



PEAK EXPERIENCE

The Newsletter for Friends of Scotchman Peaks Wilderness, Inc.

Volume 3, Number 2 • March / April, 2007



What Grows There

Friends of Scotchman Peaks Wilderness, Inc. (FSPW) is a non-profit organization. The proceeds from all events and sales benefit our wilderness preservation efforts.

Donations are tax deductible.

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Shooting Star (*Dodecatheon pulchellum*)

By Ann Wimberley

As spring wildflowers appear, watch for the shooting star which blooms from April until August. Its genus name in Greek means "the plant protected by twelve gods". The Latin species name means "small and beautiful". Its leaves form a basal rosette. The leafless flowering stem is less than 16 inches tall with one or more nodding flowers. The common name describes the flowers, whose stamens protrude from a yellow orange tube followed by turned back lavender pink petals that stream behind like the tail of a shooting star. They grow from the valleys to the timberline, usually in sites that are moist when the plants are blooming. These plants make good rock garden ornamentals but transplant poorly from the wild so should be purchased or propagated from seed.



Shooting Star

Photo courtesy of Marilyn George

The Future Looks Bright

March 8, 7pm: FSPW presentation at REI in Spokane.

March 24: Cabinet Resource Group's annual meeting will be held at Bighorn Lodge Bed and Breakfast, 2 Bighorn Lane, Noxon, Montana (mile marker 7, highway 56). Featured speaker, Gayle Joslin, a wildlife biologist with Montana Fish, Wildlife and Parks, will speak on the monarch of the Scotchmans, the Mountain Goat. Happy Hour is at 4pm (BYOB), Annual Meeting at 5:15, Potluck Dinner at 5:45, and Speaker at 6:30. (All times are Mountain Standard Time)

April 12 and 13: Walking Jim Stolz will present his gorgeous and very fun multimedia presentation with his inspiring message about the importance of wildlands and wild creatures. He will visit Asa Wood School and the Libby middle school on April 12th and the Troy School on April 13th. He will also present a free evening concert in Libby's Little Theatre at 7:00pm MST on Friday, March 13th.

July 26-30: The Great Old Broads for Wilderness will hold a classic Broadwalk, basing out of the Clark Fork Field Campus, to support wilderness designation for the Scotchman Peaks.

Shirts and Sweats at Multiple Sites

FSPW shirts and sweats are now available in Idaho at Outdoor Experience, Café Bodega (Fosters Crossing), and Eichardt's in Sandpoint, The Hope Market Café in Hope, Scotchman Coffee House in Clark Fork, Far North Outfitters in Bonners Ferry, and in Montana at Huckleberry Thicket in Trout Creek. Out of the area, contact jmellen@imbris.net.

Shop for other Scotchman Peaks merchandise in our online store run by Café Press at www.scotchmanpeaks.org/store.fhtml



From the Top

It's that ambivalent time of year when snowmen melt and then snow again falls softly recreating a winter wonderland and making it hard to believe that spring wildflowers will be in bloom when the next issue goes to press. FSPW is in a growth phase also, beginning on our second thousand friends, sharing the quiet beauty of the wilderness with increasing numbers of friends participating in our snowshoeing/hiking series, and a growing number of fun events. Our newsletter will be adding an ice age flood column and a Scotchman history column in future issues.

Sharing the joy of the wilderness is one of the fun parts of our volunteer efforts. The look of wonder on our four year old granddaughter's face as she saw her first moose and calf on her first snowshoe into the Idaho woods was a personal reminder of why it's so important to preserve this beautiful area for future generations. May wilderness grow with the flowers of spring.

Ann Wimberley

Thanks for Help from Our Friends

Thanks to All Seasons Garden and Floral, Eichardt's Pub, Grill and Coffee House, Jack Gladstone, Handyman Services, Inc., Montana Wilderness Association, Mountain Spa and Stove, and Outdoor Experience for donations for our winter raffle held at the Jack Gladstone concert.

Thanks also to KPND for helping us publicize the concert.

