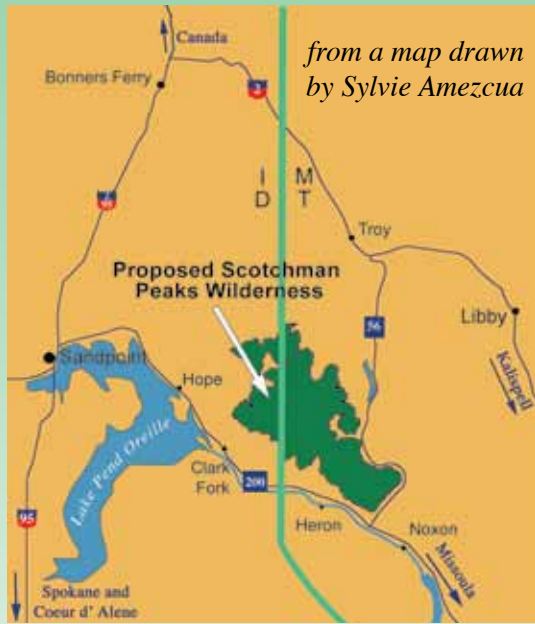
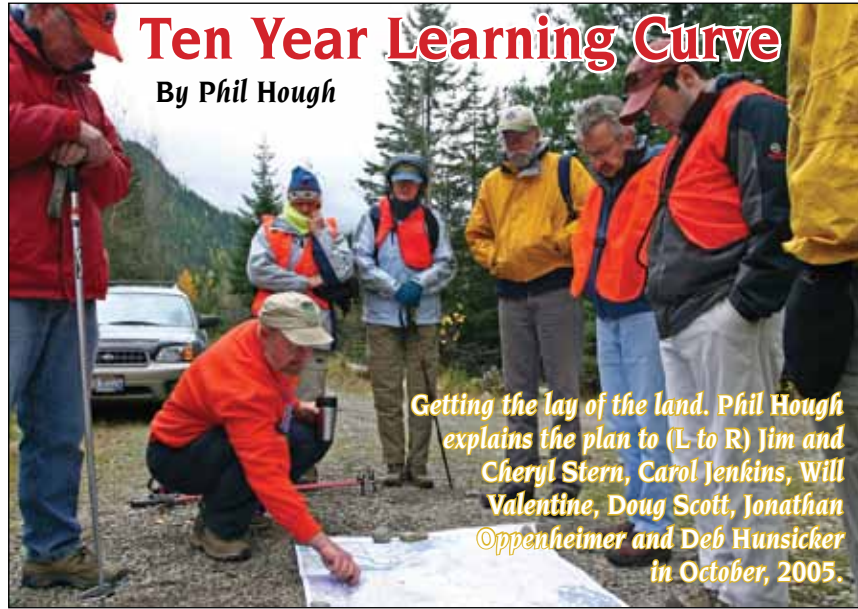


Mission Statement
 “Spanning the Idaho/Montana border, the Scotchmans are one of the last, and largest, wild areas in our region. We conduct education, outreach and stewardship activities to preserve the rugged, scenic and biologically diverse 88,000 acre Scotchman Peaks Roadless Area. We believe the Scotchman Peaks deserve congressional designation as Wilderness for the benefit and enjoyment of current and future generations.”



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.

If you are receiving this newsletter by mail and have an email address please help us save postage by sending us your email address.
 Editor: Ann Wimberley
 Layout and design: Celeste Boatwright Grace



Just yesterday, it seems, I was on the phone with Cesar Hernandez, who suggested we get together to talk about the Scotchman Peaks. A few phone calls and a few days later, January 14th, 2005, about a dozen folks met in Jan Griffiths' living room. When we left, we were Friends of Scotchman Peaks Wilderness.



Cesar was our first Old Goat.

Many of us were from Kinnikinnick Native Plant Society, a few were from Montana, and almost all had been attending the forest plan revision meetings that began in 2003. We wanted the conversation about Wilderness in those meetings to be elevated and we were all drawn to the Scotchman Peaks. Otherwise, we were, and still are, a diverse group drawn from a broad spectrum of the community. We were the *grass-roots* and we had a lot to learn.

As we sought others to join our quest we wanted greater diversity. We didn't want supporters to feel that they needed to join a conservation group; we wanted our Friends to be all kinds of people whose common link was that they supported the Scotchman Peaks as Wilderness. We didn't know how many supporters we would find. And we still don't. Since day one we've grown at a rate of about 40 people per month. We are still growing at that rate, and now on the verge of topping 5000 Friends!

We didn't know much about Wilderness campaigns, but we were willing to learn and sought advice. We met with Rick Johnson, Executive Director of the Idaho Conservation League, who seemed to have the most experience of anyone we knew of. Rick offered this advice: "Conservation is a public interest movement. If we are not moving people or moving solutions to problems, we are not effective. Wilderness requires public support."

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Wild Creatures of the Scotchmans: Vol. 1, No. 1



Mountain Goats

By Doug Ferrel.

Editor's note: This piece from Doug, now our board chairman, was the front page of Volume 1, Number 1, published September of 2005, and was continued in the next issue. We have since learned a lot more about mountain goats, including how easily they can become habituated. We are still endeavoring to protect their habitat, as well as educate human visitors to the Scotchmans about keeping their distance and not encouraging close interaction by feeding goats.

We've come a long way since Doug wrote this piece. This magnificent goat, which inhabits the Scotchmans, is the subject of our Facebook page, which as of this writing has 1943 "likes." We didn't have a Facebook page in 2005.

One hot day this summer, a party of hikers rested on some rocks just below the summit of Scotchman Peak. After they moved on up the trail, they watched mountain goats move in to lick the rocks where they had rested. This incident is not really as surprising as it might sound, because goats are famous for being fond of both salt and high places.

The herd of mountain goats that inhabit the Scotchman Peaks Proposed Wilderness Area is one of only two herds between Thompson Falls, Montana and Clark Fork, Idaho. The other herd is across the Bull River in the high country of the Cabinet Mountains Wilderness Area.

