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HAVING A LIGHT ON

~ JOHN ODELL, WORDS OF WORDS

EAVESDROPS

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Lynn Rigney Schott

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



September 2016

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Great blue heron.

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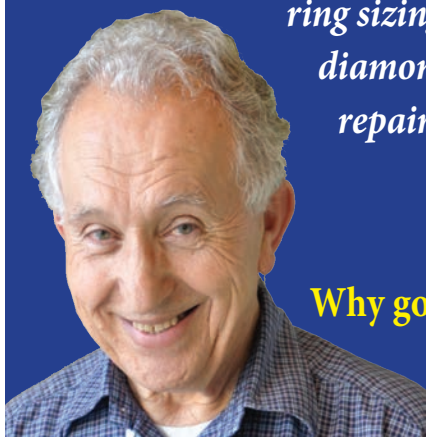
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Random Acts of Community

By Christine Wilson

I recently stumbled upon a note I'd written at some point in the distant past, crammed into a chaotic jumble of papers I keep for future Monthly articles. On this wrinkled piece of paper was the sentence: "I feel like I'm always begging people to be kind." Having forgotten that I'd written that, I was surprised at how exasperated I sounded. But I was not surprised at the longing, which has not gone away. I will continue to beg for deep, conscience-driven kindness and, as usual, I have opinions. For starters, the type of kindness I am talking about here is not necessarily sweet or deferential. It is courageous and energetic.

Here's an example. Sexual assault and abuse have been taboo subjects in the past and still can be treated in a misinformed and defensive way. It takes a great deal of courage and strength to speak out when victimized, because the results can be so difficult to navigate, including ridicule, blame and, in some cases, even job loss. There are still people blaming victims as well as a more subtle but equally harmful social ill, which is the keeping of the secret when witnessing or having knowledge of assault.

Victims are sometimes accused of making up stories or initiating frivolous lawsuits. Perpetrators sometimes present themselves as the victim. Those are the extremes of a dark version of unkindness, of course.

However, people who understand the dynamics are starting to get some societal purchase on their efforts at prevention and that's the kind of intensive kindness our world needs, not just in the area of sexual abuse but in all the tough areas we currently grapple with. Think tanks are being established within college communities for promoting awareness of assault and developing skill sets for students to stop such assaults and how to speak out against them. Sports teams are getting on board and promoting responsiveness. Experts are realizing that their work has to start early in a child's life. Kindergarteners need to be introduced to the subject. Obviously, this cannot be done in the

more direct and graphic way that older students are taught, but in a way 5-year-olds can understand. They can be asked who likes to get hugs. Some say yes; some say no. "How can you tell who to give a hug to," a presenter can ask. Most kids at that age know the answer without having to think about it. "You ask them," they reply.

How do children learn these and other skills that allow them to grow into caring, generous, brave members of a community? In each community, we can promote the information and support the courageous energy involved to translate kindness into real life work. In our current world circumstances, our collective stress response is running high. However, we have choices regarding our responses.

Bruce Perry, a brain researcher I love to quote, says that "the presence of familiar people projecting the social-emotional cues of acceptance, understanding, compassion and empathy" will calm the stress response of the individual. Societies and local communities that don't project those four characteristics suffer terribly, often in insidious ways. It can be easier to collapse into grumpy and merciless intolerance but that drives us to be unkind and to lose the hope we need to improve our lives and the lives of our neighbors. To be silent is to be complicit, but to speak out with mean-spirited and uncivil words doesn't lift us up as a group or create the change we desire.

We are wired to respond to stress. That has kept human beings alive for as long as we have been on the planet. "When under stress, we regress," is one of the first adages I learned as a therapist. We head straight to our default. If our default is to get mired in distress and to be easily angered or panicked, we automatically slide into fight, flight or freeze behavior. Yet if we work on increasing **acceptance, understanding, compassion, and empathy** toward ourselves and others, our default can move, slowly or quickly, into problem solving and working together.

In these high-stress times, with instant media presentations of bad news, plenty of examples of grumpy, "us/them" thinking, and limited emphasis

on good news, it is easy to get our stress response activated and all the more imperative for us to hone our kindness skills.

The conscious effort it takes to shift to a solution-based, community-promoting response requires cynics to give up their cynicism, idealists to come down to earth, and our community members to work together. There is a great story being circulated about a woman whose father was murdered. They donated his heart to a man on death's door. Ten years later, this woman, on the eve of her wedding day, could have spent her energy and thinking on being bitter and hostile toward the killer of her dad but she had a different focus in mind. She wrote to the man who had her father's heart and asked him to walk her down the aisle, as her father would have done. That doesn't let the murderer off the hook and it doesn't make it not sad, but it puts the energy toward something positive.

I know nothing else about this woman, but I can say that she created a much better use of her energy and effort than sitting around being hostile. What a gift she gave the man who had her father's heart and what a gift he gave back to her.

A Pakistani interviewee recently said that the episodic, unpredictable violence in her country makes it hard to be creative. Yet people there find ways as individuals and groups to energize themselves past the fear. I can't really imagine what that is like, but I do know that when we resolve not to give in to the default of negativity or black and white thinking, we increase our awareness of the more subtle shades of any particular issue. In our little communities up here in this section of the world, as elsewhere, we can put our energy into those four characteristics of acceptance, understanding, compassion and empathy. It doesn't make the stressors go away, but together we can support creative solutions to any of our particular problems. There is no reason I can think of to expect anything less of ourselves.

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



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Leaving A Life of Hate and Sorrow

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

I want to put faces on homelessness. I hope that as you read these stories, you will see that they are about people you might know, people who might even have lived next door, or live there now.

What follows here is the story of one such friend. His is a life in process. It is messy and brutal and heart-breaking and beautiful. It is the story of redemption. His final conclusions are powerful and provocative and moving. I hope that his words will move us to more than tears. I hope that his story will move us to live differently.

"My name is ... my name is not so important. If you ask me, when I see you, if this is my story, I will likely tell you that it is. It is likely that some of you know me. I am not ashamed of my story, my family, my mistakes and my failures. I have experienced being deeply loved by good people, and that has made all the difference in my life. That is the point of telling my story.

"The first time I recall being homeless, I was 11 years old. My brother and I were living with my dad in the Colville Apartments. My dad had suffered a head injury and was so messed up that he would sometimes get lost in Colville. He couldn't work. It was cold, shortly after Christmas. We were evicted at midnight.

"We lived at our mom's house for a while. Dad slept in the car. Mom and dad were divorced. We ended up moving to Kettle Falls over by the swimming pool.

"The second time I was homeless, I was 12 years old. It was late in November. My mom caused a lot of problems at home, and she accused me of doing something I didn't do. My dad believed her and beat me so bad that I lost control of my body functions, passed out on my bed. I decided I couldn't live there anymore. The next morning I told dad I was moving out. 'If you think

you want to be a man, you can go,' he told me. I packed a few clothes. 'No, you leave with the clothes on your back,' he said.

"I dug a hole in the snow and curled up there. The next day my brother got me a pup tent and I pitched it by the railroad tracks in Kettle Falls. I lived there for two weeks. I survived by friends getting me food and by stealing. I found that if I went to the deli at the gas station at the end of the day, they would give me the overcooked burritos that were ready to be thrown away. They had been cooked so long that all the meat was cooked out of them.

"I started drinking in those days. I was stealing, prompted by some older guys who told me to do some bad stuff. The lady who ran the food bank would sneak me some food. I remember sitting in the park with this nice stash of food from the food bank lady and these older kids threatened to take it from me. I pulled a knife to defend my stuff. A man happened by and asked what was going on. He invited me to stay at his house. It seemed like a good idea. Unfortunately, he was cooking meth in his house every day, and I was sucked into drug abuse. Somehow CPS got involved but agreed to let me stay there.

"In those days, my teen years, I was going to school, but I was small, scrappy, wiry. I had to fight my way through. I saw abuse, ugliness in life. Drugs. Living out on the trails outside of town part of the time, sometimes in the meth house or on tweaker couches. I was in trouble often. I was jailed for some of my crimes. At one point, I was committed to a mental hospital by my mom. I stole some more things and ended up mostly in jails for the next five years. Then when I was 18, I was jailed for possession of firearms.

"The next five years were equally crazy. Much of the time I was homeless, and the rest of the time I was mostly in jail. I had a girlfriend and we had a couple of kids. We slept in post offices and then we lived in the Evans Rock Quarry for a time. It was quiet out there and we had it mostly to ourselves.

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We lived in the caves, but the bats freaked me out. They were big as cats and we left after a while. We bounced around, fighting, doing drugs, I spent three years in jail. When I was released, my girlfriend left for Florida. She wasn't able to be a good mom. She had her own demons that she had never dealt with, I suppose.

"She left me with the three children. I took them with me everywhere, two in the stroller, one in a back-pack. I really tried to make it work. We survived by selling marijuana. We lived in the 'ghetto' on the north side of Colville, but it was hard, because I was still using. I was evicted, I had legal stuff going on, and my life was failing.

"I went to prison for a year. My kids went to my mom's place. I moved to one of the reservations for a time, into an abandoned house with a native girl, but that didn't work out. I was homeless again. I got married, had a couple more kids, got my first real job, and went back to get my kids from my mom. I quit using drugs. 'You can have your kids back,' she had said, 'when you get a job and a place to live.' When I came to get them, she placed a restraining order on me.

"Even my siblings turned against me, mainly, it seems, because they were worried about how moving my kids back with me would affect her. I couldn't fight it. I rarely see those kids now. They have been told too many times that I gave them up or didn't want them. That's been one of the hardest things.

"What was my most painful moment? It was one morning in Port Angeles. Dad had gotten remarried, moved me and my brother to California, then got a job to build a planer for a mill in Port Angeles. My step-mom had two children, and we were the best of friends, as a good as a blended family can be. But my step-mom was a California girl and wouldn't leave California and move with us to dad's new job.

"Then one day when I came home from school, I saw a green AMC Grem-lin parked in the driveway, and I knew. She had come to Port Angeles to live with us. I ran to the house and she gave me a big hug. I was so happy. We were together again.

"One morning just a few weeks later, I got up to go to school, and my step-siblings had their things packed, and they were sitting in the living room crying. They were leaving us, and I couldn't go with them. I was a sweet kid, 10 years old. It's been 25 years, and I still can't talk about it without weeping. I screamed, I cried, I begged, I wailed. 'I won't tell you you're not my mom no more,' I promised. 'I can't take you,' she told me. It was the day my heart shattered. I had this special favorite stuffed bear named Patty. I gave it to my step-sister. (I learned much later that she kept it on her bed all of her growing up years.) I didn't know what to do. I was so angry, the pain was so intense.