Tales of Scotchman Peaks

THE GRIZZLY ATE MY LUNCH

By Ray Miller, Mayor of Sandpoint

My brothers and I do a good deal of elk hunting in the pockets above Blue Creek between Scotchman Peak and Scotchman Two. We usually hike up the ridge to a base camp and then move to a spike camp we have further back. While I was hunting there a few years back, I had a rather disquieting experience.

Because of a recent snowfall making the bear grass very slippery, we went in along the creek and then turned uphill to the pockets. I took my time hiking up to base camp, hoping I would find my bull and have an easy pack out. Once I got to base camp I resigned myself that I would have to work for this elk also. The snow made for slow going and I got to the spike camp about noon. We have food and camping supplies stashed here and I was looking forward to a hot lunch. As I approached the camp, I could see one of the blue tarps spread over the area. On closer inspection, about four feet of one of the corners was chewed off. Most of the camp supplies were spread over several hundred feet. Many cans of food were lying about; all had huge teeth marks and were sucked empty. So much for the beef stew I had planned for lunch.

It was obvious that this was a grizzly bear as the claw prints were readily visible in the snow, not to mention very large. Then I noticed the right fore paw was bleeding. Everywhere the animal stepped there was a blood spot in the print. Over by the barrel that we thought was bear proof was a stew can that was literally ripped apart with jagged edges. This must be what cut his paw. I figured he was pretty mad; maybe that's why he chewed up the tarp. Blue tarp cannot possibly taste better than beef stew.

For lunch I had to settle for the smoky I had in my pack, and a can of peaches missed by the bear. I wondered if I had scared it off and just how far away it might be. After cleaning up the mess and re-stashing the equipment, I

continued hunting without success. The snow became more intense so I hiked back down to the creek. Here it was raining but warmer and the trees provided good cover from the rain. I told my story to my brothers telling them how I had to clean up the mess and forgo a hot lunch. There was little sympathy.

The next morning the rain and snow had stopped but a dense fog was setting in. I had some oatmeal and then headed back up the hill. About four inches of new snow had fallen and that made even slower going. If I did find an elk I sure wasn't going to run it down. After about an hour of hunting, I saw the bear track again and there was the blood spot. At first it didn't dawn on me, but about a quarter mile down the path it sunk in. "Wait a minute!" I said to myself, "that's not yesterday's track. It snowed last night. He's still bleeding, he's still here and I'm guessing pretty mad." The fog was getting thicker and I was beginning to notice some vertigo so I decided to retrace my tracks, as I couldn't see more than several feet. That's when I looked down and saw my boot print; over it was a bear print with a blood spot. That bear could be ten feet away from me and I wouldn't even see it. I took my rifle off my shoulder and held it at the ready. Thank goodness I hadn't brought the muzzleloader. I didn't time myself but I think I set a record getting back down to the creek. That critter might still be around, but at least out of the fog I'll be able to see it. I hoped my brothers wouldn't run into the grizzly, I didn't want to have to pack all this stuff by myself.

As we were packing up getting ready to head home, I was wondering, just who is the endangered specie here?



Wild Creatures of the Scotchmans

Porcupine – *Rodentia Erethizontidae*

By Doug Ferrell

The North American Porcupine is the second largest of all rodents. It has a large chunky body with a high, arching back and short legs. The porcupine has up to 30,000 quills on all parts of its body except the stomach. The longest quills are on the rump, with shorter quills towards the front, even covering the cheeks. Porcupines can weigh up to 40 pounds.

Porcupines are usually solitary, nocturnal, herbivorous, and spend much of their time in trees. In the spring they feed on leaves, twigs and green plants. In winter they chew through the outer bark of fir, hemlock, aspen and pines to eat the tender layer of tissue below. Sometimes they will completely girdle, and thus kill trees. They may also gnaw tool handles and plywood for salt and minerals. The two large front teeth continue to grow as long as the animal lives.

When threatened, porcupines place their snout between their forelegs and spin around to present their rear to an enemy. If attacked, the porcupine does not throw its quills, but drives its tail against the assailant. Dozens of quills detach easily to embed painfully into the flesh of the attacker. The barb shaped profile of the quills allows them to work deeper into the victims flesh. If hit in the face, a predator such as a wolf or mountain lion may die from starvation when they are unable to eat.

