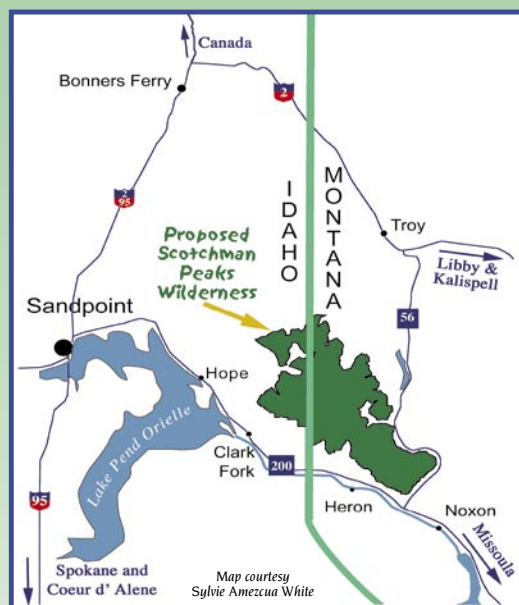




## Mission Statement

"We believe that the 88,000 acre Scotchman Peaks roadless area, spanning the Idaho/Montana border, deserves **permanent protection** as wilderness. Faced with growth and change, we want to make sure this special place stays the same."



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  
Designer: Pama Bangeman

## Wild Creatures of the Scotchmans

### Grizzly Bear III *Ursus arctos horribilis* By Doug Ferrell

*This third and final column on the Great Bear will focus on how public land management is affected by our society's desire to protect grizzlies as an endangered species.*

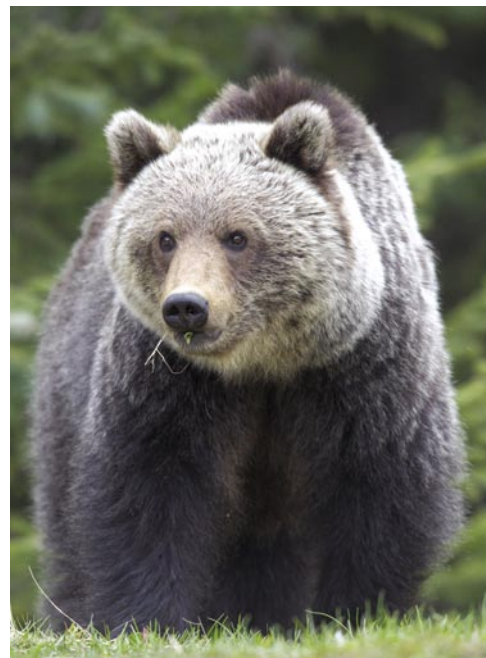
As modern humans have expanded our activities into grizzly habitat, generally the grizzlies have disappeared. Today grizzlies occupy about two percent of the range they occupied a little over a century ago. California and Colorado are examples of states where grizzlies are no longer found. This is particularly ironic for California, which prominently displays the great bear on its state flag.

Today we are striving as a society to learn more about grizzly behavior and habitat needs, so we can prevent exterminating them from the rare and remote places where they can be found today. Much effort has gone into learning more about how, where and when grizzlies use their available habitat. Data from radio collared bears, and more recently from collars which use GPS units, and from analysis of bear DNA, have been combined with years of field observations to provide a wealth of information.

One of the most clear conclusions that can be drawn from this data is that roads and motorized traffic spell problems for grizzlies, and greatly reduce the effectiveness of what might otherwise be good habitat. This is partly because bears tend to be displaced by the roads and disturbance, and partly because mortality rises significantly in areas with motorized activity. This is one of the main reasons why big chunks of wild country are so important to grizzly survival.

This is also the reason why land managers strive to limit motorized access into prime grizzly habitat. Many bear biologists believe that timber harvesting and management can be compatible with grizzlies, and sometimes even improve grizzly habitat, as long as open roads and motorized access are limited. Restrictions on motorized access can be very controversial with some people and groups, but it is helpful to remember that many other species besides bears benefit from non motorized management. These species include elk and mule deer – especially the big males – as well as a host of native predators.

The issue of protecting wild country is very personal for me. I grew up in Wisconsin, a beautiful state with extensive forests, swamps and areas of handsome small farms. But Wisconsin has few large areas of truly wild country, and it is no coincidence that many animals once native to Wisconsin have become extinct or extremely rare in the state,



**Grizzly.** Photo by Donald M. Jones  
[www.donaldmjones.com](http://www.donaldmjones.com)

*Continues on page 5*



## Peak Views

See firsthand why the Scotchmans are so special. Four hikes remain in our fall hiking schedule. Check our website to see if others have been added. Group size is limited and reservations are required. To sign up, contact the hike leader listed. For more details or for information on planning your own hike, go to [www.scotchmanpeaks.org](http://www.scotchmanpeaks.org).

Hike date	Exertion Rating	Destination/Hike Name	Leader(s)	Description and Contact info
9/6/10	S+	Melissa Basin Essay	Sandy Compton	<b>Contact info: 208-290-1281 or <a href="mailto:sandy@scotchmanpeaks.org">sandy@scotchmanpeaks.org</a></b> In the writing world, the "essay" was defined by its inventor as an "attempt," and this will be an attempt to reach Melissa Basin – and return – in one day. The hike begins at the Ross Creek Cedars and follows Frail #142 to 48-hour Creek. From there, bushwacking is required. Return by the same route. If you are in condition for this hike, you will never regret it. Distance: 15 miles round trip. Elevation gain: 3300 feet (2700 in the 2 miles from Ross Creek to Melissa Basin). Maximum group size: 8
9/18-20/10	S	Blue Creek Respite	Sandy Compton	<b>Contact info: 208-290-1281 or <a href="mailto:sandy@scotchmanpeaks.org">sandy@scotchmanpeaks.org</a></b> Pack into and camp in the fabled East Fork Meadow for two nights. Spend the central day climbing Clayton Peak, reading under a tree or napping in your tent. Your choice. A chance for a down day in an up and down kind of place. Round trip: 8 + miles. Elevation gain, 2000 – 4000 feet.
10/02/10	S	Scotchman Peak	Phil Hough and Deb Hunsicker	<b>Contact info: 208-946-9127 or <a href="mailto:phil@scotchmanpeaks.org">phil@scotchmanpeaks.org</a></b> This is the classic hike up the namesake peak for our proposed wilderness. It's short but steep. We will go at a slow pace so that steady effort is all that is needed to summit. Wide panoramas and stunning views of lake Pend Oreille, along with fall colors and possibly late season huckleberries will be highlights. Wear hunter orange. 4 miles one way, 8 round trip with an elevation gain of 3,800 feet.
10/16/10	E/M	Practice Mountain	Holly Clements	<b>Contact info: 208-290-3420, <a href="mailto:hclements26@yahoo.com">hclements26@yahoo.com</a></b> This hike begins along closed forest roads up Fatman Mountain and transitions to off-trail near the top for an easy scramble to the peak and views of the Clark Fork river valley as well as the Star Peak/Billiard Table ridge. A gentle descent brings hikers to an incredible view of Clayton Peak, Sawtooth Mountain and the east fork of Blue Creek. Distance: 4 miles round trip. Elevation gain: 800 feet.

