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Photo by Barbara Washburn

The robins tend to come around this time of year to check on Barbara's grapes. Quite pleased with this year's Sauvignon Blanc, they've gotten into a few little bird fights over the delicious fruit.

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Photo by Barbara Washburn

**A mix of odd weather patterns
- like an unusually wet spring
and warm autumn - along with
some human error has brought
a unique fire season to eastern
Washington. Washburn, here in a
small grove of pear trees, hopes
that the wildfire smoke won't af-
fect their fruit harvest out in the
Wenatchee area.**

ON THE COVER

Photo by Mike Irwin

**David Hutchinson and Cindy Macklin searched for a
together house in 2019 and knew instantly that this
custom-built beauty high up on Bally Hill in Twisp was
just what they needed. Former Bellingham residents, for
years they loved the Methow Valley as a vacation get-
away, and since 2019 it's become their fulltime home.**

THE Good Life®

This magazine would not exist without each and every one of the individuals you see below. However, this page is only so big, and each of these people deserves more space to talk about their lives, journeys and careers.

Read on to learn more about your favorites contributors, where you can see more of their work, and even ways you can reach out to them directly.

Each issue of The Good Life will have a slightly different makeup of contributors, so this page will also change accordingly.

- Joseph Claypoole, Editor



Historian, author, and teacher Rod Molzahn can be reached at shake.speak@nwi.net. His recent book, "What They Found, Stories of People in North Central Washington," is available at ncwstories.net and at retail locations throughout the area.



When he retired in 2013, Peter Bauer moved from Wenatchee to Winthrop for the snowy winters and closeness to nature. His blog, "American Safari," celebrating the beauty of the animal world (mostly birds), can be found at pbauwordpress.com.



Dan McConnell has drawn comics, political cartoons, caricatures and more for a variety of publications, including Reader's Digest, MAD magazine and The Good Life. His work is available online.



Sue Blanchard teaches pioneer history and is currently a resident of East Wenatchee. She is retired, blessed with time and creativity, and loves writing.



Susan Lagsdin has been writing articles for The Good Life, mostly about intriguing homes in the region and all kinds of artists, since 2009. A teacher, poet and Write On The River board member, she lives in East Wenatchee and spends horseback time in the Methow Valley. You can reach her at sjlagsdin@yahoo.com with story ideas.



Susan Blair is a published poet, writer and arts event organizer living in Wenatchee. She is also the editor of The Shrub-Steppe Poetry Journal. Reach her at sfblair61@gmail.com or visit the website, shrubsteppepoetry.org.



June Darling, Ph.D., can be contacted at drjunedarling@gmail.com; website at summit-groupresources.com. Her bio and many of her books can be found at amazon.com/author/june-darling.



Darlene Matule was once a self-proclaimed "closet writer" while working in "real" jobs at corporate offices. She's since published three books and received a PNW Conference Editor's Award. Her work is now available online.



Brad Skiff has a bachelor's degree from WWU in English/creative writing and a National Board teaching certificate in art. He currently teaches in the Bridgeport School District. In his spare time, Brad draws award-winning, weekly editorial cartoons for the Omak-Okanogan County Chronicle and Cheney Free Press.



Susan Rae Sampson is a retired courtroom lawyer. She and her husband, a retired aerospace engineer, live in Malaga, where she corresponds with two sons and three grandsons living in other states, and grows old garden roses and Loganberries from her grandparents' garden.



Barbara Washburn is a freelance journalist and native of, along with frequent traveler to, Bavaria. As for her permanent residence, she has traded the Alps for the beautiful Cascade Mountain Range views in Leavenworth.



Mike Irwin is a longtime NCW newspaperman who now enjoys retirement's rewards — reading, cooking, walking, napping, traveling and taking photos. You can see his work at IrwinFoto.com.



The One that Got Away



The wild turkey is native to North America, an ancestor of the domestic turkey which was derived from a souther Mexican subspecies of wild turkey.

Photos and story by
Peter Bauer

I've always used the fisherman's "You shoulda seen the one that got away" in an ironic sense, mocking the concept that what I just missed was unimaginably fabulous. However, there really was a 'one' that got away, I wish you could have seen it...

Early in our bird-photography beginnings as a couple (about 8 years ago) we were driving through the Twin Lakes develop-

ment near Winthrop when we came upon a pair of fabulous tom turkeys trying to outdo each other in display. Wild turkeys are amazing-looking creatures; the males are in breeding plumage apparently designed by a committee of kindergarteners mentored by Dr. Seuss. The birds looked especially exotic, pumped up on peak spring hormones.

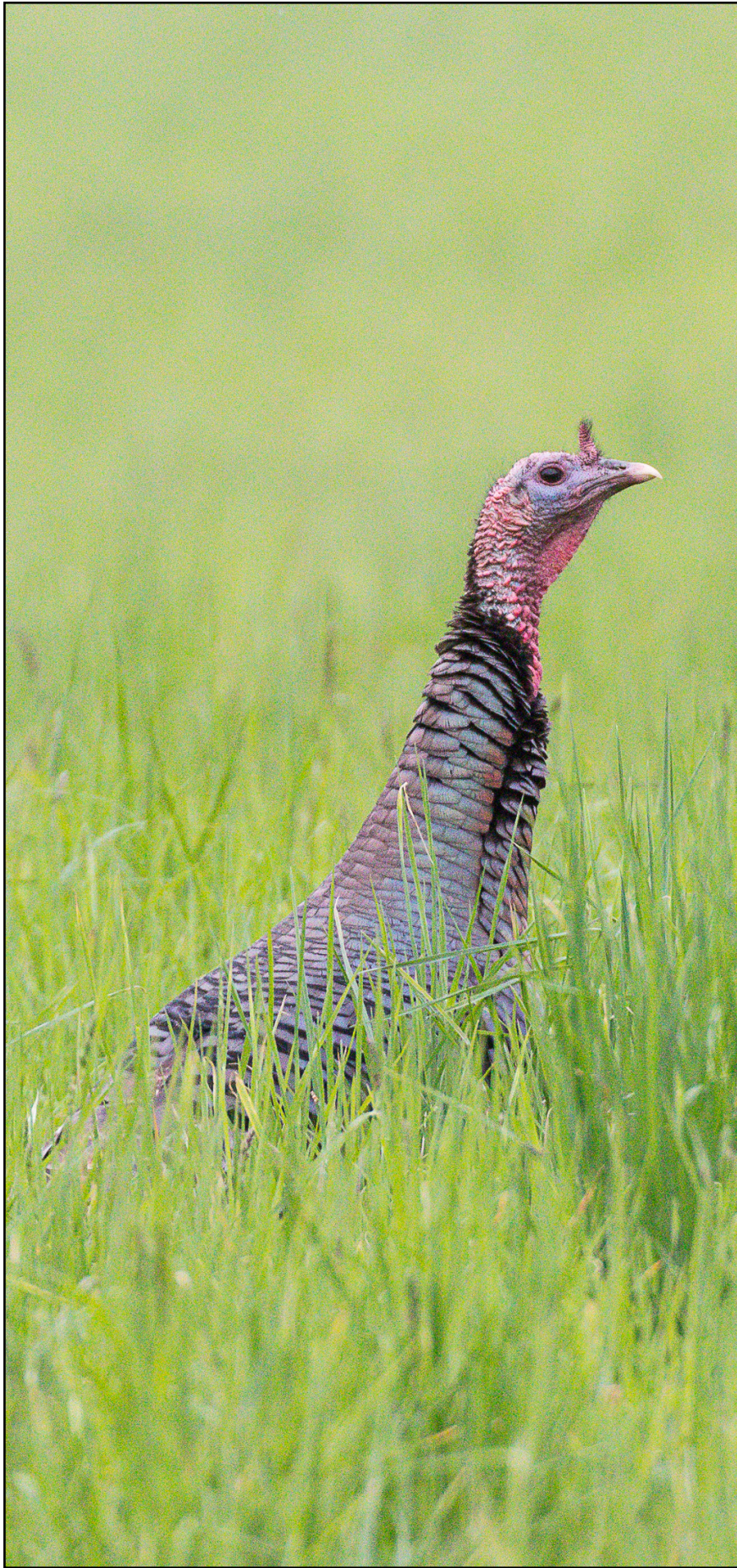
Astonishingly, they were each so wrapped up in outperforming the other that we were able to get within 15 feet of them, in

our car. We had one camera and a telephoto lens with us. As the birds strutted slowly from one side of the road to the other, we passed the camera back and forth, shooting through open windows. These were "can't miss" shots – close range, good light, great subjects. Finally, the birds walked into the woods, and we high-fived each other on our wonderful luck. As we drove back home, I decided to review our treasured images – only to discover there wasn't a memory

card in the camera. Not a single shot was recorded.

Wild turkeys are something of an environmental success story. After being hunted to low numbers by the early 1900s, conservation efforts have successfully restored wild turkeys to all 48 contiguous states. Wikipedia reports an estimate of 7 million birds in the US currently. Wild turkeys grow to substantial size (11-24 pounds as adults), but, in

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Though you can't see them here, adult wild turkeys have reddish-yellow to grayish-green legs. Also unseen, is the very poor night vision of these birds - even though they have very good eyesight in the light.



Despite their weight and size, wild turkeys are actually quite agile and fast fliers, though generally not for more than 400 meters, about a quarter-mile. In their preferred habitats of open woodlands or wooded grasslands, the turkeys may fly beneath the canopy to find perches on which to rest.

spite of appearances, can take flight easily for short distances, and will usually roost in trees at night for safety.

Ever since that missed opportunity years ago, I've hankered for another chance with the big fowl. So, this year, when I drove past a displaying wild turkey a mere mile from home, I raced to get my camera and sped back as fast as I could. As the gaudy male swaggered toward its female target, I got a few photos

to make amends for the snafu at Twin Lakes. The male moved in a stately fashion across the lush hayfield toward the female (giving me ample time for photos), but she moved away at a pace to maintain the distance between them. His display did not seal the deal, not while I watched in any event. But then again, I've observed the failure of male antics to impress nearby females in many species - even humans!

ART and INDUSTRY Drawn Together

Story by Susan Lagsdin
Photos by Mike Irwin

During his undergraduate digital art studies, Arius Elvikis, now a Wenatchee Valley College professor, worked part time at a small design firm in Illinois. His team was just completing a McDonald's Happy Meal toy, a figure that would cost a few pennies to make in Hong Kong, when the bad news came in: one part needed to move – and it needed a spring.

