my brand new,

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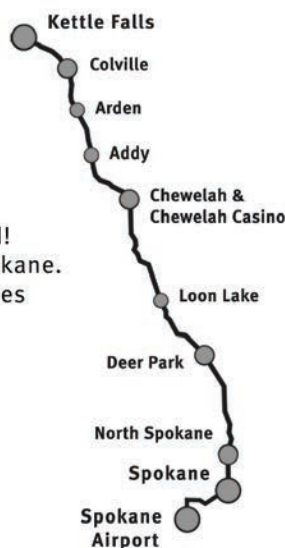


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never-before-out-of-the-box, amazing four-year-old sewing machine into the transformer, I plugged it directly into the outlet and fried the motherboard. As I stood there staring in disbelief, my husband quietly entered the room and said, "What did you do?" I turned, looked at him and said, "You said to just plug it in." Hubby: "I meant plug it into the transformer." Me: "You said to just plug it in." Oh yes, tensions were rising.

There comes a time in all relationships where decisions have to be made on whether to charge full steam ahead or to sound the retreat. Making the right decision is called "wisdom." We both dropped our gaze to the floor, turned on our heels and retreated to our respective corners. Dan went back to his office and I went to Amazon.de and ordered the cheapest sewing machine I could find.

That little sewing machine was a workhorse and provided me with many, many hours of single stitching but no button-holes. When we moved back to the states, I gave it to my sweet neighbor, Agnus, who to this day is still using it.

As for Miss Big Bucks? She is still in her box sitting on the floor next to me in my office/craft room in our new, much larger house. There is a possibility that she can be repaired, but the nearest authorized service center is three-and-a-half hours away in a city we don't ever visit. They want \$150 just to look at it. We're still debating the pros and cons. I bought another nice sewing machine. Not as expensive as the first one but still spent some dollars. Never

used it because when we moved back here, I returned to work, plus we still had the dogs, cats and alpacas.

Then we moved into our motor home while we built our new house. No room for sewing in there.

This spring I finally got my new sewing machine out, set her up and with a smile set out sewing. It broke.

Yes, on day one it broke. Because it was over two years old, the warranty had expired.

Laughter saves many stormy days in a

marriage. The ability to laugh at ourselves is so important. It wasn't but 24 hours after the sparks and ozone that we were both laughing about it all. We continue to laugh at that blurb in our lives. Sometimes it's doubled-over laughter at that episode and so many other of our carefully-thought-out plans that turned into major misadventures. So laugh. Treat each other kindly, and laugh.

Karen Giebel blogs about life and food at www.thejourneygirl.com up in the back of the beyond in Ferry County, Washington.



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Friends of the LPO Photo Contest Winners



The Friends of the local Little Pend Oreille National Wildlife Refuge announced the winners of the 2019 Photo Contest, selected from submissions taken at the Refuge. In the Scenic category, the winner was Catherine Lochner for "View from the Top." In the Public Use category, the winner was Steve Schubert for "Guided Hike." In the Plant Life category, the winner was Bertha Kamstra for "Great Northern Aster." And the winner in the Animal category was Dan Price for "Chipmunk." These photos are on display in the Colville Chamber of Commerce office for the next year. The 2020 photo contest is open until Aug. 15. For rules and entry forms, email Joel Anderson at onionjoel@gmail.com.



Keeping the Spine Flexible

By Brenda St. John

Twists are so common in the yoga world that these asana are given their own category. Notice I did not say *asanas*. Asana is a word like moose. One moose is a moose and a whole herd is still called moose, not mooses. Sometimes writers (including me) will add an s to asana to indicate plural so as to avoid this explanation. But I digress. What exactly is a twist? And how does a twist differ from a turn? Well, that is what today's column is about.

A twist can be defined as a rotation around an axis, such as the stripe on a barber pole. In yoga, the axis is our spinal column. Our spinal column runs from the back of our skull to our tail bone. We achieve twist in our spinal column when our shoulders and our hips are oriented in different directions.

Judith Hanson Lasater, one of the country's most respected yoga teachers, points out that every asana has an anchor point and something that moves. We have to examine each pose to determine the location of the anchor point, which is not always obvious.

For example, from a seated cross-legged twist, people may at first believe that the sit bones are the anchor point and they may, therefore, attempt to hold their pelvis steady as they move the shoulders. This would be incorrect. In a seated twist, the anchor point is the legs, particularly the tops of the femurs. There is a very small range of rotation available in our lumbar spine, and if our pelvis were not allowed to move, we would experience zero twist there. By holding the legs steady, when you twist the upper body to the right, you may notice the pelvis very subtly twisting to the left, similar to wringing out a dishrag.

It is precisely this dishrag-wringing action that leads many people to believe twists are detoxifying for the body. To my knowledge, there has never been a scientific study done on the possible detoxifying

"The body benefits most when the postures are performed consciously and with full understanding. It takes time to accomplish difficult postures. Avoid forcing the body; work into them gradually. Otherwise, the body can be harmed." ~ Swami Kripalu

effects of twists, but the concept is that when we hold a twist, it is similar to placing a stop-gate on the blood flowing around our internal organs. Then, when we release the twist, a supply of fresh blood rushes in and the stagnant blood is pushed out. Regardless if the detoxifying effects occur or not, twists are definitely beneficial for our spine. When we twist one direction, some muscles, organs and connective tissues are compressed and others are released. When we twist the other direction, it's vice versa.

And what is a turn, you may be wondering?

A turn is when the shoulders and the hips move in the same direction. Sometimes people practicing yoga are turning when they should be twisting. And why would

they do this? Well, it's easier!

Here is an example. Stand casually with your arms at your sides. On an inhaled, raise your right arm in front of you and keep raising it until it is straight up overhead. As you exhale, turn your shoulders and hips to the right and lower your arm behind you until it hangs back at your side. Then inhaled and raise your arm overhead and exhale as you bring it back to your starting position. Chances are, scribing this large circle with your arm was not very difficult (barring shoulder issues).

Now, try it again, this time pressing firmly into your feet (making your legs the anchor point) and keep your hip movement very minor. You will notice that this is considerably more challenging, it's possible your hand didn't even make it down to the hip, and there was a lot more work taking place in the upper back. That is the differ-

ence between a twist and a turn.

