



ALL THE MARBLIES

DHS teams lay it all on the line in postseason play • B-1

DOUGLAS BUDGET

\$1⁰⁰
Wednesday,
November 2,
2016
 Vol. 130 No. 44

'I'm not in same place I was' - Katie Marcus

Marcus given 4 to 5 years probation for having sex with 17 year old DHS student

By SANDRA MUDD
 sandra@douglas-budget.com

Judge John Brook, while acknowledging the plea agreement reached in the case was light, on Thursday sentenced

former Douglas special education teacher Katie Marcus to four to five years of supervised probation for having sex with a minor high school student.

After going through his reasons for handing down the sentence, Brooks outlined the lengthy list of stipulations of Marcus' probation and, in a strongly worded admonition, lectured Marcus about her behavior and future. Besides probation, Marcus was ordered to pay \$255 in court fees and \$2,583 in restitution.

With her curled hair reaching down

to her shoulders and her make-up neatly done, and wearing a brown and black stripped shirt with black stretch pants, a tearful Marcus took the witness stand with a tissue clenched in her fist.

During opening testimony, her attorney Bill Simpson of Cody took the court through the steps she has already taken toward rehabilita-



KATIE MARCUS

tion, such as undergoing counseling with two psychiatrists, following through with their recommendations and completing a psychosexual evaluation as part of the recommendation from the Wyoming Department of Probation and Parole.

"I'm so very sorry for what I put your guys' family through and your son. I know it was wrong, and I was wrong . . ." Marcus said while sniffing and wiping her eyes with a tissue.

The victim, who was 17 years old at the time of the crime and is now an adult

who lives out of state, was not present at the hearing, although three members of his family were. As they sat in the front row of the courtroom, tears filled their eyes during Marcus' testimony. One sat shaking his head up and down as if to say "yes" while wiping his tear-filled eyes as Marcus gave her apology.

Her attorney highlighted that he

Please see **MARCUS**, page A-2

FAR CRY FROM SILICON VALLEY

Software developers begin their newest adventure hunting scarabs in Douglas

By JEN KOCHER
 jen@douglas-budget.com



Local software developer Richard Moore leads the beta test of their new Scarab Hunt app this fall in downtown Douglas.

It's an unseasonably warm, blue fall Friday afternoon and DHS senior Ariana Hauglid, junior Mallory Owen and her crew are walking through downtown Douglas in search of scarabs. A scarab, in case you are wondering, is a very large brownish black beetle indigenous to Central and South America and made popular in Indiana Jones films.

The scarab, in this case, is of the virtual variety, specifically relating to a new software app called Scarab Hunt, which the Douglas teens are beta testing. The app, designed by local software developers Rich and Kristina Moore, is an edutainment app that involves capturing roving scarabs and answering questions for points and other fun game add-ons. It's something like Pokemon, but for smart people.

The Moores are currently marketing their app to museums, art galleries and zoos and other cultural or learning environments geared at 9-year-old to 25-year-old gamers and older tech savvy crowds.

Please see **HUNTING SCARABS**, page C-1



Phillip Harnden photo

Jeff Reimers surveys an arrow like the one that saved his life when he was stalked and nearly attacked by a mountain lion as he was sleeping in a makeshift shelter after getting separated from his buddy and lost during an elk hunt this fall.

Glenrock couple loses everything in house fire

By PHILLIP HARNDEN

For Scott and Juanita Jackson, tragedy struck early last Tuesday morning when a fire reduced their 1893 ranch home to little more than smoldering debris and twisted metal.

In less than an hour, the Jacksons had lost everything. Wedding and family photos. Clothes, except what they were wearing. Furniture. Their historic home and a trailer they had at one time considered a backup plan.

Scott had left for work in Casper around 6 a.m. on Oct. 25. Juanita stayed home, enjoying a cup of coffee as she watched the weather on television.

"I was deciding if I wanted to stay up or go lay back down when I heard a popping noise," Juanita said. "I thought it might be mice or something."

She got up to investigate when the power went out, leaving her in the dark and disabling their modern phones.

Juanita ran a couple hundred yards from her smoking home to the road and managed to flag down the rural school teacher on her way to class.

