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~ JOHN ODELL, WORDS OF WORDS



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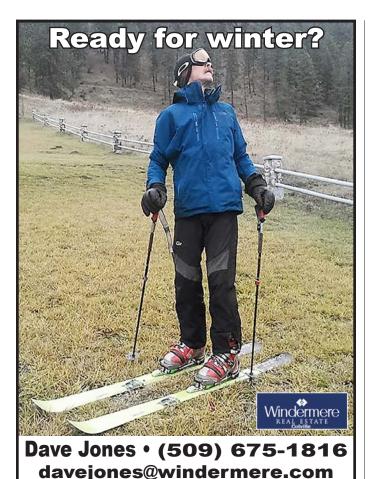
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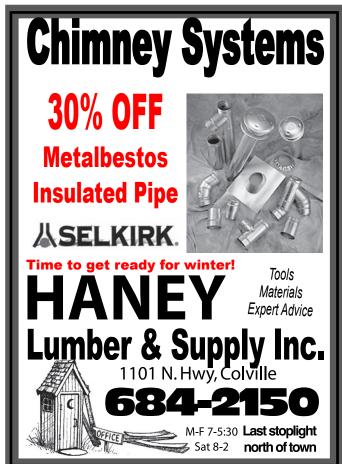
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From the Publisher's Desk...

By Gabriel Cruden

When I was old enough for elementary school, my grandmother decided to put her considerable experience and expertise as a teacher to use in our little northern Michigan neighborhood. Ostensibly, class was held in her basement, but in reality her basement was more of a pivot point for our larger orbits of guided exploration. One of my earliest memories of school is when our small class ventured into the adjoining woods equipped with some lengths of rope. Our mission was to find suitably sized branches, lash them together and build a ladder. Being a ragtag collection of veteran fort builders, even at our youthful age, we quickly shaped the ladder.

Grandma Barbara already had the next step scoped. We carried our crude ladder to a nearby beech tree and tested the rungs, gingerly at first, and then, after making some adjustments, we scrambled up into the tree. For readers unfamiliar with the beeches of the Midwest, these deciduous trees grow to well over 100 feet tall, have giant, spreading branches and smooth, silver-grey bark. The particular beech tree we found ourselves in was a real giant of the forest, even after losing a portion of its crown and trunk to a lightning strike. Each of us found a spot in the branches, near the charred trunk, and Barbara read to us while we drew pictures on the bark with broken bits of tree trunk charcoal. This became our after-lunch ritual for the remainder of the fall and is a memory that carries much meaning for me.

One aspect of this memory is the sense of thoughtful enrichment that informed the experience Barbara created for us. Instead of just reading at the table (she didn't see desks as necessary), we were in a tree. Instead of getting her perfectly serviceable extension ladder from under the deck, we built our own out of wood that we found ourselves. Each visit to the tree included plant, wildlife, and track identification along the way.

We learned to move through the woods with an easy confidence born of understanding gained through inquiry and observation, rather than by an attitude of domination. Birds flitted through the neighborhood, unthreatened by the tree of children. Once, from our perches, we saw a fox and another time a porcupine. Each sighting resulted in research, art projects and sometimes a play or, for the older students, a writing project. The arc of our education was delineated, in part, through the evidence of our adventures.

Today, as a dad, I reflect on how the world my children know is very different than

the one I knew. And yet it is also the same. They've never known a life without cell phones, Skype, or YouTube. But they also play outside and, while we don't have the big beech tree, we can still go build a ladder and find something to climb. I tell them the story of my grandmother and the little school in her basement and the beech tree. I want that memory and its meaningfulness to unfurl in their consciousness, to become a part of

their history as it connects to mine, and for that continuity to be preserved beyond just a collection of memories about when dad

It is that same idea that drives the storytelling of this publication. The connective tissue of our region is so important to tell and retell so that we can understand it, know it, and be joined by it in harmonious participation and relationship to place.



By Christine Wilson

One of the polarities at play in this wacky world of ours is that of openheartedness versus a fear-based guardedness that focuses on gathering and protecting what we have, lest someone tear it away from us.

I was recently and blissfully listening to an NPR interview of singer-songwriter Regina Spektor, reveling in the openhearted end of the spectrum. Spektor moved with her family from Russia to the United States when she was 9. They settled in the Bronx, impoverished but surviving as a family. Interviewer Audie Cornish asked questions about her life in such a respectful and compassionate manner that I found myself leaning in to my iPad, the tenderness being so physical I could barely breathe. They talked about an old song she'd written describing her desire to have a son and that, at the time of the interview, she actually had given birth to a baby boy. At the end of the interview, Cornish whispered: "We're rooting for you."

In the typically cyclic manner of the news, the next story jumped right in to a tale of greed and selfishness. I was feeling so loving, open and vulnerable that the contrast caught me completely off guard and it was almost more than I could bear.

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So, I've been pondering this question: How do you keep your heart open without feeling overwhelmed by your vulnerability?

I think there is a pre-answer answer, which is that we have no choice but to find a way, if we wish to live in this world with joy, with a desire to make things better, and without some version of cynicism and misery that rots us from the inside out. Things don't really stay the same in our minds; our patterns get stronger, for better or worse. I would much rather learn how to experience and survive the occasional battering of my vulnerable heart than to close myself off in negativity and disappointment.

I have often said that we get good at what we practice. My yoga teacher takes it a step farther (thank you, Sarah) and says we BECOME what we practice. So, debating the options is pretty much a non-starter, since I am assuming the good readers here care about household, family, community, and the larger citizenry. And it starts right there (you probably guessed this) inside yourself.

There are no tidy answers to this question. I would love to have a list: First you do this and then you do this and then you do this and then, voila, you've got the perfect balance between openheartedness and personal safety.

The poet David Whyte says: "Your great mistake is to act the drama as if you were alone; as if life were a progressive and cunning crime with no witness to the tiny hidden transgressions. To feel abandoned is to deny the intimacy of your surroundings. Surely even you have found at times the grand array, the swelling presence, and the chorus crowding out your solo voice. ... Put down the weight of your aloneness and ease into the conversation.... Everything is waiting for you."

He says he wrote that poem to remind himself "of the conversational nature of reality." He further states that it sounds fairly positive "until you realize EVERYTHING is waiting for you, including your own demise and disappearance." It's painful to stay that conscious, that present, that vulnerable

when there is such heartache. However, as Whyte says: "The world can be changed by your attentive

Attentive presence is what in modern lingo is called mindfulness. I think that back in the day some of us (OK, me, then) thought that being present meant to feel bliss. OK, that can be true in blissful moments, but bliss was not what I was feeling as I listened to the radio and was pulled from feeling big love to feeling peevish closed-heartedness. The task, then, is to be fully present and attentive even in those sub-bliss moments. "Must be present to win."

The present consists of our body sensations, our feelings, our thoughts, and that conversation with what is around us. Wei Wu Wei, an Englishman who wrote books on Eastern Philosophy, said that the reason we feel unhappy is because 98.98 percent of everything we do is for our self and there is no self. Think back to the scene in The Matrix when Neo is learning a new way to think. "There is no spoon," Neo hears. If it's an illusion, it can be changed by thinking differently. If there is no self, but rather our perceptions of ourselves, we can shift all that, like Neo did when he bent the spoon. I think this sounds a bit less woo-woo then it did back in the day, since mindfulness is so often discussed now. It is more common now to recognize that we can stop believing our own interpretation of things and, back to David Whyte, join the conversation with all that is around it.

It might not be a new idea, but it's still a wild and crazy thought to work your head around. For starters, I suppose Wei Wu Wei was saying we are all connected and it makes no sense to feel so alone. I also know from all these years as a therapist that many people have been excruciatingly injured in relation to other people; the sure fire way to avoid future relational heartbreak is to stay away from that hurtful group called the human race. I recommend healing from that hurt and learning how to live within that conversational nature of reality. Our history doesn't become less important



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"The Natural Choice"

Random Acts of Community

and those who harmed us aren't let off the hook, but letting go of the story frees us up for a new way to live in the world. Count me in.

I spent a day at a retreat with David Whyte a few years ago. He loves to use the word fierce, and I came to understand his meaning. His sense of our fierce resilience, our fierce presence in the world, our fierce strength is not a brutal harshness, nor is it mean, or meant to overpower others. It's the fierce belief that we can withstand the difficulties in our conversation with life and keep the conversation going. When, a few years ago, a wild storm blew through Colville and knocked down 60 or so trees, it turned out that many of them were shallow-rooted and didn't have the depth to withstand the harsh winds. I'll let you work out the metaphor for yourself.

Conscious awareness of our feelings - the good, the bad, and the ugly – is not immature. Feelings show up uninvited for any of us and they aren't always pretty. To pretend they aren't there makes us brittle, as we attempt to override and ignore them. I grew up in a conflict-phobic family and it took years for me to feel safe (thanks, Greg, for making that easier for me to overcome) in the midst of those feelings, and it's a much easier life now

that I know I am a bold and fierce human being.

As I drove to Spokane recently, I found myself thinking about the mix of vulnerability and strength. I'm switching metaphors here, because the image of a fire hydrant came to mind, all that force to put out fires but with the necessary help of hoses in directing the water. A hydrant with the caps popped off and no hose is not much help.

On the way home that day, traveling past a gas station, I saw a fire hydrant with, literally, the caps blown off. Water was spraying wildly and it would have been of limited use to a firefighter. My initial and grandiose thought was that my mind had caused that. If I really had that kind of power, I'd prefer it be directed at addressing world hunger, safe drinking water or, why stop there, world peace. Grandiosity is boundless, I suppose. Still, it was a thrill to see my thoughts on the physical plane.

The next night, I fell asleep imaginally writing my November column. I woke up with a song playing in my head that I did not recognize. As I settled into the tune, I could identify a phrase, so I Googled it, and discovered it to be an old pop tune called "The Queen of Hearts." I'd never paid attention to it before and I suppose the interpretation

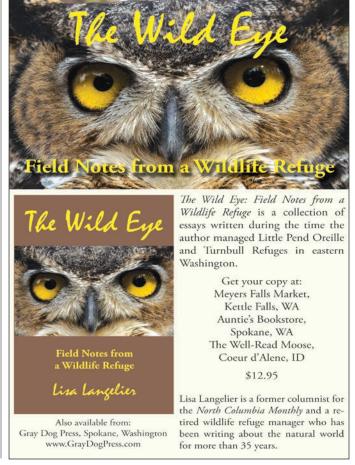
is up for grabs, but there is heartbreak going on and maybe a battle between managing your own brokenness versus trying to get someone else to do that for you. It is definitely, though, focused on how to deal with the wounds to our vulnerability.

Then, to continue the synchronicity, I walked in to my yoga class and we were told the class would be focused on heart-opening poses. Who am I to question all that?