Twists can be done from every position: seated, standing, kneeling, lying on your back or belly, and even standing on your head. No matter the original position, a twist always originates at the belly, usually physically but sometimes just mentally. From there, we either move up the spine for an upper body twist, or we move the pelvis for a lower body twist.

As an example of an upper body twist, I will use the asana called Parivrtta Prasara Padottanasana. Before you think I spelled that incorrectly, let me mention that the letter r is sometimes used as a vowel in the Sanskrit alphabet. For this twist to the left, we first move the belly to the left, then the ribs to the left, then the shoulders, and lastly the head is turned to look over the left shoulder. This pattern enables us to get the most rotation available for our body. The movement pattern is compared to the climbing of a spiral staircase.

For an example of a lower body twist, let's look at the ever-popular Reclining Spinal Twist. I am not aware of a Sanskrit name for this asana. It is often used at the end of a class because it helps relieve tension

so well. Make sure to keep both shoulders on the floor as you rotate your hips.

Before moving into any twist, prepare the

spine by elongating it in neutral alignment. The purpose of this is to separate the vertebral discs as much as possible so they can move freely. Never force or strain your body to deepen a twist. Stay safe by working into your twists gradually.

Namaste.

Brenda St. John has been teaching yoga classes in Chewelah since 2010 through the Community Colleges of Spokane's Art 2 program.



Mushrooms in the Chips

By Joe Barreca

The rains came. And if you are anything like me, you noticed mushrooms popping up all over during the recent weather. Since I have imported a lot of mulch into my vineyard over the last couple of years, I am seeing more and different mushrooms than ever before. To gain some insight into these mushrooms I visited Joe Petrucelli, who has done more with mushrooms on his farm, Lakeview Organics, than anyone else I could think of.

Joe told me that last year he spread some wood chips from cottonwood trees in his orchard. We looked over a swath of chips that had many different kinds of trees and plants in it. I noticed the biggest and healthiest clump of comfrey that I could recall ever seeing. Joe told me that it had grown back in just the last couple of weeks. He had to cut it off because it was so tall it was shading a young apple tree. Some of the young trees on this strip were so loaded with apples that they were bending to the ground. Clearly this was a very fertile strip of land.

But the ground itself was still covered in wood chips. Grass and weeds were not filling in.

But mushrooms were popping up in many places. Whatever was going on here was more than meets the eye. And that is the basic mystery of mushrooms: They are, according to the *Oxford Dictionary*, the fruiting body of a network of mycelia, the vegetative part of a fungus, consisting of a

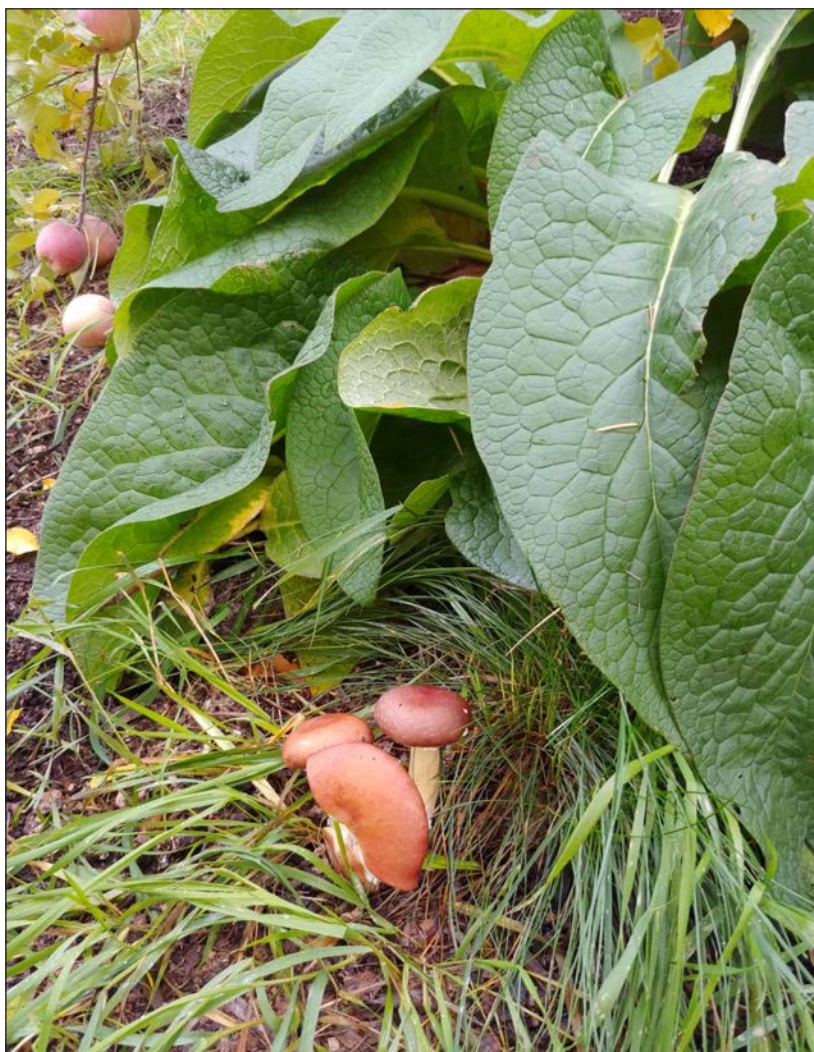
network of fine white filaments, (*hyphae*). We mostly think of mushrooms as either edible or not, psychedelic or poisonous, etc. But in most ways, they are the tip of the iceberg – so to speak – of a vast underground biochemical process that is transforming wood chips and other cellulose

you can peel back one layer. Put the dried mushroom inside that layer and fold the layer back. Then lay the cardboard on the ground and cover it with wood chips. Keep it moist and the mushrooms will start to grow. This was Joe's technique.

If you lay this cardboard and mulch over quack grass and other weeds, they can't grow back through it. Joe put some 10" plastic lawn edging down in the ground around the outside of the cardboard/mulch layer in his garden to prevent the roots of the quack grass from creeping back in. If you have ever tried to rid an area of quack grass by digging it up and sifting it out to plant a garden, the beauty of this solution will become immediately apparent.

