

Friends of Tubbs Hill

Spring 2010 Newsletter



Running with the Dogs

By Jennifer Johnson, Tubbs Hill Board Member

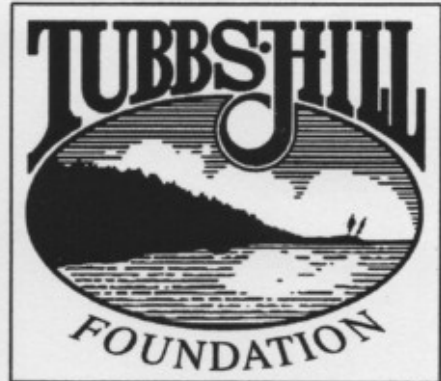
Tubbs Hill is many things to many people; a daily exercise, a spiritual haven and a gathering place for friends. It is also many things to many dogs. Consider our 4-legged friends who add a depth of wealth to our lives not found in other places. They spend most of their days in solitude waiting for their best friend to arrive home. And THEN! They observe the ritualistic change of clothes, the slipping on of the tennis shoes, the hunt for the elusive leash, the opening of the door... and their heart starts pounding, the tail (indeed, the entire rear end) starts wagging, tongue slishes from side to side and our favorite furry friend pastes a wide grin on his face and dashes for the car. You can practically hear his thoughts singing forth into the sunshine. "We're going to Tubbs!"

Now if you own a lab you'll find yourself scaling one of the paths to the beach and finding a sturdy stick so you can watch the joyful abandon of your pup as he shares the wonders of water play with you. For those of you with a dog that loves the run, you may stay on the trails and match pace with one another. For those with the smaller guys, a slower pace might be just the ticket. When I had big dogs we used to explore the less traveled areas of the hill

so we could play hide and seek and tag. We even played tag and shared treats with the fox. Sometimes we'd just take some time to sit on a rock and watch the activities on the water below. He'd lean into me and I'd put my arm around him and we'd both be content. No matter how the day had gone, the magic of Tubbs would set everything right for that moment and re-focus my perspective on what was truly important.

Those who don't own dogs may have difficulty connecting with the paragraphs above. Especially if they are on the hill and have just stopped to scrape some gooey brown stuff from their shoe that just assaulted their nose! In fact, at that moment they might be just irritable enough to be planning their letter of complaint requesting that dogs be banned from the hill. If this scene is repeated often enough we could be seeing "Dogs on Tubbs" on the city council agenda, petitions being circulated, pointing fingers, accusations and a polarization of neighbor against neighbor.

BUT WAIT! Let's try another scenario. On my way up the hill with my dog, I stop at the doggie "waste" station and grab a little plastic dog poo bag and tie it to my leash. If my dog hears the call of nature and wants to stay on the trail, I let him do



his business and then take that magic little bag, slip it over my hand, snag the gooey brown, tie it in a knot and continue on our foray. I fight the urge to "discreetly" drop the little baggie into a pile of bushes or to chuck it with all my might up the hill into the forest. If I'm preoccupied upon entering the hill and I forget that treasured baggie and my dog feels the urge, I either pull him off the trail into the bushes to answer the call or (if I'm too slow for that) I let him finish, find a leaf and ever so deftly relocate the gooey brown into an untraveled area.

I have now personally preserved my dog's future on Tubbs Hill, and I've considered the ongoing enjoyment of the trail user coming behind me. Won't each of you with dogs please join me in preserving our dogs' future on the Hill? Aw c'mon! Unless you have a Great Pyrenees, that little baggie weighs almost nothing!

Special note: Please donate plastic bags to the CDA Park Department to be used for the doggie waste stations. The smaller plastic bags used for newspapers work great!

Pictured above are Hailey Fife, Blizzard and Craig Buchler.

Who Saved Tubbs Hill?

In 1884, Tony Tubbs filed Tubbs Addition on 134 acres, a rectangular plat of seven blocks with straight streets disregarding the steep hillside grade. It appears Tony was a shameless promoter of unbuildable property.

In 1936 the Coeur d'Alene City Council, with voter approval, bought part of Tubbs Hill and what is now McEuen Field for a municipal power plant. However, Washington Water Power sued and stopped the city from obtaining cheap electric power in 1937.

In 1962, the mayor broke the tie to approve rezoning to allow two of his pals
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