## Tales of Scotchman Peaks

### Scotchman Peak, One Step at a Time

**By Dick Kramer**, District Ranger Sandpoint-Priest Lake, Idaho Panhandle National Forests

"We really need to hike Scotchman Peak sometime this summer, I've heard it has fabulous views", Jodi exclaimed. Jodi and I were still dating and I was in Kalispell for the weekend. "I think so"; I said tentatively, "I hear it is a tough trail but we can try it next weekend". "It's a deal" she said without hesitation. Her daughter Bonita had just walked into the living room with her two friends. "Mom, we need a flashlight, I dropped my bracelet by the tennis courts", she cried. I consider myself always being prepared for anything and I had my day pack with me that included my gadget bag. It's a small bag that I have carried for years with emergency essentials, matches, compass, first aid kit, halzone tablets, extra eye glasses, and of course a flashlight with extra batteries. Without hesitation I said, "Here ya go Bonita", handing it over to her. Bonita and her friends ran outside and disappeared into the darkness.

It was a typical August Saturday in Sandpoint, sunny, mid-80's, just gorgeous. Neither Jodi nor I are morning people. Coffee, pancakes, reading "The Bee" and watching "This Old House" is my normal Saturday morning routine. This Saturday was no different, so we didn't hit the trail until about 1:00 pm. Jodi and I had carefully packed a lunch, our fleece jackets, and plenty of water in my day pack. We left Clark Fork trying to find the trailhead, using my Forest map making sure I made the correct turns since the roads weren't marked very well. Several cars were already in the parking lot as we backed our truck into a slot for a quick getaway on our return.

I had checked the Forest Service trail description, 3.5 miles, moderately difficult and about a 3,700 feet vertical climb, topping out at 7,009

feet. There used to be a lookout tower at the top and the trail had been designed for access to the tower for fire observations. The lookout hadn't been used in years and was merely a pile of lumber. I had calculated that we should be to the top in about 2.5 hours and a return hike of about 1.5 hours. Our late start shouldn't be a problem with the late sunsets and it would still give us enough time to look around at the top.

"Are you ready for this?", I taunted Jodi. "Don't choke on my dust", she replied. We were both pretty active, worked out, but hadn't done a lot of hiking that year. We began our ascent. After about twenty minutes we both commented on the lack of switchbacks that we were use to on other trails. After about an hour we were still trudging through the trees, still climbing steeply, temperatures rising, resting frequently, and drinking copious amounts of water.

At the two-hour mark we arrived in a beautiful meadow of bear grass where we sat down with the climb wearing on us. We still couldn't see the top and our progress had slowed significantly. "Maybe we should save the top for another day", I said. Jodi looked disappointed but reluctantly agreeing. As we nibbled on cheese and crackers, we heard someone coming down the trail. Through the clearing came a giant of a man, probably 6' 5", 270 lbs with a bushy red beard and long scraggly hair. He had on a small pack, shorts with no shirt, and boots tied to his pack. Yes, he was barefoot! We hailed a cheery hello to him and began chatting. He was from Pennsylvania and had taken the month off to hike the mountains of the west. He did it every year by himself. We looked at his feet and asked, "How can you walk down a mountain

barefoot? "Oh, I don't like the confines of boots and only wear them when



**Bonita Ogden with Dick and Jodie Kramer 10 years later.**  
Photo courtesy of Dick Kramer

**Continues on page 3**





## Scotchman Rocks

### The Ancientness of Ephemerality (Part II)

By Bill Martin

Sometimes you will find a stone striped with alternating bands of light and dark, in appearance similar to tree rings. They are much like tree rings in that each set of light and dark strata shows the changing season. More and heavier sediments are deposited during the high water of spring and early summer while finer sediment is carried by the lower flows the rest of the year. Each pair of layers is called a varve. The term is usually associated with glacial lakes. Increased melting in warmer weather deposited coarser material while in autumn and winter only fine sediments settled out or the quiet water under the ice. Glacial Lake Missoula varves can be seen in road cuts, sand and gravel pits, and in drainages coming into the lower Clark Fork River, such as Elk Creek near Heron, Mt.

In some rocks, the thin laminae of the varves are the result of greater run-off from snowmelt during a warm early spring afternoon and the reduced flow when things cool off and refreeze in the evening- the difference between day and night.

Another moment frozen in time is pictured in this article. At the mouth of the river or stream flowing into the shallow sea that once was here, clay sediments were laid down on a substrate of sand. A sudden flow or

mighty storm tore off slabs of the sticky mud from the bottom and rolled them along until they were buried under more silt and sand. They are called, aptly, stormrollers.



**Stormroller.** Photo by Jim Tonkyn

### Scotchman Peak, One Step at a Time Continues from page 2

the trail gets rocky", he replied. Jodi and I looked at each other and rolled our eyes. "Gets rocky?" We talked a little longer and he finally began walking down the trail at a swift gait, barefoot! This experience made us feel guilty about our whining. We got up, reinvigorated with new determination to reach the top.

The trail started switching to the left, and we could see light through the trees and another huge bear grass meadow. We broke over a small rise through the rocks and finally the breathtaking view we had been expecting appeared. We were looking southwest and could see all of Lake Pend Oreille, the city of Sandpoint and Clark Fork, and Bernard Peak at the very southern end of the lake. We were awestruck. With renewed vigor, we continued up the trail, inspired that there were more switchbacks.

We reached the top about 5:30 pm and ran into several other people who were already beginning their trek down the mountain. We were now like a couple of kids, ooing and awing at the scenery on this perfect blue sky day. Being afraid of heights, I carefully looked down into the cirque basin on the backside of Scotchman Peak. We could see Lunch Peak, Goat Mountain, and the Cabinet Wilderness to the east. I looked up the Clark Fork valley and imagined what it looked like as Glacial Lake Missoula broke its ice dam and rushed into the lake below.

The sun would be setting soon but we decided to delay our departure and watch the anticipated beautiful sunset. We were intoxicated with the alpine beauty and the romantic setting. We were all by ourselves. And why not stay a little longer, as soon as the sun had set, we just had to scamper down the hill. We would be in the trees in thirty minutes, the alpine glow would lead us for the next thirty minutes in the trees, and the final thirty minutes would be no problem with the help of my flashlight and the full moon that I had seen the night before.