The beauty of the king stropharia is not immediate or totally unique, but there is a lot to know. For example, it is delicious cooked in butter. The king stropharia can grow to 20 centimeters high with a reddish-brown convex-to-flattening cap up to 30 centimeters across, the size leading to another colloquial name, as described in *The Complete Mushroom Book*: godzilla mushroom. It

also is known for making a good companion to corn, partly because, as stated in a 2006 study published in the journal *Applied and Environmental Microbiology*, the king stropharia has the ability to attack the nematode *Panagrellus redivivus*. To do this, the fungus produces unique



King stropharia mushrooms, comfrey, and apples.

materials into the fertile ground we were seeing the results of on the surface.

So what exactly went on here? Joe gave me a dried king stropharia mushroom like many that were given to him. To propagate it you first wet some corrugated cardboard. That will loosen it up so

spiny cells called acanthocytes, which are able to immobilize and digest the nematodes.

As it turns out, some nematodes can eat fungi, others can be eaten by fungi and others can eat other nematodes. It goes on and on. Not just king stropharia but all mushrooms, and apparently nematodes interact with the soil in multiple ways.

Wanting to stick to the role of fungus in the soil, I called U.S. Forest Service soil biologist Sarah Brame. She confirmed that mycelium can stretch for miles under the forest floor.

Their superpower is that they excrete enzymes that can break down the complex molecules in wood. Bacteria can't normally do that. They release sugars which feed bacteria and when fungi die, they also become food for bacteria. Fungi feed off of roots. Sometimes this parasitic relationship is harmful to the roots. But more often than not it is beneficial. Mycorrhizal fungi bring water, minerals and other nutrients to the root. In exchange they get sugar manufactured in the leaves of the tree. ("Mycorrhizal Fungi and Plants," NYBG.org)

According to the Waldwissen Information for Forest Management website,

about 30% of fungi are mycorrhizal and help roots do their job. However, not all fungi are mushrooms. Yeast is a member of the fungi family. If you have made bread, wine or cheese, you have seen how quickly fungi spring into action with a little moisture and warmth. But all mushrooms are fungi. They can react quickly to soaking rain and moist mulch. So, the next time you see mushrooms popping up, don't just think of them as a possible dinner. They might be helping other possible dinners grow.

Joe Barreca makes maps, grows grapes, makes wine and posts blogs on BarrecaVineyards.com.

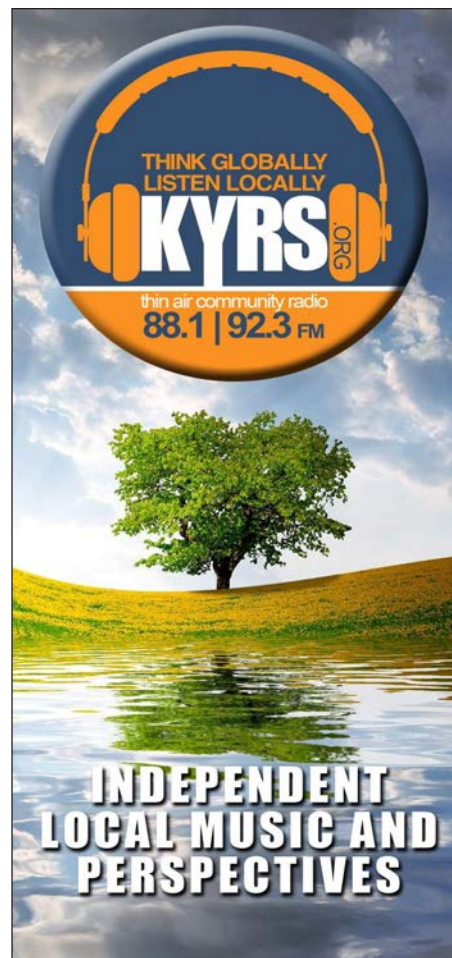


Joe Petrucelli explaining fungus growth in a pile of wood chips and pine straw.



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All the Colors of Life

By Linda Bond

Once upon a time, everything was in black and white. Well, according to photography, movies and TV shows. We loved to capture images to view later and in different locations. But we hadn't learned how to recreate color on film and play it back with projectors and TV tubes. Eventually, of course, we did learn and we've been enjoying our full-color entertainment ever since. But are the colors we see on screens real colors or just approximations? And does it even matter?

How We See Color

This morning, I woke to another overcast sky. I love to listen to the rain and feel it on my face when I walk. We certainly need it to replenish our water supplies, but one of the things a rainy day brings is dulled colors. Without direct sunlight, we can't get the kind of reflections we need to see bright colors. If light from the sun (or another light source) strikes an object such as a tree or a house, the light is usually reflected off that object. Nothing actually HAS color, but everything that reflects light gives off some sort of color.

Color and Personality

According to proponents of color psychology, your favorite color (or colors) can be indicators of your personality. According to them, the colors you choose say a lot about your physical, mental and emotional states. Similarly, the colors you dislike say a lot about your weaknesses and vulnerabilities. According to this system, colors are associated with certain characteristics, such as the following:

- Orange is thought to represent energy, spontaneity and charm.
- Gold fits a person who is punctual, organized and precise.
- Green is seen with analytical, intuitive and visionary people.
- Blue is the color chosen most often and represents people who are empathetic, compassionate and cooperative.

So, what does that say about people who want to wear all white or all black clothes?

In physics, a color is visible light with a specific wavelength. But white light contains all wavelengths of visible light (like from the

sun). Black, on the other hand, is the absence of visible light. That's why we don't see colors outside at night. Or if we do, they are very muted. Even the light from a full moon is not strong enough to reflect in a way that will yield much color.

Hiding in Plain Sight

In my youth, I read an article about what it means when people wear particular colors in public, e.g. at a party. At the time, and for many years thereafter, I tended to wear all black when going out to dance or to a gathering, and even during the day at work or for other activities. According to that article, people like me were trying to hide our natures from others. Whether or not people could tell something about us consciously or just intuited our secrets, we could deprive them of the extra clues they could pick up from more colorful attire.

People wearing white would be just as confusing, since they would be reflecting every color. Were they just innocent or were they all things at once?