Mountain goats are stout bodied with muscular legs. Adults weigh between one and two hundred pounds. The short thick

white summer coat is replaced in winter by shaggy dense yellowish pelage. During spring, the molt makes these animals look extremely ragged. A small ridge of long, soft hair on the neck forms a hump. A beard is present on the chin in both sexes. The black eyes and nose contrast sharply with the white head. The black, slightly curved horns average about 8-10 inches long, and are found in both sexes.

Mountain goats have large oval hooves with an almost rubber-like sole that aids them in climbing steep rock. They are renowned for their exceptional speed and agility on steep terrain, and have been known to climb over 1500 vertical feet in just 20 minutes.

The diet of mountain goats consists of grasses, woody plants, mosses, lichens, and herbaceous plants. They get most of their water from their food and from snowbanks. Goats may travel many miles in the spring to mineral-rich salt licks.

Breeding season is from November to January. Goats engage in a courtship ritual that

includes chasing, kicking with the front legs, and various vocalizations. Gestation is about 170 days and the 1- 3 kids are born in May or June. The female gives birth on the very steep cliffs of her home range to avoid predators. The young are mobile shortly after birth.

Mountain goat social interactions vary throughout the year. They tend to form large groups during the winter and at salt licks in the spring, but they form smaller groups or are solitary during the summer. The goats establish dominance hierarchies at a young age, by means of the kids' playing behavior. Males are dominant during the breeding season, but the rest of the time the females and juveniles are dominant over the males.

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Scotchman Tales: Vol. 7, No. 1

The Day My Camera Drowned

By Jim Mellen

Editor's note: Jim and Sandii Mellen are two of our best volunteers, and intrepid hikers both, not only in the Scotchmans but in many other wild places of the American and Canadian West.

Sandii screamed as I lost my footing and the powerful current quickly swept me downstream. I somehow regained my footing after 10 feet but not before my camera got a good dunking. We were on a backpacking trip to Little Spar Lake in early June of 2003. The day was hot and our late start meant that by the time we got to the Spar Creek crossing, the flow was at full force. We removed our shoes and tossed them to the opposite bank, and since I did not want our dogs to be hindered by their packs, I put them around my neck. I am a super tenderfoot; the water was swift, deep and cold.

The slick rocks made it especially challenging. Our faithful dogs, still on the opposite bank, were not convinced that



Jim shoots photos in the Crags before he drowned his camera

Photo by Sandy Compton

crossing the creek was a good idea. Our Husky made an attempt and was swept over a small waterfall. We had to hike upstream a good ways before they were able to cross.

Closer to Little Spar Lake, we encountered the results of a massive avalanche. It looked like 100 acres of really bad logging and crossing it was super challenging. The logs were still imbedded in snow, but very unstable when disturbed. I have always felt safe in the protection of 100-year-old trees when avalanche danger was high, but this

event proves that there are no absolutes. Anyone who has done this hike in recent years has undoubtedly noticed the remnants of the avalanche, but I had no camera to record this event!

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Got your tickets? Our Tenth Anniversary Gala is January 9!

The Friends of Scotchman Peaks Wilderness celebrate 10 years of advocacy, stewardship and education on Friday, January 9th, 2015, at the Tango Cafe in the Columbia Bank Atrium. The price is just \$40 per person, and includes food, fun, fantastic live and silent auction items and, of course, Friendship, with a capital F.

This will be a night to remember for the Friends of Scotchman Peaks! We have a history to honor and a future to toast to, as we see through the culmination of this challenging but worthwhile mission. Live music from jazz and blues singer Samantha Carstens and guitar masters Truck Mills and Drew Browne begins the evening at 5:30.

We close with a short live auction of very unique items and a visit from Wilderness Past.

In between, enjoy an indoor "picnic" from Tango Cafe chef Judy Colgrove and her terrific staff, adult beverages from the no-host bar, and a few trips down memory lane with staff and board of the Friends. See you there!

Buy your advance tickets online at scotchmanpeaks.org/event/10th-anniversary-celebration/ or call 208-290-1281.



Winter Tracks Kickoff

By **Kristen Nowicki**

FSPW kicked off 2014-15 winter education program on Saturday, December 13, at the Community Center in Heron MT. Naturalist Brian Baxter brought his wildlife knowledge, tracking 'tricks of the trade,' and a lot of fun energy to a great group of volunteers and instructors who will be participating in FSPW's Winter Tracks program this season.

FSPW 'Winter Tracks' is an outdoor education mini-series aimed at getting young adults out to experience our natural world in the winter. Students, grades 5th-12th, will visit public land sites and perform wildlife studies and experiential activities including wildlife tracking and recording with professional educators and knowledgeable volunteers.



Suz Kretzchmar is just one of our many satisfied tracking class members. In her enthusiasm, though, she went a bit too deep into the bog.

Photo by Mary Franzel

Thank you to everyone who helped us with this series kickoff event! Public/private schools, other youth groups, and general public youth audiences are welcomed and encouraged to attend! For upcoming program event dates checkout our website events tab at www.scotchmanpeaks.org If you have interest in assisting this project as a volunteer or are a professional educator looking to involve your students in a great Natural Resource Education field trip, please contact Kristen@scotchmanpeaks.org We would love to get you involved in giving back this winter!

2014 Photo Contest Winner!



Aaron Theisen's gorgeous shot of the (Sam) Morris Creek drainage (and his sister) was the winner of our 2014 Photo Contest. Aaron's photo will be framed by FSPW volunteer Ward Tolbom, our "Over The Top Volunteer" featured in the next issue of Peak Experience.

Our first photo contest was in Summer 2008

Forest Service partner honored

Joel Sather, Libby native and recreation technician on the Cabinet Ranger District in the Kootenai National Forest, is flanked by USFS Associate Chief Mary Wagner and USFS Chief Tom Tidwell after receiving a Chief's Award in Washington, D.C. On December 6. Read more at FSPW's Facebook page.



Courtesy Photo



Tales of the Scotchmans: Turtle Ridge — Vol. 6, No. 1

By **Daniele Pucinelli**

Editor's note: Daniele's trek coincided with the last day of our first Extreme Plein Air Expedition, and we had planned to meet at the juncture the middle of Ross and 48-Hour Creek. When Daniele didn't show up, the Expedition went on to Ross Creek Cedars. At about 6 pm, I returned to the Cedars and found Daniele waiting for Renee. Over the course of the next hour, Daniele told me the story of his griz encounter — three times.