"Dad lost the hopes of a good job when a Chinese company bought the mill, and the promises he had been given of promotion evaporated. I went to five schools that year as we moved out of Port Angeles to wherever we could.

Dad fasted. He would sit with a two-liter bottle of water and a Bible. That's when I knew things were bad.

"There is another memory, traveling out of Port Angeles. It was almost Christmas, and we were cold and hungry and tired, traveling in our pickup truck. We pulled up to a big fancy house. Dad said, 'I'll be right back, boys.' My brother whispered to me that this was the home of our real grandparents. I didn't know them. My grandfather had abandoned his family to become a hotshot judge when my dad was very young. I remember it being such a nice house on Smiley Drive, all lit up so pretty for Christmas. I remember the look on my dad's face when he came back to the truck and closed the door. 'Sorry boys,' he said. 'Looks like we have to keep going.'

"I remember my dad's tears during some of those years when he wanted to get us something for our birthdays or for Christmas. I remember that one year, all of our presents came from the food bank. A couple of puzzles. A game. A Bible. Tiddly winks. One time he wrote a hot check just to get us some Timex watches. We thought they were the coolest things. Four years later, dad was sued for it.

"After his head injury, dad managed to finish his education, get retrained and get a job. But he was emotionally unstable. Sometimes I miss him deeply. He ended his life when I was 16. He blamed himself, I think, for my failures and for my lockup in the mental institution. I loved him. I don't blame him. It was the circumstances of his life and his head injury that led to his situation.

"When I was homeless, I felt like I was less than human. No hope. No chance to be normal. I felt below, not equal. I couldn't look at people in the face. I would numb my pain with drugs and violence.

"Here is what gave me hope. The faith that other people have placed in me. God. A sense of purpose. That my suffering was not for nothing. That I can use all of the suffering in my life to help someone else. A couple of normal people saw good in me. They told me that my past doesn't need to dictate my future.

"The direction of my life now is so different from what I ever thought was possible. I am a student now with exemplary grades. I received the presidential honor. But what made the difference is that I was listened to. I had a place. I was valued. My life mattered to someone, and I was important to them. I was loved.

"What does the future look like? A college degree. Better things, dreams that I never could have imagined dreaming before. No limits. Success. A beautiful and honorable life. I have hope and faith in a future. For me, a little love drowned out a lifetime of hate and sorrow."

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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Late Bloomers and the Season of Seeds

By Eileen Delehanty Pearkes

It's September. One day, during a walk up the side of the mountain, I began to mourn the loss of flowers. In tended gardens, sunflowers, dahlias, zinnias and even roses hang on. But the uncultivated forests of the upper Columbia wild landscape tell quite a different story. Flowers have all but finished their expressive work for another year.

The natural cycle of blossom to fruit and pollen to seed seems as ancient as time itself. In fact, Earth's earliest discovered flower fossils are only 125 million years old. So young! Scientists studying the fossil record say that flowers emerged on Earth only after many hundreds of millions of years of mosses, lichens, ferns and horsetails, followed by another few hundred million years of "cones." Today we call the cone-producing plants "conifers." They had their real heyday about 200 million years ago, when they dominated vegetation in large swaths of carbon-gobbling temperate forest.

How flowers rather suddenly made their appearance in natural systems is, in the words of the evolutionary biologist Charles Darwin, "an abom-

inable mystery."

It's hard for me to reconcile the word "abominable" with the grace and beauty of flowering plants, now the backbone of vegetative survival. More than anything, though, Darwin's use of this word signals, to me, his discomfort with the unknown.

Flowers just might be one of the largest miracles on exhibit in the natural world, and I, for one, don't really care how they began. I have tracked their bloom in these woods from the earliest glacier lilies right through to the last flowers to grace the landscape north of the boundary. In August, the aster, a native plant, blooms along-side three others introduced from Europe: tansy, knapweed and chicory. Of these, my favorite is the last – also known as "blue sailors."

I spoke this summer with a botanist who once worked with the Karuk, Hupa and Yurok tribes of northwestern California. She told me about assiduously scribbling notes during a conversation with a Karuk man to learn all the uses of various plants local to his landscape around the Trinity River. She had created an elaborate chart with different headings, such as "edible," "medicine," "poisonous" and "material culture." When their discussion reached

the California poppy, the man paused, then said: *We simply like looking at it.* The botanist's pen went still. She had no column on the chart for aesthetic pleasure. She told me that she felt a little sheepish.

The comment by the Karuk man folds into a conversation I've been having with myself for more than a few months, about form versus function in landscape. The conversation started when I was stranded for two days alone in Headwaters State Park in central Montana. It was still early spring at the birthplace of the Missouri River, with nary a blossom in sight. Yet the beauty of the riparian vegetation stunned me: the smooth, russet bark of the osier dogwood mingling effortlessly with the golden bark of the willow. The iron oxide that stained much of the river's gravel swelled through the flowing water to mix into the palette of the other two. As I waited out a snowstorm that raged west of me in the mountain pass near Butte, I walked for hours in the misting rain, wondering how nature could have created such harmony in a seemingly effortless way.

Since then, I've grown more and more intrigued by *how* wild plants assemble, rather than the science of why. Many plant communities demonstrate forms

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North of the Border

of harmony, even in those most people would call weeds. For years, as a gardener, I fought the appearance of the open-faced chicory, which I told myself neither belonged in the landscape as a "native" plant nor had a place in my cultivated space. I judged it as somehow less pure. In the process, I missed out on something: the plant's ability to flourish. I have learned to relish in the sky-blue, late-summer symphony that rises up from the hot roadside gravel.

In evolutionary science, the development of the seed split the plant world in two, with conifers going one way and flowers popping up with a different variation a little later. The moment that seeds began is considered by some evolutionary biologists to be a giant forward step for the plant world. Gone were the archaic days when ferns, horsetails and club mosses produced egg and sperm with spores that merely dropped the reproductive material into water, soil or wind. As in the case of spawning fish, fertilizing through spores leaves the genetic outcome open to the rigors of climate, which limits viability and over-emphasizes chance.

Seeds, on the other hand, offer a protective casing around the plant's genetic material. After the meet and greet of flower pollination, seeds can travel farther, and are able to weather long periods of dormancy or challenge. Cones also produce containers

that protect the results of fertilization. But for viability and success, the technique of flowers eventually displaced the once-dominant cones.

Today, blossoms possess a far greater variety of form in their male and female parts, with an equally great variety of insects to help them get the job done. At the end of that process, the genetic material sits inside a highly portable husk or shell that will allow it to survive time, the weather or even an intestinal tract before springing open and starting the cycle all over again.

Where variety flourishes, resilience also thrives.

As I walk farther into autumn, the days will shorten. I will reach rather desperately for different signs of color and form. In the tired and tattered landscape, wild rose hips glisten now. Mountain ash trees hang scarlet pendulums of berry, dangling them toward the paws of the fattening bears. I find piles of dried bear scat nearly a month old, riddled with cherry pits, the leavings after a gorge on what many human beings consider the too astringent taste of wild chokecherry. When I bend down to inspect the



buff-colored cherry pits in the scat, I think about the furry black bear-being and his delightful discovery. I reach further back, to the soft white blossoms when the fruit began, now a faint memory in the season of seeds.

Eileen Delehanty Pearkes 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.edpearkes.com.



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The Secret Lives of Aphids

By Jack Nisbet

My sister Mary came up to visit in July. Since she runs an orchid greenhouse to the south, we went out looking for a few species of native orchids that don't mind showing up during high summer. Although many people think of orchids as elusive wetland plants, they appear throughout the range of our local habitats, and we didn't have to search very far.

In a shaded switchback beneath a brushy, recently slumped bank, Mary spotted the fresh

flower spike of a rein orchid, nicely camouflaged among the forest greens that reached above the grass. Two leaves hidden at the base of the stem were yellowish, desiccated, and about to blow away. The greenish-white blossoms that climbed the spike looked like clusters of little earrings, each one showing off its classic orchid form. From behind the bloom, a distinct spur protruded back toward the stem. With a little imagination, the lower petals and spur resembled

the strap of a horse's bridle – hence the name rein orchid, which it shares with a whole group of cousins that live everywhere from peat bogs to dry ponderosa slopes.

That lengthy spur meant we were looking at a hillside rein orchid, a quiet member of its family that is widespread in the north Columbia country. This species varies considerably in size and appearance, and the small, perfectly shaped flowers seem to change from pure green to very white depending on sunlight and soil. That's part of the reason why a bewildering variety of Latin and common names have been applied to the plant since the summer of 1826, when David Douglas first collected it in our part of the world.

Mary and I found quite a colony of these rein orchids along that disturbed slope. They all seemed to be in pristine condition, and she twisted one perfect flower into the sun to show how it would fade to form a pouch of dust-like seeds.

Then we wandered up the trail for another hour or more before seeing our next rein orchid. It was the same species, but the spike presented a much more ragged look, and all the blooms had a stunted, brownish cast. Upon closer inspection, the whole plant turned out to be covered with what looked like small grains of rice. Aphids. My sister nodded knowingly as she recalled all the times she had watched these tiny plant suckers cover the emerging bud of a favorite plant in her greenhouse overnight. Two more rein orchids nearby were also heavily infested.

On our way back down the hill, just out of curiosity, we examined the plants in the first cluster we had seen. We couldn't find a single aphid on any of them.

That's kind of the way aphids are: straightforward in their destruction, but mysterious in the details of their life history. Also called plant lice, aphids are small sap-sucking insects with soft bodies that may look green, white, black, wooly, or translucent. Related to such familiar bugs as leafhoppers, spittlebugs, mealybugs, and scale insects, there are over four thousand species of aphids worldwide. Unlike most other life forms on our planet, aphids are much more diverse in the temperate zones – where we live – than in the tropics. They have the ability to migrate great distances, spreading their range through means as various as riding hurricane winds to sneaking across borders on infested plant materials.

The aphid's complex life history has long been a source of mystery and bad jokes. Many species feed on one particular kind of plant, but others alternate hosts or can feed more generally. A few aphids alternate generations, with parents and young living entirely different lives.