The Language of Color(s)

Color has crept into our vernacular over the centuries. Most of us have heard the clichés: She was green with envy, he's a yellow-bellied coward, they're feeling blue, white elephant, he's got a green thumb, it was a golden opportunity, they gave him a pink slip, and he was all tied up in red tape. There are lots more where those came from – the creative minds of humans assigning meaning to colors.

There are also books with colorful names like *The Color Purple*, *The Green Mile*, *The Red Pony*, *The Black Dahlia* and many more. Authors also seem to be fond of using colors as metaphors in their stories.

So, while I really like old black and white movies (especially noir mysteries), I also enjoy a bright film on the big screen, a gorgeous sunset, a lovely painting by Renoir, fall leaves, and a thousand other things that add color to my life. How about you?

Linda Bond is co-founder 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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How to Find and Keep Healthy Bacteria

By Michelle Lancaster

Ten years ago, a health issue and subsequent first-time antibiotic use nearly shut down my body. I have been working to restore my health ever since, with moderate success and some permanent damage. Probiotics have been one of the most valuable products I learned about for restoring my gut health. With the holidays fast approaching, now is a good time to make sure the gut is working properly. I for one want to feel good enough to eat a ton and a half of food on Thanksgiving Day!

I first learned about beneficial bacteria as a farmer. In Maryland, I worked for a cheesemaker. We used beneficial bacteria in the form of “cultures,” which are specific bacteria chosen for their positive qualities in cheesemaking. For example, one type of culture makes the holes in Swiss cheese. Another type of culture gives feta that sharp flavor. Cultures rebuild a bacterial base for pasteurized milk or assist the natural bacteria in raw milk. Beneficial bacteria also override pathogenic bacteria.

We stored cheese cultures in the freezer and were given advice from cheese consultants that the cultures would stay 100% effective for a year after opening. Thereafter, the efficacy slowly diminishes. I have since kept cultures (and probiotics) for home use and effectively used them for 2-3 years.

The key to longevity is the freezer. Moving cheese cultures from freezer to fridge can reduce their shelf-life significantly – down to a few months or less. Even worse, if kept at room temperature they would be ineffective within days.

So, why make such a big deal about temperature? Probiotics (bio = life) are living bacteria. Exposure to heat and moisture “wake up” bacteria so that they need to be fed. If they run out of food, they die. I see probiotics on the grocery store shelf (unrefrigerated) that claim to be shelf-stable. The problem is, that probiotic is produced, then shipped (often in much higher than 70°F “room temperature”), then stored on a shelf before being purchased and opened and exposed to air and left at room temperature. The claims of potency on the

package are likely false by that time.

If you have tried taking probiotics and they had no effect, you may have taken essentially a sugar pill – dead probiotics and fillers. (In 2009, ConsumerLab tested a group of probiotics and found that 85% of the brands tested contained less than the number of bacteria listed on the label!)

There are ways to get effective probiotics, though.

I suggest buying probiotics that are kept in a refrigerated section of the store. If purchasing online, buy probiotics in cold months when the shipping temperature will be as cold as possible. Probiotics for human or animal use are often designed with a bit of shelf-stability (the filler is a food source for the bacteria, etc.), so some brands will last longer at room temperature than something like a cheese culture that is intended to be frozen constantly. Either way, keeping the probiotics consistently cool and dry will maximize their shelf life.

Check the label for “cfu” (colony forming units), which are an indication of how many bacteria are in each capsule. Studies show that 1 to 40 billion bacteria per day provide health benefits. That sounds like a huge variation, but all you really need to start out knowing is this: Whichever bottle you buy should at least have a billion bacteria for effectiveness, though 10-15 billion cfu can have more of a therapeutic effect.

There are a surprising number of probiotics on the market that are in the millions, which sounds good, but you would have to take several pills to get any positive result. We are not talking about the national debt here, so in this case, billions are good.

Look for bacterial strains that work for your issues. There are lots of types of beneficial bacteria, so you can sort through the different labels to look for what suits your needs – kid, adult, for yeast control, for colon health, etc. Like Swiss cheese vs. feta, we all have different needs and desired results.

I also suggest checking expiration dates and buying probiotics with the furthest-out dates (ideally, a year or more out from

expiration, indicating the probiotics have been packaged recently). Probiotics will decrease in strength by approximately 5% per month once produced, particularly once opened.

As soon as I get home, I place the probiotics in the freezer. If I am going to be on vacation, I will put the number of probiotics I need into a pill case and keep the rest in the freezer at home.

If you are a skeptic, take a capsule and sprinkle the powder into a cup of warm milk (90-100°F). Set the milk in a warm spot – like by your fireplace or a heat register to keep the milk warm. Within a day, the milk should be thickened into a yogurt. You may ask, “Why not just eat yogurt?” Yogurt is fine as a healthy food, but if you are trying to heal a sick gut, it gets back to the issue of millions vs. billions – a probiotic capsule will have a much, much more potent dose of beneficial bacteria compared to yogurt.

Even with higher doses, rebuilding gut flora takes time – one doctor advised me to initially take probiotics for six months, then return to her for a reassessment.

Beneficial bacteria are not harmful to take. The word “bacteria” may scare some people away, but the truth of the matter is, everyone’s gut functions on healthy bacteria. The modern diet is akin to pasteurized milk – dead food that needs cultures in the form of fermented and raw food or probiotics to help restore gut function. Health store employees or a well-informed health care worker can help you sort through the brands.

I now use probiotics only on an as-needed basis, as much of my gut issues have improved with time and care, but I keep some in the freezer just in case. I also appreciate that if a calf or lamb gets sick, I can give them some probiotics, too!

Happy Thanksgiving and may you have a lovely time together with family and/or friends, appreciating the rich flavors of food in our part of the world!

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

Nature-Inspired Lessons and Wisdom

Article & Photos by Joanie Christian

Fall 2019 ushered in some very unusual weather this year. The surprise snowstorm in late September took us off guard, depositing 8-24 inches of snow in places, which damaged or destroyed many trees, leaving the landscape looking like an apocalypse.

