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Max at About the Cover: Mission Wolf, by Kent Weber. www.missionwolf.org Mission Wolf is a solar-powered wolf sanctuary in the remote mountains of Colorado. They are open year round to educate visitors about wolves and sustainability.

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Dedicated to Positive News whenever possible! Check the online issue to see the pictures in color!

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Gila Wilderness Wolf Re-Introduction

By Pat Foss

Scott had his heels dug in...It was like he was waterskiing but it was in packed dirt. Dirt and rocks shot out to the sides of his cowboy boots as he sped by and he left two deep furrows as he leaned back and held on. He had pulled the mule's head around far enough that he had not quite lost control but the mule was running half sideways down the road as fast as he could. Scott hung on.

After a quarter mile down the dirt road the mule stopped...big eyed and amazed, wondering who this cowboy was that he couldn't run away from. Scott saw the mule thinking and threw a big loop of the thick rope at him and said calmly "TRY IT AGAIN!" The mule took off again, Scott let some slack in the rope and just as the mule was reaching full stride he jerked the rope back and got the mule's head turned again. Angry and crazed, the mule galloped and pulled and ran as fast as he could but Scott kept the mule's head turned back just enough that he could hang on and slow him down.

They went another quarter mile and the mule stopped, unbelieving; he had always escaped before, dozens of times and it was easy...he could not understand why he couldn't get away now? Scott waved his hands and threw a loop of rope at the mule and said gently "GO FOR IT!" and the mule took off again...Scott turned the mules head again and leaning back, held on...dirt flying, cowboys yelling and whistling...Scott and the mule went around the corner and out of sight.

Scott Lafevers is one of the premier mule trainers in the west...he teaches a lot of people too. In this case the Park

Service wranglers had a mule that they couldn't handle... the mule had turned and run once and found that he could always get away if he wanted to. So they called in Scott... This mule lesson was a bonus early in the morning while eighteen rangers, twenty mules, a dozen horses, Scott and I, and two Mexican Grey Wolves prepared to take a pack trip up into the Gila Wilderness. Twenty minutes later Scott and a perfectly compliant, content and happy mule walked back the corral, Scott says "I don't think he'll pull away again." As far as I know, he never did.

Nobody knew how we were going to pack live wolves on a mule. Every horse and mule at the trailhead was keenly aware of the presence of the two wolves...none of them liked it. It had taken some planning just to think how to transport the wolves at all...special panniers to hang from a pack saddle were built, one for each wolf, that were ventilated and hopefully not too hot. The problem was to find a pack animal that would be willing to carry them. Every time the pannier was moved the wolf inside would scramble and scratch and growl...the horses were terrified, the mules more so.

All the guys from Fish and Wildlife and all the Forest Service guys looked to Scott to make this trip happen. This was early in the Gila Wilderness Mexican Grey Wolf Re-Introduction plan...there were still a lot of problems to be worked out.

Scott knew all along how he was going to do it...her name was Diana. Diana was an 18 year old molly mule, she and Scott had packed thousands of miles together. They had packed everything; fresh killed meat, chainsaws (Continued on next page.)

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and axes, groceries for stranded mountaineers, building supplies for outposts in the way back and even picture windows. Diana would carry the two wolves.

There's a lot of milling around anytime you've got to get thirty or so equines and half that many humans all ready to head up the trail, it seems you can never get them all set at once. I had just a saddle horse and one pack mule...same with Scott. We were ready far in advance of the Forest Service and Fish and Game people, they seemed to have a lot of problems with their gear and their mules. Finally it seemed about half of them were ready so Scott and I packed the wolves in their panniers up on Diana, Scott stepped up on his horse and headed out leading Diana...I followed riding a high strung Arabian mare named Genie and leading a big jack mule. A couple twos and threes of rangers and wildlife guys came along, we all figured that the rest would catch up somehow and if not, we thought that would be ok too.

We were only six miles in from the trailhead but we thought the rest of the group should have caught up by now. A very dicey section of trail lay just ahead and it would have been nice to see everyone through it okay. But, as every packer knows, the best way to avoid a wreck is to keep moving...trying to stop and wait is just inviting trouble.

Scott, Diana and wolves went ahead. I let the few rangers we had with us go ahead of me; with just a saddle horse and one mule I thought I could help if someone got in trouble. The trail climbed a bit and then narrowed...we traversed a steep north facing hill that was still wet with snowmelt and a few patches of snow. The trail narrowed until it was just a slippery path through a cliff with a wall on the left and a fifty foot sheer drop on the right. My Arabian mare was sure footed and the mules are incredible in difficult terrain so I wasn't much worried. I heard some branches behind us and I thought the rest of the group must be coming up. Just as Genie, Gus and I reached the cliff and were carefully threading our way between the wall and the sheer drop off, I looked back and saw a riderless saddle horse galloping full speed up the trail behind us. Behind him was a rider on a horse yelling "Whoa, whoa!!" but he

was only scaring the horse he was trying to catch and making it run faster.

My only thought was "I want down off this mare!!" Genie was given to freaking out under stress...she already didn't like the drop off and was singlefooting in place, I knew if she were stressed enough she would go ahead and jump off rather than worry about falling, some horses are like that. It was too late, I couldn't dismount on the narrow trail...I urged Genie ahead and took a dally on the horn to yank Gus forward hoping to cross the dangerous section before the runaway horse got to us. Only a few yards later the runaway horse crashed full speed into Gus. Somehow Gus and the runaway managed to stay up on the ledge; the impact had knocked Gus's pack saddle clear up on his neck and the cinch was severely pinching him...I could see his eyes widen and I expected him to start bucking right there on the ledge. But mules are smart...and they know self preservation in a way that no horse has ever known. Gus got ready to explode but then looked down over the sheer drop off ... I could see him thinking... he controlled himself. The runaway horse was still crowding into Gus and trying to pass in an impossible place. Gus held his place and walked square in the middle of the path blocking the runaway and tolerating being pushed from behind. I held my breath, Genie kept scrambling but stayed on the ledge and we slowly made our way down...twenty more feet and we'd be safe.

Genie and I made it first...then Gus, pushed by the runaway smashed into us almost knocking Genie down. Gus, now off the ledge, had no need to contain himself and broke loose from me; he went huge. He was leaping, bucking, falling, squealing, grunting through the underbrush and took off up the trail with his packs bouncing crazily off his neck... scattering groceries and equipment from the panniers.

Scott and the rangers held up ahead and the rest of the group came through the narrows and gathered. Gus was long gone, the runaway had followed him, but they would be easy to find by following the trail of food and equipment that Gus had jettisoned. I knew he would stop once he had got rid of the saddle. It was going to be a pain





to collect all the stuff and repack Gus...but everyone was okay.

Gus was done with letting any other equines come up behind him. His experience with the runaway had set his mind, maybe forever. Mules are the martial artists of the equine world and Gus had deftly kicked the first couple of horses that had come up on him. We lost our position in the front few of the pack string and had to go back to the very end so that no one was behind Gus. The Arabian mare Genie likes to always be in front, she was unhappy; she jigged and crowhopped and danced and fought against the bit...it was dusty and stinky behind thirty other animals... and we had a lot of miles to go.

It was a long sweaty day...nothing more eventful than a loose cinch or a dropped hat. No stopping allowed with this many animals and people and we pushed through another five hours until we reached the pristine release area; everyone was glad to dismount and tie up the horses and mules. Genie was still dancing and pushing; when we stopped she started pawing the ground in impatience, for her it had been a terrible day of following slow traffic.

