



Marshall Magruder
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August 16, 2001

2001 AUG 22 A 11:42

Docket Control
Arizona Corporate Commission
1200 Washington Street
Phoenix, AZ 85007

AZ CORP COMMISSION
DOCUMENT CONTROL

Subject: Additional Information for the Power Plant and Transmission Line Siting Committee, Case No. 111

Reference: (a) "Motion to Intervene in the Joint Application of Tucson Electric Company and Citizens Communications Company for a Certificate of Environmental Compatibility for a proposed 345 kV Transmission Line System ... to the International Border" by Marshall Magruder and Lucy Magruder of March 17, 2001.

DOCKET Nos. Case No. 111

L-00000C-01-0111 (for Tucson Electric Company)

L-00000F-01-0111 (for Citizens Communications Company)

This letter provides 1 document for the Power Plant and Transmission Line Siting Committee, the applicants, and the parties in Case 111.

1. *The CONNECTION*, August 2001, vol. 18, no. 9, with the following articles relevant to this Case:

- a. "Arivaca Yesterdays – Bear Valley" (pages 1 to 3) by Mary Noon Kasulaitis, which provides a history of Bear Valley and potential affects of the proposed TEP transmission lines with several photographs including several of Bear Valley-Sycamore Canyon as this month's history column.
- b. "Backcountry Almanac" (page 5) by Meg Keoppen which discusses why this valley and what it means to the author.
- c. "Desert Homestead – Transmission Line Update" (page 6) by Barton Santello provides and updates information about the various transmission line projects for readers and informs them how to obtain additional information.
- d. "Portraits of the Past" by Don Garate, Interpretive Specialist/Historian at Tumacacori National Historical Park (page 13) provides a map and listing of O'odham Rancherias of the Upper Santa Cruz River Valley and the impacts of transmission lines on these historic and pre-historic sites.
- e. "On to the Birders' Beat" by Bill and Connie Sparks (page 15) is the monthly update column on birding in the Arivaca Valley, a favorite column by all.
- f. "Library News" by Mary Kasulaitis (page 18) which provides information about access to TEP and PNM maps and documents at the Arivaca Library.

Request Docket Control provide the above document to the Power Plant and Transmission Line Siting Committee, applicants and parties.

Arizona Corporation Commission

DOCKETED

AUG 22 2001

Sincerely

Marshall Magruder

(520)398-8587 or (520)398-8200, Email Marshall@Magruder.org

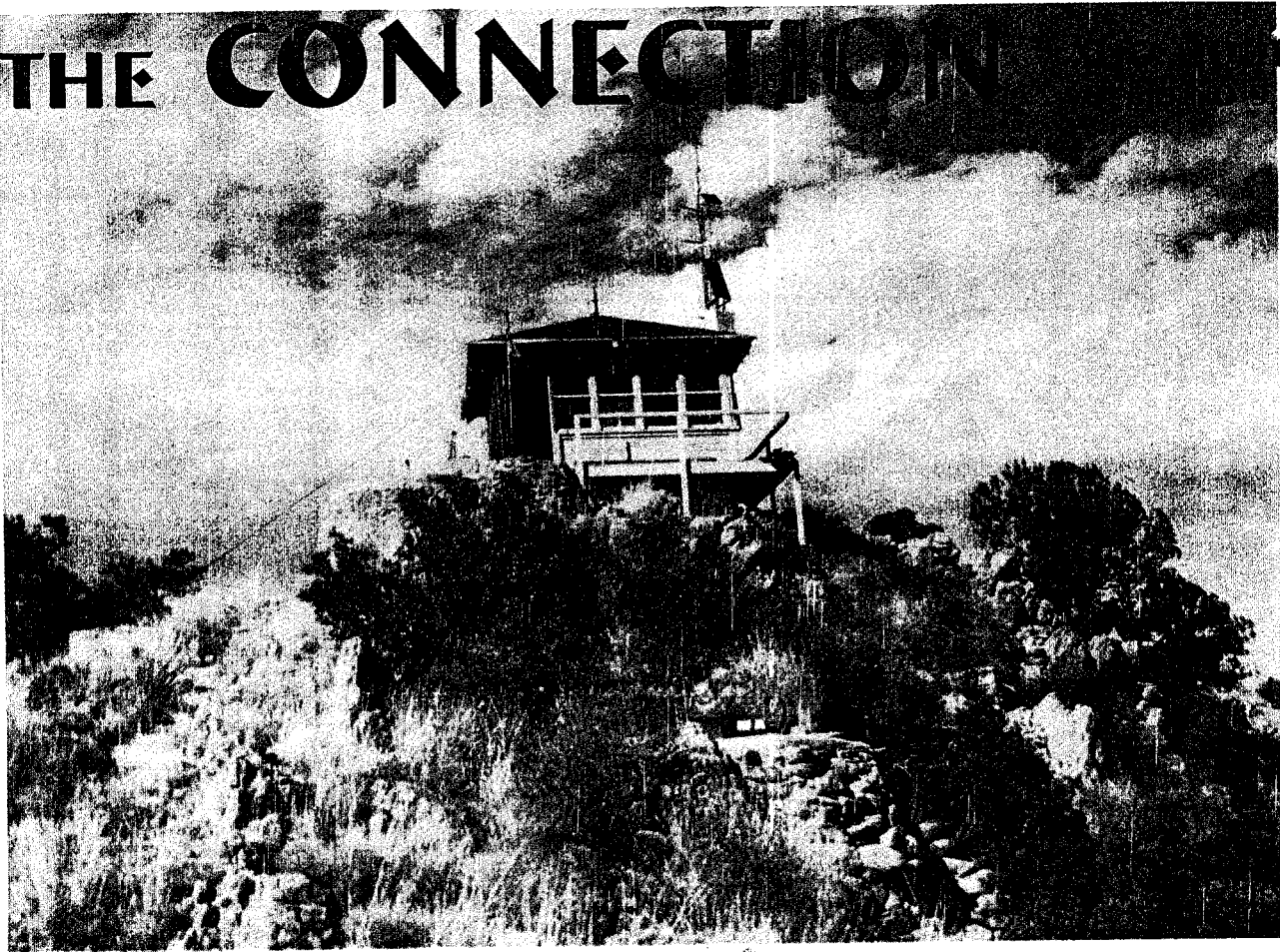
cc: SHPO (Matthew Bilsbarrow), Tumacacori National Historical Park (Don Garate), Tubac Presidio State Historic Park (Terri Leverton), Mary Noon Kasulaitis

Marshall Magruder

02

DOCKETED BY	
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THE CONNECTION



by Mary Noon Kasulaitis

ARIVACA YESTERDAYS

BEAR VALLEY

Bear Valley—its isolation is an integral part of its character. In the old days and now, it is hard to get to, but well worth the trip. Over on the west side of the Atascosa Mountains west of Nogales lies a unique and beautiful valley adjoining a rugged canyon lined by rock spires. Exploiting its beauty in the interest of tourism is not my intent, but today it stands to lose much of its charm to an invasion of power lines installed in the interest of Tucson Electric Power, which is planning to construct a transmission line into Mexico and has chosen Bear Valley as its preferred route.

Bear Valley is an extraordinary place, extending from Apache Pass in the north, down to Sycamore Canyon and then southeast to Bear Valley Ranch, which faces the craggy ridges of the Pajarito Mountains on the Mexican border. It may best be viewed as you come east from Ruby, up and over the hills. The panorama of the Atascosa Mountains, Hell's Gate and Bartolo Mountain on the north is breathtaking. Keep looking as you go along the knife-edged ridge that slopes off into Sycamore Canyon, but your driver should be someone who can resist a view. This is an old trail to Oro Blanco from Nogales, through Peña Blanca, and the road is little more than a trail today. Before there was a Nogales, another trail went through Hell's Gate and Peck Canyon to Calabasas. Perhaps Father Kino took that trail when he first came north. Once upon a time there were black bears in Bear Valley, hence the name.

Permanent water is what attracted people to the area. The first known Anglo settler in the area was John "Yank" Bartlett, who came to Arizona in 1869, along with Henry "Hank" Hewitt. Yank's son Johnny told Forest Ranger Roscoe G. Willson this story: "Yank had been a scout with Gen George Crook in the Apache warfare but tiring of that uncertain life had decided to start a horse and cattle ranch on which to spend his declining years. He had talked the idea over with his friend, Hank Hewitt and Hank was all for it. 'Go ahead, Yank,' he said, 'and when you find a likely spot I'll join

you.' Yank knew just the spot. He had been prospecting in the Pajaritos with the famous Pete Kitchen a year or two previously and Peter had said: then: 'If I didn't already have my Potrero ranch built up I'd locate in Bear Valley myself...In Bear Valley, he told Yank, 'you'll be about as safe from Indians as any place I know of. There ain't no place real safe from 'em, but they don't often get that far west.' So in the early 1870s, Yank located in Bear Valley and sent for Hank to join him.

Yank himself was a small man and a fearless Indian fighter. But Hank was a husky 6-footer with a reputation for great physical strength, hardiness and bravery. Yank needed Hank and together they made a competent team for the pioneering venture. Hank soon arrived and they built a comfortable adobe cabin and corral at what is known to this day as the Hank and Yank Spring, in Bear Valley, about five miles from the Mexican border. They soon stocked up with cattle and began to breed a few horses...Yank married a Mexican girl and soon acquired a home in...Arivaca, where his wife and children spent most of their time.

Ranchers and wayfarers from Mexico occasionally passed by the Bear Valley ranch, and Yank noticed that some of them cast a covetous eye on their fine horses. "We'll get raided by Apaches or renegade Mexicans on account of those horses," Yank told Hank one day...Sure enough, the raid came..."

Yank had arranged for a horse dealer to come out from Tucson and view a few head of horses that they had for sale. He, Hank, and Virgilio Martinez, a cowboy, gathered the horses into a corral. During the gathering, a couple of Mexicans came by and had a few words with Martinez. Roscoe continued: "That evening as they sat in the house, talking desultorily in the glow of the fireplace, shadowy figures crept up

toward the building...They were the two Mexicans...Each was armed with a rifle and pistol...After peering into the firelit interior of the house and seeing only Yank and Virgilio, the leader concluded that Hank was not there, having seen him ride off westward earlier in the day...But they were mistaken. Hank, "el grandote," had circled back from the Oro Blanco trail in the dusk, unsaddled behind the house and was then seated in a dark nook beside the fireplace.

Hank had just finished cleaning his six-shooter, reloading it and was holding it in his hand when rifle shots suddenly came from outside. Martinez fell off his bench with a bullet through his brain and Yank sprawled on the floor with blood running down his face. Hank edged more closely into the dark nook and waited...In a moment the leader appeared in the doorway...The two men they had shot from through the window lay on the floor apparently dead. The leader...satisfied that the only occupants of the cabin were dead...leaned his rifle against the table...Hank put a shot through the leader's brain and before he hit the floor, brought down the other hombre so quickly that neither had time to discharge his gun...

Hank saw at once that Virgilio was dead, but to his surprise, as he went toward him, Yank rolled over, sat up and wiped at the blood running into his eyes..."Why," Hank said as he finished washing off Yank's face and head, 'there ain't no bullet hole in your head. You was just creased, that's all.'

Yank looked around and saw the two bandits' bodies on the floor, and that of Virgilio. The sight stunned him for a moment, and then he said, 'There ain't nothin' like havin' a shootin' sonofagun for a partner, Hank, it's too bad they got Virgilio, but they sure paid for killing him.'

It was Yank's son Johnny, who was the hero of another close call for Yank. That time, in 1886, homesteader Phil Shanahan was killed by some of Geronimo's band in one of their last raids. That is a well-known story and one that has been told before in this column.

Continued on Page 2

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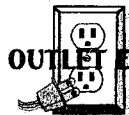
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BEAR VALLEY CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Yank gave up or lost his Bear Valley ranch, possibly in the wake of this sad experience, but he stayed in the area and continued mining in the vicinity of California Gulch. It was there in 1905 that he was killed, on a runaway ore wagon on steep Monarch Hill, on what he had said would be his last trip out.

In the late 1870s mining and prospecting was beginning to pick up in the Oro Blanco and Pajarito mining districts and people were moving into the area. The trails through Peña Blanca canyon and Peck Canyon were being used to get from Calabasas and the Santa Cruz valley to the mining camps. Alonzo Noon and his wife Annie built a home in Peña Blanca canyon, which came to be called Noonville. A Post Office was established there but for only two years, after which they moved back closer to Oro Blanco. John J. Noon had located the St Patrick mine in the same area and made a little money, after which he moved to Nogales. The Pajarito district did not have as large a mineralized area as the Oro Blanco, which has had extensive but small-scale mining over the years.

