

the relationship issues

Featuring Leah Selk Pages 6 & 7



On the

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Love affair with a dream

BY CRAIG SMITH

Whenever someone hears the word 'relationship' they immediately jump to the conclusion that it is between humans or animals. At the risk of coming off as sexist, I wanted to talk about men's relationships, but more particularly, their relationships with inanimate objects.

It used to be that most men's first relationships were definitely of the wheeled variety, whether it be a bicycle or skateboard. It might be different now with video games etc., but when I was growing up it was a love affair with your very first set of wheels. It was saving up for new grips, a fancy banana seat, a better tire, or finding out that if you clipped hockey cards to the spokes it sort of sounded like a motorbike.

As we got older and entered adulthood, our wheels got bigger, fancier and more expensive. The relationships we have with our vehicles are definitely a love-hate relationship. You don't find too many men that don't care one way or another about the vehicle they own. If we love our vehicle, we take care of it. We wash and clean 'her' constantly. We make sure she has nothing but the best gas and oil money can buy. We buy her fancy accessories and take her out every chance we get. We can also have more than one at a time, and neither one will get jealous of the other. I will almost guarantee you that she might even have a pet name. On the other hand, if we hate (although I find that word a little strong) or dislike the vehicle we own, we will neglect it, put the cheapest gas in and sometimes forget to

even change the oil. We will be constantly looking at other vehicles, secretly wishing that that one was ours instead of his.

Before I start getting emails about 'not all men are like this and there are some women like this' I will admit yes, that's true, but in most cases I find I am accurate.

So what is it about cars and bikes that invoke these kinds of emotions? Is it the lines of the body or shape of the design which some consider to be sexy? Is it the power and ability to propel our bodies at speeds we cannot achieve under our own power? Is it the vibrations moving through our bodies as we gun the engine, or the wind rushing past as you drive with the windows open or the top down? I personally think it's all these things and then some. It's the way they make you feel when you touch them, drive them or just sit in them. It really is indescribable.

One myth that I'd like to put to rest once and for all is that any man that buys his dream vehicle is either going through a midlife crisis, or is overcompensating for something lacking. If we buy the vehicle we've lusted over for years when we are at that mid-stage of our lives, it's because we can now afford it...period. As far as overcompensating, sorry but there are cheaper ways of doing that.

My love affair with wheels started with a bicycle. A plain three-speed bike with a banana seat – but it was mine. Even though I wiped out a few times, I still loved her and kept getting back on. When I turned 16, I got my licence – now cars, trucks and vans were the obsession. I



bought my first motorcycle just after I finished basic training in the military. I had no idea how to ride it and had no lessons, but after lots of scrapes, bruises and flowing blood, I finally figured it out. That bike I hated and loved at the same time. It tried to kill me many times but, thank God, never succeeded. I've had many bikes since then, all of them made in Japan. My longest love affair was with my 1996 Limited Edition 1100cc Yamaha Virago, or what all my friends called my 'YamaHarley,' and which I still own.

Last year, I finally bought what I considered my 'dream bike,' a Harley Davidson Ultra Glide Limited with a 103 cubic inch or 1687.87cc engine, fully decked out. As soon as I sat on her, I knew she was the one for me. Everything fit me the way it's supposed to. From the handlebars, to the foot pegs, to all the controls, nothing was where it shouldn't be. As much as I loved my Virago, she was good for short distances, but anything longer than 10 minutes and you could tell she wasn't built for me to be comfortable on. If you want to see a man, or woman for that matter, who has attained Nirvana, find one that has found and is experiencing their dream vehicle. For me it is my Harley that I have named 'Serenity' Any problems or issues can be solved for me by bombing down the road at sixty miles an hour with nothing to think about but the sound of the wind and the rumbling of the engine. You would think that my wife would be jealous of this love affair I am having with my two-wheeled girlfriend, but she understands and is the first one to tell me to go for a ride when I really need one.

We want to hear from you! Email craig@thestew.ca

I saw a poster somewhere online that sums it up perfectly. "You will never see a motorcycle parked in front of a phyciatrist's office...ever." Three more months till riding season!

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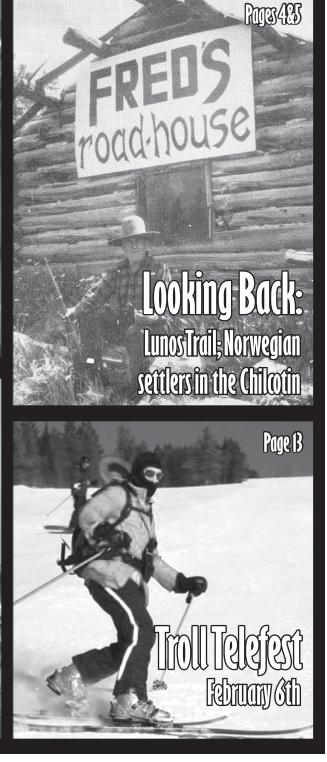
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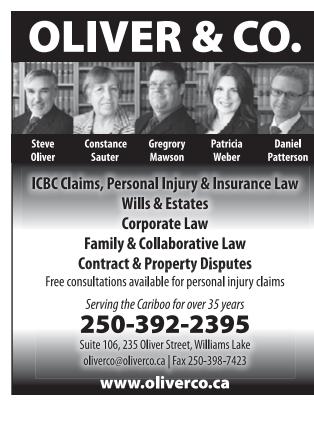
Featured Artist Leah Selk

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unos Trail; Norwegian settlers in the Chilcotin

There's a ramshackle log barn on the side of the road at Towdystan in the West Chilcotin that defies the laws of physics. It was a landmark forty years ago, and still stands tall today. Despite its obvious lean to the south, it remains upright. A host of other great structures in the Cariboo Chilcotin have succumbed to the ravages of time much sooner, but not Fred Engebretson's barn.

It was only after a conversation with Fred that the mystery of the building's structural soundness was revealed. Its roof is held together by cables and triangular bracing. The wood, more than a century old, is well-seasoned by drying winds on the leeward side of the Coast Mountains. Gravity be damned!

Though it's been more than a quarter century since Fred's passing, the old barn and homestead at Towdystan remain a legacy to the Norwegians who spilled out of the Bella Coola Valley to the Chilcotin in the early 1900s

Before the Bella Coola Road was built through the Coast Mountains in 1953, the only land access to the Chilcotin was by trail. There were a dozen different trails out of the valley to the high country, and one of these historic routes from the Precipice to Nimpo Lake was the Lunos Trail.

Jacob Lunos was a member of the first group of Norwegian settlers who arrived in Bella Coola with Reverend Christian Saugstad on October 30, 1894 aboard the Princess Louise steamship.

Born in Norway in 1848, Lunos immigrated to the United States with his wife Ingri around 1880 and settled in Climax, Minnesota. They had four children, Annie (1882), Johan (1883),

Looking Back By Sage Birchwater

Fred (1885) and Karen (1887). But then tragedy struck the Lunos household when Ingri and their three youngest children died from tuberculosis.

Annie also had TB, but she managed to survive and was 13 years old when she arrived in Bella Coola with the second boatload of colonists in May 1895, to be reunited with her father.

"I walked up the valley with a pack on my back for ten miles," she wrote in her memoirs. "There were no houses, no road, just a trail." The trail went as far as

Snootli Creek where her father and two other men had built a house.

"That's as far as the trail went. My Uncle Ole Gaarden lived in the house the men had built, and we all had to stay in his house."

on the road all summer, then she and her father got a house further up the valley beyond Nusatsum River.

"It didn't have a stove, so Father hired some Nuxalk men to bring one up the river by canoe to our place. They took that stove up the valley against the stream for



Fred Engelbretson's Barn

subject to the whims of the rugged terrain and the weather.

"One winter we had a bad flood and the water came into our house. Father went out to rescue our cow and calf, but the calf had drowned. We had to go up the hill to Iver Vestmoe's house to stav."

A year or so after Annie joined her father in Bella Coola, two Norwegian brothers, Tom and Ole Engebretson arrived from

Annie, who had never cooked before, was immediately thrust into the role She said the men worked as her father's homemaker. "I learned quickly," she said. "We mostly lived on beans. We had rolled oats and canned milk in the morning, then beans and

sixteen miles, and charged

my dad twenty dollars."

pork and rice in the afternoon for I don't know how many years." Homesteads in the narrow, steep-sided valley were

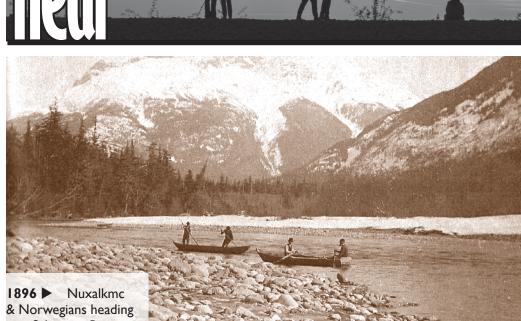


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into Saloompt River

... continued from page 4

North Dakota, and established a homestead further up the valley at Firvale.

Ole Engebretson wasn't impressed with the primitive lifestyle of the Central Coast valley and soon returned to North Dakota. Tom Engebretson on the other hand, was drawn to living back in the bush. Besides that, he was smitten by the young woman, Annie Lunos.

Maybe getting flooded out and losing his calf had something to do with Jacob Lunos deciding to explore the high country to the east. One day, in the company of his daughter Annie, and future son-in-law Tom Engebretson, he took the trail up the valley and followed the Atnarko River and its tributary, the Hotnarko River, to the Precipice Valley. From there they cut a trail to Nimpo Lake.

The route from the Precipice to Nimpo Lake soon became known as the Lunos Trail. In 1901, Lunos, Annie and Tom pre-empted land at Towdystan near the headwaters of the Dean River, which in those days was known as the Salmon River

Another Norwegian colonist from Bella Coola, Ole Nygaard, built the first sod roofed cabin at Towdystan for them, before heading further east along the old Chilanko Trail to establish his own ranch at Chilanko Forks. Nygaard's Norwegian axe work was so precise it would have been impossible to fit a piece of paper between the dovetail notches.