Porcupines breed in the fall or early winter. The courtship ritual involves males uttering a high falsetto squeak, while females



Porcupine

Photo courtesy of
Don Jones
www.donaldmjones.com

announce their availability by squalling. One or two young are born with soft quills which harden within the hour. The young will nurse for 4 or 5 months before heading out on their own.

Many Indian tribes considered porcupines an important survival food, because the animals can be approached and killed with a club. It was considered bad luck to kill a porcupine unless you really needed to, insuring that some of the slow footed animals would be around when needed. Such restraint seems noble to us, helped along no doubt by the taste of the meat, which is reported to resemble turpentine in flavor.

Porcupines leave a very characteristic track. They have four toes on the forefeet, and five behind, all with long curved claws, which extend well forward of the oval shaped pads. In the snow, the dragging tail and quills make it look like someone was towing a broom through the woods. If you see one waddling along, don't get too close, and stay on your toes!

Along the Trail

Rich Landers, Outdoor Editor for the Spokesman Review, described his first snowshoe into the Ross Creek Cedars on a Friends of Scotchman Peaks sponsored hike in an article published January 21.

FSPW had tables at the Banff Film Festival on January 25-27 in Sandpoint and on January 28 in Coeur d'Alene.

The Jack Gladstone and Kendall Flint concert at the Panida on February 3 was, by many measures, a BIG success! The audience was enthusiastic, engaged and supportive, as about 300 friends gathered for an evening of song, stories and all around fun. We raised a few funds and a lot of awareness for wilderness. Thank you all who were a part of the effort which made this concert such a success!!!

Two recent organizational meetings held in Libby, Montana for the Friends of Scotchman Peaks Wilderness were well attended and full of positive ideas and energy. Many local residents expressed their enthusiasm for the idea of protecting the Scotchmans. Plans were made to connect with a variety of groups, people and events, including the Chamber of Commerce, sportsman groups, the new Troy ranger, Nordicfest and the famous Troy Fourth of July celebration. The group also is working to bring Walkin Jim Stolz to town. Some 25,000 acres of roadless area are located in Montana's Lincoln County, along with the towns of Troy and Libby. We welcome suggestions about groups or individuals who might be interested in learning more about

why wilderness protection makes good sense for this stunning piece of wild, rugged country.

The Lincoln County Coalition published an insert in The Western News recently. This group has been meeting for several years, representing a variety of interests including timber, motorized recreation, and conservationists. The group has forged a strong commitment to respect and collaboration, and has been joined by County Commissioners John Konzen and Marianne Roose. The LCC is working toward legislation aimed at increasing timber jobs, permanently designating motorized trails and access, and towards securing wilderness designation of the Roderick (and hopefully the Grizzly) roadless areas in the Yaak valley. Conservationists are represented primarily by Robin King, Rick Bass and outfitter Tim Linehan. The full color 16 page insert quotes a wide variety of people who are enthusiastic about the group's approach, as well as their accomplishments. To date the LCC has hammered out a draft vision that is now open to comment by the wider community. The insert includes letters from Governor Schweitzer and retiring Forest Service chief Dale Bosworth supporting the group's mission. The goal of good forest management has been dramatically moved forward by the spirit of cooperation fostered by this group.

FSPW looks forward to working with Gail Kimbell in her new position as the first woman to serve as the U.S. Forest Service Chief and Tom Tidwell, her replacement as Forest Service Director for Region I.



Trail of the Month – Ross Creek Cedars

By Phil Hough

In summer, the Ross Creek Cedars are a place of cool, quiet refuge. A shaded canopy of tall cedar boughs provides cool respite from the summer sun, while the large diameter old growth trees offer a measure of solitude even when the parking lot fills up. Ross Creek softly splashes out its song as it meanders through the grove. The Cedars tell their own tale to all who will stop, look and listen. Their story is in the under story of plants, the fire scarred trunks, the rings from



Crossing the bridge
Photo courtesy of Phil Hough

downed trees cut away for the trail and the mounds of matter building up around their trunks. Old Marten sets and fresh tracks in the mud offer insights into the lives of many residents. The earth all around pulses with life.

