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SEPTEMBER 2019 ISSUE DEADLINES

AD SPACE RESERVATIONS:

Friday, Aug. 16th

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Friday, Aug. 23rd



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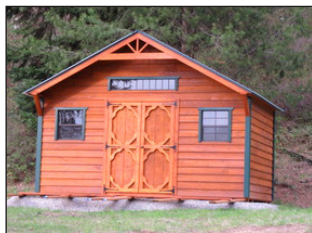
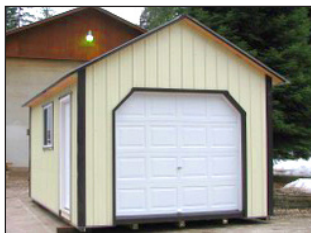
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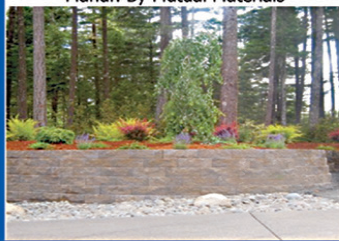
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From the Publisher's Desk

By Gabriel Cruden

Traveling the United States for two months with four children ages 7-12 is an interesting exercise in contrasts. Sitting in the SUV for hours at a time, our bags and books and snacks crowded around us, we are sedate in our rocketing repose, mindful of seatmate proximity and patiently (mostly) awaiting our next stop. Then, we all pour out at that moment's destination and go into mega-sponge mode, actively absorbing as much as possible, while learning on the fly to swiftly and safely navigate each new environment. From the desert of the southwest where nothing moves except lizards and heat waves, to the throngs of New York City's Times Square, throbbing through crosswalks thick with cabs and buses, we flow through it all.

And being on the move, my pictures are critical memory markers – my visual journal – as time elongates and the adventures of two days ago feel like last month's

visit. The landscape of the southwest seems another world compared to Georgia's. Or Connecticut's. And it is, despite its connective tissue of roads and nationality.

I am struck by how each place has its own infusion of common and unique components, of vision and intention and opportunistic rooting, and its own storied history, resulting in its own flavor of place.

In one mode, I find myself contrasting my own home territory with the one I am in the midst of, curious to know what living in each of these places might be like, how I might be influenced and shaped by the rhythm and particularities of each place, and whether I'd like it. In another mode, I am actively engaging my senses, taking in and appreciating all I can. And taking loads of pictures. So much to see and remember!

There is also the logistics mode, the keep-the-kids-safe mode, the make-sure-

my-honey-has-her-coffee mode, and the working-from-the-road mode (thank goodness for in-car Wi-Fi). Altogether, it's a kaleidoscope of contrasts and modalities, which, like our country and our wending passage through it, somehow all fits together into the richness of being.

At the moment of this writing, I am as far away from home as we'll be on this journey. I am sitting in an aged but sturdy polished wooden chair at a worn wooden table in a tiny library in a converted colonial house on the east coast of Maine. A bald eagle is circling in the cloudless sky and I could be looking out my own office window.

But the trees are different, there is nothing but water in view to the east and, not far away, my children are splashing in the salty, sun-drenched waters of the Atlantic for the first time, making a happy memory I hope they carry for the rest of their lives.



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I Have Your Number

By Christine Wilson

In 1988, my life was in an uproar. Pretty much every aspect had been stood on its head. When one is going through tumultuous times, there's a tendency for one's mind to feel altered – I mean, really altered. At least that has been my experience. I've said of my mother that she seemed to live as though she was on a perpetual LSD trip. Every interaction she had shocked her. Her interpretation of things tended not to match up with other people's perspectives, as though she were seeing humans through a fish eye lens.

The weekend my father died, early August of 1988, I was well into such a course. I might add, as a good-news spoiler alert, that it calmed down eventually. I still think life is bizarre and human interactions often jolt me, like I'm viewing things through a fish eye lens for which I may have a genetic

predisposition. However, the year that started on that August weekend stands out as an especially disjointed time.

In April of that year, I had gone to see my father. He was dying of radiation poisoning. We did not know that at the time; it just seemed like his non-filtered Pall Malls had finally caught up with him. I was in his room, which was more like sitting in the center of a computer processing unit. He said: "This is the end," and he handed me his computer textbook. That probably set me up for the year's slide into alternate reality.

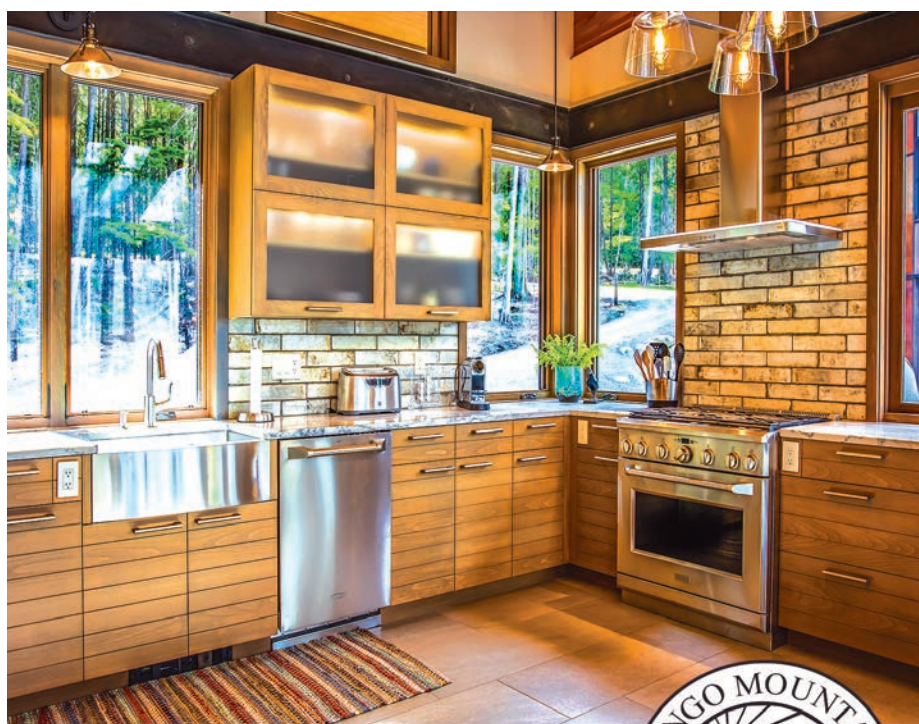
By early August, he was in the hospice unit of a Seattle hospital. My brother, sister-in-law and mother sat vigil, as did I. My mother was not there much and unusually quiet when she was, which gave the rest of us a chance to bond in our Douglas Adams *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* kind of way.

The hospital's Alzheimer's unit was next to hospice and the three of us would walk through their territory as we took turns seeking out the farthest bathroom away from my father's room. These strolls became our break, our chance for contemplation, and a source of stories upon our return.

Some of the Alzheimer's patients were allowed to roam freely with wheelchairs, and roam they did. At one point, my brother returned from a foray and announced that a woman wheeled up to him and asked him a question. Her speech was garbled and he had no idea what she had said. The sentence ended with a tone that showed it was a question, and she waited for him to answer. Skip is quick-witted, loves a good riddle, and knew she wasn't going to be particular about his answer, so he looked at her and said: "6." She mumbled something that could have been a thank-you and wheeled off.

As he told us this story, we agreed that it would probably not have mattered what he said, and 6 made about as much sense as anything. For the rest of the 36-hour vigil, we used that as the answer to any question that came up. Why do people die? 6. Why is there suffering? 6. Why are people unkind to each other? 6. How can we make the world a better place? 6.

Eventually, in our shared delusional state, we became convinced that 6 really was the one and true answer. A woman with dementia rolled into my father's room at



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Random Acts of Community

one point. She looked up and asked: "How many people are in this room?" I looked severely at my sister-in-law, who was the only other person there at that moment. "Don't do it," I whispered. On her behalf, I will say we were not in a really sane state of mind at that point. So, she said: "6."

The woman asked: "Am I one of them?" I leapt up, said "no, dear" more loudly than I meant to, and helped her out of the room. At the doorway, a nurse appeared, frantically looking for her. The three of us had a brief, sweet exchange, and she was off to roam some more. I've often thought of her and loved that they allowed the physically able ones to wander freely, even if they did get lost sometimes.

Fast forward about two weeks. I was back home in Stevens County, running on a dirt road up in the hills, and still psychically altered. I had run this route many times and it always seemed clear of any sort of detritus. However, on this day, there was a bit of a branch lying in the middle of the road. I had to look around, because it did not feel real. Was my brother hiding in the woods? I would not have put it past him. No, it was just me and the dirt road and the trees. That bit of wood was in the perfect shape of a 6.

I went through all the various ways I could send that to my brother and his wife, finally settling on a hand-stamped envelope with nothing else inside. When Skip got home from work that evening, he opened the envelope and the 6 fell out on the table. He put it back in and, when his wife got home, he said: "I'm just going to let you find this the way I did."

Douglas Adams had written into his *Guide* that inter-galactic beings had asked a computer named Deep Thought what the answer was to "the ultimate question of life, the universe, and everything." It took Deep Thought 7½ million years to compute the answer, which turned out to be 42.

Of course, for all you numerology fans out there, I could not help but look that up. 42 in the numerology world is translated to 6, of course, and it represents harmony and balance. Douglas Adams insisted he just made up a number, but you have to love the meaning.

This week, my brother sent me a package

full of decluttering items he had been going through. (I am happy to say that in 1970 I got an A in writing. But how could I have gotten a C in Shakespeare?) After I pulled out the papers he had sent me, I could tell there was something thick at the bottom. I dumped the envelope upside down and, voilà, the 6 rolled out before me onto the table.

So, in this month, on the anniversary of that wild ride at my father's bedside, I want to celebrate the number six and that aspiration toward harmony and balance. Application can vary depending on your needs. .

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



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A New Combination of Solutions

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

In 2014, fire rained down on Washington State like never before in recent history. Millions of acres were lost. The city of Pateros burned to the ground. The Tatley family lost the work of their lives. The 1,600-acre ranch they had worked and developed was destroyed – the barn, shop, equipment, agricultural work, ponderosa pines and the home.

What do you do when there's nothing left? David Overcash and his wife, Sherie, along with Sherie's parents Don and Darlene Tatley, embarked on a journey to answer this question. How do you put the pieces of your life back together when there are no pieces left? It's not easy to imagine.

In 2015, David and Sherie found what they felt was an answer when then trav-

eled to Guatemala on a medical mission with Medical Teams International. What can you find in a place like Guatemala that can help you with your devastated life at home? Family. Joy in the face of hardship. Sharing the little that you have. Life centered around community. Peace in a life of uncertainty.

David and Sherie came back with a passion to do something that would change their own community. David says it this way:

"I wanted to give back to our community and change our social environment so we share and care more with our neighbors. In all my research and interaction with non-profits I knew there needed to be a new vehicle to give back that would create sustainability. The con-

cept of for-profit enterprises that can be nimble, creative, and invest in the long haul, and where giving back is core to their mission."

What David is suggesting is novel and creative, because not-for-profits sometimes have a reputation for being encumbered by boards that may be ineffective and hamper the mission of the organization by having conflicting agendas. A for-profit with a heart? It's not new, but it's rare and refreshing. Especially when you consider the scope of David's vision.

"The more I worked with veterans I realized they were a demographic that understood community (brotherhood) that most of us are missing. There were also great, unconventional results being seen by veterans healing through nature. This then become the perfect match.

"Building a community of veterans that can heal by working and engaging with nature (farming and ranching). Provide real jobs that are flexible. Provide an incubator to their own business. Give back to the community by changing agriculture techniques, taking better care of the land, reducing water consumption, and reducing food waste. The veterans get these concepts and instinctually will work to solve these problems, given the environment to do so.

