



PEAK EXPERIENCE

The Newsletter for Friends of Scotchman Peaks Wilderness, Inc.

Volume 3, Number 5 • September / October, 2007



Scotchman Past

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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GETTING OFF THE RIVER

By Jack Nisbet

Jack Nisbet is a teacher, naturalist and writer who explores human and natural history in the greater Northwest. In 1994 he published **Sources of the River: Tracking David Thompson across Western North America**, which received the Murray Morgan Prize and the Idaho Librarians Book of the Year award. Jack was a featured speaker at the Broadwalk planned for the Great Old Broads by FSPW.

When Canadian fur agent David Thompson arrived at Lake Pend Oreille in early September of 1809, he witnessed a vibrant late-summer encampment that involved several different tribes and a host of economic and social activities. Kootenai contacts guided him to a place called Indian Meadows near the Clark Fork Delta, where he met several hundred men, women, and children. Two Flathead men toured him around a promising peninsula nearby, and he soon began construction on his Kullyspel House trading post. Sixteen canoes full of Coeur d'Alene people paddled by, but did not trade. A Kalispel youth guided Thompson and a voyageur downstream to an encampment near Cusick, where he was introduced to a key elder and met a party of visiting Spokanes. Upon Thompson's return to Indian Meadows he encountered



Painting by James Madison Alden

Kallispeim Lake or Pend Oreille Lake, National Archives, Washington, D.C. Photo courtesy Jack Nisbet

representatives from the Nez Perce and two tribes from further west (possibly Okanagan and San Poil). By October the trade house was nearing completion, but the tribes were on the move, scattering in several directions. As Thompson followed Flathead and Kalispel bands upriver to their wintering grounds around the confluence of the Clark Fork and Flathead Rivers, he was tracking the ancient Road to the Buffalo. The trail cut up from the tangled wetlands onto benches where he could view the vast universe that spread out around him. Thompson always felt more secure when he was plying a waterway, and his journal entry for October 11 describes traveling over "high rocky Hills, in many places dangerous for loaded Horses." But he delighted in passing through "very fine woods, especially Cedar, many of them 4 to 5 fathoms [24-30 feet] round and tall in proportion." At his camp for the evening he saw "a Birds Eye View the road of the Morrow...thro' seeming thick woods." As darkness came on hunger ate at his men, but upon hearing the howls of

representatives from the Nez Perce and two tribes from further west (possibly Okanagan and San Poil).

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Continues on page 4



Peak Views

The Friends of Scotchman Peaks Wilderness is proud to present our summer 2007 hiking series! We have a hike for everyone, from easy family hikes to overnight trips for experienced bushwhackers. Come join us for one of our organized hikes and see first hand why the Scotchmans deserve the protection of wilderness designation. 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.

E = Easy	M = Moderate	S = Strenuous	D = Difficult-Experienced Only
Sept 1-5	S	North/South Scotchman Spine - <i>Jim Mellen (208) 265-5261 jmellen@imbris.net</i>	
Mon Sept 3	S	24 Hour Pass Labor Day Scramble – <i>406-847-2396, scenic.route@sandycompton.com</i>	
Fri Sept 14	S	Sawtooth Peak via Ross Creek – <i>John Harbuck (208)263-9894, harbuck@norlight.org</i>	
Sun Sept 16	E	Mushroom Identification Field Trip with Mycologist Larry Evans – <i>Ann and Neil Wimberley (208) 264-5379, neilwim@yahoo.com</i>	
Sat Sept 22	E	Ross Creek Cedars – <i>Carol Jenkins (208) 265-9204, irvorcarol@imbris.net</i>	
Sun Sept 23	S	Scotchman Peak Ascent, Hop to Goat Mtn and Morris Creek Descent – <i>Phil Hough (208) 255-2780, nowhere_man97@hotmail.com</i>	
Sat Sept 29 - Sun Sept 30	S	Sawtooth Overnighter - <i>406-847-2396, scenic.route@sandycompton.com</i>	
Sun Sept 30	S	Scotchman Peak – <i>Jon Isacoff 509-323-5951, isacoff@gonzaga.edu</i>	

Tales of Scotchman Peaks

It's a Dog's Life

By **Victoria Denham**

On the day of our planned July hike up Scotchman Peak the weather forecast of a warm day did not stop our group of 7 people and 3 dogs from taking the adventure to the top. After meeting at my house, we drove to the base of the mountain. We enjoyed our slow and steady hike to the top, resting along the way.