Bear Valley Ranch then fell into the hands of John W. Bogan, who was partners in the Arivaca Land and Cattle Company. He stocked it with cattle and horses in 1887; just about the time he was married. It is said that he and Nonie Bernard were run out of business by mountain lions. "They tried bellling the colts, but when the lions decided the bells were harmless, things got worse. The lions hunted the colts by the sound of the bells." Bogan did not live at remote Bear Valley, but kept cowboys there. In the days of open range, cattle belonging to Alonzo Noon and Billy Marteny also ran in this part of the world. In 1903, Alonzo Noon found that half of his cattle were lost to rustlers from Mexico, a fact of life in this part of the country, but it devastated him. In his diary, Marteny describes numerous visits to round up cattle in the corrals in Bear Valley. Working in this rough country wore him out and he sold to Phil Clarke in 1919, moving to flatter land in the Altar Valley. In 1906 everything had changed when the Tumacacori Forest Reserve was created. Grazing allotments were determined in 1908, fencing pastures and dividing up what had been public domain. Bear Valley Ranch remained in the Arivaca Land and Cattle Company until the 1930s when the Chiricahua Cattle Company, owned by the Boice family, bought it. They held onto it for a few years and then sold to Roy Place. His son, Meade, managed it through the 1950s. Jackie Parker, then married to Meade, remembers it as a glorious place, perfect for raising children. She loved the isolation and natural beauty of the canyons and mountains. In the early 60s, the Claude Hensons bought it from the Place family and owned it until 1968 when they sold it to the Tatums. Bear Valley Ranch has been owned by the Tommy Bell family since the early 1980s. To this day, the ranch does not have electricity (except by generators), so there are no existing poles.

It was in the 1940s and 50s that Sycamore Canyon became known to Leslie N. Goodding, a noted Arizona botanist. Rainfall on the hills and ridges, from Mule Ridge to Apache Pass and the west side of the Atascosas is funneled down into Sycamore Canyon wherein it is channeled into a narrow canyon whose character is most unusual. Geologically it is interesting, but botanically it is unparalleled. Some plants are extremely rare, going beyond just endangered.

Recognizing this, Goodding began an effort to preserve it. The Forest Service's multiple use policy had allowed cattle to water at Yank's Spring, Christmas tree logging by Ruby residents in the watershed above, and prospecting of any possible mineralized outcrop. Goodding had catalogued the rare plants and noted the unusual animals and feared for their loss. Calling it "A Hidden Botanical Garden," he began a campaign that

took him everywhere, even into ladies clubs. One asked him, "Why bother about this canyon since it is so rough that nothing can happen to it?" This was Goodding's reply, and it still holds true today as Sycamore Canyon faces the possibility of TEP's watershed-damaging power lines: "Let it be said in the beginning that preservation is far superior to restoration. Too frequently rare species of plants and animals as well as geological and archaeological remains are sacrificed in the name of progress...There is a place for industry, but there should also be certain spots where we may witness the works of nature unspoiled. For several reasons, Sycamore Canyon is one of these spots."

The Forest Service finally agreed with him, and established the Goodding Research Natural Area (545 acres) in 1970. A few years later, in 1984, in recognition of the still roadless and wild nature of the area surrounding Sycamore Canyon, the Pajarito Wilderness was established which increased the protected area to 7420 acres and removed it from grazing and mining. Now it seems there is another threat to the scenic beauty of Bear Valley, and it comes in the guise of comfort for the rest of us. Electricity is the lifeblood of the community, says TEP, so it must become available. Since there are no protesting residents on the west side of the Tumacacoris, TEP has chosen to place their preferred route for the power line down the unspoiled and undeveloped west-side foothills of the Tumacacoris. It will go through Apache Pass and down into Bear Valley, swinging around the entrance to Sycamore Canyon and along the Ruby road over the Atascosas to Peña Blanca. Those glorious views will be marred by the power line.

But views are not the only issue. Damage to the watershed of Sycamore Canyon by roads created by the power line builders is a bigger threat. We all know from experience that these roads will not go away. The right-of-way under the power line will become well-traveled by all of us who have desired to reach all the lonely places between Bartolo Mountain and Hell's Gate but couldn't get there because the country was too rugged. Some travelers will find this route handy for going north from Mexico. Recently the area around Yank Bartlett's homestead was fenced off and a bridge built over Sycamore Canyon by the turnoff to the parking area. They say it was because an endangered fish was found there. If so, the years of ever-increasing protection of the watershed by the Forest Service will be for naught if construction of the power line and attendant roads causes contamination of the runoff entering Sycamore Canyon.

But don't take my word for it, take the road over the mountain from Ruby to Peña Blanca and while you go, imagine the huge tripod shaped power poles all along the road. Imagine them in front of Castle Rock. That's progress, ain't it?

References: Several "Arizona Days and Ways" articles by Roscoe Willson, published in the Arizona Republic. Thanks to Sandy and Jackie Parker, the Hensons and George Bell.

"Why Sycamore Canyon in Santa Cruz County should be preserved as a nature sanctuary or natural area," by Leslie N. Goodding, whose articles and several others cataloguing the plants of Sycamore Canyon are available at the Arivaca Library. Please note that I did not have space here to address other issues such as the safety of power line electromagnetic fields, power lines and birds, bats, etc.

In previous Arivaca Yesterdays columns I wrote about an encounter between Yaquis and the Border Patrol in Bear Valley and another about the murder of Phil Shanahan at Hank and Yank Spring. Copies of those stories are available at the Arivaca Library.



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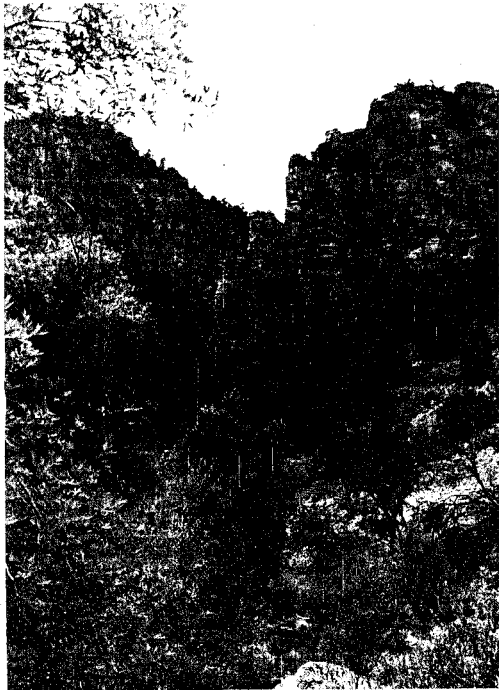
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Wild Lands Worth Saving



View of the wild lands from atop the Atascosa Mountains.



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I have hiked these places for the past 28 years. I've been awed by Sycamore Canyon each of the 70 or 80 times I've been there. Just a month ago when I was leaving the canyon, I turned around and thanked the canyon for its gift of its unceasing beauty.

My mind cannot comprehend that these wild lands are in jeopardy. It is beyond my scope of understanding how anyone, any corporation, any governmental agency could, for the briefest of moments, ponder the prospect of adulterating this land for mere profit.

On the cover is a picture of the old fire lookout station on top of the Atascosas. That is where any future "scoping" meetings regarding the siting of the powerline should rightfully be held.




One of the many pools along the stream bottom in Sycamore Canyon. The stream flows year around from a large drainage area currently being considered for construction of an unnecessary power line. Cottonwoods, willows, sycamores, walnut and Arizona Ash are among the large, beautiful trees here.



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An Open Letter

to Supervisor Sharon Bronson

After attending the town hall meeting last month in Arivaca I felt I had to write you to make some comments that I and others were unable to make during the meetings limited format. While I feel it is good that our government officials come out in the community to learn of their constituents concern, the lecture-type format of the meeting did little to address the real concerns of the community

The most disturbing portion of the meeting came when you declared that Arivaca resident's exemption from building permits could not be reinstated. If true, then everything I believed about our form of democracy apparently doesn't apply to Arizona, or at least to Arivaca. A democracy should be sensitive to the will of the people governed not to whims of politicians and bureaucrats that make laws and regulations to enhance their job security and perceived importance in the community. Laws and regulations that cannot be amended or repealed will eventually no longer accurately portray the will of the people being governed.

Like Arizona, Arivaca's population has been changing during the past 30 years. Those changes should be reflected in the laws and regulations that are enacted by our elected officials. For you to say that regulations enacted during the 1980s cannot be changed forces the residents that are here now to live under laws that were not approved or wanted by them. Taken to its extreme, your view would leave us still living with laws such as the liquor prohibition of the 1930s. There would be no Sonoran Desert Conservation Plan because zoning and land use regulations could not be amended.

You were right when you stated at the meeting in June that you could not be blamed for the amending of Arivaca's building permit exemption. You weren't here then. So perhaps a short history lesson will give you a better perspective on that change.

When I moved here in 1973 the population of Arivaca and the surrounding area was less than 100 souls. During the late 70s and 80s the population increased dramatically due to the availability of land from portions of Arivaca Ranch that were sold off. Around 1985 a new resident of Arivaca decided to build his dream home. Having bought into the premise that a licensed contractor would perform higher quality work than local builders, he hired one to construct his home. The first step in the process, pouring concrete for the foundation, stemwall and floor for the dwelling was a disaster. The entire structure was out of level. Reinforcement bars were missing in some places. In others it protruded from the concrete along the sides of the stemwall. There was excessive honeycombing where the concrete hadn't completely filled the forms for the pad. All in all it was a terrible job that no one could accept. This one complaint became the basis for rescinding Arivaca's exemption from building permit inspections even though hundreds of homes have been built here before and after that with no problems.

We are called a wildcat subdivision. It's a designation that is meant to be demeaning and is supposed to denote an area that is somehow not as good as other subdivisions. But what it really means is that we don't have a Don Diamond or other developer to decide how our homes will look, how close together they will be and even what we can do in our yards that isn't restricted by arbitrary CC&Rs.

Personally, I'm glad I live in a wildcat subdivision. I take pride in the fact that most out here are self sufficient, community oriented and willing to help their neighbors. When the areas population grew enough to need a health clinic, local residents started one. As the community grew, a volunteer fire department was

formed. And, when Pima County told us "they were getting out of the park business" we worked for years to build our own Community Center and playground. Since then, the county has built numerous parks, always in places where some developer requested them to enhance their planned subdivision.

I believe this sense of community arises because nearly all those that live here own their homes. They have a larger stake than people who rent. We are pursuing the American dream when rising housing costs have priced most out of the market in places like Tucson or even Sahaurita. With the average cost of a medium sized home in Pima County being around \$100,000, the down payment needed to purchase a house will be somewhere between \$10,000 and \$20,000. For most families in Arizona's low wage climate that's a year's wages and half their monthly income for 30 years. When people can go slow by buying vacant land and build their homes over a period of years they have the ability to build equity that might otherwise be thrown away on rent payments. Any improvement can exponentially increase the value of the land and therefore the capital assets of a family.

Many here have lived in rat shacks or barns while they built their homes. More have lived in unfinished houses, drywalling, taping and painting one room at a time, sometimes for years, to end up with their own home. Rules and regulations that restrict the ability of an extensive economic class to obtain home ownership might be considered by some to be discriminatory.

Building permits restrict the ability to build a home this way not only because time constraints but also because they restrict the types of building materials and the ingenuity of homeowners. One might decide to install electrical receptacles 4 feet off the floor instead of 12 inches so we can reach them easier as we get older. Owners might want to build with experimental materials not approved by Pima County. But, Pima County isn't going to live in the house or cut the firewood to keep it warm or have to install a cooler because the walls aren't thick enough. The owner who built the house will have to fix or live with his mistakes, and nearly all who build their homes this way are willing to do so.

The real value of building permits is to protect people who buy pre-built new homes or have others build for them, not protecting people from themselves. Regulating and inspecting septic systems where an inadequate system that can pollute neighboring land and water are also needed to protect people. Otherwise the requirement for building permit inspections should be voluntary.

In the past wildcat subdivisions have been laboratories for experimental building materials and construction techniques. Out here in Arivaca burnt adobe, asphalt stabilized adobe, rammed earth and straw bale construction to name a few were used long before they were approved under the building codes. Some may have failed while others have proven their worth over time. If the building codes had been strictly enforced back then, few if any of these experimental techniques and materials could have been tried. Most have since become acceptable mainstream construction methodology. Without Arivaca's former building inspection exemption none of those experimental practices would have been given a fair chance.

I believe Pima County and the general public would be better served if building permits and inspections were limited to their original intent of protecting people from each other. Health issues such as waste treatment and well siting that can affect our neighbors should be scrutinized. Otherwise if a person is willing to build their own home and live with the consequences they should be able to do so.