On the morning of July 20, 2009, two days before my wedding, I set off on a solo day hike across the Scotchmans. My fiancée Renée dropped me off at the saddle between Sugarloaf and Scotchman at 6:45am, with the understanding that she would pick me up at 6pm at the Ross Creek Cedars.

After ten minutes of quietly chugging along the forest service road to the West Fork of Blue Creek, I saw a black bear in the brush at the foot of Sugarloaf. After a short pause, I started making noise. The black bear disappeared into the woods.



Daniele entertaining Walkin' Jim Stoltz with tales of hikes into and across the Scotchmans. This was taken two years before Daniele's run-in with the griz on Turtle Ridge and three years before Jim died in September of 2010.

Photo by Sandy Compton

At 7:30, I crossed the West Fork of Blue Creek on a large log, picked up a particularly big walking stick, and began to hike straight up the hill. My plan was to follow the steep ridge between the West Fork and Wiggletail to the divide between Blue Creek and the Ross Creek drainage. The West Fork-Wiggletail ridge is clearly visible from downtown Clark Fork. It combines forested areas, vegetation patches, and scree and has a spotted look that makes it resemble a turtle, which is why I like to call it Turtle Ridge. I continued straight up the ridge for about half an hour. I was now starting to get my first views of Clark Fork, and I was level with the top of Sugarloaf at an elevation of about 4200'.

As I came out of a forested area into a steep clearing with lots of brush, I heard a loud stomping noise. I froze and listened attentively. My first guess was elk, but the stomping got louder. Could it be a moose? Something was running

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Scotchman Past: Vol. 4, No. 1

Building a Lookout on Scotchman Peak.

By **Dave and Dale (Nick) Daugharty**

Editor's note: The Scotchman Peak lookout cabin is still evidenced by bolts sunk into the stone at the top of the mountain, as well as the cables used to hold the cabin to the peak and ground out lightning strikes that hit the lookout. But, the cabin itself and all it contained are pretty much long gone.

Scotchman Peak has always fascinated members of the Daugharty family starting with our father, Mike Daugharty, and continuing on to his great grandchildren. Each generation has been on the mountain; however Mike had some of the most interesting experiences up there. His first trip to the mountain is lost in history but he did help with the construction of the lookout that was completed in 1926.

The most difficult task in building the lookout was transporting the materials to the top of the peak. Helicopters and ATVs were not available at that early date so either the materials were hand carried to the top or pack animals were used.

It is interesting to speculate how this was accomplished when considering the many items needed at the lookout for a person to survive. A bed, a stove, table and chair, and a glass stool for use in lightning storms were carried on horses or mules, as was the alidade. The door, windows and all the lumber had to be carefully tied and secured on the pack animals. Building equipment (saws, hammers, nails, etc) had to be purchased, inventoried and also fitted onto packsaddles for a trip



A remaining bit of evidence of the lookout on top of Scotchman. Wires from the lookout were clamped to this bolt imbedded in stone to ground lightning.

Photo by Sandy Compton

up the mountain. It must have been quite a procession to observe. Mike Daugharty had grown to adulthood packing horses and trekking in the mountains so he hired on as one of the first packers to transport the materials up the mountain. There are two common types of packsaddles that could be used, the Humane Horse Pack Saddle and the Decker Saddle. The Forest Service preferred Decker Saddles for their specialized needs because Mike and the other packers could easily customize these saddles to transport all the materials.

One fascinating apparatus is the swivel saddle made with the Decker saddle. It can best be described as being somewhat like a bunk on a logging truck. Materials over ten feet long required two horses fitted with this special gear so corners such as switchbacks could be negotiated. The bunk on each animal had to be tall enough so the lumber or a pole would swing over the

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Scotchman 101: Vol. 2, No. 1

By Kermit Kiebert

Editor's Note: Kermit Kiebert, former teacher and State legislator, is one of our Friends featured in the 2013 video, Grass Routes: Changing the Conversation,

Perhaps it is those first rays of light climbing over the distant horizon, or the faint afterglow of that fiery pastel sunset as it slips behind the margins of our earth to the west, or perhaps it is the crisp whistle of the pika busily putting up "winter hay" or the hoary marmot basking in the early autumn's last streams of summer light, or lastly, it might be the pleasant scent of the alpine fir as the wind carries it, along with the other distinctive smells of the high country, over the ridge.

Silence permeates the entire timberline ecosystem except for an occasional unnatural sound, which signifies the intrusion of man and his inventions into this virtual paradise. Any or all of these high country experiences are cause for one to be drawn back to those alpine slopes and talus crests for just one more time.

As a native of North Idaho, and encouraged by those who enjoyed the simple lifestyle — i.e. hunting, fishing, berry picking and camping — early on I developed a deep respect for Ole Mother Nature. I treasured not only the sights and sounds of true tranquility, but also the more subtle and challenging side of her, which include wind, rain, sleet, snow, and blistering seasonal heat. She always pulled me back to the less complicated, which only left me with an insatiable appetite for more of her bounty.

Upon becoming a college graduate (which I might add was not necessarily a noteworthy achievement in the eyes of many old timers who really didn't care about *acer glabrum* but did understand the utilitarian uses for mountain maple), I cultivated my deep interest in natural history and chose to share it with a captive audience of 7th and 8th graders at Hope School.

I found myself on a bully pulpit espousing the necessity of



Hope School Class of 72/73, left to right, Danny McChesnie, David Ford, 7/8th grade teacher and principal Kermit Kiebert, Travis Kiebert, Mark Stevens, 5/6 grade teacher Lee McLaughin, Brett Rolfson, Steve McLaughin, Chris McLaughin, Andy McChesnie, Tim Fitzpatrick, Tim Shields, and Dennis Bossingham.

Photo by Dave Finkleberg

knowing about the natural world that envelops our community. We have all been there, those early spring days when the sun has gathered enough warmth to share with earth and push those dismal wintry days into a virulent spring. Nearly every student in my experience saw this natural progression as a harbinger of "academic withdrawal." The only antidote to this condition was the promise of a high-country backpack trip when school adjourned for the summer break. The students would grudgingly grind out my academic expectations with the promise of a chance to be included in the annual High Country Adventure Hike.

