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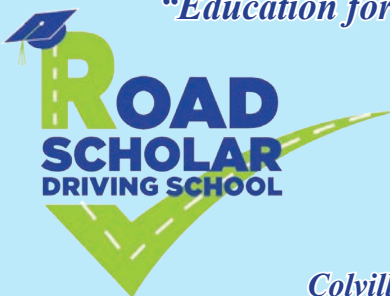
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~ JOHN ODELL, WORDS OF WORDS



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SEPTEMBER 2016

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Friday,
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(but sooner is better!)

By Christine Wilson

An old woman is sitting on a rock outside her village. A traveler stops and asks, "What are the people like in your village?" She studies him with great curiosity and answers with a question of her own, "What were the people like in your village?" "Oh," he responds, "They were kind and generous and took care of each other." "And so they will be here," was her response. He continues on his path. A while later another man comes by and asks, "What are the people like in your village?" She smiles patiently and asks this stranger the same question she'd asked the first. "The people in my village were awful. They were mean and unkind." "And," she says, "so shall they be here."



I come from a longstanding family tradition of repeating, well, everything. Stories, thoughts, judgments. The ancient fable above is one such story and I love to tell it. I picture a twinkle in the woman's eye, having seen many people in her lifetime who create, for better or worse, their own realities and yet don't realize it works that way.


I just returned from an epic journey through Europe. I spent time in Paris, the Netherlands, and Stockholm. It's not that everyone there was

awesome. My credit card disappeared in Paris, probably because I have yet to assimilate myself into the card chip thing. Swiping and putting it back in my wallet – those were the days. Once it was gone, I resigned myself to international fees and put the card on hold. Someone tried it out on iTunes and I shifted cards. So, yeah, bummers happen.

And there was a security guy at the Louvre who yelled at me for mispronouncing "Anglais."


I didn't worry much about that, because my ego was not too wrapped up in my French language skills, since I had only recently learned enough to know that "si vous plait" means "please." For some reason I always thought it meant something like "and make it snappy," probably confusing it with RSVP.

But for the most part, the people I interacted with were wonderful. I'd be struggling with my overweight bag and someone would help




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Random Acts of Community

me. At one point in a jet-lagged state, I was so befuddled about money I just held my cash out and let a young cashier in training help me. Two women huddled over my hand and sorted it out for me. I had a list of Swedish festivity foods for Midsommar, and asked an employee if he spoke English. He did and came out from behind the counter to help me. We walked through the store, with him occasionally referring to my list, and in no time at all I had my list complete.

After wandering blissfully around lovely Amsterdam, I returned to my hotel room to find a package on the table. I had mentioned that I was leaving early the next morning to fly to Stockholm, where I was to meet my two-week-old granddaughter. The package contained a stuffed animal and Dutch sweets.

I left my boarding pass and book in a bathroom stall in Iceland and ran back to wait for the stall door to open up so I could see if they were still there. A woman whom I told about my plight stood with me, her hand on her heart and her breath held. The door opened and there was my book and boarding pass. I collected them, smiled at this complete stranger, and she breathed, nodded, and smiled back. We were

in that together.

My "Swedish" son tells me I turn people into Canadians – that people are nicer around me. The day I arrived in Stockholm, he and I went to the train station to buy my week's train pass. The ticket guy asked him if he was American. Apparently the Swedish he speaks, which I marvel at, is thickly accented as American. He said: "You are my enemy. I am Iranian." And then he burst out laughing. He had cracked himself up. Then he said: "You are not my enemy. American people are good people. Iranian people are good people." We chatted as my ticket was processed and my son told me that, apparently, people become Canadian toward him if I just stand in the vicinity.

It was fun to pay it forward. The wallet belonging to the woman sitting next to me on the airplane from Stockholm to Iceland fell out of her pocket onto the seat. I chased after her on the tarmac and returned it. A bit later, I was in the bathroom line and the woman standing behind me thanked me for returning her friend's wallet. She then said, in halting English, that she was a little afraid of flying. I said: "Jag forsta." For all you Swedes reading this, I apologize for the

spelling of "I understand," but I can tell you that woman was near tears with gratitude.

In line at Sea-Tac, as I was trying to get through security to catch my flight to Spokane, the adolescent German girl in front of me struggled with her English as she asked me if she was in the right line. Then she said she was overwhelmed because she was alone and her plane was boarding in 5 minutes. I got the attention of the TSA officers and people let her into the front of the line.

I am not recommending naiveté here. I am not saying everyone we meet is kindhearted and that we don't need to be conscious of our surroundings. The German girl still had to go through security. We still have reality to deal with. I am just saying that most people are like that Iranian ticket guy. Good people who have the same hopes and expectations as we do. If we walk around like grumps, we will meet grumps. If we are kind and gracious, most people are the same. It's a much more fun way to live.

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

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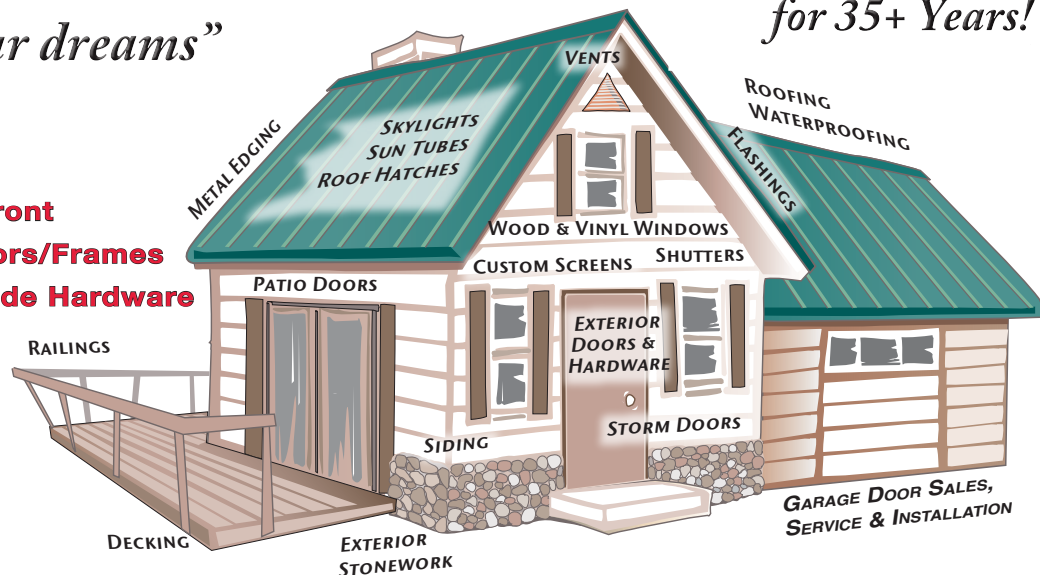
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My Dream Job

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

Editor's note: The details of this woman's story are obscured to protect her identity.

She sat on the corner of a modest bed in an upstairs apartment overlooking downtown Colville. Her hair was a deep brown, cropped a little too short, a bit disheveled. Her body, in T-shirt and jeans, was thin to the point of looking unhealthy. She hardly smiled, and even in her handshake I could read a sort of expectation, an anxiety, a glimmer of hope flashing through a lifetime of hopes crushed.

I rested on a small couch against a recycled pillow and asked her to tell me her story. I had heard of her desire to come clean. I had heard also of the barriers that we, the medical people, had put up to keep such people at bay, allowing only a slow drizzle of them to come into our offices. I felt compassion for this woman who had tried desperately to jump through the hoops. She is holed away in this apartment, hiding from the rest of us, hoping that we wouldn't notice her because she feels such shame for what she has done and who she has become.

From the moment she opens her mouth, her tears flow uncontrollably. Deep lines of pain etch her face as she tells the details of a life gone awry. Losing three children to foster care. Marriage fallen apart. Twelve years in addiction. Loss of jobs, repeatedly. Two years of sobriety dashed to pieces. Snorting heroin, and then using again and again and again so that she doesn't have to feel the remorse for having used again. Picked up on a warrant and taken to Stevens County Jail, and when she was released all of her friends closed their doors on her. The only door that was open was that of a known user. It was a set-up for failure.

I talked to her about clean and sober housing at the Oxford House. We had just flipped it over from a men's house to a house for women and women with children, in recovery.

I asked her about her own children. This was an especially sensitive area. I knew that I needed to tread gently. The tears flowed again. Ages 7, 4 and 1. Two boys and a girl. She hasn't seen them in over a year. I told her that we are in the business of restoring families and helping people put together the pieces of their lives. I told her that I would help her do that. We could start today. We could help her with some medicine that would take away her cravings and restore her mind to sanity so that she didn't need to chase her addiction. We would connect her to treatment in the community. My friends would help her with a

job, retraining, signing up for services and getting some support for housing, if she's ready.

She can't look at me. Tears are running down her cheeks. She nods. "I just can't believe somebody gives a s---," she explains. I smile. Somebody does.

OK, let's do it. I ask a few more medical questions and describe the program and medicine, side effects and benefits. This girl is street-savvy and already knows about the program. I write a prescription and ask her to call for an appointment to see me or my partner at Providence this coming week. I know I'm bending the rules a bit by making this home intervention, but not much. Everything we are doing is safe and legitimate. Conventional? No. It's just that how could I pass up this chance to restore life to someone's daughter? I'm a dad. She's somebody's girl. I can do something to restore her life, her relationships, hope.

"This has been the best of days. I had the chance to not only save a life, but to restore a lifetime."

I write a prescription, make some arrangements and step out into the sunshine. This has been the best of days. I had the chance to not only save a life, but to restore a lifetime.

I thought of a recent letter from a friend in another part of the country, who said:

"Why hasn't God heard my prayer and led me to something where I can feel fulfilled instead of physically taxed and in pain? And how to go about finding that 'place' where I belong.... A stirring within for something fulfilling and yet not knowing what it is nor am I able to get God to show me what it is. How does one quiet that? It comes and goes, this feeling of not being fulfilled. Like a song that needs to be sung and yet it's not there."

I am still considering how I should respond to my friend's struggle. How do I tell her about my dream job? More than my career, I have this incredible life. I teach doctors in Africa. With my wife, I developed a peace initiative between two warring tribes in Africa. We house dozens of people from all over the world every year at our bike hostel. I help people step into recovery and, with my wife, I helped to start the first Oxford House in northeastern Washington, just reopened for women and women with children. I help people fix what doesn't seem fixable. I could not have asked for a better life. I could not imagine what a better life would look like. I do things that make me seem like a superhero to the people that I serve, but the truth is, it is only a simple

kindness and being willing to help them when they are most vulnerable.

I look at the people that I work with and whom I greatly admire. I am inspired by them. They point me in the right direction. They help me to see the world and my community differently. I see the invisible people, those who are hiding from the rest of us, hoping that we will not notice them, hoping that we will not see their shame, their pain, and use it as a chance to condemn them or judge, belittle, harass, or take advantage of them.

