

NOVEMBER 6, 2003



Burt Township Board Grand Marais Community Center Grand Marais, Michigan October 14, 2003 7:00 P.M.

is Leavenworth Twenty-five visitors. Public Comment: Opened at 7:04 p.m. Closed at 7:08 p.m. Approval of Agenda: Motion by Leavenworth, and seconded, to approve the agenda with additions. 5 - ayes. Motion carried.

Correspondence/Petitions/Applications/Appointments/ Resignations: Correspondence was read. No Petitions. One applica for employment. Motion by Leavenworth, and seconded, to place Rob Harbaum on list of eligible employees. 5-ayes. Motion carried. No appointment. One resignation - Sheri Shafer resigned from Greenspace Committee. Sheri to stay on until December 2003. Minutes of previous meetings: Motion by Leavenworth, and seconded to accept the minutes of the September 22, 2003, and the October 2, 2003 Special Meetings. 4 - aves/1-abstain. Motion carried. Motion by Seibert, and seconded, to accept the minutes of the September 9, 2003, Regular Meeting of the Burt Township Board as presented. 5 - ayes. Motion carried.

Treasurer's report: Accepted by Supervisor and subject to audit. Payment of bills: Motion by Leavenworth and seconded to pay bills as funds become available. 5 - ayes. Motion carried. Monthly Reports: Airport - Sandee Sibbald reported on the vandalism of the runways. Cemetery - Jim Seibert announced that the cemetery is closing for the winter. Planning Commission - next meeting October 20th. RLF - Tim & Deborah McKinstry and family introduced themselves. They have applied to borrow money from the RLF to purchase Wilson's Grocery and Superior Hardware. Librarian Edna Jean Johnson announced a Friends of the Library group. DPW Manager - announced that the Fuel System needs repairs. Motion by Seibert and seconded to make the recommended repairs to the

bath house #2 will have water for two more weeks. Supervisor - Supervisor discussed - Homeland Security Response Plan, sinking of Burt II, Sandee Sibbald's 25 year anniversary and Jim Islep's tree re-

UNFINISHED BUSINESS: 1) Woodland Park Proposed Up-grades a) Old Bath House: Motion by Savage and seconded to contract with Colburn Plumbing and Heating Company to upgrade the shower area in Bath House #2 at Woodland Park for up to \$8500. 5 - ayes. Motion carried. b) Electrical Hookups Motion by Savage and seconded to contract with Hungry Jim to upgrade the electrical requirements to accommodate changes in Bath House #2 at Woodland Park for up to \$700. 4 - ayes / 1 - abstain. Motion carried. c) Stone for Road and Walkways: tabled until spring d) Commercial Riding Lawnmower: Motion by Savage and seconded to purchase a commercial riding lawnmower from Hyde Equipment for Woodland Park for the price of \$6000. 5 - ayes, Motion carried, 2) Water Department Policy / Ordinance Changes: a) Motion by Savage, and seconded, to request that the auditor perform audit on Water Funds only during week of October 27 2003 to meet RDA Bond Requirements. Motion Withdrawn. Complete audit will is scheduled for week of October 27th. Motion by Savage and seconded to establish a meter fund fee of \$1.00 per month per customer for the ongoing installation of water meters. 5 - ayes Motion carried. All other water discussion was tabled until Special Meeting. C) Snowplow Bid: Motion by Seibert and seconded to accept John Monache's bid. 5 - ayes. Motion carried. D) Land Split Request: Tester #2003-03 Lee to get more information. Special Meeting scheduled for October 20th at 7:00 p.m. at the Township Office. E) Vacation of Charles Street - Lee to do some checking. Schedule a public hearing.

NEW BUSINESS: A) Grand Marais Snow Trails Association - no motions. B) Schedule Meeting with Chamber - UP 200 & Music Festival - Lee to contact. C) Homeland Security Response Plan -Future. D) Other

Adjournment: Motion by Leavenworth and seconded to adjourn the meeting. Time recorded: 8:55 p.m.

These are the unapproved minutes of the October 14, 2003 regular meetings. Included in the body of these are all of the offical actions taken by the Burt Township Board.



GRAND MARAIS GAZETTE

A Message from the Supervisor By Lee Durrwachter, **Burt Township Supervisor**

Water Department

The Burt Township Board held a lively and informative special meeting on October 28th at the Community Center. The meeting was to update the business owners, since their water meters were installed, and to listen to their concerns and/or proposals about future users fees based on their consumption. The data collected from the monthly meter readings established, with a few exceptions, a volume consistent with businesses using water year around. This increased demand needed to be addressed by the water department. Although the original scenario of usage rates was based on a RDA formula, it became apparent that a more fair and equitable usage rate would be required. Establishing a basic "ready-to-use" rate must take into account residents as well as businesses. Instead of a 2,000 gallons per month minimum as its base rate, 8,000 gallons per month may be more realistic, especially with teenage children at home. In addition, regulation pressures from the state and federal clean water guidelines are compelling us to comply with their new expensive requirements. These requirements along with the need to replace the water's aging infrastructure as it approaches the end of its useful life, including its contaminated well, must be ad dressed, if we are to continue to have quality water. The ongoing higher year around demand has accelerated the need to upgrade. As such, the Township's capital replacement funds have to be maintained through adequate user fees. We cannot be shortsighted and defer maintenance. We assure you, it is a "Pay as You Go" program. The water system is totally maintained by user fees, not tax dollars. It is a challenge to the Township. Your understanding of these requirements goes a long way towards the necessary costs to maintain the quality water you expect and received.