For profound solitude there is no substitute

for a winter walk into these magnificent cedars! Snow falling softly on a cathedral of Cedars makes winter a magical time. Here you will find the Scotchmans' silent side. Snow absorbs all sound. Silence is

punctuated only by the occasional woodpecker. Snow covers the trail and the Devil's Club too, freeing you to explore the trees, trunks and tracks to wherever they lead.

If you go: In summer bring good boots or trail shoes and plenty of water, as there is no certifiably safe drinking water. A tracking guidebook or native plant guide may add to your pleasure. This is an easy walk, suitable for all ages. Snacks or lunch, layers of extra clothing and rain gear are always advisable for any walk.

In winter: take extra water, food and clothes. You will need snowshoes or cross-country skis. The winter walk takes on a moderate degree of difficulty. The access road adds, one way, about 3 to 4 miles with a gradual rise of a few hundred feet and the same descent.

Driving Directions to the Trailhead: To get to the Cedars, take Hwy 200 to Hwy 56 at the "Bull River Junction". (About 25 to 30 minutes east of Clark Fork, or about 20 minutes west of Trout Creek). Turn north on Highway 56, go about 18 miles and watch for the forest service sign for Ross Creek Cedars, turn left. Follow the signs to the parking lot for the Cedars. In Winter: After turning off Hwy 56, the Ross Creek Cedars road it will be plowed, or well traveled. About 1.5 to 2 miles in there is a wide spot for parking on the main road, while the access road to the Cedars is on the left. Watch for the signs. Park there and walk, snowshoe, or ski the access road to the Cedars.

Peak Views

The Friends of Scotchman Peaks Wilderness is proud to present our Winter 2007 snowshoe/hike series!

Winter is a time of silence and solitude; a time to experience the profound nature of wilderness. So strap on your snowshoes or slip into your cross-country skis and join us for one of our organized winter walks. From snow falling softly on the Ross Creek Cedars, to the steep and strenuous ascent of Star Peak with stunning winter panoramas we have something for every skill level and interest. You will see first hand why the Scotchmans are so special. Group size is limited and reservations are required. To sign up contact the hike leader listed. For more details go to our website at: www.ScotchmanPeaks.org



Creek Crossing
Photo courtesy of Phil Hough

E = Easy		M = Moderate	S = Strenuous	D = Difficult-Experienced Only
Sun Mar 11	E/M	Ross Creek Cedars - Susan Drumheller 265-9565 sdrumheller@wildidaho.org		
Sat Mar 17	D	Goat Peak Hop - Don't be fooled – this is a GRIND not a “bunny – slope” hop. Jim Mellen (208) 265-5261, jmellen@imbris.net		
Sun Mar 25	E/M	Morris Creek – View the damage to Lightning Creek Road and then we'll take an early spring hike or late winter snowshoe up Morris Creek - Phil Hough (208) 255-2780, nowhere_man97@hotmail.com		
Sat Apr 21	D	Scotchman Peak – the hard way, in early spring, by whatever means possible - hike/ski/snowboard/randonee/snowshoe – only for the truly insane – led by Jim Mellen (208) 265-5261, jmellen@imbris.net		
Fri Apr 27	D	Scotchman Peak early season assault – by whatever means appropriate and necessary – come prepared for mud, snow and a hard, fun, time. John Harbuck (208) 263-9894		



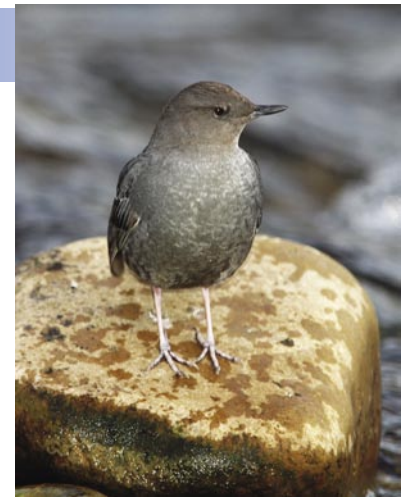
Birds Found on the Scotchman Peaks *American Dipper*