Annie and Tom got married and had five children.

Their first-born child, Ida Josephine, was followed by Fred (1910), Harold (1912), Lorena (1920) and Thelma (1924).

"Thelma and I were kind of an afterthought," jokes Lorena Draney, who still lives on her own in Bella Coola. "I'm eight years younger than my youngest brother, Harold."

By the time Lorena and Thelma were born, the Engebretson family had moved back to Bella Coola so the older children could attend school. Jacob Lunas died in 1920, so neither Lorene nor Thelma ever met him.

"I was 13 going on 14 when we moved back up top to Towdystan in 1934," Lorena says. "We lived up there until we got married and moved out to where we were going to live on our own?

Lorena married Tim Draney and ranched up behind Nimpo Lake at Mud Lake. Thelma married Earl McInroy who ran a garage in Anahim Lake. Then both

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PHOTO COURTESY CENTRAL COAST ARCHIVES Ole Engebretsen's homestead Firvale



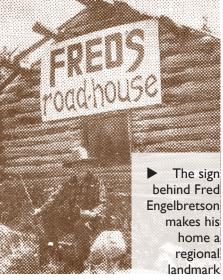
PHOTO COURTESY CENTRAL COAST ARCHIVES Jacob Lunas hoeing in his garden



sisters retired with their husbands to Bella Coola Valley.

Thelma says her mother loved the high plateau country. "She liked the space and freedom, and

always felt sorry for kids in the city because they didn't have any place to play in those little lots. She wanted acres for her kids to play in - a free life." Despite suffering from



DAVE KING PHOTO







tuberculosis as a child, which claimed the lives of her mother and siblings, Annie Lunos lived a long life.

"She was supposed to die," Thelma says, "but she fooled them and lived to be 99. It made her strong;

coming to Bella Coola and grubbing for survival between the stumps."

NOTE: Special thanks to Peter Solhjell for his photographs and historical material published in his book Spuds Among the Stumps.

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LEAH SELK ► Local photographer and instrumental in the local arts community

CRAIG SMITH PHOTO

Ampfilm



People and the arts

BY CHRISTA SMITH

Every community has some kind of a creative culture or society within its roots – some are more defined and some are just waiting for a chance to flourish. The Cariboo is a place where creativity overflows and is only growing bigger. Part of that creative influence on our region is local artist and arts administrator, Leah Selk.

Born and raised in the Cariboo, Leah was keen on the arts from a very young age. She started at the age of eight in summer classes at the Station House Gallery with sketching. "The Station House was so important to me," Leah recalls, "they treated me like a real artist. They would put on student exhibitions which included an exhibition opening and the media."

Throughout school, Leah found that she had some really great opportunities to explore her creativity through a variety of mediums. "I had great teachers who were very supportive; in high school, we had the opportunity to work with wood carving, clay, silkscreen, and linocut to create art and sample various mediums," Leah remembers. With the exposure to so many types of art, Leah found that she was multitalented.

After taking a couple of years off after high school, Leah left Williams Lake in search of an education in the arts. She attended Camoson College in Victoria for two years, taking a fundamental program that included animation, photography, and performing arts to name just a few. Through this opportunity, she focussed on her passion for drawing and photography. From there, Leah went to Montreal and completed a four year Bachelor of Fine Arts Degree at Concordia University with a major in Photography.

While at Concordia, she worked as a photography technician at the University, which included maintaining and assisting with the darkrooms and large-format printers. Over the summers, she returned to Williams Lake and worked at the Station House Gallery as a summer student. This opened the door to return to Williams Lake when Leah was offered a position there as the exhibition cocoordinator following her graduation.

Leah is now the Central Cariboo Arts and Culture Society Executive Director, where she has been for the last five years. "I have a passion for working with the different groups and individuals to bring their ideas and projects to life," says Leah. "It is my job to bring all of the knowledge and resources together to help artists and organizations. There is a group for everybody, and I advocate for that."

There are over seventy arts and cultural groups and programs that Leah works with.



The Society oversees the Central Cariboo Arts Centre, a project grants program, fee for service agreements, Performances in the Park and a host of other activities.

The relationships that Leah builds with the artists and the groups help to build the Arts community and provide opportunity for artistic outlets. As for Leah herself, she still loves to draw and explore photography but lately it's gardening that steals her imagination. "The earth is its own canvas," says Leah. Even though most of her time is spent helping others and growing the arts community, Leah expresses her deep appreciation for this community and how much it has given to her. "We are so lucky to have such a dynamic

arts community going on here in the Cariboo". Leah's long term plan is to stay here and continue to grow the arts and her garden. As for relationships, whether its pencil and paper, photographer and subject, or like-minded artists, Leah has formed deep ones, and will continue to build her network of relationships for some time to come.

WARAN The relationship within

BY CHRISTA SMITH

Relationships are the foundation of our human existence. Even if you are a hermit living in a desolate place and your only relationship is with nature, it's still a relationship. The relationship that we have with ourselves can be one of the most complicated. How we see ourselves directly impacts how we interact with others, and how we interact with others often impacts our thoughts of self. Of all the relationships that we will ever form over a lifetime, it is ourselves that we have to live with, so therefore it is the most important for self-maintenance.

There are posters and quotes everywhere about how to have a happy life, improve your mental health, and build selfesteem. We are not born with a manual that tells us how to have a great relationship with ourselves, or even how to keep our sanity intact. This is stuff that takes work and time.

Studies have shown that exercise and a healthy diet can actually improve mental capacity and longevity. Just one more reason to keep to the New Year's resolutions to eat healthy and exercise – your brain needs you to. Here are some more great ways to build that relationship with yourself to carry you through.

Look for positive people to have in your life. It is hard to make changes and work on positively improving your mental health if you are surrounded with negativity. Just by association, you will find that your own perspectives improve if you are around happy, positive people who embrace life instead of complaining about it. Goal-setting is a

great way to track your progress. Even keeping a journal will show over time what kind of relationship you have with yourself, and if you are maintaining your mental health in a positive way. How do you know that you are growing if you don't know where you are heading or where you have come from. Every year I make the same New Year's resolution; try something new, and do one new thing to enhance my life. Some years it's drastic, like going back to school, changing careers or traveling somewhere new. I have to say that I have never been disappointed, even with the scary big changes and decisions. That being said, it is never too late to learn something new, and what



something. Whether it's

religion, nature, volun-

teering, or recreation -

your life meaning, and

make a conscious effort

to cultivate and grow that

meaning to a deeper level.

You will always have

yourself, so you might

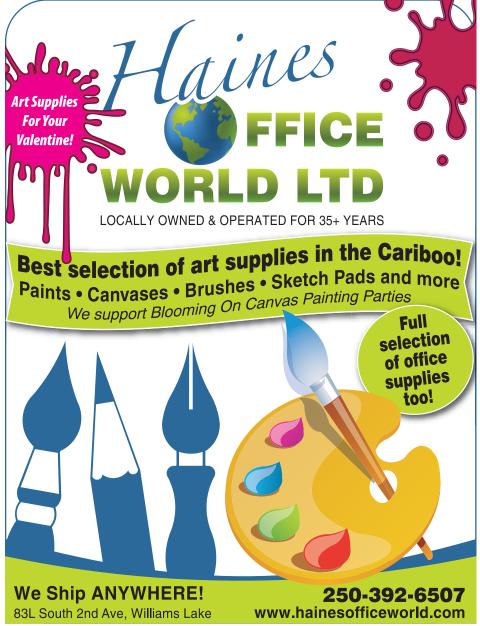
as well be your own best

find something that gives

a better way to improve your self-relationship than with becoming knowledgeable about something, or taking the time to get to know another culture.

The last tip that I have for building yourself a strong internal relationship is to find meaning in friend; after that, relationships with others will come easier and will probably be deeper. Think about all of your relationships, and make February the month to make them better, stronger and more meaningful.





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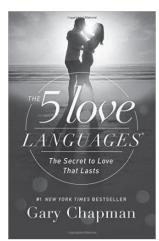


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Life-changing books to make your good relationship great



The 5 Love Languages: The Secret to Love That Lasts, by Gary Chapman

Between busy schedules and long days, expressing love can fall by the wayside. We forget to compliment, to give gifts "just because," to linger in our embrace. The things that say "I love you" seem to either not get said or not get through. This is a book about saying it—and



hearing it—clearly. No gimmicks. No psychoanalyzing. Just learning to express love in your spouse's language.

Our Q&A a Day: 3-Year Journal for Two



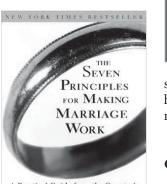
People, by Potter Style This beautifully embellished journal lets

you record thoughts, feelings, and events in your life over three or five years. Filled with prompts that are at turns provocative (How happy are you?), quirky (What can you smell right now?), and always interesting, it serves as a great way to look back in time and remember.

Good for One Mediocre Shoulder Rub: Considerate Coupons for Couples, by Meera Lee Patel

All relationships must, at some point, make the transition from rose-colored swoon-fest to real-life partnership. But with this hilarious coupon book, practicality doesn't mean saying goodbye to big laughs and tender gestures. Forget long-stem roses and fancy chocolates. Sometimes the most romantic thing an individual can do for a partner is something as unsexy as washing the dishes on a Wednesday night.

The Seven Principles



A Practical Guide from the Country's Foremost Relationship Expert JOHN M. GOTTMAN, PH.D.,

for Making Marriage Work, by John Gottman and Nan Silver

Through his unprecedented study of couples over a period of years (which allowed him to observe the habits that can make—and break a marriage), John Gottman has revolutionized the way we understand, repair, and strengthen marriages with seven principles to guide couples along the path toward a harmonious and long-lasting relationship. Straightforward yet profound, these principles teach partners new approaches for resolving conflicts, creating new common ground, and achieving greater levels of intimacy. Gottman offers strategies, re-



sources, and exercises to help couples collaborate more effectively.