Like this woman. She was a stranger to me yesterday, but she has become my friend and patient. I will help her for as long as she allows me to do so. She is stepping into a different life, a restored life, a life that will lead to a job, to sobriety, sanity, the rebuilding of relationships. She will be whole again. Everything that was lost will be put back. She will be someone's daughter again. She will be someone's mother.

How could you not want a life like that? Do I feel fulfilled? I don't think that is the right word for it. Overwhelmed with joy. Profoundly grateful. Deeply blessed. Fully satisfied. Eternally loved.

Someday soon I expect to see this young woman going to work in her uniform, or driving by in a car looking like a princess, or walking along an aisle at the grocery store, children tugging at her skirt and asking if they can buy bubble gum. I will smile and know that I have done my job well. That will be my paycheck.

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



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Water's Wild Card

By Eileen Delehanty Pearkes

Most summer afternoons, I settle into a natural hollow at the base of a sizable cedar tree beside Laird Creek. The creek burbles and runs, curling over cobbles, carrying water downhill. Lying back, I watch the tree's cool branches whorl above my head. Sometimes I fall asleep, lulled by the joyful noise that surrounds me. Is the creek simply responding to gravity, or is something else going on? Is the feeling of freedom that surrounds me only a reflection of my inner experience, or does the water feel free, too?

In *The Biology of Wonder*, the scientist Andreas Weber speaks of the natural world as a "richly articulate, expressive medium." A trained molecular biologist, Weber sensed at some point in his work that nature was not a passive backdrop of cause-effect reactions. Natural systems ceased to be neutral in their movements. Forests, mountains, wetlands, soaring birds, grazing deer, tiny insects, swarms of bees and

fish: all these became, for Weber, beings that were expressive, imaginative and animated.

His book concludes with a startling proposition: that animals, plants and their natural environments are more like us than we may think.

Anyone who has driven along the mid and lower Columbia River has seen the grand dams that hold back water for power. From Grand Coulee to Bonneville, water creates electricity 11 separate times in the U.S. before it reaches the Pacific Ocean. The cycle has, since the mid-1960s, been enhanced by water storage in Canada's Arrow Lakes reservoir. A 1964 treaty requires Canada to provide consistent flows throughout the year. Canada accomplishes this through dams that interrupt the water's natural impulse to move downhill.

I've written about this before, but it has come to the front of my thoughts as a result of a recent message from BC Hydro. A few times a month, the Canadian public utility provides updates on reservoir operations in the form of a chart that lists all the publicly owned reservoirs in the

Columbia and Kootenay River systems north of the international boundary, with a series of measurements in feet and meters and arrows that point up or down. The vertical measurements tell residents where to expect the reservoir shoreline to be in the weeks ahead. A person reading every email throughout the year can follow the general principle of the treaty: Store spring runoff in Canada, then use it, vertical foot by vertical foot, to process the water efficiently through the hot summer (air conditioners) and cold winter (heaters).

The recent message described how runoff forecasts are "continuing to drop." In other words, it's another dry year. It reminds residents that the early peak of the reservoir and the early timing on the descending water levels are a "direct response to runoff conditions" and 2016's "below average rainfall."

Here in Canada, however, we have had lots of intermittent rain. Things don't seem that dry. In fact, as I write this, a violent thunderstorm has swirled through the valley to soak the ground

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Yet, weather throughout the whole basin determines how the upper basin's utilities control water. It's the wild card that eliminates predictability and complete control. Last year, for instance, the international basin's precipitation average was 69% of normal. The dry year resulted in minimal in-flows south of the boundary along the "American" Columbia River. In a normal year, Canada's contribution of water flow is 35-40% of the total. Last year, the Canadian contribution was closer to 50%, making up some of the difference in an American summer drought.

Snow is the first and most important reservoir in the Columbia River system. Until recently, abundant snows north of the boundary were to be expected, not wished for. In any given January, snow might fall steadily here in the mountains, prompting an initial snowpack forecast of 110 or 120% of normal. But if the snow thins out to create a winter drought (as it has several times in the past decade), the forecast can drop to 90% or even less, alerting hydro-engineers of a coming water shortage that will influence how the river is managed.

This year's near-normal snowpack could not compensate for the early hot spring that reduced nature's white fluffy reservoir to bare slopes of alpine scree far earlier than predicted, as I wrote about in my May column. The current weather anomaly has focused attention yet again on summer flows, recognized as critical for salmon. Under the U.S. Endangered Species Act, those making power on the river must also consider the needs of the salmon. Gradually, since the 1990s, salmon flows have become an unofficial adjunct to the treaty. Cold water flowing from the north helps the salmon better navigate a generally warmer river.

The ironies cannot be overlooked by residents of the upper Columbia River valley who endure the reservoir's shifting shorelines and whose own access to salmon disappeared in the 1940s when the Canadian government did not require the U.S. to construct a fish ladder at the Grand Coulee dam. Boaters, fishing enthusiasts and any residents along the Arrow and Lake Roosevelt reservoirs are reminded on a daily basis that the river's flow is tightly managed, analyzed and measured down to vertical feet and kilowatt hours.

It seems a long reach from the edge of the freely flowing creek where I live to the dry pages of the Columbia River treaty. Yet the water flowing joyfully past me in Laird Creek enters the West Arm of Kootenay Lake, bumps west through several Canadian dams and generating stations along the lower Kootenay River, and eventually joins up with the Columbia, where it carries on south across the boundary to wait its turn in the Roosevelt reservoir before passing through the American dams.

Weber's account of an "unfolding new biology" recognizes feeling as the ground zero of all life processes. This resonates with something I have sensed in nature for a long time. Laird Creek's water spans the distance from the rugged reaches of the high alpine to reservoirs controlled by rational human interests. I am beginning to wonder what that water thinks of how we manage it in our modern world.

Eileen Delehanty Pearkes lives in Nelson, B.C. Her book on the Columbia River Treaty, *A River Captured*, will be released by Rocky Mountain Books in November, 2016. For more of her explorations of the western landscape, visit www.edpearkes.com.

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Giants

By Jack Nisbet

As a kid I dreamed of giants. Some of them, no doubt, were brought on by stories told or read to me about small clever people like Jack (with the beanstalk), where the giants were always bloodthirsty and mean. But the ones that stuck in my mind were much less defined. I remember an illustration of children playing on a beach while a massive club-wielding giant strides offshore in the clouds, headed for some unknown land. I wanted to follow him there.

That artist was N. C. Wyeth (image at left painted in 1922), who captured giants of all sorts in a series of posters and book illustrations that included a classic edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. Thanks in part to Wyeth, Long John Silver impressed me as a real giant, complicated and scary in ways beyond my ability to understand. In one of Wyeth's illustrations, Long John drags Jim Hawkins, the book's young narrator, around by a rope. The peg-legged pirate pole-vaults forward on a thick crutch while a parrot squawks on his shoulder. The caption beneath that scene, voiced by the be-draggled Jim, reads, "For all the world, I was led like a dancing bear."

N. C. Wyeth came by such visions while growing up on a Massachusetts farm. As a boy he listened to tales of how family ancestors came to the New World before the American Revolution, and participated in all kinds of unlikely ventures. One of his forefathers, Nathaniel Jarvis Wyeth, built a flourishing business in Boston as an ice broker just after 1800. Nathaniel always had a restless mind, so in his spare time he invented and patented several key tools for handling the big chunks of ice that made his fortune.

In his late twenties, Nathaniel Wyeth became fascinated with the prospect of importing salmon and furs from the Pacific Northwest back to New England. After chartering a vessel to ferry trade goods around the Horn to the Columbia River, he journeyed overland with a small party in spring 1832 to establish a trading post.

Upon arriving on the lower Columbia that October, Wyeth learned that his ship had wrecked en route, and that all hands plus his entire investment of trade goods had been lost at sea. The trader found himself "afloat on the great sea of life without stay or support but in good hands" because of hospitality offered by the Hudson's Bay Company men at Fort Vancouver. Determined to return to

Massachusetts and outfit another ship, Wyeth spent that winter scouting the lower Columbia for a suitable post site. He frequented Fort Vancouver, "eating and drinking the good things to be had there," while conversing with old-time traders like Peter Skene Ogden, John Work, and Finan McDonald, as well as early visitors like the naturalist David Douglas. He listened to their stories of adventures upriver at posts like the old Spokane House and its recent replacement, Fort Colville at Kettle Falls.

Wyeth did in fact return to the Columbia two years later, where he not only established a new trading post, but also traveled upstream to see what was going on there. When Wyeth visited the Spokane House site in 1835, the post there had been abandoned for ten years, and all that remained was "one bastion which is left by the Indians from respect to the dead, a clerk of the company being buried in it."

The clerk whom the Indians respected so

"The clerk whom the Indians respected so much was Jaco Finlay."

much was Jaco Finlay, a man Wyeth no doubt heard about many times. The son of a Scottish fur man and a Sautaux Cree woman, Finlay was born at the Fork of the Saskatchewan River in 1768 and grew up in the fur trade. He was involved in a skirmish at a Bow River post near modern Calgary in 1794, and appears on the payroll of the North Saskatchewan District in 1799 as a clerk making 1,200 *livre* a year – the highest pay grade available at that time for men of mixed blood in the business.

In 1806, North West Company partners assigned Finlay to improving a Kootenai trail across what is now called Howse Pass to the Columbia River as a run-up to David Thompson's successful push of the Canadian fur trade across the Rockies. It was during that winter that Finlay produced an intriguing map that accurately displays the Columbia and Kootenay Rivers as they wind through our region. Although Thompson complained about Finlay's trail-building skills, his canoe construction, and his projections for beaver pelts, he continued to hire Finlay when important tasks needed to be carried out in the Columbia country. It was Finlay who shepherded five Iroquois trappers into the business at the river's source lakes over the winter of 1808-09. It was Finlay who delivered a load of fat beaver tails to a starving Thompson and his crew at Saleesh House in the late fall of 1809. And it was Jaco Finlay whom Thompson dispatched to build a new trade house in the Spokane country in the spring of 1810.

Thompson's journal entries concerning such

business matters never take up more than a few words, but stories and place names that have filtered down through time make it clear that the respect Spokane people showed to Jaco Finlay spread far and wide. Once you start to notice variations of the spelling of his name, dozens of drainages and travel routes pioneered by Finlay appear on area maps.

Given all that, it is Jaco Finlay's family life that makes him a true giant of our public history. Fur trade and church records from four states and two Canadian provinces reveal that he married four tribal women and fathered something close to 22 children. Around 1847, a Jesuit priest drew up a rough family tree that displays around 15 of Jaco Finlay's direct offspring and many more grandchildren. Crack genealogist and direct Finlay descendant David Courchane has spent years tracing out those branches, both in the archives and through tribal oral accounts. Courchane now connects Finlay to literally thousands of modern Northwest residents.

