



Talking Turkey for Thanksgiving



by Bob Johnson

I had just turned 21 when I encountered a "Wild Turkey" for the first time. Friends had taken me to a strip club — my first and only visit to such an establishment — and at one point during the evening, I was served a glass of Wild Turkey, neat. Only years

later did I learn that the Wild Turkey I consumed that night was a bourbon, and that "neat" meant it came with no ice, no water and no other mixers.

Truth be told, I didn't particularly like the flavor of Wild Turkey. My 21-year-old palate was better suited for beer, and even more so for my favorite drink at the time: milk.

And that's about all I remember about that night at the strip club — which probably is a blessing.

It had been decades since I'd thought about Wild Turkey, but one day after moving to the Inland Northwest, I saw a scrawny-looking bird loitering next to the road, seemingly looking for food.

"What is that?" I asked my wife.

"It's a wild turkey," the lovely Michelle replied.

"Seriously?" I asked.

"Seriously," she said.

"Like a Thanksgiving turkey?"

"No. You wouldn't want to eat that."

We drove another half-a-mile, and about a dozen wild turkeys came into view. It was fascinating to watch them spread out across a narrow strip of the shoulder, then scurry to safer ground when a car traveling in the other direction drew close.

The journalist's mind works in mysterious ways, and the encounter with Inland Northwest wild turkeys prompted me to want to learn more about Wild Turkey bourbon. It turns out that it's a spirit first formulated by brothers John and James Ripy in 1869, and sold at their family distillery on Wild Turkey Hill in Lawrenceburg, Ky.

But it wasn't labeled "Wild Turkey" at the time. That didn't happen until 1940, when a succeeding distillery executive shared his bourbon with

friends on a hunting trip — a hunting trip targeting wild turkeys.

Were they hunting for food or hunting for sport? The answer to that question could not be unearthed, but I know what my wife's opinion would be.

I hadn't given wild turkeys a second thought until a few weeks later when I was having some stitches removed following another Mohs surgery — the result of one unprotected summer of my misspent youth.

Not that wild turkeys have anything to do with skin cancer. It's just that the nurse who was removing the stitches lives alongside a road that had just recently been paved, and she was lamenting the fact that the speed limit had been increased from 30-mph to 50-mph.

"There are a lot of wild turkeys who live alongside that road," she said, "and they don't move very fast. I'm afraid a lot of them are going to get hit, and that sucks because we're invading their habitat."

She told me about the history of that road. At first, about half-a-mile from the highway, two houses were built and an unpaved road was put in so the owners could access them. Over time, more houses were constructed, some closer to the highway and some deeper into the heavily wooded area. The unpaved road was extended as needed.

Today, she said, there are about 150 houses from the beginning of that road to its end. It's about a two-mile stretch.

"I think they paved it mainly for the people who live the farthest from the highway," she continued. "I would have been perfectly happy if they'd left it unpaved. But the worst part is the speed limit. There's no reason for it to be 50."

As a silent form of protest, she said she continues to drive at 30. Sometimes it's not so silent when someone gets on her tail and starts honking. The honking does not compel her to drive faster, though. If anything, it prompts her to ease back on the gas pedal.

She admitted that's probably not a great idea in a part of the country where so many people are

armed, but said she's banking on the fact that she's a woman, and a man is less likely to go all nuts-o on a woman.

"What about the nuts-o women?" I asked.

She paused, clipped another stitch, and replied, "Good point. I'm just worried I'm going to start seeing a lot of dead wild turkeys on the side of the road."

I told her I understood how she felt and hoped her fears didn't come true. With that, she placed a steri-strip on my mostly healed wound. I bade her farewell until the next Mohs adventure and immediately began seeking information on turkeys of the non-alcoholic kind because, after all, November is upon us and this is their month, although not necessarily in the most positive way.

The first thing I learned is that what I was taught in grade school about the first Thanksgiving dinner involving the Pilgrims and the Wampanoag people in 1621 most likely did not include turkey on the menu. This was disturbing because I had devoted countless hours to coloring pictures of Pilgrims with turkeys and cutting construction paper into turkey-like shapes. If there were no turkeys at the first Thanksgiving dinner, and I'd wasted all that time on coloring and cutting, what did that say about the rest of my education?

Further research revealed that around 30 states had formalized "a day of thanks" by the mid-1800s, so by the time President Lincoln declared an annual national day of Thanksgiving in 1863, the country was ready. That included our farmers, who had already begun to domesticate wild turkeys.

Then in the 1900s, as agriculture became more industrialized, turkey farmers mirrored the preferences of Hollywood directors and sought larger and larger breast sizes. Today, there's even a National Turkey Federation, which I presume is similar to the Screen Actors Guild, representing the 210 million turkeys raised on farms.

Wild turkeys, on the other hand, likely have no such representation, even though they're the ones

Continued on page 7...

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Taste Budz Review: El Ranchito



By Zack & Brooklyn Bolin, Facebook:
Taste Budz, Instagram: [tastebudz_spokane](https://www.instagram.com/tastebudz_spokane)

Zack and I were due for a lunch date, so we decided to stop in at El Ranchito in Chewelah.

What we enjoyed:

- ~Sopa De Tortilla
- ~Carne Burrito

Now that it is fall, all I ever want to eat is soup. I was so excited to try their Sopa De Tortilla and it did not disappoint. The base was a savory chicken stock loaded with petite diced onion, cilantro, and tomato. There were big juicy chunks of chicken breast and thick strips of corn tortillas. They topped it off with perfectly ripe avocado slices and a light sprinkle of queso fresco cheese. Each bite was an absolute flavor bomb without being too spicy. It is the perfect meal to order on a cold day. Zack kept it simple but delicious and ordered a carne burrito. They take a humongous flour tortilla

and load it with generously seasoned ground beef. It's served smothered in shredded cheese and burrito sauce. They also offer it with shredded beef or chicken.