1877, A Harbor of Refuge Resolution

Thanks to the alertness of Evie Morrison, and her ever vigilance to shop long distance, a bidding sale was discovered on the Internet for a 'true" copy of an 1877-state resolution on the designation of Grand Marais's Harbor as a Harbor of Refuge. Her tip started us on a search and rescue mission to begin combing the archives both here and on the state level to procure all copies of both state and federal documents which pertain to Grand Marais' Harbor. Stay tuned, for I've already encountered on our quest a reference/instruction librarian and governmen documents coordinator, named Joan Goodbody. Oh, thank you Evie!

Trick or Treat I want to thank all of those inspired parents out there that dressed up their little goblins and ghosts last Friday evening. The facial make-ups and choice of costumes were fantastic. Your enthusiasm for Halloween was well received.

Baseball, a Metaphor for Life

I know a lot of people here are disappointed the Cubbies didn't make it to the World Series this year. They were so close. But we have to think back of why baseball is our national pastime to come to grips with our displeasure. Baseball is a metaphor for life itself. As George Will put it: "In life, as in baseball, we must leave the dugout of complacency, step up to the home plate of opportunity, adjust the protective groin cup of caution, and swing the bat of hope at the curveball of fate, hoping that we can hit a line drive of success past the shortstop of misfortune, then sprint down the base path of chance, knowing that at any moment we may pull the hamstring muscle of inadequacy and fall face-first onto the field of failure, where the chinch bugs of broken dreams will crawl into our nose." Yes, baseball is very deep, although this is not obvious from looking at it. As Dave Berry points out: "If you don't grasp the nuances baseball appears to be a group of large, anshaven men standing around in their pajamas and frowning. Yet show the same scene to serious baseball fans, and they will see a complex, fascinating almost artistic tableau." There's always next year to once again, dream, even in pajamas

Editorial Policy

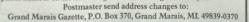
We encourage our readers to use these pages as nmunity forum for a fre exchange of ideas. Your letters are welcome

The one stipulation is that letters to the editor must be signed. Pen names will not be accepted. We will not publish anonymous letters. We reserve the right to edit for space and clarity, and we will publish your comments as space allows

Further, the views expressed by our writers and guest correspondents are welcome additions to the forum. They reflect, however, opinions of the writers and correspondents and are not those explicitly endorsed by the Gazette

The Grand Ma	rais Gazette
Marc Oglevie, Ov	vner & Editor
Grand Sable Publi	shing Co., Inc.
PHONE: 906-494-2492	FAX: 906-494-2492
E-MAIL: thonyous	@iamadots.com

The Grand Marais Gazette is published the first and third Thursday of each month for \$15.00 per year in Grand Marais and \$20.00 per year outside of Alger County - 1"Class delivery for \$27.00. OFFICE HOURS: If you see the dark blue Chevy Suburban out front, give it a try. If you have any questions please call and leave your name and phone number on the answering machine. We'll get back to you.



DNR to **Answer Questions**

MARQUETTE - Soon there will be beautiful, white snow on the ground, rosy cheeks and nose and the sound of discharging rifles in the air. The 2003 Firearm Deer Season is rapidly approaching, and to answer questions sportsmen and women have, Public TV 13 is hosting "Ask the DNR.

Thursday, November 6 at 8 pm (ET) the public will get a chance to phone in their hunting questions during the live, one hour broadcast of "Ask the DNR" at 1-800-227-9668. The public is also invited to e-mail questions in advance to h Guests from the DNR will be Menominee County Conservation Officer Jason Niemi, Escanaba Wildlife Biologist Craig Albright and Big Game Specialist Rod Clute.

Hosted by Scott Seaman, "Ask the DNR" is made possible with funding from the U.P. Whitetails Association Inc. of Marquette County.

"Ask the DNR" is produced by Public TV 13 in the Jeannette Bowden Studios on the campus of Northern Michigan University. Public TV 13 is a nonprofit, member-supported public broadcasting service of Northern Michigan University and is li-censed to the NMU Board of Trustees