When we arrived at the top of the mountain, we found several other hikers and Mr. Scotchman showing off his talents. As he moved from rock ledge to rock ledge we were in awe of the goat's abilities. The view from the top was all we thought it would be. We enjoyed our picnic lunch, rested for the hike down and took some pictures.

We were a little concerned about our water supply. I do believe that God knows that there are people like us who do not always come well prepared. Just a little way from the top was an awesome snowpack that had a point at the bottom where the water was trickling off like a faucet. We filled our water jugs and headed down the mountain.



She ain't heavy
Photo courtesy Victoria Denham

We soon discovered that our friends' dog was in serious trouble. Misty's hips had given out and she could no longer walk. We had no choice but to carry Misty down the mountain. We took our water jugs out of our backpack and put her in it. She was a very happy 75 pound lab, now that she had a nice view and a taxi ride down. My husband and I took turns with Misty and at last made it down the mountain. When we got to the car, the temperature was 105 degrees. We were once again out of water and very happy to have made it. My parents and their friends (bless their hearts) are all in their sixties. They have decided that one trip to the top of Scotchman on a one hundred degree plus day is enough for them. Misty only wants to take short walks where she can play in water.

I still look out of my yard at the mountain knowing that our trip to the top of it is a memory that none of us will forget.

From the Top

This issue marks the second anniversary of "Peak Experience". Each issue continues to be filled with memories of past events and plans for more. Our first anniversary issue reported receipt of our first grant; this issue reports Carol Jenkins' success at obtaining 3 more. This issue is being emailed or snail mailed to almost 500 more Friends than the September/October 06 issue.

As we begin to have fall rains, walks in the woods lead to searches for mushrooms instead of huckleberries. As our summer/fall hiking schedule concludes, enjoy the cooler fall days on one of our organized hikes or one of your own. The beauty and quiet of the Scotchman Peaks proposed wilderness area speaks most eloquently for the importance of its preservation.

Ann Wimberley



Glacial Erratics

By Jon Burkhart

President of the local chapter of the Ice Age Flood Institute

People trekking around in the Cabinet Mountains see a lot of geology. On occasion we will come upon a large rock that doesn't seem to belong where it is lying. These are usually boulders which are not native to the area and have been carried by glacial ice and deposited when the glacier melted. Thus "glacial erratics".

The Cabinets were dramatically affected by the continental glaciers of 10 to 15 thousand years ago. Ice as deep as 6,500 feet flowed around and over many of the mountains and valleys that make up this range. Some of the area is sprinkled with large granite boulders which came from the Purcell Trench and the Canadian Rockies. These rocks are frequently rounded off by their travels and look like huge river boulders. Most of the Cabinet Mountains are made up of rock from the Belt Series, a Precambrian group of sedimentary rocks although there are some areas of intrusive granite that are unique. When you are walking along a ridge of sedimentary rock and you come upon a large granite boulder you can bet that it was placed there by glaciation.



Glacial Erratics

Photo courtesy Connie Burkhart

The big granite boulder in the picture is on the trail from Lunch Peak to Mount Pend Oreille. It is lying on top of a ridge made up of Pritchard formation, Belt Series sedimentary rock. It's at an elevation of more than 5,100 feet where the glacier gently set it down as it retreated north thousands of years ago. If you see one of these "glacial erratics" on your trail say hello to a fellow traveler from long ago.