So in combination with the week's pondering, I would have to say a life worth living is a life lived with an open heart, welcoming connection and courageous "inner work," as we in the healing world happily call it. Our biggest enemy is our "wild elephant mind," but the good news is: That is all we can really change anyway. We have an amazing capacity to tame that crazy mind of ours, managing our heartbreak, staying open even when it's painful, and having attentive presence. From there, we can help tame the fires in our world. If we skip the first, internal step, we are just spraying high force water for naught.

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





The Business Associate

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

Homelessness comes in many flavors. Here is another story told to me by a young woman in our community. The thing that continually strikes me is that these are our sons and daughters. If we alienate, reject, judge, badger, belittle or marginalize them, we are doing this to our own flesh and blood. We destroy a part of ourselves. Here is my retelling of her story.

"I was kicked out of my home basically when I was 15 years old. I couldn't talk to my parents anymore. It was easier for them to religiously 'marry me' off to a 21-year-old who had started coming over and wouldn't go away. My parents knew of course that this was illegal in the state of Washington, but they said I was married in the eyes of God. So I never really had the chance to grow up.

"For seven years, I stayed in that relationship. My 'husband' and I grew more distant. He grew more controlling. I couldn't have friends. I couldn't have a job. I wasn't allowed to drive. I became more and more isolated. I thought about leaving. The situation was becoming more and more abusive.

I knew that if I didn't get out, I would die. When he caught wind of my plans to leave, he threw me out. (He found out that I was trying to get a driver's license.)

"I realized that emotionally I had been stuck at age 15. I had three children by the time I left. I was 22, and I was homeless. I lived in a car until the transmission went out about a month later. I had no license, and I had to survive. I found a job in Chewelah, although I lived in Deer Park. It was mid-January and it was cold. I hitchhiked around, stayed in a car, couch surfed. That was four years ago. I look back now and realize how different my life would have been if I could have just had the chance to grow up. I should have gone for help, but I didn't know, and I was raised to do everything myself. It was considered shameful to ask for help.

"In my growing-up years, I was very isolated. Our church was not a mainstream denominawere into drugs, but I never was. I had to play by their rules. I realized that their life was not what I wanted.

"I got a job working at Subway. I met a guy and got pregnant. When he found out, he said, 'get rid of it.' I couldn't do it. I kept couch surfing. I could see that the relationship I was in was not going to work. I stayed down south of Chewelah and hitchhiked into town to work. I would be late sometimes because I couldn't al-



tion, and It was basically my family. I was educated at home, but I realized later how inadequate that education was to prepare me for the world around me. Divorce was never allowed in my religion, so when I left, or rather, was thrown out of my house, I was isolated from my family, even though my 'marriage' was illegal. I didn't know where to turn. I had no one to help me.

"To survive, I turned to whoever would take me in. I ended up with the bad crowd. They ways get a ride. Finally I lost my job.

"I bartended in Loon Lake for a time, but the woman never paid me. She said it was because she was training me. When you are homeless, you are vulnerable and people know it. What could I do?

"I eventually got a car, sort of. I had to fix it and put some money into it, but it finally wasn't worth it.

"In June, I finally decided I needed to find help. I had a child on the way. I went to DSHS and was able to rent a room. I continued to work, and I met and married someone with a notorious last name from the area. 'Don't worry,' he explained. 'I'm not like my relatives.' I should have known better. Eventually, he started disappearing, sometimes for days. I felt abandoned. He drank more and more and then was discharged from the armed forces. He stopped going to work.

"I knew I had to leave again. I feel horrible saying it. I had two children living with me at the time and another on the way. We had to live in the back of a Suburban. We did that for a year. It was really bad, but we just had to survive. I worked at the Dollar Tree until I got sick in my



Life Matters

pregnancy. I couldn't breathe or move, so I had to stop working. This month, this year, was the first time I actually paid rent. It felt so good to have our own place. But it's not easy. Trying to pay for diapers, baby wipes, food, utilities - and I have to pay child support for my older kids. It's crazy.

"I have a good relationship with my older kids. My Suburban is gone, went to my recent husband. I value quality time with my kids. I need a counselor myself.

"One of the high points of the last years was getting my GED. I had to borrow money from friends to complete it. I was tested and realized that I was functioning at a third grade math level. I studied hard for two months during the last part of my pregnancy. I started getting eviction notices, but I kept going. On June 10, I delivered my baby daughter. When my baby was three days old, I took my GED while the teachers giving the test watched my baby for me. And I passed. I PASSED!!!!! Everyone in the room was in tears. Everyone celebrated with me.

"My future looks brighter than my past. I want to get an associate's degree in general business. Maybe do some office work, work at the front desk of a business. Maybe work towards a

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bachelor's degree.

"I want a home. A stable place to raise my family. A place with a yard, a place that's safe, a place that can't be taken from you.

"For so long I was in a dark place. I can barely even remember a couple of those years. My sister moved in with my first 'husband.' That was weird.

"I don't consider myself a Christian anymore. I don't drink alcohol. I don't do drugs. I don't sleep around, I don't read the Bible, I don't pray. Well, I guess I pray. I pray for that family of the boy who accidentally was killed. I pray about

"If I were to give one message to someone out there, it would be to keep trying. It can get better. The lows can bring you to your knees, I know that. But don't give up. There is still reason to hope. Your strength will come back to you..."

As I conduct this interview, we sit in the noisy, wild, out-of-control presence of her three small children. She is a gracious, happy, beautiful, harried mom who loves her children deeply.

"Sorry," she apologizes. "I tried to get a babysitter, but it didn't work out." I reassure her that it is really OK.

But I want to know one other thing. With ev-

erything that has gone wrong, everything that has happened to her, what kept her from giving up? What gave her hope?

She looks down at her little brood and smiles. "That one right there," she explains. "He was the one about whom they said 'get rid of it." She covers his ears as she speaks above him. He gazes up at her, puzzled, then complains that his little brother isn't playing fairly. She zig-zags in and out of conversation with me, trying unsuccessfully to keep them from starting a civil war.

We complete the interview, and I escort them out to the hallway where the children get prizes and another war breaks out. She walks calmly down the hallway, gently prodding, encouraging, correcting, separating, corralling and carrying them toward the front door. I smile as they go by. I wonder if I could do it. No way. I wave and step back into my clinical world, deep in thought, and I silently pray that she doesn't stop praying.

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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North of the Border

A Hunt for Rights and Recognition

By Eileen Delehanty Pearkes

In autumn, before a male elk sheds his antlers, he engages in an instinctual search. Wandering his territory, the animal lifts his muzzle to the sky, bellows his stomach and calls out for the perfect mate. The haunting sound of a questing elk lands on the ear as a sound between a howl and a screech. It helps the herd sort out who is who, and how best to sustain the next generation.

For most of October, the cultural call of an elk hunter echoed through the hallways of the provincial courthouse in Nelson, B.C. Rick Desautel, a Sinixt man living on the Colville Confederated tribal reservation south of the U.S./Canadian boundary, presented evidence that he had the right to hunt in his traditional territory, even when that territory was not in the United States.

In 2010, Desautel drove north to Canada and hunted where his ancestors had always sought food for ceremonial and survival purposes. He shot a typical female elk, weighing about 500

long. Elk are second only to moose for size in the West's array of four-legged, grazing vegetarians. Under testimony, Desautel described how the animal was too large to haul intact up the forested slope to his truck. He cut up the elk while, piece by piece, his wife Linda helped transport the meat up the steep hill. Not long after that, Desautel received a

pounds, over four feet tall and nearly seven feet

ticket from a B.C. Wildlife officer for hunting without a tag or license.

The courts in Canada agreed many years ago that because indigenous people existed before Europeans arrived, the provincial and federal governments, also known as "the Crown" in Canada, have a special duty to protect the rights of an aboriginal person to hunt in his or her traditional territory. But Desautel is, by definition, an American aboriginal, not a Canadian one. According to arguments presented by the Crown in court last month, Desautel does not possess an inherent right to hunt north of the international boundary.

Long ago, there was no 49th parallel delineating the ancestral territory spreading north from Kettle Falls, Washington, to Revelstoke, B.C. Today there is, and to complicate matters further, Desautel and the other descendants of the Arrow Lakes/Sinixt tribe have no official recognition in Canada under the Indian Act. What can the judicial system do about a man whose aboriginal rights in 80% of his traditional territory were extinguished in 1956 even though he never ceased to be an aboriginal man? Desautel's case tests the logic of the boundary.

After refusing to pay the fine for hunting without a license, he was formally charged under B.C. law. He pled "not guilty." With

procedural delays, it took over five years for the case to finally go to trial.

Throughout much of October, a drama rich with history and culture unfolded in a small courtroom on the lower floor of Nelson's historic, ivy-covered stone courthouse. While court recorders are not a typical feature in a trial over a hunting violation, the Public Prosecution Service of Canada has financed one for this trial. Everyone understands that the resulting decision in this court might be appealed, and then appealed again, until it reaches the Supreme Court of Canada. Transcripts would be an important part of that process.

As part of his defense, Desautel has had to prove who he is. Genealogical records, the historical research of anthropologists, and the present-day testimony of members of the Arrow Lakes tribe living in Washington formed his justification for why he should be able to hunt an elk in what is now known as British Columbia, a province not yet 150 years old.

Listening to testimony and evidence loop between the heart of the landscape and the logic of laws, I thought about the elk he had killed that day back in 2010. Elk herds inhabit a territory much changed since the fur trade began with European descendants in the region just over two hundred years ago. Fur trade records indicate that the Sinixt were able hunters of deer, caribou and elk. Notes from a journey up the Columbia in the 1820s by botanist David Douglas confirm that caribou were particularly plentiful. In a landscape then dominated by old-growth forests, deep snows and narrow river valleys, the habitat favored herds of mountain caribou. Desautel's ancestors organized annual drives after the autumn rut to harvest and preserve enough meat for

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Today, up to 90% of the old growth and its lichens have been logged and destroyed. Sedges, another important food for the caribou in river valley bottomland, have been flooded by reservoirs. Today's more open forests have many expanses of clear cut filled with alder and other small trees. This new habitat favors the elk and deer more than the caribou. But Desautel's case is not so much about what he was hunting as it is about *who* Desautel is.

On the stand one day was Shelley Boyd, a descendant of the legendary Sinixt woman known as "Green-Blanket-Feet." Boyd wore a striking green shirt and a necklace strung with about two dozen elk teeth. Her testimony began with a traditional introduction of who she is, in the language of her ancestors. Switching to English, Boyd described how "the language comes from the land. The land is sacred. We

come from this place."

When Boyd had completed her testimony, she stepped down from the witness stand and walked over to the place where Desautel and his family had been sitting every day since the trial began. Lifting the valuable necklace from around her neck, she placed it around Desautel's. "Sometimes you like a thing too much," she told me later. "It was time to give that necklace up, and Rick was the right person to get it."