Vasculums, plant presses, magnifying lenses and handbooks which identified the flora and fauna were all part of the required supply list for the expedition. Included with our scientific tools on this trek were great deals of horseplay and high jinx as well as a huge dose of camaraderie.

Climbing up Sam Morris Creek Drainage, crossing Goat Mountain at ridgeline and the final ascent to the old lookout

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Scotchman Birds: White-tailed Ptarmigan — Vol. 4, No. 1

By Earl Chapin

Editor's Note: Earl Chapin was our first bird columnist, a position now ably filled by Jon Isacoff, a professor at Gonzaga University. Jon not only writes about birds for us, but also invites Phil Hough into his classroom each year to speak to his students about the Scotchmans.

White-tailed Ptarmigan live in the Cabinet and Selkirk Mountains of Idaho. They live in small groups throughout the area, usually four to twelve in a group. Not only are they rare, but very small and hard to see. In winter they are all white except for the eye and black bill. In summer, they look like small granite rocks. They are very tame and will let you almost step on them before they move. They feed on small juniper buds, berries, etc.



Ptarmigans are hard to spot in winter.

Ptarmigan live at or near timberline. When they are white, they stay on snow and as the snow recedes in the spring they follow the receding line. As they turn back to their summer plumage they again stay on the bare ground that will camouflage them.

Sometimes things elude us for one reason or another. I have spent over 55 years hiking in the Selkirks. My wife and I fish the mountain lakes

and climb the peaks every year. We snowmobile and ski and I have never seen a White Tailed Ptarmigan in North Idaho. I have seen them in Alaska, Colorado, and Montana.

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Scotchman Natives: Cattails — Vol. 5, No. 1

By **Valle Novak**

Editor's Note: Valle Novak's piece on cattails was published in the January/February 2009 issue. Valle has written dozens of plant columns for us since.

One of the most ubiquitous native plants found in the Scotchman Peaks Wilderness area — and for that matter, in North Idaho — is the Cattail. *Typha latifolia*, by virtue of its scope of usefulness, is probably the best known wild edible plant in the Northern Hemisphere.

Hardy at all elevations, it will nearly always be found at any marsh, bog, fen, high mountain lake or waterway, rising on long stems from three to six feet tall from underground rootstocks. In spring and summer the stalks will be surrounded by long linear leaves averaging about an inch in width, providing shelter for numerous birds, depending on the elevation. Large areas of cattails can be home to nesting herons, bitterns, ducks, and at lower sites, Red-winged and (sometimes) Yellow-headed black-birds, among others.

The spike at the top of the stems holds what from a distance looks like a crusty brown hot dog. In reality, it is a cluster of minute brown flowers. These provide nourishment to seed-eating birds, before and after poofing into fluffy "cotton" balls in late fall to winter. Those downy handfuls used to be utilized by area Indians as a dressing for burns, and on infants to prevent chafing and as diaper-like wraps. Too, in spring and summer, the leaves were woven into mats for tipi floors and sweatbath lodges. The base of the stem where it joins the root, is not only edible but

delicious after peeling away the outer layer; I pulled and cleaned stems many a time in the early '50s as a crunchy salad treat on campouts with my children. The young flower spikes are touted as edible too, though I've never tried them. One

source says to boil them for 20 minutes and then nibble off the flowers like corn on the cob. Later, when the heads mature, the pollen may be collected and mixed with an equal amount of wheat flour to make muffins, biscuits or pancakes. Rootstocks can be collected in the fall, peeled to expose the central white core, and eaten raw or boiled, baked or pulverized into flour.

This valuable plant should be appreciated and protected. Lately, in the confines of Sandpoint, many home- and-or business owners in outlying areas are draining and destroying their little ecosystems that contain cattails. I have seen Redwing blackbirds, robbed of their decades-old nesting sites, hovering on telephone wires as though wondering where their homes went. This is a travesty, and we who love the environment must do what we can to educate and encourage such persons to keep the wild in their surroundings. Meanwhile, enjoy the hardy, helpful cattails wherever they appear on your explorations of the Scotchman trails



Cattails

[Wikipedia Commons](#)

Tracking Class — Vol. 8, No. 1

By **Sandy Compton**

Editors' Note: This was Brian Baxter's first tracking class for FSPW. We have since done many more, and have a Winter Tracks program in place for this winter. See Kristen Nowicki's update on page 3.

It was an unlikely tracking day; a hard crust on patches of old snow with frozen ground in between, and yet the place yielded up clue after clue about the secret life of critters in the woods. With Brian Baxter leading, a group of eight more-or-less neophyte trackers managed to gather up a respectable inventory of species — more or less confirmed — during the first of two tracking classes Brian is teaching this winter.

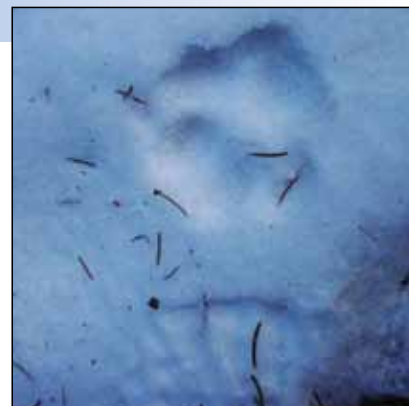
On the December 10 outing, the group found a plethora of sign left by a sometimes surprising variety of animals who were otherwise invisible except by their leavings. The gamut included snowshoe hare, white tailed and mule deer; elk; coyote; wolf; ermine; Ruffed grouse, field mouse, flying squirrel, porcupine, flicker, pileated woodpecker and — yes — wolf.

It is not logically surprising to find signs of the big canids in and around the Scotchmans — many folks have seen them or their tracks — but it seems always physically surprising — and

exciting. Under Brian's tutelage, the group was able to deduce quite a bit about this single critter.

That it was female was evidenced by her stance while urinating and by blood in the urine that indicated she was in estrus. That it was black was evidenced by a tiny tuft of hair found by one of the tracking students, much to the excitement of us all. That it was wolf, and not coyote, was evidenced by her 4-inch tracks.

The teacher was slow to move to this conclusion, because, as he explained, tracks often "grow" in the sun. A size nine boot impression can become big-foot tracks on a sunny day with



A wolf track beside a partial size 11 boot track shows the relative size of the animal.

