

Then we carefully checked to see that the firefinder, stove, and metal cots were properly grounded and made sure the lightning rods on the roof were still attached to the 3/8 inch copper ground wire running down an outside corner and several yards away from the lookout onto the rocky mountaintop. We'd been impressed by the live report from one of the lookouts packed in the week before. He & the mule train had arrived shortly before a thunderstorm moved in. The muleskinner had unloaded in record time so he could high-tail it back down the mountain. The lookout took shelter after schlepping only a couple of boxes inside. When the lightning began to hit the building, he discovered right off that SOMETHING was not grounded properly and spent the remainder of the storm dodging the fireworks leaping between the firefinder and stove.

Our 14x14 summer home, even with about five square feet carved smack out of the middle of it for the Osborne Firefinder did not feel cramped. Once we cleaned those four walls of windows from ceiling to two-foot-high sills, the dimensions were more like 60 miles north by 30 miles south by 150 miles east by 50 miles west. On a clear day, looking eastward past the privy thirty yards along the path, we could see the Sweetwater Hills in North Dakota across the plains beyond the Swiftcurrent Valley below. The Continental Divide stretched from Logan Pass in the south and northward into Canada. To the west, snowy Heaven's Peak dominated the view across a precipitous valley and was framed by ridges disappearing into the distance.

Furniture consisted of two spring cots, an apartment-sized propane stove, a dinky table and a couple of chairs and bedside orange crates, all distributed around the perimeter. My cot was along the north side. The first few mornings when I awoke and sat up, the 2300 foot drop-off five or six feet from the lookout was a real eye-opener!

That first summer we took a full 360 degrees of color slides and viewed them often over the winter. The second summer, we were overwhelmed all over again by the breathtaking vastness of the "VU" from Swiftcurrent Lookout.

Helen Hanselmann

A Thank You to Paws Patrol

Shadow and I want to thank the volunteers from Paws Patrol, Sharon and Thom Booker, who took such good care of us while our P.M. (personal maid) was at the rehab center at St. Mary's Hospital. They came every day. They fed us and took time to talk to us and play with us. We found two very warm and comfortable laps to cuddle in. Of course, we missed our P.M.. But they told us how she was doing and showed our photos to their staff. I bet many cat stories were told. Sharon and Thom are dedicated cat lovers. It was evident in their wonderful care of us.

Paws Patrol is a local non-profit organization founded in 2006 by a committee of qualified animal rescuers. Their mission is to reduce the feral cat overpopulation by their Trap, Neuter, Release program, which manages feral cat colonies. This also includes a barn relocation program when feral cats need to be relocated. Sometimes feral cats that are picked up turn out to be abandoned domestic cats and volunteers foster them to be socialized until they are ready for adoption. Sometimes litters of feral kittens are found and rescued, and fostered by volunteers who care for them until they are old enough to be adopted. Paws Patrol provides the medical care and rehabilitation needed for rescued cats and also offers free adoptable cats and kittens to qualified seniors and disabled individuals.

Shadow and I thank all the volunteers for the work they do to help us cats.

*Sable
(Marge Gloyd)*

