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Michael Spreadbury

363-3877

Mar 23, 2009

Roy P Pilkey
49 Bell Lane
Hamilton, MI 59840

Barrack Obama
President of the United States of America

Sir,

I write to you with respect, admiration and hope. In this time of our nation's strife, I do not ask for monetary relief or a bailout. Sir, I have lost everything that I hold precious in life, I live in Ravalli County, Montana. There are no civil rights here, there is no justice here, and there is no one to appeal to. I want my human rights, and my freedom back.

I am 67 years old, I was raised in the Navy, and served in the USCG for four years, I served 25 years in the Seattle Fire Department where I retired on 9/11/91. I have served my country my entire life and I still abide by the oath's that I swore to defend my Flag, the President, and to serve the American People, as did my Father.

Sir, I moved to Ravalli County, Montana in April of 2002. After 911 I wanted to try and start over as I felt that my time of usefulness had passed. Fate works in strange ways and my duty as an American was to be tested like never before. I found myself in the midst of ignorance, racism, hate crimes, nepotism, and corruption, where the weapon of choice for criminals is the American Flag. I fight for America Sir, and now the rumble has reached the White House. The horses hitched to your wagon have brought you into it. The truth shall set us free.

I present to you the "unbelievable" daily life of American citizens in the Ravalli Territory, the Holy Grail of injustice in America:

Montana is the third largest state in the lower 48, yet has a population of less than one million residents. It has three electoral votes with one Congressman and two Senators. There are 56 counties distributing the power of the United States Constitution.

The present Governor of Montana states that "Montana is for Montanans", and openly mocks the government of the United States. I am an American, not a Montanan.

Ravalli County starts at the Idaho border to the South, runs the length of the Bitterroot river, with the Bitterroot Mountains to the West, and the Sapphires to the East. There is one road, Highway 93, in or out. No news goes out and very little comes in as we have no Newspaper, and one radio station. It is isolated and remote.

The County Government is the cow that feeds it. It offers jobs to those who are willing to buy in. All others are treated as "illegal aliens". The County Attorney is an all powerful entity, above the laws of the United States, openly protected by the State and our National Representatives. Ravalli is a micro climate set up to set the standard for the rest of the state. It can be compared to a "black hole". Seventy percent of Ravalli County is Federal land. This is a Third World Country within the State of Montana. No person or entity can, or will claim jurisdiction here. Is this the template for the new America?

Very few people in this state go unaffected or untouched by these events of violation.

The last Census said there were approx 37,000 residents, of which 29,000 are of voting age. Amazingly all of them are "registered voters". The Secretary of State claims to have very little control over voting laws in the county. They are defined by the County Attorney as to who shall, or shall not vote, and what they may, or may not petition.

The County Sheriff is an elected official and is the head Law Enforcement Officer in the County. There is no criteria to be the Sheriff. The current Sheriff received a unanimous vote of "no confidence", from his department and yet was re-elected. Any group will only be as good as it's leadership.

There are five elected County Commissioners, all paid. They have no say over the County Atty, or Sheriff. The CA regularly overrules any legislation they try to pass regarding zoning or permitting. They are pretty much powerless, with main emphasis on who shall sit on county boards.

The City of Hamilton is the County seat. There are less than 4,000 people living within the city. They have 6 city council seats, an all powerful Mayor, a city Judge, and a Justice of the peace, all of whom are elected. There is no City Treasurer although the citizens passed a petition to have a Treasurer. The words "and to the Republic", mouthed by these officials during the "Pledge of Allegiance", refers to the local newspaper.

The City Attorney, works under contract, also acting as prosecutor. This attorney worked for almost 6 years without a contract, and never swore an oath of office at any time. This is a blatant violation of State Law. His comment about that is, " it is ridiculous to think that I should have to swear an oath". The State bar, and the Superior Court Judge, said it was ok to violate state law and swear the oath 6 years later. The Court system prides itself on very tough justice with a 90 percent conviction rate of violators of the law. All judges and city attorneys are former prosecutors for the County.

Hamilton Police Department has a force of fifteen officers. A normal town has one officer per thousand population. They have the run of the County as their jurisdiction. They have been out of control for a very long time. The "tail wags the dog" here. They are almost all of "local flavor". The Police Chief acts with impunity to any authority including, county, state and federal.