The Bucket List for Couples, by Lovebook

If "till death do us part" is the goal, this slender book will help you get there with a healthy dose of adventure. Travel, Adventure, Career & Finance, Relationships, Personal Development and Community; each category includes some ideas to get you started and a results section where you can place photos and write about your experiences.

What I Love About You and Me, by Knock Knock

Think of your true love, and now fill in the blanks: "I love how you ____ my ____" and "You deserve the _____ award." This is the simple concept behind What I Love About You, a cute personalizable book that reminds the one you adore exactly why you fell in love with

Pariboo Wood Shop

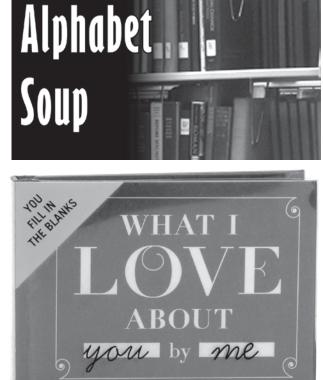
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Mad Libs in Love, by Roger Price and Leonard Stern

We're guessing that you haven't played Mad Libs since junior high recess. Here's your chance to revisit the fillin-the-blanks game in a way that's a little—and we emphasize a little more grownup. From "How to Write a Love Letter" to "Meet Your



Dream Person," the results are a silly, fun, and a light way to have a cheesy laugh with your partner in crime.







I Choo-Choo-Choose Chocolate

As 50% off Chocolate Day approaches, I'm reminded that there are about to be hundreds of red, white and pink pieces of paper floating around my house to create all manner of hearts and cute candyholding cards. You'll think a confetti-filled balloon went off in every corner of every room, and I'll be having heated conversations with malevolent heart candies before they're devoured.

Pint-Sized

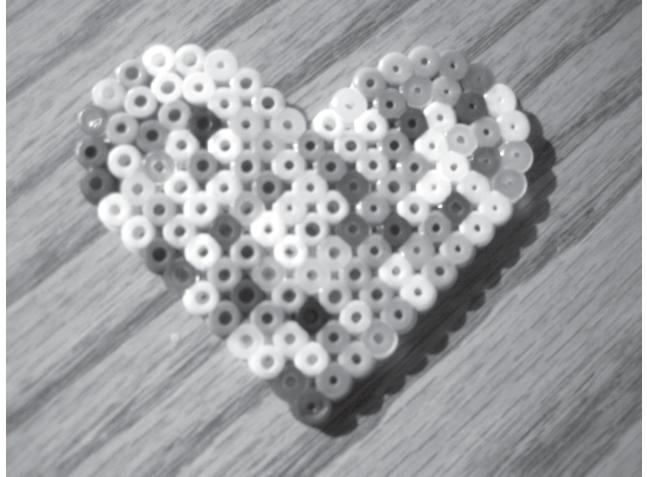
By Jazmyn Douillard

This is also the time of year that the kiddies start stressing about who to give which cards. You can't give Sally the card with too many hearts, because then she'll know, but if you give it to Sarah instead she might give you the stink eye.

That's where all the lovely pre-printed and general sentiment cards come into play. Pick up a box, decide who amongst your closest friends gets the best Wolverine card and who will be unfortunate enough to get Cyclops, then boom! You're done.

But, for those of us that want to use this as an excuse to play with glitter – I mean play with our kids, it's time to pick out designs and help them pick the perfect words for the perfect card for the perfect person. Or at least glue some glitter.

The Cariboo has a plethora of creative businesses that are there when you need to make something unique. Every shop has a wealth of knowledge with people ready to jump in and offer advice about what's the best paper, embellishment and envelope to hold sweets and sweet thoughts. Some stores offer classes and help you put the cards to-



gether, some offer ideas and others encourage you to come in when you'd like and create while you're there. Either way, you'll find what you need to make specialized cards, and spend a great afternoon making a mess with the kids.

But then there are the dreaded messages. Of course, each and every card could have a simple 'Happy Valentine's Day,' but it's a good chance to sit and think about what they could say that is special to each of their friends. It doesn't have to be anything too enlightened, but it's a nice pick-me-up in a sea of 'I choo-choose you' and 'you're some-

one special.' Maybe they like how Brad shares extra cookies every lunch, or how Brent always picks them first for dodge-ball. Get them to think about the first half of the year and if they appreciated anything another classmate did for them, then jot that down in their handmade card. If they really don't have any fond memories or thoughts about a certain classmate, go with something a little more general and like they're looking forward to the rest of the school year with them.

Then, when the day of giving is over, get out there and pick yourself up a nice bottle of wine and a box of cheap chocolate, and think about the people in your life and who you want to share the chocolate with. Or don't. You earned it.









Troll Telefest February 6th

SUBMITTED BY MAUREEN TROTTER

For the 15th year, Troll Resort is hosting a fun introduction to telemark skiing on February 6th. Everyone is invited to come out, celebrate winter and check out another option for having fun.

Telemark skiing is a technique from the 1800s, originally developed in Telemark, Norway. Ski-

ers can ski downhill and also have their heels free as cross-country skiers do. There will be a few instructors onsite at 11am to help those who would like to take a crack at it. Some demo gear is available, but please arrive at 10am to get set up before the lessons.

In the afternoon, practice skiing with experienced telemark skiers and watch out for those





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for tele-skiing or not, you can join the fun. At 6pm,

twenty dollars gets you a great Troll supper and dance with our Cariboo favourite, the Joey Only Outlaw Band. Advance tickets are available at Troll Mountain, Rocky Peak and on the day at separately.



MAGAZINE

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Jazmyn Douillard Pint Sized

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February, the 'drunken Uncle' of months

after the new calendar

BY APRIL GERWING OF WILLIAMS LAKE STUDIO THEATRE

If you're reading this, you likely have a pulse and therefore, vou have relationships. February, arguably the worst month of the year, tends to dance that word onto the romantic side of the page. I think this may have something to do with it being the shortest month, and its need to prove something to all the other, regulation-sized months.

Dictionary-wise, the 'R-word' means this: the way in which two or more concepts, objects, or people are connected, or the state of being connected. That, my friends, may well be the truth but it will not move a lot of units, where chocolates, flowers and jewellery are concerned. It's rumoured that a guy at Hallmark tried to work it into a card once and received a lovely, heart-shaped pink slip the very next day. I hear that the new Marketing Manager took a more swoon-centric approach and now has a company car and a place in Barbados.

I think February gets kickbacks from the hedonism industry, with whom I suspect it has a rather steamy relationship. Consider this: a mere six weeks



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goes up, most folks are working hard on their newly-kindled relationships with their resolve. Your gym membership fees are still justifiable, even as you weep over your credit card statements, vowing that, "Next year, we're having an Old-Timey Christmas, and making all our own gifts from used coffee filters and old sweaters." You've managed to

resist the siren song of all that post-seasonal discount candy, as you march stoically past the shiny, gold Lindt gift boxes, reduced to the criminally temping, low, low price of \$9.94. Not that I pay attention to such things - I'm all about clean eating; it's February. You've resolutely given up all but a little glass of wine on Friday evening – red, of course – and only for the flavonoids, resveratrol and space-age polymers. Your body is once

again a temple and the relationship you have with your mortal coil has never been better. Your mind-bodyspirit relationship is a healthy, happy trifecta of awesome; you're feeling well adjusted and those pants fit again. You and your finances are back on speaking terms; this is going to be your best year yet!

But look out, here comes February, the 'drunken Uncle' of months, and he's looking to wreck those relationships. He will tag-team with Cupid to plunge an arrow in the heart of your determination.

Let's say you're in a romantic relationship. If it's new, you have to walk that fine line between showing your love, and being a creepy, needy, bunnyboiler. It's too soon for jewellery, but further along than a punch in the shoulder and a goofy card. Romantic dinner fits the bill; maybe bubbles and chocolate? Aaaaand the relationship between you and your new fiscal responsibility, and six weeks of eating sticks and rocks, is out on its ear.

Mayhap your romance is in need of an overhaul, so off to the jewellery counter you go; damn the torpedoes and dust off the Visa. Alas, the



financial relationship is thrown on the altar of sacrifice to save the romantic relationship.

Maybe you're thinking of popping the question, and Valentine's Day is just the opportunity your poet's soul craves to make that moment as memorable and romantic as possible. This will involve a \$200, artery-clogging bill at the fondue restaurant you've got reservations at, following whatever mega-event you are able to obtain tickets to. It may be a rock concert or the monster truck rally; it really won't matter, as long as there's a Jumbotron.

Now that I think about it, February and its spoiled brat offspring, Valentine's Day, may be in cahoots with New Year's Day herself, creating demand for her freshstart with their supply of early-onset debauchery. It's a latherrinse-repeat cycle, and February is the gateway drug.

Wait, April, isn't this supposed to be a column about theatre? Why yes, indeed it is and here's the connection: Theatre tickets are the 'little black dress' answer to the relationship question. You can keep it simple, dress it down - say. tickets for you and a friend; fun but not too weird. You can make it a little fancy, add some pearls, maybe some low heels - dinner and a play, how lovely. You can top it with a mink stole and a tiara, and wear that bright, red lipstick – no, the Williams Lake Studio Theatre doesn't have a Iumbotron, but we do have Shane Tollefson, and that's almost as good.

Grab some tickets to Cabaret, which is coming up in March. Take the strain out of your relationships and go to the Theatre.

The author wishes to apologize to Ground Hog Day: February's most redeeming quality.





