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6:00-7:30

Parade at 10:30 am

Arts & Craft Vendors

Food Court

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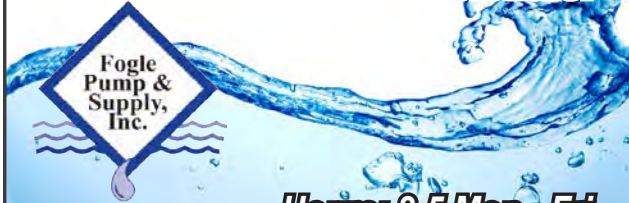
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SEPTEMBER 26

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Grow And Reap Delicious Edible Nutrition

- JOHN ODELL, allthelandandsea.wixsite.com/wordsofwords

A Note from the Publisher

The *North Columbia Monthly* is a free monthly magazine distributed throughout northeastern Washington and is a vehicle for sharing stories that we can relate to, imagine, or feel. It is about *where and how we live*. In emphasizing these kinds of stories, it is my hope that the idea of connection, common ground, and community will be infused into our consciousness and become integral to what we choose to strive for, and what is considered the norm.

I believe that we can all have different perspectives, different viewpoints, different ways of being, *and* I believe that we can find connection and build community around the things we share in common. Thank you for reading. I hope you feel enriched for having done so.

~ Gabriel

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**AD RESERVATION
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20th of each month

Strangers Averting Trouble—

By Christine Wilson

“It’s funny how someone can feel like a genuine connection when they were a stranger only a minute before. ... Who’s sitting beside you right now? What stories might they have to tell? I’ll tell you one thing I’ve learned from this whole experience: everyone has a story to tell.”

~ A Stranger’s Tale,” by Lochlainn McKenna

My recent trip to Ireland wasn’t without its glitches, but what my mind keeps wandering back to, aside from the beautiful scenery, is the stories.

When I tried to board my plane to Seattle from the Spokane airport on the first leg of my flights to Dublin, I was called up to the counter. My ticket was broken, the attendant said. What does that mean, I wondered, since my boarding pass was online and I was picturing something shattered all over the boarding area. I’m a little too

concrete for airline-speak, apparently.

I couldn’t board because there were two itineraries for me and that nullified both of them. Two different airlines were involved in getting me from Spokane to Dublin and they were not working and playing well with each other. I watched stragglers boarding the plane as she asked me to call the other airline. She had been working with their international office and had been unsuccessful.

I groaned, having had multiple

conversations over the previous two weeks, since there had been the problem of no actual record of my flight plans at all. I knew it could take 30-50 minutes to get help. The plane had already been delayed two hours, so there was a tight space between my arrival in Seattle and the next leg of the trip. If I missed the flight, I’d have to wait another day before I could get to Dublin and my son would have to drive several extra hours.

Miraculously, the airline person answered quickly. Un-miraculously, that person said she couldn’t find a fix. By then, I was watching the next to the last person board the plane (assuming the last person was going to be me). Both women at the gate were hovering over my phone speaking to the third woman. They decided to do some Hail Mary computer shenanigans while I crossed my fingers. Voilá, my broken ticket was repaired. We cheered together.

At the beginning of *The World According to Garp*, John Irving’s main character is purchasing a house into which a plane crashes before they can move in. He figures their life there has been pre-disaster so they will be just fine. I arrived on time, climbed into my son’s rental car, and declared the same about my trip.

One of my son’s friends grew up in Limerick and we stayed with his family for the first two days. These former strangers gave me a room in their house with its own bathroom,

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Random Acts of Community

fed me great breakfasts, and invited me on walks along the River Shannon. The River Shannon, for crying out loud! Mrs. O'Neil swims there daily with her friends, surrounded by hedgerows, rock walls, and ancient buildings. You run out of superlatives when the town you grew up in was built in 1943.

Westood in the ruins of a 1,000-year-old community after having walked through a gigantic stone circle, still used today for Druid ceremonies. Each spot they took us to inspired in them the kind of pride a local person deserves to have. I was charmed by their delight.

Most Irish people have never heard of "The Princess Bride," but they know about the Cliffs of Moher, which fans of the movie know as the Cliffs of Insanity. The cliffs look just like they do in the movie, but instead of a sword fight at the top, there were cows and tourists and a darling shop that looked like it belongs in Hobbiton. We took pictures for other groups; they took pictures for us. We hung out with a dog trainer and her dog. It was cold and windy and foggy and no one complained about the weather. It changes every 15 minutes, so they accept that as part of life. Even the surfers we watched in Lahinch, where I bought a woolen sweater to stay warm, were out there celebrating the waves.

I was recently taught the term "yatha-bhuta." It's Sanskrit and can be translated as "according to what has become" or "true nature." It's a Buddhist version of the American phrase "it is what it is." All the forms of resisting reality cause suffering: grasping for something out of reach, resisting what is, and sinking into a "what's the point" philosophy. The

cure for worry is acceptance of what is.

Life is so much easier when you practice yatha-bhuta. When I would worry about how much money I was spending, I would exhale deeply and say "yatha-bhuta" and remind myself who chose this adventure. When I got lost with my nine-year-old granddaughter on the busy streets of Dublin, I exhaled deeply and said "yatha-bhuta." (Don't tell my son.) I bought her ice cream and she happily wandered around with me as I worked to reconnoiter. We found my son and she finished her ice cream at the same time, further convincing me that my trip had been pre-disastered.

My favorite non-family images are of the sheep scattered around the fields near our B&B. We walked through the fields as the sheep stopped to stare. My son pointed out that they looked sheepish. I picked up some stray wool and crocheted it into the table runner I was working on. The last morning we were there, the owner of the flock showed up with two border collies. He apologized for any bad words he was about to use, since the dogs were not fully trained. We watched them move the sheep out of the field and I found out that even Irish swearing sounds like a poem.

When I was leaving Dublin, there was only one airline person at the check-in counter. Some kind of passport crisis was happening with a large group and the line didn't move for 45 minutes. I entertained myself watching the man next to me step out of line to help someone who was tangled up in the security dividers. I thanked him for his kindness to strangers, and he said: "Isn't that how we all ought to be?"

That started a great conversation

about the journey he and his wife had had. His mother grew up in Northern Ireland and fled to Boston. He and his wife had about the most perfect Boston accents a person could have, and we swapped stories about autistic grandchildren. They went from strangers to a solid connection in the twinkle of an Irish eye.

On the plane home, I sat next to a woman who was rattled by all the problems she had had on their trip, including being assigned a seat away from her husband. Part of what makes any adventure a colorful story is the inevitable disruption, but it's definitely more fun with a positive outcome. No one arrived for the seat next to him and she got her wish to take that seat.

I am not in favor of denying the difficulties of life. I do, however, find life more pleasant when you assume they will happen and then pay attention to the positives. On that final flight home, I leaned back, took a deep breath, and crossed my extra-long legs into the space she had abandoned, appreciating the fact that my trip had been pre-disastered.

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

Alaska Potluck Picnic

September 27

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Impact

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

I'm stepping out of our rented Ford F150 (my grandson's favorite vehicle – hence our rental choice) into a beautiful world. My physician daughter, her three oldest children and I just spent three days in the Boundary Waters in northern Minnesota canoeing through lakes and rivers, astounded by the magical return of the trumpeter swans to that region.

Now, we are visiting some friends in Wisconsin: a young physician whom I trained years ago and his wife and two children. Their house and surroundings are incredibly lovely. Lilies as tall as my eyes. Flowers of so many varieties they defy description. An immaculate lawn. A guest house. A beautifully restored, turn-of-the-last century house on the edge of a peaceful lake, with diving docks and a chance to swim and wash the grime of three days' camping off our weary bodies.

The grandkids are fishing, jumping, swimming, diving, chattering as young children just getting to know each other can. It brings back memories of my visits to their place in northeast Washington, when we would often talk long into the night about life, medicine, parenting – joyful hours spent under the stars. This visit feels like coming home.

A flavorful feast followed and conversation about life and work. My younger colleague is working on projects that will impact the future of family medicine. He is instrumental in putting together a leadership team which will create a family medicine fellowship, sort of a super-doc who can function independently in remote isolated areas of the country. He is changing the face of family

medicine. He is impacting the world.

We speak long into the night, despite knowing he must get up early to attend to his hospital duties. I apologize repeatedly, but can't help myself, conversing for a little longer, knowing that our time is short, and life has a way of consuming the time we have. We speak of old times, of sorrows, of joys, of things lovely and dreadful that we have both experienced in our profession.

My time with friends brings to mind one of the men in our recovery house. He has been beat up by life and has his own demons to conquer. He loves us dearly and understands the dramatic effect that the recovery housing is having on his life. It's a beautiful thing to witness, men's lives being restored, their minds healing.

This man was recently cleaning a large Airbnb nearby where he met a couple visiting from out of the area. They asked if they could tour the place, so he let them in and guided them around the large, restored house. They asked him about his story, so he shared a bit about his recovery journey.

The woman began weeping. "Sorry," she apologized. "I didn't expect to do that. I have two sons in addiction myself. We rarely get a chance to talk to anyone about this." Too embarrassing. Too humiliating. Too many pat answers.

My friend listened. He empathized. He said he didn't have all the answers, but he spoke to them of what was working for him. He told of the house of recovery where he lives. He spoke of grace and of the power of the unexpected kindness he has received, and how it heals. He spoke to

them of the power of love. He gave this mother hope. The couple asked if they could stay in contact. They asked if they could visit the recovery house, speak with the other men, understand why such a place could bring healing and a different future for men with a history of addiction. He reassured them that all of this could be arranged.

This is a powerful example of a flawed human being who will be the first to admit to the mistakes he has made in his life, who, in a chance encounter, found the power of his own story and his ability to help someone else with what he is learning. I think that can be true of each of us. That we may not see, in the moment, that the craziness of our own lives could be of any use to someone else, but if we learn from those experiences and change course where needed, those life lessons from our own stories can be more powerful than anything printed in a book.

I am standing now before a well-dressed crowd of good-intentioned folks at a black-tie event in another part of the country. I feel awkward at these things, rare as they are in our region of farmers, ranchers and loggers. I've been asked to speak to this more urbane crowd, to encourage them in their generosity for an organization called the Mercy and Love Foundation, a nonprofit started by a young physician from Kenya who practices in New Jersey. She has a determined desire to give back, to bless the people of western Kenya by bringing medical practitioners, medicines, skills and knowledge to her birth country. Her organization has chosen to honor me for my work in

setting up a Zoom-based education platform to supplement the quality of medical education in Kisumu, Kenya.

I speak to the gathered guests of the power of recovery work, the profound impact of men's minds healing from addiction, of reunification of families, of dopamine synapses in the brain that reconnect, of how belonging, community, work, beauty, messages of value, opportunities for giving back, and above all, love, can change outcomes. Of research that demonstrates conclusively that early childhood and prenatal environmental factors such as neglect, abuse, trauma, and anxiety permanently alter children's brain development and send them on a pathway toward continually pursuing dopamine reinforcement (and therefore, various forms of addiction) because we don't know how to feel normal without it.

And finally, how creating justice in the form of basic medical care and improved medical education in neglected parts of the world can bring healing and improved outcomes abroad as well as within us, bringing nations and peoples and tribes together, and in so doing, we ourselves are healed.

Each of us has an impact on the world. My colleague from Wisconsin is changing family medicine education in the U.S. I'm working to improve medical education in Kenya. My friend in recovery is impacting the lives of distraught parents of addicted young adults. The rewards of such a life are clear. Being open to the opportunity that lies before us, stepping through the door that presents itself to make a difference, to change the world, to bring our tribes together.

What impact will we have? It depends, I suppose, on how we measure such things. Who can say which impact is the greater? Perhaps it's not the right question. Perhaps what matters is not so much holding up a yardstick, but simply to live a life of love in a world that desperately needs

it.

Dr. Barry Bacon has lived and practiced family medicine in Colville for nearly 30 years, working in small, rural hospitals in Washington state, teaching family medicine, and working on health disparities in the U.S. and Africa.

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Bell(s)

By Tina Wynecoop

"I have no idea where it came from. I think the idea was floating along ... and looking for someone, and my mind was vacant enough, so it decided to zoom in there."

~ J.K. Rowling

Just like with Harry Potter's author, an idea came floating along, found me, and made me its scribe for September's article:

I began reminiscing about the large cowbell I tripped over. It was partly hidden in the grasses and wildflowers along the riverbank where I camped one summer. Embossed in the metal, in big numbers, was the year 1878. Holy

still confounds me.

This was also the summer a scorpion walked out of the riverbank – toward me. I was fearful because his curved tail looked ready for action. Were there scorpions in eastern Washington? How would I know! Lacking the research tools readily available today, I was scared. I didn't know what I was dealing with. I kept my shoes on. I

... common in treeless habitats, living quietly in semi-arid, rocky or sandy areas." Well, it may have been "quietly" living near my tent but when I saw it, I could hear my eyebrows scramble over my forehead to escape and my clanging heart resounded over the fields just like a good-sized cowbell would do. Was I under attack?

Weiford continues: "The sting of this scorpion species is strong enough to make you say ouch, but less painful than a bee or wasp sting and brief in its effect. It uses its two pincers to capture and hold prey, then stings it with the venom-packed stinger on its precisely striking tail." She reassures "It's not as if scorpions seek a giant human foot to attack. They're reclusive. They don't attack humans unless threatened. Should you spot a northern scorpion in eastern Washington, consider yourself lucky, not in danger. They hide under rocks or inside cracks during the day and come out when it's dark to find a meal, which might include a beetle, grasshopper or stinkbug." I don't mind that stinkbugs are on the scorpion's grocery list.