Since this was a lunch date, we skipped the cocktails. However, the jumbo margarita was calling my name and is definitely on my list for next time.

Their menu is extensive, with both an excellent vegetarian section and more diet-friendly meals like fish tacos. They even serve some classic American dishes in case you are with picky eaters.

Luis and Maria are the new owners of this restaurant and have brought it back to life with authentic flavors and excellent customer service. The interior of the restaurant was spotless, and our waiter was so fast, we were munching on chips and salsa as soon as we were seated.

Not only is the atmosphere excellent, but they are also open seven days a week, which is essentially non-existent in Chewelah. As for prices, everything is getting pretty expensive these days, but overall, they were fair, especially considering the portion sizes.

If you haven't been in since the change in ownership, stop back in and give them a try. From the attentive staff to the delicious dishes, I am sure you won't be disappointed.



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Learning to See What's Right in Front of Our Eyes



by Kerry Schafer

I'd forgotten about the stars. Not "forgotten" forgotten. I knew they were still up there, but they'd fallen off my radar. All summer long, when the dogs dragged me out of bed at 4 a.m., the sky was already moving into dawn. And when I'd crawl into bed at the other end of the day, the sun was still shining. By the end of summer, there were a few pale stars in the morning and at night, but not enough to really register until, seemingly suddenly and all at once, the early morning sky was breathtakingly full of lights.

I remember first learning as a child that the stars don't really magically appear at night, that they are always there in the sky. We just don't see them. I was blown away by this. Maybe even a tiny bit disbelieving. If something is really right there – something as awe inspiring and full of wonder as a sky full of stars – how can you not see it?

Life has taught me that stars are not the only thing I can't see that is right in front of my eyes. Sometimes it's my car keys. The other day it was the letter "E."

I was playing my daily Wordle when the "E" went AWOL. If you're not a Wordler, the goal of this online game is to guess a five-letter word. On this day, with this particular Wordle, I had become convinced that the creators of the game had lost their ever-loving minds. Given the particular constellation of vowels and consonants I'd already tried, and those still available to me, there was no possible way the word I was trying to guess existed in the English language. I was seriously annoyed with the obviously diabolical people responsible for this travesty.

And then I stepped away from the game to do something else. I shifted my focus, my attitude, and my mood. And when I looked at the puzzle again, I realized that I had not, in fact, ever tried an "E." And that the "E" was sitting right there looking at me (smugly, I felt), available for deployment. The puzzle word was actually just an ordinary English word, not a particularly difficult Wordle puzzle at all. The only problem had been in my own mind, where I'd convinced myself that the puzzle was impossible to solve.

This sort of thing happens a lot in our everyday lives. We talk ourselves into beliefs, mindsets, and expectations, and then we're not able to see anything that doesn't fit with what we're thinking. Like the car keys that we're certain we've lost, sitting right there on the counter where we left them.

Sometimes what we can't see is the solution to a problem. Recently I had myself convinced that I was never going to be able to leave the house for more than a few hours at a time for the rest of my life. Or at least, for the rest of the life of my adopted shelter dog, Fitz, who is afraid of everything and everybody. I left him in

boarding for a few days last year and it didn't go well. As a result, I'd begun to tell myself a whole woe-is-me story about how I would never be able to do anything or go anywhere.

And then, sort of like the stars becoming suddenly visible in the sky, it occurred to me to actually check around Colville and see if I could find a solution. And lo and behold, I discovered Colville Critter Camp, within a 15-minute drive of my house. This fabulous place offers doggy day care, which has turned into a weekly playdate and socialization session for my anxious pup. He's excited about visiting there now, and I feel 100% comfortable about leaving him in full-time boarding when I venture off on an upcoming trip.

I've been mulling how to be more open to possibilities lately, making a point of letting go of (or at least becoming more aware of) the thoughts and beliefs that are keeping me from seeing what is right in front of my eyes. If you want to give it a try, I think the first and most important step is being willing to let go of current thoughts and beliefs and accepting the possibility that there are other options right there in front of you. It can be helpful to make a point of physically opening your hands as you consciously choose to let go and be open to possibility. Then, take a deep breath (or two or three) and ask variations of the following questions:

- What might I be overlooking?
- I wonder if there's a way this could be easier or go more smoothly?
- What are all of the ways this project/situation could go right?
- How else might I look at this situation?

What often works brilliantly is to ask the questions, or write them down, and then go away and do something else while your brain runs an autopilot program.

You might just be surprised by an unexpected answer or solution popping up seemingly out of nowhere.

Colville resident Kerry Schafer (who also writes as Kerry Anne King) is the bestselling author of 14 novels and the co-host of The One Happy Thing Podcast. Learn more at www.allthingskerry.com.



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Getting By – Making Do



by Ray Bilderback

People of my generation were born in the Depression years, were school kids during World War II, and lived through post-war shortages. After the war, we still had shortages of building materials, appliances, new automobiles, etc. This was because we were helping much of the world recover from the war, including Russia, Germany, and Japan. By that time, my generation was quite used to rationing and shortages: shortages of money in the depression years, and a shortage of money and goods during the war.