Pil

Your guide to where to go and what to do for the month of February



WILLIAMS LAKE & AREA

February 1 FREE Seniors Bingo & Refreshments, upper level Boitanio Mall 1pm

February 3,10,17,24 Karaoke Wednesdays 9pm, music trivia 7pm, OV Pub

February 4 Stand-Up Comedian Brian Majore, Central Cariboo Arts Centre 8pm, tickets at Guitar Seller \$10

February 4,11,18,25 Jam Night with Busted Remedy, Thursdays 9:30pm OV Pub

February 4,11,18,25 Just For Fun ladies singing group, supported by Women's Contact Society and Angelkeys Music Studio, everyone welcome, Anglican Church, Thursdays 7:30-9pm

AMETHYST

IS FEBRUARY'S

February 4,11,18,25 Pokemon Thursdays, Adventure Games 83C 2nd Ave S, 3:45pm

February 5,12,19,26 Friday Night Magic, Adventure Games 83C 2nd Ave S, 5pm

February 5-27 The Station House Gallery and Dr. Skye Raffard present "Wynken, Blynken, & Nod" watercolour artist Coral Keehn and "Along the Nuxalk-Carrier Grease Trail" hand-tinted photography by Rick Blacklaws, Monday to Saturday 10am-5pm

February 6,13,20,27 Warhammer and tabletop games, Adventure Games 83C 2nd Ave S, Saturdays all day

February 6,13,20,27 Fun Darts, OV Pub, Saturdays 2pm

February 7,14,21,28 Sunday Morning Magic, Adventure Games 83C 2nd Ave S, 10am

February 7,14,21,28 Sunday Game Night, Adventure Games 83C 2nd Ave S, 6pm

February 12 Safety Meeting Concert Series, live music Black Spruce Bog with Kym Gouchie, Central Cariboo Arts Centre 8pm, tickets \$15 at Red Shred's, info: www.fb.com/ groups/safetymeetingwilliamslake

February 13 Valentines Dinner, Dance & Silent Auction, WL Skating Club fundraiser, live music Flannel Roots, doors 6pm, dinner 7pm, music 9pm, tickets \$30 Laughing Loon

February 13 Big Night Out, Big Brothers Big Sisters prom event, Signal Point, info: 398-8391

Dinner & Dance, buffet, cash bar, live music & DL 19+, Ramada Convention Ctr 6:30pm-1:30am, tickets in advance only, \$75 per couple at hotel front desk or Tasha 250-392-3321

February 13 Valentine's

February 13 Annual Stampede Dinner, Dance & Auction, Elks Hall 6pm-midnight, tickets \$35 at Margetts Meats and Cariboo Spurs

February 13 Stampeders hockey CHIL playoffs, Memorial Complex 7:30pm

February 13-27 15th Annual Daybreak Rotary Book Sale, Boitanio Mall 9am-6pm

February 14 Get Your Heart On with Foxxie Follies featuring Bottoms Up Baring Burlesque, door 6:30 and show 7:30, Blue Spoon Catering 1527 Hwy 97 S, tickets \$30 cash only at Smashin' Smoothies or \$35 at the door, includes appetizers

February 14 OAPO Valentine Tea, Seniors Activity Centre 2-3pm

February 19 Safety Meeting Concert Series, live music Martin Patenaude with Flatland Peaks, Central Cariboo Arts Centre 8pm, tickets \$15 at Red Shred's, info: www.fb.com/ groups/safetymeetingwilliamslake



February 19-21 Curling Bonspiel, curling rink 9am-6pm

February 21 Bikers Against Child Abuse (BACA) public meeting, at Big Brothers Big Sisters 200-369 Oliver St. 1pm, info: 778-412-9323

February 24 Annual CCIPC Regional Strategic Planning Session to prioritize invasive plant species in the Cariboo Chilcotin Coast region, lunch provided, CRD office Downtown 9:30am, RSVP by Feb.15 to info@cccipc.ca or 250-855-9333, www.cccipc.ca

February 25 Chamber of Commerce Luncheon, Signal Point 11:30am-1pm, tickets at Chamber office \$16 members/\$20 non-members

February 26 Safety Meeting Concert Series, live music Leathan Milne with Lydia Hol, Central Cariboo Arts Centre 8pm, tickets \$15 at Red Shred's, www.fb.com/groups/safetymeetingwilliamslake

February 27 BCBRA Barrel Race, Eagle View Equestrian 1-3pm

February 29 Social Planning Council public monthly meeting, FETCH website and GP for Me Initiative presentation, lunch provided, location TBA, 11:30am, info: www. socialplanningcouncil. blogspot.ca



February 5 Live music, Switch at The Occidental 228 Front St. 8-11pm

February 6 RCMA Open Mic Night, The Occidental 7-10pm

February 6 Quesnel Winter Carnival, bring your travel mug for cocoa or coffee, indoor art activities, winter outdoor pursuits, West Fraser Timber Park 1-5:30pm

February 9 Live music Grammy Award winning Alex Cuba, The Occidental 228 Front St. 7-9pm, advance tickets \$25 adults & \$15 children/seniors, tickets at the door +\$5

February 10 Live music, Zonnis at The Occidental 8-10pm

February 13 6th Annual Valentine's Dinner Dance & Auction 5-11pm, live music 8:30pm-midnight with Frenzy at The Occidental, tickets \$45 at the Child Development Ctr or Heidi 250-992-2481 or heidik@quesnelcdc.com

February 13 Vile Pole Arts presents: Paper Dolls... a Dark Romance, Seniors' Centre 461 Carson Ave 7-11pm

February 19 Quesnel Live Arts: Sarah Hagen, classical soloist and chamber musician, Chuck Mobley Theatre 7:30pmmidnight, tickets \$25 adults, \$20 seniors/youth

Are you a gardener?

If yes, you may unknowingly be growing popular (yet invasive) ornamental plants such as Himilayan balsam, Purple loosetrife or Tansy ragwort. If you have started planning your garden or ordering seeds, please consider growing alternatives to invasive plants! Find recommended options for your gardening in the GROW ME INSTEAD brochure available online. Visit our webpage for more information, a complete list of invasive plants in the Cariboo Chicotin Coast with pictures and links to resources. To learn more visit **www.cccipc.ca** or call 250-855-WEED (9333).

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available at Green Tree Health, Save On Foods, KMax and at the door, info: www.qla.ca

February 19 Burlesque Show, The Occidental 228 Front St. 9-11pm

February 20 International Gourmet Ski, noncompetitive cross-country ski tour with evening Mountain Film Festival, Bears Paw Café in Wells 10am-midnight

February 21, Tillicum Society Bingo, 668 Doherty Drive 4:30-9pm

February 22 Koba's Great Big Show LIVE!, Chuck Mobley Theatre, Correlieu School, tickets: www.ticketfly.com, info: www.GreatBigShowOnTour.com

February 23 RCMA Meeting, The Occidental 228 Front St. 7-9pm

February 25-28 2016 Festival of the Performing Arts-Dance, Chuck Mobley Theatre, Correlieu School, 850 Anderson Dr, info: www.qfpa.org

February 26 Live music, Celestial Ruin cover tunes at The Occidental 228 Front St. 9-11:30pm

February 27 Barkerville Brewing Concert Series: Celestial Ruin originals, The Occidental 228 Front St. 8-10pm

100 MILE HOUSE & AREA

February 1,8,15,22,29 Bingo, Mondays, doors 6pm, starts 7pm, super star 8:30pm, Community Hall

February 1,8,15,22,29 Alcoholics Anonymous. Mondays noon, #10 Cariboo Gold Estates

February 1,8,15,22,29 Alanon, Mondays 7pm Health Centre (hospital rear entrance) info: 250-395-2532

February 1,8,15,22,20 Women's Drop-In Volleyball, Mondays 9:30am,

Lone Butte Community Hall

February 1-6 Parkside Art Gallery, Traditional Crafts 2016 featuring works of the South Cariboo Weavers, Spinners & Fibre Artists Guild, 401 Cedar Ave, Tues-Fri 10am-4pm & Sat noon-4

February 2 Outriders Meeting, horse-lovers club, everyone welcome, Library 5:30pm

February 2,9,16,23 Diabetes Drop-In, Tuesdays 1-2pm, Community Health Ctr (rear of hospital) info: 250-395-7676

February 2,9,16,23 HUGS help us get slim, Tuesdays 6:30pm, 6300 N. Green Lake Rd, info: Charlotte 250-456-7504 or Pat 250-456-2491

February 2,9,16,23 Carpet Bowling Club, Tuesdays 1-4pm, Interlakes Hall, info: Kitty 250-593-4780

February 2,9,16,23 Alcoholics Anonymous, Tuesdays United Church 8pm

February 2,9,16,23 Co-Ed Drop-In Volleyball, Tuesdays 7-9pm, Peter Skene Ogden gym, info: Kersti 250-395-1353

February 2,16 Photo Group, 1st & 3rd Tuesday of the month, Bridge Lake School, info: Larry 250-593-4362

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- Bakery Department Birthday cakes, baking for every occasion
- Produce Department Fresh produce, best quality
- Collect and earn Airmiles
- Enjoy custom drinks from our Starbucks Barristas



February 3,10,17,24 Ladies Belly Dance with Gameela, fun low impact workout, no experience needed, Wednesdays 7-8:30pm Lone Butte, info: Kerri 250-706-2368 kerrimingo@gmail.com

February 3,10,17,24 Bingo, g-ball, loonie ball & progressive, Wednesdays, doors 5:45pm, starts 7pm, Lac La Hache Hall

February 4,11,18,25 Alcoholics Anonymous, Thursdays 7:30pm, 108 **Community Centre**

February 4,11,18,25 Parkside Indoor Farmers Market, Thursdays 10amnoon, Parkside Art Gallery, vendor space available 250-395-2021

February 4,11,18,25 SCA Full Contact Stick Fighting, Thursdays 7pm in Lac La Hache. Info: wlchick@hotmail.com or www.coillmohr.com