In general, however, one aphid female runs through several parthenogenetic generations

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during a season, where she fertilizes her own eggs. All the offspring are female, and up to 14 generations or instars have been observed in the course of a single summer. When conditions change – say a decrease in the number or quality of food plants – some of these soldiers nimbly grow wings and, now called allates, disperse to find new nutrition.

Only at the end of the season does actual mating take place. Then the female lays fertile eggs in a primary host plant, where they overwinter. The following spring an adult female called a stem mother emerges to begin the process again.

Close up, an aphid body bristles with strange anatomical features. There are protrusions above and behind each of the two compound eyes, and a tail-like spur above the rectal opening. On either side of that, a pair of rear-facing abdominal tubes called cornicles play a key role in the creatures' defense. Tiny droplets exuded from these tubes quickly dry into a substance known as cornical wax, which acts as an effective chemical repellent.

In all aphids, the upper and lower insect mouth parts have been modified into a piercing and sucking mechanism known as stylets. Extended like a spear, they penetrate a plant to the layer of its phloem tissue. Digestive enzymes and symbiotic bacteria in the aphid's gut help to convert the plant starches into soluble sugars and essential amino acids.

But that's just the start of symbiotic relationships among aphids. These bugs eliminate their digestive products from the end of their alimentary canals; entomologists call it "honeydew" for the same reason that human portable outhouses are called "honey buckets." Many species of ants utilize drops of honeydew as food, and so will surround aphids to protect them from predators. The ants encourage individual aphids to produce droplets by stroking them with the ants' flexible antennae. These sweet bubbles are often larger than the aphid itself, and individuals can produce several times their body weight in honeydew over the course of a single day. Anyone who has ever parked a car beneath a sticky deciduous tree on a summer's day, or felt constant drips of moisture from above during a woodland picnic, can appreciate the fact that this honeydew can provide the nutritional basis for an entire ant colony.

Even stranger, the saliva of some aphid species contains an acid that alters the growth patterns of certain plants, causing them to form galls. The aphids then lay their eggs inside these protective growths. In our regions, cottonwood, aspens, and spruce trees are the most common hosts for aphid galls, and different species create a variety of stem and leaf swellings. Those greenish cones that tip the end of new growth on Engelmann



Hillside rein orchid (Platanthera elegans). Inset: Aphids on greenhouse orchid. Photos by Mary Nisbet.

spruce branches, then quickly turn brown in early summer, are galls created by aphids.

Aphids have been interacting with other life forms for a very long time. The fossil record shows that they lived alongside the first small dinosaurs, and probably dined on the same palm-like vegetation. As flowering plants came onto the scene their diversity increased, and by the Cretaceous Epoch, 70 million years before the present, they developed specialized organs such as those cornicles. That may be around the time when orchid flowers first appeared. Insects, including aphids, and plants, including orchids, have been engaged in a chemical dance of subtle change and adjustment ever since.

A couple of days after my sister and I found that thriving patch and the ruined trio of hillside rein orchids, we decided to walk the same trail again to see how things were playing out.

Although the weather had been hot, the orchids at the bottom of the hill still looked stunningly fresh, and we counted several new ones that we had missed the first time around. But farther up the trail, all three aphid-ravaged plants had disappeared entirely. The harder we searched, the more we realized that they were simply gone.

Mary talked about the timing that aphids were famous for – showing up in huge numbers at the drop of a hat, then sprouting wings to disappear without a trace. Could they have eaten those orchids down to nothing? Could some bird or animal have munched down plant and insects all in one gulp? There was no way to know. All that we could take home was a glimpse of the ancient interaction between aphids and orchids, without any clue as to where it might be headed.

Author Jack Nisbet's most recent book, *Ancient Places*, is now available in paperback.

Calling Wildfire

By Loren Cruden

Driving home from town the other day I was listening to an old Crosby, Stills, and Nash album. Near the end of “Suite: Judy Blue Eyes” the lyric goes:

*Chestnut brown canary, ruby-throated sparrow,
sing a song, don't be long, thrill me to the marrow.*

It's a nice sparrow-marrow rhyme, but as far as I know there are no such birds as chestnut-brown canaries or ruby-throated sparrows. There are rufous-sided and rufous-crowned sparrows, and clay-colored and black-chinned ones, and white-crowned and golden-crowned ones, along with white-throated sparrows. And there are, of course, ruby-throated hummingbirds, which don't sing – or rhyme with anything, either (numbing nerd? yummy curd? some Ming word?).

The “Judy Blue Eyes” lyrics then take the sparrow thing farther:

*Asking me, sayin' she's so free,
how can you catch a sparrow?*

Well, easy-peasy! Come on, guys, I know drugs were ingested, but catching sparrows isn't exactly rocket science. Toss a few seeds on the ground, drop a towel over the wee tweetie, and Bob's your uncle! “How can you catch a frigate bird?” would've been a far more credible lyric question. Or a chicken, for that matter – chickens can be the dickens to get your hands on.

A couple more tracks along on the CS&N album, Crosby's “Guinivere” lyric tells us: *Seagulls circle endlessly; I sing in silent harmony.* As my mother delighted in reminding me, there are a lot of different

kinds of gulls, but no such species as a seagull; and good luck to Crosby in romantically harmonizing, silently or not, with any circling gull's screeches and squeals.

Picky, picky? It's not that I expect every songwriter to have Dylan's gifts. But rampant lyric disregard of natural science does seem gratuitous. Remember the song “Wildfire,” about a meteorologically challenged horse who busts down his stall and runs off at the arrival of a “killing frost?” (Probably upset by the relentless owl calls also mentioned in the song.) Wildfire's female owner rushes off to find him and apparently they both perish in a freakishly abrupt blizzard. (One heck of a frost.) This doesn't end the song's disturbing weather progressions. The lyric's narrator then plants by “the dark of the moon” but is foiled by an “early snow.” Planting in autumn? Winter wheat perhaps? Or a bold succession of carrots? His mention of hearing, for “seven nights in a row,” an ominous “hoot owl” (no such species) reminds me of my neighbor referring to owl pellets as “owl hoots.” Listening to the song, I picture the “hoot owl” hurling “owl hoots” at the singer (and poor sensitive Wildfire).

I realize these kinds of musings may not be shared by other music listeners. After all, I'm a person who finds gloom in business signs misusing apostrophes. It's a messy world. Inaccuracy is one kind of miscommunication; mis-hearing is a more forgivable – and entertaining – kind of blooper. Such as when my son's friend Tio thought the words to the inspirational “Climb every mountain, ford every stream,” were instead,

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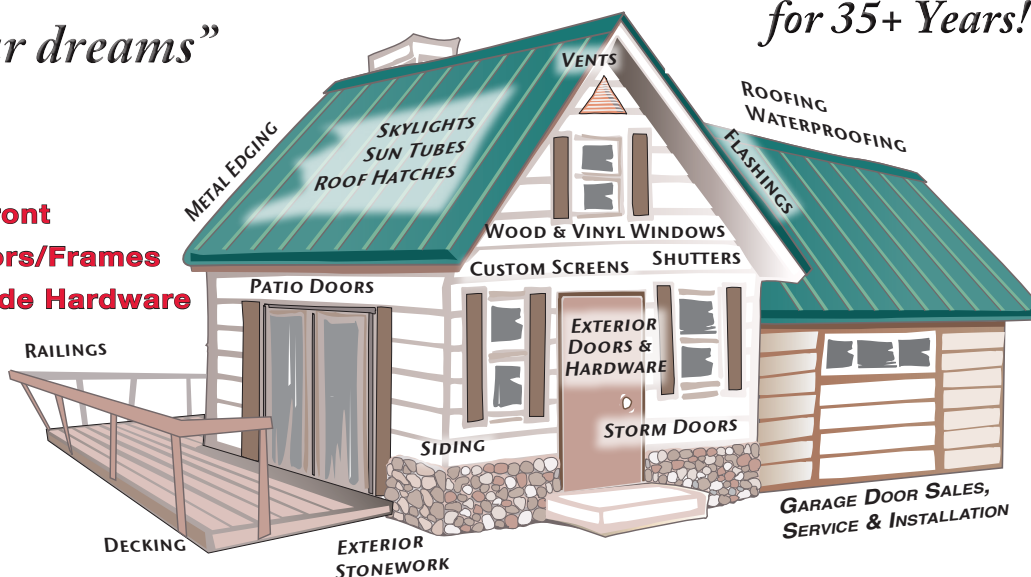
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"Climb every mountain, fall in every stream," a directive he found youthfully stimulating. When my son was little I sang songs to him like "Old Kentucky Home," which he misheard as "Old Kentucky Hole," picturing the sun shining bright on an ancient, beloved southern pit.

In ancient European times music was often portrayed in Celtic stories as a causal force, such as when Scathach's fortress on the Isle of Skye was created in a single night by a fairy woman's song. When living on Skye I used to sit in the ruins of that fortress, not far from my house, watching the play of light on the mountains, listening to wind and waves. It was easy to imagine the whole of Scotland materializing from song, actualized in stones and birds and the rhythms of sea tides and seasonal life. Maybe this has something to do with impatience when our human lyrics fall short of fidelity to creation's incomparable tune.

Music in Scotland was based on bird calls and other sounds of nature, imitated or evoked using pipes, whistles, voices or harps. This basis in nature can still be discerned in Scottish music.

Take Fred Morrison, for example, a piper living in South Uist, one of the Outer Isles of Scotland, who was judged King of Pipers an unprecedented number of times at the international piping festival held in Brittany each year. In appearance, Fred makes no pretensions toward regality. When I saw him perform on Skye, he was mop-haired, dressed like a crofter, and played a bagpipe patched (like his car) with duct tape, the touring musician's best friend.

Fred may be the last piper in Scotland trained under the centuries-old tradition of *canntaireachd*, a system of oral mnemonics used to transmit bagpipe tunes. This system reflects the way in which pipe tunes were grounded in the song tradition, whose roots were in the structure of the Gaelic language. Gaelic is not equivalent with English – it rests within its own cultural landscape of sound.

Vowels are particularly significant in singing, whatever the language; they are generally the sustained sounds in songs. Gaelic vowels are time-significant. To inappropriately sustain a vowel in Gaelic song, such as a drawn-out "aaaa" instead of an "a," can change the meaning of the word. This is one reason variations of Gaelic songs stay within original rules of language structure.

Both spoken and sung Gaelic have a characteristic rhythm. Early Celtic

poetry was chanted. If accompanied by harp, the voice led the instrument, music inherent in the poetry's cadence. Celts were highly sophisticated in how they engineered poetry's vocal effect. Even listening to modern Irish or Scottish people speak English, much less Gaelic, can be entrancing, the age-old music built into the voice.