Arivaca's exemption was arbitrarily taken away without any vote or consent of the community. Consent of the governed is necessary to legitimize government in a democracy such as ours. And while you personally were not involved in taking away our exemption I feel it is your duty to help us get it back if that is what the community wishes. After all we helped elect you to work for our benefit. That's the way democracy is supposed to work.

Michael Armour

Dear Editor,

Greetings! My name is Carlton Rueb. I am 12 years old. I am writing this letter on behalf of the Adopt a Roadway program. Imagine coming home from Tucson with its dirty roadways and no scenery. You are so glad that you're back on Arivaca road where it's nice and clean, right? Wrong. Our road is becoming a disaster! Almost everywhere you look on the road you see a piece of trash. This is the reason why my family's farm recently adopted part of Arivaca road. That way, we can clean up the road and keep it beautiful. So I am urging everybody to contact the Adopt a Roadway program. Please contact Carol Anton of the Pima County Department of Transportation at 740-6410. See if you can adopt part of Arivaca road today. Lets all work together to maintain the natural beauty of our scenic highway.

Thank you, Carlton Rueb

To the editor

For the community of Arivaca

My family and I started visiting your town about 5 1/2 yrs. ago. We got to know some of the people in the community and like them very well. My husband and I began talking about moving to this community. It is the kind of community we could live in without all the hassles of a big city. It is peaceful and quiet, you can raise your kids without all the problems of a big city. People take care of each other and if there is a problem you discuss it with the people you are having the problem with and solve it. The air is clean; the town is beautiful.

In Oct of '99 we bought 5 acres and began planning how we are going to build it. In June of 2001 we received a letter from the zoning enforcement informing me of all these permits I need. I am purchasing all the permits required to live in Arivaca. I would like to take the time to thank the 4 people who wrote the letters to the zoning board. (Names deleted by editor.) Thank you for helping me and my family be legal to live in Arivaca. I do want to add that I hope you're not living in a glass house while you're throwing all these stones. I am laying my roots in Arivaca because I know that most of the community are good people and just want to live their lives without having to ask the county how to do it.

Again I just want to thank you for all your caring concern.

Sincerely, The Van Cleaves

Note to the Van Cleaves,

The Connection is not to be used as a vehicle for spite or revenge, therefore I deleted the names of the persons who contacted the county.

Since this is an ever-growing issue I would like to initiate a debate on the subject. Please see article on page 6.

Hello Maggie:

Hope that you are enjoying our delightful summer 'cool-off' in Southern Arizona.

I have been able to advance (for me anyway) my poetry circulation beyond Southern Arizona, because of The Connection publishing my "Seein' Thaynes at Night" poem a few months ago. I am forever grateful, and, just in case your poetry department is interested, enclosed is what is going on in the life of one of your proteges.

I will be reading some of the poems (enclosed) at various places, per the enclosed. I'm still-in-there, hoping to win one of those generous cash prizes being offered by The Famous Poets convention and by the International Library of Poets. Both of these have published "Seein' Thaynes" in their anthologies. Who could have ever thought this would happen? Your newspaper, "The Connection," opened two happy-poetic-windows in the life of this 81 yr. young fellow.

Sincere thanks and best wishes,
John L. Buchanan

Hello John,
Congratulations. Thank you for your lovely letter and for sharing your poetry with The Connection readers.
Maggie

Letters continued Page 18

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Let me tell you the story of my dog LeFay and her Valley Fever.

by Harry Dursema

In November of 1999 my 7 year old bullmastiff female LeFay came down with Valley Fever, as it does in many canine cases it settled in her bones, her left femur bone (hip) was rot with lesions from VF. I took her to my veterinarian in Tucson and he had me put her on Nizoral, more or less the standard treatment for K-9 Valley Fever. She started to improve slowly and after a year you would never know she was sick even though she was still on the drug. This is a expensive drug and I had to make monthly drug runs to Mexico in order to be able to afford it, still it cost more than 1/4 my monthly income.

After she was on the treatment for 18 months, she suddenly relapsed with the fungus infection of Valley Fever, Nizoral had let us down, on a return visit to my vet. he put her on Diflucan, a very expensive drug used to fight fungus infections in AID's patients. After a month of this drug she was going downhill fast, she got so bad she could only walk about ten feet, that is when she was able to even stand up. I was to the point of force feeding her and praying for her suffering to end due to the great deal of pain she was in.

Ellen and the boys helped me dig a grave for LeFay on July 1st as I knew she had little time left in this world.

On July 2nd I did a last desperate search of the internet and found a site titled...Valley Fever The Cure! I had done searches before but had found only information on what VF is, no cure, but this day was different!

Out of pure desperation I took what the page had to say to heart and drove to Tucson on Tuesday morning to buy the needed sulfur.

Not knowing if the treatment would help or kill her I gave her the 1st of 4 doses of sublimed sulfur, following the web page instructions to the letter. (LeFay is a 100 lb dog so I used the Human treatment instructions).

At the good advice of Dr. Robinson, I got a toxicology report on sublimed sulfur and learned that it is harmless except for causing "gas" (Yes, it sure does!)

Two days after her last of 4 doses I started to see improvement....Now a week and a half she acts as if nothing was ever wrong, her hip and leg still bother her some but she is able and willing to walk from my house to Ellen's and even up the steep drive way to the highway and back! Her color has come back as well as her attitude.

Her appetite is returning and she has not had pain meds in 4 days when she was getting them every 6 hrs or so due to the intense pain. I took her off the drugs from the vet when I started her on the sulfur.

Will this cure work for you or your dog? I can't answer that but I can tell you that my LeFay is doing much much better! Dr. Robinson is very interested in this cure and has the available information that I have been able to gather!

This is the website address for the valley fever cure: <http://www.flash.net/~breaman/valleyvr.html>

LATER . . .

Two weeks after the start of her treatment LeFay is starting to slide down hill again, and contacted Bob Stokesbary from the website he said the treatment is for humans and he recommended I look at a different website.

<http://www.goodnet.com/~goldacre/valleyvr.html>
This site has a lot of good information. I have started LeFay on a 6 dose course. I plan on extending the treatment for LeFay another day. Understand that the first treatment brought LeFay relief from her great pain. I do feel that if I had all the information at treatment time she would be better off on the 6 or 8 treatment plan, all still using the same 1 oz of sublimed sulfur.

Backcountry Almanac

by Meg Keoppen

Page 5 August '01
The Connection



Big Moon, Long Day
Moon of August!
Voluptuous nights
scents, star showers,
freshness of rain after
great heat, patchwork of
green flowering things,
rush of plants in late
summer towards seed for
the next generation, joy of
harvest in the time of
marigolds, green chiles
and green corn, cilantro,
red tomatoes, basil, sweet
corn! Keep a reverent eye
out for Rattlesnake

hunting Rat. This is their time, too, and for King snake & Bullsnake.

Nature now offers us the colors of summer poppies, Arizona blue eyes, buckwheat, morning glories in blue, purple, & red, silver nightshade, wild tobacco, desert zinnia, fleabane, sacred datura, purple asters, sunflowers, talinum, flame flowers, and verbena making a welcomed comeback among the various annual grasses and herbs.

These are the days of happy feasting on the bounty of summer with festivals, fairs, derbys, and jamborees enough for any style or taste. Show your gratitude for the harvests of plenty by singing the praises of the natural world and the invisible forces of life. In the Mayan worldview, we are all born owing a spiritual debt to the other world for having created us, for having sung us into existence. It must be fed so that it can continue. Otherwise, it's going to take its payment out of our lives. It's about the person feeding the whole, remembering the other world so that it can continue.

Most every morning for 20 some years now I go walking. Somewhere along my path, I pause on a high point of land to gaze out and greet 'my valley'. Here at the top of the watershed that flows into the Altar Valley the view lifts my spirit, feeds my heart.

I can soar from Baboquivari southeast along Cobre Ridge to Ruby mountain and Montana peak south to the Atascos and then north to Bartolo and the rough footing near Arivaca Lake, and along Jalisco Ridge. Along the way I am able to greet many places of personal meaning tucked in along the Arivaca Creek, up among the Las Guijas, between Yellow Jacket and Black Peak, or any number of significant places I have known and that have shaped me in my time here.

In August the rocky hills are miraculously transformed from the usual mottled brown to shades of green, appearing much like moss in a rock garden. I pull the sweet clean air in to fill my lungs while I praise the Spirit of creation for the dazzle and beauty of this place and the bliss of living in such a fine, uncluttered space of calm and peace.

I wonder many times how I could manage to live somewhere, anywhere without this great wild tangle of rock and trees and variety of plants and blue expanse of clear sky. This unruly place that jaguars and mountain lions claim along with the coatis, deer, javelina, raccoons, skunks, ringtail, and all their kindred.

Humans can only put tears and holes in this net of life. If we are to be in this place rightly we must only blend in among the rocks, trees, and grasses. We must feed the other world in return for what we take from it by our living.

August Calendar

- 01 Jerry Garcia b. 1942, died Aug.9,1995, Grateful Dead
World Wide Web born 1990, www.
Lughnasadh
Friendship Day: A man should keep his friendships in constant repair. Samuel Johnson
 - 2 Lammass: holiday of gratefulness for all that we receive
 - 3 Full Moon in Aquarius @ 10:56pm
Martha Stewart b. 1941. My gawd, she's 60!
 - 4 Billy Bob Thornton b. 1955
 - 5 American Family Day in Arizona (by statute)
 - 6 Hiroshima day. In 1945 u.s. drops atomic bomb on Japan, over 200,000 die as a result. Atomic Madness begins.
Scott Nearing b. 1883, Died 1983
 - 7 Garrison Keillor b. 1942 Anoka, MN
 - 8 Emeliano Zapata born 1880
 - 9-13 Perseids Meteor showers "Wish upon a falling star"
 - 10-16 Elvis Week, Memphis, TN
 - 15 Woodstock 1969, Music & art fair in NYS
 - 17 Muddy Frogwater Festival in Oregon
 - 22 Be An Angel Day: do one small act of service
 - 26 Equality Day: women get the right to vote, Ratification of the 19th Amendment in 1920
 - 27 Burning Man 2001 in Nevada desert: www.burningman.com
- Planets visible in the morning sky:
Venus (brightest), Jupiter, & Saturn
Planets visible in the evening sky:
Mars, Mercury from the 15th
Perseids meteor showers the 9th -13th
August planting days:
Above ground crops- 1,2,21,22,23,24,28,29
Root crops & perennials- 5,6,7,10,11,12,15,16
We tend to think of the erotic as an easy, tantalizing sexual arousal. I speak of the erotic as the deepest life force, a force which moves us toward living in a fundamental way.
-Audre Lorde
And that heart which was a wild garden was given to him who loved only trim lawns. And the imbecile carried the princess into slavery.
-Antoine de Saint-Exupry

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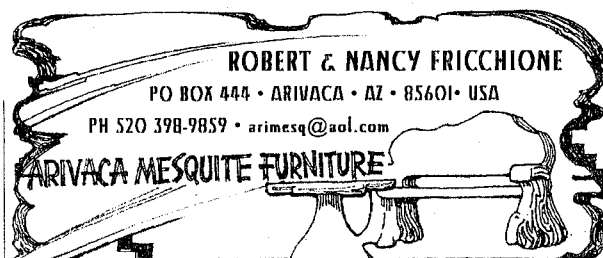
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ONE MAN'S TREASURE

The Cover Photo: Atascosa Lookout

by Maggie M.

I've written articles before about my treks up to the Lookout station on Atascosa. It is a wonderful short hike, only 5 to 6 miles roundtrip and worth every effort to reach the summit where you can look out over Bear Valley, the Baboquivari Mountains, the Catalina's north of Tucson, the Santa Ritas, Cerro Colorados, and into down into Mexico.

Since the boys with the bucks want to put a powerline at the base of these mountains, I propose that they climb the summit to see just what they are asking.

To reach the trailhead - from Arivaca, travel along the Ruby Road 21 miles east from the townsite - from I-19 take the Ruby exit and head west 15 miles. There is a parking area on the south side of the road and the trail is marked.

It is a challenging hike in places because it is steep but the views the whole way are spectacular. The trail was originally set up to serve the fire watch tower by mules bringing in the load.

It is a great place to spend the night when the moon is full. Bring your own water, flashlight, bedroll and food; and remember to take out what you bring in.

Stripped of ethical rationalizations and philosophical pretensions, a crime is anything that a group in power chooses to prohibit. -Fred Adler

by Maggie Milinovitch

Let me begin by saying that I know I am going to take flack for even mentioning this subject. Middle-class, bourgeoisie or conventional will be the kindest adjectives applied. However, I am having a slow summer - excitement wise - so why not?

The subject comes up because of a letter to the editor about being reported to the zoning board. We all are aware of instances in which residents - that we know and care about - have been the targets of such reporting. It is disheartening when you know, in many of these instances, that the reporting was a vindictive act. It's sad that people sink so low as to use County regulations to cause grief for another person.