In the fall of 1951, over a century after Nathaniel Wyeth paused at the crumbling Spokane House bastion, archaeologist Louis Caywood was directing excavations on the site when he noticed one of his assistants "dancing an archaeological jig." The young man had just uncovered a gravesite that held a skeleton, a comb, a drinking cup, a hunting knife, the nosepiece of a pair of spectacles, and five tobacco pipes. After a close examination of one clay pipe revealed the faint initials "JF" scratched into the bowl, Caywood concluded that the grave was that of Jaco Finlay, resting beneath a corner of the trading post he had founded. No one was quite sure what to do with the remains then, but in time Finlay's descendants marshaled their forces in favor of a proper reburial.

This summer a couple of dozen Finlay descendants gathered at the old Spokane House site to honor the completion of that task. Both the Confederated Colville Tribes and western Montana's Confederated Salish-Kootenai Tribes were well represented. They waited out a couple of hard rain showers, then circled up to pay their respects to a man who walked with giants in the same way that Nathaniel Wyeth did in his time here, and that his descendant N. C. Wyeth put to paper. It was hard to look up into the flying clouds above the Spokane River and not imagine Jaco Finlay striding hard for home.

Author Jack Nisbet has written more about the life of Jaco Finlay in Visible Bones. Nisbet's most recent book, Ancient Places, is now available in paperback.

Coming and Going

By Loren Cruden

Early this spring I had to sell our place on First Thought Mountain, that peaceful forty acres and secluded straw-bale house Gabriel and I built when he was a teenager. I say "had to sell" because, like getting old-person ailments, it wasn't something I was keen to do.

The place sold so promptly, to the first people to view it, that I was caught flat-footed. I wasn't ready! A generous friend offered his empty house in Barstow as an interim sanctuary, so off I went for a stay at Paradise Cove Road.

It took a while to adjust to this version of Afterlife. There were novelties such as neighbors, passing vehicles, electricity, flush toilets and a phone. The first time the doorbell rang the cat and I stared at each other in panic: What the heck was *that* noise? The furnace blower kicked in, the clothes-dryer signal blatted, and the fridge began whimsically humming as though appliances are inspired into self-expression by each other. On either side of the house came the stereo roar of lawn mowers. I had reached

Civilization.

Gradually, neighborhood protocols became evident: I learned not to absently wander outside to water the flowers wearing my nightie; that curtains have privacy, not just climate-control, functions; that noise, including music, should be limited to banking hours; that neighbors cheerily wave even if they don't know you; that doors are equipped with locks; that there is Good Yard vegetation and Bad Yard vegetation, and it's wise to get on board with such understandings, and so on. During these educational months I was blessed with wonderfully transition-easing neighbors. But one night, a mountain flashback occurred.

The previous resident had left a metal garbage can of birdseed on the back porch, from which I filled the feeder each morning. When the seeds ran out, I bought another twenty pounds. A few nights later, at one in the morning, I heard Intruder Noises.

On the mountain I'd have instantly known it was a bear mauling some hapless inanimate object. But here in the civilized 'hood, where garbage bins were routinely left out and bird feeders abounded, the thought of bear didn't enter my mind. Instead I thought "neighbor's cat," and groggily went out to where my cat Taliesin was crouched on the sill of the open (screened) window furiously glaring out. Thinking to end the assumed cat confrontation, I briskly slammed shut the window and headed back to bed. Didn't even bother turning on the porch light beside the window to peer out.

If I had, I'd probably have noted the bear's presence, inches away.

Next morning when I went out to feed the birds, I was dumbfounded to see the porch railing's metal uprights bent and pulled apart like a jailbreak in the Old West, and the garbage

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can lying battered on its side in the flower bed like an overwhelmed guard, twenty pounds of rain-soaked sunflower seeds scattered over the ground like booty spilled as the culprit fled the crime scene.

My neighbor, with two sacks of birdseed sitting unprotected in his carport, told me there'd been only two bear sightings during his decades of living in this spot.

By adjusting to the norms of this neighborhood, I'd lost some reflexes natural to my previous spot. The link between context and interpretation of perception is profound. We tend to see and hear and otherwise sense what is normal to our context – what we expect to see and hear and otherwise sense in our surroundings.

The bear's visit nudged me from the recently acquired bucolic daze of lawn and human presence. I appreciated the bear's bold affront to civilization: any time, big fella. (Though I doubt Taliesin shared this sentiment.)

In the course of residing in twenty-nine different spots in the world, I've become a serial adapter. It's amazing how quickly adjustments are made, though some habitat habits die hard. (For ten years I kept scanning the heather in Scotland for rattlesnakes, though I knew there were none.)

One way of refreshing perceptual innocence is to ramble around, offering balance to the local

wisdom presumed to be gained from rootedness.

My husband Rob in Scotland didn't drive at all and was wary of travel outside his known environs. He did have a motorcycle license at one time, but lost his kneecap in a crash and gave up the bike. He was a great walker. Also a splendid navigator, riding shotgun in my car and barking sinister Celtic curses at tourist drivers – "Waste of space! Toss-pot!" – saving me from having to work up any road rage. Rob was a knowledgeable guide around his West Highlands home turf, recognizing each hill and mountain by its profile, filling me in on local history, pointing out interesting features, but he got jittery on the east side of the country, muttering as though we'd strayed into some Bad Neighborhood, though it was perfectly lovely on the east coast where my father's ancestors originated (my mother's were from the west side).

Some people arrive in Scotland planning to sample all the whisky distilleries, or golf all the famous courses, or bag as many Munros (mountains over three thousand feet) as possible. Living in Scotland, my ambition was to drive all the B roads – the six-foot-wide single-tracks – in the Highlands, which wind through the most appealing countryside I'd ever seen, a tremendous grace of light, stone, hill and water: a paradise of fresh perceptual opportunities.

These drives were usually part of getting somewhere – had utilitarian purpose – but in

essence were more about the going than the getting; about seeing what was around each curve, over each rise. On a wee-hours drive home to Skye after an all-night *ceilidh* down the mainland coast, Rob asleep in the passenger seat (no traffic to bark at), music on the tape player, gale tearing across the land, I felt as if I could drive forever through this wild, mysterious landscape, as if I were Scotland's designated night watch-person, the only one in the country awake.

Mostly, though, during my life behind the wheel, it is twilight that induces this go-forever feeling, as if entering a dimension without limits, edgeless, effortless, revealing wondrous secret sights. If attention stays alert to the possibilities, this sense of mystery keeps extending and deepening into whatever is at hand, whether the viewpoint is in motion or rooted in a familiar place. Or even just tarrying a while in limbo.

One June evening on Paradise Cove Road, a doe, who for many previous evenings had been cropping the lawn and sampling the flowers, stood in the yard with a tottery newborn fawn beside her, the very image of Spring. I stood frozen in the doorway, staring; the fawn froze, staring back. I was no longer the newest contextual addition to the neighborhood.


Good luck with the Civilization thing, fawn-kiddo. Go well, see you around.

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Several Names, But Our Bird

Article & Photos By J. Foster Fanning

During a recent conversation I asked a birder friend of mine what she knew about the American willow. "The tree, you mean?" she asked back. "No, the bird," I replied. She appeared rather puzzled. "The willow goldfinch?" I asked. "Oh, you mean the American goldfinch," she replied. Turns out they are all one and the same bird. And the willow goldfinch has been the Washington state bird since 1951!

That tidbit of information teased enough to lead me to an official website (<http://www.sos.wa.gov/seal/symbols.aspx>), where I discovered that this finch was anything but a quick pick. In fact, the selection of a state bird for Washington had dragged on from 1928.

At that time, state legislators approached Washington schoolchildren through the State Board of Education with the question. Overwhelmingly, the children decided that the western meadowlark was the best choice. Which was followed by a resounding "Hmm..." from the legislators, because the year before, the next-door governor of Oregon had proclaimed the western meadowlark its official bird, and Wyoming had made the same choice.

So Washington's legislators set the issue aside for a few years. Then, in 1931, the Washington Federation of Women's Clubs sponsored a statewide referendum on selecting our symbolic bird. In this contest, the willow goldfinch (American goldfinch) took precedent over the western tanager, the song sparrow, the junco and the pileated woodpecker (with no mention being made of how the western meadowlark was kept out of the running). And for the next twenty years, both the western meadowlark and the willow goldfinch were unofficially considered our state bird.

Finally, in 1951, the Washington Legislature wrote the willow goldfinch into law. Fortunately, this golden songbird is found throughout The Evergreen State, from our moist western slopes to our arid scablands. Commonly seen in flocks, this diminutive

bird gathers in fields, bushes and trees. In fact, wherever dandelions, sunflowers and especially thistles thrive, so too does our little finch.

Goldfinches are among the strictest vegetarians in the bird world, only inadvertently swallowing an occasional insect. The male American goldfinch is, as usual in birds, more colorful than the female. Bright yellow with black forehead, black wings with white markings, and white patches both above and beneath the tail denote the male.

The goldfinch's main natural habitats are weedy fields and floodplains, above which these active and acrobatic little finches fly with a bouncy, undulating pattern, often calling out in flight and drawing attention to themselves. They cling to weed heads and seed socks on plants such as thistles and asters.

Based on their diet, American goldfinches breed later than most North American birds, waiting to nest until June or even July when milkweed, thistle, and other plants have produced their fibrous seeds, which goldfinches incorporate into their nests and feed to their young. They often nest in loose colonies, building the nest in an upright fork of a shrub, tree or occasionally a dense weed.

The female builds a tightly woven, compact cup of plant fibers and spider webs and lines it with thistle down. The female incubates 4 to 6 eggs for 12 to 14 days. The male brings her food while she incubates, and while she broods the young for the first few days after they hatch. After that, both parents bring food to the young. The young leave the nest after 12 to 17 days, but the parents continue to feed the young for a few weeks. American goldfinches generally raise one or two broods each year.

Mating pairs of goldfinches make virtually identical flight calls, leading ornithologists to speculate that goldfinches may be able to distinguish members of various pairs by these calls, thus enhancing the continuity and possibly survivability of members within a family unit.

The oldest known American goldfinch was 10 years 9 months old when it was recaptured and re-released during a banding operation in Maryland.

The song of our state bird is long, high and sweet. So lace up those boots, grab the field glasses and head out to keep your eye out for our state bird!

A note for particular readers: This goldfinch, a member of the Fringillidae family with the scientific name of *Spinus tristis*, is also the state bird of New Jersey and Iowa.

J. Foster Fanning is a father, grandfather, retired fire chief and wannabe beach bum. He dabbles in photography as an excuse to wander the hills and vales in search of the perfect image. His wildlife and scenic photography show, Take a Walk on the Wild Side, is featured at various venues throughout the region. Learn more at <http://fosterfanning.blogspot.com>.



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APPENIZING

Events

Aug 5: Movie Night at the Colville Airport, 9 p.m. Sponsored by the Colville Valley Chapter, Washington Pilots Association.