Here's the first rule of being a packer: Never tie a horse to a dead tree. Before I even dismounted I heard the crashing and I knew that sound. Someone had tied to a dead tree, the horse had pulled back and the tree came down. A second crashing noise came from the left of the first. The noise and commotion of the first tree falling had spooked another horse and it too was tied to a dead tree. That big tree came down. Half a dozen other horses now spooked and were pulling back; but they were tied properly, high and short to big live trees. But one of them broke his halter and was running amok thru the mules that were still all tied together in a string; he pulled them around a tree that had two horses tied to it. That turned into a tangle of ropes and mules and horses all pulling different directions...some flipping over backwards when the rope broke, others breaking free and running. The horse from the first tree came running by with a ten foot chunk of branch bouncing wildly along side him...the tree branch swatted a mule that had his pack partially untied and he started bucking, panniers and rope and provisions

flying...the pack manti (tarp) caught in the tree branch and flagged behind as the horse, branch, rope and tarp circled through the cavalcade disrupting the saddle horses; two of the horses, with rangers still on top...took off bucking through the forest. Most of the mules began to try to buck their pack saddles off. The horse from the second tree was still pulling the entire dead tree but had tangled in the lead rope and was choking itself, it struggled with all the power of panic and flung the tree into a group from Fish and Wildlife before collapsing. A big 1300 pound pack horse reared up as the dead tree swiped at him but then appeared to drop dead. Men were running...some with knives intent on cutting the tangle of mules and horses and gear apart, some were just running away. That seemed smart to me so Genie, Gus and I left the scene...we headed for a meadow that I could just make out through the trees. My thought being "I'd better not get off this horse until this all settles down."

We made it to the meadow no problem and there was Scott; sitting on his big Palomino gelding named Bill with Diana and the wolves safely along side. He was fishing around in nearly empty can of Copenhagen trying to find some quid...and he was grinning.

Scott, Bill, Diana, Genie, Gus and I watched for quite a while and we all thought that both the horses and the rangers had admirable endurance. Scott and I agreed that if tickets had been required to watch this show we would have paid full price.

After it all settled down the wolf release area looked like the city dump. Six horses were injured; two of them were too lame to ride. Of course, all the mules were fine but some were traumatized and had simply refused to have brain function until whenever they decided to come back to this world. The big horse that I thought had dropped dead had merely fainted from fright...that was a new one on me. It was 3:30 in the afternoon, we hadn't yet released the wolves; we needed to repack and repair all the equipment and clean up the release area, most the horses and mules were exhausted, we had no camping gear and we still had an eight hour ride to get back to the trailhead. Genie was still dancing.

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March

Highlander Horse Americans Want Wild Horses Protected

By Ellie Phipps Price

Most Americans want to preserve wild horses on the Western range. Their independence and unbridled freedom symbolize the qualities that make our country great. But their future in ten Western states is in jeopardy, thanks to a Trump administration proposal to reduce wild populations to extinction levels by killing as many as 90,000 of these iconic animals.

According to a recent poll, it's a plan that 80 percent of Americans, including 86 percent of Trump voters and 77 percent of Clinton voters, oppose. But will Congress listen? Congress must reconcile the differences in spending legislation created by the Interior Department. The Senate version prohibits killing and slaughter; the House version allows it.

Mass killing of mustangs is certainly not what Congress intended when it unanimously passed the Wild Free Roaming Horses and Burros Act in 1971, designating these animals as "living symbols of the historic and pioneer spirit of the West" to be protected from "harassment, capture, branding and death."

But what was intended to be a wildlife protection law has

been implemented by the agency in charge — the Bureau of Land Management — as if it's closer to a pest-control statute that is designed to benefit ranchers who graze livestock on the public lands where wild horses live.

Ranchers who hold federal grazing permits pay \$1.87 per animal per month to graze their livestock on public lands. Compare that to the average fee on private lands in the West, which is over \$22 per animal per month. It's a sweet deal for ranchers, courtesy of U.S. taxpayers. BLM policy has long favored this special interest group, even though they represent just 3 percent of American ranchers and produce less than 3 percent of American beef. The path forward to protect wild horses exists, but to get there, we need to deal with some real-world facts.

Fact #1: BLM's population limits for wild horses are not "appropriate;" they're extinction level. The BLM's "Appropriate" Management Level for wild horses and burros is 26,900 on 27 million acres of BLM land. That's the number of mustangs that existed in 1971 when Congress unanimously acted to protect them because they were "fast disappearing."

In 2013, the National Academy of Sciences concluded that the agency's Appropriate Management Level was "not



Highlander Horse

transparent to stakeholders, supported by scientific information, or amenable to adaptation with new information and environmental and social change." Yet "getting to Appropriate Management Level" — a goal that is simultaneously unscientific and unattainable continues to drive the agency's unsustainable roundup and removal program.

Fact #2: There's room on the range for wild horses and burros. Wild horses aren't overrunning the West. They're not starving. In fact, they're not even present on over 80 percent of BLM rangelands grazed by livestock! (Livestock grazing is authorized on 155 million acres of BLM land; wild horses and burros are restricted to 26.9 million, which they share with livestock.)

Privately owned livestock vastly outnumber federally protected wild horses and burros on public lands. In Utah, for example, wild horses graze on just 2.1 million of the 22 million acres of BLM land grazed by livestock. In Nevada, ranchers have two-thirds of federal rangelands to themselves; in Wyoming it's three-quarters.

Fact #3: Slaughter is not a solution. Not only is slaughter politically untenable, it also won't solve the problem. Slaughtering horses requires the BLM to continue rounding them up, which everyone agrees is unsustainable. Fortunately, a humane alternative is available. In 2013, the National Academy of Sciences recommended that the BLM use PZP fertility control to manage wild

horses on the range. The vaccine is costeffective, it can be delivered remotely by dart, and it prevents fertilization without affecting the horses' natural behavior.

Economic modeling shows that the agency could work to achieve its population goals and save \$8 million in just one of 177 habitat areas. It all comes down to this: Will Congress stand with the American people by rejecting the distorted "facts" voiced by a self-interested few? Will Congress force the Bureau of Land Management to pursue a humane and sustainable program, or will it allow the mismanagement to continue?

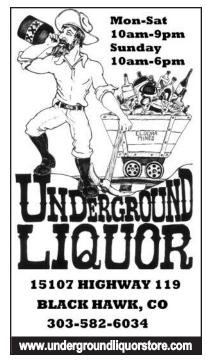
The answer may not only determine the future of our wild horses, but also of the very public lands on which they live.

Ellie Phipps Price is a contributor to Writers on the Range, the opinion service of High Country News (hcn.org). She is president of the American Wild Horse Campaign and owner of Durell Vineyards in California and the 2,000-acre Montgomery Creek Ranch, a Northern California refuge for 240 wild horses.

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Colorado Eagles 101

Article and Photographs by Diane Bergstrom

When I delivered a sick golden eagle to Sigrid Ueblacker at *Birds of Prey Foundation* years ago, I was already an eagle fan but had never had one in my car. While volunteering for the Wildlife Transport team of the Colorado Division of Wildlife (now renamed Colorado Parks and Wildlife), I was on call when a golden eagle had been found on the ground and was not moving. Sigrid opened the large cardboard box, gently lifted the eagle to her torso, and in her Austrian accent said to me, "Oooh, I didn't think you knew what you had." Granted, bald eagles are easier to identify than goldens. She then ignored me and went on to converse with the bird, who

was rapidly declining with West Nile Virus. She stayed up all night, feeding him mouse parts laced with antibiotics. He survived and made a slow but steady recovery. Sigrid, AKA Bird Whisperer and founder, passed away in 2009, and Heidi Bucknam took over as Executive Director. To date, they have helped over 15,000 raptors. Check their website, **www.birds-of-prey.org**, and if you see an injured or orphaned raptor, contact them at (303)460-0674. If you see injured or problem wildlife, find the phone number of your regional office of the Colorado Parks and Wildlife at **www.cpw.state.co.us**, or call the Denver office at (303)291-7227 or Littleton office at (303)791-1954. After hours, call the Colorado State Patrol at (303)239-4500.



For injured or orphaned wild birds and mammals, you can also contact *Greenwood Wildlife Center* in Longmont at (303)823-8455.