Vocables – semantically meaningless sounds – are often part of Gaelic songs, as in those of American Indians. Gaelic vocables have mnemonic purpose in relation to melody and language. Vowel position corresponds to pitch, as vowel length corresponds to word values. *Port-a beul* (mouth music) traditionally used these to encode tunes, as did piping's *canntaireachd*; the purpose in both was the same – to provide voice and instrument with a common language. In the old days Highlanders believed that if a piper was skilled enough, his instrument could articulate precise messages. (Cool or what?)

Fred Morrison, with his family ties to a Gaelic-speaking island, was taught by a traditional piping instructor. He speaks a musical language non-Gaels cannot replicate simply through technical aptitude at playing an instrument. But these days Fred, too, bends tradition, sometimes playing in the classic style and sometimes



Sunset, South Uist, Scotland.

doing jaw-dropping Jimi-Hendrix-bending-the-Star-Spangled-Banner things to a tune.

He'll be on stage piping away, some familiar tune, our feet tapping, guitarist Ross Martin intently strumming beside him, and suddenly the notes will tilt and shiver like a cannoned ship at sea, Fred's hands swiveling and racing on the pipe chanter like sailors scuttling up and down the stricken rigging, Ross right there with him, audience hairs standing on end, swept along – oh, it's really something, attending those moments with the King of Pipers. And him so shyly duct-taped.

As the Gaelic language sinks slowly into a sea of Anglicization, and instrumental style is cut loose from its language moorings, the tunes will survive, even thrive. But their unique cultural voice, what it expresses about a land and people afloat in the world, may vanish.

Across the Pond, here in the States, we too have musical traditions, indigenous and imported, and we also have an even bigger and more varied resource of landscape and wildlife to draw upon and be inspired by for our tunes and lyrics. That resource is well worth accurately celebrating; I'd think even Wildfire might be saved, and restored at last to his cozy barn.

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The Vulture

Article & Photos By J. Foster Fanning

Recently I found my lens focused on one of the largest members of the order of Falconiformes – in common tongue, the turkey vulture. Although Seattle Audubon lists the *Cathartes Aura* as “frequent in the summer” for Washington state, a number of our local birders in the Highlands have noted this prolific New World vulture from early spring to late autumn. While I had observed the occasional group of turkey vultures at the confluence of the Okanogan and Columbia rivers back in the 1990s it wasn’t until 2005 or so that I began seeing them infrequently in the Kettle River Valley. Now they are a fairly common sight.

A little research on these unique birds turns up some very interesting traits. As most folks know, the turkey vulture is a scavenger and feeds almost exclusively on carrion. But it differentiates from other scavengers, such as eagles and crows, in finding its food by using a keen sense of smell as well as visual tracking. One of the points I found surprising is how the vulture flies low enough to detect the gases produced by the beginnings of the process of decay in dead animals.

To identify the turkey vulture look for the five-to-six-foot wingspan. Such extension allows the bird to take advantage of thermal lift during flight as it infrequently flaps its tilted-up wings. The underwings are two-toned with rather silvery flight feathers and black wing-linings. The undertail is lighter in contrast to the darker main body.

To the unpracticed eye these large birds, seen in flight against a bright sky, may appear to be eagles or other large raptors. From the Cornell Lab of Ornithology: “If you’ve gone looking for raptors on a clear day, your heart has probably leaped at the sight of a large, soaring bird in the distance – perhaps an eagle or osprey. But if it’s soaring with its wings raised in a V and making wobbly circles, it’s likely a turkey vulture. These birds ride thermals in the sky and use their keen sense of smell to find fresh carcasses. They are a consummate scavenger, cleaning up the countryside one bite of their sharply hooked bill at a time.”

A bit of study of their flight pattern helps confirm a sighting. A slight rocking or tipping back and forth, wingtip to wingtip, is a common trait of turkey vultures in soaring flight. When perched, adult turkey vultures are usually unmistakable, with their featherless red heads.

The turkey vulture is a social bird, commonly roosting in extended family groups. Although its only vocalizations are grunts or low hisses, body language plays a large

part in communication among members of the groups. And while it remains unknown when turkey vultures first form mated pairs and breed, they do form long-term bonds. The courtship and pairing includes a ritualized display with several birds forming a circle on the ground, hopping up and down with wings partly spread in a stylized manner.

Nesting and brood habitat are generally in the mid-slope or lower elevations in our highlands area and may occur on rocky outcroppings and cliffs and in dry forests, almost always far from human habitation. While they often feed near humans, turkey vultures prefer to nest far from civilization on recessed ledges, caves, thickets or hollow trees. The nests themselves are sparse. Eggs are laid on the ground or at the bottom of the nest area, and, like a number of other large birds, both the male and female help incubate the eggs.

Upon hatching, the nestlings are cared for almost continuously for the first few days with the male and female adults taking turns brooding the young and collecting food. A bonded pair usually produces a brood of two chicks annually. The nestlings are fed by regurgitation.

Again, as with many large birds, the fledging process is gradual and dependent on nest location. Fledglings exhibit flight urges at nine or ten weeks. Young birds fledging from lower nest sites have the higher survival rate and earlier flight consisting of short practice flights for a few days before taking extended flights. The first flight of immature birds that hatch in exposed or elevated nests will generally be extended, since short hops are sometimes too risky for them. Higher nests result in higher mortality. Even after the young begin to fly, they generally spend one to three more weeks at the nest site, taking advantage of the food provided by their parents, gaining strength and honing their flight skills.

The oldest recorded turkey vulture was at least 16 years, 10 months old when it was found in Ohio, the same state where it had been banded. Unfortunately, due to its general appearance, feeding habits and large size, humans have given the turkey vulture a bad reputation. In the past it was common practice to shoot these birds for sport, mindlessly driving them to near extinction. The Migratory Bird Treaty Act of 1918 provides legal protection to this species in the United States. Enforcement of this act, particularly in recent decades, has helped the turkey vulture recover and return to historic habitats. Other than humans, this bird has very few natural predators.

When you're out and tromping about with field glasses in hand and you spot that large bird soaring with wings in a V and looking just a bit wobbly, there's a good chance you have a turkey vulture in your focus.

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



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Sept 3 & 4: Scenic Excursion Train Rides (Sold Out!) and the Affair on Main Street in Metaline Falls, WA, with all ages entertainment, car show, craft and food vendors and more!

Sept 3-5: Northport Labor Day Weekend Activities: Saturday, The Northport Volunteer Fire Department and EMT's 18th Annual Pancake Breakfast, 8 - 11 am at the Northport Fire Hall, Let em Fly Horseshoe Tournament, 10 am, Lions Club Rail Car Derby and Watermelon Eating Contest For Children ages 5 -12, 11 am, Northport Raceway Night Racing, (two day race, camping available, more info at northportinternationalraceway.com). Vendors booths at the Boat Launch Park on Sunday and Monday, call 208-691-2962 for info. Monday, Northport Labor Day Parade, 10:30 am (registration forms at Northport Town Hall and the Rivers Edge 1 Stop), Car Show (following the parade), 3 on 3 Basketball Tournament, Noon. Call 509-675-1458 for info, Lions Club Annual Beef BBQ at the Northport City Park, 11-3, Log Truck Load Firewood Raffle drawing, 4 pm, Beer Garden 11:30 - 6 pm.

Sept. 9-11: Fun for the family at Golden City Days in Rossland, BC. Children's games, outhouse races, parade, food, outdoor entertainment, variety show, community white elephant sale, Stake Your Claim, heritage events and costumes! Sports events, Museum and Fall Fair. Check out the Rossland Golden City Days Facebook page for updates.

Sept 10: Storm the Stairs Fundraiser Fun Run and Walk, 8 - 1, at 584 Rossland Ave., Trail, BC. Visit traildistrictunitedway.com/Storm_the_Stairs.html for more info.

Sept 10: Rossland Fall Fair, 12:30 - 5 pm.

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

Sept 10: China Bend Winery 2016 Salsa Fiesta, Noon-5 pm, featuring gourmet foods, live music with Murphy's Law, arts & crafts, and lots of salsa. 3751 Vineyard Way, Kettle Falls, on the Northport-Flat Creek Road along Lake Roosevelt. 509-732-6123 or www.chinabend.com for info. See ad on page 2.

Sept 10 & 17: Races at the Eagle Track Raceway, a half mile south of Republic, WA on Pendry Road. The Association hosts a 3/8 mile, dirt-track, stock car racing. Classes include Modified, Super Stock, and Fever Four. Visit eagletrackraceway.com for more info.

Sept 12-17: Cycle the Selkirk Loop through Washington, Canada & Idaho, 6 days, 370 miles, fantastic scenery. Call 888-823-2626 or visit WaCanId.org for more info.

Sept 13: Colville Community Blood Drive at the Ag Trade Center, 11 - 6 pm.

Sept 14-16: Environmental Sustainability Community Engagement Workshop to help build the future of Rossland, BC as a model of environmental sustainability. Visit monasheeinstitute.org/enviro-sustainworkshop.html for registration and info.

Sept 15: The 6th Annual Round About 5k Leukemia & Lymphoma Society Benefit Run, sponsored by Deer Park Physical Therapy & Fitness Center, starts at 9 am. Proceeds go to the Leukemia and Lymphoma Society. Registration fee: \$18 through Sept 2 to be guaranteed a T-shirt, and \$28 after. There are prizes for top finishers in each bracket. Visit roundabout5k.com or call 509-590-4187 for more info and to register as a runner or volunteer. See ad on page 2.

Sept 17: Blazing Saddles Bike Ride/Stevens County Harvest Festival at the NE WA Fairgrounds, in Colville. Food, music, beer garden and fun. Visit blazing100.org for more info. See ad on back page.

Sept 17: Annual Harvest Market & Community Yard Sale at the Malo Grange, 9 am - 2 pm. Hold your own sale on our Hwy 21 frontage. A 10x12 space for \$5. Call 509-775-8997 for info.

Sept 17: Beaver Lodge Fun Run for ATV's, dirt bikes, 4WD vehicles, etc. Sign in at 9 am at the lodge, run begins at 10 am. Two trail lengths to choose from.

Sept 17: 3rd Annual Gregory Hall Memorial 5K Run/Walk. Starts at Colville High School parking lot. Adults \$20, youth \$10 (includes T-shirt). Call 509-675-3068, 509-684-5042, 509-675-2308 or 509-684-3196 for info.