I can't describe the sun as it settled over the lake from our promontory view point. As planned, we quickly trekked down the mountain in

the dusk. Everything was going well until we were well into the trees. Darkness was settling in fast so we stopped and I pulled out my gadget bag and searched for my flashlight. "BONITA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!", I screamed. "What's the matter", Jodi cried. Jodi's daughter had not returned the flashlight and I had totally forgotten about it. "What are we going to do", Jodi said panicking. I looked through the trees trying to locate the full moon, it was nowhere in sight. What had been an exhilarating day now had suddenly turned to gloom. We had at least a half hour of hiking left and our light was totally gone now. Jodi was tired and her legs like noodles. At first we tried to use our feet to feel the trail like Braille. We moved slowly with Jodi walking behind me holding onto my hips. This only worked marginally well and after a few falls we stopped and started to reassess our situation. "I think we are going to have to spend the night here", I said, "we have our coats, a little water, and some food left". I reassured Jodi that August nights would not be real cold.

We decided that finding a flat spot to sleep on would be our best option and it would even be romantic cuddling next to each other in the woods. We sat in silence feeling stupid about our predicament. Suddenly, Jodi said, "did you hear that?" "No, I don't", I said, thinking she had heard an owl or a squirrel. "I know I heard something", she said again, somewhat concerned this time. I looked up behind us and could see a faint light. Our hearts started racing as we watched the light bobbing and getting closer to us. We shouted, "hello"! We heard a hello in reply. Eventually a young couple appeared with a flashlight in hand. We hadn't been alone at the top after all. We were saved! We quickly introduced ourselves and shared our embarrassing story. They were happy to help us. As a group, we "bunny hopped" down the hill and within thirty minutes were at our truck.

Tired, hungry but safe, we thanked our new friends and followed them back to Clark Fork in our truck. We had triumphed in our quest to scale Scotchman Peak. "Jodi", I said wryly, "let's take the kayaks out on the lake next weekend for a different kind of adventure; I'll resupply the gadget bag. She gave me "the look" as we entered Sandpoint.

## Scotchman Past

### Butler's Store

by Ed Butler

Although the title is "Butler's Store," this covers more than the period that the Butler family owned it. I named it such because they owned it longest, 43 years, in over 100 years of history.

Eliza Crowder purchased 54 acres in Hope from the Northern Pacific Railroad in 1900 for \$108.00. She sold this to her brother, Wellington F. Sharai (my grandfather) in 1902. Mr. Sharai sold a portion for \$100 in 1904 to the Donovan, Hopka Ninneman Co., which built the first store on the site, handling general merchandise. The Donovan, Hopka Ninneman Co. also had a sawmill in Ellisport Bay near the mouth of Riser Creek. In 1920, the property was sold back to Mr. Sharai, and W. J. Hilligoss leased it and operated a garage there.

Wellington Sharai died in 1927 and left the property to his wife, Agnus, who soon married Ray M. Lewis.

In 1928, a fire started in Mr. Hilligoss's residence, which was attached to or near the store, and both buildings burned to the ground, after which Mr. Lewis built a small shack with cedar bark siding and began selling fuel, groceries and other confections. He later improved the building with lumber salvaged from another building in East Hope. Mr. Lewis also built some small cabins with cedar bark for siding to rent to tourists. It was called The Lakeview Tourist Park and Service Station.

In 1931, Agnus and Ray Lewis divorced. Mr. Lewis received title to the property, floated some promissory notes with L. Maie Ebbets Cadore and lost the property to her for lack of payment.

In 1933, on a trip to East Hope to pick up sawmill machinery, Eugene M. Butler of Spokane (my other grandfather) saw the small store. He returned with his wife, Lillian, to talk to the owner, who was quite willing to sell. They entered into an agreement with Mrs. Cadore and the purchase was finalized in early 1934.

Mr. Butler began upgrading the facilities. He changed the fuel dealership to Continental Oil Co., and a newly-painted building emerged by the end of 1934 called Butler's Tourist Camp. They sold groceries, fuel, and general merchandise. A community bathhouse was built at the rear of the store.

The Butlers purchased the property where the post office now stands from Albert McNorton in 1935. The old cabins were torn down and 5 new cabins, 4 that still exist today, were built over the years.

Butlers' son, Eugene Jr. (my father), recalled "When we came to East Hope, I had my first sight of the dilapidated store where I was to spend so much time. The store was a veritable treasure of antiques, which were considered junk at the time. There were women's high-buttoned shoes and old shells for guns that were no longer in use.



**Butler Store.** Photo courtesy of Ed Butler

"The old man was fond of saying 'This ain't no summer resort.' I soon found out that it wasn't. I started digging a basement under the store. I wheeled the gravel out in a wheelbarrow, filling up a big hole in the yard that the previous owners had used to dump garbage into.

"The old man built a flat-bottomed boat, which I used to pull driftwood. As there was an exceptionally high water year, there was a lot of drift on the lake. I had a lot of logs tied up by the time the water started down, so there was a lot to cut up.

I would put in half a day digging basement and the rest trying to cut wood with a crosscut saw.

"Dad fixed up some old cedar bark cabins that were on the place with the intention of renting them out to whatever susceptible sucker stopped in and needed a place to stay. He also built a building with showers and rest rooms for wandering nomads. There was a heater in the restrooms to heat water for showers. Each cabin was also equipped with a small wood heater. The store was heated by a large wood heater and the cooking was done on a wood range, so it took quite a bit of wood to keep them all going. As soon as it warmed up enough, I was allowed a couple of hours off in the afternoon to go swimming. I really enjoyed this, as there were a lot of those female type creatures indulging in the same pastime. When fall came, I had the basement dug and the wood cut, so my chores lightened up a bit.

"A lot of old timers used to gather around the store to reminisce about old times, so I heard quite a bit about the good old days. Aug Rojan used to run a tugboat and he had some wild stories to tell. It was really interesting to listen to these tales, even if they sometimes varied a little, according to who was doing the telling".

The next major change came in 1941. The Butler's completely revamped the store by adding more living quarters, an improved automobile service bay, and remodeled the structure to look much like it does today. The fuel franchise was changed to Standard Oil Co. of California. They also rented fishing boats and motors from their son Gene's property across the tracks. Eugene and Lillian operated the store until 1945, when they sold it to their son and daughter-in-law, Guy and Helen Butler, who originally met in the store.

The business was renamed Butler's One-Stop. In 1949, Guy hired Jack Yaryan and Nick Ponack to expand the basement to accommodate his growing family of five children. The dirt went out shovel full by shovel full onto a conveyor belt. They encountered rubble from the old store that had burned down. This was completed in 1950.

Guy and Helen's daughter, Marilyn, relates "When they first took

*Continues on page 5*



## From the Top

Plein Air is the hot topic for this issue. The visiting videographers were a great addition to the second annual Extreme Plein Air Adventure. The Fall Plein Air Paint Out in September should be a fun weekend for both wilderness and art lovers. Paintings will be available for viewing at Kally Thurman's Outskirts Gallery in the Hope Marketplace. Ed Butler's history of the Hope Store provides historical perspective.