Peak Funding

Carol Jenkins has wonderful news for all our Friends. This summer we have received grants of \$5000 each from Campion Foundation, Patagonia and Wilburforce. These prestigious foundations are validating our work and supporting our efforts to make permanent wilderness protection for the Scotchmans possible.

Birds Found on the Scotchman Peaks

Shorebirds

By Earl Chapin

Shorebirds are long legged, fast moving birds that feed on insects on mudflats and sandbars. Best known is the Killdeer, but there are 30 species that migrate through our area each year. The Long Billed Curlew is the largest, being 23 inches long and having a down curved bill 9 inches long. Others like the Least, Western and Semipalmated Sandpiper are small, about 5 inches long.

Two thirds of shorebirds winter in Central and South America and travel a round trip of 15,000 miles to the nesting grounds on Arctic tundra. In early spring they migrate to Northwest Territories and Alaska to nest. Some fly at high altitude, sometimes 10,000 feet above sea level, and average speeds of fifty miles per hour. As soon as the chicks are hatched, the adults leave them to fend for themselves and begin the migration back to the wintering grounds. Juveniles begin feeding on insects as soon as they hatch. They are not fed by the parents as are other birds.



Killdeer

Photo courtesy Jay Mock

Many of the adult Yellowlegs, Solitary Sandpiper, Western Sandpiper and others return to our area about July 1st. They are not in such a hurry going south, usually taking a couple of months. They can be seen feeding on sandbars and mudflats in our area. About August 15th, as the adults begin to leave, the young arrive. After feeding for a few days, the young continue south to find the wintering grounds on their own.



The Future Looks Bright

Sept 17th 5:30pm – 7pm: Public Presentation – “Scotchmans Update” presented by Phil Hough at Gonzaga University in Spokane – Sponsored by FSPW, Gonzaga, Spokane Mountaineers, and Conservation Northwest

Sept 18th: Don Clark will make a FSPW presentation to the Libby Rod and Gun Club.

Sept 19 7pm – 8pm: Phil Hough will make a public presentation at North Idaho College. “A Wilderness Proposal for the Scotchman Peaks”.

Oct 20: Idaho Conservation League’s annual “Wild Idaho North” will focus on Wilderness, co-sponsored by the FSPW. We will be part of this weekend long focus on Wilderness in our region.

Nov 1st: REI Public Present “Update on the Scotchmans” by Phil Hough; time tba, evening.

Nov 24th: Walkin Jim Sotlz – “Give Thanks for the Wild” concert to benefit the Scotchmans; time tba evening.



Great Old Broads on the Delyle Ridge Trail.

Photo courtesy Phil Hough

Please Invite Us to Speak to Your Group

We are available to do a 10 minute or longer Power Point Presentation and discussion for businesses, service organizations, clubs, and groups of friends and neighbors.

Please contact us if you are interested.

In Idaho or Washington, contact Phil Hough at 255-2780 or nowhere_man97@hotmail.com

In Hope/East Hope/ Clark Fork, contact Neil or Ann Wimberley at neilwim@yahoo.com or afwim@yahoo.com

In Montana, contact Doug Ferrell at ferrelldoug@gmail.com

GETTING OFF THE RIVER, *Continues from page 1*

a wolf pack Thompson dispatched a tribal boy who returned with a good portion of mule deer, “which he took from the Wolves.”

From his campsite Thompson made one of his few comments on the Cabinet peaks that loomed above him: “The Mountains are about 2 to 3 miles distant & loaded with snow.” It’s not much to go on as we try to imagine what the Scotch Peaks might have looked like two centuries ago, how they might have changed from then to now, and how they might evolve in another 200 years.

Some clues to the nature of these mountains can be discovered by returning to that mixed tribal gathering at Indian Meadows. The encampment had been taking place annually for long before David Thompson’s arrival, and continued each year until 1956, when a dam at Albeni Falls on the Pend Oreille River drowned the fertile lakeside bottoms that made it happen.

