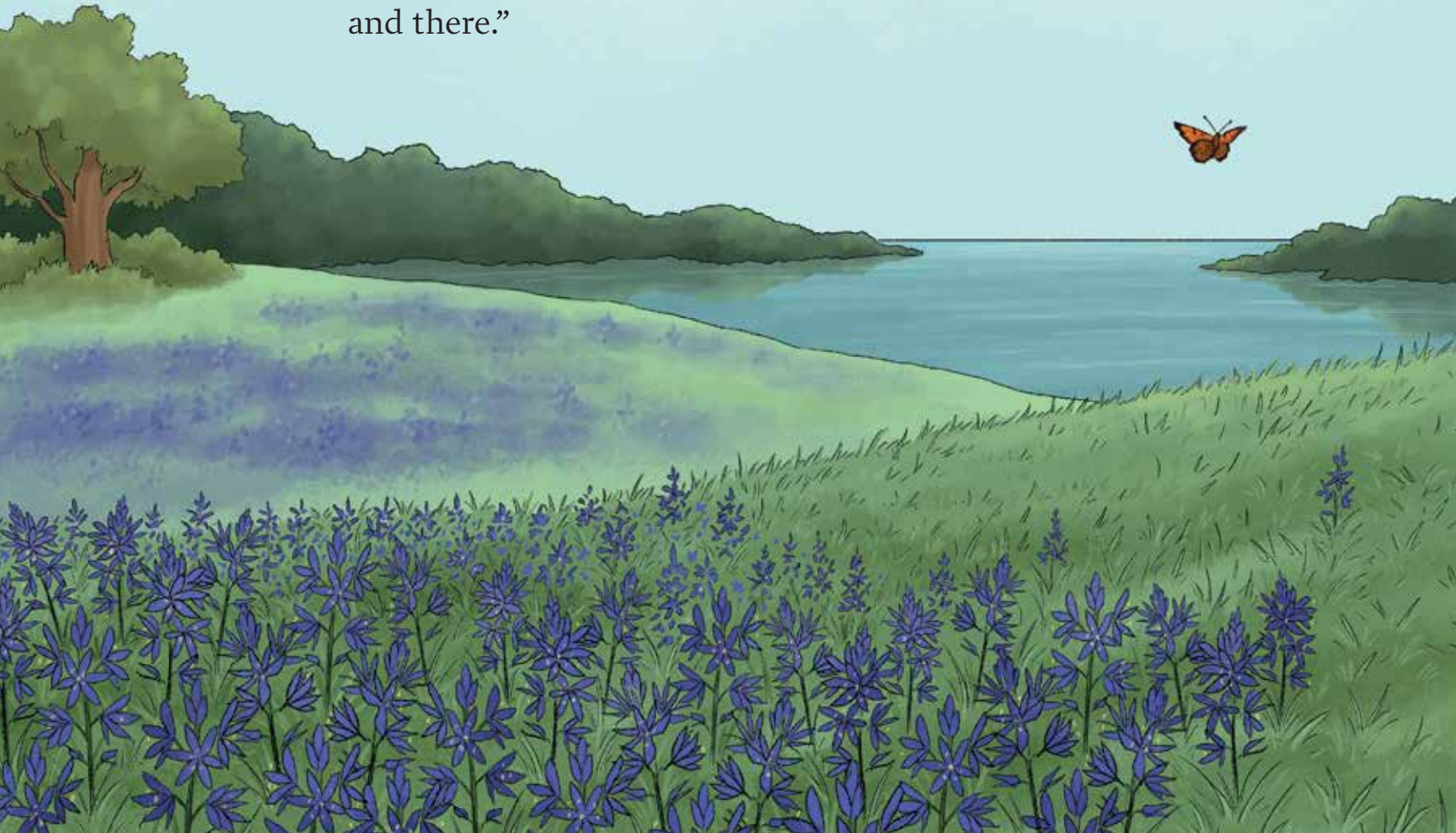


“Blue Camas! Blue Camas!” sings the Song Sparrow. “How lovely to see you again this spring, in blooming blue waves in the green meadow, below the big oak trees!

“Millions of butterflies fill the air. Chocolate lilies, golden paintbrush, white fawn lilies, lupins, buttercups, and violets keep you company here and there.”











“Mothers, grandmothers, cousins, sisters, and aunties dig with sticks, kneel in the fragrant field, roll up the grass around your stem, and, with hands deep in the black soil, they pick your root if it’s nice and fat.

“They leave the littlest of your bulbs behind for some other time and roll the earth back in place. The little bulbs will grow and mature in the not-so-distant future, helpful for the whole Nation to eat and celebrate, trade, and sweeten life on the Coast and in the Interior.

“Blue Camas! Blue Camas! Everyone knows to look for your blue flower, and to stay away from the white camas, so deadly. Every youngster learns this early.”





On the deck of the ship, a young boy spots the sunny meadow and the butterflies dancing over the flowers. “Papa, look this way! Our new land is like a paradise!”

“Indeed, Son! This untilled land will make a splendid farm. When I plow it, I’ll grow oats, carrots, wheat, parsnips, and potatoes. I’ll build a nice fence around it so our farm animals can’t escape in this wilderness. I’ll cut down these trees, so no forest fire can threaten our house.”