Sept 19: Free Chocolate Tasting and Community Social at Riverwood Community School, 146B Buena Vista Dr. in Colville. RSVP required. Call 509-936-0157 or email info@riverwoodschool.org.

Sept 22: Great Northern Railway Historical Society Tour, Republic.

Sept 24: 125th Anniversary Celebration of the founding of the First Congregational Church of Colville (member of the UCC), the oldest Protestant church in Colville at 205 North Maple Street in Colville (corner of 2nd and Maple). Open House, 10 - 4 pm. will include tours of the church and a number of historical displays, music and refreshments.

Oct 14: The 17th annual Wo+men Making a Difference Luncheon at the Community Colleges of Spokane - Northeast Washington Conference Center in Colville will feature Marilyn Van Derbur, a survivor of child sexual abuse and author of *Miss America by Day*. Funds raised support critical programs and services provided by Rural Resources Victim Services and Kids First Children's Advocacy Center, including a 24-Hour Help Line. Call 509-685-6088 for more info.

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10th: Massy Ferguson, 7-10 pm

16th: Little Jane, 7-10 pm

17th: Simon Tucker, 7-10 pm

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

1st: Sara Brown, 6-8 pm

8th: Michael Pickett, 6-8 pm

9th: Kettle River Renegades, 7-10 pm

15th: Finessa Fann, 6-7 pm

16th: Open Mic, 7-10 pm

22nd: Justin Johnson, 6-8 pm

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

11th: Harpdog Brown (starts at 8 pm)

11th: Snowblink w/ Guests

16th: Bend Sinister w/ Guests

Sept 6-7: The Pend Oreille Players Association in Newport is holding auditions for *The Little Mermaid, Jr.*, grades 7-12 at 3:30 pm. Call 509-447-9900 or visit pendoreilleplayers.org for more info.

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

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

Sept 25: Dances of Universal Peace at the Colville Public Library basement, 2-5 pm. Potluck to follow. Call 509-684-1590 for more info.

Arts & Crafts

Sept 2: Gold Mountain Gallery will host a reception for Cynthia Bonneau-Green of Wisherwood Studio, whose work will be on display through September, at 600 S. Clark from 2-7 pm. Refreshments will be served.

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

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

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

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

Sept 7: Free Pressure Canner Gauge Testing, 11-1 pm at the WSU Stevens County Extension Office, 986 S. Main in Colville. You can drop your pressure lid off prior to testing times or swing by during the scheduled hours. Contact Adena Sabins at 509-684-2588 or asabins@wsu.edu for more info.

Sept 15: Forest Health Workshop on the Douglas-fir beetle and Ipspini (the pine engraver beetle) along with a general forest health update for the Colville

area. Speakers will be Melissa Fischer, DNR Forest Health Specialist and Steve McConnell, WSU Extension Forester. Cost is \$5. The workshop will go from 6-8 pm at the WSU Extension Office, 986 S. Main Colville. Call 509-477-2175 or email SMCCONNELL@spokanecounty.org for info.

Sept 15: 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.

Sept 17: Ties to the Land: Succession Planning for Landowners. Your land will outlive you. Who will care for it when you're gone? Will it be a family legacy or a family squabble? Will it be kept intact and protected, or will it be divided up and sold off in pieces? Will it become a source of conflict between surviving family members? What is the long-term future that you want for your property? This succession planning workshop explores these questions and others using the award-winning Ties to the Land curriculum. Registration information can be found at <http://extension.wsu.edu/stevens/nrs/> or contact Steve McConnell at 509-477-2175 or SMCCONNELL@spokanecounty.org for info.

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

Wellness

Sept 20: Free introduction to Tai Chi and Qigong, 5:30 - 6:45 pm at the Meyers Falls Market Community Connections Room in Kettle Falls. The session will include a presentation, Q&A, as well as experiential activities. Call 509-690-7977 or email wbcinese-medicine@gmail.com for more info or to RSVP.

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.

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

Continued on page 24

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

A Good Read

The Secret Scripture, by Sebastian Barry

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

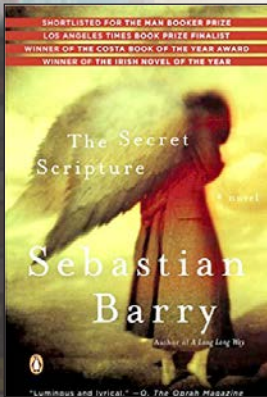
From way back, the Irish have been language-intoxicated. Bardic poetry, oral sagas, and now novels and other artfully written prose, an infatuation with the music of words and stories that after thousands of years has yet to flag. Reading Sebastian Barry's *The Secret Scripture* is like opening a gate into a hidden garden, a place where language is rooted in the timeless loam of Irish tales with their seductive cadences and lyric sensitivity, their wickedly telling insights and humor, their scorning of the linear and tidy.

The Secret Scripture, despite its title, is not, a la Dan Brown, a religious-artifact thriller. It is about Roseanne McNulty, now 99, and her psychiatrist, Dr. Grene, who looks after her at the Roscommon mental hospital. When Roseanne starts surreptitiously writing an account of her life, she recalls her beloved father's stories and how, when relating some particularly marvelous thing, "It was as if such an event were a reward to him for being alive, a little gift of narrative that pleased him so much it conferred on himself, in dreams and waking, a sense of privilege, as if such little scraps of stories and events composed for him a ragged gospel."

Barry composes just such a "little gift of narrative" through Roseanne, an old, old woman who used to be

the most beautiful girl in her hometown. One of the game-changing characters in Roseanne's narrative is an energetic Catholic priest. "He carried a highly ecclesiastical umbrella, like something real and austere, that said its prayers at night in the hatstand." The priest's role was not sympathetic; his nature was "Small. Self-believing to every border, north, south, east, and west, and lethal." Borders are important in Ireland.

As the plot unfolds, with so much of it explicitly contingent on the past, the inevitable question is, what does any past's truth rest upon? Memory? What others think or say? Roseanne ponders these things as she writes. "I am old enough to know that time passing is just a trick, a convenience. Everything is always there, still unfolding, still happening." It being the case that young hearts are easily blindsided, wounds are carried for a very long time. Roseanne's history is also Ireland's, and we are given views of that history from a prism of perspectives: Roseanne's story of herself – and her country – is not Dr. Grene's (or the priest's) story, nor is it the story relatives or townspeople would tell. Barry's tale of this spectrum of memory, perception, and bias is rendered with tenderness and a tradition-bearer's consummate dedication.



Courage Beyond Expectations, by F.C. Budinger

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

It is a touchy matter for a non-Native to relay an indigenous point of view. Being new to the writing profession adds to the challenge. F.C. Budinger, a semi-retired northeast Washington engineer and historical reenactment enthusiast, does his best by bringing extensive research and ample goodwill to the task. *Courage Beyond Expectations* is his fictionalized account of the early-mid-1800s Northwest Indian wars.

With a wide cast of characters and 460 pages of painstaking detail – including maps, photographs and illustrations – Budinger interweaves historical figures and actual events with fictitious characters and imagined dialogue. He invents Clyde, a modern-day, mixed-race, out-of-work journalist, as the reader's doorway into the past. "Now Greenberg got down to business. The casino would be a money-maker for everybody, himself included. 'But we have to find a way to mitigate the opposition, both on and off the reservation. What I want is some historical material. It can be a written report or PowerPoint presentation, just so I can use it to call attention to the injustices foisted upon not just the Spokanes, but all the local Indians, or 'Native Americans,' if you prefer.'" Clyde's assignment opens the chapters, the reader learning alongside Clyde. Revelations include Clyde's particular story within the larger ancestral framework.

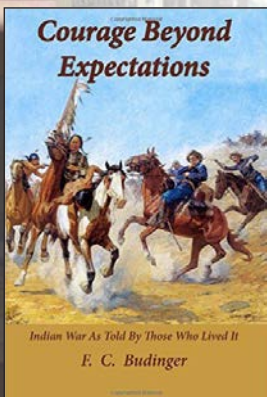
Budinger makes frequent use of archival diary and

letter excerpts and military reports in constructing his account. His devotion to authentic detail makes every page a labor of research love. His style is workman-like, fact and feeling set out in an orderly way, more educational than literary. Washington readers will take particular note of the wealth of local settings; this is a history of place as well as people. Its place-ness surrounds us.

Along with modern Clyde, the people part of the story focuses through the romantically imagined character of Jeremiah, a Christianized Spokane Indian youth of the 1800s. "At age fourteen, Jeremiah was now five feet, eight inches tall and quite muscular with two long black braids hanging down his back. As a young lad, growing up at this abandoned trading post at the confluence of the Spokane and Little Spokane Rivers, Jeremiah had always enjoyed the attention of pretty girls who considered him quite handsome."

Arrayed around handsome Jeremiah are famous tribal leaders, mountain men, missionaries, politicians, trappers, miners and soldiers. To read this story is to be immersed in fierce, tragic conflicts that continue to reverberate in a still evocative landscape.

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



In Theaters: *Suicide Squad*

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous

You know that saying about how you feel hungry an hour after eating Chinese food? *Suicide Squad* is kind of like that.

The latest movie offering from the DC Comics extended universe, *Suicide Squad*, is strident beyond its predecessors of dull clunk such as *Superman: Man of Steel* and *Batman vs. Superman*. While those films were too long and too full of themselves, *Suicide Squad* attempts the tongue-in-cheek owning

of its comic book roots, but it feels more like your average Facebook rant of righteous indignation concerning some personal drama that you really don't care about, but shows up in your feed.