By *Earl Chapin*

The American Dipper, sometimes called the Water Ousel, is one of the most interesting birds in our area. This bird is six inches long, sooty in color, and quite common. It has a short, turned up tail and continually bobs up and down. The bird is solitary. It lives and nests in very fast water of large and small mountain streams. It hatches 3 to 6 white eggs about 1 inch in diameter. The nest is built of interwoven moss and ferns with an opening near the bottom. Nests are built behind a waterfall, on a cliff near the water or under a bridge. Two broods are hatched each year. Young birds can jump, dive and swim on leaving the nest. Dippers have a very long melodious song.

If you watch along almost any small stream in the Scotchman drainage, you will see the Dipper flying rapidly over the water, perched on a rock, or walking along the water's edge looking for insects or tiny fish. Then the bird will disappear under the water.

The dipper feeds by walking or "flying" on the bottom of very fast streams, and foraging on tiny fish and aquatic larva. They have very strong legs and also have special oil glands. They have a third eyelid to keep dirt out of the eye. They stride with a fast wing beat and can "fly" to a depth of 20 feet in water that is too deep and swift for a man to stand. Dippers do not migrate but stay all winter in our area.



American Dipper
Photo by Randy Beacham
www.agpix.com/beacham

Message from the Chair

John Muir once wrote: "Everybody needs beauty as well as bread, places to play in and pray in, where nature may heal and give strength to body and soul." Seldom has so much wisdom been packaged into so few words. In a single sentence, Muir gets to the very heart of why we "need" wilderness and how wilderness satisfies those needs in so many ways.

I was reflecting on Muir's words the other day, while leading a snowshoe trip in the Scotchmans. A diverse group of interested hikers had decided to join us. Some were on their first ever snowshoe, others were old hands to winter travel. A few had never been into the Scotchmans. For others this was one more, of many, trips into this area. We spanned a large range of ages, lifestyles and locations. We had several people coming from Spokane. All had one thing in common – a "need" for the wonders of wilderness; a need strong enough that fog and the threat of rain had not dampened any spirits.

Shortly after we started our walk, the morning fog lifted and a fresh mantle of white draping the hillsides was magical. The low flow of water in winter let us walk right across East Fork Creek. In the nearby woods we were all enthralled by the "call" of the wild, which we "heard" through the fresh set of wolf tracks we followed. The wolf had been following some moose tracks and we all wandered around the woods, wondering if wolf and moose had met up what their encounter may have been like.

The snow was packed in some places and wet and heavy in others. Yet our spirits were lifted right over all this thigh burning snow by the wonder of the wilderness around us. By the end of the day we were more rejuvenated than tired.

Phil

The Fun in Birding

By *Earl A. Chapin*

Bird Watching is a hobby on which we can spend as little time as we want or can get very serious about. Nearly everyone has some interest in birding, even if your interest is what birds you see in your back yard. My wife, Bev, and I started by enjoying our back yard birds, but as we met other birders who showed us birds they had seen, we somehow became serious birders. Birders are very interested in helping others see birds that will add to their life list. It is almost as much fun to show a birder a new bird as it is to see one. As the interest grew for us, we began a list of what we saw in our back yard, a list for the Sandpoint City Beach (a migrant trap), and one for the American Bird Area, (U.S., including Alaska and also Canada).

Birding has been fun for us in many ways. We have traveled to areas in the ABA to see birds and have seen things that we would never had seen. Birders come to Idaho and I show them what we have here. Birds that are common in North Idaho may not be seen anywhere else. Most birders who come here need a Calliope Hummingbird (our most common hummingbird), Spruce Grouse, Boreal Chickadee, Black Backed Woodpecker and Black Swift. Birders have shown us birds all over the ABA area. By helping each other we have a chance to see even the rare birds in the ABA area. With the help of other birders, my life list is now at 723 species.