I recently was in the company of another golden, as she perched on the arm of Licensed Wildlife Educator, Perry Conway, on February 3, at the Barr Lake State Park Annual Eagle Festival in Brighton. Perry has been her caretaker since 1983; she is healthy and thriving though will never be able to return to the wild. She doesn't know how to be wild. Some ill-intentioned person took away that right when he illegally stole her out of a nest at a week old. He was arrested, she was confiscated, and now, because she cannot learn to hunt, is an ambassador for wildlife









programs and has appeared before millions of people. That's right, millions. She is an impressive visual aid during Perry's interpretive talks about goldens. In addition



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Last year, an old friend accused me of being a bald eagle



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decades. Golden eagles don't get the respect they deserve. Unfortunately, their Colorado population and nesting success is declining, per Perry, as they lose their habitat and food sources. The bald eagles at Barr Lake eat primarily fish, some fowl and a few prairie dogs. They will scavenge meals, even stealing fish from adept fishing osprey. The golden eagles around Colorado are more predatory, nesting in cliffs in open mountains, foothills and



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prairies. They forage on mostly mammals, including rodents, and also birds and reptiles. They don't tolerate human disturbance near their nests and are severely affected by the rampant housing development of the front range. (Except the Lyons goldens, who raised a record

number of eaglets on cliffs above heavy equipment making park repairs after the flood, but then, everyone in Lyons made adjustments.) The bald eagles have become more versatile, even nesting above E-470. "We have a wide variety of raptors in the park," Barr Lake Nature Center Assistant Sue O'Shields said as she explained how a pair of wise House Sparrows built their nest on the side of a wedge-shaped osprey nest at the north end of the lake, "Housing is a problem everywhere in Denver. It's a security system for sure. Everybody wins!"

From the 1940's to the 1970's the use of toxic DDT, an environmentally-devastating contact poison developed as an insecticide, contaminated food chains, especially fish, the main food source for bald eagles. Any birds that consumed fish were then contaminated. Being at the top of the food chain made the balds more vulnerable to environmental toxins. Chemicals concentrate in each link going up from the lowest link. The chemical thinned the bald eagle eggshells, killing the embryos. DDT was found in plants, soil, river sediment, the food web, and even human milk. The EPA banned it in 1972. The Colorado bald population had dropped to one recorded nesting pair in the 70's. The golden population fared much better



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because their primary food source was mammals, according to Perry. Sue extolled the story of Nelda Gamble, a wildlife raptor monitor, who drove all over the front range for bald sightings. In 1982, she witnessed a pair at Barr Lake in nest building behavior—snapping twigs off trees instead of retrieving them from the ground. That initial

resident nest at the southwest end of the lake was a statewide hopeful sign of a rebounding population. Melanie Bruschetto, Barr Lake Park Host, indicated there are 170 nesting bald pairs in Colorado, and 80 known active golden nests. *(Colorado Outdoors)* Other current threats to goldens are turbine blades, and electrical lines running to wind farms and oil/gas facilities. A definite link has been established but the Colorado mortality numbers haven't been determined. Sue also pointed out that snowpack was at 65% of the normal average, with Barr Lake being fed by the South Platte River via the Roberts tunnel, O'Brien reservoir, and ultimately snowpack in the South Park area. This poses challenges to the entire food chain.

Golden eagles are a little smaller than bald eagles, with an average wingspan of 7 feet and a height of 3 feet. The mature bald eagle grows white neck and tail feathers around four years of age, and until then, can be confused for a golden eagle by its mottled brown plumage. Look for feathers covering the golden eagle's legs, and remember that bald eagle's legs are bare. The juvenile golden eagles have singular white patches on the underside of each extended wing, and their white tail feathers end in a broad brown/black band. When they mature at four years, they are predominantly brown with tawny feathers on the back of the head and neck, and a faint band on the tail. The goldens are solitary birds and don't



congregate in winter groups like balds. Balds are seen standing on ice, their feet resisting the cold by being mostly tendon. Both goldens and balds lay clutches of 1-3 eggs, normally 2, and the incubation period for balds averages 35 days while the golden period averages 42 days. Lifespan information for both eagles varies between 15 to 30 years in the wild. While bald eagles are *Continued next page*.



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no longer on the endangered or threatened species list, both eagles are protected raptors and safeguarded by the Migratory Bird Act Treaty. The Act celebrates its centennial this year and is one of the oldest wildlife protection laws on the books. Previously, the Fish and Wildlife Service has been updating the law's framework and prosecuting industry practices that needlessly killed birds. A change of course happened in December, when a legal memorandum was issued by the Interior Department ruling that now businesses whose operations accidentally kill nongame

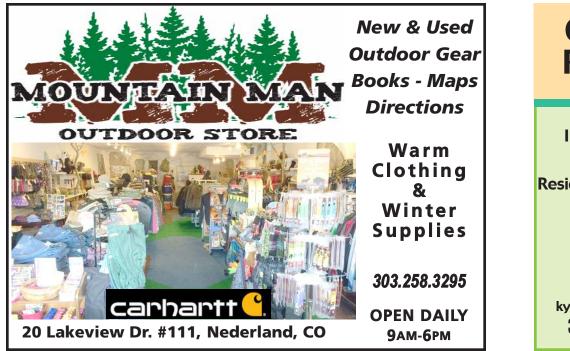


migratory birds are not in violation of the Act. (Jason Daley, Smithsonian.com)

Google lists of eagle nesting cams to locate live video viewing of nest activity once eagles have taken up residence. Xcel has had eagle cams at Fort St. Vrain Station in Platteville, **www.birdcam.xcelenergy.com**. A Standley Lake eagle cam can also be viewed at

www.westminster.co.us/eaglecam; click on the picture but not on the play arrow to start the stream. If you want to get wing deep into more birding, consult: the Bird Conservancy of the Rockies, **www.birdconservancy.org**; Colorado Field Ornithologists, **www.cobirds.org**; and The Audubon Society, by state, at www.audubon.org, which puts Colorado among their top ten states with the biggest bird lists. Grab your binoculars and go!

A big thank you to the staff, volunteers, and presenters at **Barr Lake State Park**, for your information sharing and for having live people answer the phone, every time, without recorded prompts. What a refreshing and much appreciated rarity! Here's their number: (303)659-6005.



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Walk With Me

Tales of Women's Marches, January-February, 2018

This year, all over the United States and internationally, the second annual Women's March occurred on January 20. As in 2017, this reporter journeyed to the Jefferson County Courthouse light rail station, to ride a train to the march. Our small group arrived at the light rail station in late morning, after singing old car blues in the foothills. At 10:30 am, the station was decidedly empty. A year ago in January of 2017, the platform had been mobbed. Each car had been packed to overflowing. Yet this year the station was barren. Cold wind whistled through thin January sunlight. The cars were mostly empty. One family rode with a small child in stroller to the March. A handful of women and men rode the train for school or work.

Where were the Activists? When our tiny group alighted at the Auraria stop, the streets there too were empty. We began to migrate towards Civic Center Park. And slowly we encountered crowds. Wonderful crowds! Signs, banners, pink hats... tables set up to promote voter registration... Faces of women and men alight with both determination and joy.

Wait a minute. Joy? At a political protest march, in the cold of a Colorado January?

The 2018 Women's March on Denver gathered 150,000 walkers. The huge crowd assembled early in the morning, many marchers assembled by 8:30 am. Women, children and men took to the streets. There were signs and banners and bright pink "pussy hats." The march began and ended

by Civic Center Park in Denver. Speakers at the Park after the march included activists, artists, poets, dancers and musicians.

A powerful theme heard from many speakers this year at the Denver Women's March was solidarity of all women and men. White women who may have the means to hire servants were challenged to become part of the solution. Do you hire women of color as household workers? If so, do you pay your workers a living wage? Can anyone feed themselves, let alone support a family, on \$10 / hr? Here in the Denver area? If you are among the fortunate priviledged or more wealthy groups among us, what can you do to make our world a better place? If you are not among the so-called priviledged few, what can you do to make our

world a better place?

Another dominant theme among speakers was the #MeToo movement. There were numerous stories among the speakers of triumph after trauma. The message; Do not let shame or fear silence your voice. Speak up and speak out. Heal and live! The shame and fear belong not to those among us who have been victims, but rather to those who have preyed upon us – it is predators who truly fear hearing victim's voices, and so seek to shame us into silence.