And yet, aren't there circumstances when reporting is the only option available? In the ideal world one could discuss problems first. Realistically, however, walking up to someone you don't know and saying, "Hello, your place looks like the aftermath of an explosion at a garbage dump; it is a health hazard and I would appreciate your cleaning it up," - would not go over well.

Everybody loves Arivaca. It is a beautiful place. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. One man's trash is another man's treasure. But there is a limit, isn't there?

The County has set standards to protect property owners from their neighbor's overzealous collection and public display of "treasures." The County regs were designed for city folk. When you live in the country you can't run to town every time you need a two-by-four or a length of pipe. People stock up. However, most have the courtesy, to their neighbors, to keep their stocks and stores out of sight as much as possible. There's that old truck that you plan to fix when you get time; it sits with four flat tires and weeds growing into the engine block. You are in the process of building your home - part-time, it takes years and there is construction debris and a cement mixer left about for long periods of time. These are what country living is about.

People who think that every lawn should be trimmed just so and all houses painted only a certain shade of desert tan would be very unhappy in Arivaca.

I do not think that we should have to follow the ever-vague and ever-changing County rules and regs and I agree with Michael Armour in his Open Letter to Sharon Bronson, Letters section, page 4.

Arivacans are proud of their live-and-let-live ethic, and rightfully so. We don't expect to live up to other people's standards or to have them live up to ours. But with that, I believe there comes a responsibility to have consideration for the land and the water and our neighbor's rights. We should not be detrimental to the quality of life of those around us. I don't think live-and-let-live is a free ride.

It's not a complex idea, it's just hard to put into words.

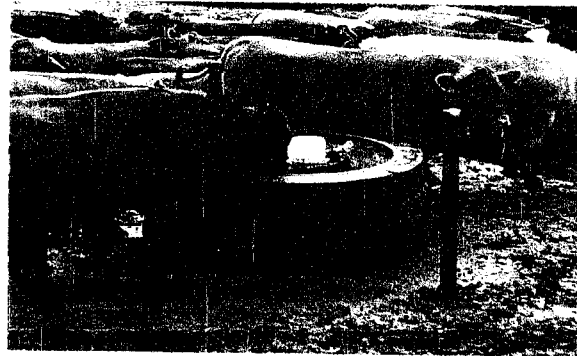
Consider - you have lived and worked on your place for years. You are proud of your efforts and you love looking at the beautiful surroundings of where you have chosen to make your home. Then someone buys a few acres or a small Townsite lot near you. They proceed to bring old broken down vehicles, defunct travel trailers, banged up old mobile homes, broken washing machines, an old school bus or two, shacks, sheds and piles of miscellaneous and mysterious treasure. You watch month after month as the collection grows and grows. The once beautiful land is carpeted - in rusting metal. Will it ever stop? Your property value just dropped by half but that's not the problem because you don't plan on selling; the problem is the beauty of where you live and your pride in where you live also dropped.

We all moved here knowing there was no rigid zoning code to tell us what flowers to plant. We knew that meant our neighbors could move in a purple trailer with orange shutters. But, this is about more than just questionable taste in housing. This is about those who don't give a damn what anyone thinks and they drop junk from one property marker to the next.

I guess I just want to say that I hate to see the land that I love and revere being used as a dump. I fully support those four people who after careful thought requested help from the County. There were more issues than just visual pollution and they did not report the situation out of vindictiveness or any reason other than their love of their homes and the beautiful Arivaca that we all "say" we love.



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Boogie Down

by Colleen Coleman Lester

Her name was Darla and her eyes were the most riveting feature in an exotic and flawless face. They were green and deep, though somewhat clouded from the whiskey of the night before. She was proud of her young body and dressed as if to tell the rest of the world. Glove-tight jeans and a next-to-nothing T-shirt. She slumped on the beer cooler and complained about her lover and his "messin' around." Her hair fell long and blonde and brushed the sleeves of her leather jacket as she spoke.

"If that bastard doesn't come 'round, it doesn't matter," she said with heat.

"See that guy down there next to the road? He's been lookin' at me all mornin'. And I've been lookin' at him!"

But the tension under her words belied the confidence she wore. Her most recent "fix" was moving out of reach. Darla was already busy lining up a new one.

She would have no problem. It was the Bean Blossom Boogie, one of the midwest's biggest biker fests. Everything a motorcyclist can imagine is done there. Wall-to-wall tents cover thirty acres of Indiana cornfield where the only sound to be heard for three days and three nights is the thunder of thousands of motorcycles.

The smells of someone's campfire breakfast drifted under the tent awning. "I'm outta here," Darla said with a sly smile, green eyes flashing. "I got things to do." She stepped out into the drizzling rain and threaded her way through lawn chairs and discarded plastic cups toward the muddy road. She paused to let the motorcycle traffic clear and then was lost to sight.

A biker babe. A woman addicted to men addicted to motorcycles. Somewhere she'd caught a ride down the road of drugs, sex, and rock n' roll and she didn't look like she much cared where it took her.

The less than literary motorcycle magazines will tell you all about Darla. Her figure's perfect, her legs are long and she won't see thirty for years. She never says anything her "ole man" doesn't want to hear and it's her sworn duty to get him another beer *before* he asks. She loves sex and she wants it wicked. She must keep his bike competition-clean -- the chrome, the leather, the new exhaust pipes, the old sprocket cover. But *she* is his ultimate motorcycle accessory and must make sure all his friends never stop wondering what it must be like to get a piece of that'.

However, she has another story the biker rags will never tell you. It's a poem of pain. If you can ever get her to trust you enough, she'll spill it all as the tears find familiar pathways down her face. Her broken sentences echo her broken life. She'll tell you of an abusive father or brother or uncle. She'll speak of her constant search for ever-better thrills and her brushes with destruction because of them. She'll remember waking up in nameless motels, never knowing how she got there. But if you ask her about this conversation tomorrow? She'll turn on you knives in her eyes.

Later, in the heat of the July afternoon, hundreds of "bros" had gathered for some fun and an annual Boogie

rite -- the dunking booth. You remember it from church picnics -- a water tank with a hinged seat that snaps down when a target is hit with a softball, spilling the sitter beneath the surface. Above a sea of expectant faces stood Darla, covered only by a slash of sodden silk running between her thighs. The wire cage that held her cast shadows that seemed to cut her skin.

The strut and stance of the women who had performed before Darla labeled them veterans. The crudest strippers in roadside clubs had nothing on these gals. Smile and contort. Click and whir from dozens of cameras. The lust was palpable as Darla posed on the platform.

"Three tries to put the little lady in the water!" the burly "master of ceremonies" yelled with a grin. The crowd surged and shifted as biker after biker tried his hand to bring her down. But as time wore on, Darla's smile became forced, her gyrations awkward. And then, finally, a well-placed softball found its mark and Darla fell into the grimy tank.

"Come on, honey. Get on back up there!" said the man with the Nikon who had managed to snake through the pack and was pressing against the cage. Darla's hair floated in the murky water, but the seconds ticked by as she failed to mount the ladder to her platform. The crowd grew silent.

Suddenly, her arms flashed above the surface as she grabbed for the ladder. Waves surged against the tank as she dragged herself up. Male voices erupted in cheers. "All right!" She's gonna do it again!" "Go ahead, darlin'!"

But Darla fooled them all. She snatched her T-shirt from the rail, scrambled over the glass and descended to the ground. Her show was done for the day. The last anyone saw of her, she was running in round-shouldered shame through the spectators, her T-shirt clutched to her chest. I saw her eyes before she got away -- clouded with pain and registering a quiet horror at what she'd done.

You can look down your nose at Darla and her sisters of the blood if you want to. You can make snide remarks about the leather bustiers and tattoos and filthy denim as a pack of motorcycles passes you on Broadway. You can feel your shackled superiority about how low some people will let themselves go. You can praise yourself for all the right choices you've made to put you where you are.

And you'll be wrong to do so.

We're all Darla. Every time we do something we don't want to do because someone we love insists we do. Every time we sacrifice the smallest of dreams to make someone else feel important. Every time we sell our souls for power or gain - we are Darla. We are all Darla.

It's long past time to change our name.

Colleen is the executive director of the Tubac Center of the Arts. She and her husband, Chris, are motorcycle rider instructors.



GULF OF MEXICO

The Gulf of Mexico's dead zone, where nutrient pollution from farms in the Midwest has choked off fish life, is bigger this year than ever before, according to university researchers. Stretching from the Mississippi River delta to Texas waters, the 8,000-square-mile, low-oxygen area is forcing crabs and other bottom feeders to the surface. Environmental groups are struggling to get the Bush administration to act on the recommendations made by a Clinton-era task force to reduce fertilizer and animal-waste runoff into the Mississippi River.

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Transmission Line Update

The Department of Energy (DOE) held public scoping meetings in the Green Valley area on July 30th and 31st in order to obtain comment from interested agencies, organizations and members of the public on Tucson Electric Power Company's (TEP) proposed transmission line project from Sahuarita to Nogales and ultimately into Mexico. There are 3 proposed corridors for these 60-plus mile transmission towers: 1) TEP's preferred "Westerly" route would originate at the Sahuarita sub-station, head south 6 miles west of I-19, cross Arivaca Road and through state lands on the west side of the Tumacacori Mountains (east of Arivaca), and continue into and through the Coronado National Forest. 2) The second corridor, known as the 'Central' route, would begin west of I-19, same as the Westerly route, but southwest of Green Valley, it will follow a natural gas pipeline on the east side of the Tumacacori Mountains and continue south through the eastern half of the Coronado National Forest. 3) The third proposed "Easterly" route would run parallel to the existing transmission line owned by Citizens Communications Company located east of I-19. At Amado, the Easterly route would cross to the west side of I-19 and follow the same route south to Nogales as the previously mentioned Central route.

Tucson Electric Power, not the DOE, is proposing this project. Any company proposing to build an electric transmission line across the international border must first obtain a Presidential Permit from the DOE. That is why they are holding these public hearings.

The National Environmental Policy Act (NEPA) of 1969 requires Federal agencies to analyze the environmental impacts of such projects that may significantly affect the quality of the human environment and the range of reasonable alternatives for the proposed action. As published in the Federal Register (Vol. 66, No. 152, July 10, 2001), Federal executive orders provide that a



Presidential Permit may be issued after finding that the proposed project is consistent with the public interest. In determining consistency with the public interest, the DOE considers the impacts of the project on the reliability of the U.S. electric power system and on the environment.

One has to be skeptical over the reasons TEP gives for the necessity to build 140-foot, 14-wire structure with and a capacity of 345,000 volts. First they say transmission lines are to provide Nogales with an Arizona Corporation Commission mandated need for additional capacity. However, that power need would only require the smaller 115,000-volt line. Then TEP says the lines are for a larger scheme to connect the United States and Mexican power grids. However, the mentioned July 10th, 2001 Federal Register reported that TEP has no contacts in place to sell energy to Mexico. And there is talk that ultimately coal fired power plants will be built in Mexico so cheap power (but dirty air) will flow north to the U.S. It is more likely a combination of all three.

All members of the public are encouraged to provide written comment to the Department of Energy. The deadline for the public scoping period is August 31st, 2001. Your comments are important because the DOE will use your suggestions and knowledge of your own area, to help define the scope of the Environmental Impact Statement (EIS). Tucson Electric Power will then have to address all the relevant concerns contained in the EIS in order to have their application for a Presidential Permit considered. The previously mentioned Federal Register notice outlined a preliminary list of issues that may be analyzed in the (EIS). The scope, however, may be expanded beyond the following issues: 1) Socioeconomic impacts of development of land tracts and subsequent uses; 2) Impacts on protected, threatened, endangered, or sensitive species of animals or plants, or their critical habitat; 3) Impacts on floodplains and wetlands; 4) Impacts on cultural or historic areas and resources; 5) Impacts on human health and safety; 6) Impacts on air, soil and water; 7) Visual impacts and aesthetics; 8) Disproportionately high and adverse impacts on minority and low income populations.

The EIS will also consider alternatives to the proposed transmission lines: 1) The "No Action" alternative asks, "If the Presidential Permit was not issued, what other alternatives or proposals could possibly take its place?" The No Action alternative will address the environmental impacts that are reasonably foreseeable to occur if the Presidential Permit is not issued. 2) The other alternative would be the construction of a power plant in the U.S. closer to the international border (Nogales?). This plant would be built to address the electric power needs of the local market without the necessity of long transmission lines.

Please address comments by August 31st to Mr. Jerry Pell, Office of Fossil Energy (FE-27), U.S. Department of Energy, 1000 Independence Avenue SW, Washington, DC 20585-0350. Telephone: 301-903-2617 or 888-806-3421; email: Jerry.Pell@hq.doe.gov When you call or write, ask to be put on their mailing list for the latest information and notices.