The City of Hamilton is not incorporated. City limits were never established; no census

of the population was ever taken, and there was no election held by those citizens to establish the "City of Hamilton". Therefore, what is the legal standard and criteria by which this illegal group administers, executes and prosecutes the laws of the State and Constitution of the United States. How can they issue permits and tax the people? How can they be allowed to hold elections for a nonexistent entity? The County Attorney claims he has no authority in issues within the city of Hamilton. People within Hamilton may not vote on county issues by order of the County Atty. The Sec of State has no record of Hamilton, Montana therefore no controls regarding voting.

The Fire Department claimed by Hamilton is an all volunteer group of 20 Fire Fighters, none of which are paid. Their services are minimal, and there is no standard or criteria as to qualification or training. They are an entity separate from the city. They are the First Responders to the NIH Rocky Mountain Lab a level four biolab. There is no way these men should be expected to cover this facility. RML gives a grant to the HVFD to buy a 100 foot Aerial Platform, surely the most useless piece of equipment they could have. There is no one who knows how to drive it, and no where to park it. There are no buildings over 3 stories in the county or city. The Fire Chief quotes to me, "we need the Aerial Ladder so there are no ground ladders up when the walls collapse". There are no paid fire fighters anywhere in the county that I know of. NIH has put science before the safety of American Citizens.

This county would be an excellent place to move Guantanamo. There is no escape, no rights and no one to complain to. However, the rest of the world might regard it as "cruel and unusual punishment".

In 2001 three women are killed in a Florence beauty salon in broad daylight, The case remains unsolved.

In 2002 a Hamilton officer shoots and kills a man involving a domestic dispute. Six months later a coroners inquest finds it justifiable.

In 2002, the State loses it's viable Power Company which was publicly owned. Jobs, pensions and a public utility all are shuffled and sold. This was considered business as usual here with no investigation by the State or federal government.

In October of 2005, a man has barricaded himself in a gas station convenience store at the edge of town after briefly holding the employees hostage. His white pickup truck, a second male passenger, and a large white bag on the ground are left in a driveway around a corner from where the man has fled. The owner of the home asks the remaining man if he is ok and the man says, "yes, but my buddy is really messed up". He walks around the corner and watches with the Police. Quite a while later the home owner watches a third man pick up the bag on the ground, toss it into the truck and drive off. Law enforcement from all over Western Montana have surrounded the station, blocked off the highway, and wait for over 9 hours before attempting to enter. The Hamilton Police chief is in charge of the scene. They find the man has killed himself in the bathroom. He has a briefcase containing \$4000 dollars he had robbed up in Flathead County. The News

Media had covered the episode from the earliest minutes and report a sad but successful end to the story. Law enforcement are commended for their good work. There is no mention of the second man or the money. Two days later, the Ravalli County Sheriff's dept shows up at a residence at the end of a road about 10 miles out of town and wants to know where the missing \$200,000.00 from the robbery is? The residents are dumbfounded to learn that the truck used in the robbery has turned up abandoned on their property. No mention of this has ever been made public that I know of. The witness where the truck originally stopped is advised by a state official to keep her mouth shut.

Within a six month period in 2005, five inmates hang themselves in the Ravalli County Jail. A coroner's inquest finds everything ok. What could cause such desperation of these men, to take their own lives. Who were they? What had they done? There was never a trial or question of who and why. Death at the hands of law enforcement is taken for granted as "normal" in Montana. Several jail employee witnesses are terminated.

There are survivors who lost their loved ones, fathers, sons, and friends. There are those that know the truth and must live with it. There are those that must cover up the truth further enlarging the ripple and the quicksand trap it feeds.

The Police chief retires from the City dept to take a job with the NIH Rocky Mountain lab. The lab turns down very qualified people for administrative and security positions keying for what they describe as "local flavor". They hire the City Administrator, along with the Police Chief. The closest professional help for any emergency is in Missoula, at the least, 90 minutes away. The same campus in Bethesda, MD has a 30 man fire department covering their lab. The 20 Hamilton Volunteers are neither trained or qualified to address any part of an emergency within this facility and should not be asked to do so. Certified letters sent to Bethesda regarding this situation have disappeared. NIH security is often seen patrolling the streets of the city.

The District Court Judge for Ravalli County is pulled over by Hamilton Police and charged with DUI.