"As we do all of this, we need housing that will create the core of the community we will be building from."

What if you could solve more than one human dilemma with one project? Job creation. Innovative, environmentally friendly housing. Better agriculture methods. Healing for veterans. Build a better community. What if you had the power to put that together? Would you do it? That's exactly what David and his team at Tatley Outpost have launched. Turn the ranch into a private, for-profit agricultural business with a mission to change the world and give veterans a chance to build a life. They created Golden Acts, a foundation to put this creative

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undertaking together. The mission of Golden Acts is to “Make the World a Better Place, One Golden Act at a Time.”

And of course, there’s more. David and his team noted that, “The world needed more positivity and that positivity needed to become part of our daily lives, there needed to be more opportunities for today’s youth to learn and engage in kindness and help others, and there needed to be a new model whereby giving and community support were embedded in organizations to create true sustainabil-

ity.”

It’s a simple but powerful formula. As the website tatlleyoutpost.com says, here is what they have created: “A place where we would engage with nature in its purest form. Get back to the basics of family, community and hard work. Fuel the people through sustainable agriculture practices. And in turn all ‘rebirth’ ourselves into better humans, just as nature had a ‘rebirth’ after the devastating fires.”

I think they are on to something. With all of the gouging and trampling and

shoving going on in the world to get to the top, it’s more than nice to know that, while many are scrambling on ladders, some are building bridges. David, Sherie, Don and the team at Tatley Outpost, my hat is off to you. Make the world a better place.

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

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Influencing Change-Makers

By Eileen Delehanty Pearkes

The short, wooded path from my house to the shores of Kootenay Lake winds past a mature cedar tree whose bark has been regularly shagged by the claws of a cougar. My neighbor's wildlife camera has caught the cat lounging on one of the tree's drooping lower branches. I've seen its scat, laced with the coarse hairs from a deer. When my neighbor re-routed one section of the path last year to avoid a wet area, he discovered a deer skeleton in the brush, picked completely clean.

Cougars, eagles, coyotes, grizzlies. Our human relationship with predators is complex. My thoughts about the cougar, and predators in general, led me to contact John Urquhart, a third-generation landowner whose 600 acres sprawl like a reclining feline above the confluence of the Pend Oreille and Columbia Rivers. It was from John that I learned about the arrival of wolves in North Columbia Country.

John's son (also named John) first spotted wolves on their land in 2010. They had never seen them before. A few years ago, near Grand Forks, John Sr. told me, a helicopter hunt by B.C. government wildlife officers resulted in 16 dead wolves. One of them was a tagged Yellowstone wolf. Biologists theorize that wolves have followed the cleared areas beneath power and gas lines to find their way north and west into a terrain that might, a hundred years ago, have been difficult or impossible for them to access.

On both sides of the border along the Columbia River, the arrival of wolves has stirred the ecological pot and focused at-

tention on our impact on natural systems. We are, after all, the chief predator. We eat flesh, too. And, we carry firearms.

Wolves are in a top position of what science calls a *trophic cascade*. This ecological term describes the rippling impact of one animal on an entire system. In the case of wolves, consumption of elk or deer who browse on vegetation might leave more riparian forest or stream-side habitat for beavers, whose dams might in turn pro-

Washington, developed the concept of a keystone species, one who affects many others. The role of keystone predators in the overall "trophic" balance of a natural system was more and more widely understood as having a benefit.

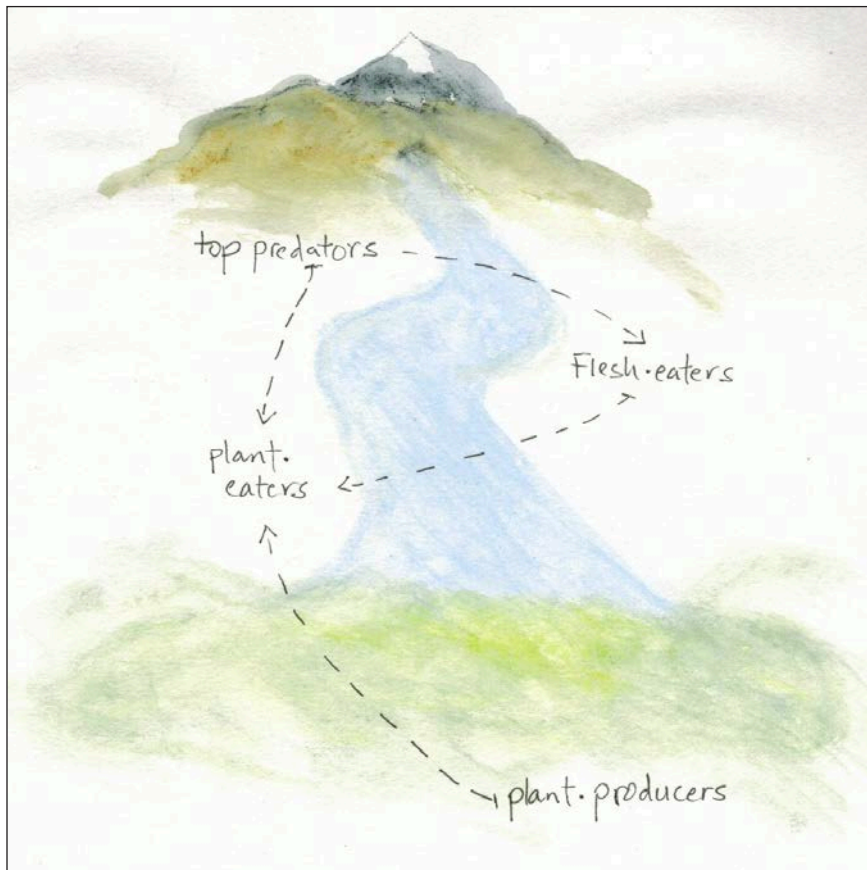
In 1995, after many years of debate and controversy, the National Park Service re-introduced wolves to Yellowstone National Park. They used stock from far north in the Canadian Rocky Mountain system, since

the species that had been native to the park had been eliminated. A few scientists believed a somewhat smaller wolf indigenous to Minnesota would have been a better choice. To this day, some people believe that the wrong wolf was introduced to Yellowstone, one that was too big and too powerful.

About the same time that scientists oversaw the return of wolves to Yellowstone, the northern pike started showing up in the upper Columbia River. Pike was first introduced into Idaho lakes in the 1970s, for sport fishing. The pike most likely found its way into the Pend Oreille River system through bucket

transfer by enthusiastic fishermen who liked how the aggressive predator fought on the line. From the Pend Oreille, it migrated to the quiet waters of Lake Roosevelt, where it, like the wolf on land, quickly began to dominate the aquatic system.

Northern pike are voracious, consuming kokanee, trout and other native species. For many years, the Kalispel Tribe struggled to contain the Northern Pike population in the Pend Oreille River. They finally succeeded



vide more habitat for small fish and frogs. Wolves also eat cattle, animals introduced by agriculture. And agriculture supports the livelihood of local families.

By the 1960s, hunting had substantially diminished the once-healthy wolf populations across the West. In our region, coyote, and cougar had also steeply declined. Scientists in North America began to theorize about what had been lost. Robert Paine, an ecologist from the University of

North of the Border

with a system of gillnetting. Recently, the Spokane and Colville Confederated Tribes began a similar program on the Columbia. This year, in one week (May 6-10), the Tribes netted 439 pike. Since the program began in 2011, they have captured approximately 8,000 fish. North of the international boundary on the Columbia River, B.C. government agencies have also had good results in early efforts to control the pike, to keep them from entering the Arrow Lakes system.

Control of the wolf population is proving more challenging. Hunters in Canada can kill three wolves per season on the west side of the Columbia. There is no limit for the number caught on the river's east side, in a B.C. government effort to reduce predation on the dwindling south Selkirk caribou herd. Below the international boundary, Washington state and federal laws still protect the wolf. Nineteen of 22 packs in the state are east of the Cascades and their numbers and predation on livestock are

reportedly growing.

Nature is not static. Species numbers rise and fall for many reasons, including climate, natural catastrophe, and habitat loss. Predators, like most change-makers, resist easy management. It has taken many decades for the full impact of the human introduction of wolves and pike to be felt more broadly in our region. As predator-in-chief, our spe-

cies is both agent and actor on this shifting ecological stage. With wolves, there are no simple answers that everyone can agree on about what to do next.

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

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Ambushed by Stereotype

By Loren Cruden

My stream of senior moments has quickened. I woke in the middle of the night recently and reached out to stroke my cat, murmuring fond praises of his soft, silky fur. Only it wasn't my cat. After stroking and murmuring for a while, I finally realized it was my blanket. (Which is soft and silky, but doesn't purr.)

I burst out laughing which, fully waking me, brought on some hours of senior insomnia. Nonetheless, laughter remains my favorite among reaction options in those moments. Frustration, mortification and dread occupy far too much of the rest of the senior spectrum. I did snap "Dang it!" (or something like) the third time I put my own ZIP code, rather than the addressee's, on a letter I was mailing, bemusing the same patient postal clerk each time.

Not a day goes by that doesn't include mental mix-ups and memory chasms (as opposed to memory palaces). The action I'm about to take or word I'm about to use suddenly falls into an unreachable dimension – like socks that get lost in the laundry. It makes me wonder if caterpillars feel something similar as life as they've known it dissolves in the cocoon. At least they get to emerge as butterflies.

Especially under pressure, I lose the names of things, like when trying to tell my son, over the phone, the word for the particular appliance causing a flood in my absent neighbor's basement. I called a friend by his wife's name the other day, and said "Good dog!" to my cat.

When I was growing up my mother used to call us four kids by each other's names. I've only one kid but sometimes used to – and still – call him by my younger brother's name. Even young brains are not infallible, but it's the speedy proliferation of lapses I find alarming. Along with the increased dyslexia. One day, preparing breakfast for myself and the cat, I poured cereal in Taliesin's bowl and kibbles in mine. Then stared at the two bowls, thinking, *What's wrong with this picture?*

The stereotype of the absentminded old lady with sneakers, cat and arthritis, invisible unless doing something inappropriate, is unappealing. When I was in my forties my mother, out of the blue, said, "Don't worry, you won't end up like me," but I have! I have! (Though my mother's companion in her elder years was a dog, not a cat.) There's no going back: The stereotype is upon me.

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My grandchildren will never remember me as anything but past my prime. Grandma's mental and physical skills and eventful life before she became Grandma don't exist for them. Grandma-ness has no depth of field, just foreground. With laurels erased, there's no resting on them. Onward we go.

Nonetheless, it is sometimes worth reminding younger people that important things they take for granted, such as women's rights, civil rights, workers' rights, child protections, and protection of vital basics – water, soil, air, trees, wildlife (and deft use of irony) – were heroically initiated or actively furthered by the generations before them. Some of the givers of what they take as givens are the parents and grannies and grampies now limping around with worn-out joints, bad backs, boring clothes and senior moments. Perhaps some slack might be cut, at this point, when the great question of the day may sometimes be "What was it I came into this room to do?"

Dismissal of elders in modern life, of course, infiltrates every generational cycle. To the young, the past's seasons of dreams, reforms, innovations, hard work, courage and heartbreak are just stories. Ones that, more to the point for those who follow, also feature half-baked accomplishments, enormous mistakes and grievous actions; elders and ancestors rightly bear blame as well as rate respect.

But we're not done participating yet. Experience counts, as

does practice in again and again opening one's perspective. And knowing how to do things without apps, YouTube, GPS, or a calculator. And perhaps having less to lose, now, when stepping forward into the fray.