Pardon me; I'm getting ahead of myself. Let's start at the beginning. Directed by David Ayer, *Suicide Squad* tells the tale of a ragtag group of incarcerated baddies recruited by government spook Amanda Waller (a chilling, calculating Viola

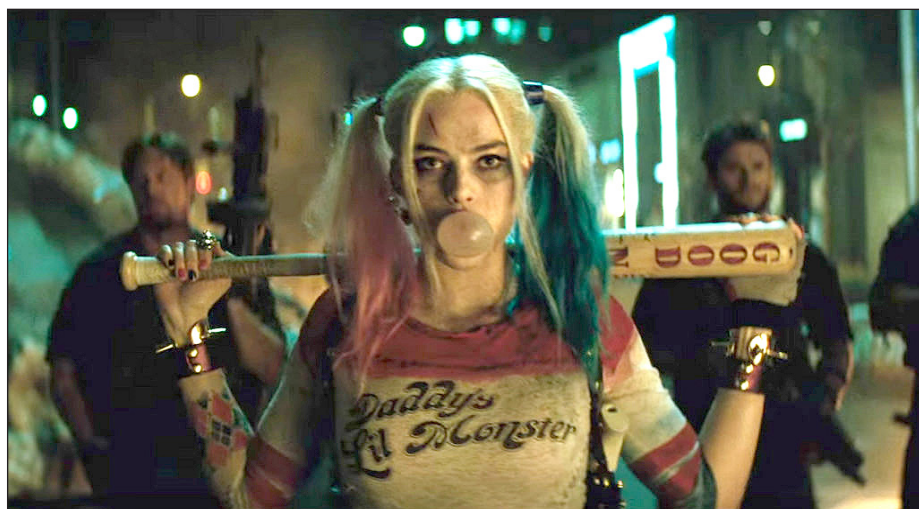
Davis) to carry out a black ops mission.

If anything goes wrong, the misfits are the perfect scapegoats. There's professional hired gun Deadshot (Will Smith), former psychiatrist turned head case Harley Quinn (Margot Robbie), ex-gangster and pyrokinetic Diablo (Jay Hernandez), thief Captain Boomerang (Jai Courtney), assassin Slipknot (Adam Beach) and cannibalistic monster Killer Croc (Adewale Akinnuoye-Agbaje). Also bringing his own take to the iconic villain Joker is Jared Leto, but unfortunately he isn't on screen long enough for us to make sense of why he's there in the first place for any other reason than to introduce a new manifestation of the character.

As a comic books fan and someone who doesn't think they should need defending as a viable, important medium for storytelling, I really wanted to like this movie. The trailers looked promising, and there are moments where the movie delivers on that assurance. The performances are strong, making the actors the best facet of this film.

However, moments of potential do not a solid story make, and *Suicide Squad* never quite fulfills its capacity. I recommend renting it on a cold, rainy day where you have nothing sitting in your Netflix queue and you want to turn your brain off for two hours.

Suicide Squad is rated PG-13 for action violence and scenes of sexual behavior.



The Classics Corner: *An Affair to Remember*

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous

A motion picture that will make you nostalgic for a time in which you never lived, *An Affair to Remember* is a reminder of what Hollywood had to depend on when special effects were limited and CGI wasn't a cinematic mainstay: good dialogue.

Released in 1957, directed by Leo McCarey, and starring Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr, *An Affair to Remember* features a lot of people just talking, which some modern-day moviegoers may find tedious. While I like big explosions and fantastically unrealistic fight scenes as much as the next audience member, it's nice to take a gander at movies past to be reminded of what came before, and enjoy some good old-fashioned glamor.

Nickie Ferrante (Grant) meets Terry McKay (Kerr) on a cruise from Europe to New York and the two feel the sparks, even though they are engaged to other people. The two promise to meet again at the top of the Empire State Building in six months, after they have broken off their respective relationships and pursued the careers they want, but an ill-fated accident keeps Terry from the meeting, resulting in Nickie thinking she no longer loves him. The two cross paths again, of course, with hurt feelings and misunderstandings getting in the way.

Many may know *An Affair to Remember* only

through its obsessively featured role in the 1993 Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan romance *Sleepless in Seattle*, or avoid it for its apparent "chick flick" qualities, but that would be too bad. Movies like *An Affair to Remember* should indeed be remembered. They are a like a warm cup of tea on a frigid day and a delightful dive into fantasy. It's not high art, but it will uplift your feelings.

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

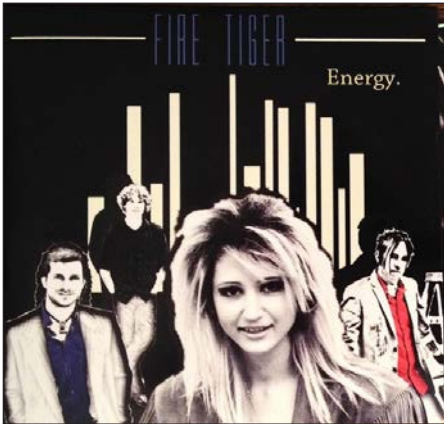


LISTEN UP

Fire Tiger: True Classic Rock Colors

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

Rocketing out of LA on a vision that revitalizes power-pop and classic rock, Fire Tiger is



a fun and fairly sensational group that doesn't just borrow the best parts of classic acts like Pat Benatar, Bryan Adams or Foreigner. In fact, Fire Tiger actually brings a passion and commitment to the whole thing that feels genuinely exciting, like seeing '80s staple Meg Ryan go from quirky to full-contact between *French Kiss* and *Courage Under Fire*.

Reading that the group's vocalist, Tiff Alkouri, was "the next Pat Benatar" was initially off-putting. After all, there is only one Benatar. However, when you hear Alkouri's massive chops and soulful style, it's nearly impossible not to make some solid (and welcome) comparisons on the band's debut album, *Energy*. Add to that some fantastic production and a sound that never once feels gimmicky, and you have the makings of a solid pop-rock act and album

that easily outmatches most of what you'd find on Top 40 radio (whatever that is these days).

While the album's '80s-inflected "Looking at Us" has more to do with perfectly-crafted pop (and some sly Cyndi Lauper overtones) than rock, it doesn't take long on *Energy* for the guitar-driven "Fancy War Dance" (with flawless Benatarisms) to take Fire Tiger into the rock domain. With the title track and the massive mid-tempo "Watching You" this band cements a commitment to strong songwriting and a sound that draws perfectly from a golden age of pop and rock.

Note-perfect guitar work and a well-paced layout make this album a fantastic listen (one, two, three or more times).

Check out LA's latest export, Fire Tiger, at: <http://firtigermusic.com>.

Life & Times of Eddie Bonedigger Halford

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

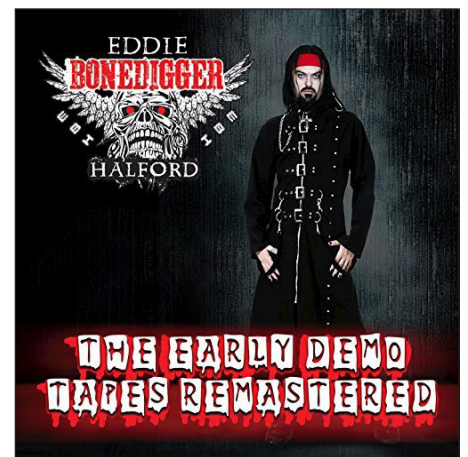
We've all met them. The people who are related to the paperboy who sat next to the girl who was a distant relative of Robert Plant ... or something like that. And Eddie Halford could easily sit in a pub all day riding the fact that he's related to Judas Priest's Rob Halford. Instead, he puts his substantial work ethic into his own music and builds a sizable online following as he does so.

I've always been a sucker for demos (provided someone isn't calling my relatives trying to get me to review one). I like seeing the sketches behind the songs and how the artists max out whatever limitations they are saddled with on a particular project.

That's one reason why Eddie Halford's *The*

Early Demo Tapes Remastered is a really fun listen. The other reason is that there is some solid hard rock happening throughout the 18-song album. Halford's Dublin roots open things up with the a capella, ale-drenched "She Moved Through the Fair." What follows, though, is a metallic romp through Halford's catalog, laying waste with "Nightmare Come True," the Ozzy-tinged "Hear Me Cry" and the stripped-down, fantastic "Used to Have a Life."

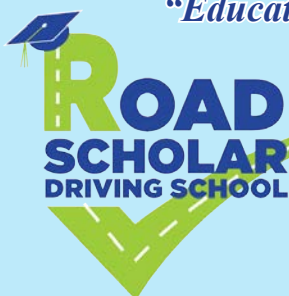
While there are some similarities between Eddie's and Rob's vocal tones, what really makes this fun is that it just feels so genuine and in-your-face. This is classic metal, to be sure, so the rhythms are tight and the guitars are way past eleven...but the overall effect is like being a fly



on the wall at a rehearsal. Loud but intimate. We need more recordings like these instead of the sterile, fashionably produced chunk that passes for rock and metal in the marketplace.

What made classic metal bands so great was that they broke as many rules as they felt like. From songwriting standpoints and production values, Eddie Halford carves out a vision that makes his demos really honest and cool. Find his *Early Demo Tapes Remastered* on Amazon or stream his music on Spotify.

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.

We have an epidemic in our culture of “forward head carriage.” We bend over our books, desks, computers and phones. Julie Gudmestad said in a workshop that she spent an hour sitting on a park bench watching people walk by, and saw no one with upright, balanced posture!

We tend to follow our noses rushing into the future. Our head is heavy, and when it is not balanced at the top of an upright spine, all that weight is hanging in the muscles of the neck and upper back. The chest is collapsed, the shoulder blades creep up the back crowding the neck, breathing is restricted, and tension is increased. This is not a joyful seat.

A good way to check your posture is to stand against the edge of a doorway. Placing your feet out about an inch or so from the edge, you can place the sacrum, the space between your shoulder blades, and the back of your skull against the edge. Allow the natural curves in the lumbar spine and the back of the neck. Make sure your chin is level, not lifted up to take your head to the wall. Yes, it’s way back there! Most of us do not maintain this upright posture in our daily lives.

If the back of your head does not touch the wall with the chin level, you have bulked up the trapezius muscle by dropping your head forward. This can be remedied by awareness and practice.

Standing at the wall edge a time or two

during the day is a good way to bring posture into awareness. Getting to know your trapezius muscle is another big help. Although it is one big muscle (on either side of the spine), the trapezius acts like three. The upper part draws your shoulders up by your ears when it is tensed. Go ahead and do that, pulling the shoulders up by the ears, and then relaxing them down. Welcome to the upper trapezius!

Now, the mid part helps to draw your shoulder blades together. Squeeze the shoulder blades together and release them a few times. The lower fibers of the trap are more subtle. They draw the tips of your shoulder blades down toward the waist, and into the back. Taking a moment to play around with these movements will wake you up to upper body support. This awareness will be helpful in back-bending poses, which build the strength in the upper back to keep the heart open and light.

This strength becomes even more important as our bodies age. In asana practice, Tadasana (Mountain Pose), Downward Facing Dog Pose, and all of the Baby Backbends are good for opening the chest and taking the shoulder blades down. Locust, Cobra and Sphinx, Upward Facing Dog Pose, Bow and Bridge will all help. If you practice the full backbend, Upward Facing Bow, of course it will help you to keep the front body open, and needs to be part of your regular practice.