Photo by Sandy Compton

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Scotchman Rocks: Vol. 3, No. 1

Ice, water and the great flood(s)

By **Bill Martin**

"In those days the world teemed, the people multiplied, the world bellowed like a wild bull, and the great god was aroused by the clamor. (He) heard the clamor and said to the gods in council 'the uproar of mankind is intolerable and sleep is no longer possible by reason of the Babel.' So the gods in their hearts were moved to let loose the deluge..."

So begins a Sumerian account from the third millennium B.C. of a great flood that inundated the earth. One man was warned by a god in a dream to tear down his house of reeds and build a great boat, into which he loaded his gold, his family and kin, and "...the beasts of the field, both wild and tame..." Sound familiar?

In Hopi lore, the world before this one was destroyed by a flood, but a few people who had not forgotten the creator were warned and saved themselves, in that account too, by going into hollow reeds.

All over the world cultures have stories of catastrophic floods, but the largest ones ever known actually to have happened for sure began right at the southern base of Scotchman Peaks.

The ice sheet moving down the Purcell Trench (see volume 2, no. 5 of this newsletter) first blocked the Clark Fork River about 15,500 years ago, with an ice dam a half mile thick. This created Glacial Lake Missoula, which was 2,000 feet deep at the dam (located more or less where the river enters Lake Pend Oreille) and blocked water to south of Hamilton, Montana, nearly to Deer Lodge, with a depth at the site of Missoula of a thousand feet. It impounded 500 cubic miles of water.

Ice does not make a good dam, since it floats. Before the water overtopped it, the dam lifted, broke up, and released its reservoir in about 48 hours, a flow of water ten times greater than the combined flow of all the rivers of the world.

Creatures, from page 2

Prior to and during the breeding season the males compete for females. They do not fight head to head, but rather stand side by side and stab at each others' flanks. Thick skin in this area helps protect them from serious injury, but deaths have been reported from wounds to the chest, neck, or abdomen.

Mountain goats are considered highly vulnerable to disturbance when the kids are born in May and June, and also during the winter, when food supplies are low and just staying warm requires lots of energy.

The FSPW hope to protect this gorgeous slice of mountain goat habitat, both for the goats and for all people who love wild things.



This piece of granite likely floated into what it now Ross Creek Cedars and melted out of an iceberg during the Lake Missoula days. These boys were part of our kids in the woods hikes in summer of 2014.

Photo by **Sandy Compton**

Reaching speeds of 65 miles an hour, this water roared to the sea, shaking the earth, skipping rocks of many tons on its surface. It tore through the lava beds of Washington and Oregon, creating the channeled scab lands. Belt series boulders from Montana are found in the Columbia Gorge a thousand feet above the river, carried there in great chunks of ice.

This happened many times; each time the dam blew out, the ice sheet closed the gap again, but as the world began to warm up, each successive

dam was shorter and the lake smaller, until we arrived in the post (or is it inter) glacial age we find ourselves in today.

Editor's note: Bill Martin has been on our board since the beginning of time, too.

The wilderness that has come to us from the eternity of the past we have the boldness to project into the eternity of the future. — Howard Zahniser.

Scotchman 101, from page 5

on Scotchman Peak was the favorite. For me, it seemed that it was as close as one could get to the "Old Feller" without cashing in your worldly chips.

Well it worked! The Hope School Outward Bound Expedition was a huge success. Not only did I keep the kids in a learning mode that started on those early spring days, but the interest in the local adventure grew with each succeeding class. Soon, former students who had moved on to high school and college were also eagerly waiting each spring for the annual hike.

As one knows, all good things come to an end, but the desire to share nature's realm still persists. Many of the former students, now parents in our community, express the deep satisfaction of being part of the original Hope Hikers. Even more important is their passage of the understanding of our primeval space in the natural world onto their children, the special places like Scotchman Peak.

**Tales, from page 4**

through the brush, straight toward me. I knew I should get out of the way, but there was no time to think. A giant grizzly bear suddenly emerged from the brush. He stopped at a distance of about ten feet from me. As I stood motionless and speechless, the grizzly reared up, raised his front paws in the air, and roared.

Three thoughts popped into my head: "This was not supposed to happen," "This is it," and "I can't do this to Renée."

My first instinct was to step back. Indeed, I took two steps back, but the grizzly roared again, reminding me not to act like prey. I overrode my instinct to run. Something sprang to mind: my future sister-in-law's stories of scaring away a Toklat grizzly in Alaska's Brooks Range by raising her arms and trying to look big. I did just that: I raised both my arms and my walking stick, and I started roaring like the bear, with only one thought repeating in my head: "This is it." But it worked: the grizzly suddenly froze, calmed down, and then he actually stepped away. He moved along the brushline, forming a wide half circle to the edge of the forested area I had just hiked through. I kept yelling, screaming, and raising my arms and stick, and I also started to move away. Right after I lost eye contact with the bear, I heard the stomping again. (I read later that you are not supposed to make eye contact.)

I turned back, and there he was, charging me. I stopped, stared, raised my arms in the air, and resumed yelling at the top of my lungs. It worked again. This time the grizzly stopped at a very respectful distance, probably 60-70 feet. I walked away and entered another timbered area, but I continued to howl and growl at the bear. He did try to follow me: he was now on all fours. His snout was almost down on the ground as he was looking at me, trying to figure me out. I disappeared into the woods and, for a good couple of hours, I kept wondering if he was stalking me. I kept looking behind me.

Birds, from page 5

I have many friends that have seen the Ptarmigan in this area. I have photos that they have taken, and I have over 30 records of sightings over many years. My oldest record is from Les Gissel, conservation officer in Sandpoint from 1945 to 1974. In 1967, Ed Crocket, the local druggist, shot two "white grouse" on Baldy Mt. Gissel checked them and they were Ptarmigan. I have dependable records of sightings on Blue Creek near Scotchman Peak and on Roundtop above Hope, and in many places in the Selkirks, Harrison Lake, Chimney Rock and Grass Mt.

Conservation officer Greg Johnson saw a flock of about a dozen on Trapper Peak in the fall of 1990. I have photos from other friends taken on Trapper and Grass Mt. I have had 50 or more reports over the years from Schweitzer Ski Resort. But in the winter of 1989-90 everyone saw the Ptarmigan. They were all over the area. Six birds sat at the top of Chair Six, sunning themselves and eating gravel for many days. It was the first year I didn't ski. They were gone by the time I heard about them.