Oct. 26

Oct. 27

Oct. 28

Oct. 29

Oct. 30

Oct. 31

Nov. 1

Nov. 2 41 28

Nov. 3 41 35

47 35 .03

39 31

39 32

46 34 .05

43 33

45 41

42 37

Karla

.06

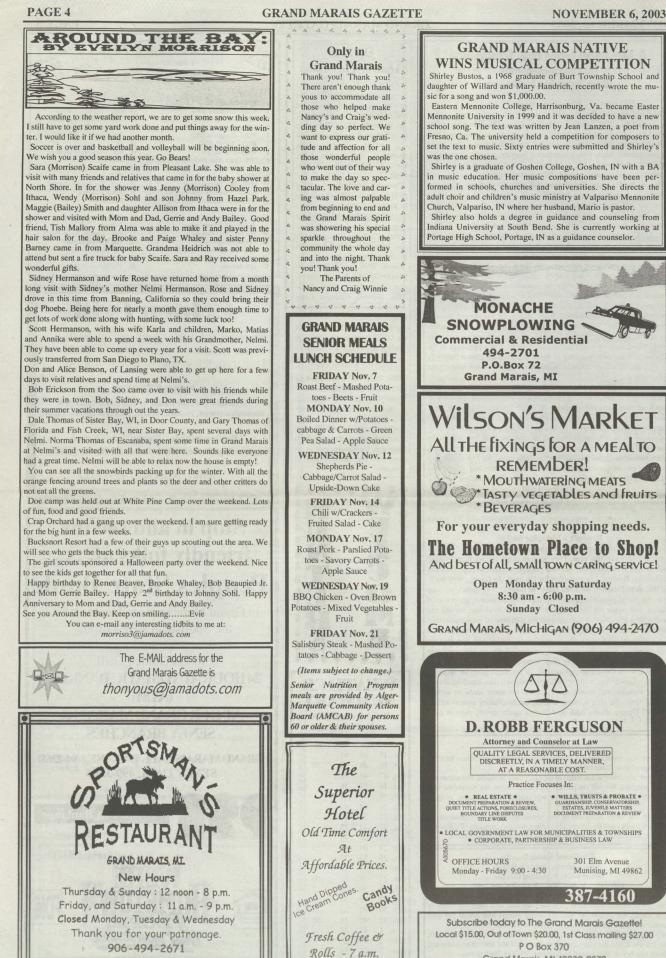
.12

.08

.06

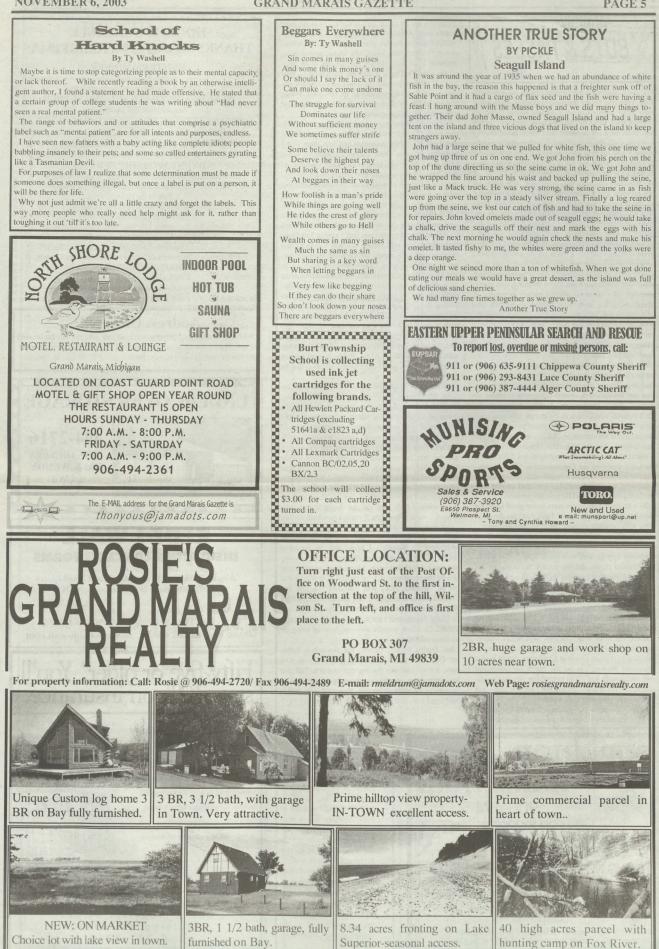


Grand Marais, MI 49839-0370



NOVEMBER 6, 2003

GRAND MARAIS GAZETTE



PAGE 6



We have reached a few milestones in the war with Iraq. First and by far the most important, there have now been more American Armed forces killed in combat since Bush did his cute little victory dance on the flight deck of a carrier than were killed during what he calls the war. If one listens to the Administration and his war mongering lackeys, one would believe that things are going well in Iraq. Every time one of these people talk they blame the media for all the bad news and state that "they" don't talk about all the progress that has been made. I am not a defender of the biased media whether right wing or left wing and do agree that most times the media distorts the facts so that they support the point that the media wants to make. However, when the right wing reporters follow their statement that tremendous progress is being made by a report on yet another attack, another American killed, Iraqis and Red Cross staff killed, one begins to wonder if one is open-minded at all. If one wants to do one's own thinking, one might question why all the additional money is needed if things are going so well. It appears to me that our presence in Iraq as nation builders has our troops in precarious positions and makes them "fish in the barrel" for anti-American Iraqis and terrorists from many nations. This must be what is meant by opening Pandora's Box.

The second milestone is the exorbitant amount of money that we are spending on this attempt at nation building. Despite the unprecedented spending, stories that our soldiers lack crucial equipment continue to surface, this is inexcusable. A story about a makeshift hospital ward/barracks for troops returning from Iraq recently hit the news. The place would not pass requirements for occupancy for anyone, anywhere in this country. Yet this "Grateful Government" keeps Veterans there for months waiting to see a doctor. At the same time that our Commander in Chief is denying our veterans minimum health care, he is building, equipping, supplying and paying to staff several hospitals in Iraq; and III bet they are showplaces.

On a brighter note, there were some good signs for the economy, or so I am told. I still don't see the good jobs with benefits coming back; in fact unemployment is still at record levels for the recent past. If the economy does not show at least a partial recovery, Crybaby may as well stay home and do the job he was elected to do. All the money he is raising for campaign funding (another milestone) and the lack of the asses to come up with a credible opponent for Bush won't be enough to get him reelected if the economy is still down in November 2004.