But here's the thing, we didn't think of ourselves as poor. We were just like everybody around us. We were getting by, making do by mending our clothing, wearing hand-me-downs (I remember growing out of a favorite coat that was carefully cleaned and set aside; it would do just fine for my brother Jim in a pair of years).

We stretched our food budget by raising a victory garden, canning, drying, and pickling when foods were plentiful against a time when they were not. We were getting by, but no Caribbean cruises,

no student loans for college, no flying home for Thanksgiving, and no mink coats.

I suppose we were fortunate in some ways; there were few snack foods, few prepared foods of any kind. We cooked with basic ingredients.

How did we manage? In 1942, when I was 10 years old, my father worked at the Mare Island Shipyard in Vallejo, Calif. He'd been in that job for two years and was foreman for several rigging crews that worked on damaged ships. My mother kept house, raised three boys (Father worked most days), and tried to turn out nutritious and tasty meals using our food rationing book, which had a set number of stamps for various classes of food. Even though we lived in California, it was sometimes hard to get vegetables; many families had a victory garden and that helped some.

I was the oldest, so Mother told me what she needed, and I would take the list and some money, and walk a mile or so to a small country market. Due to shortages, I would often walk back with half the list filled. She might send me back with an alternate plan. Eggs were often in short supply, and butter was never available. You could only get a half dozen eggs at a time, but if you went back, as I did, you could

get another half dozen. There were four of us to feed and meat was often scarce. "Butter" was actually margarine, and it came with a little packet of coloring so it would look like butter (my brothers liked the job of mixing the color into the substitute). Nobody was fooled by the coloring, but we made do.

My father was an avid fisherman and on his rare days off, he would take me fishing. An old man owned a fishing pier that reached out 100 feet into the Carquinez Straits. It was good fishing. He would charge us 25 cents to use his pier, but we took catfish, flounders, and striped-bass home with us and usually shared with neighbors, though we rarely shared the flounders. Yumm.

A word here on the use of private vehicles: gas was frozen at 17 cents a gallon, but we didn't go far because our ration card only allowed us three gallons a month. Of course, doctors and people who produced food had a different ration card. It didn't matter much, tires were not as tough as they are now, and you could not buy a new one. Used tires were expensive. If you had a trip planned, you might borrow a neighbor's spare tire (it helped if you gave him fish). One thing and another, our '36 Chevy stayed parked at 198 Sims Avenue most of the time.

These are different times, but the basic needs are still there: food, housing, clothing and transportation. I hope you can use some of our generation's stories to help your budget. Use basic ingredients in your cooking, and cars are a huge expense (payments, fuel, maintenance, and insurance). Can you cut a car out of your fleet? Carpool? Reduce shopping trips by better planning? Can you cut out snacks, power drinks, and cell phones? Maybe you can clean out the chicken house. Get that going or plan to enlarge the garden next year?

I didn't say it would be easy, but I have faith in you. I'd wish you good luck, but good planning is better.

Ray Bilderback, creator of the Reuben Braddock novels, was born and raised in the Sierra foothills of California. He served in the U.S. Navy Seabees during the Korean War and taught for many years in the west. He makes his home in the mountains of eastern Washington with his archeologist wife, Madilane Perry. In the 1930s and 1940s, where I lived, we still used horses and hand tools, canned and preserved what we grew or raised, lit our kerosene lanterns, stoked our woodstoves. In my writing, I draw from those times like water from a sweet well."

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Smoke on the Water *The Steamboats of the Pend Oreille*



by Robin Milligan

If you stepped onto the Newport wharf on a warm July afternoon in 1908, the town would hum with expectation. Men in stiff jackets adjusted their hats, women smoothed their skirts against the midday heat, children ran between crates and bundles of mail, peering at the green river that moved like a living road beneath the rising sun. The steamer's boiler hissed, a faint rhythm against the paddlewheel's churn, sending plumes of white smoke into the sky. Wood groaned and creaked underfoot as deckhands pulled ropes and lifted crates. Somewhere in town, a band struck a lively march, the sounds floating faintly across the water. The captain's voice rang out over the chaos: "Stand by... all aboard." With a final tug, the boat slid from the dock, leaving Newport in a blur of heat, shadow, and motion, its familiar streets and wharves momentarily suspended.

The scene was ordinary to townsfolk, but extraordinary to an observer from afar. For nearly two decades, the Pend Oreille River was the lifeblood of Newport, a moving stage where commerce, leisure, and daily life intertwined. Steamers carried mail, milk, miners' tools, family luggage, and children bound for school. They ferried brides to weddings, families to Sunday picnics, and supplies to sawmills and mining camps. Each vessel threaded a complex web of communities, linking Newport, Sandpoint, Bayview, Hope, Lakeview, and a scattering of private landings tucked into the forested shoreline, many of which exist today only in memory or on old maps. The river, wide in places and narrow and treacherous in others, demanded skilled hands and careful navigation.

The first steamboat to serve Newport was built in the East, transported to Sandpoint, Idaho for assembly, and launched on the Pend Oreille River in 1888. This vessel heralded a new era, proving that steam could tame the winding currents and shallow stretches. Soon, other vessels followed. By the late 1890s, Newport was home to two prominent operators: the Pend Oreille River Navigation Company and the Idaho & Washington Northern Railroad. They competed fiercely, offering passage and freight services along overlapping routes. Vessels such as the Red Cloud and the Volunteer vied for passengers and cargo, each with its loyal clientele and distinct reputation.