When my sister was around twelve, she spent a school year living with our mother's mother in a picturesque village along the Mississippi River, in Illinois. Our mother was concerned about Grandmama's isolation and so sent my sister to her, feeling it would benefit them both. And it did. My sister not only got to eat Grandmama's heavenly cooking and sled and play in snow (something I could only imagine, being a Florida girl), but also have a special one-on-one relationship with an elder, creating memories she cherished and drew upon for the rest of her life.

Composing this article in my head (as one does) while finishing errands in town, I obviously cruised past several of the stops I'd planned to make. A quarter-mile later, realizing this, I turned around and went back. Compared to some of the idiot things I did when younger, the absentminded failure in multi-tasking didn't seem so bad. Moments, both junior and senior, offer their opportunities: It's all an adventure.

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



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Time is Everything

By Tina Tolliver Matney

"I guess we're all one phone call from our knees." These are song lyrics by artist Mat Kearney that went rushing through my head one recent morning when I happened upon a major accident on my way to work.

I pulled into the parking lot of the nearby business where traffic was being diverted and got out of my car. A lot of people stood around, all staring at the wreckage, some with their heads down in what I assumed was a posture of prayer and/or sadness. I walked over to a woman who was standing on the curb, visibly shaken. Other than seeing the big dump truck on its side, something in my own sense of self-preservation told me not to look too closely and so I didn't.

"What do you know?" I asked her. She said it had just happened about 10 minutes before. The rescue team wasn't even on the scene yet, although we could hear their sirens getting louder. It was also at that moment when, even though I was trying not to look, that flashes of red paint caught my eye and I grabbed her arm. "Tell me that's not a red pickup under that truck," my frantic words catching in my throat. "No honey, that's the color of the dump truck. But there is a motorcycle and its rider under there somewhere."

We stood there for a moment, this woman I had never met holding my hand, and it struck me that even though the parking lot was teeming with people the only noise was the wailing of the approaching sirens. While relief rushed over me, knowing my partner was probably already in town, my heart sank, knowing without doubt that the motorcyclist could not have survived.

I thought about this man a lot that morning, before my thoughts turned to his family and the shock they would feel at some point in that day when a phone call would slam their world upside down. Did he have a partner waiting at home for him, I wondered? I imagined he had children and maybe even grandchildren who would feel so sad and broken after such a harsh and tragic loss. Was he on his way to visit some

good friends or perhaps he was going to visit a brother or sister? Or maybe he was just taking a day trip in our beautiful neck of the woods to enjoy the freedom he felt whenever he took his bike out for a long ride on a gorgeous sunny day.

I'll never know. I didn't know him. But still ... I saw how he died, and it wrenched at my heart. As work had to become my focus, I pushed my thoughts over to the business of the day. Yet I couldn't shake the traumatic feeling. A heavy weight stayed with me through the day. I left work early that afternoon, feeling the need to just go home where my long list of chores became a welcome and familiar routine that helped calm my mind.

It seems that I've had to make extra effort to calm my mind these past several months. I've been hurling myself through life while I try to do all the things that I think need doing at a pace that is just ridiculous and unattainable. All for the sake of maybe having a few extra minutes in my day or evening to do something I like to do instead of just always doing what I feel I have to do.

It was while I was brushing my teeth and getting ready for bed that a realization hit me so hard I literally had to put down my toothbrush and hold onto the counter edge. That very morning, I realized, I had been running late. About 10 minutes late.

I had gone out to do the barn chores and found a mess the dogs had made that took a few minutes to clean up. The chickens had tipped over their water, so it took a little extra time to clean and fill their pan. My little screech owl made an escape while I opened his pen to feed him and so I lost a little more time returning him to his house. And then, just as I was about to head out the door, the phone rang. Normally I'd let it ring and continue on to work. But I answered. It was my mama and we talked for a few minutes.

While I'm not saying that my crazy busy morning kept me from being the tragedy under that dump truck, I am saying the realization that it could have been me hit me

in the gut pretty damn hard. As I thought about the "what if's," my mind retraced my steps over the course of the morning and I realized how irritated and impatient I had been at all the things that were keeping me from leaving on time.

I had been so busy chasing that thing called time, hoping to capture more of it by rushing through the morning with one goal in mind, that I didn't even notice the beauty of the flowers in the garden. That could all end tomorrow. For any one of us. We all have the potential at any given moment to be the cause for the phone call no one wants to hear.

The man who died under that truck on that beautiful sunny morning will never know how he impacted my life. If he were still alive I would tell him that I now remember to find some joy in even the most mundane tasks, and that every morning when I round that corner of the highway where he took his last breath, I think of a positive intention I will fulfill before nightfall. And most importantly I would tell him that I will fulfill those positive intentions while I carry myself through my beautiful days at a slower, more gentle pace, even if it means I might be ten minutes late for work.

Tina is a mother, grandmother, artist, rescuer of owls, eagles, hawks and other wild creatures, children's book illustrator, gardener and hobby farmer who makes her home on the Kettle River. Check out the Kettle River Raptor Center on Facebook.

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The Hardy Redband Trout

Article and Photo by J. Foster Fanning

Oftentimes it is fortune smiling that creates the opportunity for good photographs.

Ansel Adams once said, "It takes the right photographer, at the right time, in the right place, with the proper gear and ability to create a good photograph." Fortune smiled at me when I was watching birds along the banks of the Kettle River with camera in hand one morning and several of these trout surfaced. The lighting was just right and several photographs were soon "in the can."

Redband trout are native to our area. They are a subspecies of the rainbow trout and exist in two well-defined geographic regions – Washington, Montana, Idaho and British Columbia, and in eastern Oregon and parts of California and Nevada. The redband trout is comparable in appearance to the rainbow trout but occasionally has larger, more rounded spots and parr marks that remain on the fish into adulthood. They also commonly grow to six to twelve inches in length.

Logging, mining, agriculture, grazing, dams, over-harvest, urban growth, hybridization and competition with other trout have contributed to the decline of redband trout in the Co-

lumbia River Basin. Six states, four federal agencies, five tribal governments and one non-governmental organization signed a range-wide Conservation Agreement for Interior Redband Trout in July 2014. These agencies and groups are working together to conserve and protect redband trout habitat, as wildlife biologists agree this conservation agreement is critical for sustaining fish populations.

There are three subspecies of rainbow trout in Washington state, but only two are native: the coastal rainbow trout (*Oncorhynchus mykiss irideus*) and the Columbia Basin redband trout (*O. mykiss gairdneri*). The coastal rainbow trout occurs in western Washington and in the lower Columbia River drainage. There is a unique form of the coastal rainbow trout found only in Crescent Lake, known as the Beardslee rainbow trout. All of the hatchery rainbow trout stocked in the Washington waters are of coastal rainbow trout genetic origin. The Columbia Basin redband trout are found from the Klickitat River upstream into British Columbia, Montana, and Idaho.

There is concern that native resident redband trout are being



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replaced or hybridized by hatchery plantings of coastal rainbow trout. Yet biologists have discovered, in the few places where genetic analysis has occurred, that native redband trout persevere. A lack of information about these resilient fish has impeded the development of a fish management plan, which could lead to investigations as to whether these fish should be listed as threatened under the Endangered Species Act.

In an attempt to further knowledge about redband trout in the Columbia Plateau and the lands of the Colville Confederated Tribes and the Spokane Tribe of Indians, maps have been created designating historic and current presence of these hardy fish, as well as the streams where hereditary analysis needs to be done to verify their presence.

Columbia Basin redband trout spawn during the spring. Below Chief Joseph Dam there are both anadromous redband trout, which, like their steelhead cousins, migrate to the ocean for a portion of their life, and stream resident Columbia Basin redbands, which do not migrate. The stream resident fish commonly have

an average size of between six and ten inches, spawn at around two years old, and have a lifespan of three to four years. Their preferred habitat is generally low-gradient, medium-elevation streams with an plenty of complex pools.

Columbia Basin redband trout acquired the name redband from the red colored stripe they sport along their lateral line. These fish usually have large spots spread across their body and fins, although some populations have their spots sparsely concentrated above their lateral line. Like other fish in the rainbow trout lineage, they have rosy gill plates. The coloration of these fish tends to be greenish olive on the back, transitioning to yellow or even an orange on their lower half.

Summer is a good time of year to explore our highlands, maybe even with fly rod in hand. Enjoy...

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

The Wonder of it All

By Karen Giebel

I enjoy all four seasons, but right now it seems to me that Mother Nature is at her finest: summer, when all of our senses are actively engaged, maybe even overly actively engaged.

We have had an unusually cool, wet start to our summer but that seems to be bothering only us humans. The flora, fauna and maybe even Merry Weather (who is old enough to get this one?) seem to be sailing along quite nicely, thank you.

I'm an early bird, so most mornings I am on the front porch by 5:30 after making coffee, letting the dog out, emptying the dishwasher and feeding the cats. Just in time to "lift mine eyes unto the hills" and see the rosy glow over the Kettle Range that signifies the sun is about to crest.

Minute-by-minute the sky lightens and shades of blue, grey, yellow and pink illuminate the overhead clouds until suddenly the arching globe of the sun appears over the ridge top. And I smile. A large, beaming smile. The first of many smiles on these glorious summer days.

Sitting contentedly on the front porch with my dog Otto at my feet, I hear the trilling of many, many species of songbirds coming to life as they welcome a new day. So many birds with so many songs that it is almost impossible to decipher who I am hearing. Doesn't matter; I am happy to hear and see them all.

Mountain bluebirds, violet green swallows, evening grosbeaks and goldfinch are daily visitors. The quail racing across the pasture with their tiny babies are so entertaining. Zoom, zip, zap! The hummingbirds are awake, hungry, and with babes to feed. They race back and forth to the feeders and to the petunias in the hanging baskets. No longer skittish in my presence, they hover within a hand's-length as I fill the red glass feeder with sugar water, then dive right in to drink their life-giving sustenance. My sense of smell is engaged as I inhale the sweet aroma of the pink, purple, red and lavender petunias in both the hanging baskets and the flower pots on the porch steps.

Donning work shoes, I head to the garden and the patch of herbs I have been nurturing along for months. Suddenly they have had a growth spurt and I am inundated with parsley and dill along with rosemary, thyme, sage and basil. The aroma of each herb heightens my sense of smell. The woody scent of

rosemary, so reminiscent of pine and cedar, holds a special place in my heart. The scent of basil makes my mouth water as I dream of homemade pesto gracing linguine this winter. The sharp unmistakable scent of dill makes me wish the cucumbers were ready and I had pickles in the crock. Nibbling on a sage leaf, my taste buds explode as I dream of savory stews to be enjoyed come autumn. But it is thyme that I use most often and in all four seasons. Lovely frittatas filled with seasonal vegetables and scented with thyme. Oh my, life without herbs would be dreadfully dull.

Trudging up the steep hillside, I am rewarded as the slope evens out onto a flat area we call "the bench." The area is covered with the most incredible variety of wildflowers. Yellow, pink, purple, white, orange and red. Each flower with its own lovely scent. Even teeny-tiny blooms that you need to kneel in front of to appreciate. No fancy perfume can compete with the aroma of our wildflowers. They are such a gift to see and smell.

On the hillside bench we are blessed with fabulous views of Curlew Lake from north to south. The coves and bays with their areas of sunshine and shadow are so enticing. We can watch the fishing boats heading out to their not-so-secret spots with hopes of a rainbow trout meal in their future.

We observe the deer every day and pretty much know our resident herd. Once in a while there may be a newcomer but for now we have three does on the hill behind the house and three more that graze the fields to the north, visible from the dining room windows. We watched the does' bellies grow and anxiously awaited arrival of the fawns.