February 4,11,18,25 Royal Canadian Army Cadets, Thursdays 6:30pm, Horse Lk Rd, info: Kevin 250-395-1181

February 4,11,18,25 TOPS Club, take off pounds sensibly, Thursdays 6:30pm, United Church, info: Kirsteen 250-395-3344

February 5,12,19,26 Crib Night, Forest Grove Legion Fridays 8pm

February 6,13,20,27 Meat Draw, Forest Grove



Legion Saturdays	4:30
6pm	

February 6,13,20,27 Alcoholics Anonymous fireside family group, Saturdays United Church 8pm, info: 250-791-1937

February 7,14,21,28 Alcoholics Anonymous, Sundays 7:30pm, Health Ctr (hospital rear entrance), 250-791-5286

February 10 Compassionate Friends, bereaved parents support group, 2nd Wednesday of the month, BJ's Donuts 7:15pm, 250-395-4417

February 13 Valentine's Dinner & Dance, live band Riding Shotgun, cash bar, door prize Forest Grove Legion 4489 Eagle Creek Rd., doors 5:30pm, dinner 6pm, dance 8:30pm tickets \$25 call Wendy 250-706-4177

February 13 1st Annual Sheridan Lake Fishing Derby, 1st prize \$1,000, 2nd prize \$300, 3rd prize \$200, awards 2pm must be present to win, alongside Hwy 24 follow the signs, 8am-noon, tickets \$10ea or \$20/family at Wildmans Outdoor Store, Bridge Lk Store, Country Peddler, or Sheridan Market

February 23 Cottage Prayer Meeting, every last Tuesday of the month, 6715 Hwy 97 turn left at the blue Travelling Workshop sign, 7:30-8:30pm, info: 250-395-3743

	February 2nd
A Brilliar	nt Young Mind
Bridge o	f Spies
Curve	
Dead Ri	sing: Watch Tower
Effie Gra	ау
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Sacrat in	Their Eves

Secret in Their Eyes Spotlight The Good Dinosaur



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House Cleaning

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Paris, city of love

BY SYLVIA RASH-BROOK OF ALL-WAYS TRAVEL

Paris is often referred to as the 'city of love'. Many couples aspire to go to Paris on their honeymoon because the City is well-known for its romantic walks along the Seine River, sidewalk café dining, and the Eiffel Tower that is all aglow at night. The beautiful architecture, lovely hotels, fine art galleries and museums lend to the romantic atmosphere of Downtown Paris. Couples in love enjoy the allure of the French 'language of love' spoken around them. Every year, millions of people go to Paris to spend romantic times. Paris is a strong brand because it delivers the 'love promise'; the magic happens when you take a stroll at night and find yourselves amid the art, history and nature. Just walk across the Pont du Carrousel and glance toward the Ile de la Cite and drink in the lights of the City.

More than any other city, Paris encourages you to take your time and enjoy the environment, and life itself. It is totally devoted to delighting your senses it has unexpected visual delights everywhere. It appears that the citizens of Paris take more care in making everything

beautiful, even in the most non-touristy areas.

In the early 19th Century, Paris revelled in the artistic and literary liberation of Romanticism, yet this graceful City has always inspired love. It permeates through the City where couples can laze in its manicured gardens and candlelit wind bars, and stroll along the Seine at sunset. The opportunities for romance and love are endless but here are a few of the more wellknown sites to explore in Paris.

You and your loved one can sail down the Seine River on a river cruise. Or for more privacy, you can glide in a row boat around Lac Inferieur – romance and serenity guaranteed. Afterwards you can stroll through the woods to Jardin Shakespeare where the plants, flowers and trees mentioned in Shakespeare plays grow. There are summertime performances in the gardens to add to the magic of Paris. You will want to take

in the view from the Eiffel Tower – scale the three floors of the 324 meter Parisian icon to see sweeping panoramic views of the City that are utterly romantic. Even more irresistible, this viewing can be done with a pink champagne from the topfloor Champagne Bar –

wow! No wonder there are so many marriage proposals at the top of the Eiffel Tower.

Say "Je t'aime" at the famous Basilique Du Sacre-Coeur (Sacred Heart Basilica). This is a place for religious romantics. Steep staircases scale the hillside to the Basilica's lofty dove-white domes, from where the vistas of Paris are second-to-none. Explore this artists' neighbourhood where Renoir and Suzanne Valadon had studios. The intimate garden here is particularly romantic.

You can venture into the art world, to the Musee de la Vie Romantique, where Writer George Sand and painter Ary Scheffer lived in re-light Pigalle. The romantic mansion with its tangled gardens sits in a cobbled courtyard at the end of a tree-shaded alley. Then there is the Louvre; admire works of Delacroix along with many great art works like the Mona Lisa, works of Renoir and Rodin, and the famous Venus de Milo Statue. It includes art collections of the Impressionists and Post-Impressionists, Art Nouveau, Fauvism, Cubism and Art Deco. Artists for centuries have exhibited their works in salons and art galleries. Sculptors like Rodin, Claudel, Bourdelle, Landowski and Barthodi (Statue



of Liberty) made their reputation in Paris.

Indulge in the Tea Room La Valentin while strolling along the right bank of the Seine, where you can seduce vour taste buds on their homemade gateaux (cakes) and coffee. You can browse the antique and second hand bookshops in Passage Verdeau, and gaze at the dollhouse miniatures and old-fashioned toys in Passage Jouffroy. You can then stroll to the Passage des Panoramas, the first place that was lit with gas lamps in 1817. Many vintage boutiques can be found here, with collections and collectibles of all sorts. Here you find old-world bistros mixed with new-world shops.

Continue your stroll to the Jardin du Palais Royal, which contain the elegant arches of Galerie de Motpensier and Galerie de Valois. Guy Martin's Restaurant serves the gastronomic food fare to make any

couple fall in love.

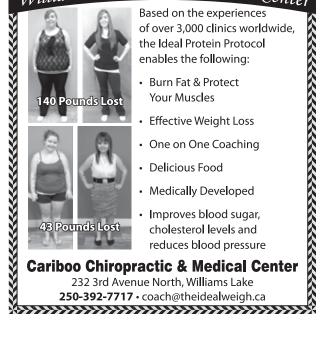
And if that is not enough romance for you, why not stroll arm-in-arm along the tranquil Canal St. Martin. You can linger on the iron foot bridge by the intersection of Rue de la Grange and Quai de Jemmapes and watch the vintage road bridge swing open to let canal boats pass; or sit on a waterside bench to 'boat watch'. You can sip on wine while enjoying a homemade pizza in this

area.

You can dine on the many restaurant terraces along the river beneath the stars and whisper sweet nothings in each other's ears while eating lush, homemade desserts and drinking France's spectacular wine. There's nothing more romantic.

I hope this inspires you to visit this City of Love. We would be delighted to send you there. Come see us at ALL-WAYS TRAVEL.









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Business partnerships

SUBMITTED BY FLORENCE GO-NYER, COMMUNITY FUTURES CARIBOO CHILCOTIN

One of the steps to starting your small business is to choose the type of business structure that is best suited for your business. There are generally three types of business structures: Sole Proprietorship, Partnership and Incorporation. In this article I will be focusing on business partnership structure.

When starting a new venture with a partner, the owners should seriously consider having a partnership agreement in place outlining terms of the partnership. A partnership

agreement is so that when the partners are in disagreement they will have something in writing to reference. This agreement will ensure that you are protecting yourself in the event of any disagreements or the termination of the business or partnership.

A business partnership structure is when two or more people (partners) decide to combine resources and start a business together. There are two types of business partnerships: General Partnership and Limited Partnership.

• A General Partnership is when two or more partners jointly share in the management of the business. and each partner is

liable for all debts and assumes all consequences of the business equally with the other partners.

• A Limited Partnership is when two or more owners jointly share in the management of the business but one of the partners (limited partner) is invested only to the extent of the amount of money they financed to the company. With this type of partnership, the limited partners are not liable for the control or management of the business, and are liable only to a specific extent for the companies' debts.

It is advised that you have your partnership agreement drawn up by a lawyer to ensure that:

• You and your part-

ner's have clear cut and straightforward partnership terms that leave no room for doubt or disagreement.

• Your interests in the company are protected and;

• That you meet the legal requirements for a limited partnership (if applicable)

Advantages to a business partnership: • Easy to start up

• Shared start-up costs, management, profits and assets between you and your partners

Disadvantages to a business partnership: • There are no legal differences between you and your business

• Personal assets could be used to pay off business debts

Keep in mind that unlike a Corporation, a general business partnership is not a separate legal entity, so make sure you do your research and get proper legal advice when starting your business partnership.



Small Business

Resource Centre

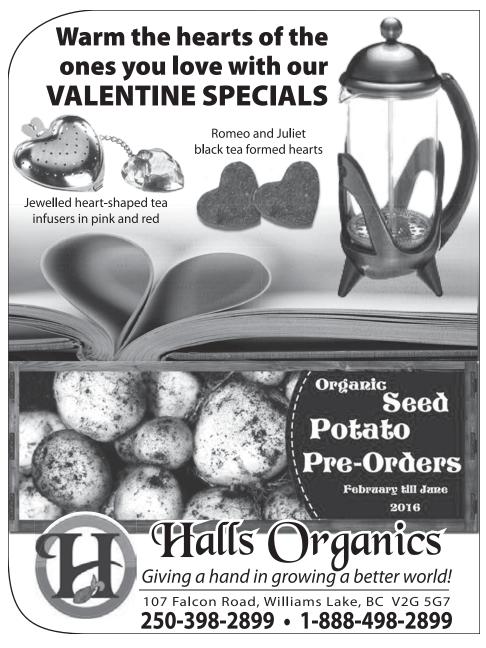
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Relationships built on common experience

I really struggled trying to think how I was going to write a story about relationships from a Chef's perspective. The lives we lead in restaurants don't lend themselves to successful spouse-type relationships, particularly when we are young.

