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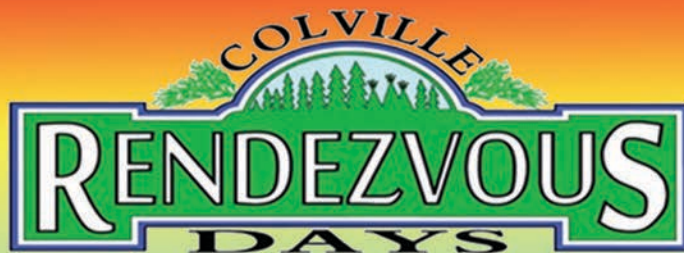
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What's Inside

- 5 Random Acts of Community**
by Christine Wilson
- 6 Life Matters**
The Senator, by Dr. Barry Bacon, MD
- 8 North of the Border**
A Pride That Filled The Sky: Honoring the Life of Virgil Seymour,
by Eileen Delehanty Pearkes
- 10 Boundaries**
Townsend's Bat Solution, by Jack Nisbet
- 13 Monthly Muse**
On Writing, by Loren Cruden
- 14 In Nature**
Our Rauous Visitors, by J. Foster Fanning
- 16 What's Happening**
Arts, Music, Dance, Events & More
- 18 A Good Read**
Book Reviews by Loren Cruden
- 19 Silver Screening**
Movie Reviews by Sophia Aldous
- 20 Listen Up**
Music Reviews by Michael Pickett
- 21 To Your Health**
Along the Mountain Path, by Sarah Kilpatrick
- 22 From the Soil**
by Louanne Atherly
- 23 Waffle Watch**
by Alex Panagotacos Mueller
- 24 What's Happening**
Continued from page 17
- 25 From the Inside Out**
Two to Tango, by Daisy Pongrakthai
- 26 What's Happening**
Continued from page 24
- 28 Nocturnal Noticing**
by Tina Wynecoop
- 29 Family Adventures Out!**
- 30 Family Ties**
We Will Make It, by Becky Dubell
- 31 Dining & Lodging Guide**

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~ JOHN ODELL, WORDS OF WORDS



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Juvenile bald eagle.
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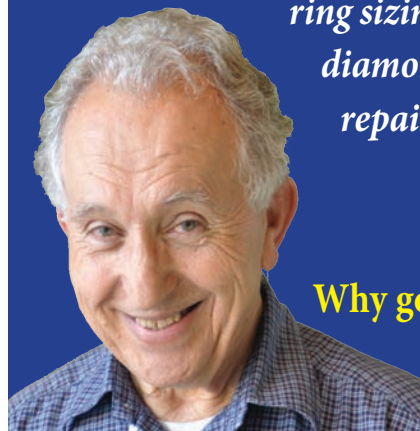
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Random Acts of Community

By Christine Wilson

My father did not like Muhammad Ali. He was too full of himself for Sheldon, the scrupulously humble. No matter what anyone thought of him, however, Muhammad Ali had some culturally challenging points to make and was ahead of his time in making them. He questioned the requirement to fight in the Vietnam War, saying that he did not feel protected and supported by the democracy of his own country. He did not believe his work was to spread democracy elsewhere; it was to promote it here by inspiring a more democratic face to our own democracy. I did not understand the message he was sending when I watched my father watching him on television in the 1960's. Yeah, I wasn't watching the match. I was already a student of human behavior and I was fascinated by my father, being shocked by the grandiosity and the vehemence that was the face of Muhammad Ali.

Muhammad Ali played a role in changes to our cultural conversation that started in the sixties. By 1967, we stumbled into the summer of love, which was not all about sex, drugs, and rock and roll. It was the beginning of a steep learning curve for a generation and beyond. As a straight, white kid from a tidy little community in southeastern Washington, what I knew about diversity was limited to my news junkie habits. What I believed about diversity was based on idealism run amuck.

I lived at home my first year after high school, attending the local community college. Life changed only a bit for me. The next summer I went on a learning trip to Seattle with my church's high school group, where we were introduced to a larger world which involved poverty, racism, and diversity. One of the activities the group leaders set up was during a dinner in an inner city church basement. Four of us were assigned to "be black" and the rest of the group was to "be white." Some of those high school kids relished the role of torturers and name callers. It was terrifying. However, the "liberal" girl who felt sorry for us and tried to befriend us triggered more disdain in me than the openly hostile ones. I discovered I did not want to be patronized or tolerated. I did not want her "help." Tolerance was not good enough.

Later that summer, I was talking to a white southern Californian my age who pulled me up that learning curve even more rungs, beyond any level of social evolution I even knew existed, and he did that with just two short sentences. Mind you, it was 1968, so pardon my colloquialisms and naiveté. He referred to

a friend of his as black and I said: "Wouldn't they prefer to be called Negro?" He spoke to me with great patience but did not mince words: "Don't you get it? Black is beautiful." Nothing I had seen, heard about, or even considered prepared me for the shift in my thinking his comments triggered. My experience in that church basement earlier in the summer was the second-to-last puzzle piece I needed; his comments finished the picture. The puzzle could have been titled "the subtleties of bias." What I learned was:

There is much more to understand than what you can get from the news.

Prejudice and bias are on a continuum from obvious to microcosmic levels of subtlety. I thought this group of people I had championed in essays and conversations would, for some illogical reason, want to hide out. I knew about "passing," which African Americans of lighter skin had been doing back in the day. I had not

"Ignorance breeds fear and fear makes us vulnerable to skewed thinking and bad decisions."

thought it through very well, apparently, since at the same time I believed it worthy of pride to be whoever you are.

Prejudice is not binary. There is no prejudiced versus non-prejudiced person. We're wired for it and all fall along the continuum somewhere and in some circumstances. Queen Latifah describes clutching her purse when she saw a group of young black men walking towards her. Women have described being afraid when they realize their pilot is female. It's internal and unconscious and because of that it is sneaky.

Ignorance breeds fear and fear makes us vulnerable to skewed thinking and bad decisions.

The way out of all this is to talk to people who know what they are talking about and to admit to and then challenge our own bias.

Verna Myers is a diversity consultant who says people often thank her for coming to their company to train them, adding the caveat that they don't really need it because people at their company aren't racist. Myers tells her own story of catching herself in a circumstance where, in her words: "I leaned on a bias I didn't know I had." She recommends we "walk towards" our discomfort, meaning we get curious about our thinking patterns and our reactivity. There is no shame in acknowledging our awareness of prejudice. Since the brain is wired to make judgments, and since many of these judgments have their root in fear of things we don't understand, looking at our assumptions is a necessary step. "Biases," says Verna Myers, "are the stories we make up before we know" who a person is. The

way to fix that bias, she says, is to have contact with people different from us. When we move in a monoculture, it is easy to think we have a complete knowledge base. I needed, 47 years ago, to experience patronization and to hear that black was beautiful, because it blew wide open my limited understanding of race and of my perspective on it. The learning curve continues and, without in-depth training in sociology or biology, I have to admit I am still scratching my head about the recognition that race is a social concept, not a biological term. We really are the human race.

Beyond the color of a person's skin are greater variances in humans than I could possibly have imagined back then. I remember thinking uncomfortably about gay men but it was because I could never go out with any of them. Ah, the hubris of youth. So much to learn; so many notions of which to divest oneself.

Last month in this publication, I wrote about the ACES test, which measures the level of adversity in a person's childhood. I cannot stress enough that it

is all fixable. The resiliency of the human psyche is astonishing on many levels, not the least of which is the brain's plasticity, which we now recognize as a mechanism of change. When I hear people say "this is just the way I am," I can't help but think of Popeye saying "I yam what I yam." What is instead true is that, when we push ourselves out of our comfort zone or when life does it for us, we have a breathtaking capacity for love and curiosity. The understanding of bias now is that even tolerance is a limited level of functioning. Would you want to be tolerated? It's a word we use when we are talking about behavior or people about whom we grind our teeth. It shows up on some diversity inventories in the negative list because of the implicit intolerance driving it.

I will be forever grateful for that role playing exercise and for that brilliant young man, teaching me to break out of my hidden prejudice. I am sure there will be more enlightenment in my future and I hope we can all make room in our minds and hearts for that openness. And, so, let's send Mohammad Ali off with a grateful appreciation of his unwillingness to keep us comfortable and with a promise that we will push ourselves to accommodate people who look, think, and/or believe differently than we do.

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

The Senator

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

Let me share an email that I received from one of our readers.

"My name is James, and I would like to say thank you from the bottom of my heart! The article you wrote felt very precious to me, you are right on point! Life turns in the blink of an eye, and that downward spiral progresses ever so rapidly to that hopeless, homeless, all alone, reality faced by some unfortunates like myself and so many others! Knowing and believing that someone has your back, through it all, can make the most powerful difference..."

I don't know James, but I hear what he is saying. His letter got me to thinking about my own life growing up in the back woods of northern Minnesota. A clear memory from my childhood came to mind, sitting in the back seat of a 1963 Rambler in my faded hand-me-down suit on our way to church. I asked, "Mom are we rich?" I didn't understand why my mom suddenly choked and began laughing uncontrollably. More memories, of growing up on the 80-acre abandoned logging camp that Mom and Dad bought for \$3,000 in 1960. A 14-foot deep hand dug well. Garter snakes in the pump house. Shared bath water. Finicky-to-non-ex-

istent septic system. No heat upstairs in the old farm house, in northern Minnesota. Wallpapered with old newspapers, no insulation behind. Wood burning kitchen stove. Clean clothes on the line, frozen solid. Hand crank washing machine. Working at my dad's auto garage starting at age 10 because, well, we had to learn how to work and save money for college. Mom and Dad never had the luxury of a higher education for themselves, but they were determined to open that door for their kids. We learned that lesson early. Devastated in first grade with a D in penmanship. "Son, you could be a doctor someday," my father told me. Remembering that the gifts of hard work and education have opened countless doors for the rest of my life.

Fast forward to 2016. My brother Ken is CEO of a large hospital in the midwest. Recently he told me the story of Dan, a Hispanic businessman, owner of a local IT business. Ken and Dan were sharing a meal at a local restaurant. When Ken asked about his family, Dan described his father, a very successful and wealthy businessman in Venezuela who became involved in politics and rose to the status of senator in that country. Dan went on to explain the devastation that came to the nation as a result of Hugo Chavez's leadership. When the Chavez's party rose to power, politicians of other persuasions were pushed out. Contracts

were cancelled. The government refused to pay for services previously rendered. Dan's father was forced into bankruptcy. He had no ability to earn a living in the new political environment. There was no future for him or his family in Venezuela. Humiliated and desperate, he left the country and fled to the U.S. where he moved in with his son.

"Where is he now?" Ken wanted to know. "He lives here in our city," Dan replied. "Really? Where does he work?" "He works at your hospital." "He does? I've never seen him. What does he do there?" "He works in housekeeping. You see him every day. You always say hi to him." "No way, I don't know your dad." Dan looked at my brother. "Yes, you do. My dad is the man who empties your trash." "That's your dad? He was a senator in Venezuela?" Dan nodded. "My dad says you are always kind to him. He respects you because you see him. You notice him. He feels like he matters. He says you are fantastic to work for."

Ken was taken aback. He had attempted a few conversations with the older man, Ken speaking very broken Spanish, the cleaner very broken English. Ken asked Dan if his dad was bitter about his life.