Important web sites for information: <http://www.fe.doe.gov/> (once at site, choose "electricity regulation", then, "pending procedures"), or <http://projects.battelle.org/pnrmeis> or <http://www.tucsonelectric.com/news/TransLineProject/TransLineInfo.htm>

The Coronado National Forest is threatened by the requirement to construct huge transmission towers for this project. The need to build access roads, level areas for material storage, vehicles, dumped materials and construction trailers will scar the national forest. TEP will also need to get a "Special Use Permit" from the U.S. Forest Service in order to construct this project. Please write to the supervisor of the Coronado National Forest and urge him to reject this idea in order to preserve plants and wildlife and maintain a sense of wild lands, so the people have a place to go for peace-of-mind: Write: Mr. John McGee - Supervisor, Coronado National Forest, US Forest Service, 300 West Congress, 6th Floor, Tucson, AZ 85701, Telephone 520-670-4552.

For an excellent place to study and familiarize yourself with the business-politics of energy distribution see Public Television's "Frontline" web-site at: <http://www.pbs.org/wgbh/pages/frontline/shows/blackout/> This material was researched in collaboration with the New York Times, was a basis for an excellent documentary called "Blackout". This documentary investigated the politics and money trail of today's utility companies and energy trading middlemen, and contains interviews with top government officials and corporate officers of utility companies.

There are many local citizens working very hard to understand these proposals and their potential implications, writing officials, and generating public awareness of this situation. We are hoping to get a website up-and-running soon; but in the meantime if you have any questions, need information, action forms, petitions or would like to get involved in any way, please contact me at 480-940-7728, email: Desrthomestead@aol.com or contact Bill & Ellie Kurtz (Amado) at 520-398-2985, email: Sopor12@gateway.net

Thanks everyone for your support to preserve what's left of our cherished lands.



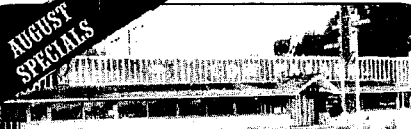
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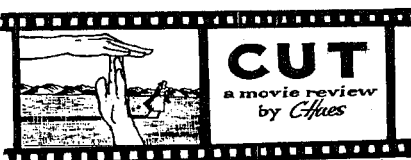
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Film: A.I.

Director: Steven Spielberg

The time is the near future. The ozone has been destroyed. People displaced. Starvation. Great changes have occurred. One must now have a license to get pregnant.

So, robots have become economically essential. A.I.: Artificial Intelligence. Called "Mechas" for mechanical, they are perfect. They have no emotional hang ups. they obey commands. They come with an instruction book. They can be special ordered. A "Mecha-lover" is said to be much better, for instance, than a human lover.

Not satisfied to leave well enough alone, the professor (William Hurt) who designed the Mecha now proposes to make one that is capable of loving. The prototype is David (Haley Joel Osmert) and is placed in a home that grieves for the loss of a son. The mother has the option to activate the "imprint protocol," through a prescribed set of words, to program David to love. She resists at first but then decides to imprint. David accepts it all blandly and acknowledges the transformation with a blunt, "you are my mommy." Nominated for an Academy Award for this part, Osmert is a convincing 1/2 human 1/2 mecha.

Spielberg makes no bones about his background material: fairy tales and other far out stories. A "Teddy" bear is an early-issue supertoy and has the wisdom of Obi Wan Kanobi. A hologram cartoon of Albert Einstein's head (voice of Robin Williams... is "Dr. Know" who tells David to go to Manhattan to find the Blue Fairy, this is stolen directly from *The Wizard of Oz*. A mecha-lover (Jude Law) is a combo Max Headrum/Cary Grant. His name is Joe and he has a penlight that projects a hologram of a dancing woman.

In fact, this film is all about the female energy. After being awakened to love, David's goal is Pinocchio inspired. To find the Blue Fairy to make him a real boy so that his mommy will love him.

The moon is used to symbolize the dark side of the female energy. Manhattan is virtually submerged in water. Only the hand and torch of the Statue of Liberty are above water, as are the tall buildings. David seeks the Blue Fairy in the blue Atlantis-womblike underbelly of New York.

I won't give away the ending, but a message is left with us: THE WORLD IS MORE FULL OF WEEPING THAN YOU CAN UNDERSTAND.

A man behind me was blowing his nose; others were sniffing. The heart strings were being tickled by a female chorale, piano and oboe. In the end, Mother Love is the grand design and Spielberg says it well enough.

Morning Maggie,

Thought this might be of interest: Marcie Foley of Two Rivers, Alaska asked Marshall Ronne to write a "typical day for an Alaskan gold prospector."

Don Perryman

Hi All,

Well, summer in Alaska is here along with the higher temperatures. This past Saturday was sweltering hot in Seward, with temps hovering around 75 degrees by early afternoon. I needed to get up into the mountains to cool off. My dredge was broke, but I decided to get out of town anyway

So, off I went to do some weekend camping. When I got to the claims I saw water at whitewater flood stage just about everywhere—hardly anybody could go dredging on Mills, Canyon, or Sixmile until the water levels go down. Visibility is poor due to silt and mud.

I guess some guy in a red truck tried to cross Mills creek and got into a little trouble: from what I was told, his truck quit halfway across and then the current started sweeping it downstream. I guess they had to rescue the guy. They said his truck is still there, tied off to a tree so it won't drift any further. What? Me cross Mills now? Nyet I don't think so!

I ended up camping at Alder Creek off Hope road, and spent the time finding an access road to the upper part of that claim. Access to the upper part had been the #1 problem, being all uphill for the first 1/4-mile, with one fall after another and another. Without access the claim wouldn't be worth much (it still might not be worth anything—don't know at this point). Any dredging would have to be done on a small portion at the very bottom or the upper end. The new "access" is just a cat road they punched in for access to the power line running to Hope, but it is better than trying to pack a dredge uphill for a quarter mile! When the water levels drop we'll spot-check a piece of good-looking bedrock near the power line. This is about halfway up the claim above all the waterfalls. Although this is an association claim (1/2 mile long), the lower half is mostly undredgable due to the steep terrain

When I was walking this access road for the first time, I spooked a bull moose that was standing in some alders along the side of the road. Scared the crap outta' me because I didn't see it until I was fairly close (40 +/- feet). It ran a little ways, then spun around and kinda' just stared at me. It was standing in the road, and of course, exactly where I wanted to go. From about 40 yards away, I waited to see

what it would do. Finally after about 5-minutes I grew tired of waiting, I pulled out my .44 Mag., thinking that maybe I could scare it away by firing into the air. BOOM! It jumped a little at the report, but refused to move any further. Well, on to plan B: I thought I'd play chicken with it by walking towards it—he'll run! Bad move. Very bad move! Immediately the hair on its neck stood straight up and at the same time it began licking its chops, as they say. Uh-oh! Hey, I know when to quit. I stopped and retreated very, very slowly, doing my best "ok - you win" backward tiptoe dance, and then got out of there. I might be chicken, but at least I'm a live chicken. It wasn't afraid of me or that puny little .44. Oh well, maybe we can redo that scenario in the fall during moose season!

Then on the hike back out, I saw this huge track in the mud. Grizzi! Fortunately, they were not to fresh, but makes an interesting picture. The track was about a foot long.

I don't know about leaving a dredge and other equipment on this claim—bears can cause tremendous damage just chewing on things. It is somewhat un-nerving trying to get a good night's sleep in bear country. Nothing between you and 1000 pounds of claws and teeth except the thin nylon fabric of the tent. Hmmm, I'll be back but will trade my .44 for something a little more suitable.

Marshall Ronne, Mile 7, Seward, Alaska

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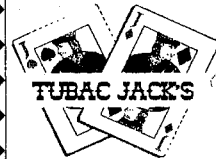
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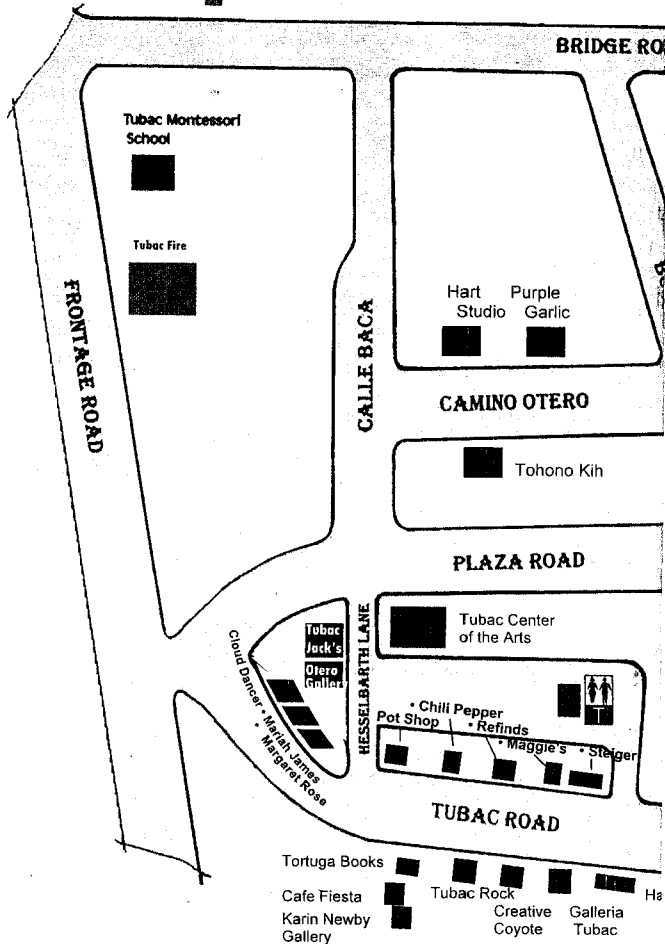
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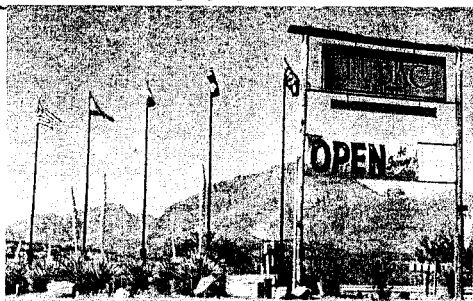
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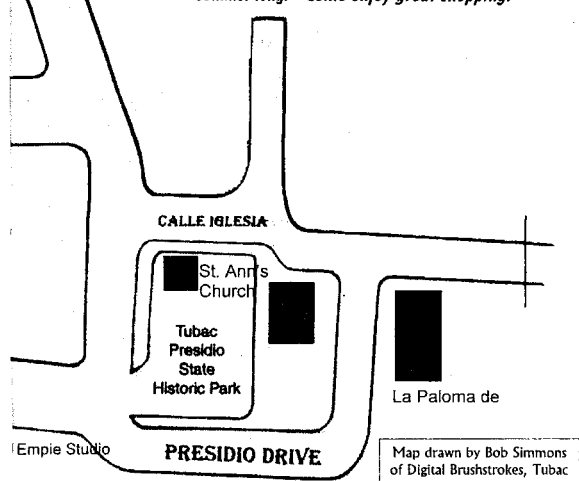
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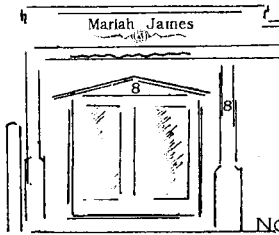
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Poetry Page

SCHOOL YARD SWING

Near a school yard
In Fall or in Spring
Children may be found
Happily gathered around the swing.

A little boy swings to the sky
And then back down
On next swing facing other way
A little girl, feet not touching ground.

Girl now swings up to the sky
And then back down
With helping push by teacher
Little feet need not touch to ground.

On each passing face to face
Boy tries to change little girl's grin
Into a broad smile
Timid little girl, awards no smile to him.

No reward for many days
Brings to boy a face of pain
She now with girl's beguile
Makes little boy smile again.

In later years seeing the beguiling smile
A glance down to a ring
Both knew they were thinking of
Happy times on the school yard swing.

By Charles E. Hathaway

summer rain

Flying high on moonbeam's greeting,
grazing lightly the surface
a chest, hidden away by bittered
feeling, cast aside in ruined
hope, whilst above the hearty
summer rain creates ever
deepening pools of sadness,
swimming 'round the
well-worn box, amongst the grooved
and shorn-off writing
were two phrases and
three strong locks, hardened hearts
closed tight to joy:
For thou who triest to unlock
these hearts beneath the summer
rain, shalt be forbidden from life's
sweet nectar i weaned of
sugar, purity, liveliness.

I warn you, my friend, beware, of those you
trust most dearly,
memories held despairingly
to minds last
glimpse of unmasked happiness
flung out among the blooming
flowers, swaying drunkenly
in the summer rain.