Many of us just need to pay attention, and regular asana practice helps us do that. There are several reclining supported chest openers that help to stretch tight pectoral muscles, which may be a contributing factor to forward head. And be aware of over-tightening the rectus abdominis muscle! Sometimes people have worked so hard doing crunches that they have tightened the front body too much.

The back is as important a part of the core as the belly, and balance is always important. When the head is balanced at the top of the spine, like a flower at the top of the stem, the shoulders release, and the heart is light and open. Please remember that what we experience in the physical body has a direct influence on our emotional and spiritual body. As Thich Nhat Hanh says in *Being Peace*, “If we are not happy, if we are not peaceful, we cannot share peace and happiness with others, even those we love, those who live under the same roof.”

As you travel along the mountain path, let the strength and grounding of the lower body connect you to the path. Keep your heart open and light, and hold your head up!

Namaste.

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

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From the Soil

By Louanne Atherley

Chokecherry syrup was a special treat in our house when I was growing up. It was one of the few things my mother didn't make because they don't grow where we lived in southwest Washington. The only way we got chokecherry syrup was if someone brought it to us from North Dakota. This was usually my Aunt Bertha who, although she no longer lived in North Dakota, would be sure to pick some up for us when she went to visit.

We were also frequently gifted with chokecherry syrup by visitors from North Dakota who, many times, we didn't even know. Maybe because it is a sparsely populated state and the people who are from North Dakota tend to have roots that are generations deep in the same location, the mere fact that you "know someone who knows someone" was sufficient entre to assume hospitality. It was not uncommon for us to receive a letter or phone call from a complete stranger saying "we will be passing through your area on our way to visit our son/daughter/niece/nephew in.... And 'so and so' said we should stop in and say hello." My parents may or may not have heard of the people coming to visit but would undoubtedly recognize the name of the neighbor, friend or relative who suggested they drop by, and look forward to the visit. The visit was most likely mid-morning or mid-afternoon and invariably involved coffee and cake or cookies or bars. It was always full of news of what was happening on the farms, who got married, moved or died, and most likely ended in discovering connections to further cement the new friendship.

That identity with their North Dakota roots was a big part of my parents' lives. When we moved to Washington, there was a large amusement park across the river in Portland that held a North Dakota picnic every summer. Besides the traditional midway and rides, this meant old fashioned games like sack races, a big picnic lunch, and contests and entertainment from a

stage. At some point they either quit having them or we stopped going, but when my father retired and they started spending winters in Arizona, my parents quickly found people they knew from North Dakota in the mobile home park where they stayed and more old friendships were renewed.

I did a little checking and learned that the archaeological record documents more and older chokecherry remains in North Dakota than anywhere else although they do grow across most of the northern reaches of the country as well as some places in the south. Chokecherries were an important part of the diet of many Native Americans.

We of course have an abundance of chokecherries in Stevens County too. I've noticed not every year is a good chokecherry year, however. Many years I have watched the berries on bushes near the road begin to turn red only to disappear before they ripen. I guess because we had such a warm wet spring, this year was an exceptionally good year. There was more than enough for the birds and critters and plenty left over for me.

Chokecherry is another one of those plants that also contains toxic parts. The seeds and bark contain a form of cyanide. I have read cautions against allowing domestic animals to graze large amounts and also warnings not to crush the seeds when you are processing the berries. That said, they do have a unique and delicious flavor. They are very astringent so usually require large amounts of sugar. The chokecherry jelly recipe from the University of North Dakota Extension calls for 3 cups of juice and 6 cups of sugar...I know. They are definitely not something to snack on raw but to my palate at least, they are a wonderful complement to the flavor of pancakes, waffles or biscuits.

I find that chokecherry jelly usually turns out more like syrup for me so I tried combining it with a little crabapple juice this year since apples have their own natural pectin. I think it turned out much better. I followed the directions on the package insert for low-sugar pectin using the proportions for crabapple jelly.

Chokecherry Crabapple Jelly Recipe

- 4 cups of chokecherry juice
- 2 cups of crabapple juice
- 4 cups of sugar
- 1 package low-sugar pectin

1: If you have a juicer that is the easiest, if not, use this method: Clean, wash, and remove stems from berries. Place in a large pot filled with enough water to just cover the fruit. Simmer 15-30 minutes until fruit softens. Use a potato masher to mash the juice out. Strain through a cheesecloth-lined colander or jelly strainer. Save the juice and discard pulp/pits. 2: Follow the directions on the pectin package insert for making crabapple jelly. 3: Fill and seal sterilized jars, leaving 1/4" headspace. Boil in a hot-water bath canner 10 minutes.

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



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Learning to Write

By Linda Bond

Nearly everyone can learn how to write, although some seem born with a talent for learning faster and expressing themselves better. So, how much education does someone who does not feel gifted need to become a decent if not great writer? The answer depends on more than one kind of education. I suggest considering three:

- Formal education
- Informal education
- School of hard knocks

Sooner or later, a good writer will most likely visit each of these schools. Let's look at what they entail.

Formal education

Basically, this involves a teacher, lessons, tests, and proof of accomplishment in the form of a certificate or diploma. Basic education in writing begins with tiny tot sessions of thought-organizing in kindergarten or at home, then moves on to primary or grade school, junior high, then high school, maybe junior college, a four-year college, even a master's program and on up to the level of a doctorate.

All of this involves time, money and proximity to institutions of learning, although in today's world much is available online.

Informal education

Often, this looks a lot like formal education. For instance, in a workshop offered at a conference you may sit in a room with a teacher who has you write something, and afterward you are granted a certificate of attendance. The primary difference from formal education is time: a workshop may last a few hours, a day or a weekend.

But other activities from which you may gain a head full of knowledge about writing can be far more informal and still provide a bounty of what a writer really needs – IDEAS.

This category includes opportunities to learn quickly, for a reasonable price and at your own level of interest:

- books and magazine articles
- presentations through media (including the nightly news)
- movies, including documentaries
- attendance at author readings or signings

Have some fun and make up your own list of possible sources for what to write about and where to find successful examples to learn from. When you're done, I'd love to see what you've come up with (my e-mail address is provided below).

And now to my personal favorite, which is also the favorite of many famous writers.

School of hard knocks

This is an education no one can avoid. From the day you're born to the day you "shuffle off this mortal coil," you will be in attendance. You will have many, many teachers – some good, some bad. And the responsibility for getting the most out of your attendance is totally up to you. There are some good ways to retain what you learn:

- Keep a journal to record your experiences.
- Take photographs of unusual sites; record outstanding sounds.
- Talk about your experiences with others – a friend, a trusted colleague, a guy on the bus.
- Most of all: Think about it!

This is the school that will likely give you your best writing IDEAS, so don't ignore anything.

Finding a source for your education: If you are like most of us and have to continue working while you get an education, look for online opportunities. Just be sure to research first to make sure what you choose will really meet your needs.

Attend conferences and retreats. Take ad-

vantage of as many presentations, readings and other writing-related activities as you can. Ask questions of everyone! You never know who might have a good lead to share.

If you have the talent, you may be able to get a grant, an internship or some other form of support while in school. If you're at that point in your education, check out the MFA (master of fine arts) programs available to you. Some offer tuition-paid internships based (hopefully) on merit, so don't sell yourself short if this is part of your writing goal.

Here's a place to start: Inland Northwest Center for Writers, c/o Eastern Washington University, 668 North Riverpoint Blvd., #259, Spokane, WA 99202.

I leave you with this thought from Albert Einstein: "Education is what remains after one has forgotten what one has learned in school."

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

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What's Happening... continued from page 17

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

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

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

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

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

Youth/Parenting

Girl Scouts is more than just cookies and camp! Girl Scouts offers activities for girls ranging from ages 4-17 and adults from ages

18-100. For information, call Debbie at 1-800-827-9478 ext. 246.

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

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

Miscellany

Sept 14: Northeast Washington Genealogical Society meeting will feature the Computer Interest Group and the RootsMagic program, in the Colville LDS Church basement on Juniper St. at 10:30 am. After lunch, Norma Yost, NeWGS Librarian will present about the edgy ideas in Thomas McEntee's new book *Genealogy Do-Over*, in the LDS Lower Meeting Room at 1:30 pm. All visitors are welcome.

The Greater Springdale/Loon Lake Chamber of Commerce meeting is the first Thursday of the month at 11 am at the Stevens County Fire Protection District 1, Station #7, 52 West Aspen in Springdale. **The Chewelah Chamber of Commerce Weekly Meeting** is at 7 am at the Chewelah Casino, 2555 Smith Road south of Chewelah off Hwy. 395. **The Colville Chamber of Commerce** meeting every Tuesday at noon at the Eagles Lodge 608 N Wynne Street. Check the website for schedule of events www.colville.com. **The Kettle Falls Chamber of Commerce** meets on the third Thursday of each month. For info, call 509-738-2300 or visit <http://www.kettle-falls.com>. **The Northport Chamber of Commerce** meets the fourth Tuesday of each month at 7 pm at the Northport City Hall, 315 Summit Ave in Northport.

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

Continued on page 26

KYRS 13th

Anniversary & Halloween Bash

Music by
**The Moondoggies,
The Hoot Hoots,
& Evening Bell**

Friday, October 28th 7pm.
The Big Dipper
(171 S. Washington)
\$10 all ages/bar for 21+
Prizes for best costume.
Door prizes & raffle
Tickets at KYRS.ORG
or call 509-747-3012



Northeast Washington Farmers Market



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9 am ~ 1 pm
May 4th ~ October 29th
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253-203-8920 ~ newfarmersmarket.org



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Family Adventures Out!

Imagine walking into your front yard and realizing you are standing on a sheet of ice almost one mile thick! Not a tree, river or blade of grass in sight. As a matter of fact, the only thing you would see was the horizon where this sheet of ice met the sky, all the way from the North Pole and throughout much of northern Washington. You would be in the middle of the Ice Age!

Within the past 750,000 years, there have been at least eight Ice Ages, each separated by warmer periods called interglacial periods. We are living in an interglacial period right now. An ice age starts when the planet cools, which makes ice at the poles accumulate (grow) toward the equator. This means many parts of the world that we know today used to be covered in ice, including the Colville National Forest.