Dan shook his head. "No, my dad is a happy man in spite of his life circumstances. He is an inspiration to me because of his outlook on life."

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Life Matters

My brother's story shows me two things. First, we are all connected to each other. What happens in Venezuelan politics affects the housekeeping services in a hospital in a city in the midwest. Second, we all have a story, every one of us. Every life matters. The story we are writing with our lives is all part of the same fabric. We decide if that tapestry will be marred or whether it will be beautiful. The way we treat the man who empties our trash matters.

Ken takes pride in personally knowing his employees and their role in his hospital. He rubs shoulders with multimillion-dollar donors and he knows the stories of the people who fold the laundry. One day he decided to pass out breakfast trays with the food services guy. He put on the hat, the green smock thing and apron and took food to the patients' rooms. He had a great time meeting each of the patients and finding the value of what food services people do in the hospital. In the process of passing out the trays, he greeted doctors and nurses as they passed him, professionals that he had recruited, hired, negotiated and personally met with. He told me that the food tray experience was fascinating from that perspective. Some of the doctors recognized and greeted him. Some didn't. Some didn't even look at him when he greeted them by name.

After breakfast, Ken put on his suit and tie and went back to the ward. "Ken, great to see you. Good morning," greeted one of the surgeons.

"Thanks, I said hi earlier," Ken replied.

"You did? When did you see me?"

"I was the guy passing out breakfast trays." The surgeon was shocked. He had no idea.

Maybe it doesn't mean anything, but I think it does. We don't see people and we don't even know that we don't see them. They are people with stories, with lives, with hopes, aspirations and dreams and those of us living above the fray in our neat and tidy domains separate ourselves from the chaos of life for others, and

we don't notice. I'm challenged to live differently, to see people, to recognize their inherent value, someone worthy of my time and respect. Because every life matters.

What I am learning in my work addressing various community health disparities is that people are just people. By taking a chance on someone, by investing time in someone else's life, there is a chance that the gift of our investment will be scorned. People are people, doing the things that we are prone to do. But there is also the chance that it will move people to live better. And that is worth the risk. If we continue business as usual, I guarantee that we will get the same results. On the other hand, if we come alongside people and give them a chance to step out of addiction, or find a job, or become a home owner, or be invited to become one of us, a member of our community, restored to wholeness after a life of chaos, well, that has the potential to change everything. We are beginning to see it in lives being restored to wholeness. Unless you have experienced that, you can't imagine how good that is. It's good medicine for my town, and it is definitely good medicine for me.

I was that little kid sitting in the back seat of the Rambler wondering whether or not I was rich. I grew up poor, but that wasn't the end of my story. I was given these gifts, to embrace hard work and to pursue education. But there

were other gifts of equal value. To see the world differently and, because I do, to live differently. I've seen what happens to a poor kid from the back woods of Minnesota living in a ramshackle aged home, given half a chance. I embrace this life that I live now as the beautiful adventure that it is.

And yes, I have discovered that I am the richest of men.

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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A Pride That Filled The Sky

Honoring The Life Of Virgil Seymour

By Eileen Delehanty Pearkes

One Tuesday in mid-June, a stiff wind gusted around Hugh Keenleyside dam on the Columbia River in Canada. The sky heaved with rainclouds. Any time now, a cedar dugout canoe was scheduled to come into view. It had launched into the Arrow Lakes earlier that morning. The canoe was headed south, downstream to Kettle Falls, for a great, historic gathering of canoes and people, who would pray and feast and hope for the return of ocean salmon above Grand Coulee and Chief Joseph dams, both constructed without fish passage.

It was the first time such a canoe journey had been made from the Arrow Lakes in over a century. The dugout held several paddlers from the Colville Indian Reservation, whose ancestors call the region upstream of Kettle Falls all the way to Revelstoke their homeland. There was one empty seat for Virgil Seymour, the Arrow Lakes facilitator and Sinixt representative in Canada.

Virgil's brief illness and his passing two days earlier had shocked and

saddened so many people on both sides of the international boundary. From his home in Inchelium, word had rippled out on Sunday like a river current, spreading north into all the tributaries of love and admiration he had travelled, as we grappled with the reality that we had lost a true friend.

I turned to look downstream beyond the dam and felt the full force of the cold spring wind that was slowing the canoe's progress. Over an hour later, the honey-brown craft sitting low to the water finally slipped into view upstream. I watched, elated, as the gate into the dam's navigation lock slowly lifted. The canoe floated in. Every paddler wore a big grin. In a handful of minutes, the downstream gate opened and they passed through the other side.

There is always a way, I thought to myself. Always a way to overcome obstacles.

I met Virgil Seymour in 2013, when he sought me out on his first trip to Canada. His sincerity and warmth impressed me instantly. He walked

Dugout cedar canoe and paddlers, just before passing through Hugh Keenleyside dam, with an empty seat. Photo by Alan Thomson.



North of the Border

the way he talked: with an easy, welcoming gait that expressed a natural confidence, never arrogant or excessive. His face was always open, his eyes bright and his laugh ready. He had a purpose as the new facilitator for his American tribe in Canada: to make the presence of Sinixt people known, and to do so with grace and good humor.

He quickly became an expert at that.

The Arrow Lakes people, his ancestors, had once navigated their vast territory with canoes that knew no boundary line or concrete dams. For Virgil, things were very different. Travel to his people's traditional homeland meant grabbing his passport, firing up his truck and keeping a good grip on the steering wheel. He drove countless twisting miles through the upper Columbia mountains and he did so without complaint. The border agents grew to know him well. I learned to recognize his phone number, which frequently popped up on my call display as he called, seeking connections, learning as much as he could as quickly as possible about the country he had never visited before. He wanted to know who to meet, where people worked or lived, and how to become a presence as an "extinct" Indian in a country that denies both the history and contemporary presence of his tribe.

In the three years I knew Virgil, he rarely dwelt on the injustice of the extinction. He never showed anger in public. He believed the best in everyone he met. He came awake more and more to the importance of his work, calling it being "tapped on the shoulder by the ancestors." Following on the efforts of other tribal members who had come north over the years, Virgil raised awareness about his people's continued existence. His work was to make friends, establish connections and spread goodwill. And that, he did.

He brought other tribal members with him, driving them north on the mountain roads. He hosted drumming circles, language courses, and meetings about salmon. He spoke at schools, museum events and public ceremonies. His pride in his people and in himself grew in a gentle and powerful way as those of us living up here expressed our gratitude and appreciation, and those living down on the reservation began to make their own, first-hand connections with their homeland.

A year or so ago, Virgil pulled up outside the Mir Centre for Peace at Selkirk College in Castlegar, B.C. He had come to participate in a camas discovery day dedicated to the blue flowered plant that was an important root food for his people in traditional times. "Hey," he said to me in that deep, graveled voice of his, "I've got somthin' to show you." He piled out of his trusty, dusty truck holding a thick hard-bound book: [Ital]The Complete Seymour.[end ital] The stories, told by his grandfather, Peter Seymour, had recently been published by the University of Nebraska Press. Recorded originally in the Arrow Lakes language in the 1960s, they had been translated by tribal member Madeline DeSautel and a linguist named Tony Mattina.

Virgil's pride could have filled the blue sky overhead. "I haven't had much time to get through all of it," he said. "But I'm real happy and proud." Virgil had recently completed a beginning language course and learned how to

speaking many simple phrases in his people's language, including the all-purpose greeting, *way* (pronounced "why"). He loved what this greeting expressed. It wasn't just a "hello," he told me. It meant "I come to you as a reflection of all that I have done and experienced up to now. Here I am."

Borders are complicated, and especially so for the Lakes Indians who live

on or off the U.S. Reservation in the Pacific Northwest. Just before Virgil's grandfather's birth, the north half of the Colville Reservation had been released for settlement by non-natives, pushing the Lakes people who wanted to live on a reservation further south, to Incheilium. Today, none of the descendants have rights to access the homeland of their ancestors. They can visit the Canadian portion of their territory as Americans, but they can't stay.

A few days after the canoe passed through Keenleyside dam, it arrived at Kettle Falls. Canoes from several other tribes had converged there, too. Together, the six cedar dugouts and several modern sturgeon-nosed craft crossed the Columbia from east shore to west, paddling right overtop of the fishing falls that had been flooded by the Roosevelt reservoir. A drumming circle pounded out a heartbeat. Voices sang, whooped and hollered the triumph of the canoes having successfully and

safely navigated obstacles that the ancestors might never have dreamed about: dams, reservoirs, water polluted by slag emissions, extinctions and borders. All of this had kept people and salmon from thriving. It felt like a new beginning.

I stood on the shore watching, holding back tears by staying focused on that one empty seat, a space set aside to honor the spirit of a man whose good work in Canada has made such a big difference. The tears came later, on the drive home. It was my own personal river of sorrow, for the passing of a wonderful human being and friend.

Thank you, Virgil Seymour, for your goodness, strength and ease. May your spirit travel north now on the wind, to the home of your ancestors. I am sure they can't wait to see you.

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



Virgil Seymour. Photo courtesy the Tribal Tribune.

Townsend's Bat Solution

By Jack Nisbet

John Kirk Townsend was a young Philadelphia ornithologist who traveled overland to the Columbia country with an American trading party in 1833. Armed with a sensible Quaker background and a self-deprecating sense of humor, Townsend spent the better part of the next three years documenting the fauna of our region.

Specializing in bird and rodent specimens, Townsend managed to procure one of the last California condor collections from the lower Columbia, but he also took a special interest in smaller fare. During his time here he described no fewer than five new wood warblers, including the beautiful one that still bears his name today.

Along the way, he learned Chinook jargon so he could communicate with the locals, and took the teasing of tribal people in stride. Occasionally harassed by their dogs while hunting for specimens, Townsend threatened to shoot the unruly animals if they were not tied up. From then on, "whenever I approached the lodges,

there was a universal stir among the people, and the words 'iskam kahmooks, kalaklalah tie chahko (take up your dogs, the bird chief is coming)' echoed through the little village."

The Bird Chief was equally keen on small rodents, documenting the common pocket gopher of the area around Fort Vancouver and noticing a distinctive bat roosting in the buildings around the post. Today this animal is called Townsend's big-eared bat, *Plecotus townsendii*, aptly named for ears that stretch to about half of the bat's entire body length. A welter of strange lumps above its nose provide an alternate, unseemly name – the lump-nosed bat – but its story is much more intriguing than those unsightly bulges.