Two weeks ago, I watched a doe emerge from the hawthorn thicket near the pond. She would walk a few steps and then stop and look over her shoulder. Then she walked a few more steps, stopped and looked over her shoulder. This went on for three days. I said to myself, "she has a fawn down there." Then on day three the doe emerged from the thicket and stopped. I followed her gaze as she looked over her shoulder and was blessed to see a wee fawn step forward on shaky legs out of the safety of the hawthorns and wobble forward until he reached the doe and began to nurse. Moments like this make my heart





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skip a beat.

This year our son, daughter-in-law and their three-month-old baby, Jack, were here for opening day of the you-pick cherry season. Advised to “taste before you pick” because the owners wanted us to like the varieties that we picked, we were overwhelmed with the incredible abundance of the sweet dark red globes. Molly said with delight and an enormous smile on her face, “I love cherries so much that this is just the best day ever!” The cherries were so plump, full and incredibly sweet. Seeing the joyful expressions on the faces of the people picking cherries, including my husband, I would have to agree that it was the best day ever.

On the same day, we thought we should check on our favorite secret huckleberry patch. We thought that due to the cool, wet start to summer that the huckleberries would be a week or two from being ready. Wrong! The bushes were loaded with large purple berries bursting with that sweet tart unmistakable huckleberry flavor. I have already made huckleberry jam and huckleberry muffins. Our freezer has enough to last us through a long winter.

We hiked the path around one of the numerous small lakes up here in Ferry County and were blessed to see two adult common loons with two chicks! They were resting peacefully, par-

tially hidden among trees and shrubs. Hearing their plaintive haunting call early in the morning always gives me the chills.

Our four barn cats are contentedly stretched out on the sun-heated boulders by the shed. They are so relaxed they appear to have melted right into the scenery. When they have had enough of the sun, they stroll over to the grassy area under the willow tree to take yet another nap. These kitties earn their keep around here. Never a day goes by without a couple of mice being left by the back porch. I reward them with a head scratch and a “good kitty.”

Watching my husband hard at work in his garden wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat brings a smile to my face. He has carefully started many vegetables from seed and transplanted them twice before finally putting them in the ground. We both go out every morning to see how much they have grown overnight. It is a wondrous sight to observe the tomato plants growing from tiny seeds to three-foot-tall bushes supported by wood trellises and now sporting bright yellow blossoms that soon will be tomatoes. Being able to grow some of our own food is soul-satisfying. Knowing the fruits and vegetables will soon grace our table is reward for the hours and hours of labor.

Yes, it is a wonderful and glorious time of the year and we are so thankful its gifts.

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APPENZERS

Events

Aug 1: First Thursday Art Walk, 5:30-8 pm, downtown Chewelah.

Aug 2-4: Rendezvous Days in the Colville City Park featuring live music on two stages, food, crafts, classic car show, baseball tournament, kid games, pioneer dance and more! Visit colvillere rendezvous.org.

Aug 3: Blazing Saddles 2019 Bike Ride, hosted by Blazing Saddles Bike Ride and Rotary Club of Colville, starting at 6 am at Yep Kanum Park, (Hawthorne and Elm Streets), Colville with 42-mile, 68-mile, and 100-mile options. Call 509-684-5094 or visit blazing100.org for more info.

Aug 3: Alzheimer's Fundraiser, Heritage Court, Colville, Noon to 11 pm, featuring 50/50 raffle, music, dancing, and silent auction.

Aug 4: Rustic Furniture Making Demonstration and Q&A presented by students learning the skills of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, hosted by the Stevens County Historical Society. See ad page 24 for more info.

Aug 4: Northport Lions Club BINGO at the Northport School Cafeteria, Noon-4. Early Bird, Regular, Fast Pick and Blackout with a \$500 Jackpot. Must be 18 or older to play. Call 509-690-2158 for more info.

Aug 9: American Kennel Club Graduation at Parkview Sr. Living, Colville, featuring canine class tests, door prizes, and ice cream. Call 509-684-5677 for more info.

Aug 9-11: SpoCon, Spokane's local Science Fiction and Fantasy Convention, at the Davenport Hotel. A portion of event profits go towards purchasing and donating books directly to school libraries. "We believe in promoting literacy and creativity!" See ad page 24.

Aug 13-15: Word, Excel, Power Point, Outlook, and Access classes at Community Colleges of Spokane, Colville Center, 1-3 pm. This class will cover the basics of the environments and touch on fundamental usage for each application. Call 509-279-6027 for more info.

Aug 17: Fire District 10 Community BBQ, Deep Lake Park, 11-2, with hamburgers, hot dogs and beans. No yard sale but there will be a silent auction and pie auction. Donations welcome. Call 509-732-4195 for more info.

Aug 17: Garlic Faire at China Bend Winery, featuring live music, belly dancers, food and, of course, garlic and wine! See ad page 11.

Aug 22-25: Northeast Washington Fair, "Let the Good Times Grow!" featuring parade, food vendors, rides, dance lessons, sales, live music, and more! See ad page 2.

Aug 23-24: Qlispe River Fest, in Cusick, featuring live music, art, food, and more! See ad page 5.

Aug 24: Light Up Colville Fundraiser with Sammy Eubanks in concert, fantastic silent auction items up for bid, raffle tickets \$1 each to win up to \$500 cash, \$250 in groceries from Grocery Outlet, and more! See ad page 19.

Aug 25: New Roof Celebration Ice Cream Social, 302 Park St., Metaline Falls. See ad page 14.

Aug 30-Sep 1: FarmJam at the Pumpkin Patch/ Corn Maze in Colville featuring Chase Rice, Hayes Carll, The Wild Feathers, and many more big names in music. See ad page 29.

Aug 30-Sep 1: Ferry County Fair featuring three days of old-fashioned fun, including food, music, vendors, livestock shows, 4-H events and more! Visit ferrycountyfair.com for more info. See ad back page.

Aug 31: Shrimp Boil Dinner & Ping-Pong Ball Raffle at the Cutter Theatre, 302 Park St., Metaline Falls. See ad page 14.

Aug 31-Sep 1: Cutter Clutter Pre-Sale, Cutter Theatre, 302 Park St., Metaline Falls. See ad page 14.

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

Music at Northern Ales, 325 W. 3rd Ave., Kettle Falls, northernales.com, 509-738-7382:
16th: Open Mic, 7-10 pm
(See calendar for full listing)

Music at Fired Up Brewing, 1235 S Main St, Colville, (on Facebook), 509-684-3328.
3rd: Ken Nielsen/Contra-Dance, 6-9 pm
9th: Dino-Saurs, 6-9 pm
17th: Northern Aliens, 6-9 pm

Music at Republic Brewery, 26 Clark Ave., Republic, republicbrew.com, 509-775-2700.
3rd: Hillfolk Noir, 7 pm
7th: The Black Lillies (ticketed event), 7 pm
10th: The Pine Hearts, 7 pm
17th: Trego, 7 pm
24th: Jeff Plakenhorn, 7 pm
30th: Robert Sarazin Blake and the Put-it-all-Down-in-a-Letters, 7 pm

Meetings & Opportunities

SPECIAL ADVANCE NOTICE: Washington State Poet Laureate Claudia Castro Luna will be in Kettle Falls as part of her recently-awarded fellowship that involves holding a series of poetry workshops and readings celebrating the Columbia River. Registration is required for the free reading with Luna and local poet Lynn Schott on Sept. 13, 6 pm, and free workshop on Sept. 14, 10 am-2 pm. Both events will be held at the Kettle Falls Public Library, 605 Meyers St., Kettle Falls. Call 509-738-6817 for more info.

Aug 14: Northeast Washington Genealogy Society meeting, 1 pm, LDS Church basement, Juniper Street in Colville, entry at the back of the building. Visit newgs.org for more info. All visitors are welcome.

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

Notice: Water will not be available at the following campgrounds during the 2019 summer season: Kettle River, Snag Cove, North Gorge, Marcus Island, Kamloops Island, Cloverleaf, Hawk Creek, Haag Cove. Bring your own water.

Celebrate Recovery, a 12-step program, meets Fridays, 5:30 pm, Mt. Carmel Health Education Building, 1169 East Columbia Avenue, Lower Level, Colville, WA (across street from

emergency room). A light meal is served. Call 509-935-0780 for a ride or more info.

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

The Greater Springdale/Loon Lake Chamber of Commerce, 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**, Fridays at 7 am at the Chewelah Casino, 2555 Smith Road south of Chewelah off Hwy. 395. **The Colville Chamber of Commerce**, Tuesdays at noon at the Eagles Lodge 608 N Wynne Street. Details at www.colville.com. **The Kettle Falls Chamber of Commerce**, first and third Thursdays at 7 pm at the Kettle Falls Visitor Center. For info, call 509-738-2300 or visit kfchamber.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.

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

Camas Valley Grange No. 842, second Saturday at 5:30 pm at the Grange in Springdale.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Narcotics Anonymous recovery group meets Mondays, 215 S. Oak, Colville (County Commissioner's Building, brown door) at 7 pm and Thursdays, 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.

MORE LISTINGS & DETAILS AT NCMONTHLY.COM

The Northport Times

NORTHPORT - AUGUST 2019: We in Northport are welcoming a logging business, which has been in operation for many years, but just in past months, has grown to be able to employ more men. Mr. John Jenson, whom in the past has made his wages by using a crosscut saw to produce cordwood enough to feed the donkey engines which bring in the lumber. His next stage of labor was driving the latest in self-powered log transporting truck with chain-drive steering and brakes. Most currently, he has opened a log transport yard where flumes, trains and these modern "trucks" will bring logs in from the most remote forests. He is able to sort them so efficiently for the local sawmills, that it seems he has a monopoly on the Northport logging industry.

The elegant and refined Mrs. Meezy has come from Seattle for an extended stay with her son Mr. David Meezy. Last Thursday, Mrs. Meezy suffered such a fright that would cause even the strongest among us to be shaken. She had taken the carriage, drawn by her exquisite bay, to town for a day's shopping excursion with her three grandchildren. After a pleasing day in Northport she was returning to her son's home when a very large bear emerged from the trees. It stood so tall that it was taller than the ears of the horse. She and her grandchildren were so frightened, they couldn't even make a sound. They were sure that it would attack the horse, which was ready to bolt. Then at the last moment the bear roared loudly then vanished into the forest.

—Viola Murphy

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LISTEN UP

Reviews by Michael Pickett

Howard Jones Isn't to Blame

There has never been a better time for a Jupiter-8 or Oberheim synth to hum to life under the masterful hands of Howard Jones. The guy who helped marry blue-eyed soul to electro-pop in the '80s hasn't really gone anywhere ... at least not far. But with the popularity of *Stranger Things* and fuzzy neographics, Jones' killer songwriting and signature vocals are back on *Transform*, his tenth album and his first full release since 2009's *Ordinary Heroes*.



Jones isn't singularly responsible for the resurgence in "all-things-'80s," but there are few people we'd more like to see ride that wave.

With "Take Us Higher," the second cut on the album, Jones wastes no time shooting into the vocal stratosphere while simultaneously channeling the stuttering synth styles that ended up informing the likes of everyone from Duran Duran to Nine Inch Nails. Cuts like "Beating Mr. Neg" and "Hero in Your Eyes" sound like Jones

never missed a beat through flannel-fetishes, Napster, and the demise of the record industry.

It isn't until the album closer, "Stay with Me," that Jones really brings his legacy into the modern age with a perfect marriage of hooky songwriting, syncopated synth and signature sky-high vocals.

All in all, Howard Jones is one of those artists who has a knack for throwing away more hooks than just about any musician had in the angst-y '90s, and *Transform* is an imminently listenable master-class in how to write actual songs (versus riffs, hooks or overlong stories about horrible childhoods). Hopefully, Jones kicks out album after album for at least the next few years, or at least until *Stranger Things* 7 airs.

Lowercase Noises: Ambient Extremes

Andy Othling isn't just an indie musician making otherworldly drones and soaring textures with his massive guitar pedalboards, he's an example of a truly modern artist.