A few years later, I learned more about the cowbell I found. I was employed in a library with a vast collection of books including *The Little Book of Bells* by Eric Hatch and Eric Sloane (the second Eric happens to be a favorite author of mine. He wrote and illustrated books about early Americana, reverence for wood, barns, weather, early American tools, vanishing landscapes, clouds, etc.)

In the bell book, my 1878 cowbell



moly! An artifact with a *date* on it. I love finding cool, old things.

This was the same summer when Sam, my three-legged dog, a retriever/shepherd blend, spent much of his time on the river's edge waiting to live up to his breed and retrieve *any* rock – *lots* of rocks, please, and I would throw different ones. How he could find the exact rock just thrown into the deep

worried about the dog getting stung.

Only now, a half century later, did I remember to do a little research. I found a *Spokesman Review* article (6/15/2022) by nature writer Linda Weiford. In her inimitable prose she described in detail the critter who had scared the bejeebers out of me: "the northern scorpion, *Paruroctonus boreus*, is found east of the Cascades

is featured on page 69: “Bellmakers for many years made bells by the ton and sold them by the pound. In 1964, a manufactured bell [sold] for \$2.50 a pound, and cowbells ranged in size from a couple of inches in diameter for calflets, to 7.5 inches for mammas. These bells were called Musical Swiss Cowbells, and they bore the inscription “Saignelegier” and above that in numerals “1878.” They were made at the Bevins Brothers bell foundry, established in 1832 in Connecticut. In 1878, the foundry stopped updating the numbers on their bells.”

Apparently, along my riverbank, dairy cows drank and foraged. I wondered who had a dairy there on the reservation so long ago. In the 1930s, one of the Wynecoop families living on the reservation kept a small dairy herd near their log home north of Wellpinit. Each evening, the cows had to be rounded up and brought home for milking. That was one of the Wynecoop boys’ farm chores. During the day, the herd foraged on the flanks of Wellpinit Mountain. I found my bell seven miles south of there. It could not have been one of Wynecoop’s bells.

I imagine that the dairy cow at the river, charged with wearing a heavy bell hung on a leather necklace, probably kicked up her heels in joy when the bell fell off. She was finally free of the bell’s clanging every time she moved about. Researchers at the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology in Zurich “found the bells create a noise level of 100 to 113 decibels—basically equivalent to that of a chainsaw and far in excess of safety standards.” Not

only was the bell destroying the cow’s hearing, it also affected her feeding habits.

“Floating along” came the reminder that I also had a much smaller bell in my possession. Another treasure. I didn’t find it; it was given to me back in 1987 when I was doing a public



presentation on falconry at that library in downtown Spokane. I don’t recall why I chose that subject other than I loved T. H. White’s masterpiece, *The Once and Future King*, about the boy Wart (King Arthur) and his teacher Merlin (who aged backward) and the sword in the stone.

To make the program unforgettable, I invited a professional falconer to share his knowledge and bring a real, live falcon with him. This event had been nicely advertised and the library’s large auditorium filled on the day of the event.

The guest speaker did not show up. I called him to see if he was coming. He told me he was dyslexic and had gotten the date wrong on his calendar. He was very apologetic. He could hear the desperation and disappointment in my voice, so he said if I would hold

the audience until he could get there (he lived in Coeur d’Alene) he would come ASAP.

I don’t recall how I “held” the audience—I’m not much of an entertainer—but when he arrived with his peregrine falcon, it was worth the wait. We all learned so much! When

he left, to make amends for the snafu, he gifted me the little, handmade hawk bell his falcon wore.

There is a website which explained the purpose of the bells: “In the sport of falconry, hawks, falcons and eagles are flown completely free. Even with a well-trained bird, there is an infinite number of things that can go wrong, from wild hawks chasing off your bird to a hunt that leads your bird miles away.

In the past, falconry bells were the only way to attempt to relocate one’s bird.”

Locating cows and locating falcons ... who knew bells could tell such stories. Occasionally I wear the peregrine’s copper and brass bell on a chain. It has a unique ringtone, the falconer explained to me so long ago. Although I’d be easy to find and would not be deafened by the little bell’s unique ringing, I don’t wear it to church or while out birding, but I do glory in my bell “collection.”

Tina says: Growing up in western Washington was the most interesting place in the world until 1970 when I headed 300 miles east to teach on the Spokane Indian Reservation. The culture, geography, history, weather, the people, and the flora and fauna of this inland region of the state have since become my beloved “home ground.”

On Giving Myself a Hand —

By Tina Tolliver Matney

Ever have someone say something to you in front of a bunch of people and you just “hahaha” your way through it, then hours or perhaps even days later while maybe trying to get a bug that is eating you alive out of your shirt you stop dead in your tracks and say – to the tick on the end of the butter knife you used to scrape it off your chest – “Hey! Wait a minute! I do NOT have the worst luck in the world!!!”?

No? I’d like to think I’m not the only one who has had that sort of delayed reaction to a harmless remark.

Or am I? Shoot, I don’t know. But I sure let that eat at me for a few days. I also lost a little sleep over the tick bite as I lay awake at night drawing up a new will and hoping my case of mountain madness or tick fever or spotted speck disease – whatever tick bites give you – was just quick and painless cuz I’ve had about enough nonsense for one summer.

If you can’t feel my angst then I’m not typing hard enough. And I’m not typing hard enough because it turns out that typing with broken fingers is darn near impossible. Yet here I am, proving to myself and the publisher of this awesome regional magazine that I can and will make my deadline. OK, that’s a lie. Deadline has generally come

and gone every month before I push “send.” Stuff happens.

Seriously though, I refuse to think that I have a cloud of bad luck hanging over my head. First of all, if it were a cloud it’d be empty by now. And second, I just don’t think life works that way. Luck didn’t have anything to do with me busting myself. Being stressed, tired, sunburned and probably dehydrated after a day on the river were the reasons I had no business trying to fix a grill at the end of a long day. That’s when stuff happened.

But everything in my life at that time seemed like it needed done “right now.” I had been in that mindset for weeks, if not months. When I took my injured hand down to the family cabin and asked my son to please get me some ice he took one look at my hand and said, “I’ll get you some ice, Mom, but we’re going to the ER.”

I resisted like the stubborn one I am and he just calmly said, “No, Mom. Look at your finger. It’s pointing east and west at the same time, and I can tell by the tears in your eyes it hurts.” It was then that I realized he was right and yes my hand hurt like a son of a gun, so I conceded defeat to the grill and my stoic insistence that I could wait until Monday to see a doctor. In

that moment I handed myself over to the consequences of what had become an unsustainable state of mind.

Every day I would wake up thinking I had to stay ahead of every little thing, even when I felt like I was drowning in all that life was throwing at me some days. As I type this and think about those weeks leading up to that event, I frankly wonder how I made it that far without hurting myself far worse than I did.

But what I did was bad enough. For anyone who thinks a broken pinky is a minor injury ... I say pshaw. I don’t feel we pay enough homage to our digits. All of ‘em, whether we have 10 or just 2 (stuff happens), if they are healthy and pain free, we should give them the kudos they deserve for keeping our lives running smoothly. I quickly learned that life runs much smoother with healthy happy fingers. If something was meant to slow me down and make me rethink the pace I was trying to keep it was the fracture of my poor cute little pinky.

And of course, in my style, nothing about this was your typical everyday run of the mill finger fracturing. No, I completely displaced the bone in my pinky. The ring finger was minor and the middle finger sprained. But my poor

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cute pinky was busted like a little twig in two places.

So, there I was a few days later, pin holding my finger together, a sporty red and black splint, holding my hand above my heart for the swelling and making me feel like a T-Rex no matter what I tried to do.

I also had tears running down my face because when I asked the surgeon if I could ride my bike I got an emphatic "Don't be dumb. You crash with that pin, you'll lose your finger." I mourned that for a moment, but he didn't have to tell me twice.

As a matter of fact, I've been uncharacteristically attentive to my healing process. Because it wasn't bad luck that landed me in this painful predicament. It was simply a case of not being present and mindful of what I was doing. That can be a dangerous way to walk through life. If you know me, you know I've walked this road before. I'm gonna be done now. Life is too short already to accelerate the process.

So, I've carried on and even risen above my one-handed state by restructuring my idea that every little thing needs to be taken care before I care for myself. Instead, I have given myself the attention I deserve and need while my bones knit themselves back

together. I try to adhere to a schedule that is loose enough to have quiet time yet structured enough to keep things from being chaotic.

Hasn't been all that easy. Just making my bed was a challenge. Washing my hair was impossible. And while cooking has never been my strongest suit, in those first few weeks I had to relearn making nutritious meals with just one hand. Ever cracked an egg with just one hand? It's messy. Whisked a sauce while trying to keep the kettle from becoming airborne? Don't do it.

One day early on I decided making a sandwich would be easy. And it was easy. Eating it however was a disaster, though my lab Mingo was ecstatic with the results. But I've also finally found time to paint again. My right hand still works, thank goodness.

Just as my current living situation is both a challenge and temporary, so too is this one-handed living. I can actually see the light at the end of the house-building tunnel. And I'm counting down the days when the pin will be removed from my finger, the splint will come off and I can once again wash my hair, eat a sandwich and floss my teeth. I've truly learned to appreciate the simple things in life.

So no, I don't consider myself or my

situation "unlucky." Unfortunate at times, yes but even in those unfortunate moments I still find the good. I feel the gratitude for what comes to me when life gets hard. And I can still laugh. Thank goodness I can find humor in this great big life. I hope that you are able to do the same as this summer comes to a close ... find the humor and the joy and the gratitude in each and every day. And, in my opinion, there is absolutely nothing wrong with carrying a little good luck charm in your back pocket.

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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Stickpin Fire: Ten Years After

Article & Photos by J. Foster Fanning

In Washington State, the 2015 wild-fire season saw a record-breaking 1.13 million acres burned. The northeastern part of the state suffered hugely.

By August that year, the region was withering under an entrenched, widespread drought driven by exceptionally low winter snow accumulation, high summer temperatures and record low precipitation. As a result, in that month came the Okanogan Complex Fire (304,782 acres), the Chelan Complex Fire (88,985 acres), the North Star Fire Complex (218,138 acres), and the Kettle Complex (76,389 acres).

The Stickpin Fire (50,828 acres), the original wildfire within the Kettle Complex, had the most extreme fire behavior I have witnessed in my 40+ years on the front lines of firefighting. In one 24-hour period, starting midday, August 13, the Stickpin Fire burned nearly 30,000 acres.

A lightning storm had passed over the Okanogan Highlands the evening of

August 10 and into the morning of August 11. That afternoon, Jay Jurgenson was flying as fire spotter in an aircraft contracted to the Colville National Forest and at 4:30 p.m. reported a fire that looked to be about a half-acre in size, deep within the Kettle River Range on an obscure 5,730-foot peak named Stickpin Hill.

At the time, other fire complexes were large and growing, causing mass evacuations and siphoning off fire suppression resources throughout the region. The Stickpin Fire was prioritized low risk, and smoke jumpers were not available. There were no roads near the fire, and all firefighting aircraft were already engaged.

On August 12, Jurgenson coordinated via dispatch with a helicopter to do bucket drops on the Stickpin Fire, but it was too little, too late. By that afternoon, a dense smoke column pushed up several thousand feet above the Kettle River Range. The Stickpin Fire

was making itself known.

Brad Miller was serving as Ferry County commissioner during the Stickpin Fire and attended many of the daily briefings and public meetings. I recently asked him what impressions the initial fire made on him and how he thinks about it now.

“The major run of the Stickpin Fire was amazing in how powerful and fast it was,” Miller said. Jurgenson said the flames on August 14 were three to four times the height of mature timber – flames between two to three hundred feet high.

“And remember,” Miller continued, “we were surrounded by fire.” The North Star Complex had burned over and shut down Highway 21 south of Republic. The Okanogan Complex had done the same on westbound Highway 20 and the Graves Mountain Fire in the Kettle River Range had closed eastbound Highway 20. Republic, the Ferry County seat, was nearly cut off.

“When we drive over Boulder Pass now,” Miller continued, “we look for the new growth. We watch for animals. We are glad to see the few mature trees which are survivors on the western slope of the range within the fire’s footprint.”

I recently touched base with retired Fire Management Officer Reed Heckly of the Republic Ranger District about the Stickpin Fire. As he recalled, “Dry lightning quickly set eastern Washington ablaze. Ignitions sprang up from the Cascades to northern Idaho. All fires grew quickly, and the principles of resource sharing and prioritization immediately came into play.

“Homes and communities were threatened, particularly in the Methow Valley, Okanogan Highlands, and the Selkirk Range in Stevens County. Within this milieu, a smoke report came in from a recon flight about a small fire on the east side of the Kettle

Range near Stickpin Hill. It was noted that it had potential to be a problem unless a hard and fast initial attack was immediately begun.

“All Forest Service firefighters and helicopters from the Three Rivers Ranger District in Kettle Falls, as well as DNR engines, were engaged in a ferocious firefight to protect homes in the Addy area. Fires in the Twisp area were out of control and resources were rushing in that direction also. [A few days later, three firefighters died there.] A small timber fire in the back country of the Kettle Range fell behind in the prioritization list as more worthy demands required resources be directed toward life and property.”

I do know that officer Heckly attempted to bring ground crews to engage the Stickpin fire, but the remoteness, steep topography and severe fire behavior threatening the lives of firefighters stalled that engagement.