I understand that j.g. will be in Marquette talking about budget cuts. I imagine by now she has fully realized the mess that " Adolph" left her. I wonder how long it will take Arnold to begin to question his decision to replace Davis in California. Word is that "Revenue Sharing" is on the block for additional cuts, along with just about everything. She has promised to not cut school funding but I am not sure what that means; all categories, some, one? The fact that Adolph's "Proposal A " put most schools in financial straits with no improvement noticeable anywhere has apparently not hit home with her or many in the state government. Although, like some of us warned, this "dictate" caused further erosion of our public school system, I don't hear much talk about amending or throwing it out. With the tremendous cuts in the Marquette Sheriff's Dept., it will be interesting to hear how she plans to provide the police protection for that area while making reductions in the State Police budget. I look for deep cuts in Revenue Sharing and many state funded programs.

loween this year. Prior to going I had talked to Dizzy and Too about their costumes and told them that I was dressing up as "Bana" (Sherri's nickname). When I told them, they didn't believe me, hard to understand why. Well I got a wig and Poo picked up a dress and purse at Goodwill (1 wasn't sure that dresses that big were made). When I came out of the bathroom with my costume on, the whole crew had a good laugh. Several pictures were quickly taken and it would not surprise me to see one circulate locally. Lizzard was a hippie, compared to the ones that I saw in San Francisco during the mid-sixties, she was too clean and didn't smell like a pigsty; the costume however was good. Justin was some Bloody Monster from a current movie; he had a mask that filled with blood when he pumped it. Doc was a witch; she arrived at the party on her mother's broom. Dizzy was rather unique, dressing up like an American Flag. Too was the incredible Hulk. The kids had already started trick-or-treating by the time we arrived. They got quite a haul. That night we played some cards and I took the booby prize, fifth and sixth in the two games with six playing. Boo told me that he had put a curse on me and that is why I did badly; I told Boo that he was my curse.

On Saturday afternoon we all went our separate ways. Sherri went shopping with Poo and my young daughter-in-law, Angie. Angela is known in the world of shoppers as the "shop till they drop and I have just begun" woman. She and Mrs. Ross would make a good contest. I made a quick trip to Menards and was back in an hour. When Boo left for work it was me and Jackson (the dog). We watched a little TV and after Jackson took a trip outside, we indulged in our favorite pastime, taking a nap. I was getting a bit concerned when the women got back around 5:30 p.m.; that is a record length of time for Sherri to shop. Poo looked a little beat too but Angie hadn't even broken a sweat. That night at cards I won both games.

This coming weekend is brother-in-law John's wedding. He and Jen will get married at St. Michael's in Marquette on Saturday. I heard that the wedding march will be "Another One Bites the Dust". I wonder about whom that refers. I have been asked to read one of the scriptures; if John picked it, it will probably be "Woman, Obey your husband!" M.O.M. has cleaned places in her house that haven't seen daylight since she was a newlywed. Both of them have roots in Grand Marais and I am sure they will visit once in awhile. In a few months they might even bring an addition with them.

And finally, finally. Tuesday the eleventh is Veterans Day. Take some time out to pray for those who have served and are serving our country. Tell our government to stop paying them lip service and to step up to the plate as we did. Stay well Josh, Mike, Jason and Jeff. Till next issue.

Hungry Jim

Shallow Thoughts

You're probably no longer

middle-aged if you used to pay the same price for a

gallon of gas that you now

Did you ever wonder if NBC realizes that a pea-

cock is nothing but a tur-

It's hard to relate to this high-tech world when

your kid says her Tinker

Toys need more memory.

Today's cloning question.

When you clone a cow

from another cow, and the

two cows meet, does the

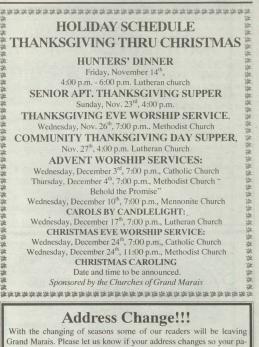
cloned cow experience

pay for a stamp.

key in drag?

deja moo?







NOVEMBER 6, 2003

DO THE **RIGHT THING** By Lee Goewey

"The mere existence of conservatives should be proof enough to liberals of the fallacy of their belief in the perfectibility of mankind."

Two weeks ago I was listening to a talk-radio discussion as to what we are to "name" the first decade of the 21st century in which we now live. Last cen-tury, for example, we had the "Roaring Twenties," the "Swinging Sixties," the "Decade of Greed," and so forth. Proposals for naming the years 2001-2010 were uninspired, to say the least. Someone suggested "The Zeroes." Aaargh!

I, however, was inspired. 2001 and 9-11-01 in par-ticular issued in the War On Terror, or WOT. We have come to understand that the WOT will be lengthy, likely involving several generations of us in the struggle. This first decade features nine years, numbered with double zeroes or double naughts: What better name for them than the "WOT-NAUGHTS?

Now that's settled, on to more serious things. This morning's news (11-1-03) from Iraq told of the shoot-down of one of our Army Chinook heavy lift helicopters. Up to nincteen GI's lost their lives and over 20 more are injured. Compounding the horror and grief is the fact that the soldiers were being flown to Baghdad airport for a flight home and two weeks' R and R. WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE GIVEN TO HAVE HAD FOREKNOWLEDGE OF THIS ENEMY ATTACK AND TO HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PREVENT IT?