For some, the loss of or damage to their trees was an emotional one, as many of them were symbolic of a wedding, fruit trees planted when children were young, or lilacs enjoyed outside a window every spring. People have been pruning damaged trees in hopes of saving them. But the sad truth is that the trees and the landscape they were a part of won't be the same again. This made me reflect on damage to our own trees over the years, and the surprising lessons that have come with those experiences.

The ice storm in the late '90s occurred just after our home had been built. What few plantings we had at that time were small, immature and malleable. We did

lose some, but we were fortunate that most survived without any noticeable difference, and they are thriving now.

We landscaped our property soon after building, including in it a beautiful Japanese maple and an apple tree my oldest son picked out and we planted together. We made other improvements to the property, including a concrete driveway. Unfortunately, one of the construction workers completely broke off the top of the Japanese maple. And just like that, half of the beautiful vertical maple was gone.

Fast forward 10 years ... my oldest son was leaving for his first year of college in two weeks – which I was dreading! My son had babied the apple tree over the years and for the first time it was loaded with gorgeous apples. One late summer afternoon while he was at work, we had a heavy rain and the tree literally split in half along the trunk. One half of the apple laden tree was upright, with the other half lying on

the ground.

I was heartbroken and dreaded telling our son. So I set about trying to find a way to save the tree before he came home. I called several arborists, who basically told me the tree was a goner and to cut it down. But I wasn't ready to give up. I reached Bill Donnelly of Wynne Street Nursery. He doubted it could be saved but had heard of someone who painted the raw area with a fungicide and sealant, then lifted the fallen portion and realigned the split sections, drilled a hole straight through both sides, and put a large bolt through the drilled hole, secured by large nuts on each side.

This seemed our only possible option, and so we spent the afternoon repairing and hoping for the best.

A few years later, with the apple tree's future still in doubt, our fully landscaped front and back yards began budding and blooming one rainy spring, when suddenly the leaves and branches on multiple



mature trees started dying. An arborist determined a fungal disease was killing the trees. He prescribed “vascular injections” with a fungicide – basically an IV for the trees. I never knew that, like humans, trees had “veins” through which water, food and pathogens like viruses and fungus could travel.

We agreed to this rather costly newfangled treatment in hopes of saving at least some of the eight or so affected trees. One was a weeping cherry that supported one end of a hammock that was a gift from my family, and my favorite spot in the whole yard. The treatment was mostly successful. We lost only one tree plus several branches.

While the young plants hit by the ice storm fully recovered, the trees that survived the fungus are not the same as they once were. Some aren’t even recognizable as the type of tree they are, but instead look a little like exotic bonsai. People are drawn to them and their unusual appearance. Their new shapes are unique and beautiful, and don’t hint of the hardship the trees have faced, but they definitely have a story to tell. They are now more vulnerable than my other trees and need extra care. One of the trees is now a favorite perch for many different birds, and a lovely setting for photos. My favorite hammock spot remains under the weeping cherry, a.k.a. bonsai.

Surprisingly, the apple tree made a complete recovery (thank you Bill!). Scar tissue formed around the raw wood and the hardware we used to hold it together, completely encasing the old wound. But it took a long time. Ten years later, it now produces huge, beautiful, delicious apples.

As for our Japanese maple, broken at the hands of a careless human, over time it branched out in ways it never would have, filling out and creating a full and gorgeous tree that has amazing autumn color and a complex network of twisty bare branches in winter that hint at the considerable efforts the tree has made to recover. When the wind blows a certain way, the scar from the original break is still visible, but it has so much new growth every year that I need to prune it frequently.

Each one of these situations turned out



differently, and those experiences have given me some hindsight and wisdom – in some ways metaphors in my own life. I find parallels in nature to our human existence. We too have apocalypses in life that leave us forever changed: Health issues. Death of a loved one. Careless humans. Relationships that come to a broken end. Significant changes in our lives and the world as we knew it. It is, at times, a stormy world we live in.

No matter how much TLC you give, some things are so damaged that we cannot save them. Some things we can see coming and others are completely unexpected. But regardless of the cause, we are never quite the same as we were before. We are forced to take on a new shape and grow in different ways than we had planned. Our support systems are the “nuts and bolts” that

hold us together while we heal.

I don’t think any of us would choose to go through those really tough things in life. But it can be an opportunity to consciously choose to love ourselves and each other as we heal, grow, survive and, yes, even thrive during the challenges.

Sometimes when I get stuck working through the hard stuff in life, I turn to nature, and find wisdom there. Nature is a teacher, with lessons of patience, letting go, growth, renewal, trusting in the process, letting time heal. As Albert Einstein said, “Look deep into nature, and then you will understand everything better.”

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

Swan Lake

Article & Photo by Amiee LeBlanc Gloe

It was love at first sight. We found our family camping Shangri-La an hour-and-a-half from our home on the Kettle River, and just 30 minutes from Republic. Cedar, our 1984 VW Vanagon, gallantly got us up and over Sherman Pass, and then mustered up the strength for the climb up the stunning Scatter Creek drainage to the Swan Lake Campground. Loaded down with a canoe, mountain bikes, firewood and all our cold weather gear, I imagine her sighing in relief as we pulled into camp.

The upper loop of the campground is packed solid with large groups of hunters, and RVs and massive canvas tents. The lower loop is quiet, just one other site occupied with campers like us, here to embrace the hush that autumn's waning light and frosted breath brings to life on the lake. We have our pick of sites right by the water and choose a sun-dappled spot near the boat launch, with an easy sloping trail down to the water.

We all tumble out amid piles of gear and the girls dash out to hunt for the huckleberries they remember from our July trip. They are disappointed to discover that the bushes, once dripping with gallons and gallons of sweet-tart berries, are dressed only in a few mahogany, frost-tipped leaves.

Our dog Nala, tongue lolling about in a happy wet grin, races past us toward the water. Berries quickly forgotten, the girls follow her to look for treasures in the shoreline grass, grabbing a net for frog hunting on their way.

I believe that a human's physical, spiritual and mental well-being rely upon a

relationship with and experiences soaked in the natural environment. As I watch the wild abandon with which our children give themselves to nature, I feel certain that, for our family, these days and nights in wild places are the best possible health insurance plan.