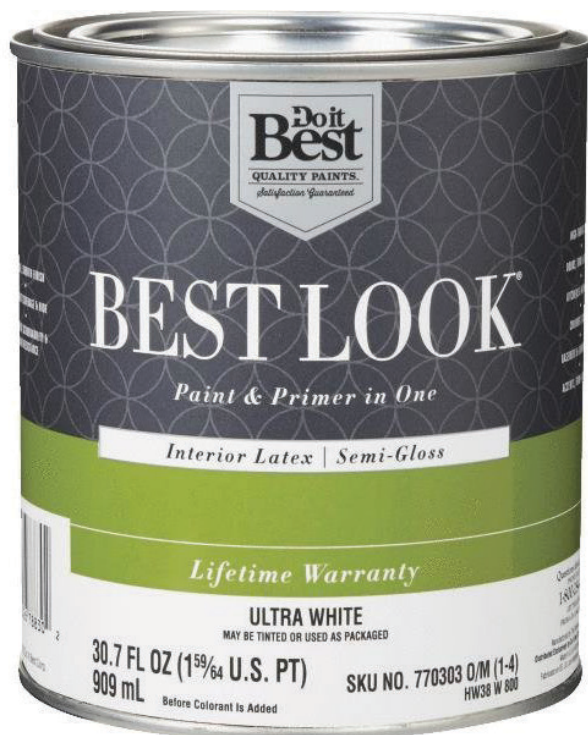
Townsend's big-eared bats are found at low-to-middle elevations throughout the Northwest. In breeding surveys made over the past few decades, it became clear that these bats were not common in the caves, mines, and crevices where biologists usually look, but frequented old buildings, especially in the



Townsend's big-eared bat. Illustration by Michael Hames.

warmer, more humid coastal areas. Females of the species roost in groups that range from a dozen to several hundred individuals, clumping together in tight clusters to preserve body heat and speed up growth of the young. Males roost alone during summertime, usually in completely separate situations. Even though they have adapted to human buildings, both sexes are easily disturbed by the presence of people, and will quickly abandon a roost.

In late summer, the nursery colonies



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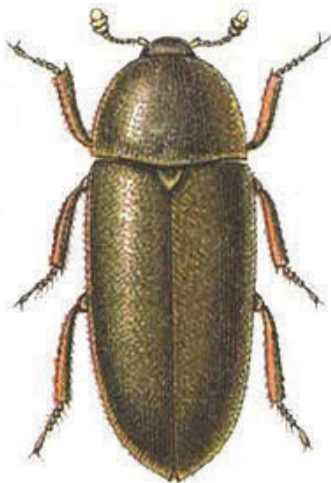


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disperse as the bats head for established hibernaculums, usually caves or mine adits that keep a steady cool temperature. Individual Townsend's have been found alive in caves where the air temperature was below freezing, with each gigantic ear curled down like a ram's horn while the tragus – a thin, cartilaginous structure attached to the base of the ear that is unique to bats and may serve as a temperature sensor – stands erect.

For years the general theory of this bat's out-sized ears was that they must amplify its rather quiet echolocation calls. More recently, some engineering-minded scientists have proposed that the extra surface area might serve as an airfoil during flight. In fact, the Townsend's is very agile in the air, capable of slow movements and quick turns. The ears might also help to regulate temperature, throwing off heat during sultry summer nights. The odd glandular lumps on the noses of these bats continue to perplex zoologists as well. A favored theory is that they could be sexual scent glands.



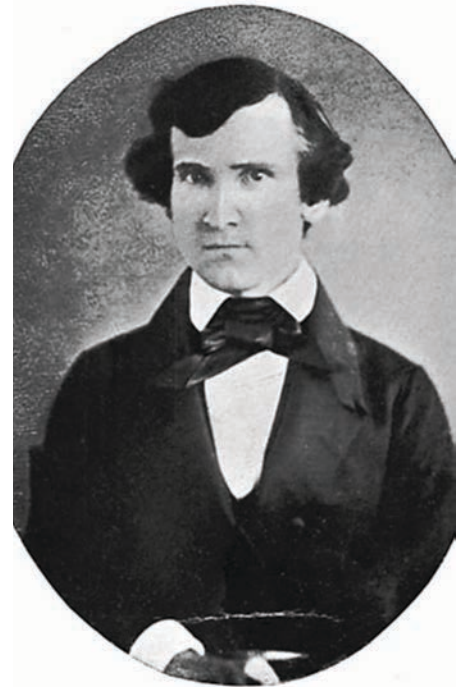
Hide beetle, *Dermestes maculata*. Illustration by Reitter.

The documented food list of these nifty fliers leans toward small moths, with plenty of lacewings, dung beetles, flies, and sawflies on the menu. But this list does not include a singular interaction noticed by John Kirk Townsend when he was living at Fort Vancouver in the 1830s. There Townsend noted that the big-eared bats were “protected by the gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company, for their services in destroying the dermestes beetles which abound in their fur establishments.”

Now we have arrived at a story. Dermestes makes up the group known as carrion beetles, but when fur men mentioned “dermestes” they meant *Dermestes maculatus*, known to company voyageurs as the hide, leather, or skin beetle. Hide beetles are long and oval in profile, dun-colored, and lack the beautiful patterns and colors that made beetle collecting a popular hobby during Townsend's time. They have hairy fore wings and well-developed hind wings that allow them to fly in droning, straight-line trajectories that make them perfect for bat food.

Dermestes maculatus has a world-wide distribution and a long association with humanity. They are the species of carrion beetle typically used by universities, museums, and forensic labs to remove the flesh from bones in skeleton preparation. These flesh-gnawing habits created all kinds of havoc during the fur trade era, because they worked directly on the industry's stored hides. If a few hide beetle larvae made it into a ship's stores at Fort Vancouver, they might infest the entire cargo by the time the vessel arrived at Hudson's Bay Company headquarters in London. There were cases where the pelts of an entire season were condemned out of hand.

That is why London merchants once considered offering a cash prize of £20,000 for a practical method that would control hide beetles in their furs. It was the same amount offered for the famous Longitude Prize of the



John Kirk Townsend, date and photographer unknown.

18th century, based on developing a dependable chronometer that could be used to determine accurate coordinates for vessels at sea. Yet it sounds as if, based on the keen observations of Mr. Townsend, that the fur men at Fort Vancouver had figured out a way to at least put a dent in the Dermestes population by catering to a shy, lumpy-nosed bat with disturbingly large ears.

Bats of British Columbia, by David Nagorsen and Mark Brigham, is a great place to find out about our local bats.

Jack Nisbet will be reading from his latest book, *Ancient Places*, at two venues on July 11: Waterville Public Library, 11 am; Wenatchee Public Library, 6 pm.

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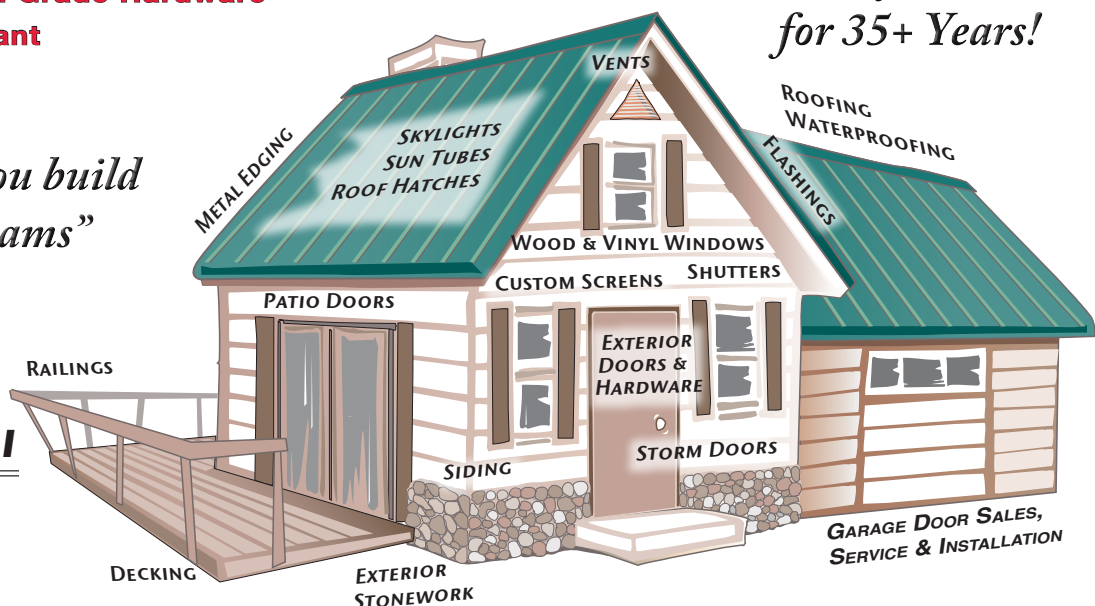
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On Writing

By Loren Cruden

The first time I got paid for writing was for nine essays composed in a small brown notebook when I was about twelve. My mother proposed the project, and paid five dollars per essay. I don't remember what they were about, though would find it odd if at least one didn't feature our noble German shepherd, Star.

A good bit of what my mother and I corresponded about over the years concerned animals and nature. She was a patient observer and had a knack with description: "Happening to look up (working on the house eaves) I saw the most beautiful thing. In lovely sliding circles was a hawk and a turkey buzzard. They were sailing together across the blue, both, clearly, having a wonderful time. An exalting time. I watched them pass along the line of our stream – a unison of silence."

When she died in her eighties and the letters stopped, I continued feeling the urge to write to her whenever encountering something marvelous in the natural world. She is part of how I see things.

For me, writing means pen and paper. Handwritten work doesn't look professional, so I'm not fooled into thinking what I've written is finished or fine or publishable as is. I persevere, making a mess with cross-outs and inserts, arrows and question marks, until sentences are chivvied into shape. Word processing is like carpentry without sawdust, convenient and tidy. I need something more visceral. There is a flow that happens through the actual forming of words by hand that feels creatively different from what happens when tapping buttons on a keyboard. There is also the matter of silence. A lot of staring out the window goes into my writing, silence the ally of this. No beeps, no impatiently glowing screen.

People these days nostalgically notice the difference between e-mails and letters, but efficiency nonetheless rules and most people who still send me letters note that I'm the only person they write to. I watch penmanship become less legible as brains lose the required neural paths, and realize our species is at a crossroads. An ex-husband who lost the use of his hands had a caregiver to whom he dictated his letters to me. Reading my former spouse's words in someone else's penmanship was disconcerting. Handwriting transmits aliveness, character, mood, and other indicators that letter readers such as myself tune into almost as much as to the words themselves. When I read my mother's handwriting I hear her voice telling me about the antics of a pair of otters in the lake, or parsing the notes of a hermit thrush's exquisite song. Sorting through boxes of her papers I find drafts of her articles, scripts from her radio shows, essays on education, and poems, ever poems, all handwritten on scrap paper – the

backs of ads and political fliers, defunct forms, all that soulless typeface recycled with her distinctive, economical handwriting on the back. My mother's mother used to write letters to me on the back of wallpaper samples.

The concentration that surrounds writing in silence is not a barricade against noise, but a kind of spacious receptivity. For years I lived alone in a house on a mountain. No electricity or phone. In winter there was the sigh of the fire in the woodstove; in spring the stepdance of rain on skylights; in summer a drift of birdsong; in autumn the crickets' evening chorus. Sometimes the loudest sound in the house was the cat's purr. Traveling through that intergalactic depth of concentration on a piece of writing one day, I stared for some while out the glass doors of my house before arousing to the fact that a bear stood on my door mat. "Holy moly, it's a bear," I blurted, eloquence not always the case when the visiting Muse is large and furry – and real, not virtual.

I would've liked to write to my mother about it.

Many years ago, studying one of my book contracts under the influence of migraine medication (the equivalent of forty cups of coffee), I was able to condense its message into two nutshells: the publisher has all rights; the writer, all liabilities. (Though seventy-four cents in royalties every time someone buys a copy of one of my books is no doubt better than a plank upside the head.)