He is ticketed and booked. His story is spread all over the "Ravalli Republic". He is pulled over again in Missoula and charged with the same thing. He admits to a problem, says he will go through the rehabilitation and is allowed to keep his position. The Officer doing the initial arrest will be referred to as "not so super", Notso. The officer often testifies to the Judge, along with the Hamilton City atty who doesn't think the Oath of office means anything. The Montana Disciplinary Committee, aka Bar Assn, says "no problem". This man had once been a respected and trusted Judge, now his opening line must be "How may I please the state"?

The local daily newspaper, the Ravalli Republic is owned by Lee Enterprises. It is totally controlled by the County attorney here, and all of it's other publications will only print the party line. Falsehoods causing much grief to innocent people are regularly published, yet retractions and other viewpoints are staunchly avoided. Any innuendo that something is foul in Montana is rewarded with a "fuzzy bunny" story as the County Attorney, and other State Officials reminisce of happy times in their rise to success. Made up "awards"

and plaques are given with accolades to Police Officers, and their leaders for their "humanitarian" work. There are few, if any newspapers in Montana which are not owned by Lee. I would liken it to Pravda.

A retired Army Veteran is parked in front of his Physical Therapist office in the middle of downtown Hamilton in the afternoon. He is waiting for his appointment time. He looks up to see a gun pointed at him in the drivers side window. There are three more Hamilton Police officers in position with guns pointed, demanding he get out of the car. He gets out and is braced and searched. He finds out that he is suspected of being a terrorist shooter because he is wearing a leather vest. He is told to watch his step.

In 1949, I recall having a butterscotch sundae with Mr Watling, at NAS Niagara where my father was stationed. He was a Navy jet pilot and he was leaving for Korea. I don't remember what we talked about except that he had noticed my "cub scout hat", and that he seemed pleased to be with me. I can never forget the respect, that my father showed him at our introduction. The newsreels at the movies were never the same when I found out that he wasn't coming back. I was probably his last memory of America. I learned early the responsibility of my heritage.

A young HPD Officer is appointed by the unincorporated Hamilton City Council to be the new Police Chief in spite of pressure by community leaders to get an outside professional for the position. The force now numbers 15. A normal city will have one officer per 1,000. Hamilton has less than 4,000 residents. On any given night the town lights up like the Aurora Borealis with blue lights flying everywhere. It appears that the tickets are the towns only income. One rookie officer sets the record with over 100 unsupervised arrests and is applauded for his wonderful work. At the end of his year probation, he swears the "oath of office". He regularly holds "show and tell" with other citizens showing the actual videos of his arrests with commentary about the victims. These officers carry real guns with real ammunition, they are brandished regularly.

Sir, with your connections, could you get Supercop, a few days of duty on the streets of Chicago? Better yet, let's just swap departments for about a week.

A retired decorated LA Police Officer, who was disabled after being run down by a murder suspect lives here. He is a former United States Marine who has served abroad, and willing community volunteer. He joins up with members of the USMC Band who are performing at the County Fair. He attempts to give some of them a ride, when after pulling out of his parking place, he is pulled over by "Supercop". He is accused of cutting in front of the police car and DUI. Supercop gives the "Mic on, Mic off", routine to the flustered veteran, and writes him a serious DUI ticket. The Vet is devastated and seeks counsel outside of Ravalli County. The attorney urges him to plead "per se" and take the consequences, as he says the "police there, will lie". The Vet does as urged and has the book thrown at him by the Hamilton judge who is a former Marine adjutant proud of the harsh sentencing handed out in Hamilton. He is devastated and embarrassed. He goes to his health club, and there Supercop and others openly and publicly mock him. The man resigns from the health club and has to see a shrink to get his health and composure back.

The Vetcop is pulled over months later for DWIH (Driving While In Hamilton), and the officer immediately goes to the mans license tabs where he finds that the "numbers don't match"; amazing police work. This place is a vipers nest where honest, good people are not welcome and openly discriminated against. Like all of us, he is wounded and will never be the same. He has lost his faith in America.

Is this the greeting returning vets shall receive? Is this what we all served for? Is this the legacy for our children?

A Native American man is shot and killed in Darby by the town Marshal. The Marshal has been notorious for ticketing a very famous late night talk show host and for anally tight law in his town, which is referred to as "camera land". Fines are payable then and there. He responds alone to a domestic dispute and gives a pat story the night of the shooting. It was portrayed that he had responded to the place and was immediately jumped by the man, whom he knew well. While fighting to keep his gun away from the man, he shot him twice. This was all over the news that night and the next day. When relatives showed up, they found the girlfriend was under arrest in the hospital, and there was reportedly another witness. The Marshal was wired for tape. Six months later, during a Coroner's inquest, a new version of the story unfolds where the witnesses could not remember anything, and parts of the tape are blank. The last words you hear are the Marshal stating that he was going to shoot the man, and then he does. The death is found justifiable.