Alice Ignace grew up on the Kalispel Reservation near Cusick, Washington, almost 80 miles downstream from Indian Meadows. As a young girl in the 1930s, she traveled with her family by horseback and wagon to camp at the meadows for several weeks in late summer. “My grandmother, she would sure be happy to get to that place,” said Ignace, “because there were always lots of good things out there.”

The search for those good things might take place in or near the water, harvesting whitefish and tules, wapato and Indian hemp. It might also lead up into the mountains, seeking traditional sites for game, berries, and medicinal plants. Alice Ignace’s family pitched their tepee and set up drying racks with five or six other Kalispel families. They would visit with friends and relatives from the Flathead country, and see Kootenai, Coeur d’Alene, and other tribes too. White settlers, especially children, would come down to see what was going on.

While the men in Ignace’s family went out hunting and fishing, Alice’s grandmother roamed the hills for berries, dried them on site, and stored them in baskets or Mason jars for the long ride home. Deer meat was sliced and placed on the racks to dry, and the hides were stretched for scraping off the fat. Hundreds of whitefish were split and arranged to dry as well. “A good hunter always has three racks,” Alice recalled her grandmother saying: “one for meat, one for hides, and one for fish.”

The tribes who camped in Indian meadows used it as a staging area to experience the Cabinet Range. They got off the river to stumble around those dangerous high rocky hills, to flail among the stinging nettles and howling wolves. As long as enough of these mountains remain, we can strive to see traces of that same universe, to hear a sound or touch a plant that can collapse time all the way back to the Ice Age. They are our connection to a world that works.



Along the Trail

July 4: FSPW marched in five parades, 3 in Montana and 2 in Idaho. Rusti Lievestadt reports that 3 llamas and three dogs with packs on all marched behind the FSPW banner with the human contingent who threw candy in the Noxon and Herron parades. The Noxon parade was the biggest for that community in 5 years for both the number of participants and the size of the crowd. Bill Martin coordinated our first parade appearance in Troy and Ella Ackley coordinated the Fourth of July Festival booth there. In Sandpoint, FSPW made our third appearance in Scotchman blue shirts. Neil Wimberley reports that in Clark Fork Joyce Pence and Konrad Dahlstrom's truck sporting the FSPW banner on the front easily took second place in the Ugly Truck contest, with the prize money (\$30) graciously donated to the cause. The Mardi Gras beads thrown in addition to candy were a big crowd pleaser. The Goat Posters handed out as Konrad gracefully glided through the joyous crowd were a big hit. After the parade, a couple of shirts were sold off the back of the truck and tales of Scotchman Peaks adventures were traded. The hot dogs were excellent.

July 26-30: FSPW hosted a **Broadwalk for The Great Old Broads for Wilderness** at the Clark Fork Field Campus, with participants from across the nation. Evening events for the 4 nights included Jack Nisbet's presentation on the history of this special place and Gayle Joslin's presentation on the Monarch of the Scotchmans, the mountain goat. Phil Hough spoke on FSPW and Sandy Compton



Great Old Broads with Jon Burkhart and Jack Nisbet at Cloud's Ledge.

*Photo courtesy
Neil Wimberley*

on growing up in this area. Sarah Lundstrum represented Montana Wilderness Association and Rick Price, Idaho Conservation League. Dick Kramer gave an update from the Forest Service. The Great Old Broads made a visit to the Troy Mine and also heard a presentation by Jim and Mary Costello of the Rock Creek Alliance. Hikes of three levels of difficulty were planned for 2 days. Thanks to hike leaders Mount Everest climber Jon Roskelly, president of the local chapter of the Ice Age Flood Institute Jon Burkhart, Monday Hiker Rosalyn Clark, survival experts Lanie Johnson and Ken Fischman, Holly Clements, Rodd Galloway, and Phil Hough who led hikes. The Broads joined Forest Service personnel in a service project on the Scotchman Peak Trail. Kay Kiebert provided the delicious meals for the Broads and their invited guests. A good time was had by all.