Aug 5-6: The New Old-time Chautauqua is coming to Republic, WA as part of their 2016 summer tour of seven state parks and nearby communities. Come join the fun! Jugglers, acrobats, stilt walkers, aerialists, comedians, jugglers, poets, musicians, plenty of laughter, and more! The NOTC is a not-for-profit 501(c)3 organization of 60+ volunteer performers, educators, and staff whose mission is to travel throughout the Greater Northwest to small towns and Native Nations and act as a catalyst for community through education, entertainment, and laughter. Visit ferrycounty.com/breaking-news/new-old-time-chautauqua-comes-to-republic/ for more info.

Aug 5-7: Rendezvous Days at Yep Kanum City Park in Colville. Live music on 2 stages, food & crafts vendors, baseball tournament, Classic Car and Bike Show, and Encampment, where history comes alive. On the Rotary Stage this year will be several bands, some new, some returning. Visit colvillerendezvous.org for more info.

Aug 5-7: Earth Rising Sanctuary Healing Gathering, 3470-C Moore Rd., off Northport-Flat Creek Road, Kettle Falls, overlooking the Columbia River and Canada. A weekend of workshops, food and music. Call 509-732-4301 for more info.

Aug 6: Colville Airport Fly-In/Community Breakfast & Open House. Classic airplanes, airplane & helicopter rides, aviation vendors & displays & much more. Breakfast is from 7-11 am. \$7 adults, \$5 kids under 10. Call 509-675-1041 or email colvilleairport@yahoo.com for more info.

Aug 6: 2nd Annual Museum Charity Golf Tournament, 3 pm at Redstone Resort, 400 White Tail Dr., Rossland, B.C. All proceeds will go toward a renewed Rossland Museum & Discovery Centre. Sponsored by FortisBC! This is meant to be a fun tournament, so fear not if you're a beginner golfer – there are a few competitions for the beginners too Call 250-362-9141 to register. Call 250-362-7722 or visit rosslandmuseum.ca for more info.

Aug 13: Valley Fair. Fun run is scheduled to start at 8 am. There will be a 3-on-3 Basketball Tournament. Plus so much more. Visit valleycommunityfair.tripod.com for more info.

Aug 13: Les Weaver Memorial Races at the Eagle Track Raceway, a half mile south of Republic, WA on Pendry Road. The Association hosts a 3/8 mile, dirt-track, stock car racing. Classes include Modified, Super Stock, and Fever Four. Visit eagletrackraceway.com for more info.

Aug 19-21: The Kettle Falls Camp & Jam, formerly known as The Newport Music Festival, will showcase 17 bands, including Jes Raymond & The Blackberry Bushes of Seattle, a country contra dance and free workshops. The weekend of fiddle, banjo, guitar, vocals, jamming and more will take place at the Happy Dell City Park in Kettle Falls. Call 509-675-6590 or visit tricontynmusic.org for more info and for tickets. See ad on back page.

Aug 20: Hunters Community & 4-H Fair.

Aug 20: Orient First Thot Day. Parade starts at 10. Theme is Wild with Wheels. Anyone can enter. Breakfast at the Community Church. Mud bogs with ATV's only, slow drags, archery, lunch, games and live music at 7 pm at the Beardslee Family Resturant. Call 509-684-6725 or 509-684-2959 for more info.

Aug 20: Create Art Center First Annual Golf Scramble at the Ranch Club in Newport, WA with all you can eat pizza and salad for lunch. Call 509-447-9277 for entry fees and registration information.

Aug 20: The Colville Valley Animal Sanctuary's Low Cost Cat and Dog Vaccination Clinic will be held at the Country Store in Colville from 10-Noon. Vaccinations offered include dog 4-way combo, cat 3-way combo, and rabies at \$15 each. Deworming \$1-\$2, and Microchipping \$15. No appointment necessary. Call 509-684-1475 for more info.

Aug 20: Fire District 10 will hold its 2nd annual firefighters BBQ at the Deep Lake Association's picnic area from 11-2. There will be hamburgers, hot dogs, slaw and beans. Donations welcome. There will be a pie auction and yard sale (please, no early birds for the yard sale). Call Ron Beedles at 509-732-4195 for more info.

Aug 20-21: China Bend Winery 2016 Garlic Faire, Noon-5 pm, featuring gourmet foods, live music with Rockin' Robin Ellis, arts & crafts, and lots of garlic. 3751 Vineyard Way, Kettle Falls, on the Northport-Flat Creek Road along Lake Roosevelt. 509-732-6123 or www.chinabend.com for info.

Aug 25-28: Northeast Washington Fair in Colville. Call 509-684-2585 for more info. Ad on page 26.

Aug 26-28: Clayton Community Fair. Call 509-276-2444 or visit claytoncommunityfair.com for more info.

Aug 26-28: Wings Over Republic, 17th Annual Fly-In. Call 509-775-3911 or visit wingsoverrepublic.com for the full schedule of events.

Aug 27: Dog Days of Summer in Kettle Falls at Northern Ales, 3-8 pm, and yard sale at Harvest Foods, 8-3 pm. Music, raffles, food and fun! All proceeds benefit the dogs and cats at the Colville Valley Animal Sanctuary. Call 509-684-1475 for info or to donate items to the yard sale.

Aug 27: Family Fun Day Races at the Eagle Track Raceway, a half mile south of Republic, WA on Pendry Road. The Association hosts a 3/8 mile, dirt-track, stock car racing. Classes include Modified, Super Stock, and Fever Four. Visit eagletrackraceway.com for more info.

Aug 27: Tour the well-preserved home, built in 1905, of Jesse Whitlock Slagle and his wife Elizabeth from 11:30-3. Call 509-207-0070 or visit ferrycountyhs.org for more info.

Sept 2-4: Ferry County Fair in Republic. Call 509-775-3146 or visit ferrycountyfair.com for more info.

Sept 3 & 4: Scenic Excursion Train Rides and the Affair on Main Street in Metaline Falls, WA, with all ages entertainment, car show, craft and food vendors and more! Many of the train rides are SOLD OUT so be sure to check the schedule and get your reservation today. Call 877-525-5226 or visit www.lionstrainrides.com. This is the last year for the train rides so don't delay. See ad on page 24.

Sept 10: 3rd Annual Alaska Picnic at Noon on the east side of the Colville City Park. Bring a potluck item, your utensils, chairs, beverage and lots of stories. Call Becky at 509-684-5147 for more info.

Music, Dance, Theater

Aug 4: Shantikar: An Evening of Kirtan-Raga and World Music, 7-9 pm at the Meyers Falls Market Community Room in Kettle Falls. Stazya Richman, local vocalist, performer and teacher is hosting Richard Russell, senior disciple of master musician Ali Akbar Khan, for an evening of group devotional singing and performance. Donations at the door. Call Stazya at 509-684-7761 or visit www.shantikar.com for more info.

Music at Republic Brewing Company, 26 Clark Ave., Republic, republicbrew.com, 509-775-2700. Be sure to check listings as some events are ticketed in advance.

1st: Jason Boland & The Stragglers, 7-10 pm
6th: Hillfolk Noir, 7-10 pm
15th: Front Country, 7-10 pm
19th: Eryn Bent, 7-10 pm
26th: Shinyribs, 7-10 pm

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

4th: Sara Brown, 6-8 pm
11th: Michael Pickett, 6-8 pm
12th: TBD, 7-10 pm
18th: Finessa Fann, 6-7 pm
19th: Open Mic, 7-10 pm
25th: Justin Johnson, 6-8 pm
26th: Working Spliffs, 7-10 pm

Music at The Flying Steamshovel, 2003 2nd Ave., Rossland, B.C. Blizzard Music Fest presents the following shows from 9-midnight. Visit <http://www.theflyingsteamshovel.com> or call 250-362-7323 for more info.

4th: Ridley Bent w/ JJ Shiplett & Brett Nelson
11th: Terra Lightfoot w/ Timoth Hurley
18th: Red Haven & Tiger Moon
25th: HighKicks w/ Miesha & The Spanks and John Lee's Hooker

Kootenay Savings "Music In The Park," Gyro Park, 1090 Charles Lake Drive, Trail, BC, trail-arts.com, 250-364-3003:

2nd: Shine On with Michael Occhipinti, 7 pm
4th: The Great Plains: Saskia & Darell, 7 pm
11th: Darlene Ketchum Quartet, 7 pm
16th: The Lion, The Bear, The Fox, 7 pm
18th: Melody Diachun Quintet, 7 pm
25th: Holly Hyatt & Jon Burden, 7 pm

Aug 19-21 & 26-28: The Pend Oreille Players Association in Newport presents *Next to Normal*. This contemporary musical won the 2010 Pulitzer Prize for Drama. A seemingly normal family copes with crisis and the unpredictability of a mother's worsening bipolar disorder. Not recommended for children under 14. Call 509-447-9900 or visit pendoreilleplayers.org for more info.

Aug 20: Auditions for *The Octette Bridge Club*, 1-4 pm at The Woodland Theatre in Kettle Falls. Performances will be Oct 7,8,9, and 14,15,16. Parts for 8 women to play, ages 37-64, and one short part for man to play, age 25-30. No preparation necessary; cold readings from the script will be done. Two of the women should have piano playing experience, also one woman should have belly dancing experience. Call or text 509-680-1961 for more info.

Sept 12: The 14th Annual Music on the Mountain presents the Spokane Symphony in concert, 2 pm at the Chewelah Peak Learning Center. Early sale tickets are \$20 adults, \$10 children, through Aug.

22 at Valley Drug, Akers United Drug, Colville House of Music, or at chewelahrtsguild.org.

Books, Books, Books

Aug 18: Lynn Schott will deliver a poetry reading and book signing of her new book at the Kettle Falls Library, 5-7 p.m. Her book will be available for purchase at the reading or can be ordered at 509-738-2135.

Arts & Crafts

Aug 5: Gold Mountain Gallery Featured Artist is David Wermuth, who studied woodworking at Kirby Studios in VT and is known for his fine custom crafted furniture, cutting boards and lazy susans. Reception at the Artists Coop at 600 S. Clark from 2-8 pm. Refreshments will be served.

Aug 13: Weave 'N' The Woods. Join us for a day of fiber and friends in the Colville City Park at the Kegel Shelter on the east side of the park from 10-3. We will be spinning, weaving, knitting, crocheting, and anything else having to do with fiber. There will be a needle felting class for you to observe. Bring a comfortable chair, your wheel, loom, or needles and hook; and be prepared to have fun and visit with a lot of other fiber enthusiasts. This is a no cost event. Sponsored by the Crossborder Weavers. Contact Christine @ woodtick50@aol.com for more info.

Aug 15: Kettle Falls Historical Center Art Contest Exhibit starts. The Center is open Mon – Sat, 11-5. Call 509-738-6964 for more info.

Aug 27: Knitting and spinning workshop at the Springdale Art Co-op, 11-4 pm. Dorothy Sandvig will demonstrate how to spin yarn and provide beginning knitting lessons. She will have needles and yarn available. This workshop is free of charge.