One steamer that stood out in this lively river network was the Metaline, launched in 1907. Capable of making a Newport-to-Ione round trip in a single day, it was a marvel of local engineering and ambition. Captain Napoleon LeClerc, a French-Canadian immigrant celebrated for his skill and dedication, helmed the Metaline, guiding settlers, goods, and mining supplies through waters that could be unpredictable and swift. During the construction of the Idaho & Washington Northern Railroad, the Metaline was indispensable, ferrying workers and materials to sites where road travel was impractical and often impossible. Her decks saw cargo and passengers side-by-side: barrels of flour, crates of butter, families setting out for errands or leisure, and travelers with news from the outside world.

According to the *Newport Miner* (June 25, 1908), the steamer Lone entered regular passenger and freight service, departing every morning after the arrival of the early train. This scheduling illustrates how river and rail worked together to create a rhythm of movement for the valley and surrounding area. In July 1908, the *Newport Miner* noted that the steamer Ruth spent Sunday with a family at Metaline, making calls along the river, a vivid reminder that these boats served both practical and social functions. Landings that might seem remote today were carefully serviced, responding to the needs of farmers, storekeepers, miners, and their families.

Stepping aboard an excursion boat on Lake Pend Oreille, one would find carpeted cabins, cushioned seats, and perhaps a small dining counter or saloon. On the river, where space was limited and freight plentiful, cabins were shared by passengers and cargo alike, decks cluttered with crates, barrels, and sometimes wagons or livestock. Yet the utility did not preclude conversation or connection. The *Newport Miner* frequently chronicled the arrivals and departures of neighbors and friends: "So-and-so returned last evening by steamer from Ione," or "Visitors arrived via steamer Ruth." A steamer arrival was news, a connection, a moving meeting place where communities intersected.

Special excursions added a layer of leisure. The *Newport Miner* occasionally advertised Sunday outings: "Pleasure trip aboard the steamer to Bayview; music and light refreshments provided. Take in the shore view and join us." On such trips, passengers dressed in their finest, promenaded on

deck, chatted in shaded cabins, and watched the riverbanks roll past. While evidence of scheduled bands or dancing aboard inland steamers is scarce, the social energy was palpable, and special runs likely included music or informal entertainment. Large lake steamers were licensed to carry hundreds of passengers. River boats were limited by water levels and weather conditions, transporting dozens along with cargo. Photographs from the era capture decks crowded with people, freight, and a palpable sense of motion.

Schedules were governed by the seasons. Spring's high water expanded routes; summer and late-season low water restricted them. Winter sometimes curtailed service altogether, as ice or shallow channels made navigation dangerous. The *Newport Miner* showed daily runs on popular lake routes, multiple-week schedules for river links, and conditional landings for minor stops. Service was scheduled and regular but also responsive to the needs of the people, a blend of industrial rhythm and human improvisation.

A day on the Newport-to-Ione run in 1908 may have looked like this: the Lone waits at the dock shortly after the morning train arrives. Mailbags, crates, families, and tools are loaded. The captain loads coal into the boiler and checks steam pressure while deckhands pull ropes until taut. The whistle blows. The Lone moves from the shore, paddlewheel churning, sending concentric ripples across the water. Stops at Bayview, Hope, and Lakeview are brief. Mail is dispatched, passengers disembark, and freight is unloaded. At Metaline, the steamer pauses longer. Families board or depart. Locals bring jars of preserves or baskets of fruit. Tea or light fare may be served in the cabin. Conversations drift across decks. Children lean on rails to watch the forested shoreline slip by. By dusk, the boat returns to Newport, greeted by passengers and dockside neighbors alike. Each trip blends labor, commerce, community, and small joys.

The advent of the Idaho & Washington Northern Railroad in the first decade of the 1900s altered everything. Tracks offered a year-round, predictable connection that did not depend on river levels, ice, or currents. Freight shifted and passenger numbers declined. The *Newport Miner*'s steamer listings gradually thinned, replaced by notices of vessel sales and repurposing. Some boats, including those that had served faithfully for decades, were dismantled or sold. The river's pulse slowed, though it remained a repository of stories, memories, and community rhythms.

Even today, remnants of that era persist. The Pend Oreille County Historical Museum houses photographs, models, and artifacts from the steamboat years. They also have archives of periodicals that people can rifle through and read for themselves. Family scrapbooks contain handwritten ledgers of passengers, freight, and schedules. The hiss of boilers, the smell of coal, the laughter of children, the greeting of neighbors, and the fleeting sense of motion as Newport slid past the paddlewheel's wake. These fragments preserve more than technical data; they preserve the story of the river and the role it played in making Newport the beautiful place it still is.

Reading the *Newport Miner* allows us to reconstruct the everyday texture of a time when the valley was alive with smoke, steam, and water. The newspaper reveals a delicate balance between utility and leisure, commerce and connection. Steamboats carried settlers to their work, children to school, miners to their claims, and communities to social gatherings. They were stages for both mundane and extraordinary acts where the ordinary lives of the Inland Northwest became entwined with the motion of the river itself.

The first steamer, The Bertha, opened the era. Rival vessels like the Red Cloud and Volunteer raced for passengers and freight, while the Metaline, under Captain LeClerc, became a dependable workhorse for settlement and industry. The rhythm of departures and arrivals, the pause at Metaline, the casual stop at private landings, all paint a picture of a valley in motion. Alive, interdependent, and tied together by the steam of these remarkable vessels.

Though railroads eventually claimed the valley's arteries, the legacy of the steamboats endures. It is found in the *Newport Miner*'s clipped notices, in family recollections, and in the slow living memory of the Pend Oreille River itself. The smoke over water, the hiss of boilers, the creak of decks, and the laughter of passengers are all echoes of a vanished era, reminding us that, for a time, Newport and its surrounding settlements lived, moved, and were connected by steam, water, and human perseverance.