He was immediately exhilarated about the challenge of incorporating the crucial change. It was a situation where Arius clearly recognized his creativity and his facility for hands-on problem-solving, even in a mass-production setting. (The spring-loaded Power Ranger went to market.)

Arius distills that revelation into pragmatic advice for his digital design students. "Microsoft and Nordstrom aren't going to pay you money to do your tutorials. They're going to pay you because you bring them something they don't have," he might warn them, and "Your first idea is probably not your best one. You need to get past the 'low hanging fruit' ideas to one that nobody's ever seen."

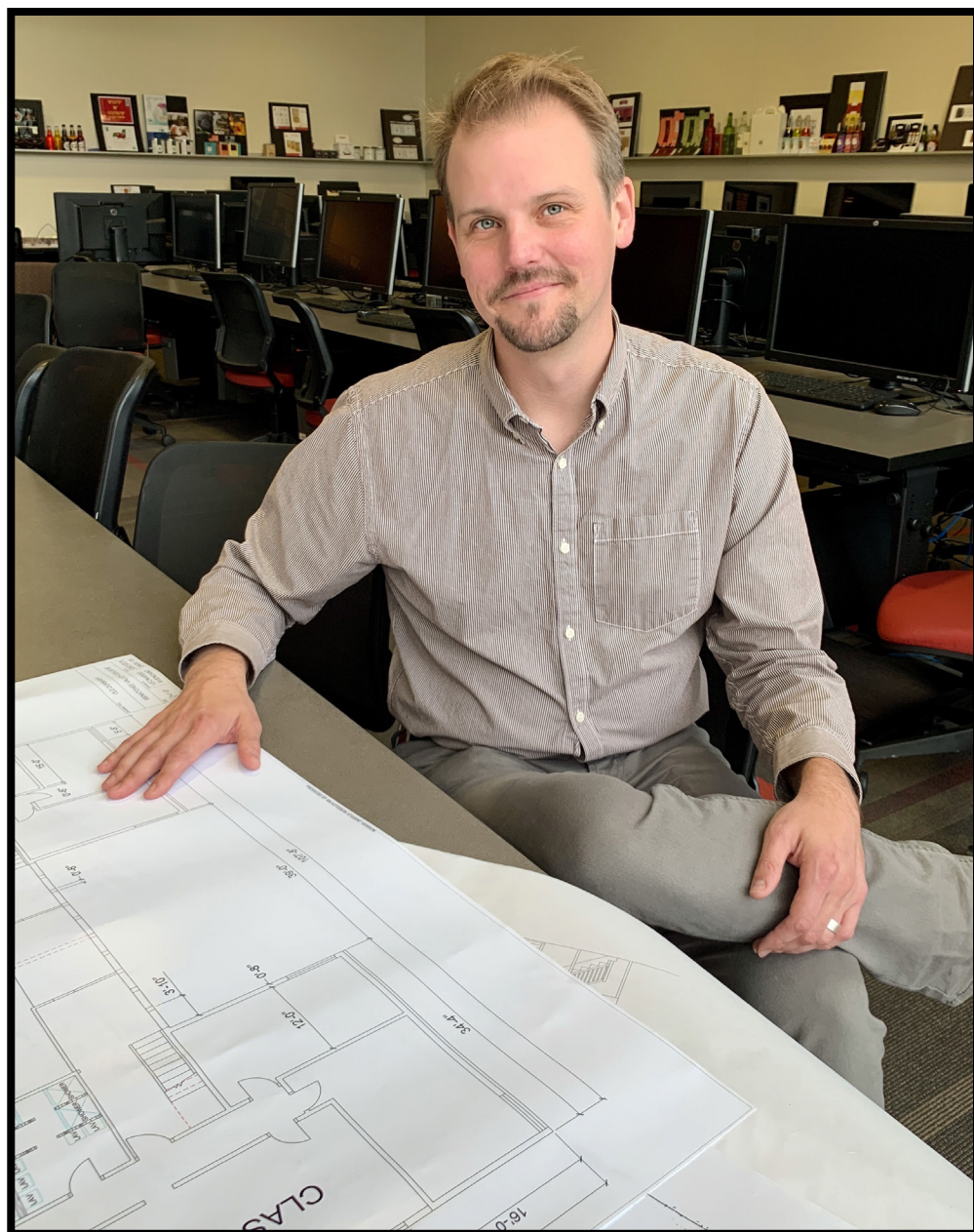
Arius is coordinator of the college's drafting and design courses, housed in the MAC, the Music and Art Center. He works

with Elena Payne and David Hampton, the man whose early leadership he credits for the program's success. The department merges graphic arts and engineering while it prepares students for careers in everything from media, marketing and entertainment to aerospace and architecture, whatever the world will need.

There's new energy in the MAC's big, open graphic design lab after two years of Covid restrictions, with a heightened interest in collaborative learning after the isolation of laboring on home computers.

Arius said, "We're trying to create kind of a clubhouse feel here." He humbly described his role this way: "I set everything in motion, and then I run laps," gesturing to the path he takes up and down rows of computer workstations, troubleshooting and offering encouragement.

When asked more about his own creativity, Arius said, "There's always been a low-level background hum of imaginativeness: dreams and jokes and doodles for friends." He knows that regaining what he called his previous "almost monastic" devotion to brainstorming and



Arius Elvikis, with his digital production background and art degrees, is very much at home here in Wenatchee Valley College open computer lab in the MAC building. He's a department head and works with 60 students this quarter, teaching 3D digital design and CAD drafting, courses that straddle the liberal arts and STEM curriculum.

completing his own artworks is currently unlikely. With administrative duties and sixty students rotating through his classes every quarter, he'd have trouble finding extended time beyond minutes snatched from the clock.

Arius said that if he did have optimum time again to create his own art, "I'm not sure if I'd fall back into charcoal and gouache drawing [an early favorite genre] to embrace that bit of tactile chaos, taking a break from computers. Maybe instead I'd try to leverage all the graphics skills I've accumulated to dive back into animation."

Or, he said, "I'd keep exploring

the fine art applications of 3D printing. Sculptors have always adapted and transformed materials available to them." Arius is deeply respectful of his chosen field, where digital technology is as valid a medium for artists as traditional clay, wood, or marble.

Now 40, Arius was born and raised in the region mid-westerners call "Chicagoland," and he had early exposure to computers. When he was five, his mathematician dad created an intricate fractal design on the IBM computer, and though they waited 24 hours for it to download, he was

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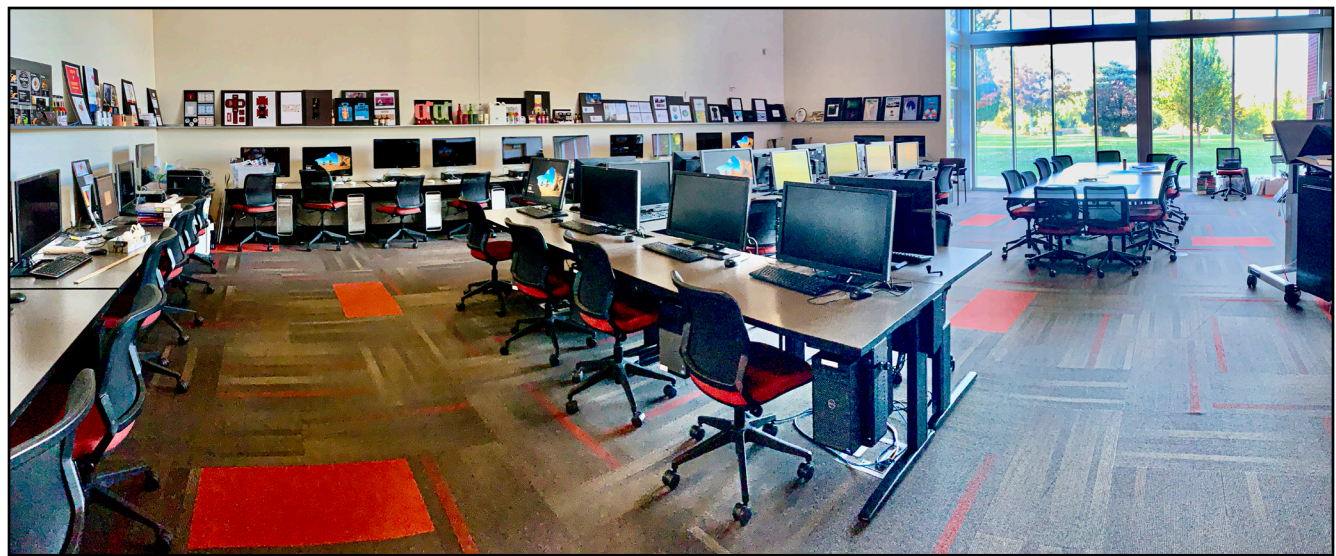
hooked.

Studying for his bachelor and master's degrees (at Bradley University in Illinois and Arizona State University) he enjoyed drawing and learned the elements of traditional or analog art, but his personal focus in that decade was 3D graphics and printing, technology already valued in the industrial mainstream.

Although Arius was prepped and primed for commerce, his solid background in the history and elements of art allow a broad perspective on his work. He said, "I don't think professorship was ever off the table. I was already exploring a future role that's since been formalized as a 'Science Communicator.'"

The decision to teach came easily. On a trip to Seattle, he'd fallen in love with Colleen, a young lawyer, and they dated long distance, inevitably mulling over who'll go where. Because she'd just made partner in her Wenatchee law firm, they decided that Arius should move here from Chicago.

He did. He immediately filled a timely but part-time art teaching position at WVC and in 2011 (kind of) settled in. But it was on a drive up the Entiat River, Arius recalls, that he became fully



The computer lab has become a learning hub again after Covid quarantines. The department adjusted to home-based lessons, but Arius maintains that face-to-face teaching matters in computer-based classes as much as others. Here, students can work independently but in convenient proximity to their peers and their professor.

aware of region's natural beauty and its accessibility to wilderness and realized, "Yes. I really can live here!" Then, quicker than you can say Adobe Photoshop, there was a wedding and soon a family, complete with three kids and a mortgage.