August 3: Members of FSPW spent the day working on the Morris Creek Trail (see article below). With the help of Mary Ann Hamilton and Brian Pratt of the Forest Service, volunteers cleared tree fall near the trailhead and reestablished the trail across a slide area caused by last fall's heavy rains. Thanks to Pama Bangeman, Will Valentine, Mark Gaskievicz, Sarah Lundstrum and Jim Stern for working on the trail maintenance project. Because of their efforts, the Morris Creek Trail has been reopened.

August 11: FSPW marched in the Huckleberry Festival Parade in Trout Creek. Organizer Ernie Scherzer reports that the reception by the crowd was great. It was the largest turnout for a Huckleberry Festival Parade in about 10 years. FSPW volunteers also manned a booth for two days at the festival.

August 15, 16, 18: FSPW distributed bottled water to "Shakespear in the Park" attendees in Libby and Heron and received positive comments on our wilderness efforts.

August 22-25: Debbie Crossett, coordinator of the third annual FSPW booth at the Bonner County Fair, reported a lot of interest in our booth. This provided an opportunity to educate both local residents and out-of-towners on wilderness issues. Our literature and some goat posters were available. Congratulations, Debbie, on winning the second place ribbon for our booth!

Trail of the Month

Morris Creek Trail #132

The trail along Morris Creek provides a lovely walk in the woods, with a moderate elevation gain and occasional glimpses of the peaks towering above. The trail keeps to the north side of the creek, crossing a couple of seasonal side stream, switch backing occasionally and providing some cool relief from the summer sun. At about 2.5 miles, the trail crosses the main stem of Morris Creek and then switchbacks up the south side of the valley, through old growth Cedar and Hemlock, with mosses in the under story. This creek crossing can be difficult to impossible unless the water level is low, such as in July and August. This is a lovely out and back hike that requires no specific turnaround – it can be as long or short as you would like.

The Forest Service has closed Lightning Creek Road at about the 4-½ mile mark, due to severe flood damage. This closure adds about 1-¼ miles (one way) to a hike up Morris Creek.

If you go: Bring good boots or trail shoes, water, snacks or lunch. Layers of extra clothing and rain gear are always advisable in the mountains. A guide to native plants could make this a very interesting trip.

Driving Directions to the Trailhead: Take Highway 200 (east from Sandpoint) to Clark Fork. Turn north at the Chevron Station and follow Lightning Creek Road 419. Drive to the Forest Service Closure sign at about 4.5 miles and start there. Road walk the first 1 ¼ to the trailhead. (The trail is not well marked, but is on the north side of Morris Creek at a small turnout. There is a small sign marker with the number #132 on it. You will know you are crossing Morris Creek as you walk over the first bridge you come to.)



Morris Creek Trail Work Crew.

*Photo courtesy
Sarah Lundstrum*



Wild Creatures of the Scotchmans

The Northern Flying Squirrel – *glaucomys sabrinus*

By Doug Ferrell

The Northern Flying Squirrel is a fascinating, though seldom seen resident of our area. They are nocturnal and active throughout the year, though they may remain inactive for several weeks at a time during severe winter weather.



Flying Squirrel on Phil Hough's bird feeder.
Photo courtesy Phil Hough

These squirrels do not truly fly, but they can glide for long distances. This is made possible by the loose flap of skin which is stretched between the front and rear legs, and by a flattened tail. Facing downwards at a height of 30 to 50 feet, the squirrel leaps from a tree with its legs outstretched. Using its tail and legs, it steers around trees and branches. On approaching its intended target, it banks steeply upwards, coming to a gentle stop. On landing, it immediately scuttles to the far side of the tree – apparently to evade any owls that might be following it.

Flying squirrels have been observed to glide over 300 feet, but typical distances are less than 100 feet. A Canadian researcher who observed over 100 “flights” calculated a glide angle of 26.8%.