Submission is the key word anyone aspiring to be a writer needs to keep in mind. Writers submit. And more often than not, their submissions are rejected. Any would-be writer needs to ponder, is this the kind of life for a decent person? Another fact aspiring writers should meditate upon is that acquisition editors are psychic. They can hold a query letter from an unagented writer and, without opening the envelope, know that the proposal is unworthy. I always knew they could do this with unsolicited manuscripts, but was impressed to find this paranormal ability also applied to queries. Now that paper submissions are obsolete, I wonder if editors will lose this wondrous capacity.

Heaven forbid I should bite the hand that feeds me, but aspiring writers must additionally be warned that editors always change the author's book or article title. It is a basic emotional need, similar to what alpha wolves require from lesser pack members. The editors involved with my books were at least tactful about these changes. One editor explained that my manuscript title made the book sound like a college term paper, which, on reflection, I could see might be true. Never having got the chance to write a college term paper, I had some things to get out of my system, too. I used to wonder why my clever, articulate editors weren't writers instead of editors. That was before decoding the terms of my book contracts.

I still wonder why writers have editors when musicians and artists don't. You never hear of a

sculptor sending a statue to a gallery where an "art editor" chips off pieces, rearranges a little of the compositional structure, and changes the title. Not that I don't appreciate my editors; it's just something I wonder.

Scottish author Kevin MacNeil used to tell aspiring writers that if they're writing with the idea of making money, they're doing it for the wrong reason. Kevin was writer in residence for the Highland region when I lived there, a position that – because he was conscientious – left him no time to write. He was paid to encourage others: people who, even if they did get published, would not be able to support themselves solely by writing. Consider what the world never receives because writers are too busy earning a living to write. Too bad arms dealers don't have this problem.

Time is a tricky issue. The most common explanation would-be authors give for not writing is insufficient time. In some cases this is true; but more often the obstacle is insufficient fanaticism. If there's time for Internet and TV, there's time to write. I knew a poet who reserved an hour each day to just think. Thinking – and observation – to a writer may be what meditation is to a yogi.

Another poet friend in Scotland had a full time job, two young children, numerous projects on the go, and a doctorate in the works. But his published output was astounding. How did he do it? My suspicions: highly motivated efficiency (fanaticism); and a restless mind stimulated rather than distracted by the impugning world.

This is not typical. Most writers feel a need for solitary quiet. An hour in the morning before the kids wake; an evening of beach-pacing. Putting words on paper (or computer) is work. So is creative thinking – or can be, and should be socially valued. Lacking that support, it falls on writers to improvise – creating imaginative lifestyles as well as books.

I can concentrate on a manuscript for 12-14 hours with barely a break, but have difficulty spending twenty minutes shopping; perhaps being an impoverished writer suits me. But life is a costly matter, even the way I live it. For most people trying to support themselves or an entire family, writing as a profession is not an option. So they teach or lecture or work some other job and try to squeeze writing in on the side. It is hard to feel like a real writer in situations like this, and it can be hard to write if you don't feel like a real writer.

Excepting poetry, which erupts without warning, I don't write unless with the intention of publication. But once in the flow, intention is subsumed in the process itself. Like horseback riding, with consciousness the horse and intention its rider, it doesn't take long for horse and rider to meld, a unified movement. That's how it feels, anyway: an impersonal flow to which the writer brings whatever heart and skills are possessed. Not often a way to get rich. But oh, what a ride.



United States but have expanded their range eastward across the country. This expansion is credited to the planting of box elders and other seed- and fruit-bearing trees across the northern prairies, as well as the presence of bird feeders. As is the case with many irruptive, nomadic species, it is difficult to determine the true population of evening grosbeaks. For example, considerable variation in the numbers wintering in the Washington lowlands may reflect either changes in population or merely varying migration.” These wayward travelers were first spotted on the Atlantic coast in 1910 and were considered regular visitors by the 1920’s.

Changes in food source availability affects not only the mix of locations for this bird but its general monogamous pattern as well. Polygamy can and does occur when abundant food sources are present, although in most cases, mating pairs form before the birds arrive at the southern breeding grounds here in the highlands and other migratory stops. This is a busy time for these highly socialized birds, with females building the nests and all birds actively foraging. The nests are loose, shallow, saucer-like platforms lined with soft grasses, moss, lichens and twigs, perched on branches extending well out from the tree trunks, or in deep branch forks. The female gets busy with laying and incubating four-to-five eggs, while the male begins the process of foraging for her as well. Soon the male finds himself with quite a brood of hungry mouths to feed. Then, at a couple of weeks old, the nestlings fledge but will remain in the nest area for another week or so as the adults feed them. After that they are on their own. If conditions are right, food is plentiful, and the season warm, some adult pairs of grosbeaks will raise two clutches of nestlings in a single season.

By the time this article reaches readers, our Columbia Highlands feeders will have quieted down as the breeding pairs of these large, social finches will be well into the nesting cycle with young birds showing soon, if not already. Still, it’s not too late to grab a good pair of field-glasses, lace up the boots and get out for an afternoon of birding. Watch for that bright yellow flash through the trees. It may be an evening grosbeak.

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>.



Male evening grosbeak.

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APPENZERS

Events

July 2: China Bend Winery 29th Annual Summer Party with live music from the Planetary Refugees and the Bobby Patterson Band, dancing with the Zenith of Gypsy Moon Belly Dancers, arts & crafts, volleyball and more. Food available or bring a picnic. 3751 Vineyard Way, Kettle Falls, on the Northport-Flat Creek Road along Lake Roosevelt. 509-732-6123 or www.chinabend.com for info.

July 4: Picnic and fireworks in the Orient Park! Lunch starts at 11am. Hamburgers, hot dogs, fries and root beer floats. Fun with water balloons and volleyball. Community fireworks at dusk. Join the fun and visit with friends.

July 4: No fireworks at the Colville Fair Grounds. The sponsors of the fireworks want the show on New Year's Eve. The show will light off at dusk, not midnight.

July 8-10: The 43rd Annual Chataqua in Chewelah. Enjoy three days of fine arts and crafts, amazing entertainment on Center Stage, a carnival, the children's pavilion, food court, beer garden, and special events including a parade, fun run and golf tournament. Visit ChewelahChataqua.com for more info.

July 9: Garden & Art Tour in Trail, B.C., from 9-4. Music and art combine with outstanding river, valley, alpine, urban and rural private gardens that will inspire and delight. Lunch at Columbia Gardens Vineyard and Winery with live music. Visit facebook.com/kootenaygardentour for more info.

July 13: Garden Party Open House in honor of Donna Jo Smith at the Colville Community College, 11-4. Not looking for gifts, but if you wish to bring something anyway, garden-related items or fresh cut or potted flowers are suggested. Call Jennifer Miller at 509-279-6736 for info.

July 14-16: Colville Chamber's Sidewalk Sale & Street Faire, 10-6 on Thursday and Friday, 10-4 on Saturday. Vendors, artisans, and craftsmen are encouraged to join the 3-day event which only costs \$10 for a 10'x10' booth for all 3 days. Vending applications can be picked up at R.E. Lee Shoes in Colville or at the Colville Chamber of Commerce. For more info, call Karen Abeid at 509-685-1733.

July 14-16: Area 36 Blues & Music Festival for Shriners Children's Hospital. Camping is available all 3 days. Friday is Open Mic Night from 6-10 pm. Saturday there is a classic car show, motorcycle

poker run, food vendors, beer garden, and music all day, featuring The Royce-Govedare High rollers, Midnight Run and New Mud. For directions and more information call 509-684-4444.

July 15: "Cruise In" Car Show at Astor Street in Colville, presented by the Colville Chamber of Commerce Downtown Committee. Starts at 5pm. Vote on your favorite car. Gift bags and prizes.

July 15-16: Broken Goat Trail Running Race, 50k, 25k, 12k, Vertical Climb in Rossland, BC. Visit pacetrailseries.com/broken-goat.html for info.

July 15: KBRH Health Foundation's Golf Classic at the Birchbank Golf Course outside of Trail, B.C., from 11-8. An 18-hole modified scramble, including BBQ dinner and prizes, in support of the Elder Care Campaign. Visit kbrhhealthfoundation.ca or call 250-364-3424 for more info.

July 15-18: Republic Motorcycle Rally.

July 16: 42nd Annual Springdale Parade & Showcase in the Park. Parade at 11 am, Showcase from 12-5 pm. Featuring local artists, club & business booths, music, food vendors, water slide, bouncy house, games and more. Sponsored by the Greater Springdale Loon Lake Chamber of Commerce.

July 16: Tiger Tri XXVI 2016: Swim 1K, bike 40K, run 8K. For more information call 509-684-6037 or visit www.tigertri.com.

July 22-23: Grasshopper Festival in Republic is canceled.

July 23: Little Pend Oreille National Wildlife Refuge Blue Goose Chase Free Family Bicycle Ride, 8:30 am. Bring the whole family for a fun 11-mile auto tour ride on gravel road. Prizes, snacks and music! Clark's All-Sports bike mechanic on site. Call 509-684-8384 or visit www.refugefriends.com for info.

July 30: Colville National Forest Hike hike to Columbia Mountain Fire Lookout Cabin on the Kettle Crest with archeologist Greg Heide. Meet at the Kettle Crest parking area along Hwy 395 at 9am for this moderately difficult roundtrip hike of 7 miles with 1,400 feet of elevation gain. Bring your lunch, plenty of water, binoculars and sturdy walking shoes and enjoy views from the peak, history, cabin restoration efforts, wildflowers and wildlife. For more info, call 509-684-7000.

July 30 & 31: Scenic Excursion Train Rides/ Down River Days Festival in Ione, WA. Saturday rides are SOLD OUT!, Sunday rides are 11am & 1 p.m. For info & reservations (highly recommended) call

877-525-5226 or visit www.lionstrainsrides.com. This is the last year for the train rides so don't delay.

Aug. 5-7: Save the date for Colville Rendezvous in the city park. More info at colvillere rendezvous.org.

Aug. 6: Save the date for the Colville Airport Fly-In.

Music, Dance, Theater

July 2: Midnight Run, rockin' blues & rock band, at Ruby's Bar & Grill in Inchelium, 9 pm-midnight.

Music at Republic Brewing Company, 26 Clark Ave., Republic, republicbrew.com, 509-775-2700:

2nd: Robert Sarazin Blake, 7-10 pm

9th: The Alkis, 7-10 pm

23rd: Bill Price, 7-10 pm

29th: Rust on the Rails, 7-10 pm

Aug. 1: Jason Boland & The Stragglers, 7-10 pm

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

6th: Keith Anderson, 7 pm

7th: Sara Brown, 6-8 pm

8th: Northern Aliens, 7-10 pm

14th: Michael Pickett, 6-8 pm

15th: Open Mic, 7-10 pm

21st: Bill Price, 6-8 pm

22nd: Johnny and the Moondogs, 7-10 pm

23rd: Sip and Paint, 5 pm

28th: Justin Johnson, 6-8 pm

July 8-9: The Pend Oreille Players Association in Newport presents seven brand-new, unpublished one act plays at the 7th Annual One Act Play Festival. Call 509-447-9900 or visit pendoreilleplayers.org for more info.

July 10: The Pend Oreille Players Association in Newport will host a free hot dog feed and open house, 4-6 pm. Sign up for summer drama camps and learn about what's coming up! Call 509-447-9900 or visit pendoreilleplayers.org for more info.