I ski in the winter and often ride the chair with students up for the day. One young man is always dressed in dark blue and never without a ski mask on. I have talked to him several times and learn he is a home school student from Darby. One day he tells me that it is his birthday and that he just got an assault rifle with a stainless steel barrel that wont wear out. He wants a pair of twin tip skis like mine so he can ski backwards and shoot. "I am very seldom at a loss for words".

While serving in the USCG, I spent a year of isolated duty on an island in the Aleutians. After a while you lose the perspective that there really is anything outside of where you are. People who have been in combat or taken long sea voyages will give you the same comparison. Hostages tend to accept and sympathize with their captors and go along with it as a survival instinct. You do whatever it takes to fit in. I believe it is called "Stockholm Syndrome". It is a very necessary trait one should have to live in Montana.

Senator Baucus is trying to trademark Montana as "The Last Best Place".

A man and his wife from a nearby town pull into a gas station in Hamilton to get fuel. They had just finished dinner in downtown Hamilton. Supercop swoops in with lights going and accuses the woman driver of "attempting to elude him and DUI". It seems there is a long history here of harassment by Supercop. The couple had been pulled over by him several times as their car is distinctive. The husband protests and is handcuffed and thrown in the back of the patrol car. The woman who is on meds, is given the works at the gas pump. Shoes off, standing on the ground in the cold night air, Mic on, Mic off,

she is ordered to blow in the same "breathalyzer 5 times. The husband is going nuts in the back seat where he is imprisoned. Mic on, Mic off. The couple hire a local attorney and pay him up front to go all the way with it. The attorney is pulled over by Supercop and threatened. While the husband is out of town, the attorney advises the woman he will not represent her, he advises her to plead "per se", and it will all go away. Her health is bad and she does as advised. The husband is followed anytime he appears in Hamilton from that point on. The husband has always been a good citizen and acted as a mediator during the Watts Riots. He has letters of appreciation for his work within that community. The man hires an out of town attorney and attempts to get justice. They find there is no record of their case on file in the Police records. The couple have the police video of the incident. He lives 16 miles outside of Hamilton and sees City Police cars up his long private driveway at night.

A 70 year old hunting guide from Alaska, who lives well outside of Hamilton is awakened at 1:30 in the morning by Police banging on his door. A window is broken, and a hand comes around, ready to unlatch the door. Lights are shining on the man as he attempts to get dressed and let them in. As his second shoe is put on, the door is flung open by four Hamilton cops, with three Sheriffs deputies and they rush the man. He is knocked to the ground face down, and roughly handcuffed behind his back, injuring the man's shoulder. The officers go immediately to his back room and bring out a shotgun, which they confiscate. He is accused of violating a restraining order issued by a local JP. As he is put into the patrol car by the HPD, he is told, "see what happens when you break the law". It seems the man had dated a woman who tried to extort him out of his property and he had refused. He was threatened with trouble because of it. A restraining order had been issued by a local JP on behalf of the woman, who lived on the road the man had to take to reach town. The man doesn't get his gun back, and he cannot get a guide's license any more because of the arrest. There is no criteria to be a JP, only that you take a class to learn how to be a judge. The man has been arrested with injury, without warrant, had property seized and not returned, yet is acquitted months later without so much as "sorry about that".

A single mother who is going through divorce comes home from one of her two jobs after picking up her daughter from daycare. She had stopped on the way home to get food from a fast food shop where she went through the drive thru. She and another car had touched bumpers, they got out, no damage, see you later. About an hour after she got home, Supercop appears at her door and accuses her of "hit and run" at the drive in. She has to go out to her car and get her papers. He then asks her "is that alcohol I smell"? She goes into her house and tries to call her son. Supercop follows her into the house, knocks the phone out of her hand and handcuffs her with the young daughter watching. The phone was not turned off and the entire episode is recorded on the son's phone. Supercop confiscates some drinking glasses as evidence and hauls her out the door publicly proclaiming that she is going to jail and her daughter is going to Child Protective services. Neighbors intervene, and since the girl has "special needs", is kept there. The woman is charged with resisting arrest, hit and run, and DUI. Her arrest is immediately published in the Republic, and immediately shows up as evidence in her pending divorce case. Her ex-policeman husband knows all of the Hamilton cops and Sheriff's deputies.