Not only can you buy his work, many times, for prices you decide on, but you can watch him create it in real time via dozens – maybe hundreds – of fascinating online videos showing him tweaking impossibly gorgeous synth tones and drones from vintage guitars and stacks

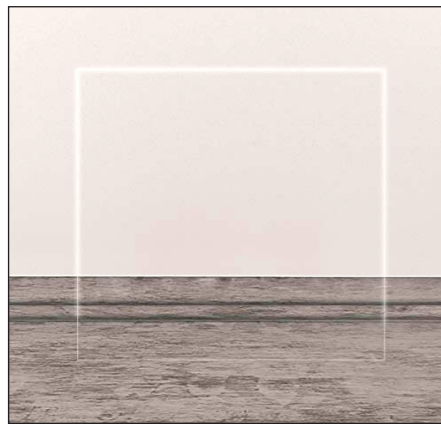
of guitar pedals.

And this is the manifesto that informs Lowercase Noises, a post-rock ambient entity of Othling's creation that captures the imagination with massive, beautiful soundscapes — as is the case on *The Ironic Distance*.

This album release is just short of symphonic in its scope, with the opening "I'm Afraid Anymore" washing out of stereo headphones like a wordless lullaby. Gentle swells of backward guitars bob and weave through "Of Course It's All Things" just before the binaural winds of "I Have My Own Roof Beam" give way to organ-like guitar swells and orchestral drones.

Othling's awesomely compelling website welcome is "My name is Andy. I'm interested in playing the guitar as

slow as possible. This is my music." With dozens of post-rock ambient albums in the Lowercase Noises catalog, you might think there would be a buffer of success



keeping the guitarist-composer inaccessible. In actual fact, Othling has been coaching artists on how to build their own online careers for years, and frequently interacts with independent recording artists online via chat and video releases.

While *The Ironic Distance* is just one of Othling's Lowercase Noises albums, it is a fantastic point of entry to his expansive style of chill-out ambient music, and a great way to get to know him until the next album release.

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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A Good Read

Reviews by Loren Cruden

Keepers of the Garden, by A.S. Rodlie

In her novel, *Keepers of the Garden*, British Columbia journalist A.S. Rodlie zeroes in on fur trade history along the Columbia River between 1810 and 1817, featuring events and characters real and invented.

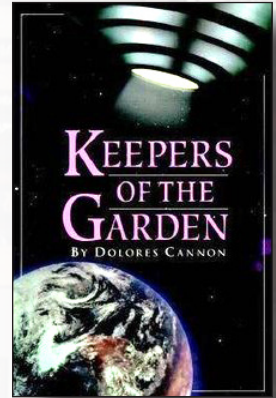
The story opens with Irishman Ross Cox waking in New York City with an enormous hangover, his ship sailed. Nonetheless, Cox's adventures soon take him around the Horn to the Pacific Northwest in the employ of John Jacob Astor's fur-trading company. Rodlie's depth of research emerges in a wealth of descriptive detail; she seems to dog Cox's steps like a spy in the shadows, though actually derives her story from Cox's published journal about his years as a clerk. (In the epilogue, Rodlie provides notes on the eventual fates of Cox, the Pacific Fur Company's directors, and Cox's fellow clerks, and gives background information about the region's tribes.)

Rodlie's style is brisk and robust, without literary pretense, but attentive to character as well as narrative, ambiance as well as accuracy. "Halsey was a big, boisterous man with broad hands, a round face with ears that made his head look like a sugar bowl. He may have been equal in girth and height to German-born George, but one got the impression that if both were thrown overboard, George would sink, Halsey would float."

Cox, an Irish Protestant coming to the New World as escape from personal trouble in Dublin, often bites off more than might be chewed, but serendipity seems ever ready to rescue him. His clerking duties take him from Fort Astoria up the Columbia with the company's traders. ("A voyageur named Francois Trepanier laid down for a rest and fell deep asleep. Ross happened to look over at the man, and to his horror, spotted a rattlesnake shaking its tail right on top of Trepanier's chest.")

Along with encountering rattlers, mosquitoes, river rapids, overland hazards and the various tribes with whom the company trades, there festers an ongoing friction between the company men who are (sometimes incompetently) in charge – the profiteers – and the men risking all for little reward: clerks like Cox.

At well over 400 pages, the story is packed with tales and details, and the more you read, the more absorbing it becomes.



The Man Who Planted Trees, by Jim Robbins

This 2012 book is named after another book, a fable by Frenchman Jean Giono, published in 1954. Jim Robbins' nonfiction book by the same name is subtitled *Lost Groves, Champion Trees, and an Urgent Plan to Save the Planet*. Robbins, a science writer for the *New York Times*, was intrigued by the reforestation project of David Milarch, a working-class Michigan nurseryman on a mission prompted by a near-death experience. Milarch felt guided to clone the world's largest, oldest specimens of various kinds of trees as a way to reforest using the (perhaps) most genetically resilient species representatives: the champion survivors.

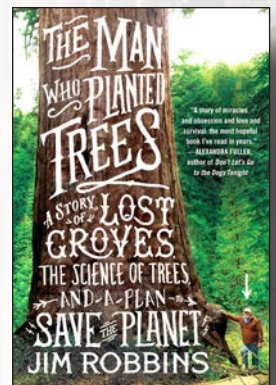
The book's chapters alternate between stories and information about different tree species and stories and information about Milarch's saga and the primary role forests play in protecting planetary health. "...trees and forests are the highest-functioning members of ecological society, irreplaceable players at the apex of the complex ecological web around us."

Ways to respond to global warming and suggestions for amelioration of pollution are central topics. The reader learns horrifying facts and hopeful solutions as well as tantalizing insights into how trees produce and employ chemical and electrical discharges that affect not only forests, but also

large-scale climate conditions. "Studies of the boreal forest ... show that the emissions of terpene aerosols from the forest into the atmosphere double the ... microscopic particles that cause the formation of clouds." As one scientist notes: "Trees and all plants are up to a lot more than we're aware."

It's not a dry read; the book touches on a spectrum of vantages, from hard science to intuitive mysticism, as it follows the ever impetuous Milarch on his arboreal mission. We meet a range of characters worthy of any novel, but trees are at the heart of it all. As was said about the original "man who planted trees" book, "It is about the power of work that is life-giving." Something trees themselves intrinsically exemplify.

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



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Mountain Meandering



12 Hours at Palouse Falls State Park

Photo & Text by Patricia Ediger

Recently my husband's and my meanderings took us off our mountain and south to Palouse Falls State Park. We decided to temporarily adapt our FJ Cruiser for car camping for convenience rather than drag our trailer around or set up a tent at the park's limited camping space.

We arrived before sunset in order to photograph the beautiful sky that a passing storm was sure to provide. We were not disappointed. We even got to see some awesome color and rainbows over the falls as well as south and west down the gorge as the storm moved through.

Our plan was also to stay up for the Milky Way, hoping that the skies would clear enough to see it. Parking away from the rest of the campers and camping in our vehicle provided us with some appreciated privacy and quiet.

We scouted out our best vantage spots for photographing the falls and the gorge, past the fence barrier, and along the western cliffs, stepping carefully and thoughtfully, as it is a sheer drop to the river.

As we hiked around before dark, we were

thrilled to see the golden glow of the setting sun casting its light along the ridge lines, contrasting the shadows that developed in the valley of the gorge with all its nooks and crannies. Abundant groundhogs scuttled around, chirping and calling. One brave fellow sat perched on the edge of the canyon, seeming to join us in our revelry.

The temperatures were perfect as we shared a simple meal and some merlot and enjoyed the landscape before bedding down. Within a few hours the clouds did cooperate, and we rose from our cozy sleeping bags around midnight to trudge back over to the cliff and see what we could behold of the Milky Way.

Sure enough, there it was, the expansive arch of our galaxy, sweeping directly over our heads, filling the night sky as it bent down toward the southwestern horizon. We could see the red lights of the giant wind turbines far in the distance, the lights from Tri-Cities glowing steadily over the mountains.

Back in our car, we heard what at first sounded like a creature stepping around on our roof. Then

came a few more raindrops and then suddenly a deluge. We fell asleep with these sounds, awakening at 4 a.m. to the first light.

I pulled out of the warm sleeping bag and, with blurry eyes, wandered over with my camera and tripod to the spot we had marked out. The sun rose over the falls in gorgeous reds and purples, rays bursting through the clouds and filtering through the mist of the pounding falls. A white pelican glided up the canyon toward the falls, flying over the pool beneath the cascading waters, presumably looking for an early breakfast.

I thought, how amazing it would be to enjoy adventures like this regularly. To have the time and freedom to travel and experience new vistas and all the wondrous beauty we are blessed with here in Washington state. New mornings and evenings, unique masterpieces displaying their light and color, reflected in waters, in skies, in land. Truly the beauty is just waiting there for all who choose to venture out early or late and behold the gift of its glory. I intend to take more advantage.

Classic Cars Express Ideals, *by Melissa Rose*

Colorful, gleaming and chrome-filled, classic car shows used to occur on the main street of large towns and cities across North America on nearly any summer weekend. A mid-June day trip to the picturesque town of Grand Forks, British Columbia, to take in a well-done car show stimulated the desire to reminisce and appreciate.

For some, a classic car show is the perfect place to immerse oneself in a world of art and imagination, brought to life by the engineers, machinists, metal workers, painters, backyard enthusiasts, historians, futurists and even the “what-if-I-ists.” A place to indulge in splashes of color, swirls of chrome, sensuous bulges, sexy curves and unexpected swoops of hand-tooled metal.

The sights, sounds, and even the smells of so much precisely machined horsepower offer to send you on road trips of fancy, with dashboards and interiors so highly designed from another era that they promise you will never want to go home.

While gasoline-powered automobiles were invented in Germany and France in the late 1800s, America quickly dominated the early auto industry through Henry Ford’s vision of mass production. An integral part of that history includes a man named Harley Earl and how a couple of kids playing in a backyard deposit of natural clay led to some of the most interesting and memorable automobile designs of the first half of the twentieth century. In large part because of those clay-visions, early automobiles transformed from functional, rolling carriages to rolling works of art. Those days in the clay led to our continent-wide love of car shows today.

After World War II, just as the automobile became the major form of transportation, the war brought cultural change. Millions of young people were exposed

to a whole different world far from home, farm or ranch. This occurred just as the automotive industry was designing far more powerful gasoline engines.

When the war ended, veterans bought those highly designed automobiles in large numbers. They loaded up young families for road trips across our country. Together they experienced the freedom of being able to visit natural wonders outside their home ground, and in so doing often healed their restless souls. In the process, a whole new

and then the sky really was the limit for a time. Working with Harley Earl, the “1955 Damsels of Design” were women employed at General Motors who helped steer what came next. These days, looking over the almost unbelievably swooping and swirling style lines, one might conclude the designers imagined a space ship, not just an automobile. Indeed, they did, and our nation’s collective consciousness, our dreams of the wide open future before us, were captured in the design lines of auto-

mobiles you now may experience only in classic car shows or, if you are lucky, in a parade in your own town.

Beginning with this early imagination (leading to the design, modification and ultimately improvements greatly improving safety and efficiency), we can trace a rich and varied history of what designers and buyers saw as



generation was introduced to the wide world of the automobile.

However, that generation of automobiles, while often rolling works of visual art, were not built to operate nearly as long as modern-day autos. Both the engine and suspension lifespans hovered around fifty thousand miles or so, placing many of these early, highly-styled designs into farmyards, woodlots and elsewhere “out back” to wait silently as time passed.