As speakers came and went from the stage one also thought of the many faces of the marchers in the croud. There was a sense of deep determination present at the 2018 Women's March. A determination that no matter the worst of what the current presidential administration, and legislators who support it, have and will continue to throw at our country, women are finding a voice. And that voice is compassion, reason, strength and hope for a better life for all.

There was another March I should mention here. In Minneapolis, Minnesota, on February 14, 2018: The 4th annual March for Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women, Boys, Girls, Two Spirit and LGBTQ (#MMW for short). What does the 2018 Women's March on Denver have in common with the 2018 March for Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women, Girls, Boys, Two Spirit and LGBTQ in Minneapolis? Both marches were largely (or completely) ignored by primetime network news agencies. Both can be viewed on the web for anyone who cares to go looking. *(See links at the end of this article.)* Both show women marching with joy as well *Continued next page*.



Highlander Issues

as determination.

These women's marches spring from a new day. Women are speaking up and calling for respect. Women are reminding each other our days of silence, of walking with our heads bowed in the shadows of men, are over. Such days must be over. We are called to set our feet on a path of recognition. We are called to defy generations of conditioning and fear that would drown our souls in silence. We are called to overcome the fear that paralyzes one with inaction. We are called to be seen as powerful human beings, regardless of our age or skin color. And this call is not just for women but for all of us. This has now transcended any political party. What matters now is our ethics, our heart, our courage to face change head on.

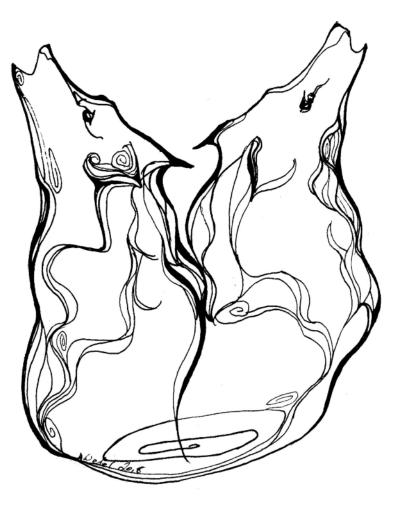
In our own way we each march and we speak, every day of our lives. There is both liberation and joy in this. Walk with me!

References: #MMW

https://livestream.com/unicornriot/events/8057192/ videos/170237727 (March for Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women, #mmw, took place in Minneapolis MN 2/14/18, live stream by UnicornRiot)

https://www.marchoncolorado.org/ Website for 2018 Denver Women's March, includes list of speakers and events. Women's March 2018,Video Clips

https://www.facebook.com/WorkingFamilies/videos/ 10155756952061418/



(Shows clips from around the country including Denver)



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1arch	2018

Highlander Horse

The Allure Of Horse Powered Farms

By Andria Hautamaki - High Country News

Aaron and Dana Steege-Jackson own Around the Table Farm, a 5.5-acre horse-powered vegetable, berry and flower farm in the small town of Poulsbo, on the Kitsap Peninsula of Washington. The Steege-Jacksons are a part of an emerging trend of young farmers returning to an old tradition: using draft power — mules, horses, or oxen for small-scale farms.

Horse-drawn farming has lower startup costs than buying a tractor, but the practice also fits into the desire of a younger generation to live a more sustainable lifestyle. Aaron, 35, and Dana, 33, started farming in 2010 after apprenticing with other farms that used horse-drawn power. Draft horses enable farmers to live a life more connected to the land where few resources are wasted — even animal manure is incorporated back into the same farming system. The horses' hooves don't compact the soil in the same way that large tractors do, and they can power through wetter conditions without getting stuck or leaving large ruts.

Another small operation, about 50 miles northwest of Poulsbo, the River Run Farm in Sequim, Washington, was co-founded in 2013 by a group of friends. The farm uses a combination of horse-drawn power and tractors. Noah Bresler, 33, and Anna Bunk, 29, oversee tasks ranging from spreading lime to harvesting potatoes as well as breaking up clods of soil and seeding cover crops. The farm currently owns four Belgium draft horses and has attracted young farmers interested in learning how to farm with horses.

This year the farm hosted a program where one group worked with a local mentor to learn the skills necessary to be safe and successful when using horse-drawn power. For a farmer without equine experience, the learning curve can be steep. But the mentorship program teaches the basics, too: How to catch and halter horses reluctant to return from the pasture, how to bridle and harness a team, and how to pace the horses and read their body language so they don't get overexerted.

(Highlander file photo of Gunther, a Halflinger horse.





A preferred breed of draft horse used often for farming.)



March

Animals & Their Companions







Send in Your photos to highlandermo60@gmail.com



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March

Animals & Their Companions







Previous page top left: Cat in wind. Top Right: Horse licks little boy. Bottom: Molloy. This Page: Left: Cat sandwich. Right: Chanel bored with grooming. Bottom: Strider on ice.

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It's doggedness that does it. ~ Charles Darwin

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Highlander Tips Ways To Stay Safe During Severe Winds

From Jim Plane - State Farm Insurance

During severe weather events like tornadoes or even Chinook mountain wind alerts, winds can reach speeds of 100 miles per hour. But even winds at 25 miles per hour can damage homes and property. Take a few simple steps to learn disaster preparedness and prepare your family and home for the possibility of severe winds.

Develop an emergency plan

Proper planning can help save your family from injury and inconvenience when severe weather strikes. Prepare your family for severe winds by creating a disaster preparedness plan, including a disaster survival kit and an emergency evacuation plan.

Stay informed

Getting up-to-the-minute information is an important part of staying safe in any weather emergency. When severe weather threatens, tune in to a NOAA Weather Radio or battery-powered radio for updates. A high wind advisory means that sustained winds of over 25 miles per hour are predicted. Thunderstorm, tornado, and high wind warnings should be taken very seriously, as they mean that severe weather has been spotted and is on its way.

Find shelter

When severe winds occur, move to the middle of your home or basement, away from windows and glass doors. Try to take cover under a staircase or a heavy piece of furniture. Do not stay in a mobile home during severe winds. They are easily overturned by high winds, and flying debris can puncture their light frames and exteriors. If you live an area prone to severe winds, you may want to build or designate a safe room in your home. A safe room is an area of your home that is/has been reinforced to provide protection from broken glass and flying debris. An experienced contractor can build a safe room with a reinforced roof, walls, and ceilings in a new or existing home. Wherever you seek shelter, be sure to bring your family disaster kit with you.

Protect your home

When severe winds threaten your home, close window shutters or attach protective panels with previously installed fasteners. Information about emergency board-up procedures can be found at the Federal Alliance for Safe Homes (FLASH) or the Insurance Institute for Business & Home Safety (IBHS).

For more information about construction and retrofitting techniques for securing your home against high winds, see these tips to protect your home during a high wind alert.

Secure your property

If there is sufficient warning before the onset of severe winds, move garbage cans, patio furniture, grills, and other potentially wind-borne objects inside your home or garage. In the future, you may want to consider replacing gravel or rock landscaping materials with shredded bark.

Vehicles and recreational toys are also at risk during a severe wind event. Store vehicles in a garage or other enclosure if possible. Tie down recreational toys securely. If you are using tarps or coverings to safeguard RV's or other vehicles not in a garage, check them for loose or untied areas and resecure the fastenings.





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First Data Science Major

Colorado State University

Our world now depends on big data – and the thoughtful analysis of it. From health care to finance to government to science, we rely every day on the study of truly massive troves of data. People trained in this skill are, however, in very short supply, which is one of the reasons data scientist has been the top-rated job in the U.S. for the past two years. To help the state and the world meet this ever-increasing need and to help shape the data-driven future, Colorado State University is launching a new major in data science, starting fall 2018. The program is the first of its kind in the entire Rocky Mountain region.

New field - The major will offer 10 new dedicated data science courses – ranging from data wrangling to data graphics and visualization to a group capstone project. It will also give majors a broad foundation in computer science, mathematics and statistics.

"Data science has emerged from a combination of computer science, mathematics and statistics," said Simon Tavener, College of Natural Sciences associate dean for academics. "And it has now developed into a separate field in its own right, thanks in part to demands for data-driven knowledge across disciplines."