The Hamilton Judge publicly promises the full extension of his powers over this obviously unfit mother.

Supercop and Notso drive around and past the woman's house daily, and show up on the Fourth of July after hiding in the bushes trying to catch her shooting off fireworks after 10. The woman and her daughter have been watching the neighbors celebration. The two Bozo cops are fuming that they cant get her as thousands of fireworks are going off all around them. They storm away to their car parked a block away. The little girl now clings to her mother whenever she sees a uniform or a patrol car. I find myself doing the same thing.

Supercop shows up in civilian clothes at the same fast food drive in and demands to talk to one of the workers there. The manager asks him to come back at another time not during working hours. He quotes to the manager "do you know who I am, I'm a police officer"! Within days, Supercop spots the boy working in his yard, and swoops in saying he thinks the boy is an assault suspect. He pulls his gun and holds the boy and his 14 year old girlfriend at gunpoint while he rants about who he is. The girl later gives taped testimony to the retired vet cop who is openly gathering info on this nutcase.

A local disabled Viet Nam Veteran who worked as a fishing guide, stops at a Sports Bar with friends to watch a playoff basketball game. The game is not on and he goes to the restroom. He is followed in by two card dealers from the bar one of whom has a beer glass in his hand.. A few seconds later, the vet, bleeding profusely from a head wound, staggers out of the bathroom quoting, "I've been blindsided". His friends grab him, and rush him to the emergency room. The two card dealers emerge from the bathroom and go out the back door. His friends call 911 reporting the assault, and one of the vets friends goes out in the parking lot to keep an eye on things. According to the witnesses it was quite a while before the Police show up. Finally officer Notso shows up and goes directly to the two card dealers who are waiting out back. He has a discussion with them. Officer Notso comes from that discussion and wants to know where the vet went. He refers to him by name. In that length of time the Vet is in the emergency room and receives 57 stitches to the side of his face. His spouse and a friend have also arrived to help him. While the officer is there, one of the card dealers shows up and demands attention to his lacerated hand.. He gives two different versions in front of these witnesses as to what had happened to his hand. Officer Notso leaves without interviewing anyone. The Emergency Room Physician says to the wife and the witness that the injury is consistent with a severe blow to the head and that he had picked out glass fragments consistent with a beer glass. The next day in the Republic, appears an article "Spouse of newly elected County Commissioner involved in Bar fight". Officer Notso, never investigated the scene of the crime, he never interviewed anyone besides the two card dealers, with whom it was well known he had a long standing relationship. The video tape of the bar clearly shows the sequence of events but is never used. This was clearly a setup. The vet's civil attorney advises him that since she is retained by the city, she cannot represent him and that he should hire a defense atty.

It all comes into mind. There is overwhelming rage, the panic and embarrassment, then

the guilt. The realization that I was part of it. My silence had kept me safe. I was not blind, but I just did not want to see it. I pulled my father's flag from it's shelf, and I laid an old fire helmet on it. I was ready once more, to run into a burning building. I was alive again.

I showed up unsolicited at the next City Council Meeting. The place was jammed. The Police Chief was there in uniform, and the Sheriff was there in plain clothes. I signed up first on the public comment sheet. I did not know most of the people there, and had no idea if I was going to be standing alone. Following the "pledge", to the newspaper, public comment was allowed. I was called and openly read a scathing letter of what I thought about the Police dept and their conduct. Following that, 16 other people gave more examples of horrific things that had happened to them at the hands of the HPD. The mayor was quite adamant that people hurry up as there was important business to conduct. Several community leaders demanded that a review of the HPD and it's policies be conducted by an outside source. The assaulted vet appeared and wanted to know why he hadn't been interviewed and demanded a public apology from the Police chief who said that he didn't think that this involved "a public danger". All of the people there met on the side and agreed to pool our efforts to attain justice.

There was an article appearing within the Republic the next day quoting me, and saying that people were upset with the HPD. The mayor said that it was all isolated cases and that there was a good complaint process that people should follow. Case Closed

The "Night of the Blue Shirts" started up the next night., and lasted about two weeks. If you were moving in Hamilton, you got picked off. Tickets, threats, slander, arrests, anything to keep the sheep rounded up. Cops openly proclaim that the assaulted Vet Fishing Guide is a "convicted drug dealer". The City's bogus attorney proclaims there is a fine ongoing investigation , by the fine folks working within HPD, in spite of the slanderous, ludicrous accusations of the rabble. This investigation is the "best investigation" he has ever seen in all his years as a prosecutor. They were "protecting and serving" all over the place.