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

7th: Mountain Station, 7 pm

12th: Kootenay Fiddle Camp, 7 pm

14th: Caelum Scott Band, 7 pm

19th: The Young 'Uns (from Ireland!), 7 pm

21st: Ronald Halliday Quartet, 7 pm

26th: The Universe of John Lennon, 7 pm

28th: Clinton Swanson & Friends, 7 pm

July 21: Blizzard Music Fest presents Henry Wagons and The Dead South at The Flying Steamshovel in Rossland, B.C. from 9-midnight. Visit <http://www.theflyingsteamshovel.com> or call 250-362-7323 for more info.

July 21-24: Rock Cut Blues Festival in Orient, WA. Bands include the Sara Brown Band and the Tommy Hogan Band, plus many more. Camping available. No pets please. Call 509-684-7999 or visit www.rockcutrvpark.com for info.

Arts & Crafts

July 1: Gold Mountain Gallery Featured Artist for July is Sandy Tauber. Best known for her stone jewelry, Sandy's watercolors and photography will also be on display. Reception July 1, 2-6pm at the Artists Coop at 600 S. Clark in Republic. Refreshments will be served.

July 2: The Springdale Art and Craft Co-op is offering a class on earring making with Lori Kuhn. Limited to four people. Call 509-937-2064 for info.

July 30: Midsummer Fine Arts & Fiber Festival for the Volunteer Food & Resource Center/Colville Food Bank. Local artisans and crafters in the Ag Trade Center and there will be live entertainment. All proceeds go to support the food bank.

Curlew Library is hosting a limited showing of scenic and wildlife photography by local artist **J. Foster Fanning**. Framed photographs are available for sale with 20% of the proceeds going to the Curlew Library. Fanning's photographs will be on display through July. Check out the newest library in NE Washington at <http://www.ncrl.org/curlew.htm>

Trails End Gallery (Chewelah) Featured Artist is Brad Schwartz: The drawings and prints of this Spokane artist will be on display through mid-July. The show, titled "land(e)scapes," can be viewed during gallery hours, 2-6 pm on Wednesdays and Thursdays. Call Tim Nielsen, 503-516-8355 for more info.

Featured Artists at Meyers Falls Market (at the traffic light on Hwy 395 in Kettle Falls) for July is Dort Pritchett, a local potter who does wheel-thrown, hand-built functional and artistic pieces. The show includes decorative pieces, wall boxes and vases. Her art is based on resolving the constant tension that exists between form, function and esthetic appeal.

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

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

Farm, Field & Forest

July 21: Northeast Washington Permaculture Guild (NEWPG) meets at 5 pm to network and share info at the Community Connections Room, Meyers Falls Market, Kettle Falls. Please park in back; bring a snack or dish for afterward potluck. For info, call 509-690-9826 or email kud427@gmail.com.

Get help from a WSU Master Gardener with your garden questions or plant problems. Bring a plant or insect sample to the WSU Stevens County Extension office, 986 S Main, Suite D in Colville. The plant clinic will run every Tuesday, 2:30-4:30 pm until mid-September. Call 509-684-2588 or email asabins@wsu.edu for more info.

Wellness

July 18: Parkview Senior Living is offering a free yoga/pilates class, designed by Care Tafoya, at the Colville Senior Center (231 W. Elep), 8-9 am. Please RSVP by July 15 by calling 509-675-7913.

July 25: Gorgeous Grandma Day at Parkview Senior Living in Colville, starting at 1 pm. We will treat our Gorgeous Grandmas to a spa with a facial, pedicure, hand treatment, and a seated massage. The spoiling is free and is limited to the first 20 RSVP by July 18, by calling 509-684-5677.

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 1 pm. All those living with MS are invited. For info, call 509-684-3252.

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

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

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

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

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

Continued on page 24

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

A Good Read

An Unnecessary Woman, by Rabih Alameddine

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

An Unnecessary Woman is a love story, that of Aaliya, a Lebanese woman of seventy-two, and her beloved: literature. Aaliya lives cocooned in her Beirut apartment. Each year she selects and translates (for herself only) a worthy book into classical Arabic. She does this even during the siege of Beirut, “I crouched behind my window and observed teenage thanatophiles with semi-automatics running cockroachy zigzags.”

Aaliya is wry and a bit snarky. At age sixteen she was married off by her family “to the first unsuitable suitor to appear at our door...” Impotent, he divorces her. At his death she says, “I realize that I haven’t mentioned my husband’s name. It isn’t intentional. It’s just that I can call him my husband and that defines him.”

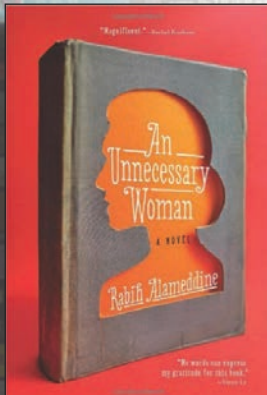
The story is about a solitary woman, but community’s tendrils are everywhere. “The building’s generator won’t be turned on until at least six a.m., until someone else wakes up, most likely Marie-Therese, who calls for one of her roaming cats every morning, which wakes Fadia, who’ll turn on the generator.” Bit by bit we see Beirut, like stage lights coming on one by one, illuminating set and actors.

Aaliya quotes pertinent literary insights from her capacious mental library. She also reflects on memories of people, and events such as the siege. Non-young

readers among us may especially relate to many of her essay-like comments, though few of us, probably, often consider questions such as, “Does reliability reinforce your illusion of control? If so, I wonder if in developed countries (I won’t use the hateful term civilized), the treacherous illusion-crushing process of aging is more difficult to bear. Am I having an easier time than women my age in London?”

It is not living in fear that makes Aaliya strong, nor is it necessity alone that motivates her courage; in part, at least, it seems that her imagination, instead of conjuring anxiety, allows her to live as if within the pages of one of her beloved novels. It makes her prudent, but also a woman who charges into the street in her nightgown carrying a Kalashnikov to drive looters away.

Aaliya becomes more and more reclusive after her friend Hannah dies. “I think it is safe to say that contact with other people has never been my strong suit, but lately, in the last eight or nine years, or ten, it has produced a mild anguish that’s hard to define. These days the presence of other people derails my mind. I can’t seem to think clearly, or behave naturally, or just be.... ‘The healthy flee from the ill,’ wrote Kafka in a letter to Milena Jesenska, his unrequited love, ‘but the ill also flee from the healthy.’” Fascinating.



Incarnations, by Susan Barker

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

Wang Jun is a taxi driver in Beijing in the run-up to the 2008 Olympics. Wang is married, has a little girl he adores, is poor but getting by. He starts finding mysterious letters in his taxi, from a person claiming to have known him during six incarnations spanning centuries of Chinese history. And so the stories begin.

Author Susan Barker is of Chinese-Malaysian-English origins, and currently lives in London. She writes with witty precision and insight. Wang is well educated but chooses to be a working-class stiff. Not for political reasons, but in rebellion against his father, a corrupt former government minister. Wang marries a provincial woman, a masseuse. Barker’s scenes, past and present, are alive with voices, aromas, sense-rich detailed environments transporting the reader, whether to an emperor’s bedroom or a taxi driver’s canteen. “Crowded around Formica tables, cabbies hunch over bowls, chopsticks tugging noodles to mouths. Smoke from the poorly ventilated kitchen and crimson-glowing cigarettes swirls above them in a stratum of clouds. Hacking coughs cut through the dinnertime clatter, and lighters spark and flare as though pyromania, not nicotine, is the addiction here. Wang stands in the doorway, his pupils dilating in the dimness.”

A powerful, probing imagination is at work here. “The chained beast of history is breaking loose. Do you hear his deep and ragged breathing in the dark? History is knocking for you, his knuckles striking the door. Don’t

pretend not to hear. Don’t pretend he’s not there. Open the door, Driver Wang. Let him in.” So exhorts the mysterious letter writer.

The story moves back and forth between these letters with their harrowing incarnation tales and Wang’s present and recent past. The incarnations start with Wang’s mother turning him into a eunuch during the Tang Dynasty in 682. The letter-writer was apparently a participant in all these incarnations. One that lastingly snagged my emotions described Red Guard actions during Mao’s Cultural Revolution. There are echoes in this book of David Mitchell’s *Cloud Atlas* and his other linked novellas, but Barker has her own style of sly, dark humor and outrageous plot permutations. The absurdity of some of her character names reminded me of Peakes’ *Gormenghast*.

Each tale of the past is fraught with suffering and ends in betrayal. There are no upbeat incarnations, including Wang’s present one. Who is writing the letters, infiltrating Wang’s work, his home life, his sanity? You’ll never guess.

Other recommendations from the B shelves:

Elizabeth Brundage: *All Things Cease to Appear*

Daniel James Brown: *The Boys in the Boat* (nonfiction)

Joseph Boyden: *Three Day Road*

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



In Theaters: *The Huntsman: Winter's War*

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous

Frozen 2: Seriously, Let it Go, should have been the title of this recent batch of malarkey. *The Huntsman: Winter's War* starring Chris Hemsworth, Charlize Theron and Emily Blunt serves as a half-baked prequel and sequel to 2012's *Snow White and The Huntsman*, which itself was a mediocre effort made to seem more exciting with brilliant marketing and an epic theme song written and performed by Florence and The Machine (seriously, if *Breath of Life* doesn't make you want to storm the boss's office and get that raise, nothing will).

This cinematic outing learned nothing from the mistakes of its predecessor. If anything, it seems to repeat them with greater gusto.

The storyline goes something like this: Royally screwed over by her wicked sister, the enchantress Ravenna (Charlize Theron), forlorn Freya (Emily Blunt) flees to a northern kingdom to

raise an army of huntsmen as her own personal bodyguards (I guess huntsmen sounds more hip and less Secret Service? I dunno). Gifted with the ability to freeze her enemies in ice (sing your favorite Elsa lyrics here), Freya commands her army to never fall in love (insert eye roll). When Eric (Chris Hemsworth) and fellow fighter Sara (Jessica Chastain) flip the figurative bird to Freya's edict, the peevish queen does whatever she can to put an end to their ahuggin' and akissin'. You know, until the end, where they all suddenly remember how naughty Ravenna is and team up to take her down.

Seriously, how can a movie structured around a fairytale featuring magic, adventure, betrayal, and forbidden love be so boring? Theron, who tapped into veins of tyrannical pathos as the evil queen in the first outing, is ham-fisted here, having thrown to the wind any attempt at bringing

legitimacy to her role. Blunt tries, but the fact that her character and her rivalry with her sister ostentatiously rips off Disney's *Frozen*, doesn't give her a snowball's chance in the deep, dark furnace. Did the director and screenwriters really think audiences wouldn't make those comparisons?

Hemsworth does his best to inject some Indiana Jones-like humor here and there, but it's mostly out of place. The chemistry between him and Chastain is a slow burning ember that is suited for a better movie than this.

All in all, *The Huntsman: Winter's War* is the kind of movie that can easily be turned into a drinking game with your buddies. Each time Theron or Blunt rasps a line like, "The game's not finished" you have to take a shot. You'll be soused halfway through, but you will have more fun.

The Huntsman: Winter's War is rated PG-13 for fantasy action violence and some sensuality.