After a climb through the woods and through lots of scree, at 10:30 I arrived at the top of the Emily Crag, the 6851' peak on the Lincoln- Sanders county line. I veered off to the north on the Compton Cragway and hit the summit of the Andrew Crag, the Amanda Crag, and the Melissa Crag, a 6933' foot peak with a commanding view of the whole area: Scotchman Peak, Blacktop Mountain, Scotchman Two, Savage Mountain, Vertigo Ridge, Spar Peak, Sawtooth, the Ross Creek drainage, and the Central Cabinets on the far side of Bull River. It was now 1pm, and I knew I was safe: it was unreasonable to believe that the grizzly had come this far to stalk me as opposed to burying his face in the omnipresent huckleberry patches.

I dropped down the open ridge that branches off due east from the top of Melissa all the way to the Middle Fork of Ross Creek. As I hit timberline and followed man-ways and game trails through the forest down to Ross Creek, I saw several bear prints. I never stopped yodeling, singing, chanting, or yelling in Italian, my native language. I finally made it to the maintained trail and more or less followed it all the way to the Ross Creek Cedars parking lot. Renée and I were married two days later at the Courthouse in Sandpoint.

The Future Looks Bright

January 9: A gala celebration of the 10th anniversary of Friends of Scotchman Peaks Wilderness will be held at Tango Café in the main level of Columbia Bank Atrium. More details on page 2.

January 11: Aldo Leopold's Birthday. Join FSPW for a hike in his honor. See our schedule on page 10 for more information

January 14: 10th Anniversary of FSPW

January 15: Winter Tracks Class with Sandpoint High School at Gold Creek.st-

January 21: Winter Tracks Class with Pioneer and Spokane City Schools at Round Lake State Park

January 25 – 27: Volunteers will table at Banff Film Fest in Coeur d' Alene.

February 4: Lincoln County Prosperity Forum on the recreation economy will feature speaker Lee Boman, moderator Tina Oliphant and a panel of local business people. 6 pm at the Hot Club, 302 1/2 E. Kootenai, in Troy.

February 10: Pend Oreille Winery FSPW Sip and Shop, 5 pm.

February 13: Backcountry Winter Film Festival with Idaho Conservation League, Coeur d' Alene Eagles Club

February 28: Jack Nisbet will present to the Kinnickinnick Native Plant Society and Master Naturalists, cosponsored by FSPW. We will have an information table. 10 a.m. at Sandpoint Community Hall. Winter Tracks Class open to general public (see Page 10).

On the Horizon:

March 11: Lincoln County Prosperity Forum on Tourism Marketing will be held in the Ponderosa Room in Libby City Hall. This free, public meeting begins at 6 pm.

March (dates and venues TBA): 10th Anniversary Celebrations will be held in Troy and Thompson Falls featuring author, naturalist and historian Jack Nisbet, speaking on David Thompson.



Along the Trail

November 12: Phil Hough made presentations to two classes at Gonzaga University in Spokane; Sandy Compton traveled to North Idaho College to take part in a career day event for North Idaho high school students.

November 13: FSPW project coordinator Kristen Nowicki presented a Wilderness Wonders lecture and kid's activities at East Bonner County Public Library

November 18: A Community Prosperity Forum, a free public event focused on rebuilding the Lincoln County economy. "Making Sense of Business Loans, Grants and other Incentives" was held in the Ponderosa Room in Libby City Hall.

December 3: A successful fund-raiser, Pints for the Peaks, was held at the Idaho Pour Authority with Stone Brewery.

December 13: A Winter Tracks educational program with Brian Baxter was held at Heron Community Center with a field session in Blue Creek.

January 1: The 2015 Winter Hike Series begins. (Page 10) Visit scotchmanpeaks.org/hiking to learn more or sign up to lead a hike.

Tracking class, from page 6

the right exposure. But, as we encountered more and more sign, it became more and more logical that this was indeed *Lupus canid*. The final and most convincing evidence was dirty tracks on the snow left by the critter after she trotted through a dirt patch. It was illuminating to follow her tracks, which illustrated her curiosity and confidence, as well as her fondness for field mice.

Tracking is a subtle and detail-oriented pursuit. It was only after two and a half hours in the classroom studying method of the species were "found," either by track, smell, scat, urine or sound. The pileated woodpecker and flicker were auditory finds. Olfactory experiences included coyote and wolf urine and the always-interesting experience of smelling a nearby elk, especially when it's not been seen.

The funniest — and possibly most easily-identified — find of the day was the mark of a flying squirrel where it had landed in the snow when it was still soft. There was practically no doubt of what had made the mark, complete with impressions of all four feet and a tail.

"Once you start tracking," Baxter says, "it's hard to turn it off. You have to be careful driving home, because you're looking along the side of the road for sign."

Thinking like a tracker, summer or winter, is a way to open up the world around us, and it works not only to make us aware of the other animals in the woods — besides us — but also of the greater picture. Once you start tracking, as Brian says, it's hard to turn it off. You will find that you are seeing all sorts of things that you might have missed before.

Brian is teaching a tracking class February 28. See the Hike Schedule on Page 10.

Past, from page 4

animals' heads. Each horse required a packer when negotiating sharp corners as the trailing horse would follow the lead horse so the handlers had to lead the horses around sharp corners and around the switchbacks. Our father must have had a fascinating time packing the materials up Scotchman Peak.

After the cabin was completed Dad got employment as the guard. He lasted as long as one lightning storm. He said he did not appreciate being perched on a glass stool while lightning flashed about him with an occasional bolt striking the building and balls of fire jumping between the metal objects in cabin. Added to the lightning were high winds that shook the entire structure making him most uncomfortable, as the cabin was perched near the steep cliff on the north face of the mountain.



Scotchman Peak Lookout
Courtesy Dave Daugherty

As children we would sit with Dad on our front porch in Clark Fork during lightning storms watching the lightning hit dead snags on the various mountains about the valley. Dad would name each mountain when a bolt struck something on it. His favorite strike was always Scotchman. He would say: "See all the lightning on the mountain. That is why I did not like it up there in a storm!"