In 2014, Arius was pleased to accept a full-time tenured professorship, teaching graphic and digital arts. "I feel gratitude and relief for what I have here," he said as he gazed out the lab window at the WVC campus, with its trees in a particularly lovely stage

of green turning to gold. As he and his wife solidify their careers and the kids mature, he may find time to delve more fully

into his own creative projects. But for now, he brings all his energies and his artistry, to being husband, father, and teacher.



These sample resin figures just inches high, called "rapid prototypes," were created by Arius's students on the computer and produced with a small EnvisionOne 3D printer, most often used in dentistry. This widespread manufacturing process has increasingly important uses in areas from aerospace to fine art to medicine.



Graphic design students' unique product packaging and posters, displayed here in the MAC's north corridor, are just one step in preparing for a wide range of commercial careers. Arius specializes in 3-D design, which, like these projects, also incorporates traditional art elements but is geared to solid modeling.

Old-fashioned flavors of Thanksgiving

Story and photos by
Sue Blanchard

Thanksgiving, the fall season's turkey-day feast that gathers families around the holiday table, also harvests childhood recollections of the traditions, activities and preparations that were created in my great grandma Lula Mae Tellman's simple kitchen.

Provisioned with its 1940's Kelvinator refrigerator, requisite breadbox, and oven timer, and a 1920's "still works good as new" electric toaster that browned one side of the bread at a time, great grandma's kitchen held more aromas and memories than it did workspace.

Yet there was always enough elbow room for granny to move about in full-apron fashion, making the most of what she had for everyone she loved.

Born in 1844, Granny Lula was as resolute as Queen Victoria in her holiday preparations and kitchen traditions, bringing her tried and true recipes, homestyle flavors and a sense of family heritage to our Thanksgiving table. Like Mrs. Patmore's own Downton Abbey kitchen, there was never cause to doubt that granny's simple but ample kitchen was her realm!

Cousins and siblings scurried about to decorate the dining tables with strewn "autumn leaves" created from fall-hued construction paper. A pinecone "turkey," with tail feathers traced from a grandchild's hand and colored in with crayons, graced the center of each table as its honored centerpiece. Humble and home-made, just like the sumptuous meal being prepared with helping hands, the activities kept the children both preoccupied and regularly arguing over the fate of the coveted wishbone.

Men folk set up extra folding tables and chairs in prescribed



Granny's 1920s "still works as new" electric toaster; I made my morning toast with this as a young child for many years - and survived!

fashion, then wisely reclined themselves on the porch swing and rattan chairs to recount "when I was a boy" stories to those too young (and old) to be of further help – out of the way of the hustle and bustle of the kitchen until carving time was announced. Everyone seemed to know their purpose.

I felt quite proud, at the age of 12, to be promoted to kitchen duty. My early morning task: to carefully pluck all of the pale purple pin feathers from the plump hen turkey's goose-bumped flesh – "each and every one," I was instructed. Granny's eyebrow-plucking tweezers served a holiday purpose!

"Be certain to remove the giblets from inside the bird," I was next reminded. The foul parts of the fowl – gizzards, kidneys, heart, and extended neck – needed to be boiled for broth then finely chopped and added to the gravy at serving time. Granny

never wasted a tidbit of a giblet for this purpose, having been a single mother who ran a boarding house and fed many during the Great Depression and world war rationing. Her pan-drippings gravy, seasoned by the turkey's herbed juices, was always delectable, despite the tidbits!

The aroma of baked sweet onions, cored and stuffed with seasoned herb butter, mingled with the roasting, stuffed, and trussed turkey, the dressing fragrant with sage leaves and sprigs of rosemary. Fresh fall apples from a basket were pared and sliced in a cast iron skillet to simmer on the stovetop, holiday-flavored with sprinkling of Spreckels sugar and round, red cinnamon candies.

There were the traditional side dishes of marshmallow-topped candied yams, hand-snapped string beans from the garden trellis, mashed russet potatoes with cream and butter, as well as a suspicious looking bowl of

chunk, cubed roots that granny fondly called "parsnips, turnips and rutabagas," perhaps masquerading as spuds?

We cousins were not fooled – they were old people's taters, for sure and certain, ranking pretty close to boiled Brussel sprouts and mustard greens.

My mom and aunts stuffed crisp celery stalks with home-made pimiento cheese and popped the tinned lids of summer-canned Mason jars filled with bread and butter pickles, watermelon rind preserved in crystallized ginger, allspice berries and apple cider vinegar, sliced and spiced beets and something totally silly called piccalilli – a mustardy relish of chopped, pickled vegetables and spices. It had a pungent, tangy taste, and its name always made us grandkids giggle.

Fresh-made, whole cranberry compote, resplendent with clove,

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nutmeg, and citrus peel, complemented these condiments – each served in its own cut-glass dish. We always quipped that great granny relished her collection of cut-glass relish dishes. Granny set a proper table at every meal, a simple reminder that effort in the kitchen deserved etiquette at the table.

Once the turkey and its stuffing were lifted out of the oven and transferred to a platter, large boats of gravy were made from pan juices and roux while trays of butter-brushed Parker House rolls were slid into the oven for a quick bake – then popped into napkin-covered break baskets to be passed around the table. Good scratch gravy needed to be sopped up!

Truth be told, there was only one side dish that granny attested was never one of her own tried and true creations – the Green Bean Casserole! This Thanksgiving staple was actually created by the Campbell Soup Company in 1955 to sell more of its cream of mushroom soup – the recipe originally printed right on the label! Its original name was “Green Bean Bake” and contained only five basic ingredients: green beans, Campbell’s mushroom soup, soy sauce, milk,

and fried onions. And although it was never meant to be a holiday dish, it is served at 20 million Thanksgiving dinners every year!

Once second helpings were enjoyed by all and dish cleared, “save room for dessert” was announced: mincemeat and fresh pumpkin pies for all, made from scratch the day before and set atop the Kelvinator for safe keeping.

Mincemeat, made with real chopped meat (Granny Lila preferred mutton; Queen Victoria preferred beef) was mixed with brandy-soaked fruits – raisins, prunes, figs – and then flavored with suet from the butcher, citrus and mild spice, and topped and served with its requisite hard sauce, which was neither hard nor a sauce but a blended mixture of confectioner’s sugar, butter, and vanilla. Old people like great grandpa Leo and great aunt Stella chose this one!

We kids loved the pumpkin pies; whole fresh pumpkins, just like at Halloween, were cut and cubed, cooked to a pulp with cinnamon, sugar, nutmeg, and all-spice before evaporated milk was added. Then it was all pureed through a sieve and poured into handmade Crisco rich pie crusts, deftly crimped with granny’s perfect thumbprint edgings. Blue



Granny's Wesson Oil "For Making Good Things to Eat" stoneware crock. Its original purpose was to prepare homemade mayonnaise, using Wesson Oil of course. When chilled, it's perfect for making whipped cream - a very good thing to eat!

ribbons at the county fair took second place to granny’s family simply enjoying her baking skills and asking for second slices!

And what would pumpkin pie be without big dollops of fresh whipped cream? It had to be whipped fresh, right before serving dessert. I remember Granny pulling the paper bottle caps off the chilled pint bottles of rich cream, delivered by the milkman, and pouring their contents into her well-used, turn-of-the-century stoneware Wesson Oil Crock (used to make homemade mayonnaise with Wesson Oil). Handing me the single whisk, cast iron eggbeater, she simply instructed me to “keep turning ‘til the cream forms stiff peaks while I make the hard sauce.” At age 12, this task was a much tiring chore – all while the entire

family tree waiting impatiently for me to complete the task.

Six decades later, in my own great-grandma years, it is now a heartfelt privilege each holiday season to “beat the cream to stiff peaks” while reminiscing about those bygone years. You see, I inherited great granny’s original Wesson Oil Crock and its companion cast iron eggbeater. They lovingly sit upon one of her hand-crocheted doilies, right next to my stove and spices, as a daily reminder to use, appreciate, savor, and replicate the feast of flavors and memories of long-ago loved ones enjoying special meals together as family – as it should be.

May your table be blessed with loving memories this season, and always.

Happy Thanksgiving!

Great grandma Lula Mae Tellman, circa 1909, with her son, my maternal grandfather. Humble and hardworking all her long life, she wasn't of royalty; yet for all her talents and skill, she was a grand lady!



Story by Susan Lagsdin
Photos by Mike Irwin

In 2019, David Hutchinson and Cindy Macklin were ready to make their big move from Bellingham to live in the Methow Valley full time. They'd each enjoyed visiting Winthrop for years and considered putting a new house on land they'd purchased there together. Instead, they made a best-use-of-time decision to find one already conveniently built.

Twice they struck out. Then their real estate agent suggested a property just north of Twisp on Balky Hill, up a twisting, graded road that climbs off the valley floor into sage-scattered foothills.

Cindy was stunned when they turned down the graveled driveway. She had driven slowly by the same house long ago and admired the design. She said recently, still delighting in the surprise, "I had absolutely no idea this place would be for sale." And I remember David said, "If there's a hot tub on that patio, I'll take it." There was. They took it.

A month after that grand coincidence, David and Cindy began the next chapter of their very active lives, in an artisanal house with knockout views on an odd-shaped 8-acre hillside that suited them both perfectly. They'd picked a winner.

The structure is almost camouflaged by surrounding hills, but its curved roofline is a subtle landmark for some. Notable local craftspeople built it, and it was a favorite in the Methow Arts Alliance Tour of Homes last summer.

But Cindy and David's home still feels perfectly private. Situated in the foothills of the valley and down a long drive, bermed with earth on three sides and the roof, it keeps nicely to itself.

The original owner, committed to having a retirement retreat with not only a low visual profile but low energy use, designed a solar array for electricity, including a hydronic system for circulating hot water under the floors.

A Home on a Hill in the Heart of the Methow



The artistry of prominent local designers and builders is accented by handmade treasures throughout. Designed for low-maintenance durability and energy-efficiency, the cliffside house is bermed at the back and on the rooftop while its broad, curved front provides plentiful light and spectacular valley views.

Starting in 2008, designer Gary Phillips, collaborating with builder Andy Conklin, dug the house twelve feet deep into the hillside and used Rastra Block, insulated forms made of concrete and recycled plastic, for the

walls. Artist Bernie Hosey provided the curved steel I-beams supporting the multilayered earth-covered roof. ("We love the sound of deer on the roof at night," David said.)