Robin Milligan is an artist and entrepreneur living in Spokane. She curates art shows, runs an IT company, and teaches ceramics and painting from her home studio. When not working, Robin spends her time with her three children exploring nature, rockhounding, making art, and swimming.

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They Paved Paradise and Put up a Dentist's Office



by Amy McGarry

There's a meme going around Facebook that says: "You know you're old when you drive around and say, 'I remember when all this was forest.'" As if I needed yet another reminder that I'm old. Yes, this meme hit home especially hard. Even if it's actually fields in Spokane Valley that I remember, not forests.

Coincidentally, my sister Mary and I recently drove to Ridgeline High School in Liberty Lake for a softball game. Poor Mary, who is even older than me and doesn't live in the Valley, was shocked during the drive. "I used to ride my 10-speed on this road to Liberty Lake and there was nothing here!" She was astounded by all the new industry. "This used to be just a country road. Look! There's even a Starbucks!" We're not in the '70s anymore, Toto.

From the time I was born until 1975, when I was seven years old, I lived in a house on the corner of Evergreen Rd. and Valleyway Ave. with Mary and a bunch of other sisters. Before 2003, when it was incorporated into Spokane Valley, this area was called Veradale. The name "Veradale" comes from Vera McDonald, the daughter of D.K. McDonald, who founded the community in 1911.

Vera also lent her name to her dad's electric water company, established in 1908, along with A.C. Jamison and Andrew Good, all local real estate entrepreneurs. According to the current Vera and Water Power website, "From 1907 to 1908, Vera's Number 1 Well was dug by hand providing irrigation and domestic water to small farms and mini orchards in Spokane Valley. The Number 1 Well still provides 3,000 gallons of water per minute to Vera's system when required."

More fascinating to me for as long as I can remember, is the Vera Pump House, or more commonly known to all the children in our 1970s neighborhood, the Witch's Tower. During the early '70s, us feral Gen X kids were free to roam the neighborhood by foot or by bicycle, with no supervision. But when we were between Valleyway and Broadway on Evergreen, we always stayed on the east side of the street until well past the Witch's Tower on the west side. Just in case. In those days, Evergreen was a mere two-lane, quiet, country road. Even across the street we were too close to the Witch's Tower for comfort.

I vaguely remember walking with younger kids and terrifying them with tales of how I'd seen the witch and how she ate children. I don't remember the details, but I must have been creative in my storytelling to elicit the fear in them – that I do remember. One thing that *never* changes, kids love to scare other kids.

While nothing else is the same on the west side of Evergreen these days, the Witch's Tower, or

"pump house" as they'd like us to believe, still operates to this day. It's comforting that some things do stay the same.

In the early '70s, that whole neighborhood, the blocks surrounding the two Evergreen and Valleyway intersections, was my personal little paradise. At the time I didn't know it was anything special – it was simply my home, my community, my neighborhood. We knew all the neighbors to the east of us who lived both on Valleyway and on Nixon. We knew them by name and I was free to visit all the houses on my own. The children in those houses were all my friends. My mom even babysat some of those neighborhood kids in the summer. They had working moms and needed at least some supervision when they weren't in school.



My paradise, at the corner of Evergreen and Valleyway, January 1971. You can see the church on the left with Vera Water and Power just farther back. Frieda's house is to the right. This front yard felt huge to me. The wall of rocks is hidden by tall dead grass.

One of the kids my mom babysat was a few years older than me and she became my best friend. We hung out and had sleepovers even when Mom wasn't being paid to watch her. With her wisdom as a nine-year-old, she taught me things, like how to make prank phone calls. She also showed me her brother's "dirty" magazines. Doesn't every child need an older friend to be properly educated and socialized?

In those days, the closest store was a Circle K on the corner of Evergreen and Broadway, where the Exxon gas station and convenience store is now. My friend's mom sometimes sent us to Circle K with some money and a handwritten note telling the clerk to sell us a pack of her brand of cigarettes. I was six years old at the time.

If we were lucky, we were given a little extra money to buy candy cigarettes, or another treat.

My absolute favorite, especially on a hot day, was a grape Slush Puppie. Sorry, 7-11, but a carbonated fluffy Slurpee in any flavor will never compare to a grape Slush Puppie with its crunchy little ice pellets. I still crave one occasionally. You could also get one at K-Mart back in the day, but K-Mart has gone down in the annals of history along with candy cigarettes and Renfros store on Sprague and Evergreen.

Other than Vera Water and Power and its Witch's Tower, very little construction lined the quiet, two-laned Evergreen Road in the mid-'70s. A few houses and lots of empty fields. There was a church just south of Vera and just up the hill from our house.

Adjacent to and south of the church was a huge, empty field. This field was directly across Evergreen from my family's house. We rode our bikes down the hill in that field so often we created dirt trails. That field also served as a makeshift softball field for the older kids when they had enough people to make teams.

To the north of our house, across Valleyway and a field, was the large house of the elderly Frieda. My mom and I paid her visits sometimes because she was elderly and lived alone. One of my very favorite spots was the short wall of big rocks, or small boulders, that separated Valleyway from Frieda's field. Anyone from Spokane Valley knows exactly what I'm talking about when I mention a wall of rocks separating a field from a road. Due to the glaciers that swept through the area, dropping rocks of all sizes in its wake, Spokane Valley has more than its fair share of rocks. (For all you Spokane Valley gardeners, yes, I know, that is an understatement.)