This issue represents the end of an era. Since the first issue of Peak Experience, Pama Bangeman has been the layout editor and the person responsible for the great look of our newsletter. She is also truly amazing to work with, cheerful, reliable, and almost always able to somehow fit in all the copy and pictures I send her each issue. Her love of the proposed Scotchman Peaks Wilderness and the outdoors in general is apparent in each issue. It's hard for me to imagine doing future issues without her. All of us wish Pama and her husband Bruce many happy adventures as they settle into a new community.

**Ann Wimberley**



**Ernie Scherzer, Cal Ryder and Mindy Ferrell carry the banner at the Trout Creek Huckleberry Festival Parade.**  
Photo by Sarah Naegeli

## Grizzly Bear, Continues from page 1

including elk and grizzlies, as well as wolverines, lynx, fisher, marten, mountain lions, and many others.

In Idaho and Montana, we have a tremendous opportunity today to protect some of our remaining wild country. This protects not only our children's opportunity to experience wild country, but their opportunity to experience the wild creatures that make the land truly come alive. Wild creatures don't last long without wild country. Let's protect the Wild Scotchmans!!

*From a paper published by the American Society of Mammologists*

"Grizzlies' low reproductive rate and a slow response in compensating for population declines do not allow the bears to sustain high mortality. As habitats are fragmented and populations decline, genetic isolation may become a major threat to remaining populations. Recovery and survival of isolated populations may be contingent on augmentation of existing populations from other areas, or by cross fostering captive young to black bears. Protection of adult females is especially critical to survival of small populations. The margin between slow decline and extermination is small for this species."

## Butler Store

*Continues from page 4*

over the store, ice boxes were still used. Dad would take the pickup into Sandpoint and pick up a load of blocks of ice, which were cut with a chain saw, filling up the back of the pickup. There was a feed room out back of the store and that's where the blocks of ice were kept, probably covered with burlap sacks and sawdust.

"Often groceries were charged, with the amount written down on little receipt books, and were paid on a monthly basis when their check came. My brother, Bruce, remembers coming home from Church in Sandpoint and Dad stopping to collect from someone.

"Mom would always remember those who had less and around the holidays would fix up baskets of food for some of those families. It was that 'bad' winter (1948) when only the main roads were plowed that we ended up going to the houses on foot, pulling the baskets of goodies on a sled. One family was a father who was raising two sons. They lived up Spring Creek. One son died of a heart attack when he was in the 8th grade. Years later, she saw the remaining son at a funeral and he told her that she would never know how much that it meant to them to receive her basket of food.

"Although Mom and Dad worked long hours in the store (she was so glad when they finally closed on Sundays! — but then later opened on Sundays), Mom always found time to work in her flower garden. She enjoyed giving bouquets to Hurschell's Lighthouse, churches, etc. She had a large flower bed near where the post office is now, a rose garden and a wonderful, big cherry tree out back."

Guy, Helen and children lived in the store until 1955, when they began building a new home in another part of town. The living quarters and automobile service bay at the store were converted to merchandise space, and the basement to storage. A small meat market was added.

In 1963, Butlers won the lease for a new post office. The cabin that sat on the site of the current post office was moved from the south end of the site to the north and was later converted into a Laundromat. Another cabin was demolished.

Guy and Helen operated the store until Guy retired in 1976, and sold the business to Darrell and Helen Dishaw, who called it the Hi Hopes Market. Dishaws sold the business to Gary and Sue Tipps in 1979. The cabins became an artist's studio, a beauty shop and a pet grooming shop. The remaining cabin is used for storage. The bathhouse was torn down. Tipps sold the store in 1984 but regained it back in 1987. Because of a gradual decline in business, the store became more of a convenience store rather than a full service grocery store.

Gary remembers, "Before she became ill, Lillian Butler use to stop by and visit every evening. She would reminisce about the old times. I regret never taping any of these conversations". They eventually closed the fuel pumps because of the cost of upgrading the underground storage tanks. The Tipps closed the store in 1999.

The store building sat unoccupied until 2002, when a retail and wholesale coffee grinding business called Lakeside Coffee opened.

Since then, the coffee roaster has gone, but the Hope Market Place now fills the place with new life and begins a second century of commerce in the same location in East Hope.





## Moved by the Mountains and Their People

### Scotchman Peaks topic of young film crew's debut documentary

**By Carolyn Hidy – Reprinted with permission from the Sanders County Ledger**

Special place, special people, and land that people care about.

Three young men looking to have an impact on their world, and willing to dive into the unknown.

When Jake Glass of Glastonbury, Conn. and his friends went looking for a place to film an inspirational documentary, they looked all over the country. Heron, Montana and the Scotchman Peaks area won their attention.

"We wanted to create a film that can motivate young people like ourselves to do something positive and real with their time," says Jake, a student at Muhlenberg College, in Allentown, Penn. Taking an active role in his education, he approached some talented friends from high school to cook up a project. Their idea? Create a film showing an example of real people working in their communities to address an environmental issue that is important to them. Joe Foster, a U. of Connecticut engineering student and videographer, and Matt Stauble, a freelance photographer and videographer, picked up Jake's initial drive and ran with him.

"I was looking for a meaningful project that would really challenge me," says Stauble. "I wanted to get a full movie under my belt."

"A productive adventure," adds Foster. "I wanted to document a topic that people care about and make a film interesting to a large audience."

The team set up their own film company, Wildman Pictures, and set about selecting a proposed focus and obtaining funding. "We looked at controversial land and wilderness efforts all over the country," they explain. "Sandy Compton and the Friends of Scotchman Peaks Wilderness (FSPW) were overwhelmingly the most friendly and hospitable, reachable and accommodating. When we contacted them, they offered us hikes, places to stay and people to meet. The small organization allowed for ease of communication. This combined with our growing interest in the sociological dynamics of the proposed area made it an easy decision to come to the Scotchman Peaks."

As with most college students, creativity and skill must often substitute for finances. Stauble and Foster designed and built a microphone boom crane, a trolley, a "slider" linear rail system for a camera, and other equipment to give their video as much movement as possible, and add to their still photography.

Then, with a small leap of faith, family and professor Lora Tuab's support, and a \$2000 grant for travel expenses from Muhlenberg, Wildman Pictures headed west in a rented car crammed up to the roof with camping and photography equipment.

Based out of a cabin near Blue Creek, Jake and Matt were led on a grueling five-day trip into the Scotchmans, carrying heaps of photographic equipment along with their backpacking gear. Led by Compton, the trip serendipitously tied in with the second annual "Extreme Plein Air" event coordinated by FSWP and Kally Thurman's Outskirts Gallery in Hope, Idaho, in which Thompson Falls painter Jared Shear and several other artists hiked into difficult terrain to paint a scene as they see it, instead of in the studio.