Net zero energy use is a com-

mendable achievement. But some of the couple's favorite features are aesthetic as well as functional. Tall vertical windows, oversize glass patio doors and six turreted solar tubes provide

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plentiful sunlight. The Swedish ESSE stove in the living area provides auxiliary heating. It's a cookstove too; Cindy said it's great for pancakes and pizza.

The sunny, curved space at either end of the big open living area and kitchen can flex for dining, work, or sitting areas – the first owner used one for her loom. Curves throughout of wood and stucco, Saltillo tile floors, and burnished wood trim complement their collected art and comfortable furnishings.

No improvements were needed when David and Cindy moved into the house that first winter. They'd each retired from their careers; he first from being a school principal, she more reluctantly and later from being a physician's assistant. They'd each sold their homes on the westside. The 1400-square-foot home with its two full suites and big central room offered plenty of living space for them and their occasional guests. Life was pretty sweet.

Then in the spring of 2020 Covid hit and they were stuck – not more than anyone else – but denied the interpersonal connections in the town and in the neighborhood that they'd assumed came with the territory.

The good news? Passionate outdoorists and independently resourceful with their time, they thrived in their new situation. They'd moved to the Methow Valley eager for lots of mountain biking, rock climbing, maybe some road trips. Cindy wanted to focus on her fused glass and metal art, plant a big garden. And that is what they did.

As normalcy returned after months of quarantine, both Cindy and David found their places in the community they'd been eager to join. She volunteers with non-profit Methow at Home, does end-of day trail sweeps for Methow Trails, and helps at the Confluence Gallery. He's a member of the Boomers alpine ski group, for mature adults only, and he serves on the board of Methow Recycles.

It may have been Covid that prompted the home improve-



With one bedroom and a bath at each end and a compact but flexible open floorplan, the home takes up only 1400 square feet. This master suite, a room with a view, adjoins the west-facing patio and a hot tub, where clear panels and a pergola have been added to temper the hillside's wind and sun.

ments the couple has made over these last three years. One early enhancement was the large pull-down screen and projector in the living room, both conveniently hidden away except on movie nights.

A bigger project was the

1000-square-foot structure that Robert Fenison of Sageland Construction built for them, far down the hill at another level spot on the acreage. It houses Cindy's art studio, David's pro-level climbing wall, a small workshop, and a garage space for their nicely

equipped RV. Outside, there's room for raised garden beds.

But it was the Methow Valley's dependable all-season prevailing winds and solar exposure – folks who build in the hills know it

▶▶▶ Continued on page 15



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Connection vs Competition

"You can make more friends in two months becoming interested in other people, than you can in two years by trying to get other people interested in you."

- Dale Carnegie, American writer and lecturer

Story by June Darling

A couple of weeks ago, I planned to meet up with an old friend I had not seen for several years. I loved this friend and felt excited, but also nervous. *How had I aged in comparison to her?* I found myself wondering.

Trying to acknowledge this anxious thought, while also reorienting myself, I conjured up my newish mantra, "Make a connection, not an impression, June." You'd think I would have that figured out and embodied it by now. No.

It isn't just me. This is a human being issue. It's also an ape issue. A lion, giraffe, elephant, rhinoceros, bird, fish, reptile, fish, even some crickets issue. We compete, we jockey for position.

We compete over everything. Money, fame, whose kids have the best jobs or are making the best grades or are in the best schools. We compete in games. We compete on who has the best and most toys, friends, enlightenment. Competition, comparison, and self-evaluation are a trio in the human world.

In the early days of living on the African savannah, we may have needed to prove our worth to get mates, food, and to not be rejected by our troop. These days, researchers tell us that social comparison, some types of competition, and some types of self-evaluation are quite detrimental to our friendships and well-being.

If we want to be happier in the long term, have more meaningful lives, and stronger friendships, we urgently need to know how to stop the madness around try-

ing to impress others which has resulted in anxiety, depression, loneliness, and huge increases in materialism. Instead, we can work to connect. Even make connection our primary goal.

How do we do that? First, we must understand what's going on with us – this social comparison syndrome. It's a common, but problematic, condition. We must actively smother.

A strategy that works well, IF we feel safe, is to risk being honest and vulnerable.

About 14 years ago, one of my sons invited me to speak to an MBA group at Berkeley. Though I can't remember the exact title, the topic was largely about how to live the good life. A breakout session in which the students would honestly connect by sharing some of their hopes and challenges seemed appropriate. My son looked over the presentation PowerPoint beforehand.

"Nope, Mom. These are MBA students; they can't risk this sort of a vulnerable exercise." I got it. It was a competitive environment with much posing and posturing. Still, unfortunate for their long-term happiness and relationships.

The hope is that with our old friends and possibly some new acquaintances, we can sense when we are safe, take off our masks, and share our concerns, longings, struggles, as well as our moments of pride.

We will usually reap honesty, vulnerability, and intimacy in return. One of the researchers who has made vulnerability more accessible, more understandable, and more alluring is Dr. Brene

Brown. Her famous TED talk on "The Power of Vulnerability" serves as a useful resource as is her personal example.

Another way to increase connection is to find commonality. Researchers have been able to increase kindness, compassion, and connection by helping people find their commonality rather than concentrating on their differences. Instead of seeing ourselves as UW or Coug fans, we overlap as all being football enthusiasts. Instead of being from red or blue states, we see ourselves as Americans.

If we believe the wisdom of teachers, philosophers, and modern-day psychologists, one of the best things we can do for ourselves is to cultivate good relationships. Temper our tendency toward social comparison and judgment. It begins with prioritizing connection over impression, leaning toward honesty and vulnerability, and finding our commonalities.

Feeling safely connected to others turns out to be, according to many researchers, a central ingredient in human flourishing. Being disconnected is a risk factor for a multitude of ills. It's not the rich, privileged, powerful, most brilliant, most accomplished, or good-looking who are the happiest people. It's those who have loved and been loved.

My visit with my friend turned out to be quite fulfilling. I did notice myself occasionally checking her out and mentally comparing myself. Most of the time, I could bring myself back, enjoy her company, laugh over old times, and willingly share some

low points and worries.

Our parting hug was a lengthy one. We softly looked into each other eyes and very naturally gave each other a sisterly kiss.

This move toward connection rather than impression is going to take a lot of practice. Reminders of our intentions, the benefits, and celebration of baby-steps will help.

The upcoming months of November and December are the perfect months for turning ourselves toward each other in life-giving ways. Giving thanks for what we have will help too. We can knock some of the stuffing out of our senseless gobbling and being total turkeys.

How might we experiment with making a connection instead of an impression - move up to The Good Life?

Hello Good Life readers, my husband, John and I have recently begun a new non-profit adventure called "Journey to The Good Life: Following the Way of Compassion."

Part of this project will result in a book. You can help me write the book by going to our website: journeytothegoodlife.net and subscribing. When I write a new article, it will be delivered straight to your inbox; hit reply with your comments, which will come directly to me. Or you could read an article or two and send me a message through the contact page. (My 14-year-old granddaughter, who designed the website, thinks you should get a good life certificate after reading 10 articles and giving comments. Maybe. Or maybe you can just help me write the book for fun.)

— June Darling

well – that prompted their latest improvement on paradise. Currently they are enclosing the north end of their patio by adding glass walls and a pergola, an elegant solution to a perfectly natural problem.

The privacy and snug comfort of their hilltop home, the long views of the valley and mountains, the easy access to trails and town, and yes, even sun and wind remind David and Cindy of their good fortune and their good choices.

And the deal-clinching hot tub? It's still there on the patio, more sheltered now, and still a pleasure.



The eight-acre property offered a perfect spot for an accessory building that suits both Cindy and David. It has an art studio and a climbing wall, plus room for their often-used RV. Designed with its own sturdy good looks, it's a steep walk, or a quick drive, down the hill nearer to neighbors and the county road.

Sara Ashford Colors Outside the Lines

Story by Susan Lagsdin



Photo by Mike Irwin

This is not a messy kitchen. It's a well-stocked laboratory behind the gallery's display area and shop, with plants and their derivatives forming the bulk of Sara's inventory. The colors and textures she can create with them are unique, with art and science beautifully comingled in each art piece.

Strolling through the sunny dye garden at the south side of fabric artist Sara Ashford's Culler Gallery in Twisp, you may spot a few familiar flowers like cosmos, hollyhock, and chrysanthemum. But there's more. This artist-become-chemist has fifteen plant species growing there, including indigo in great abundance, and she knows exactly how to cultivate and cure each one to eke out its characteristic color.

She's always on the lookout for seed pods, fungi and flowers, hunting plants in the woods for her experimental recipes. And,

she said, "I use the whole neighborhood," as she splayed out several particularly colorful maple leaves from down the street that she'll freeze until winter for her distinctive eco-prints.

In fact, Sara tries just about anything that will apply color to cloth. With heat and pressure, she'll squeeze the browns and yellows of those fall leaves onto silk, and she uses soy milk as a long-lasting binder for paint-

ing with pigments and dyes. She keeps a 45-gallon vat of indigo fermenting (and fed with fruit) outside in a tented workspace. She's given children a chance to be color chemists in her "flower bashing" classes.

Sara is an original tenant of TwispWorks, the downtown community cultural and business incubator now celebrating its 10th year. Before that? It was all the arts all the time since early

childhood. High school teachers urged her to go on in art, and college classes gave her experience in painting, pottery, jewelry, and photography. But she realizes now that she was always headed in the direction of fabric.

She started weaving when she first moved to the Methow Valley almost 40 years ago. Her first spinning wheel was a gift from

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Provided photo

Sara Ashford models a signature-blue scarf that's one of her recent fabric art creations. Rolls of pale silk, linen, cotton and wool in her Twisp-Works studio await transformation by alchemic techniques she's honed with years of study and experimentation.

From previous page ►►

her husband Don, a potter, and that allowed her to practice an easily interruptible craft while raising their five children (two home-birthed in the Valley). From the mid-1980s she was selling her yarns and wearable art – woven, spun, and felted – at the couple's Winthrop studio.

Sara's art life was transformed in the early 1990's by renowned fabric artist Michelle Wipplinger, who introduced her to a whole new world of nature-based color gleaned directly from plants and minerals and aimed her toward other innovative mentors. "When I took my first fabric art class – wow! I was blown away by all the things you could do

with dyes and pigments. It was magic!" Sara said.