Elk have several types of teeth. Two strong lower ones help them bite off vegetation. It was these lower teeth that formed the necklace Boyd wore during the trial. Elk also have molars, for chewing up the grasses, leaves, stems and bark before the food passes into the first of their four stomachs. And they have two upper teeth, made of ivory. These side teeth are evolutionary remnants of ancient tusks.

Sinixt hunters once made hunting whistles from hollow elderberry stalks, to mimic the call of a mating male elk. The trial's testimony drew to a close just as the wild elderberry bushes began to lose their leaves, exposing umbrella-shaped clumps of wild blue fruit. Walking beside the Kootenay River, I thought about Boyd's explanation under oath that the common English question "How are you?" comes out differently in the Sinixt language: "How is your heart?" Will ancestral love and its understanding of place override the more recent borders and laws of the North Columbia Country?

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



EAVESDROPS What people have written about the north Columbia region

...drive along the twisting, unfettered Kettle River as it loops from the headwaters in British Columbia's Monashee Mountains to the Columbia River at Boyds, an indirect crossing and re-crossing of the international border, but integral with regional history.... This is mining, logging, and ranching country, and the location of the state's second largest Indian reservation.... Log cabins still stand, and the towns are small and isolated.... The grave of Ranald MacDonald, a remarkable half-Chinook, half-Scottish Washingtonian, is in a quiet hillside cemetery near Toroda Creek."

> Ruth Kirk and Carmela Alexander Exploring Washington's Past

Lake Pend Oreille Ice & Roy Breckenridge

By Jack Nisbet

Roy Breckenridge, who passed away this fall at the age of 71, grew up in the Spokane Valley in a family of four that stressed common-sense resourcefulness and creative ingenuity. For example: When Mrs. Breckinridge ran out of ice in her big cooler during a 1961 family camping trip to the Columbia Ice Fields, it naturally fell to young Roy to recharge it.

Back in those days, great glaciers, now retreating into the high country, ran right down to the road between Banff and Jasper, so Roy thought nothing of grabbing his camp hatchet and setting out. He returned with a perfectly sculpted cube of transparent blue glacial ice that looked like it had been removed from the center of the Pleistocene Epoch. After finding a home in Mrs. Breckenridge's cooler, Roy's giant ice cube made it all the way back to Spokane, moved over to the family's big chest freezer, and lasted there for several years before its final demise.

Young Roy grew up to become a geologist. During the course of his career, which concluded with a stint as Idaho's State Geologist, he maintained that affinity for ice. Along the way, Breckenridge became an integral member of the tight lineage of geologists following Harlan Bretz and J. T. Pardee, who not only described the details of the Ice Age floods that burst from Glacial Lake Missoula at the end of Pleistocene, but also communicated to the general public their excitement over such an awesome story.

It took decades for both scientists and amateurs to grasp the scale of these floods, but, by the early twenty-first century, the saga of a great wall of water exploding out of Lake Pend Oreille to crash over the scablands and back up behind Wallula Gap before tearing through the Columbia Gorge and on to the Pacific stood as a defining chapter in our region's history.

Even though the basics of this story have been available for almost a century, the devil, as Roy Breckenridge continually used to point out, is in the details. He and his colleagues studied the events that took place around Lake Pend Oreille and the lower Clark Fork River at the end of the Pleistocene, trying to figure out how the Cordilleran Ice Sheet formed a wall that was tall enough and strong enough to back up an enormous Glacial Lake Missoula. They wanted to know how such a massive dam could have failed so catastrophically, and exactly what happened when three thousand square miles of deep water roared across the landscape. They were curious as to how the ice dam then re-formed to replay the same scene, with subtle variations, many times over.

This is how they tell the story now: Around 20,000 years ago, the Purcell Lobe of the Cordilleran Ice Sheet moved down the pathway of the Purcell Trench, filling the ancestral valley occupied today by Lake Pend Oreille. When this frozen river pushed through the basin, it col-



Roy Breckenridge with a hunk of Athabasca Glacier ice in 1961. Image courtesy Dana Komen.

Boundaries

lided with the ancient rocks of Green Monarch Ridge on the eastern rim. Green Monarch provided a solid terminal buttress for the ice. As the glacier continued to advance, more and more ice piled up behind the ridge, gradually thickening into the dam that created the first of a series of Glacial Lake Missoulas.

Whenever the depth of Lake Missoula approached 2,000 feet, the water's sheer weight began to compromise the ice cleaving to the base of Green Monarch Ridge. As small cracks appeared, streams of water flowed into the weak points, boring tunnels beneath the ice plug. The combined forces from the weight of the dam and the volume of Lake Missoula pressurized the water flowing into these tunnels so that the pathways enlarged very quickly. Jets of water churning along Green Monarch's solid wall undermined the dam and caused its sudden failure, resulting in a catastrophic flood to the Pacific.

After the last glacier retreated, Lake Pend Oreille remained as the largest and deepest body of water in the Idaho Panhandle. Its natural surface level lies about 2,050 feet above sea level; the ice-carved mountains that surround it reach to 6,000 feet and more. Its waters plunge as much as 1,150 feet deep along its southern reach.

During his investigations around the lake, one question that intrigued Breckinridge and others was whether such great depth was the result of the grinding ice sheet or the repeated slashing floods. Although the carving power of glaciers is well documented, some geologists contended that the pressurized water shooting from the ice dams would have eaten away enough bedrock to significantly deepen Lake Pend Oreille. Various YouTube video clips taken during modern

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dam removals certainly testify to the power of such pressurized jets.

Breckinridge believed that a definitive answer must lie on the bottom of the lake. He knew that the most dynamic part of a glacier is its forward toe, where the ice's bulldozing power performs its most drastic razing of the landscape. Since the ice lobe that filled the Pend Oreille basin would have repeatedly gouged its southern edge, and since the main discharges of Glacial Lake Missoula would have been ripped through that same area, Breckenridge and his team were drawn to the lake's southern arm. The sediments there, they reasoned, might well show the difference between what had been sculpted by ice and what had been eroded by floods.

By chance, during World War II the US Navy had established a training base along the southwestern edge of the lake, exactly where the floodwaters had once poured out. Although the Farragut Naval Station was decommissioned in 1946, the Navy understood the advantages of retaining a secluded site with quiet deep water and, over the years, developed a research unit there that regularly performed acoustic experiments with small ships and submarines.

Breckenridge learned that naval technicians had constructed a sonic profile of the lake bathymetry by towing acoustic instruments through the water, broadcasting at different levels and captured by hydrophone receivers. Although the military project focused on the lake bottom's shallowest sediments, Breckenridge guessed that their comprehensive data might also have something to say about the bedrock below them.

It took a while, but Breckenridge obtained the raw data from those acoustic surveys. The Navy's seismic profile of the lake's southern arm showed gradual slopes dropping off the east and west shores, but the east side alone was marked by a stark subsurface bench running directly down the lake from Green Monarch Ridge. This underwater bench, as well as a similar one still visible above lake level today, can be interpreted as the result of the tunneling jets of water that disintegrated the ice dam.

The naval data also revealed distinct stratigraphic units of debris on the lake bottom. Breckenridge believed that the deepest and thickest of these layers correspond to sediments left behind after the most recent ice-dam failure. Beneath that debris, the sonar outlined a classic U-shaped bedrock basin with a nearly flat center – the shape that defines glacial-carved valleys all over the world. Furthermore, the actual bottom of the lake was much deeper than anyone had anticipated.

Along its south arm, the lake level of 2,050 feet, combined with a water depth of 1,150 feet, means that the top sediment layer lies 900 feet above sea level. Naval seismic charts show that the depth of the bedrock basin approaches an astonishing 700 feet below sea level. This means that 1,600 feet of sediments rest below the water. In other words, the sediments themselves are much deeper than the deepest water in the lake.

While the hydrologic forces of high-pressure tunneling beneath an ice mass can reach impressive speeds, no model or study has shown that they can generate enough power to carve bedrock to any great extent below sea level. Breckenridge determined that the bottom of Lake Pend Oreille is actually an over-deepened glaciated basin that has been refilled with the debris of numerous Ice Age floods. It was created in much the same way as well-studied elongate lake valleys in British Columbia, glacial-carved valleys in the Alps, and coastal fjords in Norway.

The work of Roy and his colleagues proved that sometimes it takes a little resourcefulness and ingenuity to separate ice features from flood features. Mrs. Breckenridge would have been proud, but not surprised.

This essay is adapted from a chapter of Jack Nisbet's most recent book, Ancient Places. For more information, visit www.jacknisbet.com.

Sherry Cowbrough: The Heart of Education

By Loren Cruden

Orient School (K-8) looks just like one's imagination of how a classic rural school house should look: warm brick, proud square profile with a cupola on top, wide steps leading to a stately yet welcoming entrance. The building has this classic look because it is, in fact, Washington's oldest continuously operating school house. It has witnessed many generations of children come through its doors, and seen families drawn to Orient for the gold, the timber, the river, the railroad – and the beauty.

The community here is small now, the economic booms are gone. But the school endures, and Sherry Cowbrough – teacher, principal, and superintendent – is at the helm of its continued vitality in Orient.

I was eager to meet Sherry; she's my grand-daughter Thea's teacher and Thea – nobody's fool – frankly adores her. It was in the after-school quiet that Sherry and I talked for this article. The first thing I asked was about Sherry's multiple roles and how this works out, day to day.

"I do wear a lot of hats here," Sherry said. "I retired from working in Colville, but when this opportunity opened up I felt that I wanted to finish out my career by going back to the classroom. Being principal here was part of the package, but it has worked out fine. With only twelve kids [K-2] in my class, and with time for working individually with each child, it's a dream – even with having three grades together. In bigger schools you teach twenty-eight kids in one grade, but the spread of different student levels is the same.

"My work as principal is helped immensely by Chris Petterson, the office secretary. It would be hard to do it without her. She fills a lot of different roles and helps not just myself but everybody in the building. I took a few admin days to do evaluations, which is part of my job description, and loved going into Gretchen's room [grades 6-8] and Karen's room [grades 3-5] to watch, more of a pleasure than a burden.

"When the superintendent's job came up, it felt right to step up to that plate also. It's a small district, even though we are required to do all the things a big district would do. Having two highly qualified teachers means I don't have many discipline duties to deal with. It makes a big difference.

"Also, parents here tend to hold their kids responsible for their actions, which doesn't happen everywhere, so that is refreshing as well. There is good partnership throughout the building. All this enables me to focus more on my classroom. The biggest challenge is finding time to get out and spend more time in the community – get to know more people."

Which prompted me to ask: What brought you to northeast Washington to start with?

"I've lived in this area my entire life – born and raised in Colville. My parents were both born and raised here, and both their parents



were, too. We go back many generations here. I taught in Colville: first grade, second grade, third grade, kindergarten, the whole lower grades gamut. An administrator approached me about taking on the leadership role.

"I loved teaching, so wasn't sure I wanted to make the shift to administration. But as I went through the internship I had a wonderful supervisor who made a lot of sense. He said you either want the leadership role in order to make a difference for all the kids in the building, or you want the job for the money. I wanted to make a difference, and enjoyed being principal for the twelve years I was there, even with all the state mandates, regulations, and changes. I tried to make sure we were accountable for all of those, as I do at Orient.