But those war veterans’ kids grew up dreaming of the open road too. Soon, many of those hulks “out back” were hauled forth to be transformed into affordable platforms to get move people in style. Young men poured much of their wages into engines, carburetors and differentials, the likes of which had never before been seen. Soon the 1950s drag racing scene emerged from these visions and even the matter of paint became an integral part of the whole hot rod experience.

Automakers saw what was happening

the best look, the best ride, the quickest off the line, the fastest overall, and the most stylish to be seen in. We can cruise through the history of the invention and rise of the modern automobile each time we visit a classic car show today.

Why would we want to preserve and restore classic cars?

While the car you drive today may only vaguely resemble those looming classics of yesteryear, each time you sit down, take the wheel and start your engine, know that you too are part of a rich history of our collective imagination that drove us to where the automobile is today. Seek out summer classic car shows; take the kids and grandkids. Re-experience that wide-open past through all of your eyes together.

A co-founder of the Ferry County Rail Trail 501(c)3 nonprofit, Melissa Rose is a freelancer, grant writer, advocate, and “what if I-ist” who is “lucky enough to live in Ferry County” and enjoys “being part of all we LOVE here.”

Yoga for the Road

By Brenda St. John

“Traveling – it leaves you speechless, then turns you into a storyteller.” ~ Ibn Battuta

Summertime seems to beckon many people to travel, often long distances by car. You might have plans to travel across the state or across the country, and while the thought of reaching your destination likely brings feelings of happiness and anticipation, perhaps the idea of sitting in a car for an extended period of time conjures up feelings of dread. Hips, spine, shoulders and what else? Maybe your legs go numb or your fingers constantly tingle.

It's possible that you need to see a medical professional, but then again, it's also possible that a little roadside yoga can alleviate the discomfort. Here's a suggestion: Pull over to a rest area or other safe place every hour or so and repeat the following sequence throughout your journey.

Let's start with the hips. First up is a lunge. Facing your car, press your hands against the car body about the level of the door handles. Take a big step back with your right leg. Bend your left knee such that it is positioned directly above your left ankle. Your right leg should be straight with the toes pressing down and the heel lifted so it points straight up. Push out through the heel. You can move in and out of the lunge by partially straightening the left knee and



position, slowly straighten your left knee and press your hips back. Your left toes will lift up and your right heel will lower down. If you are wearing sandals, spread the toes of your left foot to open the sole, which is good for your leg muscles and, in turn, good for your hips. You might go back and forth between the lunge and the stretch a few times. End in the lunge position.

From there, move into what we call Warrior I. Hold onto the car with your left hand and raise your right arm straight up to the sky. Really reach with your hand as you hug the leg muscles to the bones on the back leg. To add a backbend (which an aching spine might appreciate) as well as intensify the stretch of the hips, lift your rib cage and keep reaching with your right hand as you slowly draw your shoulders back a little at a time. Hold for a few breaths and then come up.

The last one for the hips is a quadriceps stretch. From Warrior I, step your right foot forward so it is next to the left foot. Continue holding onto the car with the left hand and turn sideways if you like. Bend your right knee and hold on to your right ankle. Try to have your bent knee and the knee of your standing leg side by side if that is possible. Tilt your pelvis to find the stretch in those four muscles at the front of the thigh, which are collectively known as the quadriceps. Take a few slow deep breaths as you hold this stretch. Then release this stretch and repeat all four postures with the left leg.

For the shoulders, try this: Clasp your hands together behind your back. Then straighten your elbows and lift your hands away from your spine. Draw your shoulder bones back. Take a few breaths. Release and do it again with the grip reversed, meaning change which index finger is in front.

There are other stretches you could do, but this should suffice for the majority of

the physical issues.

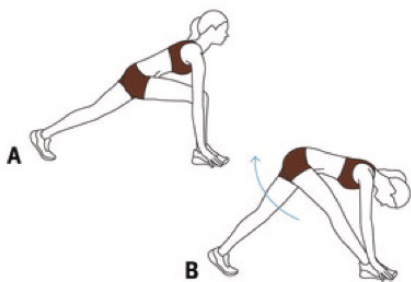
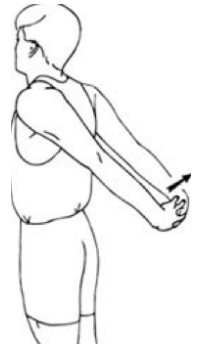
What about if you get sleepy while driving? Once again, yoga has something to offer. Try Kapalabhati (ka-pall-a-BAH-ti) breathing, which should quickly perk you up. Sit up straight in your seat. Take a deep inhalation that expands your chest. Then contract your abdominal muscles in an inward-thrusting manner to create a forceful exhalation. Repeat about 10 times or until you run out of breath. Begin with a slow speed until you have the hang of it, and then you can practice it more rapidly. Generally, an experienced person will exhale once per second. Do a few rounds.

Last but not least, what can you do when the car in front of you is speeding up, slowing down, and weaving all over the road, likely due to the driver either texting or talking on a cell phone? If you can't get around them safely, it's time to bring in the Metta Meditation, or at least the part where you send warm-hearted feelings to someone not dear to you.

The Metta Meditation begins with words directed to yourself, then repeated while thinking of someone you love, followed by thinking of someone who is neutral to you, then someone you dislike, and lastly to all sentient beings. The words go like this: “May I (you) be happy. May I (you) be well. May I (you) be safe. May I (you) be peaceful and at ease.” It's a stretch at first, but soon you will relax, smile, and discover compassion for the poor soul ahead of you who possibly has problems of their own.

Wherever you go this summer, whatever you do, have fun and stay safe. Namaste.

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



then bending it again. Do this a few times and then hold the lunge for a few breaths.

Next is a stretch for the hamstring muscles. In yoga this would be considered a version of Pyramid, but other practitioners might refer to it as Runner's Stretch. From the lunge



Choices in a Life, *by Linda Bond*

Have you ever wondered what you would be doing had you made a different decision about going on to college, or getting married, or taking that job offer when you were just 18 years old? Having reached an age when more of my life is behind me than is likely ahead of me, I often find myself sitting on the front porch, enjoying a lovely breeze, and letting my mind drift back, back, back to early years and all that has come since.

What an amazing life I have had so far. But what if I had chosen differently all those years ago, chosen to go on to a major university to study biochemistry as I had planned? Or moved to California when the offer came in the late '60s? Would my life have been as fulfilling? Would I have experienced true love with a husband who is also my best friend? Would I even still be alive?

Early Years

Like most of us, as a youngster I had little to say about what I did or where I lived, where I went to grade school, where we moved or how I ended up living in Spokane. When my father passed away (I was 15 at the time), I was still with my mother, who made the decisions for both of us.

Within a year, we had moved to Texas to stay with a small church group that had asked her to play piano at services. Then, within a year, it was she who decided we had made a mistake and should move back to Spokane. I still did not choose the part of town we lived in, which determined the high school I would graduate from at age 19 – a year late because I had repeated my sophomore year

after the trauma of the loss in our family. I had made the decision to finish high school as I had promised.

And it was that year when I accepted my first job, as a secretary to an entertainment booking agent, who was managing a rock band from England. I spent four years learning about the music industry and helping young bands make a mark for themselves. Some of my happiest memories come from that time in my life.

A Time to Choose

Later, I was faced with many life decisions – taking jobs that included working for Washington state government as an agency representative, starting my own secretarial business with several employees, and working in short-term positions including book-keeping for a business that provided cut meats to area restaurants, preparing reports for counselors who assisted injured workers to return to work, and even working for an office worker temp agency. It seems that when new things appeared and were offered to me, my answer was often “yes.”

During these same years, I spent hundreds of hours as a volunteer with local environmental groups, including helping to obtain Sole Source status (for drinking water) for the Spokane Aquifer. I worked on organizational committees for nonprofits, prepared newsletters, did public speaking, and worked with several professionals to train area teachers in how to teach energy science to their students. In all of these areas, one could say I was self-taught on-the-job.

When I think about it, I doubt that young people of today would be offered such opportunities. I am not even sure why I was able to get away with it.

What If?

So, when I think back, I can't help wondering “What if?” What if I had gone to California and lost myself in the scene there? What if I turned down my first job as a booking agent and instead went on to college? Would I have ever finished my doctorate as a biochemist, completing the research I planned into the chemical causes underlying mental illness? What if I had not started my own business, worked with counselors and other service professionals? What if I had not been involved in environmental issues or energy conservation? And what if I had not ended up working in the book-selling/publishing industry as I now am? Would I be a writer now?

Tradeoffs

For every decision – every choice – there are tradeoffs. I have managed to fill my life with many vivid experiences, but in order to have the ones I did, I had to forego others. We cannot, it seems, do everything. But I am fortunate that my life experiences give me much to draw on when writing stories. So much was gained and little lost.

I hope as you think back over your own life, your own choices and decisions, that you know yourself to be happy with most, if not all. I love the decisions I made. Do you?

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



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A Year On the Farm

Homemade Dressings and Jo-Jos

By Michelle Lancaster

Summertime means lots of fresh salads and veggies straight out of the garden – made better by homemade dressings!

One of our favorite year-round treats is the classic jo-jo potatoes. I remember as a kid, stopping by the Beaver Lodge, my parents would order a large serving of jo-jos and we would sit out front and slick down the batch in about two seconds. I always wished we could order more. Now I know how to make a large portion of baked jo-jos at home to have with my favorite dipping sauces that are very similar to the fried version sold in restaurants.

Easy Jo-Jo Recipe – Heat oven to 400°F (or heat the grill). Scrub clean the skins of medium or large organically grown potatoes. Slice in half lengthwise, then cut into long wedges no more than 1" thick. I like them really thick for a plump filling when cooked, cut thinner if you like more skin than baked potato.

Place cut pieces in a large bowl. Cover the cut edges of each wedge in oil – our household uses butter, but feel free to use the oil you have and like. Sprinkle wedges generously with seasoning such as salt, pepper, garlic, rosemary or smoked paprika. Stir to evenly mix up the spices.

Place wedges on a baking tray – we use our cast iron and stoneware pizza pans. Place in oven and bake for 45-60 minutes or until wedges are well browned. Turn mid-bake to get both cut sides baked evenly. Try not to eat too many in one sitting, unless you have

time afterward to sit and digest!

Garlic Ranch Dip – Combine ingredients in a jar. Stir before using. Stays fresh in fridge for two weeks or more.

- ½ cup mayonnaise (we like Sir Kensington brand)
- ½ cup sour cream (Tillamook natural, if you want a recommendation)
- ¼ cup organic lemon juice
- 1 tsp minced garlic
- 1 tsp onion powder
- ½ tsp dill
- ¼ tsp smoked paprika
- ½ tsp black pepper
- ¼ tsp sea salt

Thousand Island Deluxe – Combine ingredients in a jar. Stays fresh in fridge

for two weeks or more.

- ½ cup mayonnaise
- ¼ cup sour cream
- ¼ cup organic ketchup
- 2 Tbsp. relish or chopped pickles (we like Bubbies brand)
- 2 tsp finely diced onion or onion powder
- 1 tsp apple cider vinegar
- ½ tsp garlic powder
- ¼ tsp salt

The best part of writing this month's article was that I just had to test out my recipes several times, you know, to make sure they tasted OK!

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

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Little Berries, Large Meanings

Article & Photo by Joanie Christian

Huckleberry season has arrived. That means a frenzy of people up in the mountains navigating questionable roads, getting lost, fending off bees and bugs, traversing steep terrain, and maybe even competing with a bear while foraging for those little nuggets of tart yet sweet flavorful goodness. If they are lucky, they come home with purple hands and full buckets.

Huckleberry season is a long-awaited yearly event that has meant different things to me over the ebb and flow of my life. Priorities have changed a wee bit over those 50 or so years, and I don't see things quite the same way I once did. I suspect the same is true for other long-time pickers.