Temperatures are forecast to drop to 20 degrees tonight, a sharp cold that leaves no doubt that summer's lazy warm nights are behind us. Although the full moon is just two days away, darkness comes early to our fall campsite, and we work on getting the van top up, camp set up, and dinner bubbling on the stove.

As dusk approaches, we walk the canoe down to the water, staged for a morning paddle, and the girls cast for trout, making loon and raven calls echo off the still water and rocky banks. Firewood is plentiful here, and we are able to collect enough for a merrily crackling fire before darkness falls. We settle in beside the fire, a child on each lap, and gaze up into a star-splashed sky. Wood pops and snaps, instrumental accompaniment to our children's sweet, soft voices, and I am so thankful for this life, completely present in this now. The song of the outdoors is a solace to my spirit, filling those spaces inside me that life inside walls doesn't quite touch.

The well-maintained 2.1-mile Swan Lake Trail that rings the lake and winds through the woods is perfect for my husband and me to take turns getting out for a run or mountain bike ride, and our beginner mountain biker girls can rip around endlessly on the little loops in the camp-

ground. You can connect the lake trail to the aptly named Huckleberry Trail that wraps around the upper loop of the campground. In the summer, we picked berries until all our fingers and mouths were stained purple, and the girls ran through the fields of fireweed growing in soft pink and lavender spires.

From the Swan Lake and Huckleberry trails, you can link into miles and miles of great mountain biking trails to both Long and Ferry Lakes (both have their own campgrounds). The annual Fall Mountain Bike Fest, a family mountain biking and outdoor event, was held here for over 20 years until fairly recently. This weekend, we have the trails to ourselves and we waste no time getting out there on our bikes, celebrating autumn in the outdoors.

Combustion motors are prohibited on the lakes here, making for tranquil paddling and fishing. My husband and I each take a turn having a "canoe date" with one of our girls. I take my turn in late morning as bits of fog still linger over the water, and fish occasionally nibble at the surface. My daughter quietly dips her paddle in the glassy water, scanning for the resident loons whose lonesome calls we listened to during our summer trip, but she sees no sign of them today.

Canada geese honk overhead, and an eagle swoops close enough for us to hear the soft press of wings into the chill air. We pass the day-use beach, the fishing dock and a group site with a historic stone fireplace, making our way all the way around the lake. We trace the path we took this



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summer on the paddle board, when my child's feet dangled off either side of the board, both of us slipping off into the water whenever we got too hot.

Some friends are in the adjoining campsite and children's laughter echoes through camp. We have one daughter on crutches, but that doesn't stop her from cruising along while the other kids ride bike loops around her.

The next morning, her dad takes her in the canoe with all the fishing gear, and the rest of us ride our bikes over to the fishing

dock to meet them. There are a few nibbles, and one of the boys pulls a set of old car keys in on his hook, but no luck catching fish today. While we do see some fish occasionally breaking the surface, their activity seems to have slowed for the year and we'll likely have better luck with the trout next spring.

No one really wants to head home, but the time comes to pack up and say goodbye to the lake for the year. The campground will be closed for the season in a few weeks, and snow will soon make the nearby roads

unusable. We all look forward to exploring here again in the spring, and discovering the changes that a long winter's sleep will bring.

For directions to Swan Lake Campground or further information about the area, please visit either the Colville National Forest's website or call the Republic Ranger District office at 509-775-7400.

Amiee LeBlanc Gloe recently relocated from northwest Alaska to a home on the Kettle River and strives to lead a lifestyle of outdoor adventure with her family.



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Herbal Allies for Menstruation and Menopause

By Faye Stewart

The information presented in these articles is based on tradition and personal experience and is not meant to be in any way prescriptive or a substitute for consultation with licensed healthcare providers.

Each woman has her own norm when it comes to menstrual cycles, and for each woman that norm can vary over the course of her life. Use of herbs relating to these cycles within cycles must therefore remain sensitive to flux and nuance.

Chaste tree (*Vitex*) is the great hormone-balancing herb for almost any phase a woman experiences. Through their interaction with the pituitary gland, this plant's berries may help relieve edema, regulate flow, and reduce mood swings and other of the more unpleasant features of menstruation and menopause.

Cramping is a common prelude to or component of menstruation. Ten days before a period arrives, blood calcium typically drops, so increasing one's calcium intake throughout the cycle, using oats, nettles or other calcium-rich botanicals, can mean that the monthly drop will not have so much impact.

Herbs known for easing cramps when they do occur lead off with black haw and crampbark, along with (hot) catnip, chamomile, fennel, yarrow, butterbur or peppermint teas. If cramps are due to prostaglandin elevation, try white willow bark. Chickweed, cleavers or alfalfa may help reduce the bloated feeling brought on by menstrual edema.

Yarrow (*Achillea millefolium* or *A. lanulosa*) is a familiar sight in our area, and has many fine attributes including those

for treating colds and flu, reducing bleeding, lowering blood pressure, encouraging appetite, and helping with measles and other eruptive ills. Yarrow is also a valuable addition to many menstrual and menopausal combination-remedies due to its diaphoretic, hypotensive, astringent, diuretic and antiseptic properties and the way it harmonizes with other herbs. Yarrow flowers should be steeped only briefly and not taken during pregnancy or lactation or along with bradycardia, coagulation problems, or kidney disease.

If periods are irregular, try a combination of 2 parts each pennyroyal lvs., ginger rt. and peppermint lvs. and 1 part each mugwort lvs. and yarrow, taken when a period is due. Or use motherwort lvs. during that time of the month if delay is chronic. Motherwort is also called on to balance hormones after a hysterectomy, or mixed with saw palmetto br., black cohosh rt. and raspberry lvs. for that purpose.

Motherwort (*Leonurus cardiaca*) acts in favor of normal heart action, helping reduce tachycardia and hypertension when used in cold infusion or tincture. For menstrual issues, however, the flowering tops are taken in warm infusion to encourage menstrual flow and relieve chronic pain and cramping (motherwort also increases lactation after birth). As a mellowing nervine it eases anxiety, tension and melancholy. In tincture form



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the dosage is 15-40 drops 2-3 times daily. (Cover your arms and hands when harvesting motherwort to avoid an itchy skin rash.)