For 18 years, Sara devoted almost all of her time and energies to the ongoing care of her son Dov, diagnosed with leukemia. A constant learner, she continued delving into her art when she could. In 2012, two years after Dov's death, her work was featured in an exhibit in Beijing, and that acclaim boosted her confidence in her artistry.

Sara was ready to move into her own studio. That same year, TwispWorks, which had been for 80 years a US Forest Service headquarters, opened its renovated south warehouse for occupancy. It was perfect timing, a melding of need and opportunity.



Provided photo

The Culler Studio (an apt family name) is packed with evidence of Sara's artistry as well as her many tools and ingredients. Here, an array of just-right brushes in contrasting containers frame the whimsical "we dye to live" on a vintage hanger.

"I looked really carefully at it – it was still kind of a wreck – and I went home and made a long list of reasons why it was a stupid idea, and I shouldn't do it. The next morning...I said yes." Sara was sure the space would be gone, but she was confident in her choice. "I thought, they need me here. If I come, other artists will, too." (They did. And Don Ashford's radio station KTRT is also in a nearby building)

For her new studio, Sara took her family name "Culler," a play on words she's always liked, as a statement of intent as well as an homage to her mother and grandmother. Another tribute is her frequent use of her grand-

mother's vintage mangle iron that fits in a corner of the studio.

Sara continues experimenting, learning new ways to apply her own handmade ink, pigment, and dye to natural fabrics. A workshop in 2014 with Michel Garcia, a renowned French dyer, phyto-chemist, and botanist, took her art to an entirely new level. It was not only magic, it was science, and she was very good at it.

That still surprises her – Sara's been told she has "dyscalculia" (dyslexia with numbers) which makes replicating chemical formulas and conducting discrete

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processes especially daunting. She says she needs to re-read and keep her own pace but happily does so, and the results are rewarding.

What visitors find in her gallery belies the chemistry and the mess of concocting. Diaphanous scarves and shawls in the softest of tints and the boldest of hues, some on virgin fabric, some upcycled from vintage finds, are draped near framed wall art that evokes the forest floor or a garden. Repeat customers come in for the perfect gift or a

new shawl, newcomers' ooh and aah at her colorful display and often leave with something lovely.

Sara knows for certain that she's made to make art. Her current goal is to make bigger and braver artwork with her natural colors, whether wearable or purely decorative. But, she said, "If all I had was rocks and stones, I'd find some way to create."



Photo by Mike Irwin

Always using dyes and pigments found in the natural world, Sara has expanded her repertoire beyond wearable accessories and garments to include framed art on fabric. She's considering now fashioning bigger and bolder wall pieces, even mural-sized panels.

How I Almost Killed Myself Over Dick Van Dyke

Story by Darlene Matule

With the introduction of this year's new TV series now finished, I'm reminded how one old comedy – "The Dick Van Dyke Show," airing from 1961-1966 – almost ended my life.

Now, I'm not the bravest person around. About the only person I know who is more of a scaredy cat than me is my friend, Rita. When we went to the Roxy Theater to see "The Thing" in 1951, she watched most of the movie looking through the buttonhole of her coat. At least I managed to see James Arness (best known for portraying Marshal Matt Dillon for 20 years on TV in "Gunsmoke") in probably the first, and only, science fiction role of his entire career.

So, in 1961, when Steve got a job working for a national pharmaceutical company, I faced my very first night of being almost-alone – by myself – with and a toddler and a four-year-old.

Every other week, my husband worked out-of-town, Monday through Friday.

The very first night, I went to bed at 10 p.m. Tossed and turned. At 3 a.m., the phone rang. Since the only phone we had then was on the wall in the kitchen, I had to run down the hall, take a sharp right at the second door and rush through the dining room. By that time, I was shaking so hard I could hardly pick up the phone.

"Did I wake you up?" a deep male voice asked.

I banged the phone down.

Immediately I called my parent's home (they lived two houses away.)

"Darlene," my mother yelled.

"Do realize you woke me up?"

"Well, duh," I thought.

I explained what had happened, saying, "I'm worried. That man must know I'm all alone."

I could hear my mother's disgust as she replied, "Go back to sleep. It was a wrong number. Nobody calls in the middle of the night." She hung up.

So, realizing I had to protect my daughters and myself all alone, I agonized.

What if that man calls again? What if he knows where I live? That I'm alone?

I decided to arm myself. I got Steve's golf iron out of his golf bag and put it under my bed – after taking a half-dozen practice swings.

The first week, scared to be in the house all by myself (at least as the only adult) every night, I kept Steve's nine iron under the bed for defense.

By the end of the first month (no one had broken in and tried to have their way with me), I put the club back in Steve's golf bag.

In the light of day, I realized an intruder would grab my so-called weapon and use it on me.

I've got to be brave, I told myself. Brave and smart.

My decision? I decided to do something fun that I wouldn't do if Steve were home at night.

It didn't take me long to find the perfect thing – sewing.

I'd put the girls to bed, hurry downstairs to my trusty Pfaff in the family room and sew up a storm. I loved making pretty clothes for me and my kids. (Years later, when making photo albums for Michele and Stephanie, I marveled at the dozens of dresses, coats, and play clothes

I'd crafted during those years.)

Often, I didn't go to bed until midnight. Except on Tuesday night when Dick Van Dyke was on TV.

I planned carefully. Made sure I had a project ready for a half-hour of hand-stitching before my favorite show began. Watching the clock carefully, I hurried up the basement stairs five minutes before the show began – with fabric, thread, pin cushion, thimble, and scissors – making sure I had plenty of time to settle in.

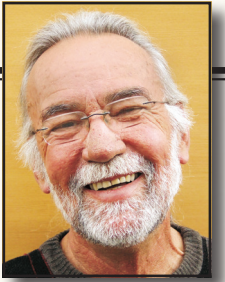
One night, when I hadn't watched the time well enough (and only had one minute to make it to the living room TV), instead of turning on the light at the top of the stairs, I rushed through the kitchen in total blackness. Ran like I was Roger Bannister the day he broke the four-minute mile. Forgot about the jog to the left I had to make when I got to the dining room.

Bang!

My nose crashed into what felt like a cement wall. I swear I saw stars.

I dropped everything I was carrying. But being a woman with a purpose I clicked on the dining

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On the Borderline

Story by Rod Molzahn

When Hiram “Okanogan” Smith claimed a homestead on the east side of Lake Osoyoos in 1860, he didn’t know if he was a resident of the United States or British North America. He knew he was close to the borderline but, at that time, nobody knew exactly where the line was. By 1861, the line had been drawn on maps and marked by clear cuts and monuments. Smith was an American and the first permanent white settler in what would become Okanogan County.

The international border separating Canada and the United States is 5,525 miles long and is often referred to as “the longest undefended border in the world.” The border line was determined piece by piece, often by a treaty at the end of a war.

The 1783 Treaty of Paris ended the revolutionary war between the colonies and Great Britain. The border, at that time, separated British North America from the colonies of New England.

The line begins at an inlet of the Bay of Fundy between the Maine town of Calais and the New Brunswick town of St. Stephen. From there, it runs northwest and encircles the top and western edges of Maine. The border turns west at the northeast corner of New Hampshire and follows a straight line to the St. Lawrence River. That small section had been established in the 1760s as the line between Quebec and New York, which then included what would become the state of Vermont.

The line follows the St. Lawrence River until it reaches Lake Ontario. It divides the lake, north

and south, before cascading over Niagara Falls. In 1794, the Jay Treaty between Britain and the United States created the International Boundary Commission, charged with surveying and mapping the border.

The War of 1812, between the United States and Britain, put an end to joint work on the border. The Treaty of Ghent, signed in 1814, returned the boundaries to their pre-war locations.

After Niagara Falls, the border line splits Lake Erie into north and south halves until it turns north at Detroit and enters Lake Huron. It divides the lake equally then meanders through a group of islands before reaching Sault Sainte Marie and a narrow passage into Lake Superior. It crosses the lake in a straight line to Thunder Bay, Ontario. There, it makes a 90-degree corner, looping south then turning west into the northeast corner of Minnesota.

From there, the line wanders through a long chain of small lakes to International Falls, Minnesota, then enters the south end of Lake of the Woods. The northern part of the lake lies in the provinces of Ontario and Manitoba.

In 1844, during James K. Polk’s presidency, a significant dispute between the United States and Great Britain broke out. The British wanted the western border to follow the Columbia River to the Pacific. That would put all of Washington Territory in Canada. The Americans demanded a western border at the horizontal 54° 40’ N line. That would give up half of modern-day British Columbia, stretching from the current international border up to