Students in the new major will select a concentration in computer science, economics, mathematics or statistics. The first, foundational year is similar for all concentrations. The concentrations then diverge as students pursue upper level courses alongside majors in these fields, while continuing to take specialized data science courses. In their final year, data science students from all concentrations will come together in small groups to tackle real-world data problems in the capstone course.

"This new degree program at CSU provides a powerful balance across fields," Tavener said. "It will prepare students with the skills and understanding to be able to enter directly into the workforce – or continue their study in data-based disciplines."

Growth potential - Data scientists have top earning

Peter M. Palombo

Professional Land Surveyor P.L.S. #33197

13221 Bryant Cir. Broomfield, CO 80302 720-849-7509 peterpalombo@aol.com potential, with an average salary of more than \$110,000. And experts estimate a shortage of more than 1 million data scientists, making people trained in this field in high demand.

The new program is housed as an interdisciplinary major in the College of Natural Sciences and is currently enrolling incoming first-year students for the first cohort in fall 2018. Rising second-year students with relevant credits might also be able to transfer into the major. The program will have a dedicated Academic Success Coordinator as well as faculty mentors from the participating departments. There will be opportunities to get involved in research and activities outside of the classroom as well.

For more information about the major, visit the data science homepage.

"We are incredibly excited to be able to offer this new and dynamic field of study to students at Colorado State University," said Dean of the College of Natural Sciences Jan Nerger. "Data science majors will be able to make a real difference in the world in whatever field they choose. We cannot wait to welcome the first cohort in the fall – and then to see the fascinating and important things they do after they graduate."



March

2018

Highlander Satire

Worstbest County

By Andrew W. Smith

-Howdee, folks. This here's Cody. Glad to meet ya. Me? I was born right here in Worstebest County. Ma and Pa used to own a ranch out west of town along the big river. Anyhey, they had to sell it cuz them dang ole wooves kep on killing the calves in Spring and them tree hugging, bearded pot-smokers from outa state kicked up one hell of a fuss if'n we killed any precious wooves. Shit, they ain't even from here. What the heck do they know about the rugged ranch life? Well'p, it's a golf course now, boys. Me'be they oughta let some of them there wooves loose on that golf course, yuk-yuk.

-Yo, dude, like get a freakin' load of that cat down at the corner of the bar. I do believe he thinks he's Bill Cody or some such. Betcha he's got a Rocky Mountain Native bumper sticker on his rig. Native, my ass. We're all of us



immigrants, right? Wearing tight-ass Wrangler jeans and cowboy boots in this snow? Bet they're real good on that ice tonight. Jeans's the coldest damned pants you can wear. He's tough though. Hell, let's send him down another Coors Light. Colorado Kool Aid.

-Yup, there's some of those outa town funhogs now. What's the deal with the neon clothes, man? Wannabe cowpokes don Carhart workclothes, grow beards, and attempt Stetsons. We ain't fooled. Hey, whadda you call a city slicker in \$500 worth of REI apparel? Grizzly chow. Across the horseshoe bar, against the wall under a sign that reads: *Rockies – Last Best Place*, three professors from the local university routinely stroke each others' egos, lapsing effortlessly into the pose they display for 'society.' They are not smoking.

-A global economy decreases cultural, as well as, biological diversity. It's a little like putting all of one's eggs into a single basket. In the event of a catastrophic disaster, it becomes more likely that all will be lost.

-The great biologist holds forth, hurrah! All systems are interrelated and interdependent from the unicellular to the global. Our Earth is a closed system with finite resources.

-The only planet we know of in the universe to harbor life!

-Are we going to talk about carrying capacity, or get another round?

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-We're going to get another drink for all and form a revolutionary, underground coalition that emphasizes the multi-disciplanary.

Cody, meanwhile, has shuffled all bowlegged and sneering over to the jukebox. He plays Hank Williams' *My Bucket's Got a Hole* in it.

-Now, we're gonna get some real tears in them beers. No Charlie Parker tonight.

A cold spell has settled into the valley. Up in the high country, elk and deer are hoofing through a crust of snow. Some of their ankles are bloody. Time of barking the aspens just to make it until Spring.

Highlander Satire

-Should we take the poor bastard home? He'll sure nuff freeze to death passed out out there tonight.

-Jeez, Cody freezing to death in his own piss? A skinny girl with long, straight, chestnut hair nods way back in the corner. No. She's in the bathroom semi-conscious at the sink. No. She's flirting with Cody; standing so close that her crotch, painted in tight Wrangler denim, absorbs putrid moisture from Cody's shame.

-And we saw buffalo and geysers and had this super dinner at the lodge!

-There are no buffalo in North America. The pronghorn is not an antelope. That's Africa, boys and girls.

There's something in the air tonight. It's way too cold for this time of year. Wild geese whoop like braves on the warpath. Aspen leaves the color of egg yolks. Raven flaps in. The world outside.

-Why's the philosopher all sulky and hangdog?

-A tree farm is not a forest. Don't know nothing about no raven rapists, or elk evangelists, or terrorist titmice. Our insignificance amounts to considerably less than a pint of piss. Gonna save my money and rip it up.

-He's smashed, man.

All the lights and electricity go out. Only the orange coals of cigarettes wink. An impossible, hot, white light flashes all of their eyes shiny, baby-rabbit-frightened into focus one last time. The later explosion goes unheard. Wolves howl out by the big river.



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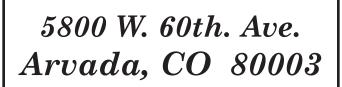
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Highlander Book Review Shadow Mountain - The Wolves In Yellowstone

From the book jacket of **Shadow Mountain** by Renee Askins

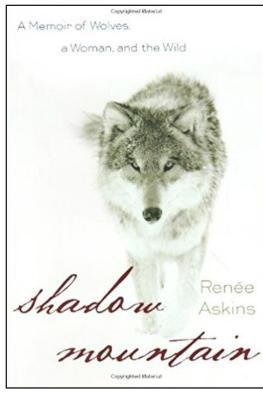
While completing an undergraduate research thesis, Renee Askins was given a two-day-old wolf pup to raise. Named Natasha, the pup was destined for a life in captivity. Through her work with Natasha and her siblings, Askins developed a deep, fierce love for the species. On the day Natasha was unexpectedly taken from her and sent to a remote research facility, Askins made a promise to the wolf pup: "Your life, your sacrifice, will make a difference." And it did.

Renee Askins spent the next fifteen years in the grueling effort to restore wolves to Yellowstone, where they had been exterminated by man some seventy years before. The campaign's popularity with the American public aroused the rage of the western ranching community and their powerful political allies in Washington.



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Askins endured death threats, years of contentious debate and political manipulations, and heartbreaking setbacks when colonizing wolves were illegally killed. But in March 1995, She witnessed the realization of her mission when wolves were released into their native home in Yellowstone – the first wolves to be found there in almost a century.

A born storyteller, Renee Askins offers moving and vibrant examples of the reciprocity that exists between man and animal. And, like a wolf in the shadows, Askins circles the issues surrounding the conundrum of embracing wild nature. *Shadow Mountain* explores the wildness present

within animals and humans, urging us to recognize both its light and its shadow – its power to heal and harm. Roaming from wolves to the Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show, from passion to politics. *Shadow Mountain* is the story of shared struggles and destinies, of failure and redemption, and offers insight into how we can mend our contentious relationship with wildness by understanding the power of the wild to guide and shape us.

Renee Askins founded the *Wolf Fund* in 1986 for the sole purpose of reintroducing wolves into Yellowstone National Park. She has been profiled in many nationally recognized periodicals and her writing has been featured in *Harper's* magazine and in the anthology *Intimate Nature: The Bond Between Women and Animals.* She has traveled and lectured extensively on the topic of wildness in our culture.