If menstrual flow is excessive, don't take motherwort, angelica or dong quai anytime close to an expected period (or if you're trying to get pregnant). Instead, the week before a period use a mixture of shepherd's purse, yarrow, and chamomile fl. – up to 3 cups daily, shifting to a quarter-cup every half-hour during bleeding.

A couple of sympathetic formulas for PMS sufferers: 3 parts each of raspberry lvs., peppermint lvs. and lemongrass, 2 parts each of nettle lvs. and red clover fl., and 1 part each oat straw, squaw-vine and motherwort; or 3 parts each dandelion and licorice rt., 2 parts burdock rt., 1 part each yellow dock rt., wild yam rt., dong quai and ginger rt., and a half-part chaste tree berries. PMS may be a message that your liver, adrenals and endocrine system could do with some support. Other PMS herbs include evening primrose oil and yarrow (taken in the last week of your cycle).

Wild yam (*Dioscorea villosa*) is a native perennial of the eastern U.S. whose root is used for glandular normalizing. It may help prevent miscarriage and its antispasmodic action calms morning sickness, colitis and ovarian pain. Wild yam supports the gall bladder and is a friend during menopause (and in dealing with rheumatoid arthritis) but should not be taken long-term. Tincture dose is 20-50 drops up to 4 times daily, short-term.

Dong quai, also known as don quai, dang quai and dong gui (*Angelica sinensis*) is a Chinese herb, not the same plant as European/American angelica. Its root is a remedy for menstrual cramps, PMS and menopause discomforts and is considered tonic for the female reproductive system as a whole – used as a liver tonic, also. Dong quai is mildly laxative, may interact with anticoagulant drugs, and is not to be used during pregnancy or lactation.

At the other end of a woman's reproductive life, as menstruation's cycles cease, is menopause. Chaste tree br., again, can

be a friend for balancing hormones. The usual dose is 25 drops of tincture several times daily. Other familiar herbal faces may include oat straw for calcium and calming; black cohosh to reduce vaginal dryness and hot flashes; raspberry lvs. to reduce spotting; sage to reduce night sweats (motherwort is good for this also); nettle lvs. for nutrients and adrenal support; and evening primrose oil and comfrey combined with oat straw, chamomile and rose petals in a sitz bath for relieving vaginal dryness. (Wild yam rt. cream may help with dryness also.)

Black cohosh (*Cimicifuga racemosa*) is a native of eastern America's forests and hillsides and the root is the part used. It acts as an estrogen precursor clearing pelvic congestion and helping normalize circulation and blood pressure by depressing heart rate as it increases pulse strength. A nerve sedative, black cohosh is helpful for PMS and endometriosis and

is often a staple during menopause. Any dull, tense pain such as with rheumatism may respond to black cohosh. The roots are used fresh or dried; tincture is preferred to decoction. Dosage for tincture is 10-30 drops, or take a tablespoon of cold decoction. Avoid black cohosh during pregnancy and lactation.

Some miscellaneous other female remedies: for endometriosis, besides black cohosh try wild yam rt., dong quai, motherwort, grapeseed extract, hot castor oil packs, and extra E, C, and magnesium. Avoid caffeine and concentrate on low-fat, high-fiber foods. For uterine fibroids, chaste tree, milk thistle and red clover may help. For fibrocystic breast disease, red root or poke root (use with care) may be useful. And, as with endometriosis, it helps to omit caffeine from your diet.

Faye Stewart has gathered, gardened and enjoyed working with herbs for decades. She ran a medicinal herb business for 15 years.

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Outloving the Demon

By Samantha Brown

I know I was not meant to hear what was said. It was late. I was supposed to be asleep.

My room was positioned right next to my parents and there was no way for me not to hear the conversation taking place, wide awake as I was. I tried to fall back asleep. But it seemed impossible while my father was having one of his rages. This one was also a bit different. It came from a place of vulnerability, probably because he assumed only his wife was listening. He was OK being real with his wife. The normal rage consisted of ranting and obvious hate dripping from every pore of his flesh. This was one of broken hopelessness.

I had been filtering and protecting myself so much in my short little life, I am still confused at how I was taken by surprise. The words he spoke somehow found a way past the locked door I had built between the world and my soul. As I now approach middle age, they still echo in my ears

and vibrate my whole frame. They come through loud and uncannily clear: "If I died right now, no one would even care or miss me."

I'm not going to lie, I just started bawling simply typing those words. I covered my face with my hands and started rocking back and forth, hearing and feeling exactly as I did that night 21 years ago. That is the power of those words that will never, ever be unsaid.

As unpredictable and uninviting as my father could be, I still loved him more than anyone in the world. If I were not watching him from afar, I was following him around. I wanted to please him and I am certain that a degree of his unhappiness I blamed on myself. I was not sure why or how, but it had to be my fault. He had five daughters, a very smart and beautiful wife, and more knowledge and talent than should ever be given one person. He could take nothing and turn it into something, like magic, and when he was happy, there was no need to walk when he was obviously capable of flying.

Yet, even the strongest of birds will exhaust if flying too long. And such was the rhythm of my existence. Late winter I would find him sitting on a chair in front of the fire, curled in a ball holding his head between his forearms and cradling the back of his head with his hands, rocking back and forth. Hours and hours, days upon days, this was his position. I am sure he took breaks while I was away at school and what not, but I saw and became very acquainted with the demons holding him.

Depression can carry itself discreetly. I

have seen a multitude of expressions produced by his cunning ways. But they are all designed to accomplish the same task. Never, ever, ever, ever, ever, ever let "them" know what is really happening inside. Unless you can look around yourself and see the one-in-four people who are suffering from depression, he is doing his job well.

I was in my early 20s when I finally recognized one of those many faces staring at me from the mirror. I had worn the expression many times and never saw it for what it was. Years later I can still look back and relive countless nights curled up in a ball on my bathroom floor, crying for what seemed to be an unrelenting pain trapped inside me. Even before that, I can now see the many times as a young adolescent I would wander through the woods pleading with some unknown force for answers. Why did they not love me? Why was life such a punishment for me? What had I done? What is the point? Somehow it all had to be my fault.