Riding up in silver glory,
blinded by the shining light of love,
he bands, kissing the fairest
maiden's hand,
galloping into the distance,
the sun setting at his back,
closure to the departure of the
costumed serenity and charity
of true intent.
Fury rising to behold the
despair of weeping children limply
grasping broken toys, forgetting with
their newfound merriment
the kindred spirit bestowed upon them.
And in fields the beauty gowned shall
twirl; dancing twixt the
ancient drops, for wiser still
falls the warming summer rain.
By Brianna McKinnon, (age 14)



Summer Nostalgia

Summer days way back when were a joy,
Just remember when you were but a girl or boy,
Who couldn't wait till school was out,
We dreamed what summer vacation was about,
We'd have time to play on a ball team and hike,
Roller skate with mends and ride a bike,
See the circus or even a movie or two,
Take swimming lessons or go to the zoo,
We could hardly wait for the county fair,
How we worked on exhibits to display there,
Memories will recall a glimpse of way back when,
Then we can relive those childhood days again.

Nathleen A. Cain

Living in her own Nightmare

Where can she go?
She breathes the air of her
Own nightmare.
Looking for her own escape.
But how?
She's already awake.
Running around in circles.
Looking for you!
Even though you played her for a fool.
She screams out your name
Praying for you. And your shame
It's herself she really blames.
All alone. And scared.
As she breathes the air of
Her own nightmare
No one to wake her.
Your all right there
Tears she cries
Her body shakes
Tremble and tremor.
Like a great earthquake.
Still searching for her escape
Seesings how she's already awake.
Who can help her get out of there?
No one around
Anywhere.
To put an end to her nightmare
So she throws her arms in the air.
Out to the Lord.
She knows he's there
Listening to her as she
Pours out her heart.
Her sorrows
Her sins
Even for all of you
Where her nightmares begin
Confused and lost
She prays with all cost.
Still believing
She still has hope.
As she leans on the Holy Ghost.
She gives grave thanks for her son.
Love so pure.
And so strong.
She looks for you.
Just to say . . .
"I forgive you.
May love come your way.
Like it was instilled in me
Forever and always".
As she runs down another hallway
Frantically looking to escape
Choking on the air
Living in her own nightmare.

By Ann Marie Lindsay
Icewater Annie

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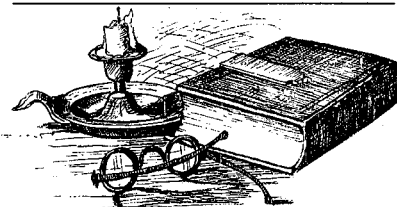
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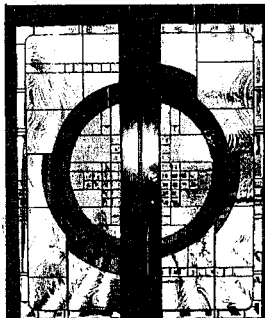
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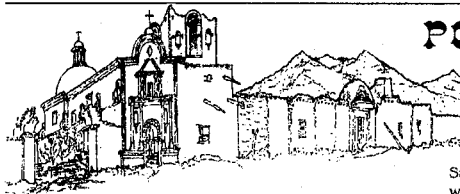
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PORTRAITS OF THE PAST

by Don Garate, Resident of Rio Rico, Interpretive Specialist/Historian at Tumacacori National Historical Park

Before I even get started I must beg the reader's pardon. This column is supposed to give the history of a specific person in the history of the Pimeria Alta each month. However, two threats to the history of our area over the past couple of weeks - one to the historical integrity of one of our native sons, and the other to the historical integrity of our community - have occupied my attention and prevented me from devoting the time necessary to compile the article. Nevertheless, I believe that an excerpt from each political battle may be of interest to the reader, so will herewith provide some other fascinating historical information.

First off, Juan Bautista de Anza is a hero of sorts to most people in our community. He was raised down on the Divisadero ten miles south of the international border at Kino Springs. He was presidial captain at Tubac for over seventeen years and, of course, led some 300 people to Alta California in 1775-76 to establish what has become the "city" of San Francisco. There are two beautiful, gigantic statues of him on horseback - one at Hermosillo, Sonora, and the other at San Francisco. Both statues were given as a gift to the respective cities by the Governor of Sonora some thirty years ago as a symbol of the brotherhood of the two cities and the two states of California and Sonora. Four years ago, due to reconstruction of the Embarcadero Freeway, the statue in San Francisco had to be placed in storage until a suitable replacement site could be found to re-install it. Standing beside it in storage is another statue of Carlos III, King of Spain in Anza's day, also given to the City of San Francisco nearly thirty years ago as a gift from the present King of Spain, Juan Carlos.

Now comes San Francisco Supervisor Chris Daly saying that Anza and Carlos were "conquistadors, imperialists, and militarists" representing "genocide and colonization of indigenous peoples of the Americas" and that their proper place is "at the bottom of San

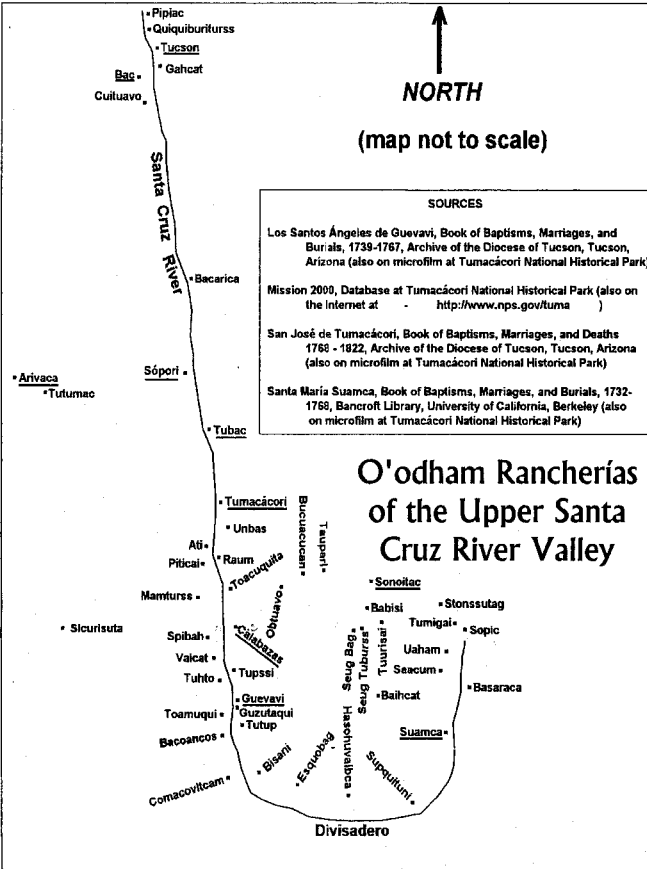
Francisco Bay." Obviously he is uninformed about many things but he did get a history lesson and, if he was listening learned that Anza was definitely not a "conquistador," but rather one of the greatest peacemakers of all time in this county. By rallying the forces we were able to point out the historical facts about who both men were and managed to get the question sent back to committee, at least.

The other threat to the integrity of our local history (and a number of other things) is the proposed high voltage power line that certain parties would like to construct across our community. Although the power companies would not even consider pushing the line through the O'dham Reservation to the west of us (and well they shouldn't!), what they have neglected to inform themselves about is the fact that there were far more

O'dham who lived in the Santa Cruz Valley than ever lived out in the desert. The valley is full of both historic and prehistoric archaeological sites. There are some fifty recorded O'dham villages that were located between Tucson, Arizona and Santa Cruz, Sonora - and those are just the ones of which we have a written record! In compiling the map and list for the public meeting in Rio Rico, I thought the readership of the Connection might also be interested. Those villages are as follows:
Ati - ranchería on the Santa Cruz River near Tumacacori
Babisi - ranchería between Suamca and Obtuvao
Bac - ranchería and third Kino mission near present-

Esquobaag - ranchería between Guevavi and Suamca
Gahcat - ranchería near Tucson
Guevavi - ranchería and second Kino mission, established January 1691 near present-day Nogales, Arizona. Guevavi ranch established by Juan Bautista de Anza adjoining the mission lands in 1728.
Guzutaqui - ranchería adjacent to Guevavi
Hasohuvaibca - ranchería between Suamca and Guevavi
Mamturss - ranchería near Guevavi
Obtuvao - ranchería between San Ignacio de Sonoitac and San Cayetano de Calabazas

Piplac - ranchería near San Agustín del Tucson
Pitlcal - ranchería north of Guevavi and south of Sopori
Quiquiburiturss - ranchería near Tucson
Raum - ranchería between Guevavi and Tumacacori
Saacum - ranchería in the vicinity of Santa Maria Suamca
Seug Bag - ranchería near San Ignacio de Sonoitac
Seug Tuburss - a neighboring ranchería of Seug Bag
Sicurisuta - ranchería near present-day Peña Blanca Lake; later Anza family ranch
Sopic - ranchería in the vicinity of San Ignacio de Sonoitac
Sópori - ranchería near present-day Amado; later Anza family ranch
Spibah - ranchería in the vicinity of Guevavi
Stonssutag - ranchería between Suamca and Sonoitac
Suamca - ranchería and Kino mission near the headwaters of the Santa Cruz River; present-day Santa Cruz, Sonora
Supquituni - ranchería near Suamca
Taupari - ranchería in the vicinity of San Ignacio de Sonoitac
Toacuquita - ranchería



day Tucson, Arizona, established August, 1692
Bacarica - ranchería between Tumacacori and San Xavier del Bac
Bacoancos - ranchería south of Guevavi
Bacuacuan - ranchería in the vicinity of San Ignacio de Sonoitac
Bahcat - ranchería near Suamca
Basaraca - ranchería near Suamca
Bisani - ranchería in the vicinity of Guevavi (not the mission south of Caborca or Busani near Saric)
Calabazas - mission at present-day Rio Rico, Arizona, established near Toacuquita
Comacavitcam - ranchería vicinity of Guevavi
Cuituavo - ranchería near of San Xavier del Bac

Divisadero - geologic feature and ranch south of Guevavi and Suamca
and later mission at present-day Rio Rico, Arizona. Anza Ranch called San Mateo established adjoining the village in 1730 at present-day Rio Rico Golf Resort
Toamuqui - ranchería near Guevavi
Tubac - ranchería and later Spanish presidio near Tumacacori
Tucson - ranchería, Spanish presidio, modern city
Tuhto - ranchería in the vicinity of Guevavi
Tumacacori - ranchería and first Kino mission established in present-day Arizona in January, 1691
Turnigai - ranchería in the vicinity of Suamca
Tupssi - ranchería in the vicinity of Guevavi
Tutumac - ranchería in the vicinity of Arivaca
Tutup - ranchería in the vicinity of Guevavi
Tuirisai - ranchería in the vicinity of Suamca
Uaham - ranchería in the vicinity of Suamca
Unbas - ranchería near Tumacacori
Vaicat - ranchería between Guevavi and Calabazas

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U.S. House Republicans are threatening to exterminate a proposal that would require school districts to notify parents of pesticide use on school grounds. Senate leaders added the measure to President Bush's education bill after consulting with educators, environmentalists, and representatives of the pesticide industry. Some pesticide manufacturers and school officials argue, however, that the measure would discourage pest control and increase costs and legal liability at schools. More than 30 states have similar pesticide-notification.

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STAYING ON TOP OF THE COSMIC TWIRL



Charlie Tucker

Dead Almanac, in a small box on the lower right of the front page.

I know little else about Ted Shawn. I've done Internet searches and have come up empty. Even in cyberspace, a place where literally everything is said to exist, Ted Shawn is not so much as a footnote. Only now, in fact, as I'm typing away, does it even occur to me to e-mail the staff of the Grateful Dead Almanac. Alas, deadline is rapidly approaching and there is little time to venture down the deserted halls of knowledge without some assurance that it would be worth the time.

So, you are bound to ask, what's the point of bringing up the late dancer and choreographer, Ted Shawn, if he's not important enough in my life to even venture one last quick search for information or insight into his life? Well, Ted Shawn, whoever or whatever else he may be, is credited with a quote that was the motto of the Grateful Dead and has become, over time, one of the few laws of man and nature that I still have unwavering faith in: "When in doubt, twirl!"

Are you still in the same position you were before reading that quote. Is it possible that you were not knocked nearly senseless by the magnificent power of the quote?

Think about it for just a moment. Break it down or roll the words around your mouth like a fine wine. The sheer simplicity of it, the implied dare to even try to debate the total correctness of that simple command: "When in doubt, twirl!"

Twirling is so perfect. It's so right. Everything twirls. The Earth twirls around on its axis and (in the bigger picture, in fact) twirls around the Sun. Yeah, you can get technical and say that the earth rotates on its axis and revolves around the Sun but let's be practical: a rotation and a revolution are just two different degrees of a twirl!