Featured Artists at Meyers Falls Market (at the traffic light on Hwy 395 in Kettle Falls) for August and September local multi-media artist Ursula Atkinson. She has been an enthusiastic photographer since the age of 15 when she had her own darkroom. Ursula's main inspiration is "Nature - Wild & Tame" which is the theme of her current show.

Sept 9-10: Colville Piecemakers' Quilt Show, "We're Sew Country," Friday, 10-6, Saturday, 10-4, at the Community Colleges of Spokane, Colville Center, 985 S. Elm. The event will feature over 200 quilts, free demos, a silent auction, vendors mall, door prizes, tea room, boutique, and a special display of quilts interpreting country music titles! Featured quilter will be Judy Laughlin.

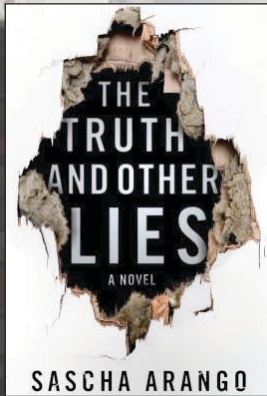
Continued on page 24

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

A Good Read

The Truth and Other Lies, by Sascha Arango

Reviewed by Loren Cruden



German screenwriter Sascha Arango's debut novel, *The Truth and Other Lies*, is perversely funny. Henry, a man of dubious moral character but great handiness around the house, marries Martha, a self-contained woman who writes books at night – because she likes to write. The books are published under Henry's name as author, which is peachy with Martha. Heaps of money result; the books are best-sellers.

Henry has no trouble posing as a successful author. "He didn't have to say or prove anything special, because everyone knows an author can't do anything but write, and anyone can write."

Henry and Martha prosper – their life together, if unconventional, is one of contentment until Henry's mistress becomes pregnant. The mistress, Betty, is distinctly unmaternal but schemes to keep the baby (and Henry), who keeps backing away from telling his wife of his affair. Not that Martha needs telling. But Henry's compulsions press.

Like most people, Henry has a backlog of secrets. Unlike most people (except real novelists), Henry is terrifically

adept at inventing identities and concocting plots; he has a knack for extreme problem-solving. He compares the "dash of truth," necessary to an effective lie, to the "indispensable" olive in a martini.

Henry reminds me of Mr. Ripley in Patricia Highsmith's novels, except that Henry is not a typical psychopath. He does spontaneous good things for others, and offers kindly insights, such as, "The telepathic contact that comes with years of marriage is often misinterpreted by outsiders as silence. Before getting married, Henry too had assumed that couples who sit at restaurant tables and eat in silence have nothing to say to one another; he now knows that they make eloquent conversation without exchanging a word, sometimes even telling each other jokes." In his own strange way, he loves his wife.

The story's setting is never named – northern Europe, presumably. Character names are a hodgepodge. The metaphorical setting is a sea-cliff with Henry teetering on its edge, awfulness teetering into comedy; the story is peopled with gleefully drawn characters with Henry's intriguing dark star.

Light Years, by Lynn Rigney Schott

Reviewed by Loren Cruden



Lynn Schott will deliver a poetry reading and book signing at the Kettle Falls Library on Aug. 18, 5-7 p.m. Her book will be available for purchase there or can be ordered at 509-738-2135.

Book cover art by local artist Elinor Distler.

Light Years, Lynn Schott's newly birthed poetry collection, breathes in the reader's hands, the collection pulsing with life taking keen note of itself, expressed through the specifics of flowers and trees and stars and birds and the experience of being human, "deep-down things finely balanced/ between going toward, looking back." The universal respiration.

In one poem, Schott queries the ancestors, "When does failure grow beautiful?" and clues of a lateral reply nest within many of the poems, such as one in which "To be visited by a swan before the first snow/ is an offering made to the oblivious world/ to things both seen and not."

Schott's observations are grounded in habitat's details, a deep-rooted familiarity comprising rural rhythms – canning peaches, migrating geese, the oblique light of September – and a countrywoman's perspective on how human life and relationships unfold within the world. "Divide a day like an apple – seeds, skin,/ sweetness, denials and opportunities – / and what have you got? Pieces, hunger, diversity?" Schott's voice is candid, often playful; her gaze is sharp but cherishing.

She writes about real things, doesn't snow us with obscurities; writes beautifully about her baseball-playing father: "On my desk sits a black-and-white postcard picture/ of my father – skinny, determined,/ in a New York Giants uniform – / ears protruding, eyes riveted./ Handsome, single-minded, he looks ready." And poignantly about losses and "the anxious graveyard" of her mother's deteriorating mind. There are poems of birth and beginnings, too ("tiny music her ship"), but this collection is mainly a harvest of ripened experience, and has an English teacher's seasoned, pleasurable engagement with words: They can never be quite perfect, yet possess an irresistible potential to spark and comfort.

Time, its looping quality, the kept promise, is a recur-

ring theme in these poems, chronicled in solstice, sunrise, eclipse: light – even ancestors – ever returning. Along with life's cycles is also the reach to catch hold of a moment and stand at peace within it. "I want no extravaganzas of light or water,/ only simple motions, breezes to carry me/ home, blue silence saying 'now.'" The grace of the home sanctuary Schott has made, with its earthy and stellar lyric, abides in each of these poems.

The Wringer, by Lynn Rigney Schott

I complain about the inconvenience of this contraption, the rococo arrangement of hoses and props, buckets, trips back and forth to fill, to drain...

Yet everyone knows there is nothing I love more than an anachronism and on good days when the machine runs to order I am nothing but the happy housewife feeding the jeans and t-shirts into the finger-squeeze (all-digital) – simply invisible, humming, unhurried among new grass and goldfinches, the cherry tree exploding blooms twenty yards away.

In a world addicted to the future some of us stand still: mesmerized by the chugga-chugga heartbeat of an old machine, bright syncopation of a chorusline flapping from clothespins. Perfectly out of step.

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

In Theaters: *Love and Friendship*

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous



Don't let the warm and fuzzy title fool you. Whit Stillman's adaption of eminent author Jane Austen's unfinished novel *Lady Susan* has all the tartness of a slice of rhubarb pie eaten on the sly. It's pithy, impressive and, quite frankly, one of the best movies of the year.

Stillman is a director I'm not entirely familiar with; he seems to have a career punctuated with

long lapses between films. His take on Austen, though, is a match made in heaven, particularly his ability to keep the dialogue true to the period while the goings-on are relevant to a modern audience.

Kate Beckinsale owns the role of her career in this movie, both delighting and surprising this here critic. Admittedly, I'm not a huge fan, as her beauty has been used for very little more

than selling the B-grade, nonsensical *Underworld* franchise. However, I take back any misgivings I had about her acting ability here.

She plays the titular Lady Susan, a lovely, savvy social climber scheming to marry her brother-in-law's handsome, wealthy young son Reginald De Courcy (Xavier Samuel). His mother, Catherine (Emma Greenwell), is on to Susan's ploys. Enter Alicia Johnson (Chloe Sevigny), the American wife of an affluent Brit (Stephen Fry), who becomes Susan's fellow conniver in the quest for monetary and romantic contentment. Sevigny and Beckinsale, who starred together in Stillman's 1998 film *The Last Days of Disco*, are scrumptious together in their partnership, and it's a pleasure cruise to watch them.

Throwing a wrench in Susan's plans is the arrival of her daughter Frederica (Morfydd Clark), whom Reginald takes a liking to. In an effort to get her own offspring out of the way, Susan encourages her to marry the doddering Sir James Martin, played hilariously on point by Tom Bennett.

Here's to *Love and Friendship* (rated PG), and the pleasurable viewing experience it is.

The Classics Corner: *In the Heat of the Night*

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous

Is it a sad irony that a movie made almost 50 years ago still has so many pertinent themes concerning racism and rushing to judgment? Well, yeah, but that doesn't make *In the Heat of the Night*, directed by Norman Jewison, anything less than what it is: a sharp, introspective, and sometimes funny film.

Sidney Poitier stars as Virgil Tibbs, a black detective accidentally drawn into a murder investigation in Sparta, Mississippi, where he is arrested as a suspect by the churlish police chief Bill Gillespie (Rod Steiger). When circumstances force the two men to work together after Tibbs proves his innocence, they reluctantly do so. However, along the way they begin to develop a grudging respect for one another's abilities as cops, and look beyond skin color as they unravel the mystery.

Premiering in 1967, during the civil rights movement, *In the Heat of the Night* picked up five Academy Awards, including Best Picture and Best Actor for Steiger. Sometimes the pace feels a little uneven, and the shock the film generated at the time of its release may not resonate with many modern movie-goers, who have more or less "seen it all" in terms of content. Yet it still holds a mirror up to a society that may not be as progressive as we like to pat ourselves on the back for being.

This film is not rated. It is available for rental or to borrow from your local library.



As the saying goes, "everyone's a critic" and Sophia is no different. She is a reporter and cinema aficionado in Newport, WA, and enjoys every genre, from action movies to silent films and everything in between (even that weird French stuff). Reach her at sophiamattice-aldous@gmail.com.

LISTEN UP

The Infinite Eights Pop the Soul

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

Upon first listen to Parker Wilkson's wistful vocals, it's like staring into the perfect person's eyes for minutes and minutes: you just feel transported and suddenly home. In a pinch, pop radio might not spin the same well-funded song a dozen times a day on any given station, but you'd be hard-pressed to find great new material of an indie nature. The Infinite Eights have managed to build a solid fan base online from their Tampa, Florida home.

Unfound is an EP album that nods to the likes of U2 and Coldplay (in a good way) and maybe an occasional Duran Duran influence... relying on superb melodies, uncluttered production and soulful pop that really shines on the title track album opener. The album loses no momentum with the upbeat melancholy of

"Undone" and the four-on-the-floor of "On Your Own" without any filler.

"I Still Think of Her" is particularly poignant, with ringing guitars and a soaring refrain bringing home the message of love lost. What this album is lacking is more. And that's a good thing. These guys have a natural, instantly memorable sound that doesn't rely on gimmicks or overly-dramatic hooks... just conviction and a commitment to melody and masterful production.

With just six songs to do the job, *Unfound* is an album that gets in, gets out and gets on with it in fairly short order. No frills is not quite the right description so much as perfectly uncluttered and immediately addictive. Check out this band and album at:



theinfiniteeights.com.

Keith Urban Floors It

Reviewed by Michael Pickett



My biggest complaint about (the very awesome) Keith Urban over the past few years was that he got all ballad-y on us, and we lost some opportunities for upbeat, ripping guitar-laden albums. I must not have been the only one, because on his latest, *Ripcord*, Urban not only picks up the pace, but injects a healthy dose of heavy pop into the affair.