By the afternoon of August 13, the Stickpin Fire was burning rapidly northward, taking in several drainages with private lands and homes nearby. As fire chief of Ferry/Okanogan Fire Protection District #14, I realized an ill-favored wind shift would put a large area and a number of homes in jeopardy. I also knew the dozen fire apparatus and 20 firefighters from our department were no match for this monster blaze. I asked for implementation of the state Fire Service Resource Mobilization Plan to provide personnel, equipment and other resources.

Thankfully, by August 14 the first of five strike teams of 25 fire apparatus and 95 firefighters began arriving at base-camp in Curlew. Their prime mission was to keep the fire away from homes and other structures.

EMS Chief Bonnie Goss, whose household was forced to evacuate due

Continued on page 16...



...continued on page 15

to the Stickpin Fire, told me: "What I remember most was the sound of the fire! The ridgeline east of our home was a wall of dark, black smoke, blocking out much of the sky and underlit by the flames. The roar of the fire ebbed and flowed like some mythical beast, hungry and devouring everything in its path." It was later determined that 90% of live trees burned to stubble and all brush and ground cover were eliminated. Wildlife by the thousands perished.

"Now, whenever I hear of a new fire start that's going to be a tough firefight, it takes my breath and causes a lump in my throat." But on the positive side, Goss and her fire commissioner husband, Steve, see much new growth reclaiming the wildfire scar near their home, which survived the blaze.

Amazingly, despite the ferocity of the Stickpin Fire, I am happy to report, no homes were lost!

The fire area remained closed for over a year. Some friends and I skied the Kettle Crest within the burned area during the winter of 2016-17. It was

sheer desolation with an incredibly beautiful snowpack. No tracks, no sound other than the wind through the monochromatic landscape of pure white snow and tens of thousands of dead and blackened treestubble. Where once the subalpine forest had hidden much from view, the surface geology was now apparent. Massive boulders, which pre-fire had been unseen, now stood in contrast to the burned trees.

The DNR did a massive burned-timber salvage sale, with logging taking place over a two-year period. Ferry County had a lot of guardrail to replace along the Boulder/Deer Creek Road plus about 10 miles of road surface that had literally cooked from the scorching temperatures of this intense wildfire.

Nils Larsen of Altia Skis, based in Curlew, a veteran of 40 winters in these highlands, said that winters after the fire offered unrestricted skiing with all the timber and brush litter removed. "In more recent winters, the burned and dead trees have begun to fall, often blocking trails and ski routes until hand crews can clear the trails."

While small flora began to show the

year after the fire, it was several more years before birds and a few ground mammals reappeared. Now, in the areas of small springs, aspen groves stand 20 feet tall. Lodgepole pines, now 4 to 10 feet tall, are highly adapted to fire for regeneration and survival. Their cones are sealed with resin and only open to release seeds when exposed to high temperatures, like those from this fire.

In the end Mother Nature is doing what she always does: adapt and recover. The ecosystem gradually regenerates, over years or even decades, depending on the severity of the fire and the local environment. See you out there somewhere, enjoying the last of summer days in these highlands.

[Photo note: The photograph of the 100' fire whirl accompanying this story is one I took from the deck of the Goss residence on the evening of their evacuation, August 14, 2015.]

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 fosterfanning.blogspot.com.



A Shallow Mystery: The Floating Green Blob

By Madilane Perry

Last month, Curlew Lake, a body of water that gets a lot of tourist attention, got a little attention of a different kind.

A neighbor whose uphill location gives him a good view of everything on the north central part of the lake reported a "floating green blob." He called Gordon McIntyre, who does a lot of general waterborne work for the Curlew Lake Association, and said the blob was apparently getting closer to the east shore.

Gordon, always happy to be on the water, went out in his small motorboat to have a look. He maintained cell phone contact with the neighbor in order to be directed to the spot. When Gordon reported that he didn't see any floating green blob, he was told that he was right over it.

He was right over something all right. He was over a location known as the Shallows or the Shallow Spot, an area that has confounded fishermen for many years. The sounding map of Curlew Lake in *Lakes of Washington, Volume II*, which deals with eastern Washington, gives the depth in this area as 35 feet. It's actually much less than that. This fact was probably missed in the 1949 soundings because they were carried out in the winter, through the ice. Apparently, nobody thought to tell the man who did them that there was a small patch of very shallow water that might fall between his sounding intervals.

I know it was here in 1949, the year my family

first moved to Curlew Lake. The Shallows were there through my whole childhood and I heard from a long-time local resident that was the case long before my time.

The late Mary Jane Woods, daughter of Steven Lambert, for whom Lambert Creek is named, told me this story: In the later years of the 19th century, when she was a girl living near the mouth of Lambert Creek, she often fished Curlew Lake. At that time, the Shallows was an actual gravel bar, only partly submerged, and was marked by a large snag that had washed up on it.

These days the Shallows is a light-colored weed patch rising out of deeper water. Viewed from my living room window, it appears as two distinct weedy areas with a small channel of deeper water between them. Weed growth in this quarter-acre area varies from year to year, generally getting heavier as the lake gradually eutrifies. It does seem closer to the east shore than it was when, as a child, I touched bottom there with a six-foot oar.

Its foundation is probably a small, glacially sculpted, underwater hill, like the several islands in the lake, but just not tall enough to emerge permanently above the surface. Gordon and I measured it recently at a spot largely clear of weeds and got a reading of 65 inches.

Madilane Perry, a retired archaeologist, was raised on a family-owned hunting and fishing resort on Curlew Lake. She is married to local author Ray Bilderback.

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Today's Random Thoughts

By Bob Gregson

Random thought #1:

So, where did that word “random” come from? I wondered after it came to me as a title for this olio (“a random collection of things”). The answer: Middle English, about 800 years ago, meaning “impetuosity” or “speed,” derived from a similar Old French word that meant something more toward violence and speed. Over the years, the word morphed into “chosen without method or conscious decision” ... a fairly big leap from the ancient French.

The English language is full of such words, especially nouns, that we never think about but are, at the very least, strange as used. How about the word “yard” as a measurement? Early on in the British Isles, a yard was the measure around a Saxon’s chest, and then about 1,000 years ago it became the distance between the tip of the king’s nose to the tip of his thumb with outstretched arm. Talk about strange! And variable! It took a long time to standardize a yard as 36 inches in the English-speaking world.

This meandering about words reminds me of the decline of the written word in our country. Newspapers have been going out of business

and are few and far between nowadays. What can people do as they sit down for breakfast and a cup of coffee/tea without having a newspaper to check on all the happenings?

My hometown area, the Tri Cities, had about 40,000 people and two major newspapers when I was growing up, one delivered to homes in the morning, one in the afternoon. All cities had multiple newspapers – often at least one leaned Republican and another leaned Democrat –and even villages and small towns had at least a weekly newspaper. That’s how we knew what was going on around us – sports scores and who was getting married, divorced, or jailed. Radio or TV would tell us about was going on nationally and worldwide.

Now, all kinds of news is out there 24 hours a day on blogs/podcasts/networks/social media/radio/TV, but, in my humble opinion, there’s way too much of it from all directions. And it’s too shrill. With a newspaper in hand you can quietly read at leisure, look at the pictures, then casually turn the pages while drinking your preferred breakfast beverage and munching on toast ... or employ yesterday’s newspaper sections for starting fires, covering

windows while painting, swatting flies, crunching up for protection in packing boxes, or a hundred other uses.

In addition to all the electronic stuff coming at us, we have artificial intelligence that would love to create outgoing documents for us. Just come up with a subject, ask Copilot to write a letter or an essay, and bingo, there it is with zero brain effort on your part. Those who have used that kind of computer app say it’s quite good at doing so. That bothers me a lot. It’s too much like parking your brain in a handicapped parking space while the rest of you metaphorically limps away to play games on your smartphone.

As newspapers have been dying off, our elementary schools simultaneously stopped teaching cursive. A few years ago, I, as an official mentor for West Point applicants, received a handwritten thank you note from a recent, very well educated and very bright academy graduate. To my great surprise, it was printed in block letters like something I would have written in the fourth grade. I then realized the person did not know cursive writing. But apparently, we’ve gone back to cursive in

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many school systems, so new generations can now write flowing thank-you notes. Good news.

Random thought #2:

This is a plea for educators to teach youngsters a little bit about insects. Several of our grandkids and great grandkids are terrified of those small, flying objects, also those that are earthbound, and want to flee and/or kill them. That includes bees and other pollinators. I've noticed various adults who also have those phobias.

Scientific news from around the globe tells us that insect species, including the all-important bee varieties, are massively dying out. At our home in Spokane Valley, we have noticed the same thing. Ten years ago, we had a small flock of swallows zipping around our garden and yard every evening, and several bats roosted inside the barn – all insect-eaters. No longer. Haven't seen a swallow in four or five years and there is just one small, lonely bat visible in the barn during the day.

It would help the world – and probably young people's mental health – to understand that most insects are not at all harmful and that they serve vital purposes in various ways. There are, of course, some prejudicial exceptions: houseflies, bedbugs, lice, black flies, ticks, squash bugs, cockroaches, earwigs, sow bugs, aphids, and female mosquitoes (males don't bite). They all have a place in nature, perhaps, but I'd be happy to have teachers show pictures and tell their students those are all eligible for squishing.

Final random thought:

Why does Mother Nature smite at least one or two crops in every garden every year and bless the others? Our French shallot crop was an undersized mess two years ago after doing wonderfully in prior years; last year, the summer and

winter squash areas were decimated by squash bugs (yes, not a good insect); this year, the onions germinated and grew poorly, even as the leeks, chives and garlic flourished; some years the tomatoes suffer from a lot of blossom end rot, sometimes not. And so on, usually one substantial knockout each year, even while all the other crops range from good to great.

We plant at the proper times, stay attuned to the weather, rotate crops, apply compost, watch out for pests, cover beds of young plants with a fine screen mesh, mulch heavily over the winter, avoid having root crops follow other root crops, etc., and apply water appropriately via valved drip tapes to all 40 of the raised beds. Almost always that's all it takes to generate fine organic crops. But there's usually one bed or one crop that didn't get the "grow baby grow!" memo.

I liken such to the medical patient who is taking a half dozen pills every day for various ailments. No one can really know how those pills interact with each other in a fluctuating set of circumstances, including the patient's diet from day to day, the air he/she breathes, exercise and rest, and the state of his/her mind.

Gardening/farming is similar. Gardeners/farmers are dealing with a very large number of variables interacting with each other all the time, applying skill and experience. But in the end, it's quite frankly a glorious, spiritual mystery (and crapshoot!) how little seeds turn into wonderful fruits, veggies, flowers and trees.

Bob Gregson, a 1964 West Point graduate from Pasco who served two combat tours in Vietnam, left the corporate world to organically farm on Vashon Island. He now lives in Spokane, his "spiritual home," where his parents grew up.



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Kaslo's World: All-Weather Friends

Article & Illustrations by Marci Bravo

Summer comes to a close. Now is the season of cooler days and nights, no more ticks, more Velcro-y burrs that drive Mom crazy. I

can't complain. I'm rather sensitive to the heat, panting after about 10 minutes in the sun, and dragging my feet at the end of long (or, let's face it, short) walks. Sometimes I'll even lie down in the shade of a cool, luxurious lawn, practicing some low-key civil disobedience, exercising my right to rest. Mom gives me grace and understanding and respects that Martin Luther King Jr. and Mahatma Gandhi are two of my heroes.

I had a great summer, despite my first nerve-wracking pontoon boat ride, where I had to wear this humiliating life jacket. My momma kept saying, "Careful, shark infested waters," and laughing, although there was no way I was jumping in. So joke's on *you*, Mom. I did, however, freak out every time all the humans and my best friend, Hank, jumped into the water to go swimming. Which was like so many times. I vigilantly shrieked and barked until someone climbed back into the boat. Misery loves company.

This is my best friend, Hank. They call him a Cardigan corgi, although I've never seen him in a sweater, and I can't imagine he could figure out the buttons. He's got a biting sense of humor, and, unlike me, he loves deep water. He's really fast despite his stubby legs, and he's always admired for being handsome. He's good at playing ball, and chasing anything that's small and quick. I've missed him while he's been at the lake this

summer, but soon we'll be going on walks and roughhousing in my backyard together on the daily.

Sometimes, when my family goes on a trip, they leave me at what they call Doggy Camp, which is where lots of dogs come for slumber parties and to play outside at Wendy's. I'm torn between missing my family and my nice house and having so many fun pups to run around with. I'm always relieved and happy to jump into the

back of the car when my family picks me up, and I usually sleep for a couple days when I get home. But it can be lonely, being an only dog, especially when one is a social butterfly like me.

You've heard about Hank, but you know how they say that a dog is man's best friend? Well, a dog can also be a dog's best friend. And sometimes, a dog has more than one best friend.

Nellie and Maxi were the first dogs I was friends with, because our humans are good friends, too. Back when I was a little puppy, Nellie LOVED running around and chasing with me, wrestling, and basically tearing up the back yard with our sharp turns and fast paws. Maxi, who is like a grumpy bag

lady sometimes, has always been more excited to see my mom than me, although she'd throw me a proverbial bone and have zoomies around the yard with us before just wanting to sit in Mom's lap. Sadly, now that I'm bigger and four years old, Nellie is less excited



Creative Being in Stevens County



to play with me and spends more time aggressively trying to get humans to pet her. I guess dogs just get more boring when they're old.