The Classics Corner: *The Company of Wolves*

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous

It's no great scrutiny to say that fairytales are retold and reincarnated to flow with our cultural subconscious. They adapt to reflect the themes that are relevant to the times. Neil Jordan's 1984 film *The Company of Wolves* is a prime example of this, gleaning from *Little Red Riding Hood* to mirror our own insecurities and longings back at us in a way that modern blockbuster cinema can't even grasp (see my review on *The Huntsman: Winter's War*).

Based on short stories from Angela Carter's book *The Bloody Chamber*, *The Company of Wolves* re-imagines the age-old story of a young girl falling prey to a big, bad wolf as a metaphor for budding female sexuality, the emotional confusion that surrounds it, and the stigmas that are placed on that pivotal time. Angela Lansbury stars as the titular grandmother of the yarn, warning her granddaughter, Rosaleen, (Sarah Patterson) of the dangers of men. When Rosaleen meets a handsome hunter (Micha Bergese, whose background as a dancer lends him a lupine-like sensuality) in the woods, she finds herself drawn to him in

an animalistic way, which results in a dark turn of events.

The Company of Wolves is a layered film, revolving around several stories within a story and not particularly following a linear plot, so those looking for definitives in their movies will most likely be frustrated and lose interest. But for those who appreciate some thought provocation along with magnetic imagery (thanks to production designer Anton Furst), Jordan delicately, but deftly, helms a story that carries itself past its fairytale surface into a complex root system of innocence, desire, and understanding (sometimes paid for at a high price).

The Company of Wolves is rated R for brief nudity, some violence and frightening imagery.

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



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LISTEN UP

Jasmine Cain: Perfectly Crafted and Instantly Classic

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

The best way to make your music is unapologetically. If you are a techno-geek, break out the synths and hold them high. A polka king? Armor-All that accordion and don't back down from anyone. Hard rock fueled by classic metal guitars and world-class vocals? Do what Jasmine Cain does and lay down an album like the high-octane *White Noise*.

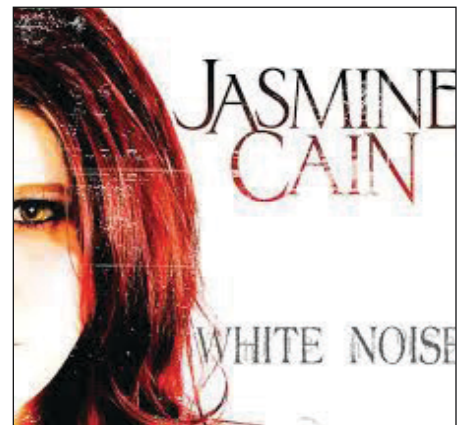
Opening with the searing guitar-riffage of "Coming In Hot," this album sits nicely along the lineage of Scorpions, Ozzy and other no-holds-barred classic metal outfits that never compromised on sound or impact. Then comes the real secret weapon: the massive vocals of Jasmine Cain.

Smoking delivery on the title track and "Fools Gold" show a singer that has chops to spare but

knows just where to use them, never allowing a "look at me" attitude to derail obvious soul and finesse. More restrained, stand-out tracks like "Into the Grey" lean into perfectly crafted harmonies and by the time you get to ballistic "Any Given Sunday," Cain has more than proven her power as a vocalist to be reckoned with.

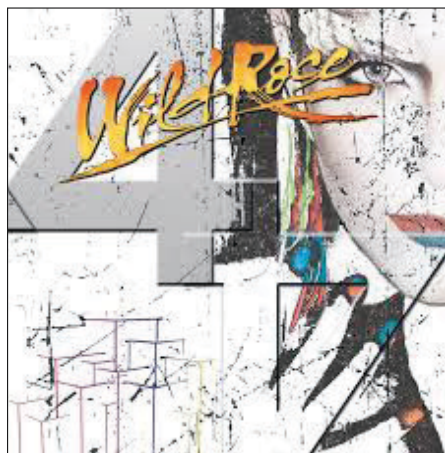
Standing on the shoulders of acts like vintage Heart and Lita Ford's better work, Cain and the band hold their own with some of the greater classic rock to ever come down the line. This album feels like an invigorated, unapologetic take on hard rock that actually matters (where people aren't afraid to sing and play as though they really mean it), and is a must-own for fans of classic rock, killer guitar work, or singing and songwriting that blow a lot of other acts

out of the water. Find Jasmine Cain on Spotify and take in the *White Noise*.



Wild Rose's Bloomin' Rock Stance

Reviewed by Michael Pickett



Within the last five years there has been a resurgence of players who can play and singers who can sing. With current acts looking at the 70s and 80s as an era when hard rock – despite fashion hubris and controlled substance abuse – flourished under the prowess of acts like Def Leppard, Van Halen, Night Ranger and others.

Enter Wild Rose, a classic rock act that is neither short on melody or singing/playing ability on their album, 4. Somewhere between Firehouse and Foreigner, "Desperate Heart" leads off the procession of tracks with a driving but memorable performance, while tracks like "Save the Night" and "Love Games" mine both the softer and incendiary side of Wild Rose, respectively.

By the time you arrive at the album's closer, "Don't Let Me Down," the vintage take on

hard rock has proven to be a very satisfying ride. While there are some clear nods to some of the greater acts of the 80s, Wild Rose carves out a notch all their own with strong, instantly memorable performances. 4 proves to be a cool take on how to create guitar-driven, inspired metal for a generation craving players who can actually create something greater than seven-strings, three chords and an auto-tuned croak.

Drop onto Spotify or Youtube and check out Wild Rose's 4 and get a dose of souped-up hard rock that feels vintage but vital while never fully looking back.

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

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Along the Mountain Path

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

"Pose (act), pause, (reflect), repose."

~ B.K.S. Iyengar



When we come to the yoga mat, ready for practice, we are using the physical body to "catch the mind." That is, as we take the shapes of various asanas, we endeavor to keep our mind tuned in to what we are feeling in the physical body, making adjustments as necessary, and observing what arises in the mind. "Pose, pause, repose" is a useful technique for developing equanimity of mind.

At the beginning of our yoga path it is challenging just to remember what to do with our feet, legs, and arms! But even as raw beginners, pose, pause, repose is useful. Beginners may find that they can go more deeply into the pose, or become aware that they need to back off to a more compassionate place. The pause gives you a chance to remember instruction and practice what you have learned in class. For more experienced yogis, this technique helps us to pay attention to alignment, be mindful of our personal tendencies, and focus on "being the pose." It also keeps us in poses longer, increasing strength and allowing for deeper opening in the muscles.

I first experienced this in a workshop with Janice Vien, a senior Iyengar teacher from New Hampshire. She instructed this in a supported version of Uttanasana, the forward fold. We used folding chairs, folded, seat side up. The legs of the chair were placed against the wall at the floor, and the top of the chair leaned into the hip folds, where the femur bones move into the pelvis. The chair helps to keep the hips evenly balanced, and deepens the fold. Taking

the arms down, hands onto the sides of the chair, or the floor, we first took the shape of Uttanasana. We posed. Then we paused. During the pause, we were instructed to examine our pose. Using what we had learned, we examined the placement of our feet, were we contracting our thighs? What did we feel in our muscles? Where were our hands, was the neck relaxed and the head released? What was the state of our mind and our emotions? Was the breath flowing smoothly? Then, having reflected upon our pose, we made adjustments. We "reposed." Perhaps we moved more deeply into the pose as our muscles relaxed, or perhaps we backed off a bit at the request of tight muscles. We were then instructed to "be the pose." There, we found "repose." This technique caused us to stay, pay attention, and deepen our experience. I came out with an experience of great peace. Equanimity of mind.

Sometimes when we practice, we go in and out of yoga. That is, we move into our version of the completed pose, at which point we are "doing yoga," and then we collapse out of the pose, or come out mindlessly. We are not "doing yoga." Doing yoga, not doing yoga. In and out, creating disturbance rather than calming the nervous system and mind. Mr. Iyengar said that asana was more like a movie than a photograph. That is, each breath, each movement into, in the full pose, and out, is a part of the asana. This consciousness helps us to remember that each breath, each movement, experience, and thought is a part of our life. Sometimes

we forget. We think "I want to hurry up and finish this job so I can get on with my life." The job is your life! If we can "take the shape" of whatever we do, pause and reflect on what we are doing, how we are doing it, and the state of our breath and our mind, we can "repose" and find equanimity of mind.

As you walk along the mountain path, may you be conscious of the joy of being alive in a human body. May you pause and reflect upon your journey, and may each movement and each breath be a seamless expression of your precious human life.

Namaste.

Sarah is happy to begin teaching again, on July 13! She practices and teaches at Mt. Path Yoga studio, 818 E. Columbia Ave., in Colville.

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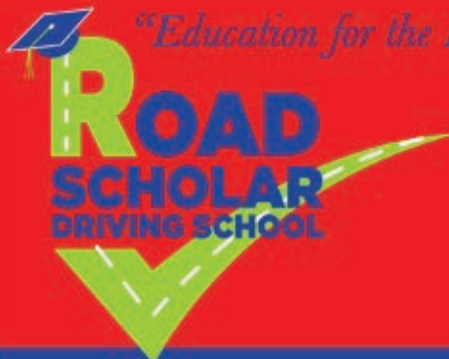
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From the Soil

By Louanne Atherley

"Elder be ye Lady's tree, burn it not or cursed ye'll be."
~ Rhyme from ancient oral tradition

One of the plants I enjoy the most in my garden is the elderberry. Two elderberry bushes planted themselves in my yard several years ago. I like having native plants self-seed as long as they don't have any really nasty habits or attributes. Each of them chose a perfect spot and they have become anchors of the rock patio north of our house providing a nice focal point. They can be pretty messy dropping blossoms, leaves and branches, but I gladly put up with it.

Elderberries are amazing growers, putting on 8 to 10 feet per year from new shoots. There is considerable die back each year but sometimes I leave the bare branches because I like the sculptural look against all the green in my garden (or because I don't get around to removing them). One of the bushes I keep to a single trunk, trimming away suckers each spring. The other is more of a clump of exposed trunks because I like their radiating lines as a backdrop to the hostas and vinca that grow under them. Because they are such prolific growers, if you don't like the direction a bush is headed you can cut it to the ground and it will come bounding back.

Elderberry is widely found around the world and was used by many cultures. Some parts of the plant are mildly toxic but they are also good for you. Medicinal properties have been recognized for hundreds of years and in fact, at one time, elderberry bushes were considered an essential part of a monastery garden. Most sources say the fruit and flowers should not be eaten raw

but I have dried berries and used them in tea and also fermented the blossoms with no ill effects. Elderberry contains flavonoids to boost the immune system and is also an anti-inflammatory. Some traditions used the bark and root for medicine as well.

Several cultures associate Elder with the spiritual or with fairy folk. One of Hans Christian Andersen's tales features "Hyldemoer," Danish for The Elder Mother, and her son to whom she feeds elderflower tea. An elder tree also figures prominently in the story. Scandinavian legends say the elderberry tree is where the goddess Freya lived, and in Germanic societies the elder-mother, goddess of life and death, was supposed to live in the elder tree. Harry Potter fans may remember that the most powerful wand in the Wizarding World is a wand made of sambucus and known as the "Elder Wand." Planting an elderberry bush outside the kitchen window or door was said to ward off sickness and misfortune. Fortunately, this is just where one of my elderberry bushes planted itself.