To be sure, "Habit of You" and the instantly enchanting "That Could Still Be Us" are ballads as warm as a fire-pit on the back deck in July. Still, the real motor of this album is the full-throttle pulse of numbers like "Gone Tomorrow (Here Today)" and the Nile Rodgers-infused "Sun Don't Let Me Down," which would feel as at home on any pop album as it does here.

While the cringe-worthy title of "John Cou-

gar, John Deere, John 3:16" doesn't diminish the sound of it all, "Wasted Time" and "The Fighter" (featuring Carrie Underwood) would have been stronger singles. Still, this album doesn't suffer from that choice at all, and Urban's easy tenor twang cruise through these songs makes it feel as though he's had them in the bag for 20 years.

Though country die-hards will likely cry foul at Keith Urban's cross-pollination of beats and banjos, the result is well-paced, invigorating and likely to win him an entirely new legion of fans. The only thing really missing is a massive dose of his lickety-split guitar playing, but these 13 stellar tracks join to make *Ripcord* a great addition to Urban's recorded catalog and a great listen for country, pop and rock lovers alike.

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

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Along the Mountain Path

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

"My body is a temple, and the door to my soul."

~ B.K.S. Iyengar

The ultimate goal of yoga is freedom. It is the integration of mind, body and spirit. However, we cannot fail to observe that most people come to yoga strictly for physical conditioning. Yoga asana practice is a wonderful way to keep a body strong, flexible and easeful for our whole lives. When we balance our muscles, increase respiratory strength, keep stress out of the joints, and focus our mind, everything works better.

For healthy, well-balanced bodies, with no particular problems or injuries, asana practice is perfect for maintaining strength and flexibility and preventing pain.

Generally, one begins with a point of focus, such as Oming, a simple breathing awareness, and, classically, Tadasana, the Mountain pose. Sun salutations and strong standing poses are practiced first, to warm the muscles. Next come balances, handstands and headstands, which open the body for back-bends. Twists help us to neutralize back-bends. Shoulder stand, or variations of it, can be practiced before the calming of seated forward bends. Savasana, Corpse pose, lets everything gel in the nervous system, and teaches acceptance and peace.

While you may not have time for all of this each day, bringing some yoga into your daily life makes a huge difference in how you feel and function. Remember, "another day, another dog pose!"

Sometimes we have particular issues or wish to focus on strengthening or opening certain parts of the body. People often wonder if yoga is good for cardiovascular strength. Sun salutations, strong standing poses, taking the arms above

the head, and deep breathing are all good for the heart and lungs. Inversions drain the blood that may have pooled in the legs, and rests the heart. It all depends on how, and how much, you practice. Of course, it is presumed that you are practicing with compassionate awareness!

Some of the teachers I revere are both Senior Iyengar-certified and physical therapists, such as Judith Lasater and Julie Gudmestad. Other experienced teachers have been greatly influenced by their teaching style. When we incorporate therapy skills with asana knowledge, it can greatly enhance the effectiveness of our practice.

When you are working for strength, the 48-hour rule is useful. The idea is that when you are doing something that is very hard work for you (Chataranga Dandasana, for example), it is valuable to take day off from that challenge before you approach it again. You let those targeted muscles rest and repair. This every-other-day approach is a compassionate, intelligent way to strengthen without injury.

When you are working to develop flexibility, keeping at it each day is important. We often have work or other activities in our lives that tighten us up, and letting go of the accumulated tension on a daily basis can really help us to move more freely.

Runners, hikers and bikers need to stretch out those hamstrings. Stretching is appropriate after activities. Usually, when we are asking a muscle to lengthen (stretch), we are simply encouraging it to relax to its resting length. Staying in an appropriate asana for 1-2 minutes,



with deep, full exhalation to encourage release on a regular basis, will do the trick. Sometimes, though, we have actually shortened the muscle fibers through repetitive motion, and a more patient, targeted approach is needed. Supported positions are indicated for specific muscles, to break up adhesions and lengthen muscle fibers with committed practice, remaining in the position for a minimum of 2 minutes about three times a day.

As you journey along the mountain path, let your knowledge and intelligence guide your practice. May you always keep exploring, and learning. May you be free!

Namaste

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

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From the Soil

By Louanne Atherley

Mom's pantry always had home-canned peaches, pears, applesauce, cherries and an assortment of jams and pickles. I don't remember being very involved in the process of preserving them but I do have a vivid memory of sparkling jars of fruit cooling on a towel on the kitchen counter and shelves lined with colorful jars in the basement. When my young family settled in Stevens County I was delighted by the variety of fruit grown here. Canned, dried and frozen local fruits became a staple of our diet and a good part of our summer was spent "putting things up." My children learned early how to be helpful and have continued the tradition in their own homes.

My daughter Briana, who lives in Seattle, has a good friend who was raised in a traditional Korean household. The girls are both enthusiastic cooks and enjoy sharing recipes and cooking together. Junghee has taught Bri to make several wonderful Korean dishes and she in turn is interested in Briana's experiences with growing, harvesting and preserving foods.

A few years ago Bri told Junghee that she was going to make strawberry jam. Jung thought it sounded like a lot of work – "why would you make jam when you can buy it?" – but she was interested in the process and willing to give it a try. The jam was a big hit with her two small daughters, and the next year Jung called Bri to ask how many pounds of strawberries she should buy; "we're going to need a lot of jam!"

Junghee recently called Bri again, this time to say "I just ordered 40 pounds of cherries. What can we do with them?" The girls had a great time coming up with ideas and ended up making cher-

ry-lime-jalapeno jam, bourbon cherries (for Manhattans), cherry balsamic vinegar and cherry-balsamic-black pepper jam.

When my children were young, Judith, who has been my friend since we were 13 and whose children Ben and Johanna are close to the ages of my girls, would drive over from Seattle with boxes of empty canning jars in the back of her aging Volvo station wagon. We would shamelessly bribe the children with promises of ice cream at Sandy's and afternoons at the beach and then drive them to a local orchard where we would pick raspberries or cherries or buy apricots or peaches, depending on when she arrived.

After the first year or so all the children became adept at peeling and pitting and stuffing jars. Once we had the kitchen heated up from canning we would leave the sticky floors and the jars cooling on the counter, grab a quick lunch and head to the beach. The kids spent their evenings chasing each other around playing Marco Polo until it got too dark to see and they dropped, exhausted, into their sleeping bags on the front lawn.

Ben and Briana have been together for 15 years now and they are still canning, although they buy their fruit already picked at a local organic market. They haven't forgotten those early-learned skills. Ben can still slip a peach skin and pack a jar with the best of them.

Since she's had children of her own, we have



started giving daughter Jessica a case of canned peaches for her birthday in late August. Each Christmas she dutifully returns the empty jars for a refill. Her daughters, ages 3 and 6, have already been introduced to the ice cream at Sandy's and to the beach and soon they will be old enough to start helping out with the processing of summer fruits.

Most of our cherries these days come from neighbor Tom, on whose property the remnants of an old orchard include half a dozen cherry trees, which we estimate to be well over 50 years old, and which have long been visited by our local bears. In fact, this year when we went to pick there was fresh bear scat under one tree, several freshly broken branches and evidence of where the bear had climbed over the fence.

Tom is busy these days trying to restore the old fields around his house, so he invites neighbors to come pick his fruit. The trees are amazing. Misshapen, with scars and huge sections of bark missing from the trunks, they still produce a good crop. Tom had the trees pruned when he first arrived and we are reaping the benefits. Last year we turned most of our harvest into juice that we are still enjoying and this year we tried our daughter's jam recipes.

Here is Briana and Junghee's recipe for cherry-lime-jalapeno jam. They recommend serving it as an hors d'oeuvre with crackers and goat cheese (Manhattans optional).

Cherry Lime Jalapeño Jam

- 4 cups pitted and chopped Bing cherries
- 5 cups sugar
- 1 box pectin
- 1/4 cup fresh lime juice
- Zest from one lime
- 1-2 jalapeños (we used 1.5)

1. Follow the recipe in the pectin box for tart cherry jam (you can also use a low-sugar pectin), stirring the lime juice and zest into the cherries before adding the pectin. 2. Chop the jalapeños very fine and add at the very end of the process as the jam is finishing the rolling-boil stage. 3. Ladle into hot sterilized jars, seal and process.

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

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A Path Forward

By Alex Panagotacos Mueller

Sexual abuse is something no child should have to endure. Sadly, it happens all too often and it happens here in our community. David Higgins of Northport was among the 1 in 10 children who become victims of sexual abuse. Now in his 20s, David has come a long way since the abuse took place years ago. David found a path to healing, and he didn't stop there.

Kids First Children's Advocacy Center was part of David and his family's recovery. Child advocates at Kids First provided support, connected the family with counseling and other resources, and assisted the family with the criminal case. A trained forensic detective interviewed David in the comfort and safety of the Kids First center. A team of multiple disciplines (medical, mental health, law enforcement, child protection, schools and victim advocacy) monitored the case to ensure the family received appropriate services and that the offender was held accountable.

All of these aspects of the Children's Advocacy model aided in David's healing. Of course, his will to survive and the strength in his family were a huge part.

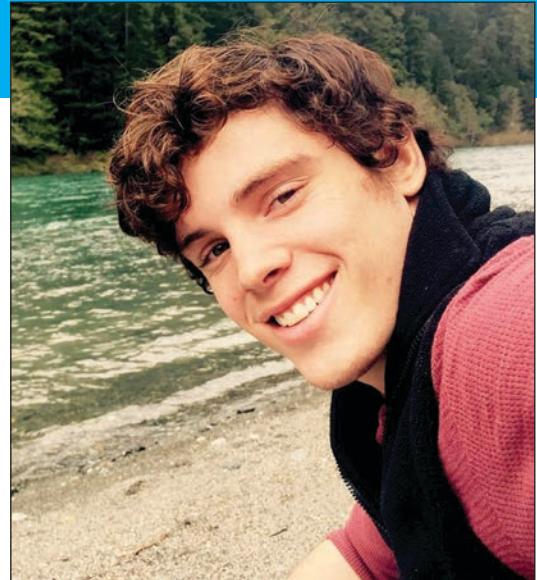
You might remember David from his cross-country bike ride, Ride2Recover. Last summer, David rode his bicycle over 2,000 miles from the Washington coast to New York City. He stopped at 16 children's advocacy centers along his way, giving thanks for

their work, and wrapped up his journey by giving personal testimony to congressional members in Washington, D.C. His mission: heighten awareness of child sexual abuse and the need for child advocacy centers, and raise funds for Kids First's abuse prevention work.

David has another adventure in store for us, called Walking Forward. This September, David will be hiking the Camino de Santiago, a 500-mile pilgrimage in the north of Spain. David's brother, Bruce, will join him for a portion of the hike. What's more, he's invited all of you to come along with him!

As David found his path to recovery, he realized each survivor is at a unique point along their own path. He wanted to share his healing and strength with others. So we came up with a plan to do just that.