Luckily, there's my guy Rufus. He might be one of my perfect, physical matches, though he's got more enthusiasm for running. This

dude is really fast, and he's my go-to for running, wrestling, and basically being outside. We can turn a 45-minute hike up Colville Mountain into a 25-minute frenzy of wrestle-tag that leaves us both lazily gnawing on each other's faces while lying in the grass, too tired to stand. At my house, when I think Rufus has worn me out, he goes to my toy basket, picks out a toy and then lures me into a new game of chase. He makes it look so fun. I'm getting thirsty just thinking about it. ...

Sometimes, on hot sunny days, my boy, our mom and I end up in the tall grasses next to a creek at Fezzik's house. Like me, he's really into wading, but not so into swimming. We like to chase sticks or rocks across the creek, but watch out! There's a really deep swimming hole that will trick you. The humans seem to love that spot the best, which is kind of annoying when they *should* be throwing rocks and sticks for us dogs. Hello? Man's best friend?! Another cool thing about Fezzik is that I'm faster than he is and he makes me look extremely athletic.



There's this new canine that has moved into town named Luna. Our parents and our human kiddos all hang out, which leaves us to do the same. This picture of her is sooooo uncharacteristic. She's really a super-energetic, wiggly, fast, loving,



wrestling, chasing machine. My mom is always bending her knees while she stands and keeps alert eyes on us, as she thinks that together we can be a "wrecking ball." Also, Luna lives by a lake, and there's so much mud to squelch in, lie in, run in, and roll around in. It might be my favorite thing, although mud time is always coupled with my least favorite thing: baths. But the mud smell, mmm...

It's good to be a dog in this community and with all these lakes and forests and trails and the dog park to play in. It's even better to be a dog of my mom, who seems to make almost as many play dates for me as she does for my boy. She feels bad when I spend long hours alone, or when I make a certain softly imploring face that I practice in the mirror when no one is at home. I always use it when she's putting her shoes on and looking for the car keys. You dogs should try it.

Marci Bravo is a multi-media artist, wife, mother, teacher, friend and yogi residing in Colville. Follow her on Instagram @marci_bravo_makes.



Now Playing: Weapons

Early one morning in a small town, all but one of the children in the school's third grade class wake up at the same time and silently run from their homes at exactly 2:17 a.m. They disappear without a trace, leaving their community stunned, confused and grieving.

The premise of Zach Cregger's new film *Weapons* is a chilling one. Throw in a tense music score, cinematography that maximizes the dread of shadows moving through the night, and strong performances by Josh Brolin, Benedict Wong, Julia Garner and the rest of the cast, and you've got yourself a yarn worth watching.

A lot of hype has been raised for Cregger's second feature-length horror movie, the first being the 2022 scare-fest "Barbarian." While perhaps not the masterpiece some are hailing it as, *Weapons* is effectively unsettling, addressing the heartbreak and bafflement of those whose children are not only gone but seem to have purposely left their families behind. It also spotlights the way confusion over a tragedy can result in pointing fingers at undeserving parties in a desperate search for answers, which usually don't lead to what you want to find.

I appreciated the old school Brothers Grimm feel to *Weapons*, like a dark



fairytale sent to warn instead of comfort. You don't have to be a hardcore horror fan to like this movie.

***Rated R, runtime 2 hrs, 8 min.**

Classics Corner: The Last Emperor

What if you were told from when you were a toddler that you were literally the Son of Heaven and given almost everything that could be bestowed upon a person except autonomy? And then to be kept in a gilded palace, only to have the royal carpet wrenched out from underneath you due to political upheaval.

That is the premise of Bernardo Bertolucci's sweeping 1987 drama *The Last Emperor*.

No, that's not a spoiler. It's just history. The emperor in this case is Puyi (played by Richard Yu and Tjiger Tsou as a child, Wu Tao as a teenager and John Lone as an adult). Puyi was the last monarch of China. He ruled during 1908-1912, after inheriting the throne at two years old.

For all his childhood, including most of his teenage years, Puyi was not allowed to leave the Forbidden City within

the capital. He was forced to abdicate in 1912 at the age of six but was permitted to remain living in the Forbidden City with his family and retain some of his imperial privileges. He was eventually expelled in 1924, at the age of 18, after the Beijing Coup.

Now seemingly forgotten by the public except for movie nerds, *The Last Emperor* was critically and commercially successful. It won all nine Oscars it was nominated for, including Best Picture, Best Director and Best Adapted Screenplay (from Puyi's autobiography), plus numerous BAFTA and Golden Globe awards, and even a Grammy.

Perhaps more impressively, it was the first Western feature to be allowed by the People's Republic of China to film in the Forbidden City, an over-600-year-old complex that housed the Imperial Palace. You can call me a pretentious film snob for waxing poetic about a film's

location (and you wouldn't be wrong), but that alone makes it worth a watch. The film is also filled with nuanced performances, meticulous costuming, and a stirring soundtrack (it's ridiculous that John Lone didn't even get an Academy Award nomination for his performance, but then the Oscars have a long history of obliviousness).

Though the film, of course, changes some historical facts and downplays Puyi's known cruelty toward subordinates, *The Last Emperor* is on the scale of historical epics we just don't get anymore.

***Rated PG13, runtime 2 hrs. 43 min.**

Sophia Mattice-Aldous is a longtime movie buff and a Murrow News fellow at The Newport Miner and RANGE Media through a program administered by WSU. Please email questions, comments and suggestions for film reviews to sophiamatticealdous@gmail.com.



Young People Learn of Their Power in the World

By Lynn O'Connor

Rotary clubs sponsor Interact clubs, which bring together young people ages 12-18 to develop leadership skills while discovering the power of Service Above Self. They find out how serious leadership can be seriously fun. We asked members of the Interact Club to share their thoughts, and we got many responses!

Common themes:

- Learning leadership skills
- How one person can make an impact
- The importance of serving your community
- Broader perspectives on different cultures

Here are some specific quotes from the students:

(CT) "Growing up in a small town it's easy to think that the whole world is just like that, but after traveling to Spain, the differences between the two countries is so incredibly eye-opening."

(AM) "Being part of the Interact Club has truly shaped me into the person I am today. Our trip to Spain was one of the most impactful experiences for me. ..."

(MM) "Being in Interact Club has let me see the world in a different perspective and how much little things in the community can be a responsible position."

(TL) "I have gained more leadership, project management, and teamwork skills."

(SL) "I've learned a lot about how to communicate and how to work alongside my peers."

(JW) "It has helped me see that even though I am only one person, I can make a big impact in other people's lives."

(CH) "I learned the importance of helping others in need. This was a pivotal experience for me because it allowed me to help my community and develop selflessness from an early age."

(EP) "Interact was the club that truly opened my eyes to the value of service within one's community. It showed me how even small efforts can make a significant impact, not only locally but also on an international scale."

(SB) "Not only have I been able to get to know my peers in a different way, like seeing how we each support the public differently, I have also been able to connect with so many unique people, even outside of the US."

(IB) "Being a part of Interact Club has given me opportunities to serve both my community and the world in ways that have shaped me deeply. Through activities like cleaning up a local dump, I've learned the value of teamwork and the impact even small efforts can have on the environment."

(ER) "I have learned so many things through this club, and have met so many amazing people, from other high schoolers that want to make a difference in the community, to people that have spent their lives making a difference in not just our community but all over the world."

(DH) "I've been shown that the world is full of incredible people who make the world better every day. This club showed me the value in giving back. ..."

(SJ) "I have learned a lot about the power of diligent effort and an innate responsibility to society to get the job done for the common good."



*This page made possible by the Rotary Club of Colville. Learn more at www.colvillerotary.org
View where all the Clubs in the district meet at www.colvillerotary.org/?p=whereclubsmeet*

LISTEN UP

Reviews by Michael Pickett

The Aristocrats: Birds of a Feather

It's tougher than ever to be included in a conversation that begins with: "Who is the best guitarist in the world?" Guthrie Govan is absolutely in that conversation.

More than that, though, his band, The Aristocrats, is a *true* band. While he is certainly a featured player, *Duck* is an album that feels like a band effort, not just a showcase for a six-string shredder.

Not without a sense of humor, the band lays down tracks like the groovalicious "Sittin' with a Duck on the Bay" (with impossible jazz-fusion lines by Govan) and the slamming "Hey, Where's My Drink Package," blending swing, high-volume mu-

sicianship and fun into just about everything they touch.

At times, there are nods to Satriani and then perhaps to late-'80s Zappa (the clever, odd-meter of "And Then There Were Just Us / Duck's End"), but really, this all just feels like a trio of superhuman musicians having a lot of truly musical fun. Because, for every mind-melting instrumental passage, the band just as quickly drops into beautiful movements and turns that are superbly composed and executed.

While they claim that "*Duck* is the story of a web-footed Antarctic island native fleeing a penguin policeman all the way to New York City ... where considerable misadventure



and danger await," in an interview with *Background Magazine*, maybe that's why this album works so well: It feels like the genius soundtrack to a truly clever movie.

Manic Street Preachers: Crunchy Aspirations

In the 2.6 decades the Manic Street Preachers have been at it, they've covered a lot of ground, and *Critical Thinking* brings together the post-punk velocity with – at times – almost U2-ish melodies in a really satisfying way.



While the album bristles with shimmering rock guitars and propulsive rhythms, it wrestles with hope, alarm and an introspective vibe on tracks like "Brushstrokes of a Reunion" and the '80s-tinged "Decline & Fall," with big production and soaring vocals belying a solicitous view of the world around us.

"My Brave Friend" anchors its mid-tempo rock in a melancholy that seems to underpin the album, regardless of the upbeat nature of the music. These 50-something rockers still have a lot of gas in the tank, sonically, but have as many concerns as the rest of us when it comes to how to navigate life and the other life-forms

around us.

"Out of Time Revival" again drops into a familiar '80s vibe that channels the big Smiths and Bauhaus productions of the era in a way that is truly satisfying.

And that is probably the best descriptor for *Critical Thinking* as an album: Even with its concerns and disquieting lyrical turns, there's a propulsive hope across these tracks that is ultimately satisfying. With production and songwriting that are as strong as anything they've done, the Manics are as vital as they were back in the 1990s, when this all started.

Check out Michael Pickett's music, free at pickettmusic.com.

A Good Read

Book Review: *Mr. Four Paws*, By Aubrey Horton

Reviewed by Terry Cunningham

I like at least one whimsical read for the summer, and light fiction is the perfect genre. This one is about a dog, Sequoia, who has telepathic abilities when the conditions are right, but only with Bob Giverman his owner, and it was a fun read. After all, something many dog owners wish they could do – or maybe believe that they can do – is communicate with their canine companion telepathically. Sequoia brings new meaning to the term service dog.

The story is set in Bellingham, Washington, and somewhere in British Columbia. For people unfamiliar with Bellingham, the author, Aubrey Horton, gives a very panoramic view of the area being in the northwest corner of Washington state, trapped between the majestic Cascade mountains and the unpredictable Salish Sea, with close proximity to Canada. With an average rainfall of around 40 inches a year and about 170 days of sunshine, you can imagine the contrasts of mountains, sea and the many shades of green.

Bob made a fortune in the dot-com boom, which created many opportunities to be altruistic. As can happen with fortunes made, unpredictable circumstances can follow, and it was no different for Bob. Sequoia is one of those unpredictable fates.

You might think having a dog that you can communicate with would be a joy, but dogs can also complain and

carp plenty. Sequoia's arrival is a curse – and a blessing in disguise. A dog can be just another mouth to feed or man's best friend. Sequoia was both and knew it.

Like many fortunes, it's easy come and easy go, unfortunately for Bob. He runs into Fixology, a Far Eastern theology, and sees that diversity is the garden of humanity and there is a path for everyone. Of course, some beliefs and philosophies can become cultish, close-minded and ritualistic. Fixology is no different. Bob is a guru of his own making and is seen as one by many people. This only complicates Bob's life.

Horton's storytelling skills have been honed over decades in a writing career with three other books and work in Hollywood and the entertainment industry.

Terry says, "As a lifetime Earthling, I am constantly stunned and amazed by our world. I had many occupations before I became an arborist, which I retired from after 30 years of very satisfying work. I always had a passion for books and I'm excited to share that with you from my home of over 40 years, here in Stevens County."



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Your Body's GPS

By Rob Sumner

The content of the North Columbia Monthly is strictly for informational purposes only and should NOT be used as a substitute for professional medical diagnosis, advice, or treatment. Please, ALWAYS seek the advice of a physician or other qualified health provider with all questions that you have related to, or about, a medical condition.

On a recent road trip, the miles were rolling by smoothly. The scenery was perfect, the conversation was light, and the playlist was just right. Then, out of the corner of my eye, I noticed something on the GPS.

We weren't exactly lost, but the route had drifted – just enough that if we kept going, we'd end up hours off course. The fix was simple: one quick recalculation, a small turn at the next exit, and we were back on track.

Our health works much the same way. Small detours – things you barely notice – can turn into major setbacks if you don't stop and check your "map" from time to time.

In the body, the "GPS" is made up of measurable markers – bloodwork, body composition, strength levels, balance, mobility, and cardiovascular capacity (VO₂ max). These are your coordinates. They tell you whether you're moving toward your destination of vitality, independence, and a long,

active life, or drifting slowly away from it.

The trouble is, most people don't check these markers until something goes wrong. They drive blind, assuming they're still on the right road because nothing feels urgent yet.

The Problem with Silent Detours

Health rarely takes a nosedive overnight. More often, the change is slow:

- Strength declines a little each year.
- Stamina fades until stairs feel harder.
- Blood sugar or blood pressure creeps upward.
- Balance feels just a bit less steady.

None of these cause an immediate breakdown, just like being a few miles off your driving route doesn't stop the car. But let enough time pass, and the "destination" you were aiming for – an active, healthy, independent life – ends up further and further away.

