

PREMIER
EDITION

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SANDPOINT

M A G A Z I N E

HOT DOG HEAVEN!
SCHWEITZER'S
MOUNTAIN OF
IMPROVEMENTS

A PHOTO TRIBUTE
TO ROSS HALL

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BEHIND THE CAMERA

SKINNY SKI TREKS
AND SNOWCAT TRIPS

PLUS: GUIDES TO ATTRACTIONS, DINING, NIGHTLIFE, PROPERTY AND MUCH MORE!

What's what, and why, in Greater Sandpoint

runner-up with sales skyrocketing in the winter-time, probably due to sickness and holiday imbibing of mixed drinks.

Madelyne Bayshore of the Pack River Store sells a lot of Pepsi, with root beer and Coke vying for second. The reason for root beer's strong showing? "We have a lot of Easterners in this area and they come from Pennsylvania and New York where people drink root beer and eat pretzels. We sell a lot of pretzels."

THE GREENING OF NORTH IDAHO

UNLESS BRIGHT FLUORESCENT green doesn't register in your personal color spectrum, you can't miss the "This Family Supported By Timber Dollars" signs posted at homes around Sandpoint and outlying commu-

nities. Actually, the idea for the signs came from Peg Wagner of Hungry Horse, Mont., who little realized she was starting a national trend when she made up her first one in

**THIS FAMILY
SUPPORTED
BY TIMBER
DOLLARS**

May, 1989.

The 34-year-old homemaker with two children had attended a panel discussion concerning the timber industry. As a statement of pride in her millwright husband's work, when she got home she made a sign out of plywood and posted it.

Soon there were neighbors who wanted signs, and then folks from out of town. From June until hunting season in October she made 10,000 signs, creating the "Future in Timber" movement. Now there are stores from Washington to Virginia selling the florid green signs. Many others have gotten in on the act; two timber groups have had Sandpoint's Selkirk Press print up signs for them.

Given increasing scrutiny of logging methods by environmentalists, the signs may seem confrontational. But those in the timber industry say the signs aren't meant to polarize communities; they are symbols of pride.

Peg Wagner no longer makes the signs. Instead, she sells serious as well as funny bumper stickers, T-shirts and hats with sayings such as: "What do you call a seven-year-old clear cut? A forest." Or another: A depiction of a jockstrap holding logs is underwritten with "Timber Supporter."

The humor may or may not appeal to the masses, but it's provided the money Wagner spends travelling to promote "Future in Timber." And so goes the industry's campaign to woo sympathy and support. ■

— COMPILED BY SUSAN NELSON-DRINKARD

SANDPOINT
STANDPOINT

Two Trips Home

BY M. R. COMPTON, JR.

THE FIRST TIME I saw Sandpoint, I was awed, but everything is awesome to someone 6 months old. That's why we have mouths that hang open and drool a lot at that age. We are in awe. Constantly. Sensory overload awe. So, don't take it so hard when someone remembers you as an awful kid. The meaning of the word is "full of awe," which is why babies don't blink a lot. They are full of awe.

And who can blame them... uh... us? Imagine having never seen this earth before, having never experienced green, or blue, or wind, or aroma of any kind. Imagine being in vitro, suspended in fluid and warmth and near darkness, then thrust into air, and coolness, and *light*! In comparison, most things we call "awesome" these days are rather tame.

But let's go back to that big-eared blonde little boy looking out of a Chevy pickup, crossing the long bridge for the first time; entering a new place.

If I could remember that first experience of Sandpoint, I would remember the colors green and blue in an infinite variety of shades and textures and combinations. I would remember the rumble of tires on the decking of the long bridge, and the panorama that opened before us as we drove onto it. Baldy Mountain stood behind the city, with Sand Creek and a largely ignored drainage known as Schweitzer Creek leaning north into the bulk of the blue Selkirks.

I would remember light dancing on a great expanse of water that disappeared in the west at Dover Hill, and stretched east and north to a forested Gold Hill. It was spanned by the Northern Pacific trestle before it faded against the cottonwood-studded banks at Ponderay and Kootenai. The expanse of sky above the Purcell Trench, that wide flat spot that holds the Selkirks and Cabinets apart, gave the impression of almost unlimited space. At the center — the point to which trestle, shoreline and bridge lead the eye, like elements of a painting — Sandpoint sat on its namesake promontory.

She sits there still, our little Gem city, and in the time that has passed since that

first ride across the long bridge (twice since replaced) many things have changed. There are more people here, and more houses, even houses on Gold Hill. Schweitzer Creek is straddled by a great ski resort. The black and red yin and yang of the Northern Pacific has given way to the green and white block letters of Burlington Northern, and the Chevy truck was traded for more practical family transportation a long time ago.

Through all of the time between that long-ago pickup truck ride and the last time I came home, I was largely unaware of the wonderful thing we have here. It was just where we lived; no big deal. And so, looking for a place to grow, I went away ... and came back... and found the place I was looking for when I left.

After three years in the terminally brown world of southern Nevada, I followed the Clark Fork River from its roots in the Rockies to its green and gold delta on the edge of that blue, blue expanse we call Pend Oreille. I drove along the north edge of the lake, through Hope and Trestle Creek, watching Sandpoint glitter in the June sunshine. I rediscovered color and the smell of water and conifers. I found a song by Mr. Denver running through my head.

When the song was new, a long time ago, I thought it a kind of nice song, validated because John Denver, very popular guy, sang it with gusto, and every radio station from KSPT to the coast played it at least twice a day for about ten years. But, in the same way I had never seen Sandpoint and the country that holds her in its heart, I had never heard the lyrics of "Rocky Mountain High."

"He was born in the summer of his twenty-seventh year, coming home to a place he'd never been before..."

It was not a sudden thing, this belated birth. It is a continuing process of looking and seeing, listening and hearing. It is fitting that it began here, in this cocoon of natural wonder surrounding Sandpoint. It is nice to see it again as I did from the window of that long-ago pickup, through eyes that are capable of being awed. ■

When not writing, M.R. "Sandy" Compton is advertising director of Sandpoint Magazine.