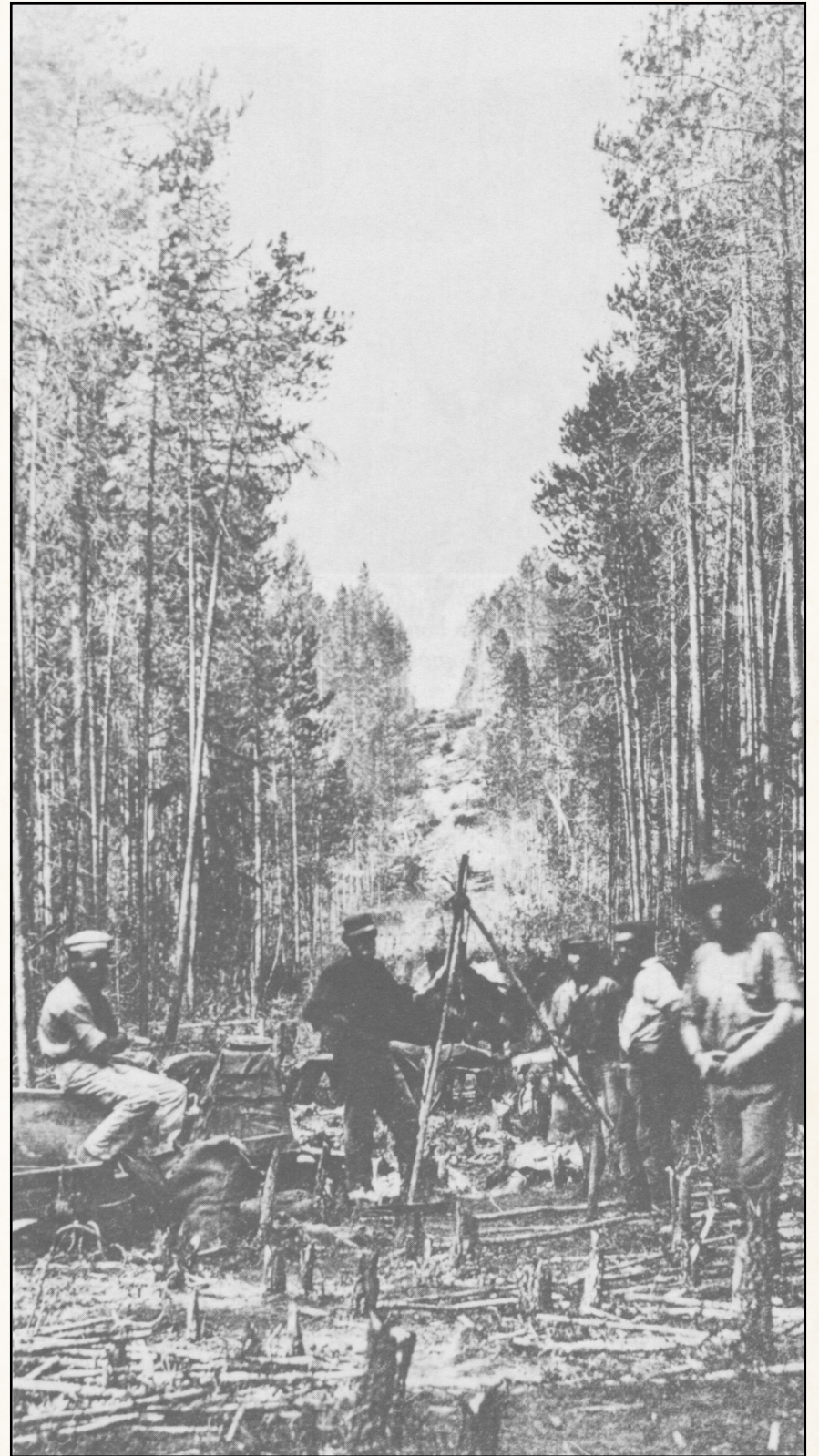


Photo provided by Okanogan County Historical Society and Museum
This early photograph shows a British survey team from the 1858-1861 surveying session.

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Photo provided by Okanogan County Historical Society and Museum

A lithograph based on another photograph dramatizes the separation.

modern day Alaska, then controlled by Russia. This would have left Canada without access to the Pacific Ocean. The dispute led to the battle cry of Polk's followers: "fifty-four forty or fight." The Oregon Treaty of 1846 resolved the issue by establishing the border from the crest of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, following the 49th parallel.

The Northwest Boundary Survey (1857-1861) was tasked with the job of surveying the land border from the west coast to the crest of the Rocky Mountains. That survey included the 92 mile long, northern boundary of Okanogan County, running nearly perfectly along the 49th parallel. The Northern Boundary Survey of 1872 surveyed the line from Lake of the Woods to the crest of the Rockies along the 49th parallel.

The Northwest Boundary Survey was carried out by two teams, one from the United States and the other from the British Royal Engineers. They worked separately, though at times together, to locate the 49th parallel. Each team would do their own survey, then the teams would come together to compare results. Differences were negotiated between the

chief engineers/surveyors of each country. In some instances, significant differences were resolved by "splitting the difference."

However, locating the border was not the same as marking the border. Marking was accomplished in two ways. Through forested land, the borderline was a 60-foot clearcut, clearing a swath of land of everything but grass essentially. Through open land, the line was marked with stone monuments placed so no matter where a person stood, they could see at least one monument. No one could ever say they didn't know they were crossing the border.

In the Horseshoe Basin, along the northern boundary of the Pasayten Wilderness, there is a well-worn trail leading to alpine lakes on the Canadian side. Halfway along the trail, hikers cross the clearcut. It was easy to traverse before 9/11 but has become more

closely watched since.

In 1859, the American survey team was guarded by soldiers from the 9th infantry from Fort Simcoe, south of Yakima. The British team consisted of 125 officers, surveyors, astronomers, Royal Engineers, packers and axemen with horses and mules. It was an important operation.

The soldiers of the 9th Infantry did what soldiers always did. They prospected for gold along all the rivers they found. In October of 1859, they made a strong strike at a gravel bar on the Similkameen River. It came to be called "Rich Bar." Word spread and the first gold rush to Okanogan County began.

As the miners arrived, the survey teams moved out, on their way to meet up with the border from the east at the crest of the Rocky Mountains.

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room light. Hurried to the TV and turned it on in time to hear the last bars of the theme song. It's amazing but true. You can

laugh and hold an ice pack on your nose at same time. I kept the ice on my broken nose for a couple of hours. Took two aspirins. Went to bed. The next morning, I found my

scissors on the floor. And a gash in the mint-green kitchen paint. Wow! I thought as I realized how lucky it was that I'd been carrying my scissors pointed away from me and not at my heart.

When Steve got home, I told him how I'd almost killed myself over Dick Van Dyke. We laughed then. We've continued laughing over the years.

Have Timeless Classics Run Out of Time?

Story by Susan Sampson

My son's comment surprised me. He's a 52-year-old man who mentioned that he'd never seen a TV episode of "I Love Lucy." But it's a classic! It's a part of American culture! My husband and I sat him down, plugged in a DVD, and made him watch three episodes: Lucy making chocolates on an accelerating assembly line, Lucy demonstrating alcohol-spiked "vitameat-avegamin," and Lucy stomping grapes.

"Lucy," and other 1960s TV programs, likely helped shape the psyches of my entire Boomer generation. How could they not, since most Americans had TV by then, only three channels aired nationally, and millions of us, the biggest audience ever, all watched the same thing? Every scuba diver my age whom I've queried was inspired by Lloyd Bridges in "Sea Hunt." We all knew that when Lassie barked furiously, it meant that Timmy had fallen in a hole—although that episode never really happened. Julia Child never dropped the turkey on the floor, either, but we all remember it.

Like me, my other son is a lawyer. I wonder – does he realize that we are the cultural descendants of TV's Perry Mason? Perry defended the innocent from felony charges, befuddling prosecutor Hamilton Burger by proving who actually committed the crime. (My municipal court

called that the "SODDI" defense – "Some Other Dude Did It.")

The heroes of many of our TV shows were westerners who solved problems with guns. In "Gunsmoke," Matt Dillon was a U.S. Marshall in Dodge City who enforced the law with a Colt .45. Bret Maverick was a professional gambler who avoided gunfights by professing cowardice, but he was a quick draw with his single action, Colt "Army" revolver. Paladin, on "Have Gun- Will Travel," was a mercenary, supposedly avoiding unnecessary fights. However, he was armed to the teeth with a Colt .45 revolver, a Marlin lever-action rifle, and a two-shot Remington derringer. I remember them all as being quick-draw artists. I met one kid who shot himself in the foot trying to emulate them.

We '60s teens learned new dances watching Dick Clark's "American Band Stand." Chris Montez sang "We'll do the twist, the stomp, the mashed potato too. Any old dance that you wanna do, but let's dance!" The show was broadcast from Philadelphia, where, evidently, all teenagers were white. But like Bob Dylan sang, "the time, they were a-changin'."

"Ozzie and Harriet," "Leave it to Beaver," and "Father Knows Best" still held down the home front with plain vanilla domestic dramas, but along came Tod and Buz. They crossed the country in a Corvette convertible finding adventure in "Route 66." Then Dr. Ben Casey and Dr. Kildare acted out season-long human

dramas and treated real medical issues that hadn't been mentioned on TV before, like asthma and epilepsy.

While the civil rights movement and the Viet Nam war filled the news, we saw what peaceful integration could look like. In "Star Trek," Uhura was Black, Sulu was Asian, and Spock was interspecies, half-human and half-Vulcan. Their mission was "to explore strange new worlds, to seek out new life and new civilizations, to boldly go where no man has gone before."

Star Trek's strange new worlds were no stranger than those on "The Twilight Zone," whose Rod Serling intoned, "You're traveling through another dimension, a dimension not only of sight and sound but of mind. A journey into a wondrous land whose boundaries are that of imagination..."

Many of us remember the same episodes of "The Twilight Zone." One henpecked guy survives a nuclear war and finds peace at last in his beloved library, only to

break his glasses. Space aliens desire to "serve man" – but "serve" means making man the protein course for dinner. Nobody believes the mentally ill man who is the only passenger who can see the gremlin damaging the wing of their airplane midflight.

I missed earlier TV. My home on the Oregon coast couldn't get a good reception until I was 13. That was 1960, when I saw the first televised U.S. presidential debate, between Senator John F. Kennedy and Vice President Richard M. Nixon. The men presented images that were so powerful that authors of books, articles, and probably political science theses have analyzed the program. The Senator wore stage make-up and spoke with a charming Boston accent. The Vice President perspired visibly and sported a five o'clock shadow that cartoonists use to depict villains. Afterward I told my parents how they should vote.

If those 1960s shows helped shape us Boomers, it, for the most part, was not in a bad way. We were told to enjoy physical comedy. To be just. Be kind. Be real. Respect life forms. Let our imaginations range widely. Never, ever underestimate the tremendous power of television. And don't shoot ourselves in the foot.



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Old Vehicles Build a Vintage Friendship

Story by Susan Lagsdin

Sometimes you'll see an Selderly, restored car chugging down a country road or even zooming up next to you on the freeway. Its color isn't contemporary, its distinctive fenders gleam in the sun, and the driver may be in a hint of costume. Whether it's a luxury vehicle from the early 1920s or a souped-up fifties race car, the sight of it can evoke memories (even ones you've never personally experienced) as fast as you can say "23 Skiddoo" or "Burma Shave."

Sam Profit and Don Brawley have been tinkering together with cars like that for fifteen years. Antique cars, classic cars, muscle cars, restomods, rat cars and the like all capture someone's attention. But these two focus on iconic "street rods" – the sleek, polished version of the drag racing hot rods of the 1930s.

They work in the big garage at Sam's home, which he's remodeled into a shop space and separate clean room, a kind of gallery for completed cars. And they've established a pattern of getting together every weekday afternoon for about four hours. "Sometimes we go for seven days a week if there's a big project..." Don admitted.