During August, we will be collecting hope notes. A hope note could be a message to a survivor or a reminder to yourself. Perhaps you want to tell someone, "this is not your fault." Maybe you want to tell yourself, "I am strong." David will carry your hope along with him as he walks the Camino de Santiago. Several pop-up events will be held throughout Stevens and Ferry Counties during August to give you



the opportunity to write a message for David to carry. Keep an eye on our Facebook page to stay on top of events and to follow David's journey: facebook.com/RuralVictimHelp.

For more information on David's journey, Walking Forward, or to schedule a time to create your hope note, contact Alex at 509-684-3796 or amueller@ruralresources.org.

For survivors of sexual abuse and other crimes, Rural Resources Victim Services and Kids First Children's Advocacy Center provide confidential support 24 hours a day, free of charge: 844-509-SAFE(7233).

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What's Happening... continued from page 17

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

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

Farm, Field & Forest

Aug 12: Free Pressure Canner Gauge Testing, 11-1 pm at the WSU Stevens County Extension Office, 986 S. Main in Colville. You can drop your pressure lid off prior to testing times or swing by during the scheduled hours. Contact Adena Sabins at 509-684-2588 or asabins@wsu.edu for more info.

Aug 18: Northeast Washington Permaculture Guild (NEWPG) meets at 5 pm to network and share info at the Community Connections Room, Meyers Falls Market, Kettle Falls. Please park in back; bring a snack or dish for afterward potluck. For info, call 509-690-9826 or email kud427@gmail.com.

Get help from a WSU Master Gardener with your insect, plant, and garden questions. Bring

samples to the WSU Stevens County Extension office, 986 S Main, Suite D in Colville. Runs every Tuesday, 2:30-4:30 pm until mid-Sept. Call 509-684-2588 or email asabins@wsu.edu for more info.

Wellness

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

Dopeless Hope Fiends of Narcotics Anonymous meets every Monday and Thursday night at 7 pm at the Garden Homes Medical Group, lower level.

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

Colville MS Support meets the second Friday of each month at 1 pm at Providence Mount Carmel Health Education House at 1169 East Columbia (lower level), Colville. Call 509-684-3252 for info.

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

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

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

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

Youth/Parenting

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

Looking for breastfeeding support? Reach out to a La Leche League Leader! Contact Courtney at 509-680-8944, crtsl11@gmail.com, or on Facebook, "La Leche League of Colville."

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

Continued on page 26



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Continued on page 2

The Lonestar

By Joseph Barreca

Ten years ago, on Oct. 7, 2006, the Panorama Gem and Mineral Club went on a field trip led by Rex Barrans to the Lonestar Mine. Somehow I neglected to write an article about it but even now, so many years later, I remember it as one of the most interesting places in Northeast Washington for rockhounds. Luckily I still have some photos and they have dates on them.

That might be typical for the Lonestar, a hot start followed by obscurity.

The mine sits at the northernmost part of the Big Goosmus Road in Ferry County. The road goes over the border into Canada and so does the ore body. The Lonestar and its sister mine, the City of Paris, which sits just over the border a half mile away, are copper deposits. They consist of older sedimentary rocks, laid down on the ocean floor 41 to 31 million years ago, that have been broken up by time, pressure and movement.

Injected into those older rocks are dikes (a type of later vertical rock between older layers) formed by molten magma intruding into the older rocks 18 million years ago when the major volcanics of the Curlew Valley occurred and cooled in place. "The mineralization in the metamorphic rocks (old ocean floor) is thought to owe its origin to ore-bearing solutions accompanying the intrusion of monzonite porphyry (granite) and the related rock dikes." [Howland Bancroft, *The Ore Deposits of Northeastern Washington*, 1914.] I include this geological history to reaffirm that from the beginning, a hot start was followed by obscurity.

Closer to the present, Big Goosmus Road is named after an Indian, Goosmus. (Older maps spell it Koosmos.) "It is said that he had twelve

sons and they all died within a month of each other during a smallpox plague," according to a Feb. 2, 1940, report by Ranger Harold Nyberg. The major smallpox epidemic in this area occurred in 1853. The mathematics of having 12 sons and no daughters are astronomical. At any rate, it was another great beginning followed by loss.

Nineteen years later, in 1872, the Colville Indian Reservation was created and included land on the east side of the Columbia River. But President Grant soon limited it to the west side

whole area including the huge copper mine in Greenwood, B.C., the City of Paris and the Comstock mines supported a large operation with its smelter in Greenwood. The smelter was famously efficient because the low-sulfur ores of the region required less processing.

The Lonestar was shipping 40 tons of ore per day, yielding a ton of copper. Small mining camps, Whites Camp and Shawnee, sprang up next to the mine. As World War I wore down and the demand for copper decreased, the smelter in Greenwood and the Lonestar Mine closed, following the boom and bust cycle of most mines.

One of the most interesting characteristics of the mine was that if miners left tin cans in the waters that pooled in the mine's tunnels, within a few days they would become plated with shiny copper.

When we visited, a pool at the bottom of the open pit held water that was quite blue. Some modern-day miners were exploring the area with test holes. But as rockhounds, we were more interested in some large boulders left around the

rim of the pit that looked like they were solid pyrite (FeS_2), also known as fools' gold. It is just as likely that they were chalcopyrite, (CuFeS_2). Both can be cut and polished and are often valuable as raw specimens.

If you manage to get to the Lonestar, bring a large sledgehammer and probably some chisels, smaller hammers and eye protection.

Rex Barrans doesn't get around well enough to lead field trips anymore and I can't tell which of the rocks in my collection came from the Lonestar. Our trip, like those of so many before us, started out strong but has faded over time.



Blue-green pool at the bottom of the open pit of the Lonestar mine.

and in 1892 other government officials limited it to the lands below township 34, its present extent. On Feb. 20, 1896, the north half of the reservation was open to mineral entry and in 1897 the Lonestar mine was first worked by the Reservation Mining and Milling Company, thus beginning another hot intrusion into the area.

By 1910 the mine had a half-mile of underground workings and was sold to British Columbia Copper Company. About a year later, they had completed a tram, with $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles of track, that ran ore to Boundary British Columbia and presumably by rail to Greenwood. This



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What's Happening... Continued from p.24

Miscellany

The Friends of the Little Pend Oreille National Wildlife Photo Contest is open for submission in four categories: animals, plants, human use, and scenic. Contest deadline is Aug 15. Contact Joel Anderson at onionjoel@gmail.com for rules and entry forms.

The Greater Springdale/Loon Lake Chamber of Commerce meeting is the first Thursday of the month at 11 am at the Stevens County Fire Protection District 1, Station #7, 52 West Aspen in Springdale.

The Chewelah Chamber of Commerce Weekly Meeting is at 7 am at the Chewelah Casino, 2555 Smith Road south of Chewelah off Hwy. 395. The Colville Chamber of Commerce meeting every Tuesday at noon at the Eagles Lodge 608 N Wynne Street. Check the website for schedule of events www.colville.com. The Kettle Falls Chamber of Commerce meets on the third Thursday of each month. For info, call 509-738-2300 or visit <http://www.kettle-falls.com>. The Northport Chamber of Commerce meets the fourth Tuesday of each month at 7 pm at the Northport City Hall, 315 Summit Ave in Northport.

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

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

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

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

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

PFLAG: Parents, Families, Friends and Allies United with LGBTQ. People to move equality forward meets the last Tuesday, 6:30 - 8 pm at the Garden Homes Specialty Clinic lower level entrance (143 Garden Homes Drive, Colville). info@newapflag.org or 509-685-0448.

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

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What Makes You a Writer?

By Linda Bond

The art of writing to express ideas beyond the level of grocery lists and racing forms has been with us for centuries. From the times of the Egyptian pharaohs, humankind has sought to tell the stories of everyday life as well as heroic epics. At first, these stories were difficult to record, requiring special skills and materials, not to mention wall space. During the Middle Ages, scribes painstakingly copied texts by hand, and almost no one owned copies of any scrolls or early books. Finally, the printing press opened a new door and before long the "common" person was able to purchase a weekly newspaper and even a few books.

Flash forward to the 21st Century and writing is everywhere; in some ways, we're almost drowning in written information, as well as audio versions of literary works and now e-books and online efforts such as blogs. So what are we to make of the world of writing today? How do we differentiate mundane writing from literary art? Can we consider all writers to be Writers, or must we draw the line somewhere to develop a tighter definition?

I suspect if asked, each of us would give a different answer. I offer a definition limited enough to make our topic wieldy and yet broad enough to encompass

the scope of most people's interests:

To be a Writer is to express one's unique ideas in written form for the purpose of educating, enlightening and/or entertaining the reader.

This definition covers both fiction and nonfiction – novels and other kinds of books, articles, essays, poetry, and blogs and other online pieces. Business and technical writing are included, as are textbooks (in print and online).

But is this definition totally satisfying? Actually, readers are more likely interested in the arbitrarily-defined form called "Professional Writing." And by that, they likely mean writing for which one is paid. That is certainly to be included in my definition, but unfortunately many writers are not paid even though they strive toward that goal. Thus, I shall not leave people out of the defined group simply because they have not yet reaped monetary benefit from their efforts.

In this column we'll talk about writing from beginning to end – the end being a published work, or a finished work that is at least satisfying to the writer. We'll talk about the process of becoming a good writer, attracting the attention of an agent and/or publisher, and what it means to follow through.

We'll cover marketing, building a platform, developing your brand, the mechanics of the industry, how and whether to self-publish, and other related topics.

The world of writing is a big one. The path you follow will provide opportunity for personal choices along the way, but each decision is usually consequential to your quest. Compromise may or may not be necessary to reach your personal writing goals. The path to becoming a paid and/or accomplished writer is not usually an easy one. If you hope to have any success, you need to be prepared for the hard work, dedication and sacrifice that can be required. Ask yourself these questions:

- Why do I want to write and what are my goals?
- Do I have a realistic view of what writing will mean to my life?
- What are the practical assets I can bring to the process? Such things as time to work, a budget for supplies, and a place to work are all important, as are a sound understanding of writing principles, ideas and an ability to do research.

I hope you will think this over and meet me here next time for more on "The Writer's Way."

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

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Touching Base

By Tina Wynecoop

"I'm not sure if words are the best way to explain things – all those sentences!" ~ Lynn Rigney Schott

Kettle Falls poet and retired teacher Lynn Rigney Schott included several poems about baseball in her new collection, *Light Years*. And why not? She is the daughter of baseball star Bill Rigney, an infielder for eight seasons (All-Star in 1948) and then a major league manager for 18.

I watched a quiet man in his 80s light up when he first met Lynn – her Rigney name opened the door to a full hour of baseball talk in his kitchen.

She asked about the pitching machine in the field next to his driveway. He told her he bought it to train his two sons, and now a grandson, to become better at hitting the ball. Around home plate he had built a batting cage framed with old pipes from his well and draped with authentic netting.

