

Writer refutes ‘boring’ label given to Post Falls

D.F. Oliveria/Spokesman-Review

Online reporter Chanse Watson of the Idaho Panhandler didn’t appreciate a website that ranked his hometown of Post Falls as the second-most boring one in Idaho.

How can Post Falls be boring? That’s what Chanse wondered last week in a column. After all, he said, it’s near two towns that rank high on national lists of amazing mountain communities – Coeur d’Alene and Sandpoint.

So Chanse conjured a list of places to prove that Post Falls isn’t Dullsville.

Spokane River. Check. River City Lanes. Cabela’s. Check. Check.

Later: “State Line Showgirls.” Um. Chanse defends his pick: “The purpose of this list is to highlight popular establishments and locations in Post Falls that are noteworthy and unique to the city (or more simply put – places that don’t make us boring).”

The entry prompted a response on my Huckleberries blog from Post Falls spokeswoman Kit Hoffer. Kit wasn’t bothered all that much that a strip joint was listed as a community asset. She was miffed that Stateline Showgirls was on a Post Falls list at all because – (drum roll, please) it does business at State Line, an incorporated town. Hence, the name.

Whoa, Hagadone

So Jadd Davis, as Lord Farquaad of the “Shrek” musical, rides onto the Coeur d’Alene Summer Theatre stage at the Kroc Center on Aug. 7 and commands his toy steed to stop – “Whoa, Hagadone!” The script called for him to say, “Whoa, Plastic Horse.” But, as Jadd explained to Huckleberries afterward, the script permits theatrical groups latitude to use a name with a local flavor. There’s no bigger name in Coeur d’Alene than Hagadone. And there was no bigger laugh that night. (The swell show continues with a matinee at 2 p.m. today and runs through next Sunday.)

Poet’s corner

Here’s a Bard of Sherman Avenue trifecta, beginning with “Idaho Constitutional Defense Fund” that pokes fun at all the money Idaho wastes defending illegal law: “Our theories are puzzling/and our reasoning’s funny,/but we’ll fight to the end/with the taxpayers’ money. And: A rhyme (“The Good Guy Wins”) about Slice columnist Paul Turner’s recent health battle: “His test was a stern one,/could not have been sterner,/but he pulled through at last,/did good old Paul Turner.” And: A final poem (“Mike Leach’s Pay”) about the WSU football coach’s salary ranking among Washington state employees: “He’s on top of the list/and the first one in line;/he is doing okay/for a guy three and nine” ... Speaking of Duane Hagadone, the Coeur d’Alene newspaper/resort owner generously offered a ride on his huge sailboat, The Sizzler, as a prize in

a recent Coeur d'Alene Chamber of Commerce fundraiser. Paula Marano had the winning ticket and enjoyed an outing living large on Lake Coeur d'Alene with retired judge hubby, Gene, their retired judge pal Ben Simpson, school Trustee Tom Hearn and others. And that's how the other 1 percent lives ... At first, the city parks worker who discovered the tangled umbrellas and other mess at the Harbor House concession stand at McEuen Park in Coeur d'Alene Friday morning suspected vandalism. But Deputy Fire Chief Glenn Lauper fingered the real suspect: the wind. Case closed.

Parting shot

Woody McEvers, a Coeur d'Alene councilman and owner of Rustler's Roost in Hayden, has followed the hatefest for cooked liver on the Huckleberries blog and column. Finally, Woody weighed in online: "I remember growing up and eating liver on Thursday nights – regularly. I got by with lots of catsup on it. But – really – Rustler's has always served liver & onions. I know, weird. But we serve about 10 pounds a month, mostly older folks who enjoy it and the memories that go along with it." Woody has his own theory why Rustler's Roost sells so much liver and onions: "Nobody wants to smell up their own kitchen." Again, case closed.