"Orient School is so unique. It is beautiful, and I know some of it has come with heartache. I'm here to move forward and keep the school open and growing. It's a special place. We have great teachers dedicated to the education of the children. There are parents who drop in just to see how things are; you don't get that everywhere. A lot of hard work has been put in here, for many years. I'm excited to be part of it."

Talking about the school's prospects, I asked what was having the biggest impact on

that. Sherry needed no pause for pondering the question.

"The dollar amount that is provided makes the biggest impact on what we can do," she replied. "Fortunately, the McCleary Act is bringing the state to court for not fully funding education as required. The court has said that the state must fulfill its basic provisions for education. It will take time for this to go through, however. And some of it only benefits the larger districts right now. These richer districts also get more levy money for programs.

"It would be nice for us to get some basic funding from the state. To even provide a hot lunch here, we have to pass a levy. Orient previously had great after-school opportunities for kids through a particular grant, but this, too, is no longer funded."

"What else has major impact" I asked.

"When you've been in education for a long time you see a lot of things that work, or get thrown out, or have to be adapted. We often have to shelve things that then come around again. If you look at state testing, it probably was a good idea to get all schools teaching the same things, but the kids are now being tested to death. We don't want to have to teach kids to the test, supposedly showing they've made huge progress. I think that sometimes all these demands – that keep changing – can hold us back. But educators persevere and keep moving along, doing what they know is best for the kids."

In reply to a question about something dear to my own heart, music and art, Sherry described a previous grant – no longer funded – that brought local artists in to give the children classes; and a current music grant for the kindergarteners and first graders. "Because the second graders are there, listening, they benefit as well. It's a small program, but at least offers some kind of musical experience.

"Across the board, though, our rural districts on this side of the state don't get the services available elsewhere. So we rely on ourselves and our volunteers, and the rest of it is up to the classroom teachers. It stretches us pretty far – and it's also pretty fun."

"Is there cause for optimism regarding state funding in the near future?"

"Not that I've seen, to be honest. Sadly. We'll see how it goes with the McCleary court cases as far as provision for basic education goes. We're required to teach the arts, but right now it would depend on levy funding."

Sherry went on to answer another burning question: whether schools are preparing chil-

Conversations

dren for challenges such as climate change they'll be facing.

"Teachers may choose to talk about these things, to help guide children, but as a requirement I haven't seen big changes in that regard. I've learned a lot from Gretchen and Karen, talking about science, which is Gretchen's specialty. She discusses it with the older kids and we talk about it to the younger ones, but on a different level.

"We try to take kids to their next step in a successful life, try to prepare them for what they're walking into, compared to what we were walking into when we graduated from high school. It's scary. It's totally different. How can we prepare them?

"We try to build-in the critical thinking process and problem-solving instead of just feeding them answers. It's part of what a good teacher does. It helps prepare kids in a way that isn't necessarily written into a lesson plan. A lot of what I call 'teachable moments' are the most valuable. And those aren't always planned. You want kids to excel in their own thinking and not rely on anyone else to give them those answers."

Sherry noted that one of the benefits of growing up in a low-income rural context is that not as many kids are glued to high-tech screens. Instead they interact, and have a chance to develop social skills and be present to what is around them.

"Gadgets, in the real world, are deplorable," she said. "I was walking somewhere the other day, and every person I saw had their head down doing something on their phone. The fearful part, I think, is that real communication is going to disappear. A teacher friend at the high school told me that all the kids stand around in circles together. Not talking; texting."

Q: Why choose the lower grades for your teaching career?

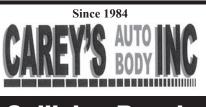
Sherry: "I don't know. I wanted to give children a good foundation, and I wanted to teach them to read, for example, so that they'd be able to learn things later. And I wanted to have fun with teaching. I love to see the children grow, see that light bulb turn on: Got it! My heart is really with those little ones first starting to learn. There's great satisfaction in seeing them move on to the next step."

Q: What is the school's main priority?

Sherry: "I think public schools are safe places for kids - sometimes the safest place for a child. I think they offer a great education for children. When you have good family-school partnerships everyone can grow, and that makes even stronger kids. I have six grandchildren and I worry about their education all the time. I worry about if their needs are being met and if they'll be well-rounded enough when they walk out of high school. It's what I want for all kids.

"There are so many hoops a school has to jump through, and sometimes the administrator part of me is at odds with the teacher part of me. There are times I feel a little torn between the two. But I know for the teaching to happen, we have to jump through those hoops. Will it make the job in my classroom a little more difficult? Yes, sometimes it does, and the financial piece of it is hard. My hope is that there will be change, to help kids. They are our future. I know it is a cliché, everybody says it, but they are. We want them to be strong and successful. I say that with even more heart than I did ten years ago."

Lucky Thea and her classmates, to have a teacher and school like this.



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We would also like to thank the many volunteers who made a cool and rainy day fun for our local and visiting cyclists.

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The Well-Fed, Winter-Defying Gray Jay

Article & Photo By J. Foster Fanning

I'm certain many readers have enjoyed the experience of taking a lunch break or picnicking in the highland forests and have seen the flash of gray in the alpine timber – a small bird flitting branch to branch. The Cornell Lab of Ornithology describes the gray jay as a deceptively cute but most intrepid of North American birds. This member of the Corvidae family not only lives year round in our northern forests but broods chicks in the dark of winter.

The gray jay, (Perisoreus canadensis), is also known as the Canada jay, whiskey jack and grey jay (different spelling). Our northern mountain bird is more closely related to the Siberian jay, ranging from Norway to eastern Russia, and the Sichuan jay, in the mountains of eastern Tibet and northwestern Sichuan (China) than to the Steller's jay (also common in our region) or the blue jay.

These energetic gray jays are quite curious and ever foraging. They dine on most anything from berries to small animals. They can be fast and aggressive when it comes to food, so keep a close eye on that picnic basket. Many a photo has been snapped of bold gray jays taking food from a human hand.

Gray jays are marked with dark grey above and light grey below. They sport a black cowl, or partial hood, on the back of the head. These are stocky songbirds with round heads, long tails, and broad, rounded wings. They have short, stout bills. Juveniles tend to be greyish-black overall.

Foraging in family groups, gray jays are gregarious birds with adults forming monogamous bonds that may last their lifetimes. While these jays prefer spruce trees they generally live in evergreen and mixed evergreen-deciduous forests across the northern United States and Canada, as well as in high mountain ranges of the West. They fly in quiet swoops and perch atop conifer trees to survey their territories. While not necessarily known for their vocalizations, being less noisy than other jays, gray jays have a large diversity to their vocabulary, including hoots, trills and chatters.

The gray jay is one of those birds that caches large quantities of food for later use. But unlike its cousins the Clark's nutcracker and Steller's jay, which bury their food in cached stores, the gray jay uses sticky saliva to glue small food items to tree branches above the height of the eventual snow line. Thousands of food items. Ornithologists speculate it may be this unusual food storage behavior that allows this jay to live so far north at such high elevations throughout the winter and successfully brood during the dark, cold months.

Its propensity to nest during late winter, incubating its eggs in temperatures that may drop below minus 20°F, is definitely unusual. One might think that the warmer temperatures of May through June, the breeding period for other birds in northern habitats, would appear to be more favorable, yet the gray jay does not attempt a second brood.

I mentioned that this bird has a diverse diet. How diverse? Hunting tactics include catching insects in flight, wading shallow waters to capture amphibians and invertebrates, raiding nests of other birds, and eating small animals, arthropods, berries, carrion and fungi. Juveniles rapidly learn to recognize and search for human food and, while the colloquial name "camp robber" is used for several species of birds (all of them corvids), the gray jay is clearly the leader of this group. Needing approximately 47 calories daily, gray jays take advantage of whatever food source they can find. A gray jay was seen landing on the back of a live moose to eat blood-filled winter ticks, for example.

Differing from the blue jays, which hammer their bills on hard food, our gray jays wrench off pieces by tearing and twisting. The special saliva mentioned above is produced in large glands, allowing the food to be molded into sticky globs and then wedged behind flakes of bark, under lichen, in conifer needles, or in tree forks. Scientists have observed these birds have a good success rate of remembering where they have stored food.

Dense conifer trees provide the typical nesting site for gray jays. The nest, a bulky cup of twigs, lichen, bark strips and caterpillar webbing, lined with hair and feathers, is built close to the trunk, above potential snow depth about 15 feet off the ground. Nest construction is shared by male and female birds.

Commonly, while the female incubates three to five eggs, the male busies himself bringing food to the nest during the course of the 18-day incubation period. The female broods the nestlings just under a week before joining the male in foraging and feeding the young. Juvenile gray jays fledge at 22 to 24 days, leaving the nest but remaining in proximity of their parents for another four to six weeks. While these birds do not generally breed below 2,000 feet, and are most often found from 3,000 feet into the alpine zone, there have been some found nesting locally in lowland habitats.

Some other cool facts:

- Paleontologists have recovered fragmented fossils of two gray jays from the late Pleistocene (about 18,000 years ago), along with other boreal birds and mammals, at a cave in central Tennessee, indicating a much colder climate at that time.
- Together, the habitats of the gray jay and its close relative the Siberian jay complete a ring around the Northern Hemisphere.
- Thanks to incredibly thick, fluffy plumage that it puffs up in cold weather, enveloping its legs and feet, the gray jay can survive very cold sustained temperatures. Even its nostrils are covered with feathers.
- The oldest gray jay on record was at least 17 years, 2 months. Banded in 1985, it was recaptured and re-released in Colorado in 2002.

Coming over Sherman Pass a few weeks ago I stopped at the newly re-opened Sherman Overlook. Within moments, two gray jays were in the treetops scoping me out, watching for food. This is a good time to see them as they aggressively increase their food caches before the onset of winter. So lace up those boots, pack a lunch, grab the field glasses and head off into the hills. You never know what you'll see. But be sure to keep a tight grip on that sandwich....

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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Events

Nov 2: Public meet and skate with the Smokies at the Trail Memorial Center, 1051 Victoria St., Trail, BC, 5:45-7 pm.

Nov 3: Tech Expo at the Community College in Colville, 10 am - 6 pm. Guest speakers and workshops on cyber security, broadband and Internet Service Provider options, data protection, dealing with computer viruses, basic web design, Google business, and more. Test drive robots and explore the gadget garage and enter to win a door prize. Free admission. Sponsored by the Broadband Action Team, Tri County Economic Development, WSU Stevens County Extension, and the Stevens County Regional Library District. Contact Debra Hansen at debra.hansen@wsu.edu or 509-684-2588 for more info or vendor sign up.