I could lose myself and all sense of time in those rocks – crawling, leaping, or just digging around. In the summer, purple and blue bachelor buttons grew prolifically among the rocks. They are still one of my favorite flowers. As a child, just as our small yard felt enormous, that rock wall felt distant from the rest of the world.

My father's job got transferred to Marengo Railroad Junction outside of Ritzville the summer of 1975, so my parents, Mary, and I moved out of the house on Evergreen. My parents rented that house in case we wanted to move back, and we did just that. In 1982, when I was 14, my parents and I moved back into that same house.

What a difference six years make! The yard seemed much smaller. The whole house seemed smaller. Many of our neighbors had moved out of the neighborhood. We had a whole new set of neighbors across the street living in duplexes built over our old softball/biking field. Sadly, Frieda had passed away. Her home and field were razed for new development. They paved paradise and put up a dentist's office.

...continued on page 7

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Paved Paradise

...continued from page 6

I moved out when I went away to college, but my parents lived on the corner of Evergreen and Valleyway until the year 2000, when they were given a choice. They could stay in their beloved house on Evergreen with all its treasured memories but lose their front yard and driveway to an expanded Evergreen Road, or they could sell the house and move, breaking my mother's heart. They chose to move because they paved paradise and put in three extra lanes.

It seems I was destined to be a Valley Girl, because when it came time for my husband and I to buy a home, we just happened to find our dream house just about a mile or so away from my old family home on Evergreen. It even has a rock wall separating our plot from the next-door neighbor's. How's that for kismet? But I've never seen any bachelor buttons growing there.

At about the same time I started seeing the, "You know you're old" meme, I took up a

morning walking routine in my neighborhood. One morning walk, just after dawn, on a whim I turned north down Progress from 8th Avenue. I have driven on that road a thousand times, but walking on the road was different. I came upon a wide-open field and a rock wall, just like the one that used to be on Valleyway. The dirt surrounding the rocks was full of wildflowers, including my ever-favorite purple and blue bachelor's buttons. I looked up, and a young deer was staring at me.

The rest of my walk home felt bittersweet. I was acutely aware of any new development, but more importantly, I paid attention to any pieces of land still unpaved. Because as the song goes, "You don't know what you got 'til it's gone. They paved paradise and put up a parking lot."

Amy McGarry grew up in Spokane Valley, Washington. After a 20 year hiatus, she moved back to Spokane Valley where she lives with her husband, daughter and two cats. She is the author of I am Farang: Adventures of a Peace Corps Volunteer in Thailand, available on Amazon.com, Auntie's Bookstore, and Barnes and Noble.



That's Evergreen Road and the field across from our house behind me. The intersections with Valleyway are just out of view to the left and right of this photo.

Thanksgiving

...continued from page 1

who could use it. This is especially true of the female wild turkeys who, without exception, have a dead-beat dad with whom to contend. In the wild turkey world, the fathers provide absolutely no parental care. Zero. Zilch. Nada. All gobble and no guidance.

Not that the mothers are much better. True, they allow their newly hatched chicks to follow them around for a few days, but that's just so they can learn to find food on their

own. Wild turkeys are foragers, and as the chicks grow, several hens get together with their broods and form gobble groups, similar to human coffee klatches. These groups can sometimes reach 200 turkeys, the size of a wall-to-wall league in a 40-lane bowling center – something that does not exist in the Inland Northwest where the centers typically range in size from 16 to 32 lanes.

As any experienced bowler could tell you, a "turkey" is a good thing in bowling. It's the term used to describe having rolled three consecutive strikes. In days of yore, in the weeks

leading up to Thanksgiving, some bowling centers would present a frozen turkey to any league member who paid a fee (typically in the \$2-\$5 range) and rolled strikes in the third, sixth and ninth frames of a given game. It wasn't a turkey for a turkey, but it was a cool thing – or, to be precise, a frozen thing.

As a side note, while you're not likely to encounter a wild turkey at your neighborhood bowling center, it's a pretty good bet the center's bar has a bottle or two of Wild Turkey on hand.

Which brings us full circle in this

feathered friend featurette. Except for the strip club part, which, since I am a happily married man, is best left in the haze of one overserved evening long, long ago.

A curious nature and willingness to ask hard-hitting questions has resulted in Bob Johnson receiving 99 national writing awards over the course of his career in journalism. Now a resident of North Idaho, he and his family enjoy exploring the Inland Northwest, and Johnson is asking lots of questions and sharing his observations with Huckleberry Press readers.

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 A B B R U S S E L S P R O U T S B R O C C O L I F
 Y A B S O U P W H T T B S P I N A C H G R A T I N
 Q Q A L N T H S G G E D E L I V E D J A F V A C S

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ApplePie	Casserole	CreamedCorn	Parsnips	Soup
Asparagus	Cauliflower	DeviledEggs	Pasta	SparklingCider
Baguette	Charcuterie	GlazedHam	PecanPie	SpinachGratin
BakedPotatoes	CherryPie	Gravy	Pickles	Squash
BerryCobbler	Chestnuts	GreenBeans	PumpkinPie	SteamedPeas
Biscuits	ChexMix	HotChocolate	Ribs	StuffedMushrooms
Broccoli	Chicken	Juice	RoastBeef	Stuffing
BrusselSprouts	Cornbread	MacaroniAndCheese	Rolls	Tofurkey
CandiedYams	CornishHen	MashedPotatoes	Salad	Turkey

Sudoku Puzzle Instructions:

Each Sudoku has a unique solution that can be reached logically without guessing.

Enter digits from 1 to 9 into the blank spaces.