One of our soldiers was recently presented just such an opportunity to short-circuit the enemy and save the lives of his comrades. Here is his story, taken from articles written by Rowan Scarborough of the Washington Times on 10-30-03 and Thomas E. Ricks of the Washington Post on 10-30-03.

The U.S. Army's 4th Infantry Division (4th ID) is based in Saddam Hussein's old home town of Tikrit, in the heart of the infamous "Sunni triangle" where much of the guerilla activity aimed at coalition forces is experienced.

Lt. Col. Allen West was an artillery battalion commander for the 4th ID, assigned additional duties as a liaison officer with the town council of Saba al Boor. Scarborough reports that "His unit learned through an informant of impending attacks. "The next day, some of his soldiers were attacked on a road leading to the town.

"The informant said an Iraqi police officer was involved. "Col. West had the policeman detained. "When two interrogators failed to gain any information, Col. West went to the detention center brought the detainee outside and fired his 9mm pistol twice to scare him into talking." Ricks reported that West "didn't manhandle the detainee or point the pistol in his direction." "Col. West said the detainee then provided the names of two accomplices and told of another planned sniper attack the next day.'

ported his actions to his immediate commander. "No actions were taken then, but when his boss was placed under investigation himself, this interrogation suddenly became a big deal.'

Scarborough reports that "The staff judge advocate for the 4th ID has charged Col. West with communi-

cating a threat and aggravated assault for firing his pistol to scare a detainee into divulging information.

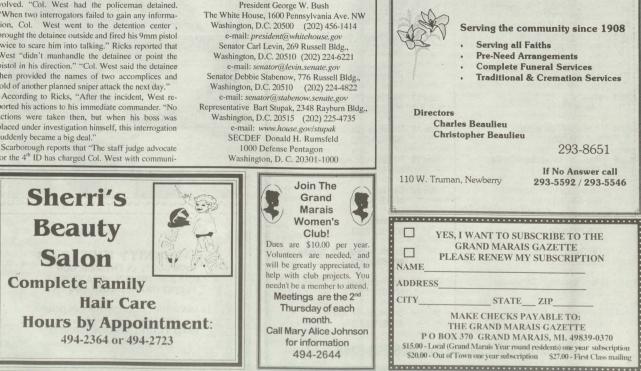
Two days short of the twenty years' service needed to qualify for his retirement pension and associated veteran's benefits, the Army has relieved West of his command and has offered him two choices: Imme diate resignation and forfeiture of his retirement or institution of criminal proceedings which could end in a court-martial. Conviction in the court-martial could mean a prison sentence of up to eight years Col. West's wife is a "cancer survivor" and without retirement benefits, her insurance and potential treatment costs would be prohibitively expensive

Responding by e-mail to Scarborough, West stated, "I have never denied what happened and have always been brutally honest. "I accept responsibility for the episode, but my intent was to scare this individual and keep my soldiers out of a potential ambush. "There were no further attacks from that town. We further apprehended two other conspirators (a third fled town) and found out one of the conspirators was the father of a man we had detained for his Saddam Fedayeen affiliation. "The (Iraqi policeman) and his accomplices were a threat to our soldiers and the method was not right, but why should I lose 20 years of service or be forced into prison for protecting my men?"

Good Question! Have we become so very Politically Correct as to have completely lost our minds? The old saying, "All's fair in love and war" certainly applies here. Witless application of "the rules" is rightly condemned until our own ox is gored Then we forget our condemnation of the "sundowner" and insist on rigid adherence to "the book." We don't have Lt. Calley and My Lai here; we have a situation which cries out for an intelligent senior officer or administration official (if that's not an oxymoron) to make a decision in favor of the courageous and gutsy Lt. Col. West.

Please, DO THE RIGHT THING and contact your President, the Secretary of Defense, your senators and representative and request them to decide this matter in favor of Lt. Col. West by whatever mean are appropriate. Surely we would not have forbidden West's actions, had they prevented the attack on our helicopter today! Remember always, THESE ARE THE WOT-NAUGHTS!

You may agree or disagree with me, but the important thing is to let your public servants know what you believe and what you expect from them, in a courteous manner. You may contact these individuals at the following addresses; please remember to include your name, address and phone number if you employ e-mail or snail mail:





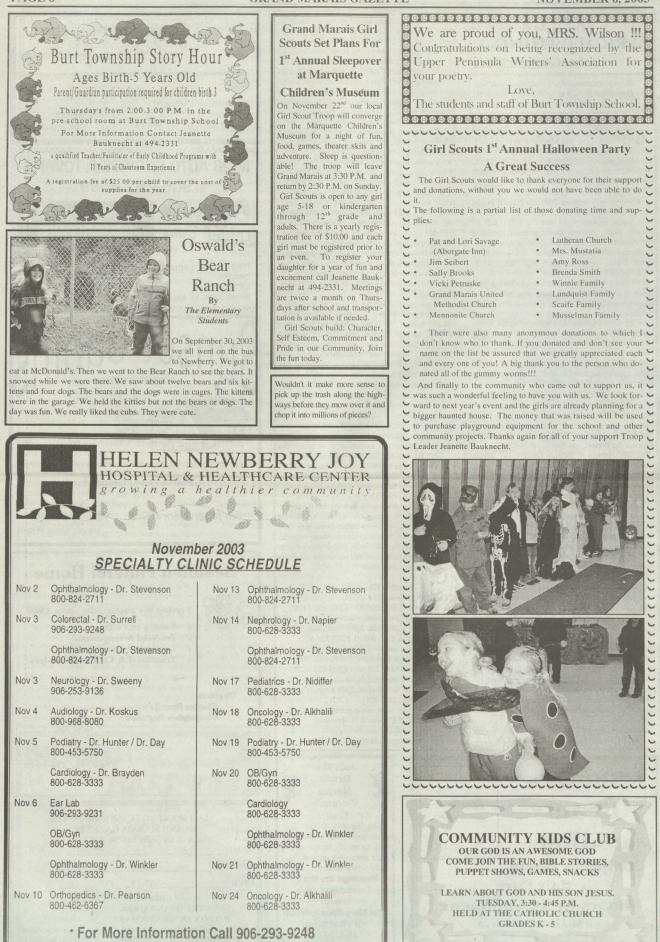
\$27.00 - First Class mailing

PAGE 7

PAGE 8

GRAND MARAIS GAZETTE

NOVEMBER 6, 2003



Burt Township School District Superintendent's Corner

Brenda M. Greenhoe / Smith bgrandmarais@hotmail.com

Thursday evening we were presented with a visual delight as the Northern Lights presented themselves in splendor. I was mesmerized by the lovely display of brilliant lights dancing across the Northern sky. I remained in trance watching the ever changing light show which would be the envy of those attempting to mimic the lights' natural flow with electronics, lasers and the such. It is so wonderful to live where such sights are a natural occurrence. Those living amongst the light pollution of the city, seldom see the Northern Lights in their natural state but rather must visit planetariums to view them. The earliest settlers were in awe and related stories, folklore and spirituality to the lights appearances. I am also in awe and feel the strength of such occurrences. They indeed are an ominous sight.

Just as the Northern Lights shine in a brilliant display when conditions permit, so do students. Students attending Burt Township School have the opportunity to shine in such a manner. The teachers are adept at helping ensure the conditions are right for just such an event. The teachers emphasize the strengths in students in order to help students reach their highest potential. The board and staff have recently reviewed the school's mission statement and felt it should be rewritten as follows

Everyone in the Burt Township School District will ensure that all students learn, achieve and succeed to attain their personal best. This is based on the philosophy that: Burt Township School District believes that the purpose of education is to facilitate the development of the potential of each student. We believe that the thought and action process involved in making intelligent, ethical choices and decision can be learned, provided students are given consistent, appropriate opportunities. We are committed to providing these opportunities to attain the District's mission.

I am convinced that we have the best and brightest students in the world. I am convinced that our students reach their potential due to the dedication of our staff. Our parents, work closely with the staff and school to see this happens. Our students are provided with the guidance and information to attain their personal best. The students, just as the Northern Lights, provide a brilliant display of wonderment, due to the conditions for success, created by each and every adult involved in the process

Until next time, Happy learning Happy teaching Happy living, Brenda

<image><image><image><section-header><section-header><section-header><section-header><section-header>

I rode my bike to school. I put my stuff away in my locker. I went to the cafeteria and went to my room. We went to come up here. I read three books. I read Football and The Foot Book. Lou went to

BURT TOWNSHIP SCHOOL LUNCH MENU

Thursday, Nov. 6 Chicken Legs - Mashed Pota-toes - Corn - Apple Sauce Friday, Nov. 7 Pizza - Orange Wedges - Fresh Veggies - Fruit Salad Monday, Nov. 10 Hot Dog w/ Bun - Baked Beans Carrots - Dessert Tuesday, Nov. 11 **BBQ Ribs - Scallop Potatoes** Salad - Roll - Peaches Wednesday, Nov. 12 Grilled Cheese - Chicken Noodle Soup - Fresh Veggies - Fruit Thursday, Nov. 13 Chicken Nuggets - Potatoes Wedges - Corn - Pears Friday, Nov. 14

Chili - Corn Muffins - Fresh Veggies - Fruit Monday, Nov. 17

Ravioli - Bread Sticks - Salad -Apple Crisp Tuesday, Nov. 18

Hamburger Deluxe - Curly Fries Fruit Cocktail - Carro Wednesday, Nov. 19

Nachos Supreme - Refried Beans - Apple Sauce Thursday, Nov. 20 Mac & Cheese - Hot Dog w/ Bun - Carrots - Fruit Friday, Nov. 21

Pizza - Salad - Peaches * Milk, Bread, Peanut

Butter, Jam and Salad Bar available daily.

HONOR ROLL 1st MARKING PERIOD October 24, 2003

4th Grade Brittney Lowes

5th Grade **Robert Blume Dalton Mulholland Jacob Rivera Rachael Winnie Ryan Rochefort**