Nov 4: Soup and Games night sponsored by the Northport Health Clinic Advisory Board at the CE Building, 4th and Center in Northport. Soups, breads and desserts served 5-7 pm. Bring your favorite games or join in with friends. Games will continue after dinner. Donations accepted. Call 509-732-6675 for more info.

Nov 5: BINGO Benefit Fundraiser for the Colville Valley Animal Sanctuary at the Camas Valley Grange, Springdale. Doors open at 5 pm, games begin at 6 pm. Hot dogs, chili, chips, camp nachos, pop, and water available for purchase.

Nov 5: Mardi Gras on the Golf Course! The Colville Elks are providing a Mardi Gras Gumbo feed for adults in the greater Colville and north Stevens County community. Refreshments and socializing at 4:30 pm, dinner at 6 pm. The cost is \$15.00 per person for all you can eat. Music by Juke Box Review with possible Karaoke later. Call 509-684 2621 and leave the number in your party for planning purposes.

Nov 6: Daylight Savings - fall back.

Nov 6: BINGO at the Northport School Cafeteria. Doors open at Noon, games begin at 1 pm with a \$500 jackpot. Must be 18 or older to play. Refreshments and lunch available. Sponsored by the Northport Lions Club & AAU-Summer League

Nov 8: Election Day.

Nov 11: KFHS Robotics Team Canine Dine Dinner and Auction at the Colville Ag Trade Center. Doors open at 5:30 pm, dinner at 6 pm, auction at 7 pm.

\$10 per person; under 5 are free. Visit facebook. com/caninecrusaders4980 or call 509-675-3232 for more info.

Nov 11: Veterans Day.

Nov 12: Rossland Homespun Christmas Craft Fair, 10-4, at the Prestige Mountain Resort in Rossland, BC. Start your Christmas shopping early. Lots of local Kootenay artisans all under one roof! Admission \$3/adult, under 12 are free. Door prizes from the local artisans. Call 250-368-6770 or email hccfrossland@gmail.com for more info.

Nov 12-13: Nouveau Wine Barrel Tasting at China Bend Winery, 3751 Vineyard Way, Kettle Falls (on the Northport-Flat Creek Road along Lake Roosevelt), Noon - 5 pm. Live music with Slavic the Russian playing old world accordion favorites, hors oeuvres, organic wine tasting, gourmet foods, arts and crafts. Free admission. Visit chinabend. com or call 509-732-6123 for more info.

Nov 12-20: Rossland Mountain Film Festival.

Nov 14: Leslie Shuhda is at it again! Local Fashion Historian is combining humor and history with a presentation on the very real dangers of dress in the Victorian Era at Parkview Senior Living, 240 S. Silke, Colville, 1 pm. Be sure not to miss this occasion, it will be truly an event to "die for."

Nov 15, 17, & TBD: Free public showing of VAXXED: From Cover-Up to Catastrophe at four area locations: The Community Center in Northport (6 pm), Meyers Falls Market in Kettle Falls (6 pm), and two more as-yet unconfirmed locations in Colville and Chewelah. This documentary delves into the connections between the MMR vaccine and autism and features senior scientist and whistleblower Dr. William Thompson of the Centers for Disease Control, and other CDC and pharmaceutical insiders. Visit vaxxedthemovie.com for more info and call 509-675-8583 for updates on local showings.

Nov 17: Chuck Brown, the Disabled Veteran Case Manager at WorkSource in Colville, will present information about the new YES VETS program to local employers.

Nov 18: Live, public auction at Parkview Senior Living, 1 pm. The residents are saving to take a cruise next year so please help them meet their goal. Donations are being accepted now. Call Parkview at 509-684-5677 to contribute (no clothing please). Join in the fun at 240 S. Silke, Colville. You never know what kind of treasures you will find!

- Nov 18: Wine Tasting at Meyers Falls Market in Kettle Falls, 4:30-6:30 pm. Drop-in anytime to sample 3 distinct wines from their selection of over 100 varieties. Tickets are \$3 and entitle you to save \$2 off any bottle of that evening's featured wines. Offered the 3rd Friday of every month; light appetizers provided.
- Nov 19: Help save Fort Colville Grange! Community Breakfast, 7-10 am with huckleberry pancakes, scrambled eggs, and link sausage, for a suggested donation. Gluten free pancakes are available on request. The grange is located at 157 Hwy 20 E. on the corner of Hwy 20 and Degrief Rd. Call 509-684-4283 for more info.
- Nov 19: N.E.W. Family Life Services 9th Annual Dessert For Life at the Colville Campus of Spokane Community College, 985 S. Elm St., Colville. Doors and Silent Auction open at 3 pm, dinner catered by Café Italiano at 5:30 pm. Tickets, \$15/ person or \$105 for a table of 8. Call 509-684-9895 for more info.

Nov 24: Thanksgiving Day.

Nov 25: Home for the Holidays / Tree Lighting Ceremony in downtown Colville. See ad on page 4 for

Music, Dance, Theater

Music at Republic Brewing Company, 26 Clark Ave., Republic, republicbrew.com, 509-775-2700. 6th: Phil & Michael Comedy, 6-9 pm 11th: Casual Acoustic w/ Justin Johnson, 7-10 pm 12th: Live Music w/ Nathanial Talbot, 7-10 pm 19th: Mighty Dreadful, 7-10 pm

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

3rd: Sara Brown, 6-8 pm 10th: Michael Pickett, 6-8 pm 20th: Finessa Fann, 6-8 pm

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

6th: Donovan Woods & Guests, 8 pm

9th: Krief w/ Joe Nolan, 8 pm

10th: John Lee's Hooker w/ Dizzy Spell, 9 pm 15th: Brad Roberts (Crash Test Dummies) & Guests, 8 pm

18th: The Tourist Company & Guests, 8 pm

Nov 4: Open mic at the Pend Oreille Playhouse, 236 S. Union, Newport, the first Friday of each month. Cost is \$2 and pre-recorded accompaniment is accepted. Call 509-447-9900 for more info.

- Nov 5: CrossCurrent in concert at the Woodland Theatre in Kettle Falls, featuring neo-Celtic, traditional Irish, country and rock music. Tickets are \$6/person, \$20/family, available at the door.
- Nov 5: Comedian Tim Nutt, an 18-year veterans of clubs across North America, will be per-forming at the Prestige Mountain Resort in Rossland, BC at 7:30 pm. Visit timnutt.ca for more info.
- Nov 11-13: Pend Oreille Players presents 20 teenagers singing and dancing to the exuberant tunes of Disney's "The Little Mermaid, Jr." for two weekends, directed by Jessi Marrazzo and music direction is by Millie Brumbaugh. Friday, Saturday shows at 7 pm, Sunday shows at 3 pm. Tickets, available at pendoreilleplayers.org or at the Playhouse at 236 S. Union, Newport, are \$12 for adults, \$6 for students 18 and under. Call 509-447-9900 for more info.
- Nov 12: Upside Down and Backwards: singer, songwriter and instrumentalist Alex Ashley, now of Bellingham, will perform at the Woodland Theater in Kettle Falls with opening act The Powers, taking the stage at 7 pm for an evening of roots/ folk/Americana/blues music. Tickets are \$15 and available at Yonder Mountain Music in Kettle Falls and at alexashleywoodland.brownpapertickets. com. A handful of tickets will also be available at the door. Call 509-936-4891 for more info.
- Nov 19: Kettle Falls Historical Center presents "Trail of Trees," a kick-off to the holiday season by celebrating the traditions of yesterday with entertainment by renowned local musician and member of the Colville Confederated Tribes LeRae Wiley at 2 pm at the Historical Center, just off Hwy 395 by the bridge over the Columbia at St. Paul Mission Rd. Admission by donation.
- Nov 19 & 20: Fall Concert at the Woodland Theatre in Kettle Falls, featuring the Brass Choir, Bell Choir and Concert Band, Saturday at 7 pm, Sunday 2 pm. Tickets at the door, \$8 for adults, \$5 for seniors and students.
- Nov 22: Sicilian Jazz Project at The Bailey Theatre, 1501 Cedar Ave., Trail BC. Contact info@trail-arts. com or 250-368-9669 for more info and tickets.
- Dec 4: "Joy to the World," a Christmas concert sponsored by Chewelah Arts Guild, will feature the Chewelah Brass Quintet, Broken Whistle (Celtic band from Spokane), and the acclaimed 12-voice Spokane Choral Artists, at Abundant Life Fellowship Church, 2nd and Clay in Chewelah from 2-4 pm. Tickets are \$10 (seating is limited) and are available at chewelahartsguild.org, Akers United Drug and Valley Drug Co. in Chewelah, and House of Music and Happy's Gift Shop in Colville. Call 509-499-4376 for more info.

Arts & Crafts

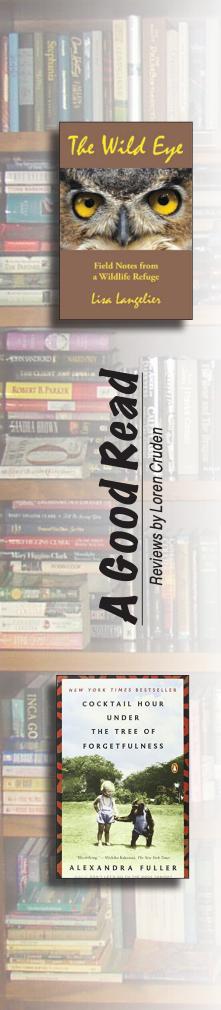
- Nov 4: Holiday Kick-Off reception at Gold Mountains Gallery, 4-6 pm. The Artists Coop, 600 S. Clark, Republic, will have a wide selection of locally made arts and crafts, including pottery, woodworking, jewelry, textiles and fine arts. Meet the artists and get a head start on holiday shopping. The show will run through November. Refreshments will be served.
- Nov 26: The Springdale Arts and Crafts Co-op annual open house, 11-4. There will be Christmas cookies, spice tea, lots of gift ideas and new work from the members. This is your opportunity to find gifts to fit your budget, support the creative spirit of our community and celebrate the season.
- Margot Sety of Chewelah is the Featured Artist at the Tri County Economic Development District gallery at 986 S Main, Suite A, Colville. On display are her original watercolors available for viewing throughout the month, Mon-Fri, 8-4. Call 509-684-4571 for more info.
- Caroll Vrba is the Featured Artist of the month at Meyers Falls Market in Kettle Falls with a showing of her unique watercolor and ink drawings and interesting collage pieces.
- 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.

Writing & Literature

Nov 2, 9, 16, 23, 30: Expressive Writing with Laura Towers, Wednesdays, 12:30-2:00. Exploring the ways we can express our experience through writing, make connections in our lives, and with others. Each meeting will consist of guided prompts, freewriting, and reflections, with group poetry generated from our shared responses. No writing skills necessary! All ages welcome. Writing materials provided, or bring a journal. \$10/meeting, located in Meyers Falls Market Community Room. Call 407-435-6457 or email aurachartreuse@gmail.com for more info.

Continued on page 26

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.