It was my publisher's deadline for submissions, and I hadn't even written a rough draft yet. I had a few thoughts I was trying to arrange in my mind before committing them to paper. Suddenly, as if by divine intervention, a really great friend who had done much for me in terms of shaping me as a Chef, a father and a man, appeared in my restaurant. I walked up to him with my hand extended, "Bill!" How are you, you old dog." In my excitement, I spoke louder than anticipated and drew a few awkward stares from our customers. We gripped each other's hands with strength

and looked into each other's eyes. It had been six years since I'd seen him last, and eight years since he was in Williams Lake.

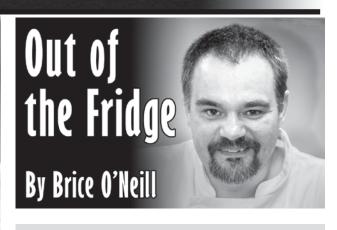
This was quite a moment for us. I showed him my kitchen, our menu and introduced him to our staff. We decided at that moment that beer was now in order. We shot a couple games of pool at the pub across the street and talked about what was new since we last met: spouses, children, menus. We started commiserating about the years we had stood beside each other in a small kitchen, braving the slings and arrows of life as a cook. We then made our way to the restaurant where we had first worked together. The waitress, who we had both worked with more than ten years ago, saw us together and the look on her face was absolutely priceless. A quick drink and we were off again in search of more adventure.

The next two stops, we met up with more old work buddies and our number grew. A few hours later, here we were: four men who had in years past stood beside each other in some of the most stressful situations, both mentally and physically, now sitting in a basement, enjoying refreshing beverages, making jokes about each other, debating the pros and cons of Goldbond powder and reliving the long-past days of misadventure. One of the old stories that caused the most laughter was of one of us being duct-taped and transported in the trunk of a car to a friend's house. The evening of memories ended, and I found myself back home standing in my driveway, looking into my friend's eyes and thinking, "funny how fast eight years can disappear." I went to shake his hand and he instead extended his arms to hug me. I hugged that man as a

brother, because that is what we are, brothers. Our family was forged in a kitchen. I miss you already, Bill. Be safe. Bro-mance counts as a relationship right?

Today, in honour of my great friend and mentor Bill Myra, I'd like to give you his recipe for Tequila Lime Prawns. Get some large raw prawns (16-20). Pour 2 cups of good tequila into a plastic or glass dish. Pour one ounce of tequila into a shot glass. Add the prawns to the tequila and add the shot to your stomach. Add the juice and zest of one lime. Add a pinch of black pepper and salt. Leave it covered overnight in the fridge.

Drain and reserve the liquid. Cook the prawns on medium-high in a frying pan till just cooked (2-3 minutes per side). Remove from the pan, add half of the reserve liquid to the pan and then reduce it down to a syrup. Throw the prawns back in to coat and then skillfully place on a plate. Another quick squeeze of half a lime and you are good to go. Easy eh?



Community

BY TAMARA ROBINSON OF THE WILLIAMS LAKE SALVATION ARMY

The Merriam Webster Dictionary describes relationships to be "the state of being related or interrelated." While the definition is true, in my opinion it sounds boring. Relationships are much more colorful than that! I can instantly smile, frown, laugh or feel a sense of loss over the relationships I have had in my short life. Relationships are important; they keep life interesting, keep us grounded and give us a sense of security and belonging. What do the relationships in your life look like? Are you looking for more?

At the Salvation Army, we are on the lookout for new and continued relationships! The Salvation Army works alongside many churches, organizations and individuals who assist us with our everyday operations. Relationships are built and strengthened in a professional manner, but also in a personal, family orientated way. We build relationships with our volunteers and with members of the public through our many Social Services. If you are interested in establishing relationships, building trust, and expanding upon your social circle through one of our outreach services, we would love to have the opportunity to talk with you! Please contact Tamara Robinson at 250-392-2423 ext. 208 for more information.

Relationships are important, and we would like to extend the invitation to members and businesses in our community to establish a relationship with us, and help improve the well-being of people in our community.





 Figure 1

 Figure 1

Goober, Indonesia 1973

A SHORT STORY BY LEIGH SANDERSON

I saw men dashing from the warung (tavern) as I wandered up the dusty dirt road. There was a pause and the door opened and my father sauntered out.

"So what are you up to now Captain Dad?" I asked as I approached.

"I said I would pay 500 rupiah to the first person who brings me a monkey."

What on earth made you do that?" I glared at him with astonishment.

"Iust did it for fun. Wouldn't it be fun having a monkey on board? It could be our ship's mascot."

"Yeah, maybe we could teach it to sail." I shook my head and started back towards the boat. We were anchored off shore of Balikpapan on the island of Borneo. The huts scattered along the road

about face.

Photography

were made of palm fronds and bamboo with thatched roofs. Where were all the village people? I hoped the entire village weren't out trying to capture a monkey. Five hundred rupiah was a lot of money to the people of this tiny village.

Within hours, there was a great commotion in the town square. I could see it from the deck of our yacht. Crowds of people milling around the village square; my binoculars spied my father in the middle of the confusion. Then there was more excitement joining the crowd. I watched my father walking away from the crowd with a black bundle in his arms. He was walking towards the dinghy. I watched him struggle to get the dinghy off the dock and out to the boat - paddling with one arm, and holding tight to something in the other.

"Ahoy Wapiti," he hollered

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as he approached. The dinghy bumped against the hull, he threw me up the line and stumbled up the ladder.

Grasped tightly in one arm was a black fur-ball about the size of a cat. "Here," he said and handed me the furry bundle. "Here is your new mate – unfortunately he is about two years old. I had to accept him since he was the first. The second one was only a few weeks old, which probably would have been easier to train."

This terrified monkey just stared up at me. I patted him to ease his fright, and his nervousness subsided. "We will call him Goober," I said.

Goober was mine. Within hours, he began following me around the deck. But we wouldn't let him go below deck. My father built him a three-sided platform with a roof, which hung over the rails. My father thought

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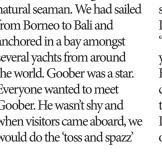
Composition

'monkey see; monkey do,' but Goober didn't follow the ways of a man. I could see a battle brewing between monkey and man – and when my father raised his voice to Goober, the monkey would hide behind me. Only once did Goober reach out to bite my dad, and when I swatted him Goober took hold of my hand and sunk his teeth into me instead. I cried out and told my father to leave him alone. It was obvious that I was the protector.

Goober was a great addition to the yacht. I could throw him up in the air and he would grab onto a part of the rigging, leaping from stay to stay, swinging onto the mast, climbing up and down as if in a jungle. The more we laughed, the more he hurled himself; flying around, swinging up and down. He wrapped his tail around anything that would hold, and swung upside down, clapping, screeching and expecting me to screech back.

When I was at the helm, he would curl up beside me to keep me company. He was my buddy. I knew he understood when I spoke to him; if only he could talk! If my conversation lingered, he would sit up and start picking at my armpits, or pull the hairs at the nape of my neck; an instinct between mates.

He took to sailing like a natural seaman. We had sailed from Borneo to Bali and anchored in a bay amongst several yachts from around the world. Goober was a star. Everyone wanted to meet Goober. He wasn't shy and when visitors came aboard, we would do the 'toss and spazz'





up and around the rigging to show off. We were a team.

Writer's Group

On a lovely calm day, we jumped into the dinghy and headed ashore. Goober the guard monkey would look after everything while we were away. Then the wind picked up; the boat was swinging around the anchor, the waves in the bay were becoming rough, and the stays were clanging against the mast. The sound was becoming increasingly loud in the village. Most masts are aluminum and the clanging of the rigging communicated loud and clear... "get back to the ship, a storm is coming, and coming fast!"

My father headed for the harbour. He noticed one of the young sailors running towards him waving his hands. My father picked up his pace, and I followed suit.

"Roy, your boat has pulled anchor and is heading towards another yacht, you must come quick!" They both ran towards the yachts.

My first thought was Goober. As I was nearing the harbour, I could see the boats swinging around in the wind. I also heard a horrible screech. "Dad! I hear Goober - quick, you have to get to him." He didn't hear me over the clanging and the wind. I ran to catch up and bolted past. I could see Goober hanging onto the mast midway up.



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He looked terrified. The boat was crashing against another; people desperately trying to keep them apart with little luck.

I saw a stranger trying to call Goober down from above. Goober's fear was obvious. His eyes were searching, looking, frantically seeking... ME! He saw me running towards the dinghy.

"NO, Goober! Don't let go, you can't swim!" I was crying with great tormented tears. My Spider Monkey hurled himself into the bay. I pushed my father aside and jumped into the dinghy - thinking only of Goober and not the danger I was putting myself in.

I heard my father and others yelling at me, but I didn't care. I grabbed the ores and madly fought the wind, waves and current to save Goober. I struggled with every move. I couldn't see through the tears. My heart felt like it was going to rip apart, but I needed to get to Goober. The waves were crashing over the side of the dinghy, but I pushed on. I was crying and yelling for Goober. And then I saw him. He was coming towards me, swimming like a person screaming wildly and looking around, waves crashing over his tiny head. He kept swimming towards me.

We were getting closer and closer and then a wave hit me hard and the dinghy flipped over, tossing me out. I struggled to orient myself, found the capsized dinghy, grabbed on, pushed my hair out of my eyes and searched. I couldn't see through my sea of tears. Waves continued crashing over me; I had a clear moment then lost it. I was taking in gulps of salty water, but I kept scanning for my mate.

And then I felt something wrap around my neck. GOO-BER! He kissed me.



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Gray Jay and the foal

BY DR. STEFANIE KRUMSIEK, DVM

Almost two years ago, on a mild day in early April, I decided to take care of an orphan foal. After getting a few day's supply of foal milk replacer and a feeding bottle, I lifted the baby horse with a friend's help, into the trunk of my Chevy Malibu Maxx. I drove home, hoping the youngster would not try to get up during the one hour drive.