6th Grade **Breanna** Parris **Cassaundra** Purple

7th Grade **Brad Bauknecht Kristin Blume**

Charlotte Bodak 8th Grade

Michael Bell Abigail Cook

9th Grade Andy Bauknecht Abbie Helsel

10th Grade Ashlea Cook

11th Grade Matt Beaupied Corissa Ross

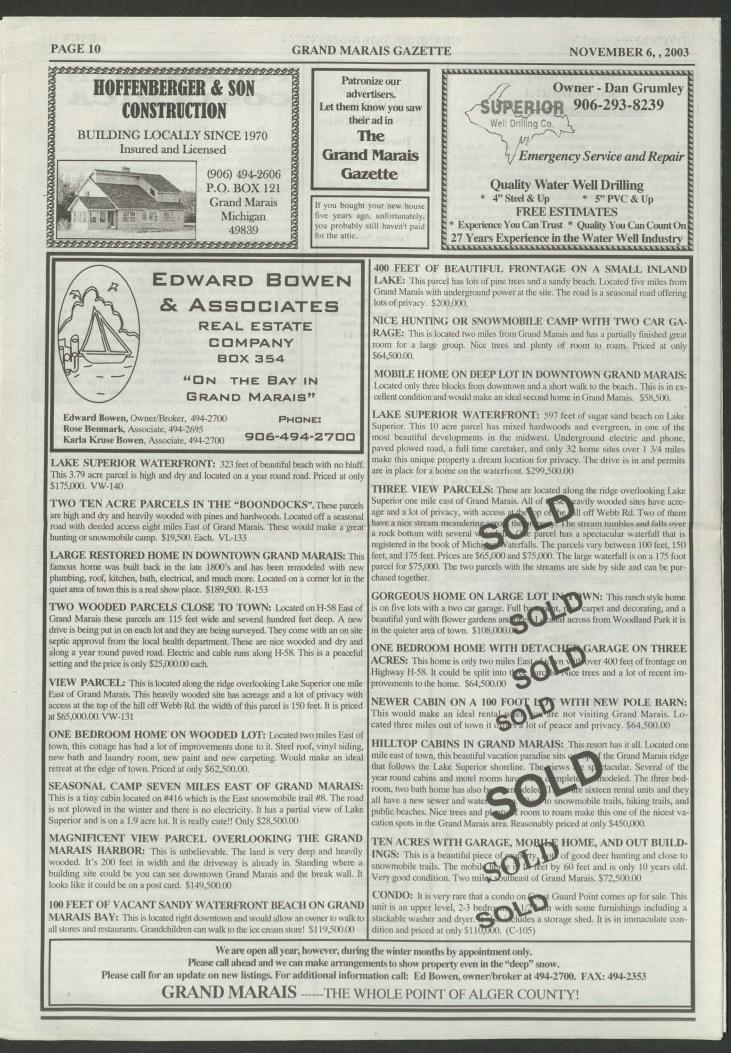
12th Grade Jennifer Bell Michael Butkovich Shavla Mack Clay Wilson



April 19-Well, we rendezvoused in Cartago early in the morning and returned to Rigo's, where we in turn were met by Jorge Madrigal, who would also be taking us to his farm in Guanacaste for the final excur-sion of the trip. I gave him a little grief about his supply of spare tires, because the last Spanish Club that traveled with him experienced two flat tires, one going and one coming back. Today we would have no such problems. We crawled up out of San José, through Alajuela, and further up the slopes of the volcano covered with small farms, many of which produce strawberries known for their sweetness. The park was a little busy when we reached the gate, but after we parked and walked up the crater, we were in for a treat. The previous time I had visited Paos in the early nineties, everything was obscured in mist and sulfur fumes. Helen and I did catch a quick glimpse of the top once as we flew out of Costa Rica on the way home. Today it was all clear up at the top, a huge open crater with a turquoise pool surrounded by a num ber of steamy fumaroles. Very pretty indeed. While we were standing at the rail gaping and snapping photos, we heard a cry-- and -- Devan! She showed up with her host mom, sister, and assorted maternal relatives right out of the blue. They would be spending the night in San José together before leaving Devan to accompany us to Guanacaste. We next hiked up to the old crater, now a blue lagoon surrounded by trees. On the way home we stopped halfway down at a small restaurant featuring strawberry frescos and casados, typical combination plates We said "Hasta mañana" to Jorge at Rigo's house, then Rigo and Riri took the girls back to the Cartago area. I stayed behind to start sorting my luggage for Guanacaste and, eventually, the trip home on Wednes dav