One of the first on scene was County Commissioner Rick Grant, who brought a gas powered water pump and tried to slow down the blaze by pumping water from a nearby stream while he and a few other good Samaritans waited for the fire department.

The Glenrock Volunteer Fire Department arrived around 7:30 a.m. to a structure fully engulfed.

Please see **FIRE**, page A-5

INTO THE WILD

Reimers survives encounter with mountain lion

By JEN KOCHER
 jen@douglas-budget.com

When Jeff Reimers got separated from his buddy in the woods in the North Brush Creek area outside of Saratoga last month, he knew he was in for a long night. The late September sun had gone down quickly, obscured above the lush green branches hooded with white, the final traces of the previous night's snowfall. He breathed in the metallic after-taste of cold air as he blinked up at the nearly black sky. He could see a faint glimmer of dull stars and the sliver of a moon, no bigger than a clipped thumb nail.

It was dark, too dark, even with a flashlight to help. There was no point trying to backtrack to find his buddy. Just an hour previously, his hunting buddy had been by his side as they tracked elk. Jeff was sure his friend had seen the same herd of elk that, in the excitement, Jeff had single-mindedly followed. He hadn't.

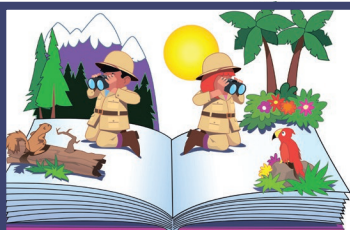
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Please see **MOUNTAIN LION FIGHT**, page A-3



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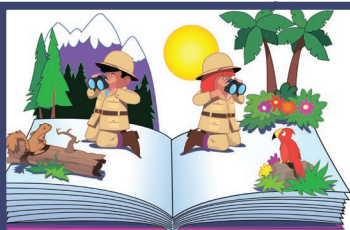
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Mountain lion fight

from the front page

anything flammable.

A seasoned hunter and outdoors man, Jeff knew the rules. First, a fire. He had matches, a lighter, and even a magnesium striker. He took inventory of his other supplies: water, some snacks, his diabetic medication, three extra pairs of gloves, duct tape, and a bow with extra arrows.

The ground was far too damp to get anything to ignite. After an hour of trying, still no fire.

The night just got longer.

"When you have a fire, you feel better," he said, shaking his head. "When you don't, it's like a kidney punch to the gut."

And he felt that punch.

The 20-degree night just got that much colder. Alone in the dark, Jeff knew, meant the wild animals would be curious enough to make him a target.

He needed to do something to be less vulnerable. Rule number two: build a shelter.

After foraging for 90 minutes, Jeff had gathered enough twigs and branches to put together four walls about three feet off the ground, approximately the size of two coffins. At his feet, he stacked a few branches like a steeple chase gate, so anything attempting to jump over the walls would trip a branch and make some noise. That way he could also see anything potentially coming his way. After padding the ground, he jumped in, pulled down his hat over his forehead and blanketed himself with pine boughs, trying to get comfortable. Hoping to take the bite out of the icy soil.

His girlfriend was not going to be happy with him, he realized. Two years ago, he and his buddy had gotten lost in this same spot. That night, not only had they had a fire but they also had one another for company. Tonight, he was alone. That's when your mind plays tricks on you. On a good night he's a bad sleeper given his sleep apnea and insomnia. He quickly swallowed two prescription sleeping pills.

He wasn't really scared, but he did have a sneaking suspicion that he might get a visit from a passing predator, so he made sure that his knife, flashlight, bear spray, loaded crossbow and four spare arrows were within reach of his right hand.

It wouldn't be his first run-in with a wild animal. Having lived in northern California as a chef for several decades, this Wyoming native has spent a lot of time out in the woods. In California, he lived in a trailer and recalls the day he went in his backyard to get some firewood only to be chased across the yard by a mountain lion. He knew you weren't supposed to run, but just the sight of that enormous cat in his yard was enough to trigger his fight-or-flight instincts. He made it to the door in time to shut the screen in its face. Though it could have easily jumped through the mesh, it stood still and sniffed at him for a good minute before walking away.

"These animals (bears and mountain lions) kill," he said gravely. "That's what they do. They kill to survive and they're not afraid."