And that's really all life is: one big cosmic twirl. It always has been, back even before the days of our hunter-gatherer ancestors. The constant and natural state for the very soul of mankind is to be ever in a twirl. Even when some of us, as modern man, attempts futilely to, as they say, stop and smell the coffee, the sheer energy of living gets us moving gradually into an ever more rapid twirl.

I'm not exactly sure who Ted Shawn is, other than I know he lived from 1891 until 1972 and was known primarily as a dancer and choreographer. I know these things only because these facts were listed under his name in nearly every edition of the Grateful

The total and constant assault to our psyches of good and evil and right and wrong, and the ever-growing awareness that there is indeed a difference between the four, when added to the mixture of exuberance and despair could do nothing to the human spirit other than keep it in a state of constant motion. In this case, the motion is that whirlwind movement called the twirl.

The key to human survival is to stay in the safest part of the twirl. That being the center. The eye of the tornado and the eye of the hurricane (the former being a land based twirl and the latter being a water based twirl) are the places to be where all is calm and yet you are afforded the ability to look out toward the moving part of the twirl and see what is caught up in its energy.

While we are so quick to criticize and judge certain behaviors and emotions and, in the more extreme cases, to actually legislate against certain behaviors and emotions, we need to work our way inward to the center where all is calm and where we can see the jet stream of hatred, vengeance, cowardliness, and distrust cross paths with the prevailing currents of love, forgiveness, heroism and blind faith to create this one huge and unstoppable cosmic twirl.

The key, once you get on top of that cosmic twirl is to just be and let others be. No need to try to change anyone's mind or deny anyone their culture. No reason to recreate them to be more like you or kill them in the name of justice. Or to hate them for their skin color or deny them their ability to love because of their sexual preference.

Paul said, "in times of trouble...let it be" and he's as right now as he was then.

(Author's note: Those of you who are somewhat familiar with biblical text but are having a hard time finding the above passage should be aware that I was quoting not the disciple Paul, but, in fact, Beatle Paul.)

Hopefully, I'll pay attention to my own words the next time I'm ticked off at the Democrats or the Republicans or the county board of supervisors in general and Sharon Bronson in particular or the tree-huggers or the corporate bigwigs or Well, you get the point.

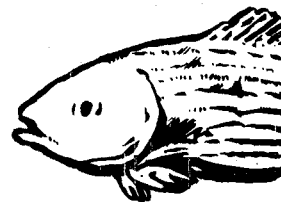
I don't know how long I can manage it. Hell, by the time you read this, I may have already given up and allowed myself to get sucked back into the vortex—back with all the other do-gooders and examples of societal feces—but I hope not.

Heck no! Not me, thank you. You keep your worry and doubt. I hope to be above it all...up high on top of the cosmic twirl.

THE GREAT BRAIN ROBBERY

Eating fish tainted with PCBs may cause memory loss and brain damage in adults, according to a study of Michigan residents. The study by the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign is one of the first to suggest that PCBs in fish may have health implications for all adults; state fish advisories until now have focused on protecting pregnant women, fetuses, and young children. Michigan ships Lake Michigan whitefish and lake trout to restaurants all over the country without health warnings for PCBs, mercury, or other pollutants.

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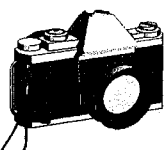
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On the Birders' Beat



A monthly report from National Wildlife Federation, Backyard Wildlife Habitat No. 21500, Bulletin # 23, from our back porch observation post at our home in Arivaca, Arizona.

adult female orioles. About the only sure way of identifying the young, is to spot them when they are chasing their parents around, when demanding to be fed.

In the odd behavior department, we've got a Cassin's Kingbird with a belligerent attitude problem. It's been attacking and chasing all the birds that get in his way, including the larger doves, and our Cock-a-tiel. The kingbird is fast, but the Cock-a-tiel is faster and out-distances his antagonist. Normally the kingbirds show this kind of aggressive behavior toward the ravens and hawks, etc., but we suppose if their nest is nearby, then all birds are fair game.

Other sightings from the Arivaca Valley: On the 29th of June, Margie Tangey of the Valley, told us of hearing a constant fluttering sound emanating from the fields at the Tangey ranch, during the night-time hours. Connie and I immediately recognized her description as that belonging to one of the Nighthjars. Specifically, the Lesser Nighthawk (Trilling Nighthawk). It's the only nighthj in this region with that particularly distinctive call that sounds like a continuous rapid, tremulous trill. It has a short body with a wingspan of 21 inches. It has the habit of flying very low at dawn and dusk. Look for the large white wing spots on the long pointed wings, and its fluttery wingbeats, with sudden changes of direction; as it pursues insects. The family of Nighthjars are also known as Goatsuckers, an Old World name referring to a myth that these birds, because of their large wide gaping mouths, and mysterious night flights, were supposed (mistakenly), to suck the milk of goats. In truth, the wider mouths of these birds are designed for snaring large flying insects.

The Monsoon is transforming the Arivaca Valley into a green paradise. All the more reasons for our feathered friends to flourish this summer. So far, since the measurable rains began on the 5th of July, our rain gauge indicates that as of the 13th of July, we've received a total of 1.5 inches here at our habitat..... Not to bad for 8 days of intermittent storms. Of course the really hard rains are falling in the hills to the south of us, in the Atascosas and the Cobre Ridge regions.

It's the 13th of July, and guess what? A male Black-headed Grosbeak showed up at our seed feeders, early this morning..... Looks like the fall migration has started. We can only speculate that he has traveled from the very far north, where it's starting to get cold, or from the nearby mountains. Either way, it appears that this bird has started his fall migration early, and is heading south. What this early fly-by means is anyone's guess. It could be a sign of an early winter, or this birds timing is off, or maybe it's us. We can only use averages when we are dealing with the beginning and ending of migration periods in general, but there's always that early bird around to throw us a curve. Anyway start looking. There may be more of these grosbeaks flying through. Look for an orange bird of 7 to 8 inches in length, with a black head, and black and white wings. The black and white wing patterns are conspicuously striking when flying. So that you don't confuse this bird with an oriole, look for the thick conical bill with the light colored lower mandible. Oriole bills are narrow, long, and pointed. Also, the orioles are slim. This bird is pretty plump in comparison.

Other than the early Black-headed Grosbeak, we have no new birds to report on, except that we've had some fly-bys of the Black-bellied Whistling-ducks. Always an impressive sight. Our new-found friend, the Cock-a-tiel, is still with us, and just about all the different bird (about 30) species that are with us this summer have come by parading their families of "new kids on the block." Most of the young birds are now fending for themselves, and some of the parents are coasting along for the rest of the summer, and still, others are continuing their nesting efforts. So far the latest young families on review are the orioles and Pyrrhuloxias. An obvious field mark to look for with the immature pyrrhuloxias, is the gray beak. All adults have yellow beaks. On the other hand, the immature orioles are not all that easy to identify. They look like

that the red spot at the top-back side of the head, made identification easier. So congratulations go to Dave and Bella for such a rare sighting.

Carol and Paul Evans of Arivaca has also seen and heard, for their first time, the Yellow-billed Cuckoo, near their home close to Arivaca Creek. Carol identified the elusive bird, after reading our bulletin # 22, in the July Connection newspaper. Congratulations Carol and Paul, and may the "Cuckoos" be with you.

With that, we better quit! So long everybirder. Keep on birding and keep sending that e-mail at BBB Ranch@cs.com Call or drop us a line at P.O.Box 156, Arivaca, Arizona 85601

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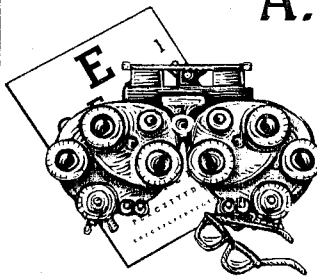
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CONTROL

By Luke Brannen

From birth we have looked to authority for answers in an uncertain world. In "Beyond Good and Evil," Friedrich Nietzsche says, "The noble type man regards himself as determiner of values, he does not require to be approved of, he passes judgment." People in authority are people that have the power to control other people (subjects). Control is justified by a façade of legitimacy. Most authority claims to have knowledge to justify their rule. Some authority claim that their subjects have freedom and are not controlled by them. For an example, a job does not pay well; the employee (subject) can take his work elsewhere. But when you analyze the situation, authority has the resources to wait, while the laborer does not, they must work to survive.

Determinism is also used as a façade of legitimacy, rationalized by fate, divine providence (religion), or social Darwinism. Determinism is a view that is always self-serving to the claim maker.

Authority assimilates their subjects into conformity by creating social norms. Norms are enforced using tradition, rewards and laws to teach, persuade or force subjects into assimilation. This molding is called social control.

From birth, subjects are taught conformity is good and deviance is bad. Authority teaches subjects norms early in their lives. The more norms the subjects know, the better approval of the established society will be. Approval and rewards for compliance to learned norms, and punishment to subjects who deviate from the norms.

Authority attempts to segregate its subjects into deviants and conformists. To label a subject a deviant is criminalizing the subject. To achieve this classification, the authority sets up schools to see if the subject will comply in obedience to the conformity of school. Subjects who receive a high school diploma pass the criteria of conformity, while the subjects who do not graduate are separated and denied economic advancement through legal means.

This process segregates the deviants who cannot or will not cope with social conformity. Authority knows that deviants who can conform, but keep a deviant mindset are more dangerous to their authority than deviants who cannot conform.

To find these secret deviants, authority designates certain drugs illegal and a danger to society (more over their authority.) However, in their explanation (health, addiction, and such), they cannot distinguish why illegal drugs (hemp, LSD,

cocaine) are different from legal drugs (sugar, tobacco, chocolate, caffeine, alcohol, and other clinical drugs). Because secret deviants will often try illegal drugs, authority institutes drug tests to deny economic advancement to them, and if convicted of a drug offence, the subject is denied college aid and other government programs. Still, secret deviants slip through the authority's net.

Once legitimate economic advancement is denied, subjects are forced into criminal behavior. Authority has the power to create, and enforce law. Consequently, enforcements tend to focus on crimes committed by poor and deviant subjects, such as drug crimes or crimes against life or property. Authority designates their crimes as white-collar and corporate crimes. People in high authority will very rarely be punished for crimes they create.

Corporate crimes are rarely enforced and if enforced, it is by regulatory agencies outside of the criminal justice system, such as Environmental Protection Agency. These agencies have little recourse, and will give out fines instead of prison time. In 1998, .07% of all people sentenced to U.S. Federal prisons were white-collar criminals, compared to 58.9% classified as drug offenders (Federal Bureau of Prisons 1998). This focus gives the impression that only poor people are immoral and dishonest. This is best represented in Fox's television show "COPS." You never see the police bust a bank embezzler in "COPS." The fact is that dishonest behavior exists no matter if the person is a deviant, conformist, or authority.

In Vietnam (1969) U.S. Navy Seal squadron led by former Senator Bob Kerrey killed more than 20 unarmed civilians, most women and children. He is not held accountable. Kissinger (1973) organized a military coup to kill the democratic leader of Chile and install Gen. Augusto Pinochet, and then helped him murder thousands of opposition figures to his illegal government. He is not held accountable. In Iraq and Yugoslavia, our bombs massacred soldiers and civilians who have no way of defending themselves against our weaponry. (An analogy would be shooting down Indians armed with bow and arrow with machine guns.) We call the cold-blooded massacres "routine" and civilian deaths "collateral damage." When the Chinese embassy is bombed, no one is held accountable and our authority justifies it as collateral damage. President Bush has carried out 154 executions of human beings, and justifies this cold-blooded murder of defenseless people as "deterrent and justice." The FBI conspires to withhold evidence in the Timothy McVeight trial making the trial a kangaroo court, and yet authority still kills him. The power elite controls who are held accountable to the laws they forge. The power elite are those international capitalist who decide the fate of millions of people worldwide. These internationalists exploit their subjects' nationalism (ego) for their own capital benefits. They hide behind corporations, and become invisible gods, controlling the social norms for millions of people. But without you, there is no deviance, no conformity, nor even God.

WARNING: JUDGES MAKE LOUSY PARK RANGERS

By Ben Long

Sometimes, I wonder which is worse for the wilderness - bulldozers or lawsuits.

While I respect the rights of Americans to sue their government, history illustrates loud and clear that judges make lousy park rangers. It happened again, just last month. A former summer employee at Yellowstone National Park, Lance Buchi, sued the National Park Service after a harrowing mishap left him crippled and disfigured.

In August, 2000, Buchi and two friends were hiking near Old Faithful, in the dark and without a flashlight. They thought they were jumping across a small stream but instead plunged into a 178-degree thermal pool. Buchi, a Utah resident, was lucky; he survived. Another of his hiking party, a young woman from Washington state, died of her injuries.