Growing up here, I vividly remem-

ber going huckleberry picking with my grandmother when I was young. I would say my enthusiasm for picking huckleberries was tepid at best. I think I may have whined more than a little about the whole thing. While I loved the end results, in the form of pies, pancakes, ice cream and jams, picking was just plain torture. I think I may have said "Are we done yet?" a time or two.

Though that sentiment was so strong at the time, what I now most remember is the time I had with my family while picking, many of whom have since passed. It was a time when we were all gathered together with no distractions like cooking, work or other things we tend to stay busy with at home, so it was a natural time to visit with one another and enjoy the

sights, smells and sounds around us.

I remember dropping the little berries into a Folgers coffee can, and the plinking sound they made when they hit the bottom of the can. Those were the days before I got smart and devised a more secure picking container. There were many times when I tripped or accidentally kicked my can over. Apart from personal tragedy, there are few things I can think of that are more dismaying than spilling your container of huckleberries, scattering the whole lot of berries you spent hours picking all down the hillside. Some of you may have been lucky enough to pick on a flat spot, and even luckier if you found a stump or log to sit on while picking, but in my experience huckleberry picking is often a hilly, ankle-twisting

affair.

In my teens, I camped with friends, picked huckleberries, and then later made huckleberry pancakes over the fire. Huckleberry picking was starting to get more fun.

In my early twenties, I got married and dragged my husband along on the rutted mountain roads in pursuit of huckleberries. We lived on the coast for a while, where there aren't any huckleberries close by. While traveling near Mount Rainer, I got very excited to see a giant huckleberry bush just loaded with big berries. We stopped along the roadside and picked a handful, but were immediately disappointed at the taste. They didn't taste the same ... just blah. I've since learned that there are about 10 huckleberry species in the Pacific Northwest, and we happened upon one that was an evergreen huckleberry, which, while pretty, is not particularly good eating. Species that grow in the mountains east of the Cascades are the ones with all the flavor we have come to associate with huckleberries.

In our late twenties, we moved back to eastern Washington and began taking our own children huckleberry picking. We then found ourselves to be the recipients of the whining and "are we done yet?" But, like us, they came to love all the huckleberry dishes sprinkled throughout holidays and social gatherings.

We persevered with the lackluster young pickers, and now visits from our grown children usually involve huckleberry pancakes or huckleberry pie, and

they sometimes join us for picking. But they still like the eating more than the picking.

I write a lot about rituals, as they are some of the important and sacred things in life. For my family and I, huckleberry picking is a ritual. It starts with a beautiful drive in the country, and then picking out in the open air, listening to the birds, getting some exercise, seeing incredible views while enjoying the simple life with family and friends. It ends with purple hands (and sometimes rear ends), strengthened bonds with your fellow pickers, hearts that are a little lighter, and the anticipation of the culinary delights to come.

I've graduated from using a Folger's coffee can and devised a bucket that hangs around my waist and keeps berries secure. AND, I can pick two-handed. It's the little things that make you happy.

Finding a good patch is akin to finding the holy grail, and even the most generous and giving folks fiercely guard the location of their secret patch. We've had many favorite picking spots over the years. Some have succumbed to wildfire, and some have been logged out. It can bring a person to tears when this happens ... seriously. I just talked to someone last week who had a good cry because the spot their family had gone to for decades had been logged and was unrecognizable. But, like us, they will find a new "secret" spot, and create new memories.

A sentimentality washes over me each

year when I go up picking, as I reflect on huckleberry experiences over the decades. My uncle Vern recently passed at the age of 88. He loved huckleberry picking as well, and we would often see him picking during the summers with his sons. Just a couple years ago, while driving on a huckleberry road high up on a mountain, we came across him sitting in a chair along the roadside picking berries — just a couple weeks after heart surgery, and happy as could be.

While our bodies may age and not want to cooperate with the rigors of picking, where there is a will there is a way. It's in the blood. We diehard huckleberry pickers are a stubborn lot. And I wouldn't have it any other way.

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

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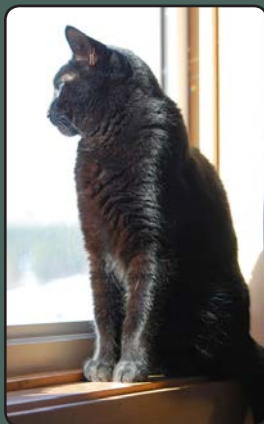
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Gathering, Growing, and Getting to Know Herbs

By Faye Stewart

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

Join me on a journey into the use of botanical remedies for healing and health. The human relationship with plants is one that reaches back into our oldest alliances in the natural world, a continuity gifted to us by our ancestors. We'll start with how to source herbs for home remedies.

Wildcrafting – the gathering of free-growing plants – is easily available to us country-dwellers. Some basic considerations when gathering wild plants:

Leave rare or endangered plants alone.

Be sure of correct plant identification – use a reputable field guide or bring along a knowledgeable companion.

Avoid gathering plants growing on roadsides (pollution from vehicles and weed sprays) or other areas where pesticides, herbicides, etc., have been in use.

Use the right tools: Sharp scissors work well for snipping rather than tearing off leaves and flowers, for instance.

Don't gather more than 25% of any grouping of plants.

Seek permission if you want to gather on private land.

Wildcrafting is a lovely way to get out and about in the countryside, visiting favorite spots, discovering new places, and deepening your understanding of various habitats and plant patterns. Active attention to these is a reminder of the connection between your own health and that of where you live.

Gardening is a second way to meet and greet herbs, many of which are indigenous or well-suited to our climate zone. Having them in the garden makes access and harvesting easy. They can be interspersed with vegetable and flower companions or grown alone.

Harvesting herbs, whether from the wild or the garden, involves right timing, of course. Different plants and different plant parts are ready for collecting at different times, and biochemical levels

are different at different times of day and different stages of plant growth. Generally, leaves are gathered on a dry morning or evening just prior to a plant's blooming, and flowers while the blooms are still fresh. Roots are best collected early in spring or in autumn (they'll have less water content in autumn), at midday. Seeds are harvested when mature.

If not to immediately be used fresh, herbs can be tinctured or infused in oil or turned into salve and so on, or dried by spreading them in a single layer on paper towels or newspapers, or in a food dryer or a drying rack, out of direct sunlight. Periodically turn the plant material in order to ensure even drying. Leaves, flowers and seeds are kept whole for drying and roots are cut into smaller pieces if necessary. When herbs are dry (but not TOO dry, just crumbly to the touch) store them, as whole as possible, in lidded and labeled glazed ceramic or glass containers, away from sunlight and heat. Put the date as well as the herb name on the label.

Herbs containing volatile oils, especially, should not be stored in plastic containers or bags as the oils will be absorbed by the plastic and evaporate on the container's outside surface.

Most properly dried and stored leaves, flowers and seeds remain potent for a year or so (much shorter for red clover flowers, plantain, or shepherd's purse). Most roots and barks retain potency for several years.

A third option is to buy your herbs or herbal products, a choice not without drawbacks. Herbal supplements are big business these days and are not cheap. All imported herbs are fumigated/irradiated on arrival and, whether imported or domestic, most are not from organically-grown crops (and there's no way to wash dried herbs as one does fresh produce).

The vast majority of commercial herbal preparations for medicinal use are in capsule or powdered form, which means their actual ingredients are unidentifiable to the eye. Pulverizing plant material seriously reduces the herb's potency and shelf life. Only a few herbs – goldenseal root,

freeze-dried feverfew and herbs specifically for treating gastrointestinal issues come to mind – are best used in capsule form. Convenience can be persuasive, but most herbs are better absorbed by the body in water or alcohol bases. Not to mention that the comforting experience of sipping a warm cup of tea, smelling its fragrance and tasting its essence, is wholly different from popping a pill.

If buying loose, bulk herbs, take note of how they are displayed. Are containers labeled with the plant's part as well as its name? With its Latin as well as common name? Are they in plastic or clear containers on a shelf exposed to light? If they are, their medicinal potency may be largely lost. Dried herbs should be the same color and have at least some of the same fragrance as they did when fresh. They should not look and smell dusty-musty or be too finely chopped.

Common names for herbs can be confusing; it is worthwhile to either learn the Latin names of the herbs you are looking for or carry a list of such when buying. There are several different kinds of ginseng, Echinacea, and chamomile, for instance.

Getting to know your herbs – how they grow, look, smell, taste, interact with your body – opens new dimensions of engagement with them. It is an intimate process. There are myriad good herbalists and herbal texts from which to learn, each having particular strengths and weaknesses, perspectives and biases, regional, cultural and personal vantages. Some convey Native American or European or Ayurvedic or Chinese traditional herbal knowledge. Some orient to modern naturopathic views. Some treat herbs as drugs, some as sacred medicine, some merely parrot other books/teachers. Some are illness- or symptom-based, as in: This injury/disease/condition is treated with this herb. Some focus on purging and cleansing – on rectification – and some on tonics and nutrient herbs that strengthen and nourish.

In the midst of all this, to find one's own relationship with herbs takes time but is

Living in NE WA: Lessons Learned

Home is Where the Hearth Is

By J. Merrill Baker

For the longest time I thought Paul Bunyan was a myth, until I met and befriended real people who worked in the woods with all kinds of interesting equipment and skills.

About 38 years ago, as a transplant from the high desert in California, I experienced that logging companies and independent contractors are part of the fabric of our forested rural communities. Real people doing real work in the woods. No oxen, unless you were trying to log with them, but that is another story for another day. The Disney movie *The Journey of Natty Gann* offers perspective, but not quite enough. The story was set during the Great Depression in our nation, and people moved to where the work was. Those loggers were true Paul Bunyans!

We were eager when we moved here to be able to have a wood-fired stove. Somehow we ignored the fact that wood takes work. For us, it happens year-round, and especially before the season of fire danger sets in.

We started out with a small decorative cookstove, and small woodstoves at the ends of our home. One end has a clothesline for wet snow clothes and is our “mud” room, while the other end is in the master bedroom. I admit to being romantically influenced by the ability to fire-gaze through the glass stove door. I would

Gathering ... Continued

worth it. You can sense the resonance of affinity, as one does with finding human friends, and sense the body's response to various herbs and various ways of interacting with them. Communities of plants surround us here in eastern Washington; I hope you won't be shy in introducing yourself to them.

Next month's article will discuss the many forms for using herbal remedies – teas, tinctures, salves and so on – and how to make them.

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

make us hors d'oeuvres and bring our chairs around the stove to enjoy a glass of wine. It just felt right. And warm.

Cooking was adventurous and yet, at first, we about froze our bodily nether regions off. Finally we discovered that what you want in a wood stove is the *active* description “air-tight.” So now I have a pretty little wood-fired stove to cook with in summer months, and our wonderfully reliable, dependable, Amish-made wood cookstove to serve us through the winter. It is such a workhorse and easy to use that I was genuinely amazed that food cooks faster and more efficiently with wood. Our Thanksgiving dinners are usually served in an overly warm dining area, appreciated by the recently arrived – and thawing – family and friends.

We have several chainsaws and we're on a first-name basis with the small engine repair shop and know the local wood-in-

dustry workers. We understand to call and check with the DNR about our Fire Danger Rating Area status (FDRA, ours is called “Highlands”), and to use the handy maps with a search window for your address, conveniently posted online for NEWICC on that major social media website. Thank you, Veronica, the very knowledgeable DNR contact in Colville (509-685-6900). We are wood-fired-friendly and intend to remain so for as long as possible. It just makes sense.

My wonderful husband can identify the species of trees we have while I barely speak “plant.” It all burns, but of course different species of wood burn hotter or barely at all. We created a composite chart that averages out the BTUs rated for the different woods. We mix it, as we harvest down trees.

Onward!