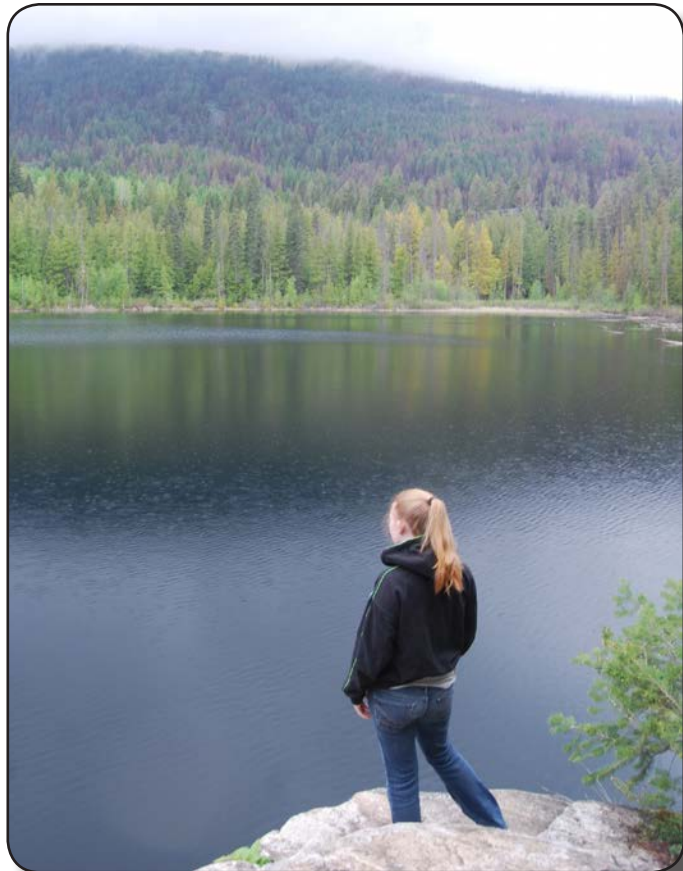
The last time our area was covered in an ice sheet was between 15,000 and 12,800 years ago. This was called the Cordilleran Ice Sheet. As this ice sheet melted, glaciers were left behind which carved out major valleys in the Colville National Forest. The three main valleys are the Columbia, San Poil-Curlew, and Pend Oreille River Valley. In between these valleys are the major mountain ranges left behind by the glaciers: the Kettle River Range and the Selkirk Mountains.

The glaciers that did this were smaller parts of the ice sheet. Glaciers have the ability to "move" slowly over the surface of the earth. One reason some glaciers move is because of gravity pulling on their sheer mass toward the bottom of the mountains. Another reason some glaciers move is that since they are quite heavy, their weight presses down with a lot of pressure on rock surfaces below. Sometimes this pressure creates a friction that actually melts the bottom layer of the glacier and creates a slippery surface for the glacier to slowly creep upon. Want to know what that friction might feel like? Lightly hold your hands together and gently rub them back and forth. Not a lot of heat is produced. Now try pushing them harder together and still rubbing them. A lot more heat! This heat is because of the increased pressure you put on your hands, creating more friction.

But how did the glaciers of these past ice ages move so much earth as to carve out valleys? Regardless of what is making a glacier move, they all break up rocks beneath them. This debris left behind when the glacier recedes by melting away is called moraine. Moraines can range from small boulders to deposits of sand. It is the moraine from previous ice ages that have helped our state have a lot of fertile soil and has provided our forest soils with a lot of nutrients. Sometimes even huge boulders get carried hundreds of miles with a glacier. A boulder like this is called glacial erratic. Keep a look out – you might see one in a farmer's field in our region or in the middle of the forest.

Besides valleys, mountains and fertile land, the glaciers from the Cordilleran Ice Sheet also left behind many of the small lakes we enjoy today. As the glaciers melted, the moraine left behind trapped some of the water between the moraine itself and the ice of the glaciers. These puddles of water eventually grew and grew. Since the glacier had eroded the area to bedrock already, there was nowhere else for the water to flow and small lakes were formed.

Want to see a glacial lake in the Colville National Forest? Renner Lake is a beautiful lake located off Hwy 395 near Barstow. To get to this lake, you have to be up for an



adventure. Take a left at the Hodgson-Lakin Rd. off Hwy 395 as you are headed north. Follow the road to the left for 1.1 miles. At the fork, take another left and then stick to the immediate right that comes up. Continue for 1.8 miles. Take the dirt road on your left. At the bottom of a short hill is a small parking area with an obvious trailhead. There is no drinking water along the hike, or restrooms, so come prepared. The hike itself is kid-friendly, with just enough hills and valleys to make it a true hike of about three quarters of a mile into the lake. There is a primitive camp spot overlooking a gorgeous view! Due to this being a glacial lake, the sides of the lakebed are quite steep and not terribly swimmer friendly. But, the lake is stocked with Brook and Brown Trout for good fishing the second half of April through October.

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

FAST FACTS

- Besides Alaska, our state has the largest area of glaciers, which provides us with enough glacial melt water to fill up 712,121 Olympic sized swimming pools!
- Part of the Cordilleran Ice Sheet blocked the Columbia River near present day Grand Coulee Dam creating what is called the Columbia Lake where Lake Roosevelt is today. This lake was much bigger and about 1,000 feet deeper than today's Lake Roosevelt. It would have definitely covered some of the Colville National Forest!

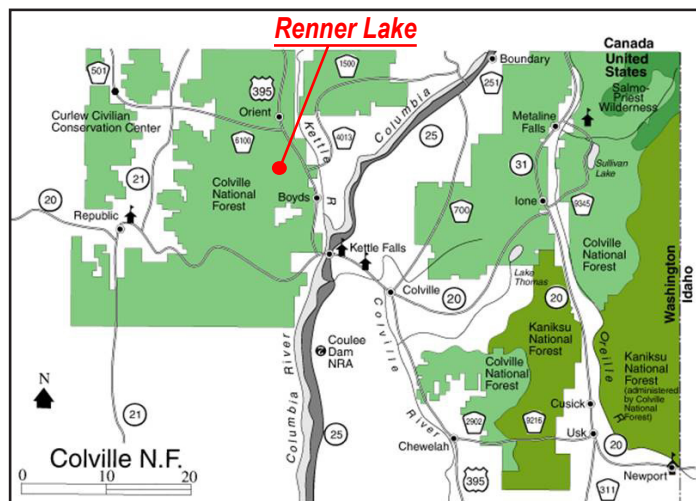
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ADVENTURE RATING

The secluded lake, perfectly varied hiking terrain, length of hike and sense of geological history this hike inspires makes this a five-boot hike! Do come prepared though.

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/>.



What's Happening... Continued from page 24

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chewelah

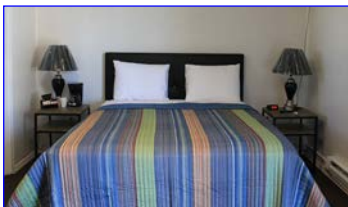


CHEWVINO: Come enjoy our delicious tapas, weekly specials and our expanding selections of wine, whiskey, craft beer and cigars. Open Wed-Sat 4-9pm. 309 E Main. 509-935-8444. www.chewvino.com.

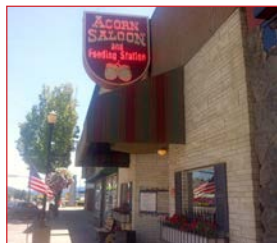
MAIN STREET BISTRO: Family owned restaurant in the heart of Chewelah, we offer breakfast, lunch, dinner, spirits, wine, & beer in a good ole family dining atmosphere. Open Wed-Sat at 11am and Sun at 9am. 206 E Main Ave. 509-935-8484.

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Colville



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BROWN BOYZ OHANA EATERY is the "Best un-kept secret in Colville." Unique dining experience. We use all fresh ingredients and homemade sauces to give you a "Hillbilly Hawaiian" taste sensation. Ya gotta try it! M-F 11am-7pm. 576 N Wynne St. 509-684-2888.

CAFE 103 is located at the corner of 1st and Main and is open 7 days a week with espresso, wraps, panini, salads, soup, smoothies, baked goods, fresh avocado and sprouts and free delivery. M-F 7am-5pm, Sat 9am-5pm, Sun 10am-4pm. 509-684-0103.

LOGGER TAVERN has cold beer, wine and cocktails to go with the burgers and Philly sandwiches while you play pool, pull tabs or shuffle board (yep - old fashioned style). M-Sat 11am to closing. 246 N Main. 509-684-8284.

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



MR. SUB has your hot or cold sandwich served on their own fresh baked bread. Salads, chili, baked goodies, u-bake pizza and gluten free. M-F 9am-8pm, Sat 10am-7pm. 825 S Main. 509-684-5887.

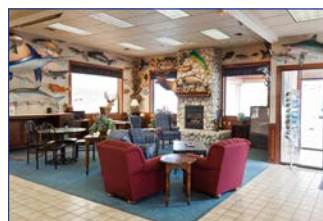
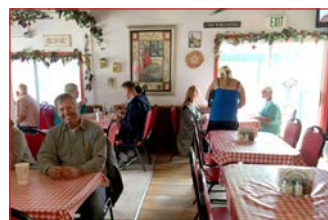
RONNIE D'S has the fast, friendly, local hometown atmosphere. Get your chicken, hamburger, salads, fish, clam chowder and sub sandwich for lunch and dinner. Mon-Sat 10am-10pm. 505 N Lincoln on Hwy. 395. 509-684-2642.



STEPHANIE'S OAK STREET GRILL has steak, seafood, gourmet burgers, salads & desserts, and house-made dressing, sauces and rubs. Elegant dining room, cozy pub, banquet rooms & patio. Tue-Sat 3-9pm. 157 N Oak. 509-684-1600.

TONY'S ITALIAN EATERY is open 7 days a week for your authentic Italian cuisine with cold beer and wine

in a fun family atmosphere. Daily specials. Salads, pizza, pasta & desserts. M-F 11am-8ish, Sat & Sun Noon-8ish. 645 Louis Perras Rd. across from Sears. 509-684-1001.



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

SELKIRK MOTEL: Guaranteed low rates, new beds, flat screen TVs, WIFI, centrally located, walking distance to restaurants. Check out our website at www.selkirkmotel.com.



Kettle Falls



GRANDVIEW INN MOTEL & RV PARK: has 13 'Navy' clean rooms, 23 RV full hook-ups, 2 shower houses, laundry, picnic area with fire pit, and large shade trees. 509-738-6733, 1-888-488-6735, 978 Hwy 395 N., www.grandviewinnmotelandrvpark.com.



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