Joe, suffering an injured Achilles tendon, stayed in the valley, learning about and becoming intrigued by the unique organizational structure of FSPW. "It is impressive that this group, based in the small communities of northwest Montana and northern Idaho, consists of nearly 3,000

people who are all willing to call themselves 'Friends' of the effort," he says.

Joe interviewed hunters, hikers, artists, politicians, Forest Service employees, former Montana legislator Jim Elliott, local business owners, and writers. The varied interviews helped him get a sense for connections and community dynamics in order to form a "comprehensive view of what the Peaks have to offer the community and how each individual perceived the FSPW."

As his ankle improved, he was able to hike to the top of Scotchman Peak and to Little Spar Lake, filming scenery and interviewing people on the trail. Reunited after their adventures, the trio shared what they had learned



**Bill Martin being interviewed by Matt Stauble, Joe Foster and Jake Glass on Judy Hutchins' porch in Heron, MT.**

*Photo by Carolyn Hidy*

and experienced – from Matt falling asleep on a rock in the middle of a wild stream, to Joe totaling the rental car in an unfortunate collision with a moose. They realized they had the makings of two separate films.

The first will focus on the steady, optimistic efforts of FSPW toward accomplishing their goal of congressional designation for the Scotchman's Peak Wilderness. "We'd like to show young people back east how this group of dedicated individuals works within their own communities to build goodwill and try to accomplish a long-term, difficult, complicated goal. We hope to share what they have learned and tried, to motivate others to do the same about important issues in their own communities," said Joe. "We aren't just looking to advocate for the wilderness, but to motivate others to tackle big things, and give them a role model," Jake added.

The second film evolved from their artistic experiences. "Painters say 'Experience before essence,'" says Jake. "The value of hiking five days in the wilderness, being immersed in it, really affected what we wanted to do." "Photography can be about creating or capturing," explains Matt. "I had done a lot of creating the images I wanted to portray in studios, and setting up shots of skiers doing stunts. You set up the scene and the lighting. The plein air artists and our work was more about capturing the essence, instilling the feelings we get from being out there into our pictures. 'Here's the moment, here's what I felt.' Art is conveying emotion."

"It takes a different kind of person to want to lug all the camera equipment or art supplies up into the wilderness, but I think submersing yourself in

**Continues on page 7**



## Scotchman Natives

### Wild Umbellifers can be dangerous, tricky

**By Valle Novak**

Many years ago, a young man with whom I was acquainted through one of my sons, went on a hiking trip with some pals. He did not return alive. He always fancied himself a knowledgeable outdoors person, but that was a long way from the truth.

Actually, he was a well-meaning nature-lover, as are so many who enter the forest trails, but sadly lacking in true hands-on experience and/or education about the flora - which can often be deadly. In a moist and shady area, he and his party came upon a beautiful stand of umbellifers (umbrella-shaped flower-tops) and he shouted out, "hey, wild caraway!" enthusiastically gathered a handful of seeds and ate them. He was dead in three minutes.

I never found out whether he had eaten Poison Hemlock, Fool's Parsley, or Water Hemlock, but all are gravely dangerous and nearly always deadly. Poison Hemlock is most likely, since it carries the ferny leaves of the Caraway, and is notoriously quick to kill. However, Fool's Parsley also carries ferny leaves, while the Water Hemlock has pinnate leaves. When one comes across a stand of any of these, however, it is too easy to make a mistake.

"Montana - Native Plants and Early Peoples", offers advice about Water Hemlock from a Hot Springs Indian: "It is used as medicine if you use it right. If you don't it'll kill you." The article went on to describe the Kootenai's (old time) methods of pounding the root to make a medicine for sores and as poultice to draw rattlesnake venom out of bites.



**Cow Parsnip. Photo by Marilyn George**

We do, indeed, have some edibles among the wild Umbellifers: the afore-mentioned Caraway, Wild Carrot, Angelica, and Cow Parsnip (pictured). The first three, with their ferny leaves, resemble Fool's Parsley and Poison Hemlock to such a degree that I would never take the chance, even knowing, as I do, the identifying steps to sort them out. The Cow Parsnip has large maple-like leaves, making it easier to identify, but Angelica is too close to leaf-bearing Water Hemlock to take a chance. And several sources point out that even properly identified and prepared, the Cow Parsnip is still "not necessarily tasty when cooked." Be content to buy your caraway seeds, carrots and parsnips at the market.

There are many pretty and harmless Umbellifers in our neck of the woods, including Sweet Cicely, Dwarf Ginseng, and even Yarrow, along with the Lomatiums and others. Enjoy them from a distance, but unless you are a true expert, please don't take chances. That's the reason for this column today, to give you a "head's up", especially when hiking with youngsters, outsiders or those unfamiliar with our plantlife.

It takes a lot of time and study to know the dangers of supposedly edible plants. If you're serious about learning, take up this study. A great helper to me has been Peterson's "A Field Guide to Edible

Wild Plants". While pointing out with great detail, the features of poison and edible Umbellifers alike, it wisely states: "Because of the risks involved in a misidentification, beginners should make no attempt to use the species (listed)."

### Moved by the Mountains and Their People

**Continues from page 6**

an environment such as wilderness while creating a piece improves your finished creation, whatever it may be," said Joe. They were interested in the interaction between art and the FSPW efforts. "It's a double positive," said Joe. "The artists get to have these wonderful experiences and make money selling their art, while also advocating for the wilderness they love."

The group hopes to enter this film in the Banff Film Festival. Now they will begin fundraising to pay off trip expenses and upgrade their editing software, for the complex task of editing the raw footage into compelling stories.

"Not many people in the northeast know about Scotchman Peaks," Joe continues. "But they might have something they believe in. FSPW took ideas from many individuals locally, and are working through a delicate process, involving several counties, two states, and federal land. It's an effort of people who are deeply rooted in their community, caring about what they're doing. Some of them are camera shy, or have difficulty conveying with words why the Peaks are important to them, but they care. Family ties with the land, enjoyment of the outdoors, hunting, art and wildlife protection are some of the reasons why. This genuine concern has been given a face by the FSPW work and will become the compelling story that we can all learn from."





## Trail Talk

By Sandy Compton

When most of us think of going to Star Peak, with its lookout perched high above the Clark Fork River at the south end of the Scotchman Peaks, we generally associate it with Big Eddy Trail #996, which runs half its length up an old road before taking off into the timber on a single tread that winds back and forth through lodgepole and subalpine fir to the top. However, there is more than one way to the top of Star Peak. In fact, there are four separate and distinct approaches to the lookout cabin, and two of them begin from our trail for this issue, Dry Creek Trail #1020.