How to Course-Correct

The good news is, small adjustments now can save you from major problems later. Here's how to keep your health on track:

1. Check your current location. Schedule regular check-ins with your health professional. Review key markers – blood pressure, blood sugar, cholesterol, strength tests, mobility assessments, and VO₂ max if possible.
2. Recalculate your route. If something's off, adjust your exercise, nutrition, and recovery habits before the problem grows.
3. Use real-time feedback. Track your daily habits the way a GPS tracks miles. A fitness tracker, heart rate monitor, step counter, or food journal can help you stay aware.
4. Repeat regularly. A one-time course correction isn't enough. Just as you'd check a map multiple times on a long trip, make these health reviews a consistent habit.

Why It Matters More After 55

With age, muscle mass declines faster, recovery takes longer, and metabolic flexibility narrows. That means a small

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detour can turn into a big health setback in a shorter time.

Frequent course corrections keep you strong, mobile, and capable of doing the things you love for as long as possible.

On that road trip, correcting our route was simple because we caught the drift early. It took only one small turn to get back on course. That's the beauty of early course corrections. The sooner you notice a detour in strength, stamina, mobility, or other key health markers, the easier it is to make a small adjustment and get back on track. Wait too long, and what could have been a minor tweak turns into a major overhaul.

The truth is, we all drift sometimes. Life gets busy, habits shift, and the route we thought we were on quietly changes. But just like a GPS, your body will tell you when you're off course – if you take the time to check it.

Your Health GPS: 6 Markers to Check Every Year

- Blood pressure – Goal: Under 120/80 mmHg
- Blood sugar – Goal: Fasting glucose under 100 mg/dL, A1C under 5.7%

- VO₂ max (cardiovascular capacity) – Maintain or improve yearly
- Muscle strength – Grip strength, leg press, or functional lifts
- Balance & mobility – Single-leg stand, timed up-and-go, or floor rise test
- Body composition – Maintain lean muscle mass, keep body fat in healthy range

Schedule these as part of an annual “wellness check” with your health provider or fitness coach. Drainage and elimination (bowels, liver, sweat) must be optimized.

If you want to know exactly where you are on the Wellness Ascension Roadmap, call our office at 509.684.5621 or email me at rob@sumnerpt.com and let us know you'd like a free discovery visit to review your current place on the roadmap.

Rob Sumner is a doctor of physical therapy, strength specialist, and owner of Specialized Strength Fitness and Sumner Specialized Physical Therapy in Colville. He can be reached at 509-684-5621 or Rob@SumnerPT.com.

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The Mental Practice of Yoga

By Brenda St. John

Mid-July to mid-August was a time of canning for me. I've canned apricots, peaches, pickles, and salsa thus far, and I feel I'm just warming up. I've read where canning can be addictive, and I see how that could be possible. Some people can all year round whenever they find a good buy on meat or produce at the grocery store. I don't go that far, only canning what I grow, am gifted, or pick up in bulk from a grower at a reasonable price.

My brother stopped by recently and saw the jars of freshly canned pickles on the kitchen counter and said, "I bet you get a dopamine hit every time you look at those jars!" We both laughed, but he was right. I do find canning very rewarding.

My mother was not a canner at all during my lifetime. She was born in the 1930s and was a young girl during the Great Depression. However, my grandmother had to can during those hardship years in order to provide food for their family of nine.

I once asked my mom about her experience with canning and she told me how much she hated making ketchup when she was a girl. She gladly stopped when it was no longer a necessity. Those were the days when almost everything in the pantry was a result of work done with your own two hands. By the time I came along, my mother, my grandmother, and all my aunts had become very close friends with Betty Crocker. Times changed!

In some ways, but definitely not in all ways, I might be what is called an Old Soul. In my teens, with no encouragement or support, I started planting and tending a backyard vegetable garden. By around 20, I started to cook a few things from scratch. In my early 30s I started to can a few basic things like jam and salsa. My desire to expand my skills and knowledge of gardening and food preservation has continued to increase over the decades.

One thing I like about gardening and canning is the peace. For the most part, I like to plant and weed in silence, focusing on what I am doing and staying present. The same goes for preparing fruit or vegetables for canning by washing, peeling, and

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slicing or chopping. These are meditative activities for me.

Some people may be surprised to learn that yoga is really more about the mind than the body. Patanjali, who put the aphorisms of yoga into writing in the form of 196 sutras many centuries ago, gave the following as the definition of yoga (according to one particular translation): “The restraint of the modifications of the mind-stuff is yoga.” Others have translated the second sutra as “Yoga is the quieting of the chatter of the mind.”

Yoga involves our perception of the outside world, which is based on our mental point of view. We have very little control over the outside world, but we do have control over our thoughts and mental attitude. I have witnessed how my entire outlook on something can change once I am provided one small piece of information or I perhaps look at a situation from a different point of view. There is an ancient Sanskrit saying which translates as, “As the mind, so the person; bondage or liberation is in your own mind.”

A very notable yoga practice called Yoga Nidra helps us keep our mental outlook in check. Yoga Nidra is a complicated process and therefore usually read from a script. The yogi listens to the teacher’s voice, which may be in-person or recorded. Yoga Nidra follows a structured sequence that includes relaxation, intention-setting, body awareness, breath focus, visualization, and a gradual return to wakefulness. Richard Rosen, a well-known yoga guru, calls Yoga Nidra the meditative heart of yoga.

I include a Yoga Nidra practice in my classes every few months and have done so for many years. I recent-

ly read a new Yoga Nidra script to my class, this one written by Rosen. The script went into great detail on the visualization portion:

During eight different examples, the yogi was asked to visualize a certain happy or positive situation and then imagine the feelings that reside in the body as a result of that situation. Next the yogi was asked to visualize an experience quite different from the first. The new situation was opposite in every way, either sad, violent, or confused, etc., and the yogis paid attention to how their bodies felt as a result of this opposite experience.

Then the work begins: Mentally, move between the two opposites of feelings and emotions in the body.

Step in mentally and sense the difference between really feeling yourself as what you are experiencing and then stepping back a bit and being aware of what you are feeling. Continue moving back and forth.

It is training for the mind to cultivate awareness, emotional release, and inner transformation. The lesson is not about the content of the visualization itself but the process – learning to navigate the mind’s inner landscape with awareness, intention, and equanimity, and eventually connecting to one’s true nature.

Namaste.

Brenda St. John has taught yoga classes in Chewelah since 2010 and is also a Spokane Community College ACT 2 instructor.



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Learning from Elders

By Coleestah Finley

All around the world, younger people learn from their elders. Maybe you have learned how to make your grandma's famous recipe, or maybe your grandpa taught you the best ways to hunt. Being taught by the older generations is a critical experience for indigenous life and education, whether teaching about important places, plants, ceremonies, and art. Elders have taught me important lessons throughout my life, especially about culture, through work, school, and family connections.

With my summer job of the last two years at the Inchelium Cultural Research Center, I often work with elders. This year, I had the chance to learn many things about plants,

cedar, basketmaking, and huckleberry processing. This experience also is what influenced me to write articles and share about my culture now. Another elder and one of my favorite teachers, Shelly Boyd, has taken students on many drumming and other cultural trips. She started our school's drum group, K^wu sqilx^w, with the help of other elders and family. While she does not work at the school anymore, she still takes me and other students.

I have been taught many things from elders in my family as well. My grandpa, Andy Joseph II, has taught me things about our culture. I have memories of him showing me roots on walks, going salmon fishing, and going to his sweat house, which

is a traditional way of praying. His teachings aren't always specific to culture; he has also taught me how to make gravy, and how to use his coffee machine to make hot chocolate. Sometimes I have questions about the topics I write about in my articles, and I can ask him about them.

I am so grateful to have many elders in my life who can teach me about our culture, because it has always been emphasized to me that they may not be here very long. I have learned things from many elders in my life, and not just culturally. I have learned important life lessons and how deeply my family love is. It doesn't just stop at elders; many adults in my life teach me as well. I look forward to being able to ask these people questions about culture for the rest of my life. Then one day, if I have grandchildren of my own, I can teach them, too.

Coleestah Finley, daughter of Michael and Jacquelyn Finley, a member of the Confederate Tribes of the Colville Reservation, and resident of Inchelium, Washington on the Colville Reservation, is an honor student at Inchelium High School, and Summer Youth Employee of Inchelium Cultural Research Center.

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A Year On The Farm

An Always Satisfying Road Trip

Article & Photo by Michelle Lancaster

Northeast Washington has some near-magical locations to explore if you are willing to wander a bit. One of our tried and tested road trips for visiting guests is a day trip along the Pend Oreille River, on the North Pend Oreille Scenic Byway, part of the International Selkirk Loop.

At first you might wonder if there is anything in this furthestmost corner of Washington state. If you need to build up your interest for the area, start by reading Eva Gayle Six's fascinating book *Jennie's Tiger*, about early settlers to the Selkirk Mountain region. That book is where I learned a lot about the area, like the fact that elk are not native. They were introduced to the region in 1915 from Yellowstone National Park (capitalpress.com/2023/07/12/elk-over-run-northeast-washington-fields).

You can start your tour at the Tiger General Store, restored in 1999 and now serving as the Tiger Historical Center and museum (open Thursdays through Mondays, 10 a.m.-4 p.m., through September; tigerhistoricalmuseum.org). There you will find maps, antiques, and lots of historical information on the area, as well as nice restrooms.

From Tiger, we like to head straight for Metaline Falls, across the bridge that Kevin Costner stood on as he filmed *The Postman*. Many of the extras in the movie were local residents. I got to visit the summer of filming, as the town was still fully cloaked in film scenery, with a set of buildings so realistic you could not tell they were fake! I think of that summer every time I visit the town, even though the filming set is gone now.

Our purpose for stopping in Metaline Falls these days is the Farmhouse Café, right in the center of downtown, and home to the largest cinnamon rolls you will likely ever see. I recommend the chicken salad croissant with sweet potato waffle fries. If you are a bigfoot fan, you can time your visit

for June when the huge town festival occurs.

Once our bellies are stuffed full of delicious food, we are set to pick-your-adventure for the day. On the day we traveled here with visitors from Japan, we decided to show them the Boundary Dam Overlook. *The Postman* has scenes filmed on the dam, and you may want to watch the movie before coming because once you see the dam you will hardly believe they could have filmed in such a dramatic, dangerous location.

I love when the dam is open, as mist sprays all the way up to the overlook and splashes us in the face, cooling us

on hot summer days. The Boundary Dam Overlook road now has a PeeWee Falls Overlook and campground that you can also drive to, with easy access.

On our way home, we skirt around the back of the county along Sullivan Lake Road, where we gaze at the beautiful, deep lake and stop for an afternoon snack or to view planes taking off from the lake's small airstrip.

If your interest is more in heading underground, book a tour of Gardner Cave in Crawford State Park, an awesome, literally cool (40°F) cave near the Canadian border that goes deep underground.

If you are interested in dam construction, check out the Box Canyon Dam Visitor Center and Overlook (and swimming hole) that are right along the highway. Nearby is the Sweet Creek Falls Rest Area, with a paved, one-mile-round-trip walk to the falls.

As we head back over "Tiger Highway" and head home to Colville, we are always tired and fighting the evening sun in our eyes as we traverse the mountains. The trip is worth the time, though, as the Selkirk region is some of the most beautiful scenery in the state, at least according to our eyes.

Michelle Lancaster homesteads with her family on Old Dominion Mountain in Colville. She writes at [Spiritedrose.wordpress.com](https://spiritedrose.wordpress.com).



The Bountiful Harvest

Article & Photo by Karen Giebel

Nothing says “summer” quite like a vegetable garden chock full of plants heavily laden with nature’s gifts awaiting harvest.

The air redolent with the sharp scent of onions and garlic and the mouth-watering aroma of fresh basil, rosemary, chives, thyme and sage make wandering the rows pure contentment. The simple beauty of a single, brilliant, yellow squash blossom with a honeybee nestled inside it gathering pollen is sure to bring a smile. It’s such a gleeful surprise when you’re certain that the green beans are not nearly ready to be picked, but then you carefully lift the plant and discover it is loaded with perfectly sized beans.

Then there’s being away for a week and returning to find the garden bone dry because the irrigation system was

turned off, but a healthy large dose of water has those tomato and cucumber leaves fill out and green up, bringing a sigh of relief as all of your prior efforts have not been in vain.

I watch with delight as the nodding sunflower heads track the sun from east to west, dawn to dusk, every day. And there’s the can’t-be-eclipsed satisfaction of plucking that first heirloom tomato off the vine and making that incredibly difficult decision to share it with your spouse instead of devouring it right then and there with the juice dripping off your chin. It’s always best to share.

Gardening is hard work, no doubt about that. Growing fruits and vegetables means something needs attention every single day. Every variety has different needs. Too much water or

not enough? What plants need full sun and what veggies like to have cold feet? At our elevation, the growing season is quite short, so decisions have to be made about when to plant. Too early and a late frost in June will ruin the entire garden. But plant too late and an early frost in September means you’ve lost every single tomato you’ve nurtured for months.

As the years go by there are lessons learned. Lessons about what we thought would grow well in our environment but ended up a dismal failure. Sometimes it’s simply finding a brand of seed that suits our soil (thank you Ed Hume!). Sometimes it’s just the variety of a pickling cucumber that you’re not sure will work well but, lo and behold, you’ve already harvested 15 pounds and there

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Reflections on Life's Journey

is no end in sight.