In WW2, the Nazi submarine wolfpacks had free run of the sea for a long time. At first they warned a ship before they sank it, giving passengers and crew time to leave the ship. That was inefficient and they stopped doing it. Brooms would be displayed on the masthead when returning. That was referred to as the "happy time".

A month after the assault, the case is handed up to the County Attorney as a felony. The assaulted man gets the police report. The barely readable jibberish on that report indicated that only the card dealers had been interviewed. Their story was that , "the vet had jumped them in the bathroom and when they defended themselves he fell on the floor injuring his head". There were no other facts, but contained a list of witnesses, each with a social security number next to their name. Case closed. Officer notso is commended for his fine police work and promoted to detective. Six months later the victim finds out that one of the card dealers had admitted to the assault. There has never been any further action that we know of.

It appears the assault was premeditated and conspired by law enforcement right up to the County Attorney. Had not the citizens spoke up when they did, the vet would have been charged in an attempt to discredit his spouse, a newly elected County Commissioner. Most citizens who turned in complaints were immediately subjected to further harassment. The vest wearing vet received two speeding tickets within days of turning in a complaint, and the woman who carried the complaint into the station received a brick through the window of her business, which happens to be just across the street from the police parking lot. The Mayor lays to rest any hope of an investigation of her department.

Supercop has his own bumper sticker appearing on toilets and urinals all over the county. He pulls over a teenager with one on his car, and threatens the boy with arrest and lawsuit. There are very young children in the car. The Police chief when asked, says there was a reprimand to Supercop for his actions.

Citizens meet and try to find out what can be done. First we contact our Congressman Denny Rehberg. He is shocked and appalled; he promises help. He tells us to gather up our information and he will see that justice is done. Within days, Rehberg changes his tune, saying he has passed our complaints to the right people and that is all he can do. The dust cloud from Rehberg's retreat still hangs in the air on Hwy 93. I would suggest he read "Congressmen for Dummies".

I talk to the State AG's office and they refer me to the Police Academy. There we are told to provide the info on any wrong doing by a graduate of that academy, they can investigate and put them out of business. Then I am told by the Academy director that he is only interim for a few more weeks. He also advises me to have a talk with the Police Chief who is a long time family friend. He also states that they have to be careful with these cases so as not to upset the Police Union. I find out later that the Academy Director is a former Ravalli County Commissioner and former Sheriff's Deputy.

Three people call the academy and give their story, he advises them all to talk to the Police chief. None of them intend to do so. I set up a meeting with the Chief, and the Sheriff appears with him. I am told that the Academy Director had already turned over the names of those complaining. Then he tells me that the single mother had been arrested again and was sitting in jail. Did I have any more names for him? I don't think so, I might not be too bright, but I do suspect. In my last conversation with the AD, I am advised to "let bygones be bygones". The interim director leaves the academy and our calls are no longer accepted by the P.O.S.T., (Police officer standards, and training). I watch reruns of the movie "Police Academy".

I receive an unsolicited call on my cell phone, using my nickname, from a man identifying himself as the FBI agent in Missoula. I am driving and pull off the road to talk to this guy who is ranting like an idiot. I finally get him calmed down enough to find out who he is and what he wants. First where did he get my name? He says he had a note on his desk to call me. He had the idea that I was bringing a bunch of people around who

were going to complain about police brutality from Hamilton police and Sheriff's deputies, who were the finest that he had ever seen, and further that he really liked what they were doing down there. He stated that he didn't think there was anything I could produce to change his mind. He was so loud my friend in the car could hear every word he said. I stated that perhaps we should talk and set up a meeting several days later. This guy was not my idea of an FBI agent. I called his number back to see that, he was legitimate, and cancelled any further contact with him. I then wrote an affidavit to the Regional office of the FBI in Salt Lake City regarding his conduct. I had the letter notarized and witnessed. The notary was told by the County attorney not to do that for me anymore.