Trail #1020 begins at Dry Creek Road #1118, near its intersection with Montana Highway 56 (the Bull River Highway) about 12 miles north of Montana Highway 200. "Near" is the operative word. There is a parking area just off the highway on the north side of Road #1118, and the trail is easily found immediately across the road. First of all, there is a Forest Service sign declaring it such, and then, as it is for most of its length, Trail #1020 reveals itself as a classic Forest Service trail, one of those ten-foot-wide clearings through the woods with a single track meandering up the middle of it. It was built for pack strings with wide loads, including big rolls of old-fashioned single-wire phone line, crates of supplies, and an entire "lookout-in-a-box," which is how the Star Peak lookout cabin was delivered. Lookout cabins and towers built in the 1920s and 30s were often "kits" built to common specifications and hauled by mule train to the high country for on-site assembly.

In its 4.5 mile length, Trail #1020 runs through stretches of dark, climax cedar forest with thick, sky-blocking overstory; open, rocky hillsides of Douglas fir and lodgepole habitat and portions of dog-hair-thick "regen." It wends up and down at the edge of the proposed wilderness along the bottom of the mountains on the west side of the Bull River, just outside the boundaries of a number of privately-held pieces. On a Forest Map, you will see these private lands along this section of the river laid out with all sorts of odd angles and irregular configurations, indicating that these were once homesteads. Look for survey markers along the way, and you may find one with the letters "HES" stamped into it, which stands for "Homestead Entry Survey."

Trail #1020 runs south from the Dry Creek Road to Napoleon Gulch Trail # 1035, passing along the way junctions with Hamilton Gulch Trail #1019 and Star Gulch Trail #1016. The trail on the map terminates at Napoleon Gulch, but back when the Cabinet National Forest was young and there was a guard station where the South Fork of Bull River joined the main stem, I would surmise that the trail continued south along the river and led eventually across it to the log house that Granville Gordon built as the station in 1907.

It was Gordon who also built the stone house as a lookout shelter on what was then Squaw Peak, now Star Peak, and his access from the East Fork station would have probably been

Napoleon Gulch Trail # 1035 or Star Gulch Trail #1016.

Trail #1020 is an ideal "starter" trail for hikers six and older. The terrain is varied and challenging enough to keep kids and adults interested without wearing them out in the first few minutes. The rise and fall of the trail is compelling, yet rates easy to moderate on the exertion table. The trail is flat as far as a dewatered crossing of Dry Creek at about one-half mile, then climbs onto the shoulder of the ridge between Dry Creek and Hamilton Gulch. At about a mile and a quarter, it crosses Hamilton Creek, and then Trail #1019, a tread to the right at about 1.5 miles.

The trail then climbs up onto a rocky hillside with the tread cut into the rock and views of the Bull River below before descending again into a cedar forest to cross Star Creek and reach the junction with Trail #1016. Caution: The trail takes a hard left when it reaches Star Creek and goes a hundred yards or so downstream before crossing, and the tread has been stream eroded, so it might appear that the trail just ends. Look downstream and you will find it.

Both Star Creek and Hamilton Creek dewater in the summer, so the crossings are dry, but if you listen, you may hear water running just upstream of the Hamilton crossing. Star Creek may also have water in it about a quarter mile upstream of the junction with #1016.

After intersecting #1016, #1020 continues another mile or so though similarly varied terrain to Napoleon Gulch, where Trail #1035 begins up toward Pillick Ridge Trail #1036, which also leads to Star Peak. The Napoleon Gulch trail rises quickly through a series of

switchbacks near the bottom.

As an added bonus this year, the Forest Service sent a trail crew the full length of #1020, so the tread is clear of blowdowns and in very good shape. A round trip from Dry Creek Road to Napoleon Gulch and back is nine miles. Turn back at Star Gulch, and it's a six-mile hike. Go back at the Hamilton Gulch trail and it's a three-miler.

Take water, especially in late summer or fall, and please respect the private land east of the trail. Have a great walk in the woods on Trail #1020.



***This single-wire phone line and insulator embedded in a lodgepole pine along the Star Gulch trail is a clue that Dry Creek Trail #1020 was once a main access route to Star Peak lookout.***

***Photo by Sandy Compton***





## Along the Trail

**July 3 and 4:** Using the theme "Will Work For Wilderness," Friends in Bonner and Sanders Counties marched in local parades at Clark Fork, Sandpoint, Heron and Noxon.

**July 7 - 17:** Film students Jake Glass, Matt Stauble and Joe Foster from Muhlenberg College in Allentown, Pennsylvania, shot hours of video and thousands of still shots in the interest of making a documentary film about Friends of Scotchman Peaks Wilderness and the wild area. They were hosted by Sandy Compton.

**July 9 - 13:** Extreme Pleinair 2010 – Eight hikers traveled into the upper reaches of Ross and Blue Creeks for 5 days and 4 nights of backcountry adventure and art. The group included including the film crew from Muhlenberg; plein air painters Jared Shear (Thompson Falls) and Aaron Johnson (Moscow, Idaho); sculptor David Herbold (Moscow), Jared and Leslie Haas (Thompson Falls) and FSPW program coordinator Sandy Compton. Neil and Ann Wimberley accompanied the hikers into the South Fork of Ross Creek on the first day.

**July 10:** Five FSPW volunteers (Jacob Styer, Jake Ostman, Jim Doudna, Lindsey Larson and Kim Givler) and USFS recreation specialist Joel Sather from the Cabinet Ranger District cleared blowdowns, built waterbars and rebuilt tread over the entire length of Big Eddy Trail #998 to the Star Peak Lookout.

**July 20:** FSPW program coordinator Sandy Compton presented at the Ponderay Rotary club. Ten new Friends signed up.

**July 24 & 25:** Four FSPW volunteers (Jim and Sandii Mellen, Jane Hoover and Sandy Compton) overnighted at Star Peak, and worked on Pillick Ridge Trail #1036 clearing rocks and blowdowns as well as building waterbars.

**July 31:** FSPW had a table at the Yaak Wilderness Festival, hosted by Turner Mountain Ski Area northwest of Libby.

**August 13 - 15:** FSPW Volunteers marched in the Huckleberry Festival Parade in Trout Creek, and then, led by volunteer Ernie Scherzer, worked at an FSPW table at the Huckleberry Festival. FSPW board member Doug Ferrell sold our famous \$5 t-shirts at the fire department breakfast.

**August 16:** Program coordinator Sandy Compton tabled at the Clark Fork Senior Center during the showing of "Ordeal By Fire," a new documentary about the 1910 fire.

**August 24 - 29:** FSPW volunteers manned a booth at Bonner County Fair.



**FSPW & the Kougat Creek Band played crowd pleasing patriotic songs while marching behind a flag decked float, winning the Best Adult Group trophy at the Clark Fork 4th of July parade. Photo by Neil Wimberley**

## Cinnabar Foundation Challenge grant doubles your donation dollars.

For the fifth consecutive year the Friends of Scotchman Peaks Wilderness has received a challenge grant from the Cinnabar Foundation. This is an opportunity to double your donation to Friends of Scotchman Peaks Wilderness effortlessly by earmarking your gift as part of the match for the challenge grant, which FSPW received in mid-June. The challenge from Cinnabar is in the amount of \$4,000.