I don't know what I was thinking, working full-time, calving and lambing season at the ranch, and an orphan FOAL? It was one of those things that one has to do. Gut feeling. Or craziness. Or both.

My plan was to get one of the older brood mares, Skugga (an Ice-

landic) from the ranch and put her together with the orphan. With the help of medication, I was trying to get Skugga to develop an udder so she would (in theory) take over the feeding part after a few days. Skugga was nice to the foal, but not overly impressed. The foal seemed insecure with her, but after a few days together they started to bond a little bit. Unfortunately, Skugga did not 'bag up' at all. Plan B was less exciting, but with the help of my husband I managed to stay awake during the day and feed the foal during the night.

Everything went well, although I still wasn't 100% happy with the adoptive mom situation. Then one day the farrier came. I brought all the horses close to the house, including another older Quarter Horse mare, her name was Gray Jay, a wonderful, sweet lady. When she saw the little foal, she could not keep her eyes off the filly; it was love at first sight.

It made me wonder if I should not start to integrate Skugga and Ronja (I finally gave the foal a name, realizing that now I could not give her away) into the herd. The moment the two got together with the other horses, it did not take long before Gray Jay took over from Skugga. Gray Jay and Ronja were inseparable from then on. Gray Jay would protect Ronja from any other horse, and she began to teach her manners. showing her how to



behave properly in a herd. I was providing food, but she took care of the rest.

Ronja would still nicker at me and come flying when she saw me with the milk bucket, but never without Gray Jay right behind her. Watching these two horses walking, running, and grazing side by side was wonderful and heartwarming. The chemistry between them was just perfectly right.

Unfortunately Gray Jay is no longer with us, but in Ronja she will continue to live for hopefully a very long time.





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The Destination for Implants, Cosmetic Dentistry and Orthodontics

DR. RUDY WASSENAAR, DMD, MAGD, DICOI, DABOI





BY DR. RUDY WASSENAAR, DMD, MAGD, DICOI, DABOI

When you meet somebody new – personal, social, work or otherwise – the first few seconds are important. You never get a second chance to make that first impression. Everybody is judged in an instant and usually it sticks.

In terms of your smile, it probably is the single most important aspect of your presentation in general. A nice smile exudes confidence, health, happiness and more. Do people smile because they are happy, or are they happy because they smile? Who is to know, but in any case, studies have shown that a person with a better smile is considered to be more trustworthy and likeable.

So it is fair to say that when we meet someone new, it is the appearance, that 'outside stuff,' that first gets our attention. It breaks the ice, and curiosity opens the door to a new beginning, possibly something different or exciting. Once the attraction is there it still is the personality of the parties that keeps it going. Obviously, if a person only looks more confident but in fact their personality does not match what they

project, things will not go very far.

Those who are selfconscious of their smile as part of their overall presentation tend to hide their dental flaws by not smiling, avoiding eye contact, or simply not interacting socially at all. And yet, they have so much to offer and so much to say.

Dentistry has much more to offer these days, more than ever before. So what is holding us back from simply going ahead and getting things taken care of? It is not always fun to go to the dentist, and wouldn't it be nice if we could have the results without the process? A good understanding of your dental needs, as well as good communication with your dentist will help in meeting your expectations.

Dental health is like

a lot of things; do a number of little things right all the time and it will work out. Have a conversation with your dentist and find out what the issues are and how to best deal with them. A well thought

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out approach should produce results that look good, feel good and that last a long time. The same goes for those first impressions we just talked about.

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RRSP Season Should everyone be

contributing to an RRSP?

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By contributing to an RRSP, is it reducing your taxable income enough, to substantiate the investment?

How much can you contribute?

Again, is it going to give you enough of a tax refund, to warrant contributing? CCRA calculates your RRSP allowable

limit each year based on your prior year's income.

How to buy RRSPs?

Do you use your cash or do you apply for an RRSP Loan?

(If you can't afford to contribute and have to take out a loan, can you afford the loan payments?)

When do you contribute to an RRSP?

A lot of people think that RRSP season is the time to contribute to their RRSP for the year (between November and February of the new year).

You should consider contributing to your RRSP throughout the year (dollar cost averaging) through an automatic monthly deposit

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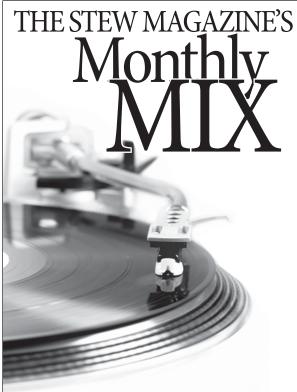
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HOLIDAYS OF THE MONTH

February 7 Send a Card to a Friend Day

Send a Card to a Friend Day is a great chance to get in touch with a friend. We all lead busy lives and it's easy to let a friendship or two lapse.

A card or a quick note are great ways to show someone you're thinking of them, and in this day and age of digital-everything, a handwritten note is appreciated all the more.

February II

Make a Friend Day

Do you have enough friends? The answer should be no; no matter how many friends we have, more of them increases our wealth because friends are one of life's most valuable assets.

Make a Friend Day is a great opportunity to meet someone new or do something to make a new friend. Making a new friend can be easier than you think; sometimes just a smile or being friendly or helpful is all you need to do.



What Dogs Do

A SHORT STORY BY ANNE MOUTRAY, WIL-LIAMS LAKE WRITER'S GROUP

A month or two ago, my neighbor across the street lost his wife after sixty years of marriage; a lonely, sad and debilitating thing for anyone to bear, but what can one do except commiserate with him? Then a few weeks ago, what do I see? There is my neighbor, looking remarkably happy, riding around in his car with the passenger seat occupied. A small, scraggly, woolly dog was sitting there looking about interestedly. I felt a smile breaking out and stretching wider and wider across my face.

"He's got a little dog," I mutter happily to myself. I realize now, that is the reason he seems so content whenever I run into him lately.

From my comfortable chair I watch my neighbor and little 'waggle tail' leaving the house, the wee dog being lifted into the car, and the two companions driving away.

Those little paws have filled very big shoes. That is what dogs do; they fill big boots, shoes, rubbers or what have you, with their little paws. They lick your face to bring you comfort, and don't you dare wipe away the slobber. Dogs make you smile; that is what dogs do.

You look out of the window and see a lovely sunny day so you allow your dog to take you for a walk. Without a dog, you would probably just be sitting in your comfortable chair, growing fatter and losing energy by the minute. Oh my, it's a dreary, rainy day; It's a blustery day; it's a cold wintery day, and your house is so warm, your chair so cozy, you're reluctant to step outside and who can blame you, but there is an insistent little mutt at your feet who has 'walk' on his one-track mind, so you may just as well give in, leash the animal and go. You return home feeling vigorous, alive and maybe just a little bit self-righteous. I don't know about you, but for me it would be no dog, no walk. I am a natural lazybones, you see. Dogs guard the health of the people they own; that's what dogs do. Oh, I know; they dig

Oh, I know; they dig holes in your lawn, chew your best pen into an inky mess, hide your slippers, sit in your chair when you aren't looking, and jump, with muddy paws, on your unsuspecting friends, but the little scamps have to have a some fun; and if the jumped-on people continue to visit you, know that they are true friends. Your dog lets you know who your real friends are. That's the kind of things dogs do.

As we all know and are quite tired of hearing

I am of the land

laugh.

does.

POEM BY LINDA PUR-JUE, WILLIAMS LAKE WRITERS' GROUP

I am of the land. I need it as much as I need air to breathe and food to eat.

I need to sink my hands into the rich earth, loosen it and plant seeds into it the same way generation upon generation of my people have done before me.

I need to walk the land, each step revealing a different minute landscape, with different clumps of grass, different flowering plants, different insects and tracks and bits of stick than the next step.

I need to surround myself with land that is filled with trees swaying and whispering in the breezes that are redolent with the exquisite perfumes of the trees and the land.

about, I have a dog and

me cross, exasperated,

worried, amused and

this particular dog makes

happy. This dog makes me

That's what this dog

I need to be a part of the land that has continued since long before mankind trod its surface, continued through the uncountable generations of ancestors that passed like faint whispers across its surface, that will continue beyond mankind's little story.

If, for some outlandish and unimaginable reason, I had to live in an apartment, my balcony would be dangerously heavy with pots filled with handfuls of the land in which I would plant trees and good things to eat.

I am of the land.





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The value of a horse

A SHORT STORY BY LORIE WILSON, WIL-LIAMS LAKE WRITERS' GROUP

My early childhood in the 1950s was spent in the bush where we did not have conveniences such as motor vehicles. telephones and electricity. We traveled twenty two miles by wagon road to Highway 20 West at Tatla Lake. At that time, the highway was just an unpaved dirt road. To get around we travelled by saddle horse on the many trails that wandered through the jack pine and spruce. A team and wagon was used when moving from meadow to meadow in order to hay and feed cattle.

I was taught from birth how important a good horse was for one's survival. An important rule I was taught, was that you have to be in control of your horse. If, for some reason you fell off your horse, never, ever let go of the reins. Keeping your horse with you when you were alone and miles from anyone could save your life. If you were injured or lost in unfamiliar territory, your horse would always take you home.

My family also made their living using horses to hay the wild hay meadows. We could not have made a haystack without the use of a horse drawn hay slip, and the derrick poles to lift the hay onto the stack. In winter, the horse drawn hay slip was used to spread the hay in rows to feed our cattle.

My parents also had a big game guiding business. The only way to hunt in those days was to use saddle and pack horses to take the hunters to a hunting camp, and pack the tents, bedding and food required. Horses were also used to pack out the meat, hide and horns of game that was killed.