The two men met on the job at the Chelan PUD, where Don, trained as a hydro wireman, retired as manager of the Rock Island Dam and Sam was a hydro mechanic. They both are East Wenatchee husbands and grandfathers, comfortably settled into their seventies, and they are dedicated to helping cars on their long journey from rusted heap to gleaming artifact – one you can definitely take for a spin around the block.

The cars that Sam and Don choose to restore are survivors that have escaped the scrapyard and lived in back fields and forgotten sheds, ignored through millions of iterations of new vehicles coming off automotive production lines. They focus on one car at a time, and it doesn't matter whose it is; the challenge of finding or crafting parts, problem-solving and experimenting is invigorating.

Both men have used their years of accumulated work skills to advantage. They handle parts of cars from different decades, and they often need to improvise and modify similar parts from disparate makes and models. Sam said, "Don is really good with the electrical and engineering parts, and he's learning body work and painting. Me, I'm better at welding, grinding and metal fabricating, and my work on a metal lathe comes in handy."

And, if they can't

▶▶▶ Continued on next page



Photo by Mike Irwin

Don Brawley and Sam Profit, both retired from the Chelan County PUD, proudly show this 1940 Ford coupe. They have restored cars for the past fifteen years, working together most afternoons and keeping updated on the craft with frequent meetings and shows with other local car fanciers and copious use of the internet.

From previous page▶▶▶

craft or cobble their own repairs, Don said, they can usually find exactly what they need on the internet, where car restorers and the websites that support them are eager to share parts, opinions and arcane information.

The two friends came to this all-consuming hobby from different angles. Sam, who said he's been building model cars (the tiny kind) since he was 8 years old, came seriously around to big cars about 20 years ago when his kids moved away and he had more time. Also, he said his "overzealous participation" in competitive bicycling, kayaking and canoeing caused a few physical limitations, and this in-shop work is less of a strain.

Don learned mechanic skills from a friend when he customized his first Mercury in high school and even ran a small engine shop. Later, he was a dedicated off-roader, maneuvering his Jeep up and down local hills. He also realized that his hill climbing hobby wasn't sustainable for a few good reasons, one of which was wear and tear on the driver.

Sam spoke well of their friendship, one that started with work and continues into retirement. "Over the years we have both learned from each other and encouraged each other," he said, "We've stretched our skills and taken risks we otherwise mightn't have taken." They don't always agree on every step in the process, but the tacit rule is that whoever owns the car gets final say.

The two men have taken apart and re-assembled two complete cars together. Their latest project, a '39 Ford coupe convertible currently up on the blocks since 2020, should take them another two years. They don't generally work on others' cars, but they'll take the time to help out friends whose ambitions for their vehicles may have outstripped their abilities.

The car-struck pair are members of the Wenatchee Valley Street Rod Club, which Sam helped establish in 1975 and Don



Photo by Mike Irwin

This 1939 Ford convertible, which received some inexpert overhauling in the 50's, was shipped west to Sam years ago from a New York barn. It was stored away in his trailer, but for the past two years has taken center stage in the shop and is now the focus of the duo's daily restoration sessions.

joined three years later. Camaraderie, car talk and serious philanthropy characterized that active group, which over time donated over \$200,000 for scholarships and medical equipment to the Central Washington Hospital (now Confluence Health) Foundation Guild. The major fundraiser was the group's annual car show at Confluence Park, which at its peak attracted close to four hundred entries.

In 2018, the club was awarded the Guild's "Spirit of A.Z. Wells Award," and their healthy fund still gives three continuing education grants a year to hospital employees. In recent years they also established, through the Community Foundation of North Central Washington, three \$1500 annual grants given in perpetuity to automotive or health students at Wenatchee Valley College.

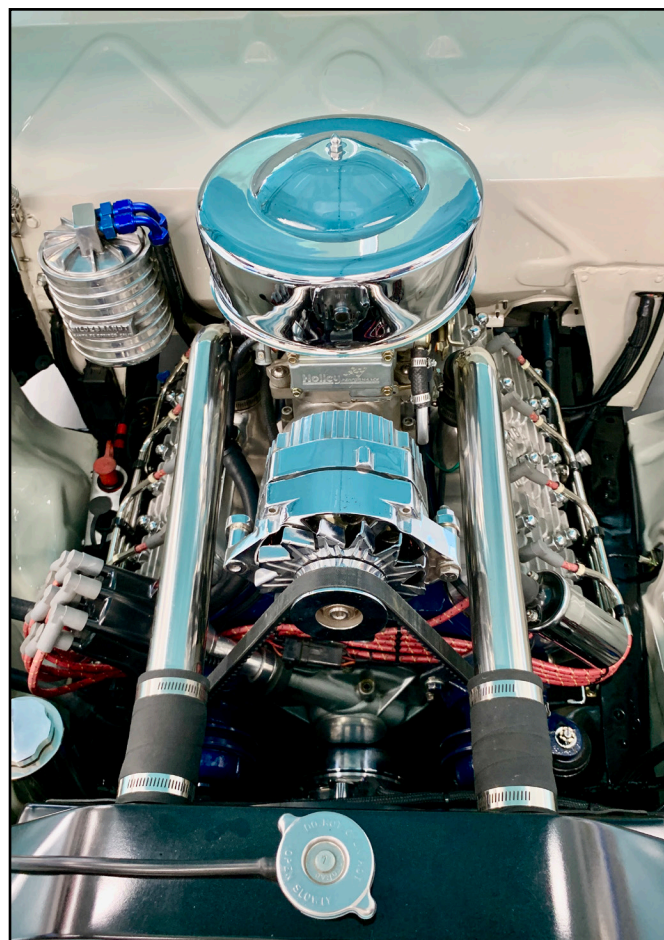


Photo by Mike Irwin

This under-the-hood photo of the Ford's rebuilt engine indicates the care with which Don and Sam approach their work. Finished projects like this, which see the light of day mostly for caravans and car shows, are kept totally free of dust and grease in a separate "clean room" next to the working shop.

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As happens with some fine old organizations, some fine old founders need to step down from the rigors of pulling together multiple, high-profile annual events. Membership in the street rod club waned and its activities became mostly social and then sparse, not an uncommon transition.

Some of the group's members regrouped into the Thursday Night Garage Association, a more loosely organized ("Everyone's the president," said Sam) and unabashedly social group which centers on cars but also features a monthly dinner at members' homes.

For car restorers like these two, winter is a time to hunker down in the shop and work even harder than usual – the spring, summer and fall brings rallies and car shows, caravans, family picnics and barbecues. It's still often seen as a man's hobby, though Don proudly cites his daughter, who with her husband is restoring a 1939 Dodge.

For everyone who's given into the temptation to rescue an old car, the appeal is different – it may be the trophies at car shows or the resale potential. Or the tranquility of handwork, or simply seeing a job well done. Or, in addition to his desire to preserve and share cultural history, as Sam said, "I just love seeing a rusty piece of a broken car part turned into a shiny, better-then-new-piece."

Give a wave to the next vintage

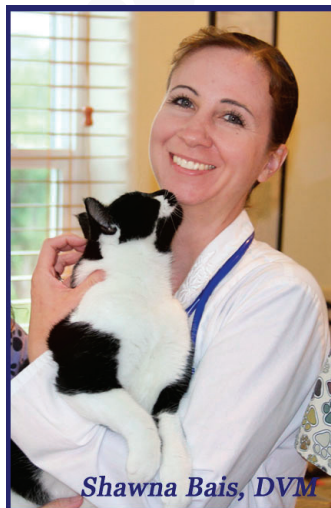


Provided photo

Sam predicts that in a few more years his and Don's in-progress convertible will eventually look like this show car: glossy black and ready to roll. Their "street rods," as opposed to "hot rods," aren't made for racing; the value is in the impeccable finish and precise detailing.

vehicle that shares the road with you; a lot of love and labor has gone into the purring engine and hand-waxed shine of any mid-century and older car that's made it this far into the millennium.

And if you wander through a car show and meet men like Don and Sam, you might take a few minutes to find out why they love to do what they do, what moves them to spend hundreds of skilled hours restoring their beautiful old cars.



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FUN STUFF

WHAT TO DO AROUND HERE FOR THE NEXT MONTH

LINE DANCING at the Twisp Valley Grange, 334 W. Second Ave., every Monday at 6 p.m. Lessons available for beginners and advanced dancers. \$4 fee to participate. Call 509-429-2064 for more information.

MOVEMENT MONDAYS every Monday at 10:30 a.m. at the Wenatchee Valley Museum, 127 S. Mission St. \$10 per child, caregivers free. Did you know music and dance can help with the development of math skills? Recommended for children pre-K through second grade. Visit wenatcheevalleymuseum.org to register.

CHESSE CLUB every second Tuesday at 4 p.m., all online. Event is free, registration is available on ncwlibraries.org; Zoom link provided in email after registration.

ONE MILLION CUPS is an entrepreneur showcase on the first Wednesday of each month. Register on wenatchee.org to attend.

NCW WRITERS CLUB every third Wednesday of the month from 4-5 p.m., optional social hour to follow. Please visit ncwlibraries.org for more information. Workshop is completely free and open to all skill levels and ages.

SHRUB-STEPPE POETRY PODIUM has a new location, date and time! Now at Class with a Glass, 134 N. Mission St. in Wenatchee. Third Thursday of each month at 7:00, doors open at 6:30. Come read your original poem or a favorite by someone else. Free. Public welcome. More info, email sfblair61@gmail.com.

ZOOM STORYTIME every Thursday at 9:30 a.m., except holidays. Visit ncwlibraries.org.

org for information and to register. Join librarians Clare and Dawn for a half-hour of stories, songs and movement for preschool-aged children.

RECREATION NIGHT at the Teen Center in Twisp, 502 S. Glover St., every Friday from 4 p.m. to 11 p.m. Ping pong, video games, Wi-Fi, dinner and a movie, all free.

FREESTYLE DANCE at The Studio in Twisp, 101 N. Glover St., every Friday at 5:45 p.m. \$5 fee to participate. Call 509-996-2017 for more information.

FUN, FUN, AND MORE FUN throughout the month of November with events hosted and sponsored by NCW Libraries. Activities include craft days, story times, movie nights, projects, book walks, and more. Visit ncrl.evanced.info/signup/list for more information on events, activities, dates, and registration. Events include Tech Help Sessions at select NCW Library venues, preschool story times, book clubs for all ages, a weekly knitting group, after school programs, Maker Monday sessions, Crafternoons, Dungeons and Dragons sessions, family events, and more!