April 20 & 21-Rigo went to get the girls at the roundup in Cartago, and within the hour Don Jorge showed up, followed by Josh and Devan and her family. I finished my substantial breakfast, of which we have eaten a number down here, and we piled into Jorge's well-seasoned van, a grey, eleven-passenger vehicle that "roared to life!" after Jorge pushed the fuel pump primer for several seconds. Our route took us northwest past the airport and up out of the central valley toward Puntarenas and our ultimate destination, Guanacaste. But before we got too high up in the pass, the van overheated and we had to stop and add some water to the radiator after it stopped fizzing in its location under the front seat This was to be one of several stops both going and coming for radiator checks. We stopped again on the other side of the mountains, feeling the climate change to the dry Pacific heat. We went out of our way to cross the Taiwan Friendship bridge over the Gulf of Nicoya, where Helen, Elizabeth, and I had once ridden the ferry. The pretty new structure kind of a mini-Mackinac, is a real time saver for some travelers to Guanacaste, but for us it was a moment of engineering interest followed by an extra hour of toasty travel. We hooked around and headed north toward Sardinal, where we stopped at a small store for ice and supplies before going out of town through the dry and dusty countryside. It is the trail end of the summer or dry season, and even through the "winter" or wet season is reputed to becoming a bit early, everything is still extra crispy, if a shade greener than it was a couple years ago when we cam here with the previous Spanish Club. At that time there was no electric ity or running water, and this time there was still none of the former but we could now shower when we returned from swimming in the ocean. There is a small family of three campesinos living there as care takers. They also prepared our meals on an outside fire at counter top level in the small bathroom/kitchen "complex" apart from and behind the main house, a 12x12 room with a roofed porch on two sides. We moved our gear in, wandered around the house and grounds, and enjoyed a visit with my Costa Rican son, Guehinder Villafuerte, who w waiting with his wife, one year old son, and parents when we got there. He was an exchange student during 1990 in Grand Marais; he now is a grade school English teacher in his small, rural home town. At one point he and I drove to town, the excuse being to buy his son a soft drink, the real reason (I suspect) being a chance to share some one on one. On the way home, he let me drive his Toyota truck, a gesture of camaraderie. I readily accepted. When we got back both groups went to the Playa Panama. Playa means beach, and there are hundreds of them in Costa Rica, Atlantic and Pacific, and many of them are extremely beautiful. This one is sandy and somewhat protected by an extension of land, so the surf was not too outrageous, but we still had some fun body surfing as the sun went down. We said goodbye to Guehinder and his family -- he had a grade school soccer match to coach at 9:00 a.m. the Monday after the Easter Sunday. Back at the shack we dined in the dark by candlelight, then played euchre until the candle burned out and we discovered that the batteries in the flashlight were dead. I poked around in my dopp kit and found a crummy plastic one which I used to help me get my contacts out. The girls slept inside, Josh was in one of the tents José put a foam pod on the ground in front of the door and I slept on a tall cot in the middle of the front yard, watching the stars and wonder ing about some of the night sounds... I woke up a bit chilled before dawn, curled up in my sheet and listened as the bird chorus began, with

Continued on page 11



GRAND MARAIS GAZETTE



YOOPERS IN COSTA RICA Prologue/Disclaimer Part IV Continued

a one note, pause, one note, pause by some lonesome chorister, who would later be joined by numerous others in a swelling crescendo, in cluding the roaring woof woof woofing of the Congo monkeys until the parrots flocked through with their screamy chatter, after which it was ridiculous to even contemplate a return to slumber. I brought some binoculars this time, because there is a spectacular array of birds in Costa Rica, and previously I had difficulty getting good looks at them. Now I was scouting, and I saw some that I remembered and some new varieties. Jorge has a couple fish tanks on the porch, and from these come the very audible hum of insects seeking relief from the drought conditions. After coffee and breakfast, we drove to Plava Octal, about twenty minutes away, where we swam and scoured the tide pools in the rocks at either end of the beach. In these pools was a nice assortment of marine life, and while we were more or less bathing in one with several species of fish, a wave came charging into a large crevice behind us. suddenly slamming into the rock and instantly dousing the stunned naturalist with a quick, hard, salty shower. Quite amusing, especially to Devan who witnessed the approach facing seaward, but who had no time to warn us. We picnicked on tuna fish sandwiches and sweet lemons, then lazed in the shade for a good while before some more serious body surfing. Don Jorge now joined us in the brine as the tide moved in and the surf slowly built up, the nice waves coming occasionally for a while, a time for working on the technique and having a few laughs. By the end of the afternoon, however, the waves had grown large and powerful, tossing us toward shore in crazy surges that sent us rushing and spinning, pounding us into the churned up shore water, which we called "the mud pit" because of the swirling black sand that filled our eyes, ears, mouths, and bathing suits. To get back out in the water often involved another merciless bashing, one wave taking my feet right out from under me when I turned my back to brace myself for its impact. Blind sided and carried away again. Tired and happy, we finally surrendered and went back to camp, where we had left a family of Congo monkeys snoozing in a big shade tree behind the house. They were now gone, so the higher primates were able to have supper in relative peace, play euchre in the spirit of relative aggression, and prepare to retire for the night under the gaze of a merluza, a nightime raptor who perched atop a skinny sapling right over my bed.

April 22-Rachel and I took a short tour at dawn, visiting a few different tree species and heeding the call of the monkeys, who were feeding in a tree in a dry river bed, fascinating to watch in their agility. The rest of us monkeys gathered our grubby gear together and piled into the van for our return to San José, where four hours later we found the traffic slow going back into the city. We got out at the hotel CACTS, our final resting place before putting this year's trip to bed, but first: more shopping! After tidying up a bit, we hoofed it uptown to finish our gift lists with more coffee, T-shirts, etc. It rained a bit, looking extremely threatening, but we made it back no problem to find Gaby and a friend waiting at the hotel. I talked to Rigo and we made plans for a farewell dinner at his place about 7:00, at which time we piled into a couple of taxis and went to San Francisco Dos Rios. The food featured chicken with rice, ground beans, chips, and tossed salad, topped off with lemon cus tard and chocolate ice cream pie, both created by Gaby's mom. After dinner we exchanged gifts with Rigo and Hortensia, and we were joined by Ashleigh's host parents, who brought her a package from her folks in Grand Marais, one that just barely caught up to us before we left. After dinner it was gracias y adios, and Rigoberto chauffeured us back to the hotel. It is so kind of him to sacrifice so much of his time and energy making arrangements for us before and during what is a one week school break during Holy Week. Thanks again, Rigoberto and Hortensia. I am concluding this journal on the flight from San José to Miami, where the customs folks will probably wonder why in the world anybody would be lugging around thirty plus pounds of coffee. Well, it's this way ... The end.

ford

PAGE 12

GRAND MARAIS GAZETTE