The Wild Eye: Field Notes from a Wildlife Refuge

Former North Columbia Monthly columnist Lisa Langelier recently put together a captivating collection of her essays, under the title The Wild Eye: Field Notes from a Wildlife Refuge. Each compact chapter features a different facet of the natural world, whose particular stewardship, for Langelier, included managing the Little Pend Oreille and Turnbull Wildlife Refuges.

Frogs, owls, woodpeckers, aspens and so on take turns occupying the spotlight of Langelier's scrutiny. Her gaze is professional and humorous, and carries a longevity of relationship with and affection for her wild surroundings. "Walking through the forest on a lovely late summer day, a writhing puddle caught my eye. The murky dark water teemed. Moving closer, I waited while the ripples settled. One set of golden eyes emerged above water, then another, followed by at least four more. A frog fortune!"

Langelier's style has this ease throughout, expert yet unpretentious, observant and confiding, a painless education about the local inhabitants of our forests, wetlands and meadows. As context Langelier gives us human history, too. "In 1929, T.M. Wilson raised Jumbo, a cross between a buffalo bull and Holstein-shorthorn cow. Wilson trained Jumbo to pull a covered wagon, crisscrossing the country promoting the agricultural potential of this new hybrid – 'cattalo.' The 40-acre Buffalo ranch, Jumbo's former home, is private land surrounded by the refuge, off the Buffalo Wilson Road."

Along with history, biology, interesting encounters and wildlife photos, Langelier provides fascinating

bits of Native and other folklore about the animals she describes – cultural views, often similar to one another, from around the globe. Owls, for instance, seem to universally provoke trepidation with their silent flight, eerie calls and association with darkness.

The essays, like the life-forms and systems that inhabit them, link with one another, a narrative that encompasses Langelier's own life and the application of her considerable knowledge, skill and dedication. Without fanfare, the collection inspires. Like a walk in the woods with a quiet guide over-brimming with riches to share. Did you know that a badger can outdig a human with a shovel? That tree frogs don't live in trees? That female red squirrels are available for mating on only one day each year? That a pair of beavers can build a dam two feet high and twelve feet across in two nights? That the current extinction rate for birds is 1,000 times the usual rate established by fossil records?

Langelier advises us on responsible wildlife viewing (stay at least 25 yards away from a moose) and shakes a finger at litterbugs. She's not an armchair naturalist. Her essay on cougars makes powerful points, and the chapters on kestrels and coyotes were two of my favorites. "North American legends suggest that Coyote will live forever. They say if someone kills Coyote, his bones spread out upon the land and at night the bones come together and you hear them sing."

Langelier clearly knows her natural science and has the direct experience to bring it alive for the reader. She also has what science's details often lack: passion and heart.

Cocktail Hour Under the Tree of Forgetfulness

As a child in Kenya, Nicola Fuller was judged to be "a disruptive influence in the class" by her teachers. As an adult she continued to disrupt.

Nicola's daughter Alexandra Fuller has (so far) written two memoirs. The first, *Don't Let's Go to the Dogs Tonight* (known as "That Awful Book" by her mother but highly acclaimed by reviewers and readers) tells of Alexandra's experiences growing up in central-southern Africa. *Cocktail Hour Under the Tree of Forgetfulness*, Fuller's second remarkable memoir, features her mother Nicola and Nicola's parents and husband, the whole family inclined to disrupt (or, in her husband's case, accommodate disruption).

Nicola's genesis in Scotland sets the stage for adventures – some jaunty, some tragic – in Africa, including during war in the former Rhodesia. Most truly intrepid people never see themselves as such, but Nicola Fuller, despite her opinion of "That Awful Book," revels in being written about: her dogs and horses, drinks and guns, her madness, lively observations, and cultural prejudices. Fuller's transcriptions of this life are perfectly pitched, with photos to match.

Her mother is emphatic when it comes to distinguishing the Fullers and their friends from the infamous Happy Valley set of "aristocratic flappers who came out to Kenya between the two world wars, shot lots of animals, behaved very badly, and died in hedonistic droves." Nicola's crowd, in contrast, "...played cricket or rugby twice a week and went forlong improving walks every evening.... And once or twice a month, the district dressed up at amateur theatricals, sang naughty songs and satisfied the very British need to see men in drag." Fuller notes that her mother talks about their time in Kenya (which included the Mau Mau Rebellion) "as if she were a third-person participant in a movie starring herself, a perfect horse and flawless equatorial light. The violence and injustices that came with colonialism seem – in my mother's version of events – to have happened to some other unwatched movie, to some other unwatched people. Which in a way, they were."

Whatever her outrageous views, Nicola comes across as someone full of vigorous life: hardy, romantic and courageous. Like her daughter Alexandra, she is a darkly hilarious and sometimes heart-shattering storyteller. I was especially impressed at Nicola's knack for summing things up with blithe finality. For instance, when encapsulating the English after World War I: "So unhappy. So gloomy. So much boiled cabbage."

And what, you may ask, is a Tree of Forgetfulness? "They say ancestors stay inside it. If there is some sickness or if you are troubled by spirits, then you sit under the Tree of Forgetfulness and your ancestors will assist you with whatever is wrong." We could all do with one of those.

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

In Theaters: The Girl on the Train

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous

Aw, man. I wanted to like this movie so much. The trailer looked dramatic and menacing, like Alfred Hitchcock got his hands on the Lifetime true crime movie of the week and molded accordingly. Clandestine meetings, brooding jealously, unaccounted-for occurrences, luxe exteriors hiding seamy, imperfect inner lives: the makings for a steamy, deliciously dark thriller were all here.

Instead, we get a film that unabashedly stands in the shadow of David Fincher's 2014 Gone Girl.

The Girl on the Train wants to be Gone Girl so bad, you can practically hear it pleading to sit at the same lunch table. I haven't read the novel of the same name by Paula Hawkins that The Girl on the Train is based on – which some people say is worth its salt – but it gets a bland treatment to the silver screen.

Director Tate Taylor has stitched together an overall unbelievable story regarding a misty-eyed schlemiel, Rachel, played to perfection by Emily Blunt, and a beautiful blonde woman, Megan, that she glimpses almost every day from her train while commuting to work, usually outside with her handsome husband in a seeming utopia of domestic bliss. However, one day on the way to work, Rachel sees Megan (Hayley Bennett) kissing a man who isn't hubby dearest. Megan disappears soon after, and Rachel wakes up one morning bloody and bruised with a gap in her memory from slamming back too much alcohol.

Is it just a coincidence that Megan is a nanny employed by the lovely Anna (Rebecca Ferguson), the woman that Rachel's husband left her for, and whose house is also visible from her train route? It's intriguing, sure, but it never really adds up, and when it tries it just comes off as outlandish in a banal way. I'm all for a return to the cleverly crafted, slightly trashy domestic thrillers of the 1990s, but The Girl on the Train takes itself far too seriously for any fun to be had.

The majority of the cast does its best, and kudos should be given to Blunt for being the movie's ballast. She is able to garner sympathy while making you shake your head at her self-sabotaging ways, a barely functioning alcoholic whose obsession leads her to believe that solving the mystery of what happened to Megan may be her last chance at redemption, at reinventing a new life. If only The Girl on the Train were worthy of her efforts.

The Girl on the Train is now playing in theaters and is rated R for sexuality and violence.

The Classics Corner: Gunga Din

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous

Based very loosely on the Rudyard Kipling poem, the action-adventure film Gunga Din was released in 1939 through RKO Pictures and starred Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Victor McLaglen as three sergeants in the British army. It told of their ensuing adventures on the Northwest Frontier of India in 1880. They are accompanied by the regimental water carrier, Gunga Din (Sam Jaffe), who longs to rise above his status and become a soldier.

The sergeants are a disciplinary pain in the backside to their commanding officer, but they are just the men for the job: to venture to a British outpost to solve why all communications have been lost with the troops posted there. Upon their arrival, they discover that the town has been overrun by members of the Thuggee cult who are none too pleased to see our heroes come charging onto the scene.

Culturally sensitive and historically accurate it is not (a huge helping of colonialism, anyone?), but Gunga Din offers what many action movies seem to be seriously lacking nowadays: summation and wit. It's a predecessor to perhaps more well-known adventure flicks like Romancing the Stone, the Indiana Jones trilogy, and 1999's *The Mummy* remake.

Director George Stevens handles his actors with aplomb and the camaraderie among the three leads is relaxed and entertaining. Whereas, to me, many modern action movies seem bombastic and overdrawn (do we really need an almost-three-hour Transformers movie?), films like Gunga Din know how to absorb you into the story and take you along for the ride.



Gunga Din is not rated, and is available for rent 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 sophiamatticealdous@gmail.com.





Teddy Garcia's Rising Tide Blues



Reviewed by Michael Pickett

LISTEN UF

The term "blue-eyed soul" found a home in the music of Hall & Oates and others who brought soul into the rock and pop format. With Teddy Garcia's *Rising Tide Blues*, one could easily make a case for "blue-eyed blues" (although I honestly have no idea what color Garcia's eyes are).

With a smooth, soulful baritone over blues-inflected pop, Garcia marries a variety of styles into instantly listenable, homespun recording combinations on the smooth, high-velocity "Dark Clouds" and the more blues-centered "Cornfield Blues." By the time you reach the gritty acoustic of "Leaving on the High Tide," Garcia's easy delivery falls somewhere near a mild Jim Morrison with some hints of Jeff Buckley.

Finding its way onto the internet from Céret, France, by way of Liberia, Scotland and Australia, Teddy Garcia's work feels authentic and home-studio-crafted in the best possible sense. It feels well-traveled – taking the blues around the world – but grounded. You can find him on Spotify, Amazon, Apple Music or at teddy-garcia.com.

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!

Barry Gibb: In The Now

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

Some people are Beatles fans. I'm a Bee Gees fan. In fact, I would put the Bee Gees' Sixties catalog up against any artists from the same era, and by the time you start factoring in the decades that followed, from disco to pop and rock and beyond, you have a legacy that's absolutely unbeatable.

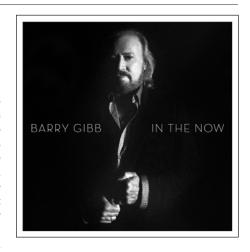
Sadly, with the passing of Maurice and Robin Gibb, the Bee Gees are no more. Eldest brother Barry – a powerhouse singer, songwriter and producer in his own right – is left to ponder whether he should retire as the legend his is, or step into the here and now.

Thankfully, artistic desires prevail, and with *In The Now* Barry enlists his son and nephew to round out the sound, which goes from guitar-heavy to pure perfect pop from one track to the next

Leading off with the title track, Gibb's

voice has aged impossibly well. An obvious question is whether that trademark falsetto is still soaring, and it absolutely is. What is also present now are edgy guitar sounds on tracks like the masterful "Grand Illusion." Yet Gibb manages to punctuate this incredible album with the likes of "Starcrossed Lovers," a piece of '60s-era pop that is so well-crafted that you'd swear you'd heard it before. It's simply one of the best songs I've ever heard in my life.