Although we have traveled to see birds, we still enjoy our back yard birds and have seen some very interesting things happen. On August 10, 1986, I looked out and saw a Lewis Woodpecker sitting on a power pole. The woodpecker stayed on that pole for 8 days. Robins were pulling worms from the ground and the woodpecker would fly down and take the worm from the robin.

We have seen the Pygmy Owl (only 6 inches long) take birds out of our feeders. They will kill Starlings and Morning Doves that are twice their size. We have had several rarities such as the Harris Sparrow, White Throated Sparrow, Purple Finch and Lapland Longspur.



1,000 Friends and Growing Stronger

By *Phil Hough*

The Friends of Scotchman Peaks Wilderness is proudly announces our own “millennium milestone” – our 1,000th “Friend”!

In January, at a presentation in Troy Montana our first “four-digit friend” Renee Rose signed her name to our simple pledge of support. The Friends of Scotchman Peaks Wilderness awarded Renee a complimentary t-shirt and welcomed her to our circle of friends. This achievement comes less than 2 years after the very first group of friends got together to begin a campaign to advocate for wilderness protection. Topping 1,000 supporters in such a short period of time indicates our communities’ strong desire for wilderness.

If you agree with Renee and the rest of the Friends that the Scotchmans are a wonderful place and fully deserve the protections that wilderness will provide, you can add your name to our support list and subscribe to this newsletter by going to our website www.scotchmanpeaks.org/subscribe.html and filling out the form provided. You can also sign the pledge printed on page 8 of this newsletter and mail it to the address provided.

Pledge of Support

“As concerned citizens, we support protecting and preserving

the Scotchman Peaks for ourselves and for future generations. Wilderness Designation for the Scotchmans will protect water quality as well as plants and wildlife including the endangered grizzly bears, mountain goat and bull trout. Local communities will benefit from the unparalleled recreational and economic opportunities which wilderness provides.”



Friend number 1000, Renee Rose, with board members Doug Ferrell and Bill Martin Photo courtesy Phil Hough

Scotchman Rocks

By *Bill Martin*

Flour, sugar, eggs and butter – these basic ingredients, depending on how they are combined and heated - produce a vast array of results (usually tasty), many of which have very little resemblance to each other. So it is with minerals. Sediment from the same source, subjected to differing pressures and temperatures of different orders and durations can produce very dissimilar rocks.

This being a column about rocks, it might be about time to say something about what a rock is and the difference between rocks and minerals.

There are 94 naturally occurring elements in the periodic table, which you probably remember from some chemistry or science class. Some of these, such as gold, silver, iron, copper, etc., can exist alone in a natural state; they are elemental minerals. Most minerals, however, are chemical compounds, such as halite – sodium and chlorine, or sodium chloride- usually called salt. There are seven main mineral groups, but no one knows how many minerals. A book I have, published in 1960, says that various combinations of elements form as many as 2,000 minerals. In a 1996 book, there were over 3,600 known to science, and the number is steadily increasing.

Rocks, in turn, are composed of various combinations of minerals.



Quartz Photo courtesy Neil Wimberley

One needn't be a mathematician to realize that rock collecting is not a good hobby for those who like to acquire complete collections of things.

A lot of interesting rocks are formed by magma working its way toward the surface, as happened around here in places when volcanoes were erupting regularly to the west of us. As the molten material cools, minerals form in it, which ones depending on what's in the magma, temperatures, rate of cooling, what sort of rock it's rising through, and so on. Element rich fluid penetrates cracks in the rocks around an intrusion, which crystallizes as it cools and the heat transforms surrounding rocks to produce new minerals.

Quartz remains in solution longer, and therefore carries farther as these hot, mineral rich waters work outward into crevices. As it is quite hard, it does not easily erode when it is exposed on the surface, and so it becomes a marker for potentially rich mineralized veins. Often associated with gold, quartz veins were what early prospectors prowling these mountains were looking for.

Next: Ore bodies around – and within Scotchman Peaks.