Making their first appearance in the twilight after sunset, they

glide from tree to tree. When they reach a favored feeding ground, they may come down to the ground. They walk and hop much like other squirrels; the loose gliding membrane does not seem to interfere with their motions. They are a very sociable species. Several adults may play and feed together. As many as nine adults have been found in a communal winter nest.

The squirrels are small, with an average body length of 7” and a 5” flat tail. The very soft fur is gray-brown above and pale gray below, with large, dark and shiny eyes. They may visit a bird feeding station, but are rarely seen unless a light is turned on. They mainly feed on tree lichens and fungi, and the buds, leaves, fruits and nuts of trees and shrubs. In spring, they seek out the protein rich, pollen filled, male flowers on conifers. They also eat insects, bird eggs, nestlings and carrion. Northern Flying Squirrels are widely distributed in mixed conifer forests throughout North America. Owls are the principal predator of the flying squirrel, and they may be chased by pine martens as well.

The young are born in late spring, weighing 4-6 grams – less than a ¼ ounce. They grow and develop rapidly, but typically nurse for 55 to 60 days. The winter nest is in a natural tree cavity or old woodpecker nest hole, and is lined with shredded tree bark. The summer nest is on a crotch or branches, and is made from twigs and leaves.

It is possible to locate flying squirrels by tapping on dead vertical trees with woodpecker holes. If these gregarious animals are present, they will peek out immediately, even during the day. They may emit chirping, bird-like notes, and will scamper or glide away if they feel threatened.

What Grows There

Fireweed – *Epilobium augustifolium*

By Ann Wimberley

Fireweed obtained its name from being one of the first plants to grow after a forest fire. Its abundant fluffy seeds are easily spread by the wind frequently causing it to be the dominant species the first few years after a burn. It also grows in other disturbed soil, prairies, and open woods. It is a member of the Evening Primrose Family. Fifteen or more pink to purple flowers grow at the top of a usually unbranched stem. Bees make an excellent honey from the abundant nectar. Native Americans ate the stems both raw and cooked. The plants grow from 3-9 feet tall, flowering from June to September. The long narrow leaves are alternate.



Fireweed
Photo courtesy Neil Wimberley

Time for Sweatshirts Soon

As the cooler nights of fall appear, consider adding a Scotchman’s sweatshirt to your wardrobe. Our shirts and sweats are now available at Mountain Meadows in Libby, Huckleberry Thicket in Trout Creek, Outdoor Experience, Café Bodega, and Eichardt’s in Sandpoint, The Hope Market Café in Hope, Scotchman Coffee House in Clark Fork and REI in Spokane. Out of the area, contact jmellen@imbris.net. Other Scotchman Peaks merchandise is available in our online store run by Café Press at www.scotchmanpeaks.org/store.html.



Message from the Chair

Wilderness in the Waning Days of Summer

Summer is synonymous with outdoor activities, especially in the Scotchmans. But, in September summer slides into autumn. Our waning days of Summer are filled with joy and urgency, as we savor these last carefree days. Oh it's not that we don't look forward to the fall colors, or the wonderfully silent world of snow or the renewal of spring - it's just that in summer we fully engage all of our senses.

In Summer in wilderness our senses are heightened, free from the distractions of our otherwise fast paced, sensory overloaded life. Our simple, wild, and natural senses come alive in summer outings. We touch a buttercup to our chin, smell fragrant honeysuckle, turn our tongue purple with huckleberries, and chew on sweet cicely as we savor its licorice flavor. We dangle our tired and swollen feet in a cold stream. We cool ourselves down with a dip into Little Spar Lake, afterwards basking on a sun-warmed rock and later enjoy the warm glow of a campfire. Is there anything better than fresh caught trout for dinner?

We listen to the wind, to the waves lapping at the pond's edge, the breeze rustling leaves in the trees, or the whooshing rush of a stream. We revel in the chorus when wind and water combine their voices in our ears at the same time. When all is still we hear the hum of the earth and of our own heartbeat.