And that's actually the secret weapon that is Barry Gibb. It's not just the vocals or the ability to create iconic music niches ... it's his unbeatable songwriting. Sure, Barry Gibb could sing the ingredients on a cereal box and have it be a hit. His voice is right up there with melted butter, a starry night or holding hands on a long road trip, but the fact is, these songs are absolutely first-rate,



nearly instant classics.

If we don't hear from Barry Gibb again, it will certainly be understandable, as he makes several references to the pain of losing his brothers. But if we get at least two more albums, it would be a welcome and artful answer to a world that doesn't always make sense "in the now."



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Along the Mountain Path

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

Your impetus to practice yoga may be physical, such as a desire to increase your flexibility or to reduce the toll of stress on your body. Or you may want to experience equanimity or to gain spiritual insight.... Whatever your reason, yoga is an adventure of self-discovery. ~ Judith Lasater; Ph.D., P.T.

When I took the teacher training at the White Lotus Foundation, Tracey White encouraged us to ask ourselves, "Why Yoga?" If you are going to spend time and energy studying and practicing yoga, it is reasonable to ask yourself "why?"

I first attended a yoga class at Cabrillo College, in Aptos, California in 1980. It was taught by Roberta Bristol, who had studied with Felicity Greene at the Iyengar Institute in San Francisco. A friend had suggested that it would be good for me. What an understatement! At the time, I was a runner, and didn't think I needed any other form of "exercise." I had much to learn!

From the very first class, I felt like a person dying of thirst who has been given a cool drink of delicious water. It gave me a feeling of well-being and peace that was different from anything I had previously experienced. I was hooked! Let me share with you some reasons that you may choose to practice Yoga.

"To prevent the pain to come." This is a reason given by B.K.S. Iyengar. On the physical plane, yoga helps us to balance the muscles around the joints. Balanced musculature creates stability and space in joints, allowing for healthy flexibility. We become able to move freely without placing undue strain on the joints, so we don't wear them out. We learn to pay attention to our bodies so that we move them enough to have freedom and energy, but don't push and injure ourselves. We learn to accept our limitations,

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and encourage greater ability at the same time. We balance "Tapas" (fervor for the work) with "Santosa" (contentment).

Yoga teaches the balance between effort and ease. It is important to dedicate yourself to practice, but it is equally important to realize that your body, and mind, will respond in their own time. You cannot push the river, and you will only create suffering if you push the body too hard. We must work, but we must also rest. Yoga is "a steady, joyful seat." Don't forget the joy! If you can't breathe and smile, are you practicing Yoga? This translates into all parts of our life.

We must balance work with rest and play to be well-balanced, happy humans.

Yoga helps us to realize that things change, and that's okay. It is the way of life that things are constantly in flux. We are different morning to night. We are certainly different year to year. Sometimes we are tired, injured or ill. When we come to the mat day after day, year after year, we experience the process of becoming stronger and more proficient in some ways, and more limited in others. We are often able to

rehabilitate ourselves with intelligent practice. Hopefully, we develop wisdom, patience and acceptance. We suffer less over things we cannot change, are inspired to work for things we believe in or desire, and surrender the outcome of our work to a higher power. We learn not to judge ourselves unnecessarily, and in the process, to have more compassion for others.

Yoga is adaptable! There is always some way to practice. We can do vigorous vinyasa, recuperatives to heal our body and our soul, shoulder stretches at our desk or on a plane. We can stand up and practice when we have been sitting too long, or invert our body when we have been standing too long. We can simply breathe with conscious intention. Vigorous or tired, young or old, well or ill, there is Yoga for every body!

As you travel along the mountain path, may the practice of Yoga bring you strength, flexibility, balance, awareness, breath and equanimity.

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

As the killing frosts reduce my garden to its bones, I make mental notes about what worked and what didn't, what I will do differently next year. Which new crops or varieties were successful and what I might not plant again. I've had a vegetable garden for most of the years of my adult life but I still feel like a beginner. There is so much to learn. At the same time, I am tremendously gratified and thankful for the bountiful harvest. It seems wherever there are failures due to weather or pests or bad judgment or timing, something else in the garden flourishes.

One of this year's successes was melon, which I had never tried to grow before. The variety I grew is called Galia Visa. It has a very sweet, green flesh and we enjoyed it from August into October.

I am experimenting with varieties of raspberry and strawberry that bear into the fall. The Autumn Britten raspberry canes were new this year. A neighbor has had great success with them so I'm looking forward to next year's harvest. I planted an ever-bearing strawberry this year called Tristar that was still giving us fruit in September.

A few years ago, a friend gave me some scarlet runner bean seeds. I grew them as an ornamental but discovered that we really enjoyed the young beans cooked as you would any green bean. We dried some and shared the seeds with friends. This year I tried a variety of shelling bean called Flambo. Both pods and beans are a delightful green and purple, although the purple on the pods fades when you cook them as a fresh bean. They may have been planted too late because they didn't dry completely in the garden. I'm trying to dry them indoors and I will try planting them earlier next year.

Cabbage was another new vegetable for me. I hadn't planted it before because we don't eat that much cabbage but I was seduced by their color on the bedding plant rack. It was one of the most successful crops and looked beautiful



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in the garden. So I had to make some sauerkraut. I may limit myself to one or two cabbage plants next year.

My little filbert tree bore nuts for the first time this year...three of them. They made me as happy as just about anything else in my garden.

We harvested about a gallon of fruit from the black currant bushes that were part of the original homestead. I wasn't sure what I wanted to do with them so, like a lot of things, they went directly into the freezer for a future project.

Now almost everything is cleared out of the garden and the beds are ready for planting in the spring. Holdouts as always are the kale and leeks, which we will continue to enjoy for a while yet. They are tucked in for the winter and seem to be very happy as the temperature continues to drop.

Fruit trees have been harvested as well and almost all the canning jars are filled. There are bags of dried fruit and vegetables and two freezers full of meat and frozen fruit and vegetables. Potatoes in the root cellar, onion, squash, garlic and shallots on shelves. Cabbage, pears and apples in cold storage. It's a good feeling. By the end of May last year, the root cellar was full of empty jars and I could see the shelves in the freezer.

Beginning in January, literally days after Christmas, I will start receiving seed catalogues. Up through planting season I will probably get two or three from each of four or five companies, just in case I want to reconsider or forgot to order something. I love poring through them and thinking about the interesting and colorful varieties I will try.

I'm grateful to live in this place for providing so much and for teaching me to be resourceful and creative in planning meals. Instead of running to the store to satisfy some inspiration for dinner, my planning starts with an inventory of what is on hand and what needs to get used up, scouring the internet and my favorite cookbooks for recipes and then thinking about what substitutions I can make or modifications I can try for the ingredients I don't have on hand.

One of these make-do suppers resulted in a family favorite.

Squash Soup

- Squash (about 3 pounds) peeled and cut into 2-inch chunks. (I've made this with several varieties of winter squash as well as with pumpkin, but butternut squash is my first choice.)
- Chicken stock (about 3 cups)
- I medium onion, diced
- · I clove garlic, minced
- ½ tsp. ground cumin
- ¼ tsp. chipotle (can also use some adobo or chili powder)
- Salt (to taste depending on how salty the stock is)
- 1 TBSP. oil (olive or combination olive oil and butter)

Put squash in a pot with chicken stock, reserving about ½ cup. In a separate pan, sauté onion and garlic with cumin and chipotle until translucent, deglaze the pan with the remaining chicken stock and add the onion mix to the squash. Cook until the squash is soft, puree, and return it all to the cooking pot to keep warm until you are ready to serve, selecting from a variety of toppings: Pepitas (sunflower seeds) toasted with chili powder or chipotle, slices of lime, sour cream, cilantro....

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."

Building Your Platform

By Linda Bond

As a writer, your goals may be as modest as getting your work into the hands of a few friends and acquaintances, or as ambitious as becoming a well-paid, famous novelist. While the first goal may be achievable without a great deal of effort, the second will prove to be challenging. To meet that challenge, you will need to build a personal platform from which you will launch your campaign to reach your greatest professional goal. So let's get started.

Quite simply, your platform is who you are as a writer and a combination of all of your connections with others in the marketplace. There is little in your life that will not constitute a plank in your platform. The infrastructure of your platform includes: blogging, a website, social media accounts, newsletters, mailing lists, and club memberships.

That's the "what" of a platform. But why is a platform important? In the "old days," say 15 or 20 years ago, getting published was not as difficult as it is today. Often, writers did not even bother to obtain an agent until they made a publisher connection and then wanted someone who could represent their interests in contract negotiations and in getting solid promotional considerations at the publishing house. These days, not only is it almost a requirement to have an agent in order to approach publishing houses, but both agents and publishers expect the writer to come to them with a substantial following and successful sales history.

Because the cost of getting a book onto the market is fairly high, including printing, packaging, marketing, promoting, and distributing, publishers hesitate to get involved with new writers who have no track record. Even those debut authors you hear about who become overnight successes usually have a few non-published manuscripts in their closets. Often those same authors come sailing in on the winds of their own sales successes, achieved as a result of self-publishing their work and spending a year or more on promotions. They are able to tell their agent, for example:

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"I have 5,000 followers on Facebook and nearly as many on Twitter. My website had 7,500 hits last month and my blog is read by over 3,000 people regularly. Oh, and I sold 4,780 copies of my first novel so far this year."

And the agent is able to say to the writer: "Congratulations. You've just found yourself an agent. Now let's go after a couple of publishers I think will be interested in your novel."

It's that easy - and that hard. Because the writer probably started selling herself as an author long before the work was complete (we'll discuss that in later articles), it's safe to say it may have taken a year, perhaps two or three, to gain the success reported above.

Taking an Inventory

Now it's time to look at your own set of assets. Perhaps you already have a website, and you have a Facebook presence as well as a Twitter account. Maybe you started a blog recently and hope to develop an e-mail list so you can send out an e-newsletter. What you need now is a plan. So begin thinking about, and making a list of, your assets.

Ask yourself these questions:

- Do I have the tools I need to create and/or develop my website, my blog or my newsletter?
- Are there other people, such as writers, printers or people in advertising, who might be able to help me if I have questions or need to learn about some particular area of expertise?
- Is there an organization I can join or one in which I am already a member where I might grow and promote my writing career?

And don't stop there. After you've thought of every possible way you might be able to take advantage of your life connections and activities to carry out your campaign, see if you can develop your list of assets into a logical, cohesive plan so you start building your platform. Then join me here again for the next step on your journey along 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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What's Happening... continued from page 17

Farm, Field & Forest

Nov 18: Deadline for Master Gardener class registration at WSU Extension, Stevens County. Classes begin January, 2017. Visit stevens.wsu.edu or contact Adena Sabins at asa-bins@wsu.edu or 509-684-2588 for more info.