This book was more than a pleasure to read, it is a journey into understanding the extreme work undertaken by someone on a life mission to make a real difference in actual ecology in our world today: by a truly gifted author. A difference that needed to happen and the fight to achieve that difference is still happening as states that have wolf populations often don't appreciate that fact and conservationists must stand up to livestock interests that wish to exterminate the wolf again; open hunts for wolves that allow the killing of a species that helps the balance of the ecosystems. We must all stay diligent and further the work that Renee Askins achieved in Yellowstone. **By A.M. Wilks**

Coping With It All

By Pepper Trail

How are you doing? I confess that I'm having a rough time. Everything I care about is under attack by the regime in power. Whether it's wilderness preservation, endangered species protection, action on climate change, the integrity of science, corporate accountability, separation of church and state, access to health care, racial justice, LGBTQ rights, immigrant rights — all, all are in danger of being torn to shreds. Trying to keep up with the litany of horrible news is like drinking from a fire hose spewing toxic waste.

It's easy to feel overwhelmed and hopeless, which is exactly what those in power are counting on. So, how to move past that trap? For our friends who are struggling, we need to be supportive and understanding — and also offer encouragement that resistance is helpful. I don't try to deny my depression when it comes, but I try not to feed it. Usually after a few days or a week, outrage cuts through the fog, and I'm awake again. But then what?

Looking around me, I see three basic coping strategies. I call them after the species that best exemplify them: armadillos, the tigers and the ants.

The armadillo is famously covered with an armor of tough scales, and when attacked it tucks its head under and rolls up into a protective ball. This is, of course, the strategy of denial, and lots of people I know have shut down and become armadillos. I'm lucky to live in a beautiful small town, where it's easy to feel insulated from unpleasant reality. If you never pay any attention to the news, you can live here very happily, tending your garden, going out for coffee, taking a nice hike.

There are a couple of problems with being an armadillo, however. First of all, there are some

very strong-jawed monsters out there, and I submit that the current administration in Washington, D.C., is such a monster. Second, sooner or later, every armadillo has to uncurl and go about its life. Like me, a lot of my armadillo friends are in their 60s, and I think they're betting, consciously or not, that they won't be around when the worst comes to pass. Perhaps that's what counts as optimism these days.

Then there are the tigers. Tigers are fierce and uncompromising. Some fearless people — my wife, for one have become tigers. A pediatrician with a demanding practice, she still spends hours every day telephoning not just our own worthless representative but also leaders in Congress like Paul Ryan and Mitch McConnell. She goes to rallies and makes sure I come, too. She donates money to an ever-lengthening list of activist groups and promising candidates. She gets, on a good night, four hours of sleep. I am in awe of her passion and that of the other tigers I know. But not everyone can be a tiger, burning so brightly without burning out.

That leaves the ones like me, the ants. Like our totem animal, we may be small, but we are single-minded and we are legion. The most encouraging discovery of this terrible year has been how many of us there are, working in local networks to form a national resistance. Every week, I take at least three or four actions — I write a letter, make a call, go to a meeting. That's a level of activity I know I can sustain. I focus on environmental defense, while my friends and allies swarm into action on health care, racial justice, immigrant rights, and all the other issues under threat. In the long run, I believe it's the collective work of these people, some of whom have never been politically active before, that will save our country from its present nightmare.

So, I say: Join us. Shoulder your small burden, one that is not so heavy that it will leave you broken, and make a path that works toward change. Don't forget to thank the mighty tigers who inspire the rest of us, and as you pass the armadillos, give them a little kick to wake them up.

We have nothing to lose but our despair.

Pepper Trail is a contributor to Writers on the Range, the opinion service of High Country News (hcn.org). He is a writer and retired forensic biologist in Oregon.



Highlander Wildlife Buffalo Field Campaign-buffalofieldcamgaign.org

She was a powerful leader from the imperiled Central herd. A direct descendant from the original twenty-three survivors, her ancestors who saved themselves from the U.S. Government's attempted genocide during the

nineteenth century, when nearly 60 million used to roam the continent. She gained her immense wisdom being taught by her own mother and grandmother, as they, in turn, learned from theirs, and on down the family lineage, since buffalo time began.

Like the mothers before her, she taught the young ones where to find the best water, where to give birth, where to find the best grasses and sedges, how to escape the deepest snow, how to stick together to stay safe from predators, and, indeed, how

to flee to the thick forests to escape helicopters, horse riders, ATVs, and law enforcement during hazing season.

Years ago, she had been captured and violated by Yellowstone biologists, who placed a thick leather radio collar around her neck to keep track of her movements. They labeled her "S3." We loathe these collars and what they represent for any wildlife, partly because they are highly visible and recognizable. As much time as we spend with the buffalo, we know many individuals by the shape of their horns, the color of their fur, their scars, nicks, hair dos, but those collars, tools of the panopticon, are worn by a few unlucky adult females, and they make undeniable identifiers. These collars, we have been told, are supposed to just fall off after a few years. But, we've seen no evidence of this, as many of the females who are forced to wear them have been wearing them for close to a decade.

S3 was no exception. We knew her for many years. In the most recent times, we had seen her here in the Hebgen Basin, coming to her spring calving grounds. Again, this winter, she arrived with her large, extended family, in the company of a couple other collared females, including "A3," "K4," and one who had a collar with no identifying marks. When she and her family arrived, so did scores of hunters. Some of her friends and relatives were killed by hunters, and she took the survivors away to safety. On three different occasions this kind of scene played out.

She and her herd would arrive, hunters would follow, make as many kills as they could, and she would leave once again, bringing her family back to where she knew they were safe. She was also the one who surprised us by taking an unusual route, not along the bluffs of the Madison River, but through the thick woods to the north, seeking shelter and a quick departure through the trees. One day, after leaving this way for a second time, she pleasantly shocked



us while we were checking on some bachelor bull buffalo — she had led her group far north of where the family groups tend to migrate, and we found her and over 100 others in the company of these bulls. Something most of us

> had never seen before, and others hadn't seen for nearly twenty years. Again, she and her family returned, and again the hunters came, and again she led her group to safety. Then, not long after that, our Gardiner patrol spotted her in the Gardiner Basin, all the way to the north. She was living proof that Central herd buffalo migrate into both Basins, suffering both tragic consequences . She was with a

herd of about 80 buffalo, on the school football field, with no less than five of the young bulls who escaped quarantine last month. It was so amazing to ponder her journey, the decisions she made and why.

Recently she came back to the west side, to the Hebgen Basin, sadly, for the last time. A hunt party had found her and they took her life. Our patrols, when confronting the hunters, had asked if they had shot a male or female. They said they didn't know, "but it had this collar thing on." When we asked what the collar said, one person in the group said that it looked like "53." We were crushed. We knew then that not only had S3 returned one more time, but it was her the hunters killed. They didn't know her sex before they killed her, they didn't consider that it might be unwise to shoot a collared buffalo, never mind the dangers of killing any female from the Central herd, but, even after field dressing her, they still didn't know she was a female. The following morning, our patrols found a calf in her womb, left there in the gut pile.

Her wisdom, her journey, her unborn calf, and her contributions to the survival of this herd were simply snuffed out. Her story is over. And she is not alone. She's just one who had the unfortunate luck to be captured by biologists and therefor marked. But, so many buffalo share the trials and tribulations that she did. These sacred buffalo have to constantly run the gauntlet, just trying to survive, just trying to make it through winter and keep their families alive. Yellowstone's bison biologists have recommended a cease fire in the Hebgen Basin, since only Central herd buffalo move through there. Wild is the Way ~ Roam Free ~ Stephany TAKE ACTION - Call Montana Governor Steve Bullock # 406-444-3111 / 855-318-1330 (toll free) Montana Fish, Wildlife & Parks Director Martha Williams # 406-444-3186 to voice your opposition.

Highlander Poetry

The Team

By Kevin McCarthy

You think you're smart, but I am adored, you know,

by a huge wolf-dog with a blue eye, a couple of

elderly English Labs, a slobbery she-hound, a

golden retriever who is newly ecstatic every five

minutes that there are balls in the world, a

silky copper, a stately oodle, sister hounds



that fail to be aloof, a farty side-leaper, a

couple of belly-crawling grinners, a persevering

pup, six darting collies, a self-entertaining Labrador

champion left too often alone, three smiley pits,

and dozens I am forgetting but will never forget.

We have joy. Every day.