A decorated FEMA officer reports that, he lives in the city, and tried to get a severe fire hazard spilling over onto his property cleaned up. After going through all the channels with recommendations by the County Fire Marshal that his complaint is legitimate, the Sheriff will not cite the violator, or clean up the hazard. He then finds his offending neighbor on his property lighting fireworks in retaliation for the complaint. The man throws water at her and runs her off. He is charged with misdemeanor assault by the Sheriff's dept. He waits 9 months for a hearing and nothing happens. He is deployed to a disaster in Texas and within a week of him being gone he is given a court date. He has an attorney hired, who appears for him. The Judge hears the prosecution side from a Law Student, and then rules that the man had to be present. He issues an arrest warrant for the deployed federal officer. The attorney he had hired was from Missoula, and could not even read the rules on the writ which clearly stated that the man need not be present for a misdemeanor charge. The Officer leaves the disaster assignment and flies home. He is driven down highway 93 from Missoula early in the morning by a friend. There are Sheriffs, Hamilton police, and MHP cars everywhere. He checks in with the bail office and turns himself into the Jail. The jailer wants to know who brought him in. There was a bet on who would get him. The report of his arrest appears in the paper the next day. The man contacts the Attorney General's office where he is told that he will be prosecuted to the fullest in Ravalli county, he will lose his job, and he will be bankrupted. He contacts the US Attorney in Missoula Josh Van De Wetering reporting conspiracy to deny him his Civil rights. He receives a response telling him not to contact that office again.

It all came true, he loses his career federal job, and is not allowed to be a substitute teacher because of his phony arrest. He gets his court date and he is finally acquitted. The deputy AG who conspired against him is now the Montana Attorney General. When trying to submit his information through Senator Baucus he receives a call from the Senator's chief legal advisor Melody Haynes giving him advice to hire an attorney. The Law Student who prosecuted the man has been hired by the county with much fanfare. The man is told "if it was anyone but you, it would have been dismissed", by the award winning asst county prosecutor.

A woman tells me that her teenage daughter and friends are being pulled over by Hamilton Police officers and told if they don't date them, they will be ticketed. She doesn't want it known for fear of repercussions.

Several people went to a meeting involving our two State Senators, Baucus and Tester whose representatives were in town to meet with constituents. We were the only ones there and they gladly took the letters outlining our grievances. They read what we had to say and said, "This is about Civil Rights, isn't it"? They agreed to check and get back to us, which Senator Baucus's legal aide did. At her direction we put together 140 pages of sworn testimony regarding our cases which were to go to Richard Powers Asst Dir FBI. It was turned in, and within a week I get a call from Melody Haynes, Senator Baucus's chief legal person; a former prosecuting attorney for the state. She said that this isn't something the Senator could do and to just forget about it. We should contact the County Attorney with our complaints. That's what this is all about Melody! We sent the stuff to Mr Powers anyway.

Within the week we see an article in the Missoulian newspaper that Senator Baucus had just given a large grant of surveillance electronics from the DOJ to Ravalli County Law enforcement. The clouds parted, the angels sang and we all shouted "halleluiah"! We see the light Sir. Montana is the third largest state in the lower 48, with less than a million people where your vote means nothing, and nobody gives a damn about your Civil Rights. It is very easy to keep the sheep corralled. They use the American flag as a Club to keep you in line. The Ravalli County attorney is the most powerful man in America to whom our State Senators and Congressman all report directly. I find myself on isolated duty. Is there really anything out there? Major Tom to ground control!

I visited the Soviet Union in 1989 just before it collapsed. In Moscow I witnessed control towers on the large boulevards with Police cars and motorcycles pulling over cars. It was a checkpoint, and you paid right there for whatever it was they were pulling you over for, usually it was car color. A woman in our party had been a secretary at the US Embassy during the Khrushchev Regime. She said if you were a woman out at night, you would be raped by the Police if they pulled you over. In Hamilton it is the same if you are someone different, not part of the club. When I remembered that, I realized the scope of the madness here. The Soviets were never frightened about what you might have seen, they were afraid of what their people would learn from you.

Now when I drive through Hamilton I am immediately tagged by a cop with a computer and followed, My dog who can smell a rat a block away, barks at something she knows is out there in the darkness. I find a Hamilton Police car in front of my property which is well out of town. I call the police dispatch, and they say there shouldn't be anyone there. According to the Police chief, "he", is investigating a "hit and run".

Did you ever play soccer, Sir? There are three rules: Go to the ball, don't trap the ball dead, and the first one that moves, loses. It also works well in life.

A man and wife go hiking up a local canyon trail. The husband comes back and says his wife has disappeared. The Sheriff searches high and low, but there is no sign of the woman. The Sheriff says he needs more equipment.