With the memory still reeling in his mind, he stared up into the pitch black sky with his head nestled between the trunks of two trees until the pills eventually took over. Finally, sleep.

A bolt of adrenaline surged through his body. He tensed instantly to the crackling of twigs. Two enormous bright yellow eyes peered down on him from directly overhead.

A mountain lion. His nightmare realized.

"I was positively scared s---less," he said, his eyes widening at the memory. "I have never been so scared in my life."

He knew he had to keep calm as he watched the cat sizing up the exposed skin along his neck.

"They go for the soft spots." All he wanted to do was cover the cold skin. He knew any movement he made might be his last.

His hands were shaking wildly. Slowly, he grabbed the tip of an arrow with his right hand and slid his fingers down to the center where he got a maximum grip.

He acted quickly, plunging the arrow into the cat's neck.

It growled and reared back. With a snarl, it leapt over the sidewall and disappeared into the inky shadows, the arrow lodged in its neck.

It was a long couple of hours until sunlight. Jeff couldn't sleep. He constantly scanned the woods, listening for crackling footsteps, fearful the cat would return.

At the first glimmer of daylight, Jeff packed up and headed back toward camp. Within an hour, he heard sirens and headed to the road where he was met by a sheriff's deputy who reunited him with his friend, who it turned out had been searching for him for a good part of the night.

The sheriff spent some time lecturing him about his lack of a GPS system, which Jeff already knew was coming. He should have one, he acknowledges, and clearly a cell phone out of range with no service does a person little good.

He knows he was lucky. Jeff said he feels bad telling his story in light of some of the bear attacks other hunters have overcome this season. Those are real harrowing stories, he insisted, downplaying his own.

And though many hunters might have been just spooked enough to head home, Jeff and his pal spent the next two days hunting for elk. They didn't get one that weekend, but he's eager to go back.

Currently, the executive chef at Memorial Hospital of Converse County, Jeff takes every opportunity to get out into the woods as much as he can, and run-ins and near death experiences with wild animals are just part of what makes it so fun.

"It's hard to explain," he shrugged, "but you want to be out there with all those wild things."

It's humbling and it makes you feel alive, he added.

Ask JEN

This week's question comes from a reader who has seen a street sweeper cleaning 3rd Street four times this past week. His question: Why?

To take advantage of the great weather and to keep ahead of the leaves is the short answer, according to Director of Public Works John Harbarger, who says that he and his crews have been conscientiously keeping the downtown clean and free of debris this fall, especially in light of some of the super windy days as of late.

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The street sweeper essentially works like a glorified vacuum, sucking up the leaves in a hopper to be deposited in a couple locations in town (behind Bartling Park and behind the Water Treatment Plant) until they dry out, at which point they're taken out to the landfill. Along with street sweepers, they'll also pull out a "leaf sucker" to get the job done.

So, like it or not, be prepared to see the street sweepers out in full force this fall.



SCARED CROWS

The winners of Main Street Douglas' scarecrow contest this week are pictured here. First place went to This n That (top photo), while White Wolf won second (above) and Whistlestop Mercantile took third (at right).

Courtesy photos

Businesses were encouraged to design a unique scarecrow in time for Halloween.

DOUGLAS BUSINESS CENTER

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Before you snack,
think about giving back
a card of thanks
to all you love!



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Come on out to the Orin Junction / Fast Stop

We are now serving
BREAKFAST • LUNCH • DINNER
Open 6:00 a.m. - 8:00 p.m.

Offering

- SIRLOIN STEAK** \$14.99
10 oz. Sirloin, Veggies, Mashed Potato, Gravy and Roll
- SOUP OR SALAD** \$2.50
- HAMBURGERS** .. (fresh ground, hand pressed chuck)



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WHY DID THEY LET THE TURKEY JOIN THE BAND?

Hi, Granddaughter!

Pumpkin Pie

Cherry Pie

Apple Pie

How to Roast a Turkey

Step 1: Defrost turkey.
Step 2: Drink glass of wine.
Step 3: Place Turkey in oven.
Step 4: Drink another glass of wine.
Step 5: Preheat the degree at 400 ovens.
Drink two more wine of glasses.
Roast the wine for four hours.
Lass yourself wine of pour.
If the starkey.
Lass the meal call a cab.

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