

COMPLETE GUIDES TO RECREATION AND LIVING

Winter 1992 • \$2

# SANDPOINT

M A G A Z I N E

## PILE O' SMILE AT SCHWEITZER MOUNTAIN

FORGET ALL THE  
HOOPLA. WE'VE  
GOT THE *REAL*  
STORY, INSIDE

IN THEIR OWN WORDS:  
RENOWN ARTISTS  
ED & NANCY KIENHOLZ

PLUS: SLED DOGGING,  
SNOW CATTING, DINING,  
NIGHT LIFE, EVENTS ...  
*AND MUCH, MUCH MORE*





## What's what, and why, in Greater Sandpoint

COMPILED BY SUSAN DRINKARD AND STEVE SPARKS

### WE HAVE MET THE NEW AGE, AND IT IS US

**F**IRST there was the Age of Reason. Then came the Dark Ages, and after that the Age of Enlightenment.

These days we have the New Age, which may or may not make it into the history books with the others. But if it's possible to judge by those who provide the appropriate services, there are more Sandpointers than ever into such New Age phenomena as channeling, divine image consciousness, astrological forecasts, breathing techniques and vegetarian cat food. There's even a local Realtor who makes spiritual connections with people and property.

If you're someone who seeks out a massage therapist and hypnotist before you obtain

a family doctor, take note. Here's a short directory to non-traditional services in Sandpoint:

- **For clinical hypnosis** concerning regressions, future progressions, habit restructuring and phobias, call Mary J. Davis, Ph.D., at Dr. Hypno Clinics, 263-4460.

- **Govinda** is the one to call for astrological keys to

self-esteem and personal empowerment. Govinda may be reached at 263-7076.

- **Arthur Goldblum** L.Ac., Dipl. Ac. provides traditional Chinese medicine at the Acupuncture Center of Sandpoint, 219 Church St. Phone 263-9687.

- **For a massage** with a Reiki Master, call Shannon Anthony, a certified massage therapist, at 683-3565. For therapeutic massage and reflexology, call 265-4263. Body therapy is also available at Studio I; for an appointment call 263-5220.

- **Therapeutic breath awareness** is offered by RaMona Puhsha, breath therapist and certified rebirther, 263-1148.

- **For information** concerning yoga, ancient wisdom and meditation groups, call the Gardenia Center at 263-5915. Billie Jean Ogden occasionally channels Jeremiah at the Gardenia Center. For more information, call 263-7354.

- **For metaphysical** books, New Age audio tapes and CDs, visit Heartland, Sandpoint's newest bookstore, 102 S. Second Ave.

And if you're interested in putting your pet on a less aggressive diet, a veggie pet food outlet may be moving here soon. Meantime, you'll have to call Hayden Lake for Vegepet supplements: 772-7753. ■



SANDPOINT  
STANDPOINT

# All Ahead, Slow

BY SANDY COMPTON

**T**HE late photographer Ross Hall was, for all my growing up years, a Sandpoint fact of life. I didn't know him well, but like the lake, like Pack River and Lightning Creek and the mountains, he was an integral part of the country. His pictures were everywhere, and where they weren't, we mailed 'em.

Ross Hall died a year ago, but he left a legacy to Sandpoint larger than even his beautiful photographs. My first run-in with Mr. Hall came at the behest of my mother. In the studio on First Street, the "whole fam damily," as my father quipped, was arranged on a brocade fainting couch and somehow coaxed to look sensible and happy for 1/60 of a second at f-8 for a family portrait.

He caught us at our best, proud young parents with three young boys dressed in cowboy shirts and clean dungarees rolled up at the cuff for "growing into." His patience must have been monumental, for in the same sitting he captured us in twos and threes and fives, and we looked good in all of them.

Like many people eminent, Ross Hall was unassuming and gentle, a humble man. We brothers had no idea we were in the presence of greatness. Three or four clicks from his large-format camera, and we were free to resume being the three boy patrol, purveyors of mischief and mayhem. We rumbled out of the studio like a jet off a flight deck, leaving his smile in our wake.

When I grew older and would pass Mr. Hall on the street, I found he had a standard greeting, a simple phrase he used as easily as his camera. It was so corny and country I blush to think of using it, but coming from him in his soft drawl, it was an element of life in Sandpoint. And he spread it as if he were sowing wildflowers: "Howdy, neighbor."

With that salute and the manner of delivery, he gave a clue to who he was. He said it slowly, as if to savor it, as he seemed to do with all of living. He walked a lot, the original "all ahead, slow" pace. He stopped to talk. He knew his neighbors. He knew the country. He understood the natural world, and loved it. Anyone who knew him or appreciated his art realized his character. It's not too



Ross Hall in 1945. Photo by Hazel Hall.

much to say Ross Hall embodied Sandpoint's quality of life.

*Quality of life.* The phrase has become a noun, an object of pursuit and a slogan for real estate ads. It hints at indescribable and lovely realities attached to being somewhere ... or other. Sandpoint is touted for its quality of life, and indeed life here *is* good. I like it best when it's "all ahead, slow," the cruising speed of Ross Hall, or a rowboat on Sand Creek, a ten-speed in fourth gear on the Long Bridge at sunset or a backcountry walker in open forest on a Cabinet ridgetop.

Yet even Sandpoint gets in a rush. We get to thinking there's no tomorrow, or maybe that yesterday is about to catch up with us. We rush hither and yon and forget to stop for our neighbors and visitors.

I do that. I get frantic around five o'clock. I cuss the traffic on Fifth Avenue and (egad) pound on my steering wheel. I find myself loudly discussing the intelligence and ancestry of total strangers when they don't move fast enough to suit me. Particularly when I'm in pursuit of quality of life.

God help me remember Ross Hall, especially at times like five o'clock. Help me remember that pursuit of happiness is not a foot race, rat race or harness race, but a stroll by the lake at "all ahead, slow." Help me remember I can't pound on my steering wheel while saying, "Howdy, neighbor."

And help me remember quality of life has not so much to do with being somewhere as it does with being someone. Ross Hall taught us that. ■

*Sandy Compton is a writer, photographer and twice a year, ad director for this magazine.*