Our soil is thin and rocky. My husband calls it "gardening on a rock." Root vegetables such as carrots, which are

every summer, so I have a great many years of experience and my husband is not far behind, but each season is still a learning experience.



fairly easy to grow, end up with interesting deformities as they grow downward around rocks and stones, twisting and turning. They taste so sweet but sure do look funny.

We also grow bumper crops of weeds, maybe even more than vegetables. Even using black weed cloth, it's still a constant battle.

We've also learned that even though broccoli, collard greens and Brussels sprouts grow well here, they attract unbelievable amounts of aphids, so it's just not worth the effort. We puzzle as to why we harvest oodles of Swiss chard, but spinach is a non-starter. My dad had a three-acre garden that we kids worked

freeze produce. We will eat well this winter and spring, when it's time to plant again.

Yes, it's hard work, and it gets a bit harder as the years pass to work the ground (and get up off it), but there's the pure satisfaction of growing your own food, watching the seeds sprout, poking their heads above the ground, then seeing two leaves emerge, then a second set of leaves, then a sturdy stem, a single blossom that multiplies into fifty, and finally the satisfaction of watching the plant set fruit. It's knowing where our food comes from and that there will never be a notice from the FDA about a recall. It's knowing that I won't go to the

store for an ingredient only to find out it's not available. But mostly, it's the pure sensory taste delight that fresh-picked fruits and vegetables provide.

I just took inventory of what we are growing this year, and here's the list: onions, garlic, potatoes, green peas, green beans, cucumbers, beets, zucchini, asparagus, carrots, cherry tomatoes, heirloom tomatoes, basil, rosemary, thyme, parsley, sage, chives, lavender and those beautiful sunflowers. As for fruit? Strawberries, cherries, raspberries, blueberries, apples, plums and pears.

Having just read the list, I really need to go take a nice, long nap.

Karen Castleberry Giebel blogs about life and food at www.thejourneygirl.com up in the back of the beyond in Ferry County, Washington.

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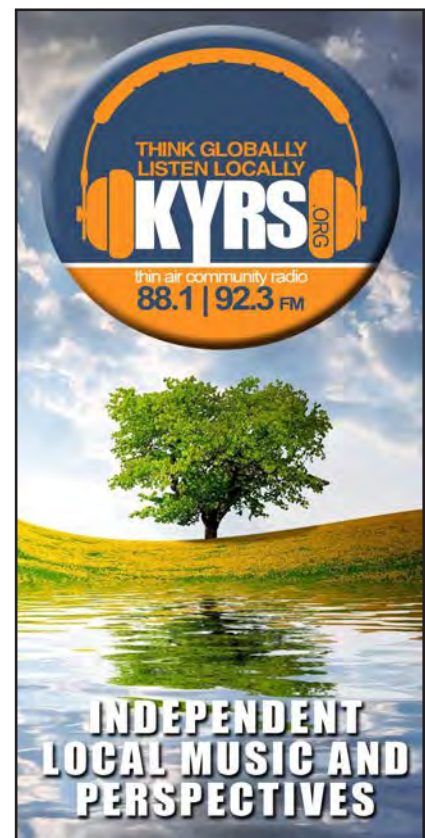
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Farming with Artificial Intelligence

By Joe Barreca

You are born. Life gets more and more complicated. Then you die.

Okay. Maybe it's not as simple as that. But simple is pretty hard to come by these days and more and more complicated covers a lot of our mutual experience. New ideas, methods, technology and players are springing up in every field. One of those fields is my own back yard.

I have been writing about regenerative agriculture for five years now. It seemed pretty simple in 2019. Don't plow. Plant cover crops. Be organic. Rotate grazing and you will be alright.

Ever notice how the more you know about something, the harder it becomes to understand, let alone explain? That happens to me a lot. When I was in an office showing people how to do basic things on computers, I would gladly demonstrate how, with a few easy actions, you could get a report to print or something like that. It didn't work out so well. What people mostly learned was that "Oh, Joe knows how to do that. I'll get *him* to do it." I ended up with more things to do by trying to show people how to do things themselves.

Farming regeneratively can get complicated: Arbuscular mycorrhizal fungi attach to roots and form a symbiotic relationship that vastly increases the water and minerals available to the plant while using some of the plant's excess gluten to extend their hyphal network to harvest nutritional exudates from bacteria and

other microorganisms. So, don't break the fungal network or let your soil become bacteria rich and fungi poor. See. Things can get a lot more complicated.

The solutions offered by regenerative agriculture depend on biology: microbes, bacteria, viruses, protozoa, fungi, nematodes, arthropods and earthworms. Sure. Chemistry is

operation is to bring in agronomic experts from around the world and spread information through books, seminars and podcasts, plus a large staff of in-house consultants.

I farm one acre of grapes. Hiring consultants, doing soil and sap tests, doing extensive field work with employees and machinery – all that is usually out of my league and beyond



Ace farmer April Barreca.

complicated but let's not pretend that biology is simple. One of my guiding lights learning about regenerative agriculture has been John Kempf, founder of Advancing Eco Agriculture (AEA) in 2006. AEA wants to make regenerative farming the norm by 2040. That is not something one person or one company can do alone. AEA currently provides crop plans on more than four million acres globally. The real genius of the

my budget. Making detailed crop plans is basically over my head. But, out of the blue, AEA has introduced Fieldlark AI. They took more than two decades of tests, techniques and results from all of their consulting work and fed it into an artificial intelligence engine. Right now, it is free to use. There's a fee after a certain number of questions. I had to check it out.

I asked it about a pest problem in one variety of grapes. The very im-

mediate response asked a few questions about my soil, etc. Then came a long response broken into six parts: 1) short-term treatments, 2) biological control, 3) long-term prevention, 4) optimizing water management and carbon, 5) promoting synergistic biodiversity and 6) more questions to explore with ready answers. You may notice that these arranged themselves from immediate, local actions to larger responses spread over time and area.

Another query into Fieldlark about a weed in my field brought another six-part response arranged in the same order. Within each of these six parts were three sub-categories: a) recommendation, b) biological basis and c) expected outcomes. Those outcomes cover plant performance, soil outcomes and yield improvements.

Granted, this is a very mechanical arrangement, but it is also helpful in terms of the most urgent actions to take first and what specific ingredients are needed to perform them. Embedded in the expected outcomes part is a feedback loop that presumably would fine-tune the response if the outcomes don't come out. There are also recommendations to check with an agronomist to verify recommendations for your context. I'm not sure if that absolves the AI of responsibility, but it might.

Discussing this new twist in agriculture with a farmer friend, I found out that he has also used AI to research farm problems. He used Grok, which turns out to be a product from Elon Musk. It also turns out to cost money, but not a huge amount. I bit the bullet and bought a month's worth of advice for \$20.

Grok's advice on my pest problem was much shorter and very product oriented. The first recommendation was to use yellow sticky tape – apparently lots of it if there are many rows with the issue. Next was to use insecticides. It listed very poisonous ones before more organic treatments. Actually, I had already tried these particular organic products with limited success. Then it suggested biological controls, monitoring the sticky traps to see if they work and getting local advice, perhaps again for legal reasons.

Since Grok is not based on a specifically curated set of regenerative agriculture data, it is helpful to see that each recommendation has a specific reference to where it came from. As it turns out, the source of the recommendations usually was also the company making the product recommended. I don't know if Grok gets a kickback from each company for each recommendation, but that seems likely. To be fair, Fieldlark also recommends specific products from AEA.

To me, what really sets these two AI approaches apart from each other is that in Grok, the best way to control pests and disease is general-

ly with products and chemicals, and in AEA, the best approach is by improving the health of the plants.

In *Quality Agriculture* by John Kempf, agronomist Tom Dykstra writes: "When you have a healthy plant, you don't have to use, for example, all of the pesticides that are being used today: herbicides, insecticides, fungicides, nematicides, etc." This point is reiterated in a field guide backed by the Australian government that states "Nutrient-dense plants are more resistant to pests and diseases." It goes on to say that pesticides and nitrogen fertilizers may worsen the problem by making plants more attractive to disease and insects.

In the long run, I hope that these AI systems can learn from interacting with their users. In my example of teaching computer use, I became less effective and more burnt out when lessons failed to take hold. A decent AI should learn as it goes and become even more effective based on evidence, not just a large language model.

Joe Barreca makes maps, grows grapes, makes wine and posts blogs on BarrecaVineyards.com. Vineyard apprentices are welcome!

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High Noon Heated Hilarities

By Leslie Limardo

(Note: this story took place in August 2023. You never know what you'll find in your local parks, so get out and do some exploring!)

With my kayak on my shoulder, the trim digging into my flesh with each step across hundreds of feet, I finally reached the edge of the water. Even then, my feet sank inches into the mucky soil those last few steps before I could set down my plastic vessel, step in, and push off, forcing the nearby geese to seek a safer harbor away from my pulsing paddling. I set out for Kamloops Island in Lake Roosevelt National Park, that last weekend of August, looking forward to enjoying the warm sun and hoping for a slight breeze to brush across my skin. My eyes slowly scanned the shoreline, looking

for anything interesting the ebbing water may have revealed.

What was that? Over there, on the edge of the land, lightly lapped by the gentle roll of the lake water? A beached walrus? A dead hippo? My logical mind knew it couldn't be, but still I imagined some fantastical find – a story I could share with friends and family that would be out of the ordinary, my delusions perhaps brought on by the many stories we've all read or seen over the years of wild animals and scary scrapes resulting in worldwide renown (think Cujo, Jaws, Anaconda). Alas, not even an old Indian dugout, the misshapen, brown, and lumpy object turned out to be exactly what any experienced lake goer should have predicted almost instantly – a sodden log.

Continuing, I was thankful I had remembered to bring my binoculars, while rather annoyed I had forgotten a hat. The sun was fierce that end-of-summer Saturday, and while there was a slight breeze lolling lazily over the water, I was beginning to think the heat was falsely inducing my mind with images ultimately not confirmed by reality. I paddled around the dock on the north end of the island and said hello to a couple and their blue heeler, noting to myself that I truly did see two individuals and their four-legged friend. Twenty or so strokes later, another odd and questionable appearance in my line of sight, and slightly off to the right. Something black and round sticking up and out of the water at the edge of the rocky bank, about 40 feet below the guard-railed ribbon of highway. I rowed a little closer and spied two black ears to match the black, furry back of what I could now see was an animal. A bear! I was looking at a

real live bear!!

But wait, was it alive? Just how long can bears hold their breath? Surely not as long as the minutes I spent staring at said bear, waiting for it to move. Sadly, I soon ascertained (almost as quickly as I had ruled out the walrus and hippo) that the black bear was deceased. Now what? What if it's some kind of bear pandemic? Bears are dropping left and right and this bear is the key, and at the same time, the cure? I should probably call someone. A few seconds later I'm on my cell and connected to Lake Roosevelt National Park office, informing them of the bear and my location. Duty done, there isn't much more for me to do other than continue kayaking. I paddle around the island and toward the log barriers that set a perimeter at the end of Kettle River and a finger of Lake Roosevelt.

I see a unmarked boat moving slowly into the waters around Kamloops and I wonder if the driver is a Park employee on their way to deal with the bear, potentially saving the world from some sort of catastrophic destruction, all because of my discovery and following phone call. Not wanting to miss the action, I turn back, paddling fast, and eventually arrive at the bear, only to find no boat and significantly less of the bear above water than 30 minutes earlier. Right then I see two Park Rangers on the island, scanning the opposite shore with binoculars. I wave my paddle over my head, hoping I'm not making the universal boating sign for the "drop the bomb here" and wondering why they aren't looking exactly at the spot I described so well over the phone. I get no reaction and, thankful I'm not actually dying or in imminent danger, decide to paddle



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over and inform them of the bear's location.

I give directions to the first ranger I reach and swing around, heading to the bear again as the Rangers return to their truck and cross back over the bridge to highway access. They park and begin looking for a place to slip-n-slide their way down the rocky bank of 395 while carrying a few things, including a grabber arm—one of those metal sticks with a claw at the end thingy. The closest the Rangers can get to the bear without having to get their feet and then some wet is a yard away at most, so I offer to push it over to them, hoping that the hard edge of my paddle doesn't pierce the bloated body and cause a messy explosion of guts and gore galore. A few shoves and they are able to pull it in by the ear using the grabber with no breakage – phew!

One of them makes a call and tries to get the Ranger on boat duty to collect the bear, but is turned down (I think he was picnicking). He then talks about taking it to 'The Bone Yard' and gets a cautionary look from the other Ranger, as if to say, "Don't divulge secret information to the civilian old lady, who could, in return, hatch some dark and devious plan to save the world from some sort of pandemic"...or something like that. I ask how they're going to get it up the bank and get the answer I expected—they will have to drag the bag-enclosed bear between them and hope to reach the top unscathed.

My mom mind envisions both of them climbing up the rocky bank, each grasping the bag with one hand. I see them tumbling back down in the process, breaking their crowns and all sorts of other things, so I offer to row it across to the island where they can have better footing for the retrieval. They jump at the chance to witness my brute strength and before you know it, I have my first, and hopefully last, dead body on board (note to self to submit

this phrase to Hallmark for a car decal). He resides half in the cockpit and half on top of my life jacket, which I had secured under the upper deck netting. I figured if we went overboard, I'd hang on to the bear and hope the air in the body bag, plus my maniacally kicking legs, would be enough to get us both to the opposite shore.