J. Merrill Baker, “Wood-fired Friendly.”

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Retrograde Renegade

By Gabriele von Trapp

Years ago, I found myself fascinated by many aspects of astronomy and astrology and began to indulge in the study of both. I deeply enjoyed studying the movements of the planets in our solar system in relation to each other and distant stars (astronomy) and the idea that their movements may have subtle impacts on nature, the earth and its inhabitants (astrology).

The most obvious astronomical body that affects our planet is our close satellite, the moon, which influences the tides. The moon's gravitational pull also influences the watery element of plants, playing an important role in their health. Traditionally, this is one of the reasons why farmers-of-old planted by the phases of the moon. Science has also found that a full moon can affect individual behavior.

The sun, being the largest body in our

solar system, has obvious effects on the planet and humanity as well. Seasons, climate, health and psychological disposition are impacted directly by this star. It is also known that solar flares and sunspots affect electronics and radio transmissions.

I have contemplated repeatedly: If the sun and moon obviously affect our planet and her inhabitants, then why wouldn't the planets do the same?

Ancient astrologers ascribed certain characteristics, attributes and governances to the planets in our solar system. Through the ages, by observation and by repeated tendencies and experiences, people noticed peculiarities in earth life when a planet's positioning and movement were in certain degrees of another planet. One of the most famous and seemingly impactful planets is Mercury, which governs communication,

the intellect and other aspects in both positive and negative ways.

Due to the way our planet's orbit interacts with the orbits of the other planets, they may sometimes appear to be traveling backward, which is just a trick of perspective when viewing from earth. Periods through the year when Mercury gives this illusion are called "Mercury in retrograde." Astrologers say the movement of Mercury in its orbit around the sun has shown itself to be an influence in communications, electronics, travel, commerce, contracts, automobiles and appliances, and when it is retrograde, disruption tends to occur in these areas.

When your data disappears or your computer crashes as you're putting the final touches on an important document, or you find that your email was sent to the wrong person, or people are arguing over nonsense, or traffic is hellish and flights are delayed or canceled, or you realize you forgot your passport after arriving at the airport, or plans change without warning and your

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friends stand you up, perhaps the renegade is retrograde.

I fully acknowledge this phenomenon based on first-hand experience.

In March, my refrigerator went on the fritz. The fridge had been purchased new a year-and-a-half prior and was a popular and dependable brand. There had been no power surges or any explainable reasons for it to quit. The warranty had expired six months before and the repair would cost more than a new fridge of the same make and model. I purchased another but grumbled.

After the purchase I couldn't stop being agitated about the unanticipated expenditure and I was perturbed about my bad luck. Something prompted me to check to see if Mercury was retrograde. Low and behold, it was! (March 5-28). Mercury governs appliances!

In the past, I would have a headlight go out on my car on occasion and sometimes just a bit too often. I've learned how to replace them myself, so it is no big deal. I

currently own two cars, one I drive in summer and the other an all-wheel-drive. Last week I lost a headlamp in my summer car, replaced it and was good to go. A few days later my son-in-law borrowed my winter car, which had been stored. When he drove up, I noticed a headlamp was out on it too! Yes, Mercury was in retrograde! (July 8-August 1). Is this a coincidence? Mercury rules automobiles.

Last week my computer started overheating for no good reason. This is a fairly new computer, less than two years old. I took it to be repaired and the tech said there was nothing wrong with the fan or any other function for that matter. After I took it home, it started to run just fine. Go figure: Mercury rules electronics!

The power of Mercurial influences did not stop there. The planet also rules communications and publications. A few weeks back I forwarded the publisher of the *Monthly* my August article. He read it and decided it did not fit the publication brand-

ing of "Where and How We Live" in the North Columbia region and rejected the article. This was the first time a story of mine found rejection, although I did understand. Apparently I was under the influence of the negative aspects of that darn planet when writing, which ultimately landed that story in my trashcan.

I do not make a habit of looking for the times this planet goes retrograde during the year, but when life goes haywire, I do check. It has always been spot-on. It is a very curious thing, and, wouldn't you know, Mercury is the ruling planet of my astrological sign!

My family and I joke that when something breaks down or goes other than planned, when we have disagreements, or when we experience a run of what seems to be bad luck, "Mercury must be in retrograde."

Gabriele von Trapp lives by Deer Park where her memories, dreams and reflections fuel her vigorous engagement with the present as she forges an ever-evolving future.

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Summer Trips

By Becky Dubell

My summer trip plans are not as ambitious as the Cruden family road trip. But like them, I am in the process of making new memories, seeing new country, and meeting new people on day-long drives on AntMan around our secret neck of the woods, Northeast Washington. Jim and I did quite a bit of riding around here so I'm thinking that, in some sense, he will be involved a bit too.

So I had a trip in mind: take a jaunt up to Orient for lunch (I seem to travel for food). Well ... AntMan had a different plan. The only man in my life now that I thought I could count on decided I need to stay home. Apparently, my Can-Am motorcycle didn't like sitting out in his home and not being talked to for over a month. He was too sleepy to start. Well, that is one of those mechanical things I do know how to fix. Better a later start than no start.

The Orient plan changed to a jaunt to Marble Valley to pick up the custom metal artwork that David Fitzgerald designed for me as a wedding gift for Brenden and Emma. Good thing AntMan is kinda like his rider cuz we looked a little like the Beverly Hillbillies going down the road – minus Granny up top in her rocking chair. I thought the wrapped-up piece would fit into AntMan's trunk but nope! The piece was bungee-corded onto his passenger

seat.

The drive up through Kettle Falls and then up the river was so relaxing for me. It was unbelievable. Playing peekaboo with the flowing river and the shoreline on the other side. Smell of the warm freshly-turned dirt in the fields (dust included). Warm forest aroma. Slight fragrance of a skunk (no evidence on the road). Young coyote. Two spotted fawns that were hopefully following the unseen mama. Some cows brought back a memory from childhood – standing up (yes that is right – standing) on the backseat floorboards behind Daddy pounding on his shoulder, “Cow, Daddy! Cow!”

I was also a good girl and reported in to my girls when I changed direction/roads on my way there and back cuz I didn't want to have to be reminded by JJ, the granddaughter, “Safety first, Granny BBI!”

One thing that really stands out to me after riding AntMan and getting back into my car is that I have become a lot more observant. Years back I noticed a small stretch on 395, north of Blue Creek, where the road bounces. Anybody else feel it? I drove that stretch for years and never really looked around until on a bike trip with Jim. Now I'm thinking what causes that action is the cattail-filled pond on the east side of the road.

Another observation was made while in the car. The reflective highway markers ... ever notice the ones on the left side of the road are two reflective pieces and the ones on the right are one long reflective piece?

I am one of those bike riders that pulls over and lets the line of traffic go around (except once that I know of – sorry, Dennis) because I am having too much fun enjoying the sights, smells, and the sound of the wind that I miss out on when traveling in an air conditioned/windows-rolled-up vehicle.

Cruden family: here's hoping that in your travels you are able to bebop down the road with the wind messing your hair, enjoying the fresh air, and are taking note of the unusual (to us in Northeast Washington anyway) along the way. Hint for you – if it's getting close to eating time and you spot a diner with lots of cars at it, whip a U-turn and check it out. Remember, I travel for food. Haven't missed yet!

Whatever adventure you take this summer and fall, enjoy the moments – big and small – and be safe!

P.S. My answer to last month's question: Fifty years ago I watched the moon landing at school. Went to friend's house after school. The mom and 4-year-old son had watched it. Mom: “Eric, that is really happening right now.” Eric: “Mom. It is not. It's just TV.”



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2019 Dining &

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

CHEWELAH CASINO: Mystique Cafe located inside Chewelah Casino offers weekly lunch and dinner specials, Wednesday, Saturday, & Sunday buffets, and juicy prime rib dinner on Fridays and Saturdays. Sign up for a Sun Club card to receive your Sun Club discount. 2555 Smith Road, Chewelah, WA 99109. www.chewelahcasino.com 800-322-2788.



MAVERICK'S: Where breakfast, lunch and dinner are served all day on the gorgeous patio or indoors. Friday is Prime Rib Night. Burgers, steak, chili, salads, beer and wine. Open 7am-8pm Mon, Thurs, Fri, Sat, and 7am-2pm Sun. 153 W 2nd Ave. 509-684-2494.



Colville



ACORN SALOON & FEEDING STATION: Breakfast, lunch & dinner 7 days a week with daily specials. Cold beer and cocktails, pool tables & pull tabs. M-Sat: 7am-midnight. Sun: 8am-10pm. 262 S Main., 509-684-3337, find us on Facebook!

CAFE ITALIANO: Authentic northern Italian cuisine featuring local, organic veggies and daily specials from around the world. 151 W. 1st. Mon-Fri 11am-8pm, Sat 2-8pm. 509-6894-5268.



MR. SUB: Fresh baked bread daily. Hot and cold subs, wraps, salads, fresh baked cookies, U-bake pizza, party Subs, daily specials. Gluten free available. Event catering and phone orders welcome. M-F 9am-8pm. Sat 10am-6pm. 825 S. Main. 509-684-5887.

TONY'S ITALIAN EATERY:

Open 7 days/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-8-ish, Sat & Sun Noon-8-ish. 645 Louis Perras Rd. across from Sears. 509-684-1001.



DRAGON VILLAGE: Authentic Cantonese, Hunan & Szechwan Cuisine. Dine it, take out, catering, beer, wine, cocktails. 155 S. Main. Tue-Sat 11am-9pm, Sat 11am-3pm. 509-684-8989. View our menu at dragonvillagecolville.com.



WESTSIDE PIZZA: It's all about the pizza! Eat in or sit back and enjoy our delivery service! Combo, specialty, build your own pizzas, plus dessert stix, appetizers, and salads. 555 S. Main, Sun-Thur 11am-9pm, Fri-Sat 11am-10pm. 509-684-8254.

Say You Saw Us in the NCM!

Lodging Guide

Look for more communities and listings in upcoming editions of the *North Columbia Monthly*!

To have your business listed, please email us at ncmonthly@gmail.com or call 509-675-3791.



BENNY'S COLVILLE INN: With 106 guest rooms, suites, spa and largest local indoor pool, Benny's 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.

Kettle Falls

MEYERS FALLS MARKET CAFE has a wide variety of natural & organic food! Tacos, salad bar, paninis, homemade ice cream, milkshakes, floats, coffee & more. Open daily 11-5. Hwy 395 in Kettle Falls. 509-738-2727 meyersfallsmarket.com.

CHINA BEND B&B: Luxurious lodging at the China Bend Winery Estate. Enjoy a gourmet breakfast and complimentary wine tasting. Custom menu dinner available by reservation. Located on the Northport-Flat Creek Road along the Columbia River at 3751 Vineyard Way. 509-732-6123, www.chinabend.com.



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.grandviewinnmotelandrmpark.com

Newport

DANNYANN'S B&B: Enjoy a hearty breakfast and explore the beautiful Pend Oreille River Valley. Three appointed guest rooms with private baths. Play & Stay: 3 blocks to train ride & shops, 1 mile to river & trails. Relax. Renew. Retreat. 131 N. Spokane Ave., dannyanns.com, 509-447-3787.



Northport



RIVERTOWN SUDS N GRUB: Meet our friendly staff and enjoy daily specials, the best prime rib around (Fridays), awesome steaks, and fantastic salads! Open 7 days a week, 11 am till closing at 302 Center Ave.. 509-732-6678.

Orient

BEARDSLEE FAMILY RESTAURANT: Where everyone is family. Home cooking and specials every day. Also serving spirits, beer, wine and hard ice cream. Karaoke every Thur and Sat. Open Tue-Sun, 7am-8pm. Hwy. 395 in Orient. 509-684-2564.



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