A twig snaps and brings us back, alert, as the bull moose ambles casually along, and an Elk Cow hear our footsteps and whistles a warning to its calf. We hear the chatter of squirrels, the songs of the wren, thrushes and vireos, the sound of the nighthawk "vroooming" as he dives and wind rushes through his feathers. The distant howl of a wolf is the call of the wild within us and stirs us to our very soul. A chorus of crickets and



Photo courtesy of Phil Hough

the wise old owl serenade us to sleep. Ah, wilderness!!! To smell a bear come close by the tent and wake to watch a big cat prance from the shadows and into a shaft of moonlight - was it real or just a wilderness dream?

In the other seasons we may visit wilderness but in the summer, we are part of the scene. To hear, to smell, to taste, to touch, to feel with our fingers and to feel with in - through all our senses we become a part of the wilderness around us. Time seems to stand still, and delays a short while the end of summer, at least for a moment. At least for these moments, which will linger and become the memories that will last us through the winter.

Phil Hough

Joys of Birding

By Earl Chapin

Bev and I have birded in Canada and all of the U.S. including several trips to Alaska, but we have never birded in central or south Idaho. This year we decided to see how many species we could get in our home state in one year. When we bird, we also enjoy every road, river, lake, stream tree and flower. We also meeting people and making friends with them. I want to tell you about a man we met about a month ago.

In 1921 a few Gambel Quail were released in the Salmon River country. The population has stayed about the same for all of these years. This is the only place in Idaho to see this bird. It is very hard to find.

A lady in that area told me of a man who feeds the Quail every day. She said he was unfriendly. We decided to try to meet him but did not want to upset him or bother him. I knocked on his sliding glass door. He came to the door but didn't open it. I told him I was from Sandpoint and had lived there all of my life. He opened one of the locks (there were three). I told him I was looking for a Gambel Quail and that I

wanted him to know I would be driving in the area so he would know who I was and what I was doing. He unlocked a second lock. He unlocked the third lock, stepped out on the porch and said "Why don't you go down to my garden? You may find one there." Then he said "I will go with you." When we got to the garden he whistled and two quail ran up to us. He said "I feed them at 6 o'clock if you want to come back." He then fed them at 2pm for our convenience.

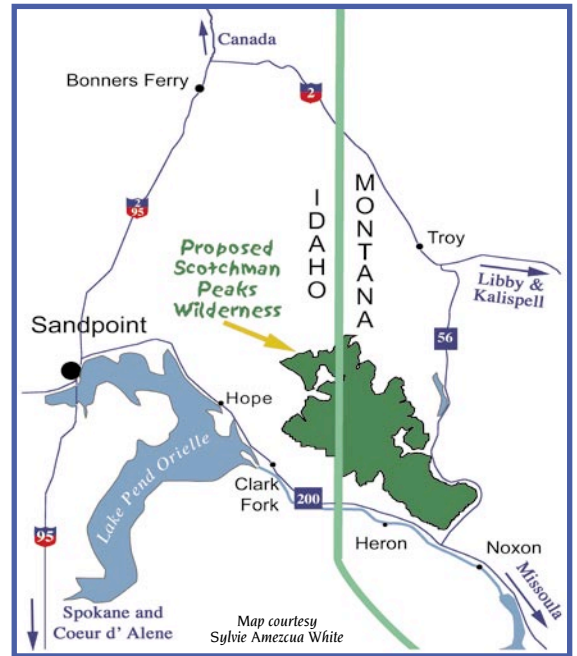
Instead of an unfriendly man, we saw a lonesome 83 year old man with an invalid wife in the house. He was afraid of someone breaking in his home. We got in our car to leave and he leaned on the car and visited for 45 minutes. We stayed for a couple of hours. He gave us some photos he had taken of quail and deer eating the grain together only ten feet from him. Meeting this man and making friends with him may have been the most fun experience we had this summer.



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.