Taking slow, measured strokes so as not to upset my silent-as-the-grave passenger or myself, I land safely on shore some minutes later and wait for the Rangers to reach me and collect the deceased cargo. The bear, which they estimated to be around two years old and most likely hit by a car, was slightly unwieldy in its bag. This wasn't surprising, considering it was full of water and rendered stiff in loss of life. Every trip out on the water I hope to see wildlife, and at times have been blessed with sightings of moose, eagle, heron, loon, beaver, and of course, the ever present deer and turkey. This was

my first dead bear and, while I was saddened that his life had come to an end so young, I was happy I could assist the Rangers. Secretly, though, I was disappointed I didn't solve a bear pandemic or somehow kickstart the rescue of the known world. That would have made an interesting article, for sure.

Instead of world rescue, though, here you are, reading about me kayaking a dead bear across a small portion of river. If you made it to the end of the article, then I suppose my experience does hold a shred of interest. I'm excited to see what comes next in my life that may be captivating enough to put on paper. I told the Rangers they can call me anytime they need backup for a life-threatening situation. They didn't ask for my number.

Leslie lives in Colville with her husband, daughter, and dog, and enjoys exploring the many waters of northeast Washington by kayak.



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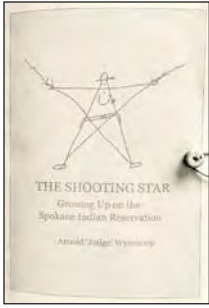
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The Shooting Star: Growing Up on the Spokane Indian Reservation

By Judge Wynecoop

Excerpts from Judge Wynecoop's 2010 book The Shooting Star: Growing Up on the Spokane Indian Reservation, reprinted with permission.

Two Dan Sherwoods

There were two Dan Sherwoods, Old Dan and Little Dan. Dad used to hunt with Old Dan. I can remember seeing the two of them skinning a bear they had killed out in the Oyachen Creek area in, probably, mid-November. That was when I learned how much a skinned bear resembles a human. They had shot the bear in its den.

Years later, when I was logging a patch of land for my Uncle Glenn Galbraith, I came upon a suspicious-looking downed tree. I could see there was a hole of some kind under the root ball at the tree's butt, so I got off my skidder and went to have a look. Back in that dark space were two eyes looking back at me. It was a young black bear, looking kind of drugged. I slowly backed away, got back on my skidder and minded my own business. After I learned what a den

might look like, I found a couple more dens later. They just dig out enough room for themselves, being sure water won't run in on them, usually putting some leaves, pine needles, or grass for insulation, and that's their bed for winter.

Little Dan lived out past Benjamin Lake for a while, and then in a former schoolhouse/jail that had been moved from Wellpinit around the meadow to where the Long House now stands. He worked for Dad logging and did other jobs around the area – seems like he was also a fire lookout guard. He was one of the war dancers who could really make you think a war was going to happen. Little Dan Sherwood, Stinkbug (Paul Eiljah), and Paul Phillips were good war dancers.

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Chick, Judge, Wig at log home 1937-8

One time at a powwow, I can remember a sudden outburst of excitement. All of a sudden there came three horsemen riding full bore right through the crowd. Those three were my dad, Clair Wynecoop, Frank Wynne, and John B. Flett. I guess they decided to liven things up, plus there was a little bit of “hoo-haw” involved.

Frank Wynne was another person of interest. He was usually really solid and steady, and not wild at all. He worked for BIA Roads for as long as I could remember, and

he was my friend Banjo’s dad. One time, probably in 1944, we were awakened at summer daylight by noises out in our front yard. The yard was a “lawn” of decomposed granite, which was very rough on skin. There was a wrestling match going on between Frank and Dad, along with John B., who was refereeing or just watching. Seems John and Frank had been out doing a little drinking when Frank decided he wanted to go wrestle Speelya (Dad’s Indian name). There wasn’t a fight going on, it was just in fun.

Dad told us stories of when he was a kid. His family lived out of Wellpinit, either at the Spokane River ranch below Cayuse Mountain, or the place where Aunt Esther Wynecoop (Pierre, Bair) wound up living. To go to school, the kids had to walk past the Day School, which was the building mentioned earlier that Little Dan Sherwood wound

up with years later. Dad said there was rarely a time that a fight did not erupt as they tried to get past the other school on their way to the public school at Wellpinit. He said there were usually kid fights and dog fights just about daily. Why there were two schools I don’t know. This school building was used as a jail later. The jail had been in the basement and, of course, there were wild tales of people dying or being tortured and killed in it.

Anyway, while we still lived in the log house Dad built just north of Wellpinit and where Dad and Mom ran a dairy, we also had land south of Wellpinit where we grew hay and used the meadow for pasture for the dairy herd. We kids – Wig, Chick and me – had to move the herd back home in the evenings. That meant we had to come past that jail, which was unoccupied except for the ghost we were certain lived in that basement dungeon.

More Ghosts

It was at this time there were other ghosts to worry about. Up in the northwest corner of our pasture, there was a gap in the timber – kind of a trail through there – and the story was that an Indian policeman had killed a bad guy there years before. This one time, we were down in the field at just about dark and I guess it was a person wearing a white shirt who came out of that gap in the woods and it, he, whatever it was, seemed to float down across our grain field. The grain, I think probably oats, was about waist high. We started to yell at this entity but thought that we better not let it know where we were. Never did find out what it was.

Another part of the problem was a radio program we had heard on the weekly “Death Valley Days.” This episode was about “Walt’s White Thing.” The story was told of an entity that, whenever it was spotted by a person, that person died! So, to us, we were surrounded by bad ghosts or spirits, and Lord knows what they would do to us. Seeing that white-shirted thing go down across our oat field, we were sure it had to be Walt’s White Thing and were we going to die. Well, we didn’t, yet. Wait a minute, Wig is gone.

(To be continued...)

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The Odd Duck

Article & Photos by D.L. Kreft

“Odd duck” is an old English idiom. It means “a person who is unusual, eccentric, or different from others.” It might be used as a gentle term of endearment, or it can be used in a negative tone as a form of judgmental assessment of someone’s character or behavior. Regardless of the intent, we use “odd duck” to describe people, but not ducks! A couple of years ago, I had a true odd duck encounter.

Late in March, right around the spring equinox, Lake Roosevelt is very low as the Bureau of Reclamation siphons incredible amounts of water to fill Banks Lake, lifting millions of tons of water against the forces of gravity and friction by massive power plants at Grand Coulee Dam. That reservoir serves as the main starting point used to recharge the 1,700 miles of irrigation canals, ditches, and wasteways of the Columbia Basin Project.

All that to say that, when this happens, the surface of Lake Roosevelt drops dozens of feet, exposing mudflats normally covered by slow-moving waters. These exposed mudflats are magnets for spring migrating waterfowl such as swans, geese, ducks and shorebirds. And this is where that unusual duck was found.



American/Eurasian wigeon hybrid.

Scanning the exposed mud at the Kettle Falls marina boat basin, I noted several species of birds dabbling in the mud, probing for seeds, root stalks and tubers, worms and other tasty invertebrates. There were Canada geese, killdeer, mallards, green-winged teal, American wigeons and ... what’s this? Feeding with its head and bill buried in the mud was a different duck, one not normally seen here – the Eurasian wigeon. It was a male with a distinct burnt orange head and breast, teal blue bill with a black tip, and a dappled gray back and white rump patch under its tail feathers. Wow! This was a great sighting.

The Eurasian wigeon (*Mareca penelope*) is a vagrant bird from northern Europe, Russia and east Asia. They are not common in our area, but not really rare, either. I usually see at least one each spring. The genus name, *Mareca*, is derived from Brazilian Portuguese referring to any kind of small duck. The specific epithet, or species name, *penelope*, comes from ancient Greek mythology.

I don’t know if kids these days learn Greek mythology, but those of us from a bygone era in the twentieth century might remember that Penelope is the name of the wife of the Greek hero Odysseus. She is celebrated for her loyalty and cleverness, famously waiting 20 years for Odysseus to return from



American wigeon (left) Eurasian wigeon (right front), mallard hen.

A Fresh Air Perspective

the Trojan War while fending off numerous suitors. Be that as it may, if you know much about duck biology, you know that fidelity is not always their strongest feature.

This one probably got lost over the eastern tip of Russia, crossed the Bering Sea and followed the North American coastline until it fell in with other dabbling ducks like American wigeons and mallards. It likely wintered in the Central Valley of California and was now making its way north in the spring, along with other birds of a similar feather. And now, here it was, in my backyard, so to speak. This kind of find is why I keep scanning mudflats and shallow waters in the spring. You never know what might show up.

I guess the key to spotting the odd duck among hundreds (sometimes thousands) of migrating waterfowl is knowing the common ones so well that the exception stands out like a sore thumb. Hours spent searching rafts of water birds bobbing on the open waters of Lake Roosevelt or loafing on exposed sandbars have helped me recognize a species by size, shape, vocalization and behavior, even before I see the color of a single feather. But not always.

I've also been fooled a number of times as a result of overconfidence, and by the frustrating hybrid individual that pops up now and then. In my research, I found that Eurasian wigeons regularly hybridize with several other duck species (so much for fidelity). These interspecies dalliances include Eurasian wigeon hybrids with northern shoveler, gadwall, mallard, American wigeon (of course), green-winged teal and northern pintails. I have seen one American/Eurasian hybrid, at the Kettle Falls wastewater treatment ponds. It had me fooled for a bit.

So many times in life I have passed by the oddity because I was in a hurry or too focused on another objective to notice. It's human nature, I suppose. Am I getting any better at slowing down and observing? Not much, really. There's so much to see that I haven't seen. Ironically, I would see more if I did slow down. And in those slower moments I'd be more likely to find the unique, the eccentric, the oddity.

I just can't seem to sit still. I'm just a strange duck, I guess.

Now that he is retired, Dave is enjoying life as a nature photographer, writer, and administrator of the Northeast Washington Birders Group, @NEWABirders, on Facebook.



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Hey There All!

By Becky Dubell

Are you ready for the kids to head back to school? Do you have a family tradition that you do with the youngsters for the beginning of school? Jim and I would take Darcy and Jamie out to dinner to the old Chinese place that is now the Radio Shack. The girls

still talk about those “celebrations.”

How many of you out there had youngsters involved with the NE Washington Fair? AND how many of you were involved with the fair back in the day? AND – going back even further – how many GRAND-

PARENTS of this year’s participants had exhibits at the fair back in the day? I happen to be dating a gentleman that exhibited cattle at the fair back in the day who is a great-grandpa. So ... how many of you are GREAT-GRANDPARENTS bragging about your youngsters? Do we have any GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPARENTS? Do you still have some of the ribbons or trophies? Or are they stored at your mom’s? Are the plans for next year’s project already in the works?

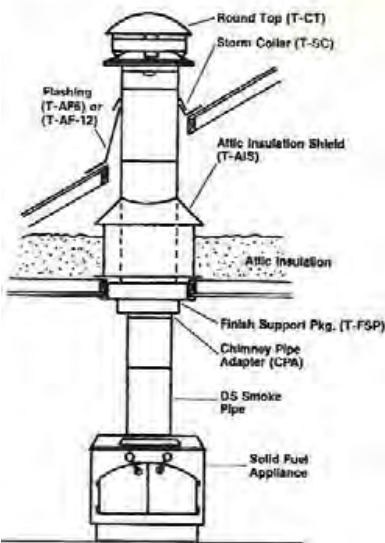
It has been a very busy time since getting back from Alaska. My daughters tell me that when I returned, I was very relaxed and chilled out. It seems, though, that the longer I am in Colville the more hyper I am becoming. I realize that Colville is a little – well maybe a lot – faster-paced than Skagway.

I have become a fan of the slower pace in my life. I want to be able to schedule my time to fit in with my family and personal activities – soccer games, first day of school, basketball games, visits to the campgrounds, trim the trees, clean out the chicken coop, clean out the shop, get BB back on the road, plan the Alaska Picnic, remodel the tub into a walk-in shower, sell my car, trip to Seaside for a Pronto Pup with a stop at The Dalles for the bean soup at Cousin’s Inn – and the list goes on. Hey! I thought I was going to get back to the slow pace. Oh good grief! But these things are all for me.

Oh ... and go fishing with my telescoping pole that does not have a hook attached cuz that would mean more work – clean and cook!

When you leave Skagway weather where 68 is hot and come to 90+ with

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at least four fires within three miles it is a wake-up call. I had the retardant planes – the big guys – flying right over the peak of my roof and was able to see the wheel wells. I’m thinking there must have been over 15 planes. I’m sure they could not see me but every time they flew over, I did the sign language for “Thank you.”

One thing I did learn during this experience was what is most important to me to grab and bug out. Pictures can be replaced but the handmade items were in my car along with the important papers. Daughter Jamie was on her way to Montana and gave me a list which included her two cats and some important papers in a file box. I could not find the papers where she told me and that has now changed. They will be visible during “Bug-out Season.” And the cats will become a bit more friendly with me.

We had a long-distance view of the groundwork where the firefighters on the ground were doing back burning. It looked like about seven backfires in the picture we took. But. You zoom in and the number really multiplied. The air crew and ground crew are my heroes – volunteer lunch bag preparers, porta-potty crew, office/radio operators, volunteer firefighters, and the neighbors making sure all are okay. This picture shows the facilities that

most of these heroes make do with during the season. When I saw the firefighters out and about the town, it was a very humbling experience for me. Never had any problem with the young people – and they were mostly young men and women. My hope is that they come away from this experience with a greater appreciation of what can happen in this world and grow with it.