Highlander Inner View How To Handle Anyone Who Drives You Nuts

By Frosty Wooldridge

If you work in a school, company, fast food joint, office or any other organization that forces you into contact with other people-you must deal with one or two characters that drive you nuts. They may be arrogant, rude, aggressive or impudent. They offer you frustrations and, at the same time, lessons on your journey through life.

Did you hear of the older lady driving a Cadillac who aimed her automobile toward a slot in the parking lot near the store? Seconds before she pulled into the space, a young man zipped into her spot in his shiny sports car. She yelled, "That was my spot you just took." "Tough lady," he said. "I'm younger, quicker and drive a faster car. Deal with it!" "I will young man," she said as she slammed her Caddie into reverse, then, back into "Drive."

She crashed into the back of his sports car-pulverizing it. She backed up and smashed into it two more times. "You just ruined my car," he screamed. "Why did you do that?" "Because I'm old, rich and insured," she yelled. "Besides, you needed a lesson in manners."

In life, we find who people who march into our lives become friends, acquaintances and/or irritations; depending on their propensities. Some teach us lessons. They may



bring us laughter, joy and anger.

What do you do when someone enters your life that drives you nuts? How do you deal with an obnoxious office mate, sibling, parent or teaching colleague? First of all, you must realize that living on this planet offers you a "spiritual boot camp" that tests your ability to grow from one task to the next. Every person along the way offers new challenges and lessons.

We maintain responsibility for our own story. We may dance with a weak or wounded self-concept. We may need to be right all the time or protect our image. Or, we can become victims.

You enjoy choice of response to people who irritate you. If your mother irritates you, the easiest method for you to come to terms: sit down with her, talk to her, set the guidelines by which you expect her to act around you and make sure she appreciates your boundaries.

With an office mate that bothers you: sit down, ask them about their passions, their frustrations and their goals. After they provide you with their priorities, you can better gauge your response to their actions. Additionally, by showing you care about their lives, you can spell out what you like and don't like as to interaction in the office. You must welcome the new you. Become available to something more. You must forgive others who lack balance. Choose a new perspective. You must give them a chance. You may speak in a new and conscious manner.

This topic reminds me of the story of a very irritating and perfectionist Italian mother who brought up her son Alberto by herself. She demanded that everything be "just so." During dinner, Alberto loved to talk with his grandfather, but as the old man grew more infirmed, he broke a soup bowl because of his palsy. She banished him to the kitchen to eat alone.

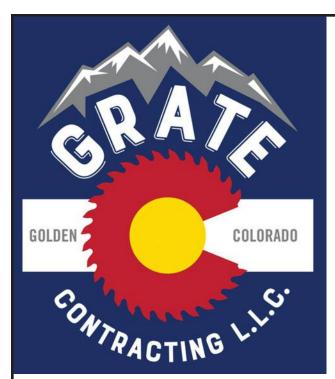
Thereafter, Alberto hurried his dinner so he could talk with his grandfather in the kitchen. One night, the old man broke another bowl. At that point, she relegated him to a wooden bowl, which demoted him to the lowest rung on the social ladder.

One night, Alberto failed to show up for dinner. When she found him in his bedroom, he sat on the bed carving a piece of wood into a bowl. "Why didn't you come to dinner tonight?" she asked. "Don't you know it's rude to miss dinner?" "Sorry mama," said Alberto. "What are you carving?" she asked. "I am carving a bowl for you when you get to grandfather's age," said Alberto.

From that day onward, the mother invited grandfather back to the table to share in the family dinner and mentor her son Alberto.

Editor's Note: The more time spent in this lifetime, the less time I have for folks that try my patience due to their ignorance or naivete, guess I can learn from them, huh?

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Highlander Issues

Protected Lands Deliver The Big Bucks \$

By Tim Lydon

I recently joined friends for an excursion into western Prince William Sound, a federally protected Alaskan landscape. My friends work for land-management agencies, so naturally we do a lot of talking about public lands while recreating. A lot of talking.

But this time we found ourselves more focused on ... money. It seems that if we want wilderness to survive, we'd better demonstrate its profitability. Fortunately, research shows that protected lands such as wilderness and national monuments generate big-time revenue.

We launched our trip from the port town of Whittier, whose 200 souls reside just nine miles by boat from a congressionally designated wilderness study area. The city's bustling waterfront reveals a local economy powered by protected lands. To loosely quantify the effect, we counted local businesses whose fortunes are tied to the land.



We tallied four water taxis that bring hunters, campers, photographers and others to the area daily. And four kayak rental and tour companies, whose guides — like many across the American West — hardly know a day off in summer. They are among a whopping 26 guiding outfits in the area, most departing from Whittier.

Next, we counted five boats offering daily tours. None of their passengers step ashore, but each pays big bucks just to view protected lands. We also included the cruise ship towering over town after its excursion through a landscape managed to maintain its wilderness character.

"What about the marinas?" someone asked.

Whittier hosts two marinas and one boat-storage area. Hundreds of boaters keep everything from skiffs to ritzy yachts here, poised for turn-key weekends in the wild. Their families and friends pass through Whittier all summer. The marinas also berth commercial fishing boats, whose crews add to Whittier's busy waterfront scene before heading to fishing grounds lying alongside — and benefitting from — protected lands.

The enterprises bring tens of thousands of annual visitors to Whittier. Their direct expenditures to access wild lands provide jobs and steady revenue for guides, boat crews and rental shops. Visitors also buy gas, bait, lunch, coffee and gifts, the retail core of local businesses. Additionally, the boats require parts and service and generate government revenue through registration and moorage fees.

Tendrils of commerce stretch to the hub city of Anchorage and beyond, with rental cars, charter buses, and additional lodging and dining linked to visiting Prince

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and dining linked to visiting Prince William Sound. We found ourselves echoing Thoreau and Leopold in a new and weird way — look, it's all

With this snapshot of sustainable economic activity, we departed for the land around Prince William Sound. For three days, we walked across scenic meadows, along salmon-choked streams, and through ancient forests haunted by eagles and ravens. We enjoyed the adventure, solitude and magic most of us associate with wilderness. But we also saw subtle business activity around us: a tour boat cruising past, a swarm of fishing boats at the mouth of a wild river, groups of kayakers camped on beaches beneath the icy Chugach Mountains.

At camp, a friend shared a story of bringing federal agency leaders on a

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YOUR CHIMNEY CARE EXPERTS

tour of an Alaskan park. She discussed solitude, clean air, subsistence and other values, but her audience engaged most on economic factors. Maybe the topic doesn't pluck at the heartstrings, we agreed, but it matters in an era of shrinking monuments and soaring park fees.

Recent reports from Utah, Montana and other states show national parks and monuments driving economic activity and visitors spending billions of dollars annually, supporting tens of thousands of jobs. In Alaska, economists profiled a billion-dollar tourism industry orbiting around parks and wilderness areas. They recommended preserving wilderness character on Alaska's public lands to maintain their economic output. Imagine that.

America is on first-name terms with many communities thriving from their proximity to protected lands, including Moab, Whitefish and Jackson. But scores of less-familiar communities also benefit, with visitation fueling opportunity and government revenue in rural areas where making a living has never been easy.

Against this backdrop, the current administration hacks away at national monuments, and Congress acts to loosen rules and reduce public input on national forest logging. In Alaska, Republican Sens. Lisa Murkowski and Dan Sullivan misleadingly promise that drilling in the prized Arctic National Wildlife Refuge can help fund national tax cuts.

Who should benefit most from public lands? Small businesses and towns in rural communities at the edge of America's best idea? Or international corporations out to unearth more dangerous carbon, benefitting a wealthy few?

For many people, protected areas provide an escape from commerce. But we should not ignore the dollar value of wilderness — a new kind of "fierce green fire" that today ignites rural economies.

Tim Lydon is a contributor to Writers on the Range, the opinion service of High Country News (hcn.org). He writes in Alaska.

Editor's Note:

It personally disgusts me that any of us have to justify any financial benefit for wild places, but in reality - in this world I suppose we must. Being a wilderness purist does nothing to promote wild places anymore, sad but true. We all must do whatever we can to safeguard our national forests, monuments, parks, wetlands and any and all places that are threatened by development. The people that move here and only see dollar signs are our biggest threat, we love our open spaces and must fight to keep them open.