Drowned Camera, from page 2

When we reached the lake, I used my Swiss Army knife to disassemble the camera as much as possible to dry it out in the sun. Unfortunately, even after hours of drying, its usefulness was reduced to that of a paperweight. So, my very first digital camera (Nikon Coolpix 950) met its end (soon a superior successor was recording our adventures).

We set up our tent at one of the campsites and enjoyed a pleasant evening. Our favorite place at Little Spar is the big split boulder on the north shoreline. The evening was so warm and pleasant that instead of retiring to our tent, we got our sleeping bags and pads and spent the night on the rock.

Sometime in the middle of this gorgeous moonlit night, a black bear came down to the lakeshore for a drink. Our Husky chased it off while our old Golden Retriever, Elwood stayed with us. After once being swatted by an irate momma bear, Elwood gained considerable respect for bears.

If you hike with us, you may notice that we now always have zip-lock bags in our camera bags and use them when things get a little dicey.

Editor's note: When you hike with the Mellens, you might find that things often get dicey.



Old Goats and Over the Top Volunteers Over the Years.

Here's a list of the folks we have singled out for recognition as "Old Goats" and interviewed as Over the Top Volunteers over the years. It could be much longer, and will be. Thank you to all of our great volunteers.

Old Goat

2008 Cesar Hernandez
2009 Don Clark
2010 Ann Wimberley
2011 Todd Dunfield
2012 Mary Franzel
2013 Phil Degens
2014 Irv McGeachy

OverTheTop Volunteers

08.03 Deb Hunsicker
08.05 Don Clark
08.07 Pama Bangeman
08.09 Ernie Scherzer
08.11 Ann Wimberley
09.01 Lexie de Fremery
09.03 Jim Mellen
09.05 Todd Dunfield
09.07 Sandy Compton
09.09 Jon Isacoff
09.11 Mindy Ferrell
10.01 Trisha Miller
10.03 Holly Clements
10.07 Brad Smith
10.11 Kally Thurman
11.01 Brian Baxter
11.03 Judy Hutchins

11.07 Jeff Nizolli
11.09 John Harbuck and Susan Bates-Harbuck
11.11 Dan Simmons
12.01 Mary Fanzel
12.05 Station 85 Kids
12.07 The FSPW Board, Charlie Clough, Jean Polequaptewa, Phil Degens, Cate Huisman, Dan Simmons and Celeste Grace
12.09 Phil Degens
12.11 John Hastings
13.01 Celeste Grace
13.03 Doug Ferrell
13.05 Ken Thacker
13.07 Board of Directors

13.09 FSPW Trail Crew
14.01 Rod Barclay
14.03 Irv McGeachy
14.05 Team Gulo Gulo
14.07 Irv McGeachy, Joe Zimmerman, Caleb Church and Brad Smith
14.11 Treasured Landscape Volunteers: Molly O'Reilly, Gail Bolin, Fred Gaudet, Mary Franzel, Celeste Grace, Shane Sater, Derek Antonelli, Phil Degens, Dave Peitz, Jenn Van Volkenburg, Becky Reynolds, Carol Wilburn, Deb Dickerson and John Harbuck

Peak Views — Winter Hikes **E = easy M = moderate S = strenuous S+ = s+upid (-:)**

Hike date	Exertion Rating	Destination/ Hike Name	Leader(s)	Description and contact info
1/11/15	E/M	Aldo Leopold Birthday Hike	Phil Hough	Contact: Phil Hough phil@scotchmanpeaks.org We will snowshoe up Lighting Creek road and then follow the course of the creek, stopping for lunch along the way. Bring your favorite Aldo Leopold passage or several quotes to share at lunch in honor of his birthday. Easy to moderate, very little elevation gain/loss, some bushwhacking.
2/14/15	E/M	For the Love of It Hike and Ski in Lightning Creek	Kristen Nowicki	Contact: Kristen Nowicki kristen@scotchmanpeaks.org What more romantic way to start your Valentine's Day than a ski with your sweetie in the breathtaking Treasured Landscape along Lightning Creek? Our hike leader has been intimately involved in restoration work in this valuable ecosystem for the past two summers. Learn its history and the current stewardship we are spearheading during our tour. Meet at 9 AM at the end of the plowing on Lightning Creek Road. We will return to our vehicles by 2 pm, to give you plenty of time to pretty up for your evening. Carpooling available
2/28/15	M	Advanced Animal Tracking and Sign Interpretation	Brian Baxter	Contact: Brian Baxter baxter53@yahoo.com Join us for "Advanced Animal Tracking and Sign Interpretation," with Brian Baxter. Three-hour classroom session includes a slideshow on the art of tracking. Then we head to the field to observe, measure and identify prints and gaits. Approx. 3 mile hike; bring snowshoes if conditions warrant. Dress warmly, bring lunch, snacks, water, smiles and good attitude! Some off trail hiking. 9 am Pacific; 10 am Mountain time at Community Center in Heron, MT.
2/28/15	M	Ross Creek Cedars	Sandy Compton	Contact: Sandy Compton sandy@scotchmanpeaks.org Walk or ski into the Ross Creek Cedars, home of the largest Western Redcedars in Montana. Travel up a closed road via snow shoes or XC skis into a quiet wonderland and through a grove of trees more than 500 years old.
3/08/2015	M/S	Blacktail Creek Ascent	Chuck Gross	Contact: Chuck Gross ckgross44@gmail.com Snowshoe up Blacktail Creek # 997 Trail to discover the wonders winter can bring in the Clark Fork River Corridor. Elevation gain/loss 1600' and 4 miles round-trip at a minimum. Depending on group, we may attempt to climb higher off-trail to attempt to tie in with Pillick Ridge Trail. Potential for huge valley views. Bring snacks, a lunch, a warm drink, and/or plenty of water. A large daypack or straps to carry snowshoes and poles may be necessary as its possible the trail will be clear part way up this south-facing slope.***PLEASE NOTE: This is the first day of daylight savings time. Adjust your clocks forward the prior evening and plan accordingly.
3/21/15	S	Star Peak Equinox Hike	Sandy Compton	Contact: Sandy Compton sandy@scotchmanpeaks.org Snowshoe to the oldest fire lookout in Montana for a great challenge and wonderful views 4,000 ft of elevation gain. Bring your camera to take pictures of one of the most picturesque privies in all of Montana.
3/28/15	S+	Goat Mountain Hop	Jim Mellen	Contact: Jim Mellen jimnsandii@gmail.com This will be the 9th Annual Goat Mountain Hop. This is one of the steepest trails in the region, gaining 4,000 feet vertical,. You don't have to be crazy, but it helps. Round trip: 7 miles, Elevation gain +/- 4000ft. For further information about this hike, please contact the hike leader.
4/18/15	S+	Scotchman Peak Snow Bound	Jim and Sandii Mellen	Contact: Jim and Sandii Mellen jimnsandii@gmail.com Snowshoe, ski, or snowboard the tallest peak in the Scotchmans. This is the 10th annual Scotchman Peak winter hike. The trailhead is often inaccessible this time of year, adding 2.5 miles each way and 500ft elevation gain. This is for the extremely fit adventurers only! Round trip: 12 miles, Elevation gain: 4200ft..