**Thank you
from the bottom of my heart.
Be Safe!**

I have learned something interesting since being home. In Skagway I was always given directions in what I call Skagwaynese language: “You know. She lives in the house right next to where Bob lived with his second wife.” And, of course, everyone else at the table knew exactly where that was, except me. Well. It also happens in Colville. Daughter Jamie was telling me where the first fire started out here. “You know the house we were looking at buying on Mahoney Road?” “Nope.” “Well. Down from the house were the girl lived that gave us lice.” “Oh yep!”

Also learned that I could still kinda run. Got done putting the chickens to bed about 8. Went into the house. Had to put something in the car. Went out and kicked something that

was on the ground. Looked down cuz I knew there was not a rock there. It was black and white and I found out I could run around the car with this thing right behind me. Why was I looking?!? Got in the house. Didn’t get sprayed but could smell slight skunk for about five days. Icky poo! First time for everything, I guess. Welcome home Becky!

Looking forward to seeing more of you on my Sunday and Monday workdays at the Do-It Center.

Personal note: Alaska Potluck Picnic on September 27, City Park, southeast corner, noon until the bellies are full and all stories are shared.

Becky is a mother, grandma, and great-grandma who is all about family and friends, loves northeast Washington, and follows the mantra: “It is what it is and it will become what I make it.”



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My 45-Year Affair

By Rich Leon

Before you get your knickers in a knot about the title of my article, let me explain my situation. My affair isn't with a person. Believe it or not, it is with a mountain. Not just any mountain but Mt. Spokane. Admit it, you were ready to write me off as some dirty old man. Well, you were about half right.

I am going to take you back in time and tell you how this affair came about.

Dinosaurs were roaming the countryside. ... Okay, not that far back.

I was born and raised in eastern North Dakota where the land is as flat as a tabletop. The only mountains I saw when I was growing up were in the National Geographic magazines.

So how does a flatlander come to have an affair with a mountain? I will give you the condensed version because it would probably take half this publication to give you all the details.

After high school graduation, my best friend and I went to work for a small local meatpacking plant and then it was on to the National School of Meat Cutting in Toledo, Ohio. After the eight-week course, they helped us find jobs. My friend went to Denver, and I went back to North Dakota to work at a Piggly Wiggly store in Williston.

I took a vacation one summer and drove out west to see my folks, who were spending the summer in Sandpoint, Idaho. That trip was the first time I had ever seen real mountains and it was love at first sight. I knew that I wanted to come back someday and work somewhere in the Pacific Northwest. At the time I didn't think

it would take as long as it did.

After four years in Williston, I took a job with Safeway in Las Vegas, Nevada. Six months later I was on my way to Lovelock, Nevada, 90 miles north of Reno. I spent two years there, got married and then it was back on the road again. This time to Butte, Montana, where our daughter was born. After four long years in Butte, my wish of coming back to the Pacific Northwest finally came true as I got a transfer to Spokane.

Driving in, there was my first view of Mt. Spokane. I didn't know it at the time, but it would become the grand prize in my long quest.

I wasn't able to do any hiking on the mountain until the following spring, as there were just too many things to take care of that first summer. We bought a house in north Spokane, which we still live in today. It is a great location, with one Safeway to the north of us and another to the south.

Over that first winter in Spokane, I got myself a new pair of hiking boots, and a new backpack, which I filled with everything I would need for my mountain hikes. I didn't use hiking sticks in those days. It wasn't until I was in my late 50s that I started using them, and losing them, as many of you well know from reading my articles.

I started hiking the lower trails first and slowly worked my way up the mountain. One day I decided I wanted to drive up to Vista House, which sits at an elevation of about 5,900 feet with spectacular views of the Cabinet mountains and the Selkirk Crest in north Idaho.

At the time, I was driving an old Dodge Ramcharger. It felt like driving a tank up the mountain. I was afraid someone in a big rig would come down the mountain too fast and push me over the edge. I was really glad to get to the top after my white-knuckle drive. It may sound crazy, but I would rather stare down a moose than drive a narrow mountain road.

I have been to Vista House many times since, but that was the one and only time that I drove. Since then I hiked. That was much more enjoyable and a lot less stressful.

Fast-forward to the present. It seems like only yesterday that I started my 45-year affair with the mountain. In that time, I saw new trails built, some old ones closed off, and some rerouted to make them a better hiking experience. Over the years I took many groups out huckleberry picking and on forays to look for morels and other edible mushrooms and wild edible plants. I met a lot of really interesting people on the trails over the years and had some scary animal encounters.

Looking back on my 45 years, I wouldn't change one minute of my time on the mountain.

How much longer will I be able to do this? I really don't know. If you are up on Mt. Spokane and see some old guy wandering around like he is lost, it is probably me looking for one of my lost hiking sticks.

Rich Leon is a nature photographer, co-author of three hiking guides, avid hiker for the past 40 years and a maker of nature calendars, especially mushrooms, and can be contacted at richleonphotos@aol.com.

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Featured Dining & Lodging 2025

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ADDY INN: A full menu, family-style restaurant just a block off Hwy 395. A local favorite, Addy Inn boasts an Addy Burger that is a challenge to the largest appetites. Steaks, fish, burgers, specials and desserts. Enjoy the old west atmosphere or slide up to the unique bar. A creek and shady deck complete this adventure. Join us for your next outing! 509-935-6137.

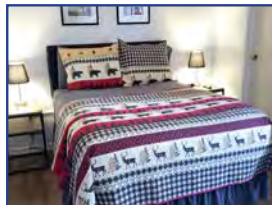


Chewelah

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CHEWELAH MOTEL & RV PARK: Play and stay at the edge of a vast wilderness with all the conveniences of home. 311 S. Park St. chewelahmotelandrvpark.com. 509-935-4763.



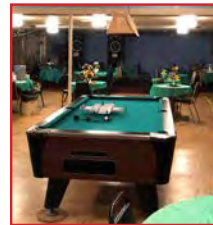
Colville



ACORN SALOON & FEEDING STATION: Breakfast, lunch & dinner 7 days a week with daily specials. Cocktails and cold beer, pool tables and pull tabs. Mon-Thur: 7am-9pm, Fri-Sat: 7am-10pm, Sun: 8am-9pm. 262 S Main., 509-684-3337, find us on Facebook!

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



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 Thur-Sat, 7am-8pm, and Sun, 7am-2pm. 153 W 2nd Ave. 509-684-2494.



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POUR HOUSE: A fun, family-oriented craft beer tap house and restaurant offering burgers, paninis, salads and wraps, 30+ taps, wine, and fun atmosphere. Banquet / event center / conference room for private parties and meetings. Mon-Thur, 11am-8pm, Fri & Sat, 11am-9pm. 202 S. Main. 509-685-7325. Facebook.com/PourHouseColville.

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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.

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Kettle Falls

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& GRILL: Established in 1976 in historic Kettle Falls Washington, the gateway to the Upper Columbia River waterway. We serve up home-style bar & grill food in a warm and family-friendly environment. Open 7 days a week for lunch & dinner, Saturday and Sunday breakfast 7 am - 11 am., 305 E 3rd Ave., 509-738-2623.



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CHINA BEND B&B:

Luxurious lodging at the China Bend Winery Estate. Gourmet breakfast and complimentary wine tasting. Custom dinner available by reservation. Tasting Room open Mon-Sat. Call for Private Tasting with the Wine Maker or to arrange for a special occasion. Northport-Flat Creek Road along the Columbia River at 3751 Vineyard Way. 509-732-6123, www.chinabend.com.



Ione

CEDAR RV PARK:



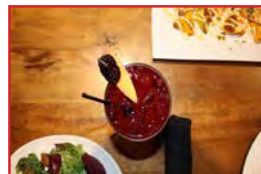
Come enjoy the beautiful Pend Oreille River and make Cedar RV Park your base-camp for year-round outdoor activities. Full RV hookups, fully furnished cabin, tent camping, laundry, showers, dump station, VERY fast Wi-Fi/

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Orient

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Where everyone is family. Serving home cooking and prime rib on Fri. Spirits, beer, wine and hard ice cream.

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*Call or Text Us Today for your **FREE** Market Analysis!*

Kettle River Waterfront Paradise: it's like buying your own park! Elegantly built home with an open floor plan, vaulted ceilings with lots of windows to let the sunlight and views inside. Floor to ceiling tiled wood stove in the living room with a spacious redwood deck to watch the river flow. Special crafted kitchen with Acacia wood counter tops from Africa, hickory cabinets with an abundance of counter space and storage, large dining room with a private viewing deck. Primary bedroom with jacuzzi tub, walk in shower and closet plus electric fireplace. Plenty of bathrooms for entertaining and sleep overs. Separate cabin with running water, electricity and private outhouse in a serene setting with large deck, trees and expansive yard. Plenty of water with a private well and 2 car Carport with storage, RV Carport & shed. 6.57 acres.



MLS# 44847

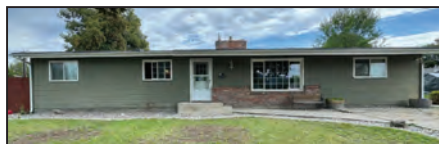
\$869,000

Wait until you see this Barnominium Home! One-of-a-kind beauty, located on 30 acres with amazing views of the Columbia River, mountains, sunsets and a seasonal creek. 3 bedrooms 3 baths plus a craft room, (the 2 upstairs bedrooms are suites) and 2 living areas, hardwood floors throughout. open kitchen, dining and living room. Partial basement for cool storage and all your water treatment and equipment. Large viewing deck for relaxing and enjoying the views. Covered parking, and wood storage, wood and propane heat, Kohler 12KW generator wired in, 16'x16' summer guest house, 3 50'x17' storage sheds, 30'x20' tractor shed, chicken coop, large, fenced garden with fruit trees, berry bushes and grapes.



MLS# 44654

\$495,000



MLS# 45069

\$320,000

Very Nice 4-bedroom 1.5 bath home with beautiful hardwood floors, brick fireplace, extra living area, open kitchen dining area, walk-in pantry, lots of storage and a slider out to the covered patio and large fenced yard. Centrally located to all amenities and schools.

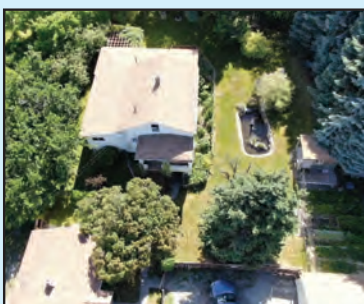


MLS# 44937

\$269,000

HOME FEELS LIKE A BRAND NEW HOME, Complete remodel & ready to move into. Beautiful remodel with new windows, flooring, walls, doors, new efficient kitchen w/ big closet pantry, large dining area, laundry room & updated bathroom, large corner lot with 2 off street parking areas, room to garden, deck, and a 10 x 16 storage shed, located minutes from Lake Roosevelt and boat launch. Home okay for FHA, VA Financing. THIS IS ONE LEVEL LIVING AT ITS BEST!

2 HOMES: Fantastic opportunity to live in one home and have a rental or guest home too. Beautifully updated 1930s home with stunning hardwood floors, primary bedroom & walk-in closet, updated bathroom with claw foot tub and shower. Door out to your own private deck to enjoy the peaceful setting. New appliances in the updated kitchen with pass through opening to the living room, gas log stove and French doors out to the pergola covered deck. Fenced garden area with shed and a separate greenhouse style shed. Year around pond with pump for watering and a creek that is spring fed. There is a French drain installed around the main house and an outside entry to the basement where the laundry is located and 2 cool storage rooms, Updated 1940 2-bedroom 1 bath ADU with its own fenced side yard. There is so much to this property you just have to see it to appreciate the beauty. The soil is incredible and the creek runs all year. The property is fenced with a few access options for easy entry to both yards. Plus a 2 car garage that has been freshly painted.



MLS# 44446

\$449,000

Peaceful setting in a very private location. Crafted log sided home with covered deck, large carport, workshop with loft, separate dry cabin, garden shed and a 14 ft door RV shop. Beautiful double fenced garden with 2 sets of grape vines. Local rock landscaping around the house. Open kitchen, dining, and living area on the main floor with easy access to the deck. Wood cabinets and built in pantry. The woodstove will keep you warm all winter. Upper-level hosts a very spacious bedroom with full bath, easy access closet with built in amenities, there is a total of 3 bedrooms 2.5 baths. Daylight basement with patio and a propane stove to heat the home if you have to leave. There is even 220 amp in the carport for an electric car hook up. You have to see this home to appreciate the beauty!



MLS# 44881

\$619,000



MLS# 45002

\$230,000

A beautiful setting with room to garden, just off the Columbia with water views and close to town. Some established grapes and raspberries to get you started. Features 2 bedroom, with a 3rd extra room for games or additional sleep space. Attached 1 car garage. Starter home or bring your tool belt and bring up to date with your own personal touches.



MLS# 44583

\$879,000

Waterfront Oasis: Listen to the sounds of the Kettle River from this stunning, custom built home situated on 6.52 acres bordering the Kettle River. Large open floor plan with views from the kitchen, dining and living room. Plenty of windows to bring the beauty of outside inside. Main floor living with radiant heat, laundry and primary bed and bath. A beautifully finished basement includes wet bar, stone floors, a wood stove, bed and bath, lots of windows and an outside entrance. Two decks for your entertaining enjoyment & oversized 2 car garage. Secondary house for family and friends, that includes a kitchen, bath and huge bonus room with pool table and room for several sleeping areas and includes 2 car garage. In-ground sprinkler, huge woodshed with storage, Screened gazebo and shed. Custom wood working throughout this home, radiant heat, wood stove and a mini split is included and the pad is in it just needs to be installed. Generator stays, 220 on the outside of the garage and STAR Link service stays - you just have to sign up.

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