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Highlander Issues What Kind Of Immigration Policies Do We Want?

By Jane Koerner

She was standing in the check-out line, waiting to pay for her groceries. I noticed her right away because of her long black hair, which was pulled back with a beaded leather cord, and her clothes. She wore an embroidered white cotton blouse and matching ankle-length skirt and sandals.

Her frail frame suggested a childhood of deprivation. She never took her eyes off the baby in her cart, which contained bread and baby food and diapers, luxuries for anyone unaccustomed to nutritious food, clean drinking water and law-abiding police.

Suddenly, from the back of the line, a tall man, the tallest in sight, shouted, "Get out! Get out! You people don't belong here." He strode towards her, shaking his raised milk container at her. She shrank as the giant approached, while everyone within earshot looked away or pulled out their wallets in anticipation of their turn at the cash register.

Years later, I still remember the expression on her face as she hugged the baby to her chest and fled the store.

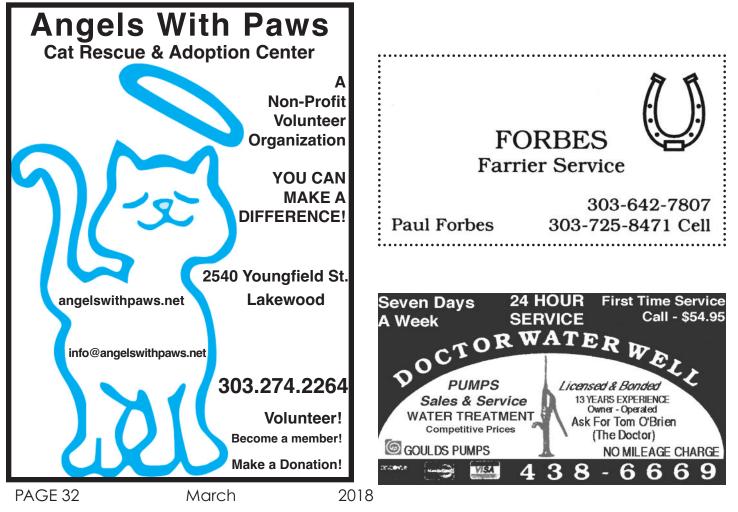
"You people," he had said, categorizing her as an outsider. In his mind she was probably an illegal immigrant and therefore a criminal. I guessed she was El Salvadoran a relative perhaps of the family whose restaurant I'd frequented since it opened. Usually, I ordered one of their pupusas, a thick tortilla stuffed with cheese and a spicy meat or beans.

Why didn't the sight of the baby give him pause? He wore a wedding ring and was old enough to be a grandfather. An abandoned grocery cart implicated all onlookers — including me — in a conspiracy of silence and averted eyes.

I paid my bill, grabbed my grocery bag and ran, hoping to find her outside. I wanted to offer an apology, give her my groceries to replace the ones she'd left behind anything to lessen the sting of her public shaming and my complicity as a witness too stunned to come to her defense.

She was nowhere in sight. Perhaps the hazards of daily life in El Salvador and of her journey to the United States had taught her an essential survival skill: invisibility. In the 1980s, a civil war broke out in El Salvador over the human rights abuses of the American-backed military juntas.

Death squads kept the aspirations of impoverished farmers and workers in check. Seventy-five thousand civilians died in that war, and a third of the population fled. The earthquakes of 2001, and subsequent drought and famine, spurred more departures.



In the 1990s, El Salvadoran gang members expelled from this country preyed on youth in their home towns, especially Americanized "outsiders." The violence set off another wave of migration — minors fleeing for their lives and a better life. El Salvador now has one of the highest homicide rates in the world.

I forgot all about the incident at the grocery store until recently, when the Trump administration revoked the temporary protected status granted to 200,000 El Salvadorans in the United States after the 2001 earthquakes. This federal designation, dating to the George H. Bush administration, shields refugees of natural disasters and civil unrest from deportation. Since the 2001 earthquakes, every administration, Republican and Democrat alike, has extended it for El Salvadorans covered by the initial decision.

Then came President Donald Trump's reversal of decades of immigration policy. Haitians and Nicaraguans who qualified for the status lost their protection, too.

For more than 25 years, El Salvadorans with temporary protected status have lived and worked here legally. They own homes and pay taxes and have borne children, an estimated 190,000, who are American citizens. Some have American spouses. The deadline for settling their affairs and leaving is Sept. 9, 2019. Rather than risk the violence and unfamiliarity of a country they no longer know, or fracturing their families, many may choose to stay. They may try to disappear into the underground economy of the undocumented, with its ICE raids and lack of basic workers' — and human — rights.

I have no idea what happened to the woman who fled the grocery store years ago, or whether she still lives in the United States. I moved to another state seven years ago. I think of the baby, 12 years old by now, an American on the brink of exile, and a mother's agonizing choice. And the choices we will face as voters in 2018. What kind of immigration policies do we want?

Jane Koerner is a contributor to Writers on the Range, the opinion service of High Country News (hcn.org). The University of Oklahoma Press recently published her memoir, **Off Trail: Finding My Way Home in the**

Colorado Rockies, under her new pen name, Jane Parnell. **Editor's Note:** True to what Martin Luther King, Jr. noted, it is not what those of us unaffected do or say, it is when we remain silent that we do the most harm. By staying silent we allow human rights violations in our own country, the country that touts we won't tolerate that in other countries.

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POWER UPDATE



Wednesday, APRIL 18

Adam's County Fairgrounds 9755 Henderson Road • Brighton

> Dinner, Director Election & Business Meeting

Registration and Dinner Service begins at 4:30 p.m.

Meeting begins at 6:30 p.m.

More information at www.unitedpower.com.



Annual Meeting is Apr. 18

Because you're a cooperative member, you have a say in the leadership of the organization. United Power will hold its 2018 Annual Meeting and Director Election on Wednesday, April 18th at the Adams County Fairgrounds in Brighton.

Ballots will be mailed to all members at the end of March. Mail ballots must be received at the Survey and Ballot Systems post office box no later than Monday, April 16, 2018. Members may also drop ballots in a ballot drop-box located at each of United Power's offices by 2 p.m. on April 18, or vote in person at the Annual Meeting starting at 4:30 p.m.

All United Power members are invited to attend the annual business meeting of the not-for-profit electric cooperative and

cast their ballots in the annual director election. Registration opens at 4:30 p.m. and the meeting will begin at 6:30 p.m.

Profiles provided by each candidate and detailed voting instructions are included in the ballot packets that will be mailed to members. For more information, visit www.unitedpower.com/annualmeeting or call United Power at 303-659-0551.

Directors run in geographic districts in order to accurately represent United Power members, but they are elected to the board at-large. Members are reminded to vote for one candidate in each of the cooperative's four director districts.

Candidate Forums



United Power will host the following Meet the Candidate Forums where members can learn more about each of the candidates vying to serve on the Board of Directors. The following events are free to members. Light refreshments will be served. RSVPs are not required.

Monday, March 19, 2018 6:30 p.m.

Adams County Fairgrounds Waymire Dome 9755 Henderson Road Brighton, CO 80601

Tuesday, March 20, 2018

7:30 a.m. Fort Lupton Recreation Center Multi-Purpose Room 3 203 S. Harrison Ave. Fort Lupton, CO 80621

Thursday, March 22, 2018

7:30 a.m. Coal Creek Canyon Community Center 31528 Highway 72 Golden, CO 80403

Friday, March 23, 2018

7:30 a.m. E.L.F. Grill 102 8th Street Dacono, CO 80514

Dates and locations may be subject to change.

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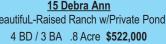






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91 Wagon Wheel Privacy w/Lots of Potential - Well 800 sq.ft. Cabin 1.45 Acres \$84.000



11536 Coal Creek Heights Drive Panoramic Divide/City Views!! 3 BD/ 3 BA 3.3 Acres \$599,900



For additional information and photos: www.kathykeating.com kathykeating@mockrealty.com