But it needed to come down when his oldest semi-pro player decided to get married on home ground. Some spiffing up was in order. Now all that is left is a netted backstop.

"Boy! If only we had a machine like that when we were kids. There would have been seven hitters lined up – me and all my brothers.

"We used a rock pile as our substitute for a pitching machine. Dad had the rocks hauled in and dumped by our dirt floor basement so he could put in a concrete floor instead. Brother Chick and myself would stand there and bat rocks from it until we wore blisters on our thumbs. We thought we made really good connection between the bat and a rock when we either hit a line drive into the cottonwood grove, or a high fly ball to clear the treetops. Dad, with a grin, said he thought that the pile of rocks was shrinking awful fast and he needed some of it left for his concrete project. We knew he was teasing because he was always

supporting the games we created.

"As you can well imagine we ran through our homemade bats on a regular basis. We'd cut one from a 1x12 plank or split a 2x4 length and make two bats from it. Or we would go into the nearby woods and find a good sturdy stick.

"After the Korean War several of us played on a town team. Our town is Wellpinit. At one time all of us brothers played on the same team – uncles and cousins were on the team too. The Great Depression and two wars cut into our equipment purchase "expense account." One guy played first base. He had a first base mitt that was hinged between the thumb and the hand part and it was so flat he called it "Pancake."

"When I came back from the Air Force our town team played either Hunters, or Colville town team at Wellpinit. I was at bat and the count was 3-2. The last pitch was to the outside corner and the umpire called it a ball. I started for first base and overheard our coach say, "Oh for gosh sakes, quit begging and hit the ball. The next pitch, same place, I hit it clear over someone's chicken pen.

"We were at Inchelium one time and their team had to change pitchers. The replacement was just a young kid and he threw me a fastball right in the power alley. I hit that thing into a tree way down over the hill. During the same game I was a relief pitcher and struck out their champion. Nobody struck him out – ever. I threw as hard as I could – outside corner. He swung and missed. There was stunned silence from the Inch crowd – you could hear an eyelash drop. I'll always remember this one fellow, he had a high squeaky voice and you could hear him ask, because it was so quiet, "What did he throw you?" and the stunned batter said, "I don't know."

Baseball was big, on and off the reservations. Guys from all over the Upper Columbia region still remember names of team members they played against.

Like the Big River, the sport of baseball knit the communities together in a special way. "Words are not the best way to say things" but they will have to do.

Needs a Home With an Orchard

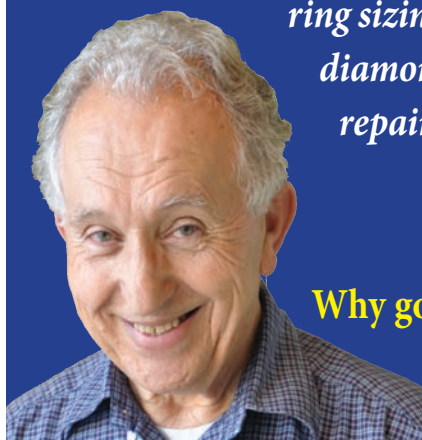


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Family Adventures Out!

Have you ever played a video game where your player can jump and collect coins for a boost of energy? Believe it or not, you can do the same thing in real life! Want to go collect some energy? You can, in almost all of the Colville National Forest. But how? First, let's talk about energy. By definition, a calorie is the amount of energy it takes to raise the temperature of 1 gram of water 1 degree Celsius. The important word in this definition is the word ENERGY. Calories provide the energy our bodies need to live. Energy keeps our hearts pumping, lungs breathing and our eyelids blinking. In general, a child's body needs at least 1,600 to 2,400 calories a day to have enough energy to fuel key organs like the brain, heart, and lungs, and of course to play. Now, about collecting that energy...



One of the most delicious foods to gather in the Colville National Forest are huckleberries (*Vaccinium membranaceum*). These tasty treats can be found from June through August. Berries growing on south facing slopes of mountains receive more sunlight because the sun travels across the southern sky during the summer, and so these berries will ripen first. A month later, huckleberries on the north slopes will be ripening.

Now that you know when to pick, a harder question is where to pick. Every berry picker has his or her own favorite spot and usually it's a well-kept secret. That is okay though, because if you pay attention, there are clues to help you find a good patch. Huckleberries like to grow in acidic soils, which can be a result of a wildfire. This means any place that has had a recent wildfire might be home to some great picking. Also, huckleberries tend to grow higher up in the mountains, starting at about 2,000 feet. This applies to all of the mountainous parts of our region, including Sherman Pass, Boulder Pass and Hwy 20 between Colville and Lone. Lastly, huckleberries also like some sunlight peeking in on them, so areas where trees have been cut or along logging roads is a good place to start looking.

When venturing into the forest, keep in mind that bears like berries too. Huckleberries have about 81 calories per cup and they are one of the favored food



sources for bears, making up about 15% of their diet in the summer. Bears need to eat at least 5,000-8,000 calories a day in the summer. These numbers triple in the fall when they are preparing for winter. I wonder if you can do the math to see how many cups of huckleberries bears need to eat each day in the summer if they eat 5,000 calories. (See the up-side-down box below for the correct answer.)

You can see why it may be easy to run into a bear when out huckleberry picking. To reduce the chances of an unwanted encounter, avoid picking in the early morning or early evening as this is when bears are most active. Also, try to pick berries in a group and be noisy. The more noise you make, the less likely you will be to see a bear, or any wildlife, really.

I cannot tell you where we went on our huckleberry hike as, like all good huckleberry pickers, I must keep it a secret. But, to make sure you have a "five boot" hike, bring good containers to put the berries in, a plant identification book (you might see some other edibles along the way!), a whistle for safety, snacks and plenty of water. Be sure to instruct everyone that if they get lost to sit down and blow their whistle a bunch of times. Oh, and have a flat, plastic box in your car to pour your huckleberries into so that they do not get smooshed on the way home.

For more information about family adventures in the Colville National Forest, visit UpperColumbiaChildrensForest.com.

ADVENTURE RATING

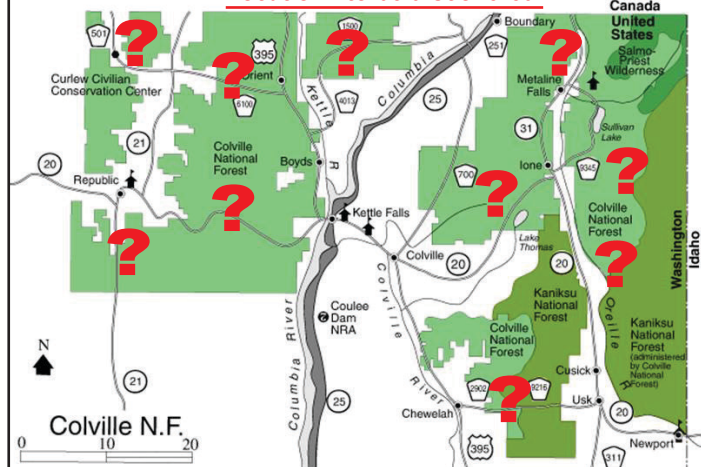
This is a five-boot hiking opportunity for the entire family. Huckleberry picking is a great way to enjoy nature, right on the spot! See description for suggested berry picking location ideas.

The Upper Columbia Children's Forest is a partnership between the Colville National Forest and Stevens County Conservation District. Learn more at <http://uppercolumbiachildrensforest.org/>.

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HUCKLEBERRY MATH

How many cups of huckleberries for a bear per day?
 • 15% of 5,000 calories is .15 x 5,000 = 750 calories of just huckleberries
 • 750 calories/81 calories per cup = 9.25 cups per day! Can you figure out how much for 8,000 calories? Email your answer to ncmomthly@gmail.com for an insider's tip to a good huckleberry patch location!

The Best Day Ever

By Ruth Harris

Six years ago my family and I became a foster family and received a fresh glimpse into the wonder that the world holds. This perspective was quite unexpected.

It began on a very cold January day. The call that our family had been anxiously awaiting, came. A young child was in need of a safe place to stay and a chance for healing and growth.

Rushing to put things in order with the hope of making this child feel welcomed and safe didn't remove the weight of sorrow I felt for this child. Nevertheless, seemingly hundreds of little details clamored for attention, turning our house into a frenzied hive of activity. I wanted things to be perfect.

But things weren't perfect. How could they be? A young child had been removed from everything familiar and thrust into an alien environment: our home. The food was odd and our manners even odder. Neither side had any notion on how to communicate with one another. Tensions rose as we tried to coalesce into a new form of family.

My ideal of what I could offer as a foster parent came crashing down. My motives were courageous and honest but my humanity was so terribly frail. As a family we reached out to our social worker for support. She connected us with services to

breach the rocky ground we found ourselves upon. Through this support we received the needed encouragement to keep putting one foot in front of the other to face what each day held. We discovered we could journey with this child from heartache to healing.

A marvelous change began to occur like the dark of night relinquishing its hold as the sun begins to ascend into healing. This child began to integrate with our family. Not replacing a biological mom and dad, we instead became an addition to the child's family tree. Our children became this child's brother and sisters. The miracle of family was happening.

Just like any other family, we had chores to do and errands to run. Our foster child tagged along on all of these seemingly mundane tasks. One such task required a trip to Spokane. It turned out that our newest member had never been past Colville. I was a little surprised at this but didn't give it much thought.

We pulled up to our destination, the Northtown Office Building, which to my children was the symbol of pain, suffering and braces. Unexpectedly, excitement bubbled up from the back seat, causing the jaded eyes of my perspective to open.

"Wow! That building is like a giant. It's taller than you, Mom!"

Peals of laughter flooded the car as my biological

family saw what this child was seeing, a building taller than their mom. Yes, I am tall, but not that tall!

There was more. It was a day of one wonder after another – the elevator that went more than two floors; riding up and down an escalator; and... Costco!

As we buckled up for the trip home my foster child exclaimed, "That was the best day, EVER!"

This exclamation rocked me to the core. The best day ever? For me the day had consisted of one tedious chore after another. The difference today was a child's glimpse into the mysteries of a new world. My child was seeing the joy in the mundane. I was so busy rushing around to complete my to-do list that I had missed a world of wonder and possibility. This precious child had grabbed hold of the delights the day had offered. What else had I been missing in my marathon through life?

As the weeks passed we struggled through many hard days fraught with tears. Yet, graciously interspersed were exclamations of "the best day ever." Simple firsts in this young child's life. Each exclamation opened my eyes a little further to the blessing and joy that an ordinary day can hold. Something as simple as a flower blooming or a first cartwheel. In these moments, a little child's heart heals and blooms into a beauty worth fighting for.



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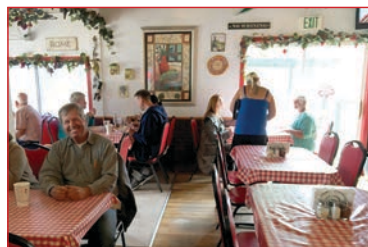


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