Oct 20: 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.

Wellness

Nov 8: Are you confused with all of the Medicare choices? Do you need help? Call Parkview for a oneon-one free appointment with a SHIBA volunteer, 9-3. This service is free and the volunteers (they are NOT insurance salesmen) will help you with your open enrollment decisions. Please bring your red, white and blue Medicare cards and a Ziploc bag with all your medication bottles.

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

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.

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

Flu Clinic: 1st and 3rd Thursday from 8-3, Tri County Health District 240 E. Dominion Ave. Colville. Walkin 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.

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.

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 Courtneyat 509-680-8944, crtslll@gmail.com, or on Facebook, "La Leche League of Colville."

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

Miscellany

Nov 4, 10 & 18: Basic computer classes offered for FREE at WorkSource in Colville. Microsoft Word Introduction (Nov 4), Microsoft Excel Introduction (Nov 10) and Basic Computer Workshop (Nov 18). All classes are from 1:30-3:30 pm. Call 509-685-6150 for more info and to reserve a seat.

Continued on page 28





By Alex Panagotacos

Hey y'all! I missed you! I hope you remember me, I'm Waffle the therapy dog in training at Rural Resources Victim Services. I took a little sabbatical to relocate and refocus. I now live in Colville. The human and I can actually walk to work now. Pretty cool. There are so many things to sniff along the way. It sure beats a one-hour commute twice a day!

At the risk of sounding cheesy, I want to share with you some of the many things that I am thankful for. ...

Rural Resources Victim Services & Kids First Children's Advocacy Center I'm so glad that our community has a resource for survivors of violence



Waffle Watch

and crime. It is an honor to serve at a center that helps so many people find hope and regain their sense of dignity. Victim advocates help survivors find resources, support them in court, provide education and so much more.

I meet a lot of people. Some of them are too young or too scared to speak. Despite this, we're able to connect. A child might pat me on the head and I'll respond by resting my head in their lap. I see these kiddos relax. They feel safe and happy when they're snuggling with me. This makes me so happy.

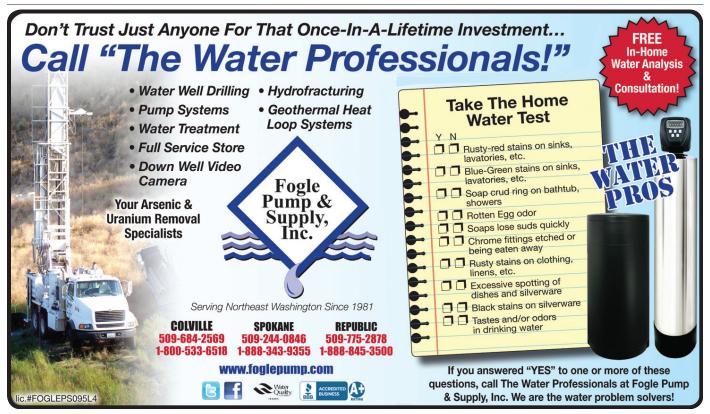
Community

Our community has shown great support for the welfare of survivors. Our annual Wo+men Making a Difference Luncheon is a testament to this. Hundreds of people gathered at the community college in October to hear Marilyn Van Derbur speak and to raise funds for Rural Resources Victim Services and Kids First Children's Advocacy Center. Van Derbur author of Miss America by Day, shared her story of surviving sexual abuse. I'm so thankful for all of the volunteers that make Wo+men Making a Difference possible and to all those who attended the event.

The Future

Tomorrow is a new day. New Milkbones to eat, new people to meet. I'm so lucky to be part of this community and to be part of the anti-violence movement.

For more information about Rural Resources Victim Services and to keep up with Waffle's shenanigans, visit facebook.com/RuralVictimHelp. Rural Resources Victim Services provides support to survivors of violence, abuse and crime in Ferry and Stevens Counties 24 hours a day: 1-844-509-SAFE(7233).



What's Happening... Continued from page 26

Nov 9: Northeast Washington Genealogical Society morning Computer Interest Group (CIG) will meet in the basement of the LDS Church, Juniper Street, Colville, at 10:30 am. In addition to thousands of indexed records available for free at familysearch.org, the LDS Church has more records online that are not indexed. Long-time NeWGS member Lora Rose will show us how to access those records. Lunch at Noon, then listen to Sue Richart, member of NeWGS and treasurer of the Stevens County Historical Society, share what rich resources are available at the SCHS Museum. All visitors are welcome.

High school students applying for the 2017–18
Free Application for Federal Student Aid
(FAFSA*), have been able to submit a FAFSA*

since Oct. 1, 2016, rather than beginning on Jan. 1, 2017. The earlier submission date is a permanent change. Also, beginning with the 2017–18 FAFSA, students will be required to report income and tax information from an earlier tax year. For example, on the 2017–18 FAFSA, you – and your parent(s), as appropriate – will report your 2015 income and tax information, rather than your 2016 income and tax information. Visit StudentAid.gov/fafsa for more info.

The Greater Springdale/Loon Lake Chamber of Commerce meeting is the first Thursday of the month at 11 am at the Stevens County Fire Protection District 1, Station #7, 52 West Aspen in Springdale. The Chewelah Chamber of Commerce Weekly Meeting is at 7 am at the Chewelah Casino, 2555

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

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 in a new location at the lower level of First Congregational United Church of Christ, 205 N. Maple, Colville on the last Tuesday, 6:30 - 8 pm. Call 509-685-0448 or email info@newapflag.org for more info.

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

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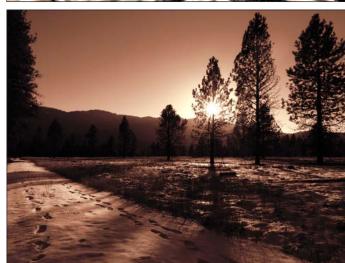
Cabinetry

MORE LISTINGS & DETAILS AT NCMONTHLY.COM

Friends of the LPO Photo Contest Winners

With the conclusion of the annual photo contest sponsored by the Friends of the Little Pend Oreille National Wildlife Refuge, winners in four categories were announced (clockwise, from right): Tricia Woods in the Public Use Category, "What's That Bug?" Bertha Kamstra in the Plant Category, "Bluebell Flower." Trudy Koop in the Scenic Category, "Visit to the Orchard." Trudy Koop in the Animal Category, "Garter Greeting." "We wish to thank all the photographers who entered this year's contest and our judge, Scott Price, and all the local merchants who donated prizes," said contest organizer Joel Anderson.





The contest for 2016-2017 has already begun. Rules and entry forms can be obtained be emailing onionjoel@gmail.com.



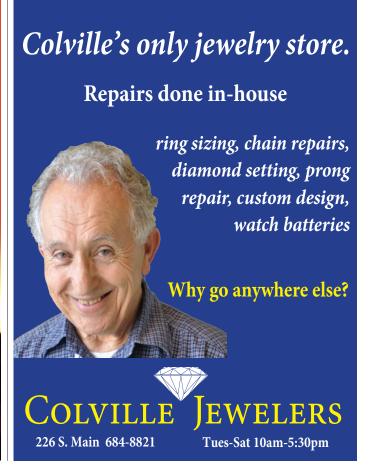












Family Adventures Out!

iddle time! What five-letter word does this represent: HIJKLMNO? If you guessed water, you must know that water is made of H2O – pronounced H two O! This is a molecule made of two hydrogen atoms and one oxygen atom. Water is almost everywhere you look!

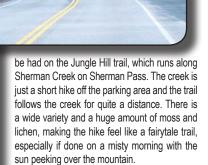
As a matter of fact, water covers more than 70 percent of Earth's surface. Most of the water is of course in oceans, a whopping 97 percent! A little less than 2 percent is in ice caps and glaciers. Water can get trapped in the form of ice for a long time. Scientists have discovered ice that may be 8 million years old! This is about the time Homo sapiens began evolving from their primate ancestors. That is some old ice.

About 1 percent of water is in lakes and rivers. Some is also found underground in aquifers, in flora (plants) and of course in fauna (animals). Most of the water that exists today is the same water that existed billions of years ago. Yes, you read that correctly. When you drink a glass of water, it could be made of the same water molecules that were in the body

of a dinosaur or the leaf of a tree that a pioneer cut down to build a cabin with. This is because water travels through the oceans, rivers, ground and atmosphere and is always recirculating. When water falls from the sky, it is called precipitation. This can be in the form of rain, hail or snow. Precipitation that falls on the land is either absorbed into the soil, where it percolates through to an aquifer, or travels to streams, rivers and lakes as runoff. A portion of the water that reaches lakes and oceans is turned into a gas by the

are not able to drink or use most of the water on Earth – it is in the ocean or frozen – we need to take care of the water that we have by not wasting it (such as needlessly running the faucet while we brush our teeth) and not polluting it (such as allowing oil to run off from our cars into the ground or over-fertilizing our fields).

Want to see some water in action? A great family hike can



Kids will love skipping along the well-marked dirt path and having lots of great views of the

creek and small waterfalls. This is also the perfect time of year to do this hike, as there are postings about "monkshood," a poisonous plant that blooms in summer that would make the hike a little less inviting.

To get to Jungle Hill Trailhead from Kettle Falls: Follow U.S. Highway 395 to state Route 20. Follow state Route 20 for 22 miles to the Albian Hill Road 2030. Travel north on road 2030 for 0.5 miles to the trail sign and west 0.2 miles to the trail.

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



Water is one of the few substances that expands when it freezes, by about 9 percent!





sun and forms clouds. This is called evaporation and is how the cycle starts all over again!

This is a dynamic time of year for watching water on the move. When you go out early on a sunny day, you might easily see a mist forming over water. This water is in the process of evaporating. You can tell where rivers are on a fall morning by just looking for where low clouds are forming and winding about in the forest. When the temperatures get to 32° F and lower, as they

will this month, water in the clouds will fall as snow instead of rain. The snowflakes that fall may stick around all winter, compress in time and form ice, melt and be absorbed into the soil, or evaporate. In the late winter and spring you can watch water evaporate directly from ice. This is called sublimation and is a neat natural phenomenon to see.

Water is a renewable resource because of the water cycle, but since it does not re-create itself, it is also a limited resource. All animals and plants require water to live. Because humans

U P P E R COLUMBIA

FAST FACT

The average person in the United States uses 80-100 gallons of water per day. The thing we do that uses the most water is flushing the toilet.

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/.

L'AMOUR DE LOIN

Saturday December 10 9:55 AM

NABUCCO

Saturday January 7 9:55 AM

ROMÉO ET JULIETTE

Saturday January 21 9:55 AM

RUSALKA

Saturday February 25 9:55 AM

LA TRAVIATA

Saturday March 11 9:55 AM

IDOMENEO

Saturday April 8 9:00 AM

EUGENE ONEGIN

Saturday April 22 9:55 AM

DER ROSENKAVALIER

Saturday May 20 9:00 AM





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