To sign up for hikes and learn further details, visit www.scotchmanpeaks.org/hiking/current-hiking-schedule



Learning curve, from page 1

This seemed natural to our steering committee. We intended our campaign to be about doing something positive for the community rather than fighting against something. Through our involvement with the forest planning process, we saw that the Forest Service would make decisions based in part on community consensus around issues such as Wilderness. So, we set about a 5 year plan, enough time for the Forest Service to complete their plan and for Congress to do the thing which was obvious to us, designate the Scotchman Peaks as Wilderness. We thought.

We still had a lot to learn.

Here we are at year ten and we still don't know when Congress will act. But we've learned a few things. We know that they *can* act on Wilderness (witness the recent passage of the Rocky Mountain Heritage Act) and we know that the broad community support which we have built over ten years is beginning to reach critical mass. This public support will lead to the inevitability of congressional action.

We have come a long way, on the verge of 5000 Friends, and 2000 facebook likes. Over 80% of our Friends live within a couple hours drive of the Scotchman Peaks, but we do have Friends in 47 states and Washington DC. (We'd like to have more in DC!)

We've been featured in *Backpacker Magazine* and two different *Outdoor Idaho* programs. We've had press coverage across the region and the nation about the positive vision in the forest plan for the Scotchman Peaks. Two movies have been made by Wildman Pictures: *Grass-routes: Changing the Conversation* about building a consensus for conservation and *En Plein Air*, about one of our unique outreach programs.

We've bridged gaps in our community, finding that most folks share common values — including a love for the land. We *have* changed the conversation and built a constituency for conservation and preserving special places like the Scotchman Peaks. A shared love for special places brings people together.

We have logged tens of thousands of hours from hundreds of volunteers. Our board, staff and key volunteers have grown as leaders in our community, contributing to our organization but also using their experience and skills to help with other community organizations. They have become leaders in our community.

We've led hundreds of hikes with over a 1000 participants. Our hiking map is in it's third printing and has been used as a template for at least 4 other wilderness areas or campaigns. This very newsletter is now in its 10th year with 57 editions published and counting. It's distributed at over 85 local businesses and reaches thousands of people. We now have 3 offices – one in each county our proposal lies in, where we host, co-host, and sponsor or participate in dozens of events each year.

We have built a dedicated group of volunteer stewards with skills and experience in trail maintenance, weed control, citizens' science, wildlife biology, botany and other skills. We have learned more about the nature of our local wild lands from Whitebark Pine to Wolverines.



The Star Peak Allstars building on Trail #999

Our stewardship work includes three miles of new trail up Star Peak, and improving the trail experience in many other places. Our backcountry ranger intern program enters its 4th year this summer. We have learned, and are helping to teach, that mountain goats are not as friendly as they seem to be, that they are wild and need to be left alone!

Our "Old Goats", volunteers of the year and dozens of others have been recognized with certificates of appreciation or profiles in the newsletter. Many of our ardent volunteers,

like our board, are leaders in the community, using their skills for many organizations. We have provided over two dozen of them with Wilderness First Aid training. Using skills learned in our classes, one such volunteer recently stepped in to action in a "front country" restaurant and rescued a choking victim.

Through our hikes as well as stewardship and special outreach programs, we have introduced many young people to the splendors of the natural world. We have built a community, connecting people with different backgrounds and perspectives who all call themselves Friends of Scotchman Peaks.

Our most important accomplishment is YOU! The release of the forest plans, anticipated in January contains a strong vision for Wilderness for the Scotchman Peaks. Through 11 years of public meetings and comment periods many **Friends** demonstrated support for the Scotchman Peaks.

As we celebrate our first decade, our work goes on. Through an increasing number of outreach education and stewardship programs we continue to build community consensus and commitment for Wilderness.

We are hopeful, too, that a new year, which brings a new congress, offers a fresh start, a 2 year period in which to work on new lands bills. Congress recently enacted the first public lands package since 2009. The Rocky Mountain Front Heritage Act created the first new Wilderness designation in Montana in over 3

decades! This demonstrates that our congressmen, in Montana as well as Idaho and in DC have not forgotten how to legislate, how to find the way to compromise to pass public lands bills. They have not forgotten how to get Wilderness done. Positive public support for our delegation in Montana will hopefully encourage congressmen from both Idaho and Montana to continue their work on Wilderness. We know it encourages us to continue our work on Wilderness!

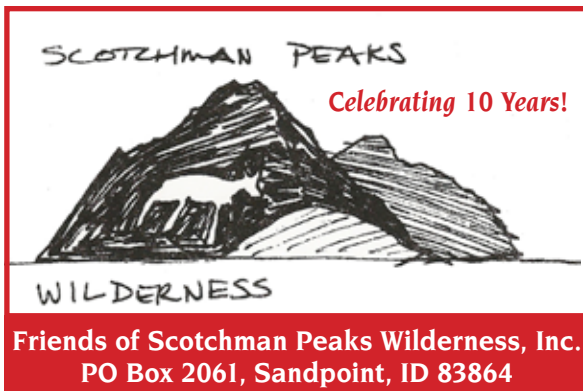


FSPW Board member Bill Martin being interviewed by Wildman Pictures.



Board, staff and advisors meet in 2009

Happy 10th anniversary!



Return Service Requested

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 above.

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