“A Summer Dreams Are Made Of”

By Bob Wilson

(A continued story from our previous issue – Jan/Feb 07) We traveled light with a brown army blanket each, a rod with fish line and half a dozen flies including a Gray Hackle, Royal Coachman, and a Black Gnat. We also packed a six pack of #8 snelled hooks we wanted for fresh bait. I had a long hex bored Winchester 30-30 and a small caliber hand gun. Darrel had a 32 Winchester with a long Hex barrel, along with a “Swedish Fiddle” (a 3-ft bow saw) and a honed ax; we were equipped for any occasion. By the end of June, we had a well-established base camp. You might say, we were “loaded for bear!” We never had an occasion to shoot any, although several used the mud wallows in the little valley at the head of Blue Creek. We also encountered a sow and two cubs one day in a huckleberry patch.

We had made several day jaunts from the cabin trying to decide where to make our spike or number two camp. This would allow us to spend less time on the trail, so to speak, as well as hiking several miles a day getting back to food and shelter.

We chose a small grove of trees just above the falls in Blue Creek as the ideal spot. This place had several advantages. First, it was fairly well sheltered, near water with a large pool at the base of the falls. This large pool proved to have a never ending fish supply. Best of all there was a large slide of glacial ice and snow 50 feet from what could be considered our back door. We decided to make a ‘walk in’ cold storage in case we had a surplus of perishable food.

It took only a couple of hours with the aide of sharp sticks and a hand ax to chisel out a hole for an entry and a shelf for storage. The same day we finished, we went below the falls and caught enough fish for supper as well as a few to try out the new cooler. It worked better than any icebox back home, and was well stocked during the summer with fish, grouse, and deer meat.

After we completed the heavy packing and unpacking necessary to get our spike camp in shape, we settled down to going and coming as we pleased except for days when we hiked to Clarks Fork to take our folks some fish or fresh meat. That was a three day trip. A day each way and one day to gather up what we wanted to pack back in. We were able to hunt, fish, hike, or just lay around and plan new adventures.

To our surprise we discovered there were three bands of mountain goat within five miles of our Number 2 camp. The bands of nine, twelve, and thirteen goats had a separate range they seemed to stay in. The largest band spent most of their time in the higher elevations and was about a mile north of our camp. Whenever we wanted to spend a quiet day watching them, we were amazed and entertained at their agility and sure footedness on the highest cliffs and crags and their ability to scale the rockiest peaks.

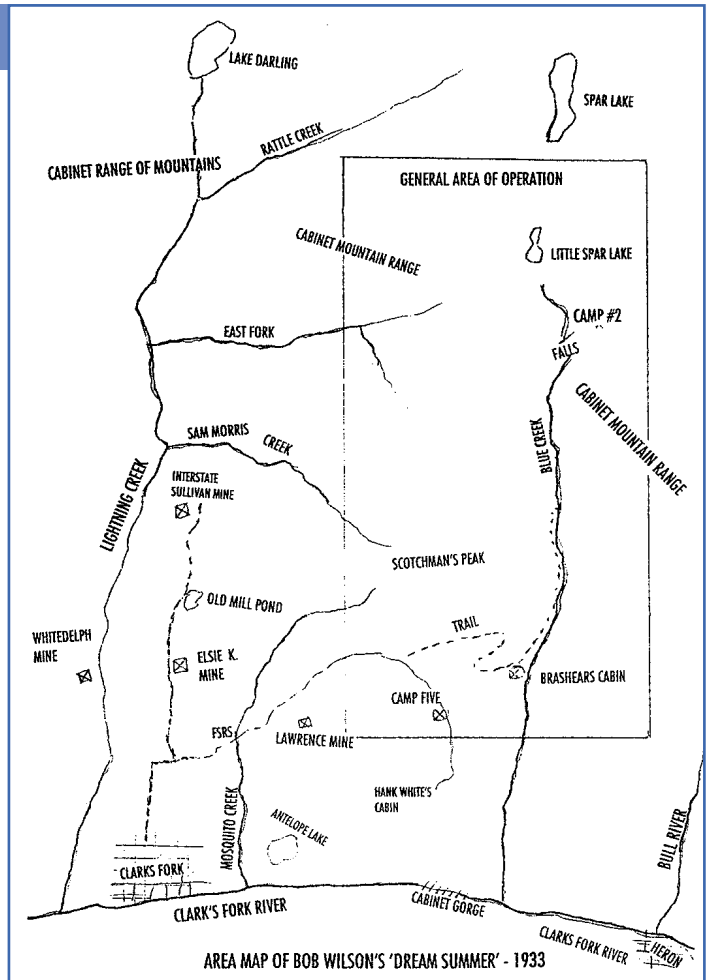
We made our first trip to town on the third of July, but couldn’t wait to start back to camp. We came to town again the middle of August and spent four days up Al Derr’s canyon picking huckleberries that we sold to Gene Ralph. He gave us 7 cents a pound which came out to 49 cents a gallon, and he didn’t round it out to 50 cents. In four days we made \$19.60, paid Mr. Brende and headed back to camp with fresh tobacco and coffee.