As of the 15th of August, we have received \$1250 in donations from several individuals.

Through your individual contributions, we have met the Cinnabar challenge in each of the last four years. No matter how large or small, each makes a big difference; any amount helps. In fact, small contributions from a large number of people not only spreads the support around, it helps to show that a large community is actively involved and supports the designation of the Scotchman Peaks as Wilderness.

We would like to raise this money by October 1st, but the sooner

we reach our goal of \$4,000 in individual contributions, the sooner we will benefit from Cinnabar's match – so, don't delay! Your contribution will help us protect the Scotchman Peaks for our families, for tomorrow.

Visit [www.ScotchmanPeaks.org](http://www.ScotchmanPeaks.org) to monitor our progress in achieving this matching grant, and watch our goat climb that mountain!

The Cinnabar Foundation, Montana's own home-grown conservation fund, was created over 25 years ago by Len and Sandy Sargent, both of whom passed away in 1997. In their memory and at their wishes, the Foundation awards grants to groups like ours, crusading to protect Montana and the Greater Yellowstone ecosystem. The Sargent legacy lives through the work that we are doing, and we believe they would be proud of our efforts to protect the Scotchmans.



## Scotchman Peaks Paint Out and Extreme Plein Air Artists Will Show at Outskirts Gallery September 26.

A building that plays prominently in the Friends' efforts sits next to the old school in East Hope. The Hope Market Place has, first of all, a spectacular setting. The Strong Creek drainage looms to the north, and the view from the front patio is the extended southern arm of Pend Oreille Lake reaching toward Bayview some 40 miles away. The place also has over 100 years of history as a place of business. (See article on page 4) It might be remembered as the Hi-Hopes Market, Butler's One-Stop or Butler's Tourist Camp, depending on the generation you are part of. Now, as the Market Place, it houses a café, a new fair trade store, and Kally Thurmon's Outskirts Gallery.

Kally is one of the main players in the annual "Paint the Scotchmans" Plein Air Event, and even has a section of Outskirts dedicated to Scotchmans art from the past two years. This year, the Outskirts will be the exclusive venue for the upcoming third annual Scotchman Peaks Paint Out, scheduled for September 23-26.

Forty painters have been invited to participate in this year's

Paint Out, during which they will disburse themselves around and into the proposed wilderness for on-site creations inspired by the grandeur of the Scotchman Peaks.

After a day of painting, (and a night of furiously getting ready to display the work of the day), the artists and their work will be feted at an artists' reception and showing in the Outskirts Gallery on Sunday afternoon, September 26. Beginning at noon until 3:00 pm.

Also presented for the first time will be works by accomplished painters Aaron Johnson and Jared Shear during the July 9 through 13 Extreme Plein Air, the second such artist's backpack trip into the Scotchmans (For more on the Extreme Plein Air, see "Film Crew," on page 6).

The public is invited and encouraged to come see this tremendous show on September 26, and to visit the Scotchman Peaks plein air art on display at the Outskirts Gallery, 208-264-5696. They are open daily from 9:00 am to 3:00 pm, Tuesday through Sunday.

## The Great Journey South

By Jonathan Isacoff, PhD

September and October bring the end of summer and the peak of migration for all types of birds in the Inland Northwest and Scotchman Peaks regions. The arrival of thousands of Geese, Ducks, Swans, and other waterfowl from the Arctic and Canadian Boreal regions brings great excitement. If water is low in the sloughs of Northern Lake Pend Oreille, exposed mud can attract rare arctic shorebirds. But late summer/early fall bring in the notorious "unstable transitional weather" systems, which can mean, clouds, rain, sleet, hail, and even snow. Sometimes that perfect birding weekend you planned becomes a washout, literally and figuratively.

As fisherman would put it: "what's biting" at this time of year? The majority of migrant songbirds will have exited the region during August, but keep your eyes out for late lingerers such as: House Wrens; Hammond's Flycatchers; Vireos; and Orange-crowned and Wilson's Warblers. This is a great time to see one of the most colorful forest breeders – the Western Tanager – in odd places, as they move out of the uplands; perhaps even to your yard!

In September, two species will come through the Scotchman's region in huge numbers. White-crowned Sparrows will move through in flocks ranging from 10 to 100 birds. With them, look for smaller numbers of Lincoln's and Fox Sparrows, and if really lucky, the more rare Golden-crowned and White-throated Sparrows. The former are a Pacific maritime breeder and the

latter a Midwestern and Eastern breeder, but they will often "hook up" with migrating flocks of White-crowned's in the Canadian Rockies where their ranges overlap.

September is also the time of the Yellow-rumped Warbler. If you're seeking the brilliant black, white, and yellow breeding birds of spring, don't! Hundreds of thousands of female and juvenile birds from Canada will come down, mostly tannish-brown with just splashes of dull yellow here and there. This is the most abundant Warbler in North America, with an estimated population of approximately 20 million and the September migration through the Scotchmans will show you why. During the breeding season, Yellow-rumps (sometimes called "butter butts") are in proportion to the other local breeding Warblers. But in migration, they outnumber all others combined by roughly 50:1. The trick is to pick

out the other species of Warblers sprinkled throughout the massive Yellow-rump flocks.

In October, other birds, both familiar and less familiar, will move through the region. While no one reading this could fail to identify an American Robin, in October you can see flocks ranging from 100 to 1,000 individuals coming through from Canada, ravenously attacking any type of berry tree they can find. Unlike our "Robins of Spring" pulling worms from the grass, these Robins will be in the trees and though quite noisy, they won't pose for those Kodak moments like the Spring Robins do. So enjoy the last days of warmth and summer birds; they end quickly with the first snow!



**Yellow Rumped Warbler.** Photo by Randy Beachum [www.agpix.com/beachum](http://www.agpix.com/beachum)





## While the Cat's Away . . .

Our executive director is gone. Hiking, as a matter of fact. Phil is – along with his partner Deb, the Walking Carrot – somewhere in Colorado right now, hiking north toward Wyoming, which they will walk through most of along the Continental Divide Trail. When they reach Dubois, a small town in big country about 80 miles south of Montana, they will be nearly done with their three-year trip on the CDT. Nearly. There will still be the small matter of 35 miles through Glacier to the Canadian border; a chunk of the CDT they missed two years ago because of too much snow. After a road trip from Dubois to Glacier, they will finish what will be in total a 3100-mile trip from Mexico to Canada.

With Phil distracted, of course, I've also been gone. Hiking, as a matter of fact. I've not put in near the miles that Phil and Deb have (they hike 17 to 20 miles a day – on my 110-mile sojourn with them two years ago, I earned the trail name "Anchor"), but I've been out, and that feels very, very good.