Elderberry flowers have a lovely subtle fragrance in the spring and clusters of dark purple fruit in the late summer. I have seen several recipes for using a cordial or syrup made of elderflowers to flavor desserts. Most of them are from England where the bushes are also used for hedgerows. The flowers can also be battered



and fried and these recipes seem to come from Jewish, Austrian or German cooking traditions.

Both the flowers and fruit can be fermented. I recently tried St. Germain liqueur which is made from elderberry. It has a very delicate, floral flavor with hints of citrus and it mixes well with ginger ale, hard cider, prosecco or soda for a refreshing summer drink.

Other parts of the bush have also been traditionally used. Because the stems have a soft membrane inside, they were hollowed out by some people in eastern Europe and made into flutes, pipes or bellows. One source said watchmakers used the membrane inside the stems to polish watch parts.

Birds love elderberries and it is challenging to harvest any before the birds get to them. I read a recommendation recently for planting elderberry bushes near your garden specifically to distract the birds from your fruit trees.

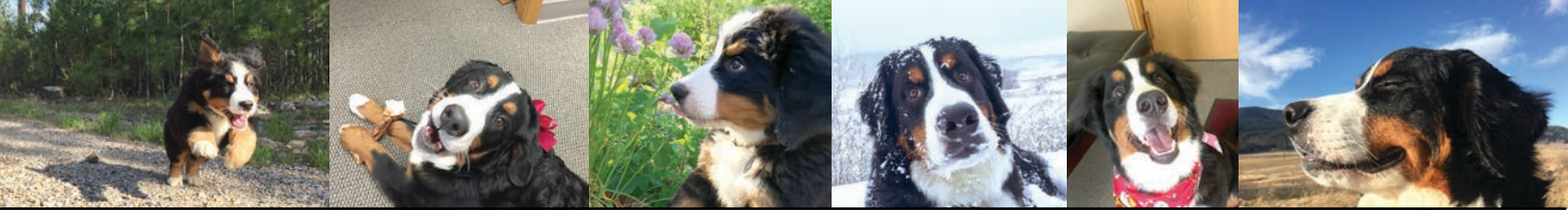
I gave the elderflower fritters a try this spring. I liked them drizzled with honey while my husband Ben preferred honey yogurt.

Elderflower Fritters

- Five large elderflower bunches
- 1.25 cup of flour
- 2 small eggs, lightly beaten
- 1 cup of very cold seltzer water
- 3 T of St. Germain (or other) liqueur
- Clover honey or confectionary sugar for drizzling/dusting.
- Light oil for frying (I used grapeseed).

1. Cut the elderflower clumps into florets about the circumference of the top of a tin can. 2. Fill heavy pot with about 2 inches of oil. Heat to 350F. 3. Sift flour into a small bowl. Make a well in the center and pour in the eggs. Stir until just combined. Stir in liqueur. Pour in seltzer water slowly, while mixing with wooden spoon. Should be the consistency of a very thin pancake batter. 4. Once oil is heated, dredge an elderflower floret through the batter, covering thoroughly. Fry in small batches, adding the fritters to the oil one by one, being careful not to crowd. 5. Fry the fritters for about one minute before turning over. Fry the other side for another minute or until golden brown. Remove from oil, and place on paper towels to absorb excess oil. 6. Drizzle with honey, or dust with powdered sugar. Serve hot.





Waffle Watch

By Alex Panagotacos Mueller

We're stepping up my training game, folks. I was getting pretty good at following all my basic commands. Now I'm working on taking those commands from kiddos. My dog trainer's grandchildren helped out with my session last month. They were really helpful. I think they have bright futures as therapy dog trainers!

We met at The Shops in Coeur d'Alene to practice. The Shops are perfect for training because there are so many different stimuli present. There are elevators, stairs, swinging doors, streets, carpet, tile, stores, people, other dogs, restaurants, displays, benches, and lots more. So many things to smell! So many things to get distracted by! I practiced all of my basic commands with the kids in charge. Then we had my human walk by while I was with the kids. It was super difficult to do because I love my human, but I had to stay focused on the kids. I did it, though! With some minor corrections and with positive reinforcement, I stayed tuned in to my junior trainers.

You might be wondering why I should be getting trained by kids. After all, the certification tests don't evaluate how I take commands from children.

Here's the deal though: I need to learn to focus on a child survivor irrespective of the distractions around us. A child who visits Kids First Children's Advocacy Center deserves my undivided attention.

What's more, when I reach courtroom dog status, I need to be able to sit quietly and calmly next to a child as he or she testifies. There could be all sorts of distractions in the courtroom: people walking around, agitated voices, a gavel banging, etc. I need to be tuned in to that kiddo because all of those things are stressors on top of what a survivor is dealing with already. My job is to be that child's fuzzy rock.

Animal assisted programs such as facility, forensic interview and courtroom can increase self-esteem, improve verbal communication, improve willingness to join in activities, enhance interactions with others, increase happiness, lessen depression, reduce anxiety and improve the relationship between the child and the service provider. All of these effects help a child feel comfortable in an advocacy center, promote openness to speaking with law enforcement and enhance a child's personal power so that they may speak up in court.

It's enough that a child had to endure abuse. We want the child survivor to have some sense of calm and comfort as he or she navigates the criminal justice system. I can be one really important piece of a child's healing. That's why I'm in training.

To follow Waffle's therapy dog training or to find out more about Rural Resources Victim Services and Kids First Children's Advocacy Center, call 1-844-509-SAFE(7233) or like them at facebook.com/RuralVictimHelp



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What's Happening... continued from page 17

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).

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

Youth/Parenting

Looking for breastfeeding support? Reach out to a La Leche League Leader! Contact

Courtney at 509-680-8944, crtsl11@gmail.com, or find our page on Facebook titled "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.

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.

Miscellany

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

The Greater Springdale/Loon Lake Chamber of Commerce meeting is the first Thursday of the month at 11 am at the Stevens County Fire Protection

Continued on page 26

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Two to Tango

By Daisy Pongrakthai

My dad used to say “Life’s a two-way street. You’ll do better thinking that way.” And, “If you’re going to dish it out, you better be able to take it.” Yes, it takes two to tango, unless you feel like starting a fight with yourself. I say, just like water and wheat are required to make bread, so complementary parts make up a seemingly disagreeable situation. I find that the real dough, or the yeast of the issue, can be a beautiful set-up for a lesson, or self-growth situation, on both sides.

What would make either party compromise? Ever see the crazy car stand-off known as “Chicken,” where two people race straight at each other in a suicidal manner to win by not being the chicken who turns and decides to pull out of the deathly stance? Someone decided to take responsibility and “give in,” or in a better light, save both lives.

Instead of getting and staying angry or holding a grudge, there’s a meadow across the way that invites a stepping-out-of-the-box type of stance that can, at first, feel very uncomfortable. It is understanding that every time there is a conflict or feathers are ruffled, *there is a learning opportunity to make oneself more resilient*, hence happier, whether the situation is between colleagues, friends, loved ones, a neighbor, a community leader or global circumstances. According to Emma Seppala, author of *The Happiness Track*, “Research shows that when you live your life from an authentic and caring place, you automatically breed trust around you. You inspire others and uplift them, and as a consequence they feel closer to you and even devoted to you. In addition to becoming more successful, you significantly boost your health and psychological well-being. Your impact spreads, as you create a culture of positivity that benefits those around you and reaps great results for you.”

One component to conflict is *sensitivity*. How are you coming off to others? What’s being dished out is key to what the reaction might be. Side-stepping the norm of the self-interest propagation, science shows that we are naturally wired to be other-focused and compassionate. But becoming softer is like a new skill and can feel awkward. Part of that sensitivity is *listening* and *watching*. From an attentive stance, intent can be sensed. Everything we say carries intent in varying degrees and emotions, from negative to positive. Research shows people’s emotions can actu-

ally be read through their gaze, but it takes a good degree of sensitivity, which is cultivated through self-nurturing practices, such as mindfulness or gratitude.

And just to play devil’s advocate, research points out that self-interest backfires and harms in four ways: it creates blind spots, ruins relationships, damages health, and makes one weak in the face of failure. From a pool of 2,500 participants, new data from the *Science of Happiness* course demonstrates the link between well-being and relationship quality,

confirming decades of research showing that if people want to be happier, then they should focus on the quality of their relationships.

I love my father for all of his teachings, love, and intelligence. When I was unhappy about anything, he’d say, “Well, what are you going to do about it?” Now, later in my years, I’ve added the ingredient of Two to Tango in discovering a greater happiness factor amidst conflicting points of view. There are lessons to gain, not blame, on both sides, from the inside out.

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

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.

Habitat for Humanity Board Meetings at the Habitat Store, 480 N. Main St. Colville, WA, are open to the public. For more info, call

Lisa Meddock 509-684-2385 or visit www.habitatcolville.org.

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 availability of Veterans Service Officers and for more info.

The NEWA Amateur Radio Club meets the first Saturday of each month 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.

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

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.

Local food banks need your help! There are a number of ways to contribute, from donations of nonperishable food items and cash, to organizing food drives in your church, organization or at work, volunteering your time at the food bank, or including the food bank in your will. Every donation to your local food bank makes a difference.

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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Nocturnal Noticing

By Tina Wynecoop

Chitter, bark, whinny, toot, clap, whistle, trill...who in the world makes these sounds that wake me from a sound sleep at summer solstice nighttime? Forty years ago we began raising our family in the quiet woods north of Spokane. Developments now surround us as we sit on the cusp of the urban growth boundary. Still, amidst all this change and alter-ing of wildlife habitat, the fauna still finds livable places to feed, breed and pass along their genetic uniqueness. As the birds and wildlife are being scrunched into smaller territory, it is a special delight to encounter them, even in the deep of night. Year round our window is opened to their sounds: frogs, coyotes, songbirds and shorebirds, and many other spe-cies that don't know we are listening. But we do and we are filled with the wonder and privilege that comes with knowing things are not as they once were. So we better be at-tentive!

There is a hen in our chicken flock who prefers the outdoors for her bedroom while the rest of the flock heads for the hen house to sleep. I understand this new mom's predilec-tion for sleep under the starry sky and have left her and her one little chick alone. In the middle of the night, though, I woke to the chirring of baby raccoons and worried the hen might become easy prey to a prowling momma raccoon hoping to find something to pla-cate her own baby's hunger. At nighttime it is pretty easy to corral a sleeping chicken, and that is what I did; I put a light blanket over her and her chick and moved them to safe-ty on the inside of the hen house and closed the door.

The next night we listened to a western screech owl, a strictly nocturnal bird, tooting from the maple tree near the chicken house. Its rhythmic calls

are easily recognized when compared to the toots of the diurnal pygmy owl. A check on my Sibley's bird app for owl calls confirmed the identification.

It wasn't until later, around 3:30 a.m., that it dawned on me that the chit-tering I heard the night before outside our bedroom window was not made by raccoon babies, but by west-ern screech owl owlets. To be sure I stepped out on the front porch and did a flashlight search. There they were, at least three babies perched on various branches. Then I no-ticed the parent bird (both parents continue to feed the fledglings for another month) sit-ting in the crabapple tree. It would fly down to the ground and pick up something and pro-ceed to share it with its owlets. This feeding activity went on for over an hour. Meanwhile, I tried to photograph what I couldn't see in the dark, using my cell phone camera while directing the unsteady beam of the flashlight (held between my knees or under my arm). I got a few video clips that nicely captured the owl vocalizations, and some very fuzzy pictures of very fuzzy birds. After 4:30 a.m. it became quiet and the sky was starting to lighten – a signal to the robins and tree swallows that their day was about to begin and it was time to sing.