Buchi suffered severe burns over 90 percent of his body and is still in painful and lengthy recovery. I do not mean to discount the suffering Buchi and his family have endured. I wish them the best. But I also fear the kind of backlash his kind of lawsuit can mean for our national parks.

According to newspaper accounts, the suit contends officials should have closed the trail during the dark and argues the thermal pool should have been fenced off at night.

This is far from the first such lawsuit in Yellowstone. Indeed, many safety precautions that the park does take were prompted by earlier lawsuits. All told, more than 20 park visitors have died in the park's 10,000 hot springs -- seven of them small children.

But, having walked around Old Faithful and the Firehole River in both the day and night, I cannot see how anyone could argue that they were not warned about the perils of scalding geothermal features.

The park staff warns visitors early and often. They warn them verbally and with handouts and signs. Indeed, the warnings are drubbed in so redundantly one wants to shout back: "Enough! I got it already!"

National Parks are not inherently dangerous. Statistically, they're much safer than cities. Their hazards are different from those we face in every day city life. The bottom line is that national park rangers are not nannies.

We visitors must take responsibility for our safety. To try to sanitize wild places through lawsuits is to destroy it, as certainly as driving a bulldozer through Old Faithful would destroy it.

Consider another Yellowstone wrongful death lawsuit, following a fatal bear attack in 1972. Speaking from the bench, the judge in that case suggested the park should put radio transmitters on all grizzly bears, and post a reader board displaying their locations at all times. His honor said:

"... the hell with what the Sierra Club says or these barefoot boys with the Environmental Impact Statements on their backs. I think the big question is to protect the public, protect the public. As the Lord said, Use the mountains. Use the land. Build upon it. Make it your home, dominate it. That's what he told human beings. He did not tell grizzlies to dominate humans. He told humans to dominate grizzlies."

Theology aside, that's no way to manage a wilderness park. A Yellowstone with all its grizzlies under constant surveillance is no wilderness. Neither is a Yellowstone with its trails closed at night and its geysers fenced off.

I appreciate that America is a country of laws. And I know that good results have come from citizen lawsuits against the Park Service and

other agencies. Sometimes an agency needs a shove from a judge to do the right thing.

At the same time, although I have had my share of close calls while traveling our wilderness parks, I do not want a warning sign on every icy rock, or a handrail on every steep trail. I like to think that if I should perish or be maimed by some natural hazard, I would accept the responsibility for endangering my safety. To do less is to dishonor the wilderness.

But for heaven's sake, be careful out there.

Ben Long is a contributor to *Writers on the Range*, a service of *High Country News* in Paonia, Colorado (www.hcn.org). He is a writer in Kalispell, Montana.

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UFO'S AND THE PARANORMAL

The Militarization of Space



Peggy Kane & Nick Wyatt

Here we are in the year, 2001, the beginning of an enlightened, new century, right? Wrong! Do we have open recognition that flying saucers are real and that ET's have been visiting earth for millennium? Do we even have a civilian-based international scientific exploration and study of space? Not even close. What we do have is very ominous development that is nothing but "The Militarization of Outer Space." It is directed by certain segments of our non-elected government and promoted by the greed/control philosophy of the military industrial complex. Several years ago a brand new arm of the military was signed into law. It is the U.S. Space Command. It is funded for the most part by black-budget money. It totals in the billions of dollars per year that will never be accounted for or audited by the GAO. It is supported by the secret government, that small group of people that hold the true reigns of power, who influence and control the inner workings of our elected government in support of their hidden agenda. Instead of a vision of a free and peaceful space shared by scientists and explorers of all cultures and nationalities of earth, we have the Darth Vader syndrome. It is one of deep, deep secrets, paranoia, control and fear.

Tragically the American media today is totally compromised. They do not report on what is really going on but operate as the mouthpiece of the establishment. Connie Chung the newswoman found out the hard way. When asked several years ago about how they choose which stories to air she replied with rare candor "Oh, that's easy we just call down to Washington and they tell us which ones they would like aired." She was immediately fired and only recently has

she been seen back in the news arena. Repentant and humbled she now toes the line. Consequently, it is very difficult to know what is really going on behind the scenes especially regarding "up there." We wrote in earlier articles about all of the strange activity going on around the shuttle flights that is being censored by NASA. This was supposed to be a civilian agency with free dissemination of all information coming from space activities. Then it was hijacked by the military and NSA. Space is now considered of such strategic importance that the U.S. feels justified in declaring all of the space around our planet under the its "protection."

Folks, forget about Star Wars Two it's a ruse, we already have highly sophisticated top-secret weaponry in space. How can this be one might ask? In our discussions with retired and active military/scientist/engineer types who have worked in highly classified R&D programs at top-secret research areas, they all admit one thing. The general rule of thumb for the public disclosure of a new weapons system or craft is that they have actually been operational for at least ten to twenty years, if not more. An example is the stealth fighter, which was operating for almost twenty years before it was revealed to the people. Several months ago, George W. mentioned to the press that we have to "skip a generation" regarding technology, to maintain maximum superiority over potential enemies. So what's out there hidden that could one day become public? At an air show recently a high ranking officer said that the present choppers would be the last generation of conventional helicopters built. The next ones would be an anti-gravity type. This AQ helicopter is fully functional at this time. Col. Steve Wilson of Project Pounce (Retrieval of Crashed Alien Discs) said this AQ Helicopter was known as the Shark. He also mentioned that we have fully functioning aircraft that can do Mach 50. This is about 38,500 mph. It can toddle around the globe in about two hours or so. What are some of the other neat toys the military has tucked away for future use? Word of the Aurora Project has been floating around for several years. It is the Lockheed X-22 A (A in front of any craft indicates it works on anti-gravity.) It is a

two-man fighter disc capable of leaving the surface of the earth and going to the moon and back. Space Command supposedly has a fleet of them operating out of the U.S. Space Warfare HQ., located at Kings Peak in the Wasatch Mountains east of Salt Lake City. It also uses particle beam weaponry as well as optical and radar invisibility. The Nautilus Project of which very little is known is also called the X-33 A. It is larger than the 22 version and uses a magnetic pulsing system to fly. Here's what's interesting, it supposedly travels into deep space to a super secret space station that's been operational since the seventies. The U.S. has supposedly already built a hi-tech electromagnetic, ET containment field around the earth. This could possibly be tied into Project HARP which we wrote about earlier. According to very reliable sources we shot an alien disc down last year somewhere over South America. Is all this just science fiction with a great imagination? We don't think so. The late Col. Wilson mentioned that military astronauts headed for these projects train at a secret aerospace academy located near the present USAF Academy but in totally separate facilities. He also mentioned that if the American people really knew what the military had in their arsenal it would really seem like something out of a Star Wars movie. Speaking of space wars. Lt. General Anderson, of the 527th Space Aggressor Sq., U.S. Space Command has gone on record as saying that conflict in space is inevitable. Do they know something that we don't? Until next month.

Keep Looking Up, Nick & Peggy

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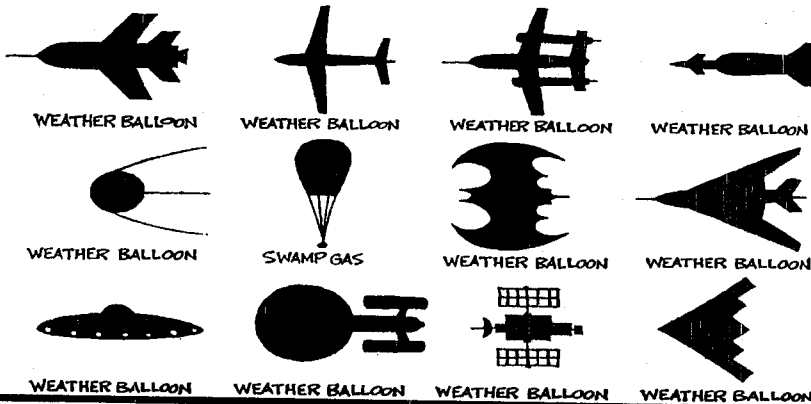
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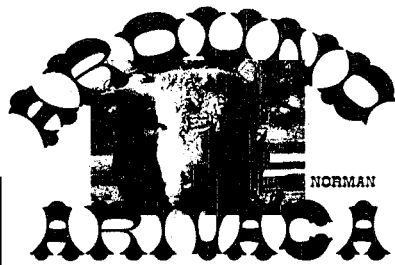
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Leave your name, the way you want to be listed, phone number & P.O. Box # also, please call in any changes that need to be made.

Winnie-the-Pooh

The Winnie-the-Pooh Birthday Party is scheduled to be held at the Arivaca Community Center in August. The fundraiser raffle for this event is called "Monsoon," an old fashioned picnic basket complete with many great items and two movie tickets. You can see it at Tom's. Who will have the lucky ticket? Tickets are available through Debbie Thompson, 398-3916.

Library News by Mary Kasulaitis

It's hard to believe that Summer will be over soon. The Library's Summer Reading program had 48 participants. We had two 48 hour readers: Keyana Taylor and Kenneth Dresang. A number of others came oh so close! Congratulations and be looking for YOUR names in the Arizona Daily Start

Come by and see the display on Eulalia "Sister" Bourne, who taught school in little rural schools in Southern Arizona, including Sopori, San Fernando and Baboquivari. Some of you may even have been in her class! Sister had a little ranch on the north side of the Catalinas. We even know some folks who worked for her there! An interesting lady, to be sure.

Arivaca Archives is coming along with a number of great donations made by folks recently: Leslie Brewer has donated video copies of five Arts Council shows (Wizard of Oz, Scrooge, Fundraiser for the Wizard of Oz, an Orts Dance program and Minds Eye), Maggie Milinovich has donated a large folder of old newspaper clippings about Arivaca in the last 20 years, Ken Newman of Tucson has donated an Oro Blanco Justice of the Peace ledger from 1884, and Victor Fontes has donated a framed map of the campaign of the Spanish troops during the Pima Revolt, 1751-72, which is on display. Something for every century! Thanks to everyone!

There is a display of Mental Health brochures and booklets on the copy machine at the Library. Especially helpful is the Mental Health Resource Guide, which provides information on agencies and programs in Tucson and Pima County. In the same booklet is the Caregivers Resource Guide for anyone who is helping an older adult and needs support or resources. All of these items are free for you to take.

"Finding Arivaca" is still moving along! We are still looking for folks who have stories to tell, (or maybe, information to provide!) so give us a call at 398-2764 if you are interested!

Maps and documents outlining the New Mexico and TEP power line proposals are available at the Library and we will continue to collect information as it becomes available.

Consider using the Library's Web Links if you need information on a specific subject. The Library's Web address is: www.lib.tucson.az.us

The Arivaca Library BOOK CLUB will meet on Aug 18 at 2 p.m. in the Meeting Room.

The Friends of the Arivaca Library sponsor a BOOK SALE the last Saturday of every month. Come by between 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. in the Library meeting room. There is a significant turnover of books each month, so you might always find something new! Consider joining the Friends, too!

STORY HOUR is every Thursday at 10:30 a.m. Join us for songs and stories (some in Spanish) and afterwards we'll do crafts.

Caviglia-Arivaca Library is located at 17050 West Arivaca Road. Phone 398-2764. Hours are: Closed Sundays and Mondays; Tues and Wed 11-8; Thurs 10-6; Fri 11-5 and Sat 9-5.

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from Mr. Crooker, "It is (more or less) the depiction of a Mayan Serpent god viewing the heavens, hence the name 'Stargazer'. It has to do with the Mayan's observation, study, and understanding of the heavenly bodies and their movements; also the

"Stargazer" by Jerry L. Crooker

comet they saw and recorded and the prediction of its return. It also symbolizes the ending of the Mayan calendar on December 21, 2012. The return of said comet?"

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 <h1>August</h1>		1	2	3  LIVE MUSIC Caffe Aribac <i>Fridays</i> weather permitting	4  Full Moon Summer Science Sat. Whipple Observatory Fossils - 11am kids-free	
5 Sunrise 5:44 Sunset 7:24	6	7	8	9	10  All-You-Can-Eat Salad Buffet Ariv. Old Schhse 5-7pm	11 AWET 9am Ariv Library Summer Science Sat. Whipple Observatory Making Mountains 11am kids - free
12  Sunrise 5:49 Sunset 7:17	13	14	15 Ari. Fire Dept Dinner	16 SUSD-1st day of school	17	18 Ariv Library Book Club 3pm
19 Sunrise 5:54 Sunset 7:10	20	21 Connection Deadline Buying Club orders due	22  New Moon	23	24	25  Book Sale Ariv Library 10am - 2pm
26 Sunrise 5:58 Sunset 7:01	27	28	29	30	31	

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