Hiking the CDT is an epic adventure. Hiking in the Scotchmans is an adventure in an epoch, though it's kind of hard to tell which one. I suppose it depends on which layer of rock I'm standing on, and what was the last thing that happened to it before the ice opened in up during the Pleistocene, just a mere nanosecond ago (ending 11,000 years ago) on the old geological clock. Between then and the Furongian or Lower Cambrian — which began about half a billion years ago (OK, 542 million years, if you want to be picky) – one heck of a lot has happened to those local rocks of ours. They have been slowly but steadily raised from being horizontal toward being vertical. In another half billion years or so, they could be standing nearly on edge, plus they will probably be several hundred miles east of where they are now. I think. Plate tectonics are not my strong point.

My point is that this "small" spot in our world (88,000 acres is only about 137 square miles, compared to 147,046 square miles in Montana and 83,574 in Idaho) is layers deep in time and beauty, an incredibly complex and lovely "microcosm" of a wild planet that has ceased to exist except in places like the Scotchmans.

Some wonder why we wish to save it, set it aside, keep it apart from our civilizing influences. I for one, am selfish. In 10 years, when I am right on the edge of being too old to anymore, I want to walk right to the edge of that place and be able to step into another time, perhaps not the Pleistocene, and certainly not the Furongian, but maybe the middle Holocene, an earlier part of that epoch we are living in now. I wish to be able to ramble through the epochs, eras, periods and ages represented in the stone walls of the Scotchmans without being interrupted by a line cut through them to accommodate the internal combustion machine – an invention that is only 1/100th as old at the Holocene, and doesn't even show up on the calendar if we consider the Furongian.

Humans have been walking for a lot longer than they ever rode in or on anything. Homo erectus never rode anything in 1.3 million years on the planet. Homo sapiens have been around for 200,000 years; and, for the first 194,000, give or take a few centuries – before we domesticated the horse - we walked everywhere we went. And, we went everywhere. From out of Africa to every inhabitable place on the planet.

If nothing else, wilderness will remind us how to walk. And, how to be nomads, an existence we clung to until about the same time we got a horse to stand still long enough get on.

For 99.99999 percent of our histories as a species recognizable as human, then, we lived in wilderness. Every day. Every moment. Yet in our rush

to acquiesce to technology, we have lost an overwhelming amount of wilderness. Since the invention of the gasoline engine, wilderness in the United States continent has been reduced by over 90 percent. In the United States today, only about 5% of land is protected at wilderness, and only 2.7% of the lower 48 is protected.

How can we as a species turn our back so resolutely on what was our home for longer – much longer – than the Scotchmans have been the Scotchmans?

I can't. Won't. I will always wish to be walking into it. And, I will wish that right and responsibility for children, grandchildren, great grandchildren ad infinitum, all the way into the next epoch, which isn't due for another couple of thousand years.

Phil and Deb will be back in September, and I will put the tent away sometime in October, I suppose. I'm not much on winter camping – yet. Maybe the wilderness can change my mind on that. It has caused me, often, to see things more clearly – time and our place in it, for instance. And, the future I wish for myself and those who come after me. There is a place for wilderness in the coming time, and the time to help assure that is today. Whatever day it is.

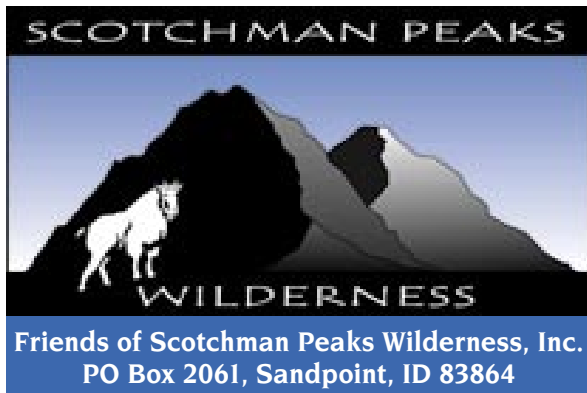
**Sandy Compton**

*Program Coordinator, FSPW*



## Get Ready for Fall in Our Scotchman's Gear

Hats are still only \$10 in light blue, red, black or beige. Bandanas are available in orange, hot pink, light blue, green and bright yellow at \$3 or two for \$5. Try our long sleeved T's for \$15, short sleeved T's for \$10 or our bargain shirts for \$5. Our sweats (\$30) and hoodies (\$35) are perfect second layers. Pick up your Scotchman gear at The Hope MarketPlace in Hope, Café Bodega, Eichardt's, Outdoor Experience, or Sandpoint Sports in Sandpoint, ID, Mountain Meadows in Libby, MT, or Huckleberry Thicket in Trout Creek, MT. Out of the area, contact [jimnsandii@gmail.com](mailto:jimnsandii@gmail.com). Other Scotchman merchandise is available in our online store run by Café Press at [www.scotchmanpeaks.org/store/html](http://www.scotchmanpeaks.org/store/html).



## 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: \_\_\_\_\_

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☐ 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.

## Board Members & Staff:

### CHAIR/EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR:

Phil Hough, *Sagle, ID*  
(208) 946-9127  
[phil@scotchmanpeaks.org](mailto:phil@scotchmanpeaks.org)

### VICE-CHAIRMAN & MONTANA DIRECTOR:

Doug Ferrell, *Trout Creek, MT*  
(406) 827-4341  
[doug@scotchmanpeaks.org](mailto:doug@scotchmanpeaks.org)

VICE-CHAIRMAN &  
IDAHO DIRECTOR:  
Carol Jenkins, *Sagle, ID*  
(208) 265-9204  
[carol@scotchmanpeaks.org](mailto:carol@scotchmanpeaks.org)

SECRETARY:  
Sarah Lundstrum, *Whitefish, MT*  
(406) 755-6304  
[sarah@scotchmanpeaks.org](mailto:sarah@scotchmanpeaks.org)

### TREASURER:

Jacob Styer, *Sandpoint, ID*  
(828) 989-8095  
[jacob@scotchmanpeaks.org](mailto:jacob@scotchmanpeaks.org)

EAST BONNER COUNTY  
DIRECTOR:  
Neil Wimberley, *Hope, ID*  
(208) 264-5379  
[neil@scotchmanpeaks.org](mailto:neil@scotchmanpeaks.org)

Bill Martin, *Troy, MT*  
(406) 295-5258  
Will Valentine, *Sagle, ID*  
(208) 255-1114  
[will@scotchmanpeaks.org](mailto:will@scotchmanpeaks.org)

PROGRAM COORDINATOR:  
Sandy Compton, *Heron, MT*  
(208) 290-1281  
[sandy@scotchmanpeaks.org](mailto:sandy@scotchmanpeaks.org)

NEWSLETTER EDITOR:  
Ann Wimberley, *Hope, ID*  
(208) 264-5379 [ann@scotchmanpeaks.org](mailto:ann@scotchmanpeaks.org)