Every row must contain one of each digit – so must every column, as must every 3x3 square.

Puzzle difficulty level is “Medium.”

See answer key on page 10.

Good luck!

	1			7	4		3	
			3			2		4
	3							5
	9	4	2					
			6		1			
					5	7	2	
	7							8
	9		6		3			
		8		1	2			4



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Berry Funnies

Jokes curated from the Internet and books, and created by Thea Cruden

How many bakers does it take to make a pie? 3.14.

What did the mashed potatoes say to the sweet potatoes? I Yam what I Yam.

What do you call a baker who only makes pies? The Pie-oneer Woman.

What did one pumpkin pie say to the other? "You wanna piece of me?"

What did Dad say when he was asked to say grace? "Grace."

What do sweet potatoes wear to bed? Yammies.

What did the Thanksgiving turkey say to the Christmas ham? It's nice to meat you.

Why don't side dishes tell jokes? They're too corny.

What is a turkey's favorite dessert? Peach gobblin'.

What role do green beans play in Thanksgiving dinner? The casse-role.

How did the salt and pepper welcome all the guests? By saying, "Seasoning's greetings!"

Why did the police officer stop Mom on the way home from Thanksgiving? Because she far exceeded the feed limit.

When is turkey soup bad for your health? When you're the turkey.

Which side of the turkey has the most feathers? The outside.

What key won't open a door? A turkey.

Why didn't the turkey want dessert? He was stuffed.

What do you call a turkey the day after Thanksgiving? Lucky!

What do you call a running turkey? Fast food.

What was the turkey thankful for on Thanksgiving? Vegetarians.

Can a turkey jump higher than a house? Yes, because

houses can't jump.

What's a popular Thanksgiving dance? The turkey trot.

Why did the turkey play the drums in his band? Because he already had drumsticks.

What did the Pilgrim wear to dinner? A har-vest.

What kind of music did the Pilgrims like? Plymouth Rock.

If April showers bring May flowers, what do May flowers bring? Pilgrims.

Why did the turkey cross the road? To prove he wasn't chicken.

What do you call unhappy cranberries? Blueberries.

Why did all the pecans go to space? They were Astro-nuts!

Where do you find a turkey with no legs? Right where you left it.

What smells the best at Thanksgiving dinner? Your nose.

What do people love to put in their pie? Their teeth.

Why do pilgrims occasionally eat candles? Sometimes, all they need is a light snack.

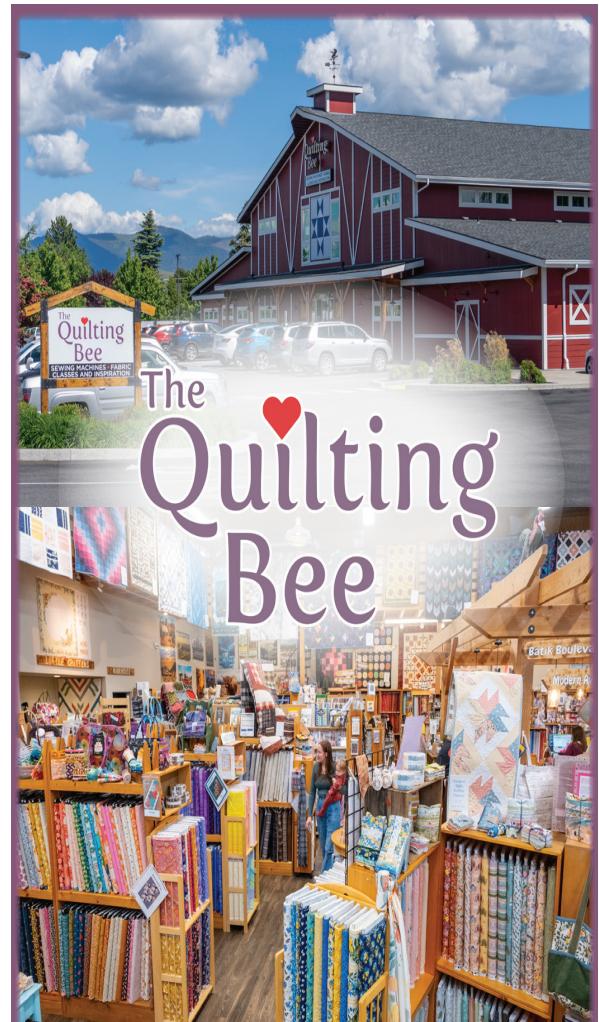
Why do Pilgrims' pants never seem to



stay on? Because their belt buckle is on their hat.

At what point does Christmas come before Thanksgiving? In the dictionary.

The hiccups. A man walks into a pharmacy and asks the assistant for something for his hiccups. The assistant immediately slaps him across the face. "Why did you do that?" the man asks angrily. "Well, you don't have the hiccups anymore, do you?" the assistant says. "No," the man replies, "but my wife does, and she's outside in the car."



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6	5	7	3	1	8	2	9	4
4	3	8	9	6	2	1	7	5
5	9	4	2	3	7	8	6	1
8	7	2	6	9	1	4	5	3
1	6	3	8	4	5	7	2	9
7	2	1	4	5	9	3	8	6
9	4	6	7	8	3	5	1	2
3	8	5	1	2	6	9	4	7

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'Tis The Pumpkin Season

By Cassie Patton

Many may enjoy a good slice of pumpkin pie on Thanksgiving. Especially as the aroma of pumpkin, cinnamon, ginger, and nutmeg fills the house with these earthy spices. However, some may be surprised to know that these popular spices did not begin with pumpkins.