A man drives in the mountains and sees an abandoned car there for over 2 weeks. He

sees a fishing rod and reel on the ground and picks it up to give to a local kids fishing derby. The next day he is invaded by the Sheriff's department who search his home and charge him with theft. It seems the junk car was a sting operation with bugged articles. They want to know why he didn't take the rest of the stuff? The man is a very wealthy Texan, and the Sheriff's dept finds itself with a tight hold of a "very angry tiger by the tail". The Sheriff openly pleads with the man to let them out of it. That DOJ surveillance stuff really works good. I believe this is the only case the Sheriff 's office has solved in the 7 years I have lived here.

An amateur photographer sees an accident scene on highway 93 and stops to get pictures. An injured man is extricated and taken to the hospital. He notices the Hamilton Police chief and Supercop quite far back in the crowd. The man asks where the other car is? No one knows. He overhears the driver saying the guy got out of a concrete company pickup and asked if we were ok, then he drove away. He knew the people, and gave them copies of his photos. The victims did not get the police report written by Supercop for over a week. It turns out, the driver of the other car is a Hamilton City Councilman. No charges are filed. The Montana Highway Patrol has no answer for why they were not notified and in charge of the accident since it was on a State Highway, but they don't intend to follow up. Supercop gets an award as "report writer of the year" and is later promoted.

A boy riding his bicycle with friends crashes and has a severe head injury. The boys see a Hamilton police car approaching and try to wave him down. The officer in the car waves at them and laughs as he drives by.

The mother takes her son to the Hospital where they sew his ear back on.

The former FEMA officer takes a test to try and get on the Montana Highway Patrol as he has lost his job. At the end of the test he is told he has failed to make the grade. He asks to see his test score, and they refuse. He loses four different jobs after being stopped on the street by HPD asking where he works. Once was on the steps of the County Administrative Building when he was conducting official business with the Elections official, another was when he was walking home from his swing shift at the MDMH at -5 degrees F.

The Mother harassed by super cop is acquitted by the judge who publicly vowed to get her, with apologies that "we were all wrong about you". She is granted her divorce. She cant get her wrongful arrest jail time back and her daughter is scarred for life.

Hamilton receives close to 3 million dollars in grants to fix Public Works. The mayor meets separately in closed meeting with the city atty and several councilmen and they decide to earmark the money for a development 5 miles out of town that they can annex. City atty says go and it's a done deal. Money goes poof, and the bogus City goes on with their land grab. The construction is to be done by an Arizona developer. I wonder where he is going to buy his concrete. Citizens call foul and report the misappropriation to the federal govt. The former FEMA agent who lost his job, points out in a letter in the Bitterroot Star Weekly newspaper that the Flat Iron development would be quite illegal as it is not contingent to the imaginary city limits of the imaginary city of Hamilton. The

Mayor suddenly resigns. A longtime Councilman jumps in as mayor, appoints a relative to his seat and we have business as usual. The word annex has not been mentioned since. Neither has the grant money.

President Obama, I ask you, man to man, father to father, this question. Is this your America?

I ask you to picture, yourself and your family in the same scenario as any one of these people. What would be your response to being ignored by our Justice System. What would you say to Baucus, Tester and Rehberg? What would you say to Supercop? What do you say to me?

Can the Secretary of State initiate talks with the County Attorney in regards to the possibility of a United States Embassy within the Territory?

A neatly wrapped box containing the entire corrupted Justice System of the State of Montana, waits to be unwrapped. The American People watch and wait for their hopes and dreams to be fulfilled.

As we speak, the Hamilton Police Chief is attending the FBI Academy. Is he there to learn or instruct? The courts carry out their appointed duties feeding the bloodlust of the County. Senator Baucus searches for a new US Attorney. The MHP commander retires. The governor attends tea at the White House. Richard Powers is replaced in Washington.

I bought a Motor home and left the state. I have the same feeling now as when I got back from the Aleutians. I search for America. I revisit "Travels with Charlie, feeling akin to Steinbeck and the burden of knowledge that he carried. My beautiful Samantha barks in the night, but it is only a bear. I lay awake at night knowing that the fire is not out.

I give this to you and America for Judgment.

President Obama, would you ask your recently, "featured local hero", deputy chief of staff, "who is George H Com"?

I am respectfully at your service. Perhaps we can go fishing some day.
Roy P. Pilkey

Also seen with more information at www.mtiustice.info

The Bitterroot's watchdog site: www.Bitterroot-rising.org