When we felt the nip of fall in the evening air, we knew that summer was almost over. This was about two weeks before the first of September. We made plans to pull back to the Brashear cabin to spend three or four days, do some final fishing for home consumption, and bag a deer at our favorite local spot on Wiggle Tail. This we did, and the summer of 1933 then came to an end. The summer went by too fast and it now seems like a perfect dream. I would highly recommend it over the modern day trip to Disneyland, Sea World and throw in the San Diego Zoo for good measure. It was a dream come true for two kids who made memories they never forgot.

Darrel and I went our separate ways, but both ended up teaching school after World War II. We got together about 12 years ago and planned to make a final trip to the old cabin and No. 2 camp the next summer. Unfortunately, we waited too long. Darrel passed away that winter. We were both past 70, but I am sure we could have at least made it to the creek, caught a mess of fish and reminisced a couple of days about our “Dream Summer.”

Used with permission from “100 Years of Seasoning”

The Wilson Family Cookbook, 1897-1997 By Ida Daugharty Hawkins (June, 1998)

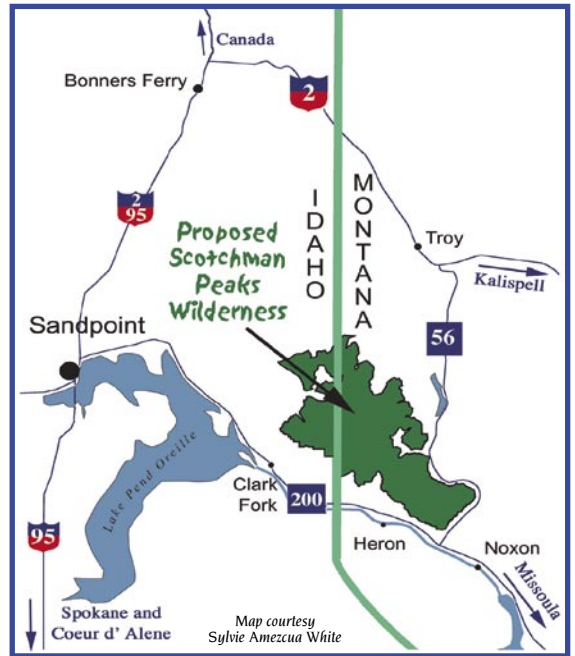




How You Can Help

Support Friends of Scotchman Peaks Wilderness

As concerned citizens, we support protecting and preserving the Scotchman Peaks area for ourselves and future generations. Highway 56, Highway 200, Lightning Creek Road, and Rattle Creek/Keeler Road surround this 88,000 acre scenic area which straddles the Idaho and Montana border. Wilderness Designation for the Scotchmans will protect plants and wildlife, including the endangered grizzly bears, mountain goat, and bull trout; it will protect water quality; and it will preserve a special place for future generations. In addition, local communities will benefit from the unparalleled recreational and economic opportunities such wilderness provides.



Name: _____

Address: _____

e-mail: _____

Phone: _____

Donation enclosed (optional). Donations are tax deductible.

Please make checks payable to the Friends of Scotchman Peaks Wilderness, Inc. Detach & Mail to the address below.