Long before pumpkin spice became an American phenomenon, individual spices such as clove, cinnamon, ginger, and nutmeg shaped the history of trade routes. Spice routes were established around 3000 BCE and spices were traded at a high price with western products such as silver and gold.

The remote islands of Indonesia, where nutmeg was grown, became the main location of what is still considered the major supplier of this spice today. Ancient Egyptians would use cinnamon in embalming rituals and some medieval Europeans strongly believed this highly valuable spice could cure the plague. Thousands of years before ginger would become a staple in traditional pumpkin pie, it would be used, and is still used, in Chinese medicine for digestive purposes. Clove was used by ancient Romans to help freshen breath and to tame digestive issues as well.

It wasn't until the European settlers had begun to put down roots in America that the spice blend began to slowly emerge. The merging of "Old World Spices" with "New World" ingredients created a new industry in culinary history. One significant event that contributed to the pumpkin spice craze occurred in 1796, when Amelia Simmons published American Cookery. This cookbook combined imported spices with Native Americans' pumpkins and marked the growing independence from the cooking styles of European countries.

Fast forward to 1934, when McCormick and Company would come out with the famous, and still widely used, pre-made pumpkin pie spice blend. The spice blend contains cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg, and allspice. This began the rise of convenience foods and redefined accessible flavors to the middle class.

Which now leads me to the pumpkin spice latte (PSL). While many may know that Starbucks is one of the most famous coffee chains for their PSL, which was launched in 2003, they were not the first corporation to invent it. In the mid-1990s, some coffee roasters, including one in Tampa Bay, Fla., began experimenting with pumpkin spice flavorings for coffee, to massive success, which led to the widespread trend of pumpkin spice-flavored products today.

Cassie Patton, born and raised in Washington state, says she has always enjoyed writing about any topic possible. When not actively writing, she can be found baking up a sweet treat or watching football.

Enjoying the Outdoors



By Sophia Mattice-Aldous

If you've spent time in this area for any amount of time, you may know fall and winter is a popular time for the hunters to emerge. Maybe you've been gunning to get those deer or turkey tags (bad pun usually intended) so you can get out in the forest and fill said tags.

Whether you're an outdoor newbie or a seasoned veteran, practicing safety whilst traversing through our bountiful public lands is always a good idea. I've heard some people say

that they will never go hiking during hunting season which perplexes me because, if that's a

credence you stick to, your window to get outside and go is a very small one. Hunting season in Washington typically runs August through March.

Growing up, my dad went hunting every year and my brother joined him as soon as he was old enough to do so. I went hunting a couple of times but proved too fidgety and restless to be any good at it.

All of that to say that guns don't scare me, but I definitely pay attention and practice caution when I'm around a person who is carrying one. If hunting is not for you, there's nothing to say you can't continue enjoying hiking amongst our camouflaged compatriots. If you're like me and have the technological know-how of an ape trying to solve a Rubik's Cube, check out wdfw.wa.gov/hunting/regulations for dates, locations and what kind of hunting is happening during that period. Your local sporting goods store most likely has hunter's pamphlets you can get your hands on if you prefer something more tangible.

Hunting season is also the perfect time to look fabulous, i.e. indulge any desire you might have to wear bright pink, orange, yellow and/or neon. Make yourself a walking beacon of noticeability, so even the birds say, "Crap, is it mating season already?" Now is not the time for dark, moody recreational wear in the forest. No beige, which should be applied sparingly any time of the year anyway, but avoided during hunting season.

Since hunting is not my forte, but making noise is, walking the forest is the perfect time to do so. Sing Whitney Houston songs badly (unless, you know, you can actually sing), whistle, recite dirty limericks; whatever lets hunters know that you're in the area. If you're hiking with a dog, make sure you keep them on a leash and adorn them with their own eye-catching colors. A dog can look like a coyote or the backside of a deer to a hunter from a distance.

It's a pleasure to be in the woods during autumn. Just have a little forethought before you do and enjoy.

Sophia Mattice-Aldous is not a doctor, personal trainer or dietitian, so if you're looking for that kind of exercise and health column, it's not this one. However, she is a lifelong Washington resident and reporter with an affinity for The Great Outdoors who thinks fitness should be fun, and that looks different for everyone. For her, it's going outside. If you have questions and/or comments, including hiking suggestions, email sophiamatticealdous@gmail.com.

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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.

MLS# 44583

\$879,000



MLS# 44403

\$565,000

Over 3,000 sq. ft. in this 4 bed/3.5bath home on a large corner lot within an hour of Spokane, with golf course and ski hill as a part of your new community. This home highlights custom craftsman build including a theater stage and full screen wired for sound/ lights and projector for all your family and or entertaining possibilities. Chewelah's Peye Creek babbling through the front yard, under your very own bridge, lighted pathway and established native

and elaborate landscaped yard. Fully fenced back and side yard in addition to a 2 car attached garage with workshop. This home has it all and the room and design to accommodate a multitude of living enjoyment and options! Come see it today.

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

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!

MLS# 44937

\$269,000



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# 44881

\$599,000

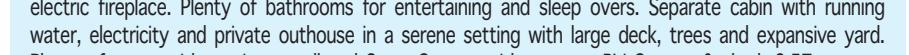
Peaceful setting in a very private location. Crafted log sided home with covered deck, large carport, workshop with loft, separate dry cabin, garden shed and a 14 ft door RV shop. Beautiful double fenced garden with 2 sets of grape vines. Local rock landscaping around the house. Open kitchen, dining, 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# 44847

\$869,000

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.



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