Once I figured out what was going on, my concern for my hen and her chick lessened considerably. Tending a flock requires continued vigilance. One winter, on a bright cold day I successfully foiled a Northern Goshawk who was clutching my banty hen. The banty lived several more years and was a wonderful mother to everybody else's chicks. Another time, our golden retriever, Tonka, and I chased a coyote carrying off one of our hens in its mouth. The hen was abandoned in the brush – and the two canines dealt with each other while I brought the died-from-fright hen back home. Our young sons had wit-nessed the capture and chase so I decided it was a good time to bring closure by turning their attention to the hen for a dissection lesson. I showed them what all her features were under her skin. We never kill our chickens but if my memory serves me we did eat this one. She didn't die in vain.

The third night, the owls showed up at dusk. It was easier that time of day to see the quick but tentative flight of the fledglings as they practiced their moves from one branch to another while their parent(s) performed the same worm-gathering technique below the crabapple tree. There was a lot of feeding for another hour and then we all gave in to sleep. When 3:30 a.m. came around, the feeding and demanding started again. I decided that the flashlight was an intrusion on their activity when the parents started clacking their beaks as an alarm call, so I stopped using it and just worked on recording their vocaliza-tions.

I am certain from their behavior that the parents were gathering night crawlers from the damp lawn. An internet search informed me of a mixed diet for this species that includes "worms as well as slugs, snails, flying insects, snakes, lizards, frogs, crayfish, rodents, and bats." My source of information, the Cornell Lab of Ornithology, provides scientific information about our continent's wild avian species, including their vocalizations, diet, breeding and nesting habits, and geographical range. Western screech owls do not screech, but their cousins, the eastern screech owls, do – hence the name.

The fourth night, the sounds changed considerably. Something much larger than a five-ounce screech-owl was pulling on the crabapple branches and causing the hair on my neck to lift: a mother moose and her two babies were right outside the bedroom window. But I was tired. Too tired to look up what a baby moose is called. But I did hear their little mewings as they communicated with their mom. My little granddaughter calls a flock of baby geese "geeslings" and maybe it's okay to call these little mooselets "meeslings" – for now. Whatever. When dusk and dawn take turns there is more going on than meets the eye and ear. Would that everyone could have the same pleasure of connecting the myriad dots of habitat preservation with encountering these wild creatures – in their wild.



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Family Adventures Out!



Want to hang out with creatures older than dinosaurs and watch as chemistry works its magic right before your eyes? Well, then hang out in the zone – the riparian zone that is!

The riparian zone is the area where land meets river or stream. This zone is very important to the health of the surrounding environment and needs to be protected for the ecosystem to stay healthy.

If you have ever noticed, riparian zones tend to be more lush than any of the surrounding habitat, with a variety of flora, like trees and grasses. This is true whether in a desert or a forest. This vegetation is important for many reasons.

Imagine sitting under a birch tree on the bank of a river and watching as the white rapids of the river churn and flow over massive boulders in the middle of the river. The water is white because oxygen from the air is getting mixed into the river by the motion of the rapids. You are watching chemistry in action! The tall birch tree growing from the bank of a river shades the water, which keeps the water cooler. Cold water can hold more oxygen than warm water because the molecules in the water are moving slower and do not “bump” the oxygen out. Can you guess who likes all this oxygen? Fish! A healthy riparian zone supports a healthy fish population.

The grasses in a riparian zone also provide good nesting sites for waterfowl and are home to a massive variety and number of insects and amphibians. Some of these insects were around even before dinosaurs. Caddisflies are one such insect. Caddisflies are closely related to butterflies and moths and go through a similar metamorphosis, including an egg, larval, pupal and adult stages. Caddisfly larvae are quite the creative builders and use silk excreted from salivary glands near their mouths for building. Some types of caddisflies, like those found in the rivers and streams of the Colville National Forest, use their silk to cement bits of sand, rocks and small twigs around their bodies to make a protective case for themselves. These cases form a tube and allow the caddisflies to draw in water through their hind end, over their gills and out their head hole to be able to breathe underwater. Some caddisflies are able to move about the riverbed by crawling along as they poke their body out their head hole. Others cement themselves to rocks and wait for food to come to them. Eventually the caddisfly will completely seal itself into the casing and pupate into an adult form, at which time an air bubble will develop around the adult so it can rise to the top of the water and the new caddisfly can fly away. Seeing caddisflies in a riparian zone or in on the river bottom is a sign of a healthy waterway.

It can be difficult to keep our riparian zones healthy. Rivers have long been used to navigate over land, which means many miles of rivers today have roads built along-side

them. Water running off from these roads can wash many harmful chemicals into the rivers. Riparian zones can help prevent this runoff from reaching the rivers, if they are healthy, by absorbing much of the runoff, like a sponge, straining out the harmful chemicals. Soils in the flood plains of riparian zones have also been a source of fertile land for agriculture. Humans have to carefully balance the use of this area for farming with the chemicals they use to fertilize their crops. If too much fertilizer enters the river through poor riparian zone management, the river can become clogged with algae. This is called an algae bloom and is not healthy for the other plants or animals in or around rivers. These are just a few of the challenges of helping keep the riparian zone healthy.

Want to take a hike in a gorgeous riparian zone? There are many options in the Colville National Forest. Our adventure found us at the secluded Sheep Creek Campground. This campground has a wide and wild creek flowing through it and a wonderful picnic area with an easy hike along the road and creek. There is a fun, old-fashioned water pump for kids to try their hand at “bringing up water” and many well-maintained bathrooms. It is an adventure to get there, as it is remote, but well worth your time to see such a healthy riparian zone.

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



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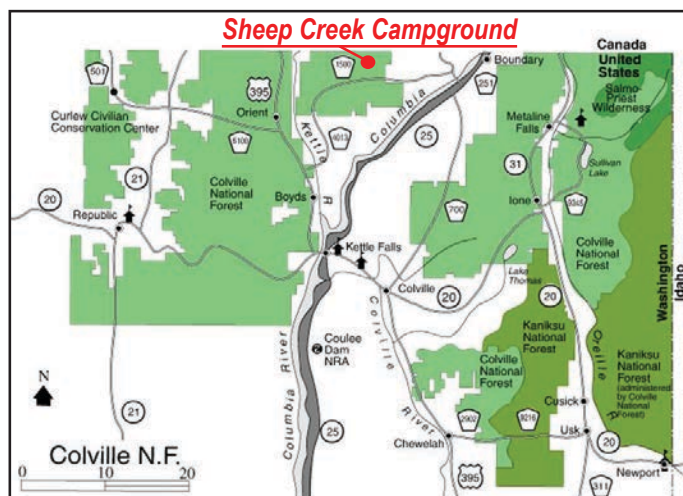
The Upper Columbia Children's Forest is a partnership between the Colville National Forest and Stevens County Conservation District. Learn more at <http://uppercolumbiachildrensforest.org/>.

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SCIENCE TIPS:

- Many animals come to rivers at dawn and dusk to drink. Keep your eyes out for animals at these times or look for animal tracks during the day.
- Damselflies and dragonflies look a lot alike. Damselflies fold their wings along their backs when they land, while dragonflies keep their wings out. Both live part of their lives in water and indicate a healthy river.
- Stay together and be mindful of your surroundings and food. This part of the forest is home to cougars and bears.



We Will Make It

By Becky Dubell

While thumbing through one of the many junk catalogs that arrive in my mail box each day, I came across an item that spoke to me. It is a thought on a plaque that I will be taking on as my “coat of armor” to help me continue to get through the hours, days and years ahead.

It is what it is...

But it will become what you make it.

This thought jumped off the page and hit me right between the eyes a couple days before Father’s Day this year. It has been one year since

my girls lost their dad and I lost my best friend of 40 years. We are still learning what our new normal is, and have been through many changes. Looking back at this year, I feel we have been putting this thought into practice without realizing it. We have been dealing with what happened the best we can, and are continuing with our daily lives one day (or hour) at a time, with the realization that family is the most important thing in the world.

This thought sounds so much like my Jim,

it’s kinda’ spooky. He was one of those guys that took on life and dealt with it, no matter what came up. He would study the situation to the point that I would think that he was totally off in another world. A typical Jim example occurred during our return trip from the Custom Gunmakers Guild Show in Reno. While we traveled, we designed the next Colville Community Float. My idea: “I want a full size Pegasus with flapping wings for the float.” About 30 miles down the road I heard, “We can do that.” Then my eyes would get that deer in headlights look as he explained the motor to use, the rate of flap, blah, blah, blah. (Side note: Colville won the Spokane Lilac Festival Parade trophy that year!) He was one to roll with the punches in his everyday life – family, recreation, business, etc. – and I cannot remember him saying, “Woulda. Coulda. Shoulda.” (Well...maybe...a couple of times.)

My grandson Brenden will be a senior graduating from West Valley with his diploma and an AA from the community college. My super cute granddaughter, J.J. (born one month after Jim passed away), has really helped this family get through. Brenden lives in Spokane and J.J. is in Fairbanks – thank goodness for the techno world for cell phones that send and receive pictures and videos. When I go visit J.J. (and her parents too, of course) for her first birthday, she will have seen me on FaceTime, so maybe she won’t be scared of Granny B – that’s what I’m hoping for. As parents with kids, you get stuff happening all the time – 24/7/365. All you can do is go with the flow, do the best that you know how to do at that precise moment in time and make it work for you. I am SO proud of our daughters and the relationships they have with their immediate and extended families. I can picture their dad sitting off to the side with that look on his face, loving what they have made of their lives.

I feel that Jim would be pretty proud of me for latching on to this thought. I know he would want me, our family and all his friends, to continue on with life, enjoy it to the max and do “whatever blows your dress up” (one of his favorite sayings). If we get thrown a curve ball, we can either dodge it or stay right there, catch it and continue on. I think I will work at catching that ball and see what I can make of it – so bring it on!

“It is what it is...

But it will become what I make of it”

P.S. Thank you Dave, Jim and Todd for letting me know your PSA levels are good. Tom, who is clear 5 years after surgery. Dennis – continue the fight. PSA level – prostate cancer blood test. Just go do it!



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July 14th-15th ~ 10 am - 6 pm
July 16th ~ 10 am - 4 pm

Still accepting vendor applications: call 509-685-1733. Sponsored by the Colville Chamber of Commerce: 509-684-5973.

5TH ANNUAL CRUISE IN CAR SHOW



Friday, July 15th ~ 5 pm

**Gift Bags &
Door Prizes!**

**MAIN & ASTOR
IN COLVILLE**

Everyone is invited to attend Chamber meetings on Tuesdays at noon at the Eagles Lodge on North Wynne Street in Colville. It is a no-host lunch with a speaker or program for each meeting. We try to publicize these meetings in advance so everyone can make plans to attend. If you would like to make a presentation of interest to the community, call the Chamber office at 509-684-5973.

July Chamber Luncheon Schedule

July 5: No lunch scheduled
July 12: John Smith with Economic Reviews "Data Day"
July 19: Don Evans with Avista on 811 information
July 26: Dave Garringer, Colville Airport happenings

Save the Date!

August 4-7: Rendezvous days
August 6: Airport Fly-In & Breakfast