In 1983, after my father died, I inherited the guiding territory and about sixty head of horses that were still out on the range in an area that ran roughly east of Kleena Kleene, north of Tatla Lake, and north east into the Chezecut area. To maintain ownership of these horses, they had to be off the range by the end of the grazing permit year or it would be open season and anyone could claim your horses. At that time, I was a city girl working in an accounting office in Kamloops. I took a week off work, picked up my sister Sheri, who was 17 years old, and we headed to the Chilcotin. At Tatla Lake we met my friends Phillip and Gary who agreed to help. They knew the country well

and where some of the

horses might be.

My sister and I drove in our four wheel drive the nine miles through snow to my hunting cabin at Smokie Lake. We cleaned up the cabin, got rid of the mice, and shot the usual pack rat that had planned on wintering there. Early the next day, we headed out to look for the horses.

On the third day, we were a long way north of the road that ran past Smokie Lake to our original homestead on Sucker Creek where my step-mother now lived. There we found a herd of unbroken colts and horses. As we came into the meadow, the horses took off like a bunch of wild mustangs. As I was galloping across the meadow to keep them from getting away, my horse stumbled and fell on his left side

with my leg under him. I was nearly knocked out, but I remember trying to reach for the reins as my horse got up even though I was too stunned to move. I could hear my father saying, "Never let go of the reins." The rest of the crew headed off the horses to keep them in the meadow, and caught my saddle horse for me before coming back to check on me. I couldn't bend my left leg but we determined it wasn't broken. It was getting late on a cold winter day and we were still a long way from any cabin. Phillip said I would have to take the lead with my horse, Sam, as he knew the trail back to Sucker Creek where we could stay for the night. In the snow and the dark we couldn't see the unbroken trail. Phillip said

"You may have to ride hard to stay ahead of those colts." The other three people would follow and keep the horses more or less on the trail.

As it turned dark, they boosted me back onto my saddle horse, turned him in the right direction and I gave him his head to find the trail. Although my leg was extremely painful, there was nothing to do but ride. It seemed like endless miles trotting and galloping through the trees in the dark to keep in front of the horses until we reached the corrals and cabin. The understanding Phillip had of the horse called Sam meant he knew what that horse would do.

A couple of years later I was living by myself in my cabin at Smokie Lake. It was winter and I was looking after six horses by letting them rustle for food, and feeding them a little hay and a tobacco can of oats each day. I had no radio reception there, no TV and no phone. Without outside stimulation a person can get what is called 'cabin fever.' This is when you start doing things that don't make sense, such as shooting at people and imagining you hear voices, but it seemed like my horses were looking out for me. Every morning they would come up to the cabin, put their noses to the window and look inside to find me. They would gently stomp their feet and give a low knicker as if to say "It is time to get up and feed us." Maybe I did have cabin fever, but I never shot at anyone; then again, I know I could understand what the horses were saying to me. I loved the relationship I had with my horses.

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Time's run out

Tasty Tidbits

By Paige Knights-Smith

A SHORT STORY

Tommy had his hand on the doorknob of the door that led to the attic. The knob was made of wood with brass details. It was really old with a lock that looked like it could only be opened with a skeleton key. With a firm grasp, Tommy moved the knob to the right to check to see if it was locked. With a surprised grin he found he was able to push the door open.

Tommy coughed, attempting to remove the dust that made its way to his throat as he breathed in. The door squeaked as it was pushed open, and before him was a long staircase that led into the attic.

"Tommy!" his dad's voice called from down-stairs.

Tommy could feel a pull towards the attic, and he really wanted to explore it. "Yeah?" he yelled back, his body still facing the unknown room.

"You like the place?" Jack



yelled up to his son, smiling at the real estate agent that was showing him around the kitchen.

Tommy managed to tear himself away from the attic and bounded down the main stairs two at a time. "This place seems pretty cool." Tommy said to his dad, cracking the first real smile that Jack had seen since he picked him up.

"The price is down because the house has been on the market for quite some time." The real estate agent explained as she took some papers out of her briefcase. "It is a great fixer-upper."

Jack nodded his head and put his arm across his son's shoulders. "It's great. Let's sign some papers."

Jack finished unpacking the kitchen. It had been one week since he signed the papers and become the sole owner of the old house. Tommy, who had been busy at school, had promised his dad that he was going to spend the weekend at the house and help Jack come up with a plan for how to fix up the house. Jack was excited, not just over the house but because he was finally able to break the ice with his son. The nest egg that he had been saving up over the last 10 years would never replace the quality time that he should have spent with Tommy, but Jack couldn't continue to dwell on what he didn't do. Now Jack could start making it up to his son.

Jack closed the old, faded white cupboard, and saw that the hinges were slightly loose. "Hmm," he said to himself. Should he start with the kitchen?

He looked at his watch, 3:43 PM. Tommy should be on his way here from school. Almost on cue, there was a loud knock at the door followed by, "Dad?"

"In here, Tommy," Jack called from the kitchen as he started opening and closing other cupboards.

Jack could hear the heavy footsteps of his teenage son on the old wooden floors.

"How was school kiddo?" Jack asked as he put a six-pack of beer in the fridge.

"It was fine," Tommy replied as he put his backpack on one of the only kitchen chairs that didn't have a box on it.



"Homework?" "Some math homework." "Well," Jack said, handing Tommy a pop from the open fridge. "Why don't we do it right now, then we have the rest of the weekend to explore and get our hands dirty."

Tommy shrugged and started clearing off the glass patio table that was set up against the far kitchen wall across from the fridge.

Tommy tossed and turned on an old bed in his room. He figured it was the fact that he was in a new house that made it close to impossible to sleep. But still awake at 2:47 AM, Tommy knew that it was more than just that he was in a new house. It was that room - he had thought about that attic and the voice all week, and he couldn't wait to explore it. He was even looking forward to spending more time with his Dad, who was turning out to be a lot cooler than he remembered.

Tommy got up, and as silently as he could, made his way over the creaky hardwood floors and down the hall to the bathroom. He turned the light switch on, and noticed that one of the bulbs was out; another thing to add to the list for his Dad.

"Tommy," he heard a whisper coming from down the hall.

He turned around and stood at the door, listening intently to hear where the voice was coming from. It wasn't from his Dad, it was more of a low female voice. Tommy began to feel a pull to the attic.

"Tommy?" a male voice came from the hallway.

"What are you doing up?" Tommy turned around to see his Dad standing in front of his bedroom door, putting a black t-shirt on over his blue pj pants.

"Couldn't sleep." Tommy said.

"Where were you going?" Jack asked his son, walking a few steps closer. "I thought that I heard something from the attic." Jack looked towards the

open attic door. "Weird, I thought that I closed that before I went to bed." He put his hand on his son's shoulder, happy that Tommy had decided to give him a chance to be his Father again. Jack had been alone for a long time, and he was happy to have a companion in the house; even more excited that it was his son. "Let's go take a look."

Both Jack and Tommy made their way to the attic and climbed up the steps. The voice that Tommy had heard before had not made another sound, and it intrigued him to find out what was going on.

When they reached the top of the stairs, Tommy felt a slight sense of disappointment. The room was empty except for a fireplace at the far corner of the room. But there was something about the fireplace that made Tommy want to approach it. With his hand out, Tommy touched the fireplace.

To be continued...







This month's crossword is brought to you by the fine people at Bob Paterson Homes.

X-Word Puzzle

ACROSS

1 Lousy, perhaps? That makes you irritable (6)

4 Don't start to give up and slowly pass away! (4,3)

9 Around end of April eccentric local man's abandoning new type of fuel (5-4)

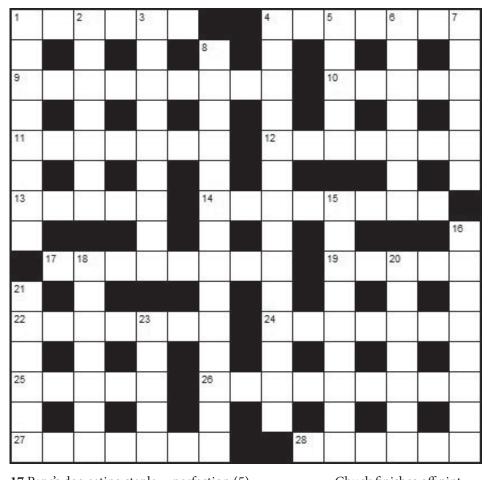
10 Second child married old and boring person (5)

11 Poet, say, is arrested by English officer (7)

12 Part of maths group is competent in two foreign languages? (7)

13 Standing up before court (5)

14 So she hurriedly wraps present – it's winter footwear (8)



17 Papa's dog eating staple food? The cost of it! (5,3)19 Conference for one lecturer is a model of

perfection (5)22 Artist appears in photo as well (7)24 Hoarse from speaking,

Chuck finishes off pint quickly (7) **25** Writer reflected on one

small antelope (5)

26 For a start, John Bull's desperate to meet girl from Prague, perhaps, or another capital (9)

27 Incidentally, article will appear in Times twice (2,3,2)

28 Suffer, following live act (6)

DOWN

1 Pampered girl's back in school (8)

2 A disreputable sort regularly visited Vermeer scholars' world (7)

3 Projectile or bullet, one

cut to penetrate (9) 4 Eddy's admitting so-

licitor reasoned soundly (4-7-3)

5 Attack falls short, very, when scoring (5)

6 One love after another comprises misery after short time – it's a tragedy (7)

7 American poet unknown to be unfriendly

(6)

8 Sells hot oyster stew, kept warm in this? (7,7)15 Repair gel sure to hold up? (9)

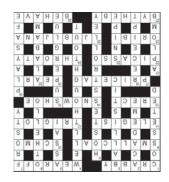
16 Take no risks? Lincoln's wife wouldn't have agreed with this! (4,4)

18 It gives man right to return things primarily?(7)

20 American academic supports one-party state (7)

21 See doctor after old man boosted confidence?(6)

23 Conversely some step in solely to criticise (5)







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