Still, I was able to write off or justify those situations until my early 30s. I had been working the night shift in a hospital for some time. I was getting little sleep, not eating so healthy, and playing wife and mother of four during the daylight hours. If I ever flew to exhaustion in my life, it was at that time. And it was not a gentle glide. It was a mental breakdown that came close to ending not only my marriage and family, but also my life.

I can remember the moment I, for sure and without a shadow of doubt in my mind, stared my demon in the eye and saw him for who he was. It was late winter, and



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I was sitting in a chair bent over cradling my head in my hands in front of the fire. I was rocking my body back and forth trying to achieve any level of comfort that could be had. My mind kept repeating "If I died right now, no one would even care or miss me. If I died right now, no one would even care or miss me. If I died right now, no one would even care or miss me ... or even remember." And then I saw him. He had the face of my father, and my own thoughts rang out with the sound of his voice. I had become my father's every weakness. He had sat down beside me and I was broken.

I never hated or resented my father for his weaknesses. They made him human and real to me. His talent and admirable qualities seemed to be unattainable. I could never come close to being his equal. But his weaknesses made him real.

When I had heard those words come out of my father's mouth, they did not hurt me because he felt that way. I knew he was wrong. He meant the world to me. I never could or would forget. I loved him. But those words...? Those words that shake my frame to this day. They were my heart's song. It was my reality. It was what I felt and believed to be true every day of my life. The only thing that could or would ever convince me otherwise was me ... being that little girl and hearing those words come out of my father's mouth. I look around at my children, my husband, my family and friends, and I know the truth even if I cannot feel

it. I will choose to believe it. I know they love me.

Unfortunately, that does not offer me the happiest of endings. I am still me, and come late winter, it is still hard to move. It is hard to think. It is hard to forget. It is just hard. Way too many times my mind and my body seem to not only conspire, but to put on an all-out revolt against me. I do not feel anyone or anything of value. I



cannot bring myself to need or want. I am held in one place, prisoner to the weight sitting in my chest. Simply at the mercy of a tormented mind, but I hold on because I know the truth. This too shall pass.

I have taken anti-depressants in the past. Sometimes you simply cannot do it on your own. What I can do, however, is treat my body the way it needs to be treated. They say you have to love yourself before you can love anyone else. I find that to be true

to the last letter. I am physically incapable of processing accurate emotions unless I take very good care of myself. I exercise as much as my body requires. By that I mean to exhaustion, and then some. I manage my vitamin levels with supplements after having my levels tested to make sure I am where I need to be, and, most importantly I eat as healthy and simply as possible.

I recognize that the world I live in is not the world my body was designed to thrive in. It is my job to make this world what my body needs. As a reward for my efforts I can honestly say I am a happy person most of the time, seldom needing more than a short respite closer to the equator during the long dark months of winter.

I am grateful for my father's struggles and example throughout my life. His condition was eventually diagnosed and medicated. Later, after many life changes, he was able to manage without medication. He now possesses the sweetest demeanor a daughter could ever aspire to, removing all hope that I could ever be as good as him.

In parting, I just want to say, life is a worthwhile struggle, my friends. Look each other in the eyes and choose to love even when you cannot feel it. Actions are more powerful than a fleeting internal emotion. More than likely, the person you see will be struggling as well. Struggle on.

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

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"A Homecoming Christmas"



You're Invited to the Stevens County Historical

*Society's **2019 Christmas Tour** of the*

Keller House and Museum

*The Mitten Tree —Bring mittens and hats for area
children*

Live music in the Keller House music room

December 6 from 4:00 -7:00 PM

December 7 from 2:00—7 :00PM

December 8 from 2:00—6:00 PM

700 N. Wynne Street, Colville, WA 99114

509-684-5968

Family Ties

Thankful For...

By Becky Dubell

This time of year gets me thinking about the year that is about to come to an end and pass into the new year – how did it go by so fast and what have I done? With Thanksgiving coming up and then Christmas less than a month later, my time becomes even more concentrated around family and friends.

I don't know about you, but I am thankful for this life I am living. Whether it is at home curled up with a good book, visiting with family and friends, having a good day at work or catching a good movie on TV (no binge-watching Hallmark or HGTV allowed anymore – those nights end up being way too long into the morning hours, which I'm not thankful for).

One thing that I have not figured out how to be thankful for are the turkeys that have discovered my orchard – got any ideas? I love that I live in our neck of the woods where there can be wild turkeys roaming about but does it have to be in my orchard where they beat me to the walnuts that have fallen from the trees!?

To my youngest daughter: My most memorable thankfulness lately is the snowy day we had on a Saturday in September. I know, snow is a four-letter word but ... my four-year-old grand-daughter, JJ, went to bed on Friday after having been told that there was going to be snow when she woke up. She misses her snow, being from Fairbanks. There was hurt in her eyes when snow was not on the ground in the morning. Thank you Mother Nature for dumping us some snow later in the day! JJ was one happy camper with snowflakes on her eyelashes. I am thankful that I get to have Dan, Jamie and JJ living 40 steps away instead of 2,400 miles away.

To my oldest daughter: My most memorable thankfulness lately is the beautiful wedding at the Wedding Cabin in July of grandson Brenden to the love of his life and best friend, Emma, with my two-year-old great-grandson, Jameson, acting as best man (well ... kinda). I am thankful that Raymon and Darcy are in Spokane just an hour-and-a-half away, close enough to call and be there if company is needed on either

side. Also, Bren, Emma and Jameson are all going to school at WSU just another hour-and-a-half or so south. Yes. I'm the Gramma of two WSU students and Great Granny BB to a pre-school WSU student. I'm thinking that I need to add the word "great" to my WSU Grandparent bumper sticker.

One of the many things I have learned since Jim passed four years ago is to be grateful and very thankful for every day! I am thankful for you all letting me ramble on here as just Becky. We will never know how many lives we touch with a smile, a comment or a simple "Hello." Be that "pebble in the rippling water." Be your best self every



day. Be humble every day. Be grateful every day. Be thankful every day.

Happy Thanksgiving to you all!

**Holiday
Craft Show**

**NOVEMBER
16th
2019**

**9AM - 3PM
NO CHARGE**

**NORTHEAST WASHINGTON
AG TRADE CENTER
317 W ASTOR | COLVILLE, WA**

Lunch Available

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