BOOKMOBILE will be visiting multiple locations throughout North Central Washington, courtesy of NCW Libraries. Dates may vary, visit ncwlibraries.org for updated locations and times. November locations include: 97 Rock House, Orient, Valleyhi, Aeneas Valley, Desert Aire, Plain, Loomis, Crescent Bar, Nespelem, Wilson Creek, Orondo, Malaga Market, Three Lakes Malaga, and Chesaw.

RED BARN EVENTS in November include Biochar Production on Nov. 2 at 7 p.m., Les-

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NOW



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sons from the Mountains on Nov. 12 at 7 p.m., and Sustainable Holidays, also at 7 p.m., on Nov. 17. The first explores biochar, a stable, carbon-rich material made by heating biomass in an oxygen-free environment. The second will have audience members join Jeremy Jones to discuss his new book and the life-changing power of time spent in the mountains. The latter explores the idea of minimizing waste, especially around the holidays. Visit wenatcheeriv-er-institute.org for more information and to register.

ADVENTURES IN READING is planned for each Tuesday of November at the Twisp Public Library, 201 S. Methow Valley Highway. Program begins at 11 a.m.

WINE HARVEST in Chelan's Wine Valley until Thanksgiving. All harvest season long, food and wine lovers can be the first to taste autumn's fresh picks while taking in the stunning views of the lake and landscape unique to this time of year. Visit lakechelanwinevalley.com for more information.

MENDED HEARTS of greater

Wenatchee is meeting Nov. 3 from 11:30 a.m. to 1 p.m. at the Confluence Health Conference Center, 1000A N. Miller, in Wenatchee. Heart patients and their families from Chelan, Douglas, Grant, and Okanogan counties are invited. Email atthehelmsters@hotmail.com for access to the meeting.

CELEBRATION DINNER for the Chelan-Douglas Land Trust, the 37th annual celebration, celebrating conservation successes from the past year. Set for Nov. 4 at 6 p.m. at Kukyendall Hall, St. Joseph's Church, in Wenatchee. \$40 per person.

GROOMER GALA on Nov. 5 at 7 p.m. at Sleeping Lady Resort, 7375 Icicle Road, in Leavenworth. Get gussied up and come out in support of Leavenworth Ski Club's commitment to gloriously groomed slopes and trails for years and years to come. Catch up with your ski pals, pick up some fantastic raffle items, and meet the guys behind the joysticks of the PistenBullys who make corduroy while you're sleeping. \$50 per person, the first drink is on them!

HOLIDAY CRAFT BAZAAR on Nov. 5 at the American Legion, 314 14th Avenue, in Oroville. Bazaar

DAY OF THE DEAD DANCE CONCERT on Nov. 5 at the Snowy Owl Theatre, 7409 Icicle Road, in Leavenworth. Danzas Multiculturales, a traditional Mexican folklorico company, will put on a special dance concert commemorating Día de Muertos. Performance starts at 7:30 p.m., tickets available at icicle.org.

VOTING DAY is Nov. 8! During this midterm election year, all 435 seats in the House of Representatives and 35 of the 100 seats in the Senate will be contested. 39 state and territorial gubernatorial elections, as well as numerous other state and local elections, will also be contested. Visit your local government's or county's page for more information. Or, visit vote.org to find your nearest polling location.

SONGS OF OUR NATION concert hosted by the Wenatchee Symphony is set for Nov. 12 at 7 p.m. Concert is available online or in person. Features arrangements from John Wil-

liams, Samuel Barber, Aaron Coplan, Kevin Puts, and more. Visit wenatcheesymphony.org for more information.

BUSINESS AFTER HOURS: Town Toyota Center/ Wenatchee Wild. BAH is usually held the last Thursday of the month (Nov. 17), running from 5-7 p.m. Refreshments, networking and raffle prizes round out the evening while guests mix and mingle to create new or stronger business relationships. More info on business.wenatchee.org.

SNOWFEST 2022 in Leavenworth on Nov. 19. A snowmobiling expo event hosted by Bavarian Boondockers, a snowmobile club with members who have a love for the sport and a respect for the opportunity to ride. Visit leavenworth.org for more information.

CHRISTKINDLMARKT in Leavenworth, Nov. 25-27. An annual Bavarian-style Christmas market for the whole family. Runs from 10 a.m. - 7 p.m. Friday and Saturday, ending early at 3 p.m. on Sunday.

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POETRY



Story by Susan Blair

Matters

Get ready for a surprise: this is not a Christmas song, as it is often presented, nor was it originally a song – it was set to music later by an unknown composer. This is a Thanksgiving poem by Lydia Maria Child (1802-1880).

Maria (ma-RYE-uh), as she was called, was born in Medford, Massachusetts to Susannah and Convers Francis. She was an abolitionist, women's rights activist, novelist, journalist, teacher, and

poet. This poem was originally published in 1844 in her book, "Flowers for Children, Vol. 2." It's also sometimes called "Over the River and Through the Wood." You may be familiar with only a couple of the verses, as I was, so I am sharing the entire 12 stanzas:

Did you sing it in your head as you read it? I can't help doing that, myself; my inner child

makes me. And in so doing, you must have felt the meter and rhyme. The first line of each stanza – the same, as you see – is *dactylic*. I think of this as the "waltz meter" – ONE two three ONE two three. After the first stanza, lines 2-4 are more or less iambic: we WOULD not STOP for DOLL or TOP. There's really no disruption when the meter changes; the sounds make the change seamless, and speaking of sounds, there's plenty of satisfy-

ing rhyme here: end rhyme in the second and fourth lines, internal rhyme in line #3 of each stanza.

If we look more closely, we find some interesting details. First, there's the reference to enough snow in November to allow for a sleigh ride. New England at the time was experiencing the Little Ice Age, a period of colder weather from roughly the 15th century to the mid-19th. And did you catch the references to things of the past? What kid plays with a top nowadays, what grandmother wears a cap? Delightful.

I also noticed differences in the language compared to how I sing the song today: it's not "drifting" snow but "drifted," not "over the *fields* we go," but "over the *ground* we go." Notice, too, how it's the "wood" and not the "woods," a more common usage at that time. In the last stanza, I wonder if she takes poetic license in saying "pow" rather than "paw" for the sake of the rhyme. And we're going to *Grandfather's* house, when all this time I thought it was *Grandmother's*. In my research I discovered that in this poem, Maria celebrates her childhood memories of visiting her grandfather's house, thought to be the Paul Curtis House in Medford, Massachusetts. Go online and find the picture. It's charming.

In 2007, Lydia Maria Child was inducted into the National Women's Hall of Fame. The Liberty Ship *Lydia M. Child* was launched on January 31, 1943 and saw service in WWII. Now you and I have both discovered her.

The New England Boy's Song About Thanksgiving Day by Lydia Marie Child

Over the river, and through the wood,
To Grandfather's house we go;
the horse knows the way to carry the sleigh
through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river, and through the wood,
to Grandfather's house away!
We would not stop for doll or top,
for 'tis Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river, and through the wood—
oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes and bites the nose
as over the ground we go.

Over the river, and through the wood—
and straight through the barnyard gate,
We seem to go extremely slow,
it is so hard to wait!

Over the river, and through the wood—
When Grandmother sees us come,
She will say, "O, dear, the children are here,
bring a pie for everyone."

Over the river, and through the wood—
now Grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun! Is the pudding done?

Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

Over the river, and through the wood,
with a clear blue winter sky,
The dogs do bark, and children hark,
as we go jingling by.

Over the river, and through the wood,
to have a first-rate play.
Hear the bells ring, "Ting-a-ling-ding!",
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river, and through the wood,
no matter for winds that blow;
Or if we get the sleigh upset
into a bank of snow

Over the river, and through the wood,
to see little John and Ann;
We will kiss them all, and play snow-ball
and stay as long as we can.

Over the river, and through the wood,
trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground like a hunting-hound!
For 'tis Thanksgiving Day.

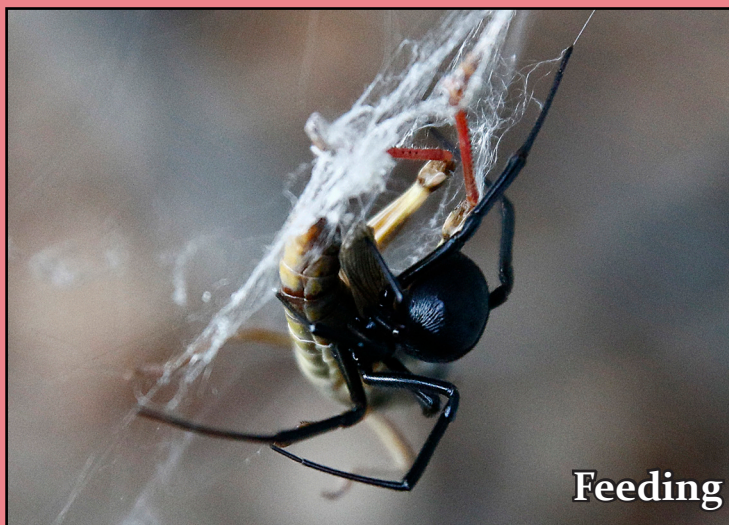
Over the river, and through the wood,
Old Jowler hears our bells.
He shakes his pow, with a loud bow-wow,
and thus the news he tells.



Spiders be there



Sly



Feeding

*I didn't have to go far
to find some spiders.
"Sly" was on my back
porch and "Feeding,"
of a black widow and a
cricket, was on my front
porch!
"Spiders be There" was
taken in Lamoine.*



Snared Leaf

The jeans I dropped the night before
made denim caves for one who creeps
beneath the slit of my back door.
Those cluster eyes watched me sleep.

This sudden speck wields godlike power
to blast such volume from my breast,
then cheetah-quick, it darts to cower
beneath my sacred place of rest.

Curses flung against the walls,
covers tossed and shadows swept,
til every mote of dust that falls
I've scanned to find the place he's crept.

Nighttime mocks my vanity,
and fretful sleep subverts my will.
He climbs with svelte dexterity
and trundles over cotton hills

to rest upon my skin and say
"I can do this any day."



Photo by Shannon Keller

Keller went searching for the prettiest view she could find before eventually landing on this small beach area along the Wenatchee River in Leavenworth.

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