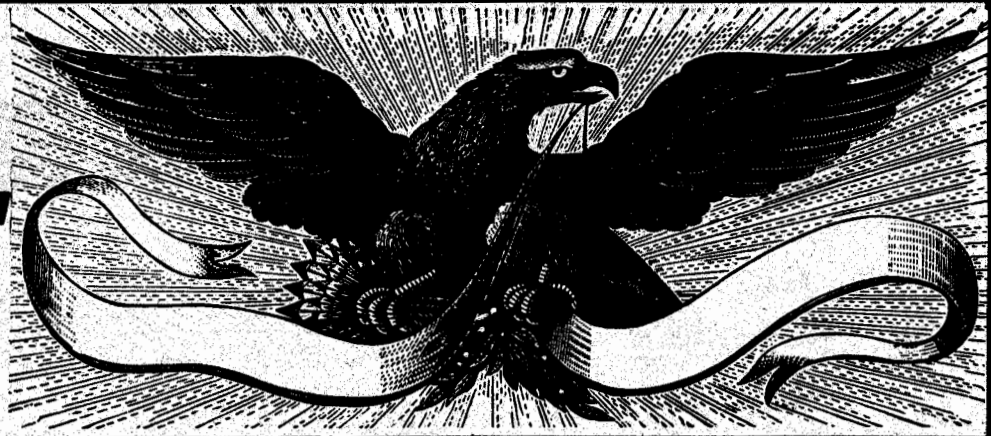


The Stinking Desert GAZETTE

"Serving SE Utah Since 1986"



Moab, Utah

VOL. 3 35¢ NO. 2

SEPT. 1988

"WHEEL" INVENTED - USE SOUGHT

Local inventor Billy Redbird has announced the completion of the first functional prototype of a new gadget he calls the "wheel".

The wheel is a stick that forms a circle with spokes in it. (See Illustrations) Redbird noted that, while a patent is applied for, he has not yet figured out an application for his new brainchild.

Tribe members were allowed to experiment with it one day last week but were frustrated by its circular shape.

Said Chief Running Bare, "The confounded thing is too damn hard to control. As soon as you begin to drag it at any kind of speed, the silly thing starts rolling. I think Redbird is off his nut on this one."

TRY COUNTING SHEEP

A local medicine man, Doctor Kildeer, announced that he had found a cure for insomnia.

In a demonstration for our reporters Kildeer revealed a simple new technique for bringing on the deep relaxation that leads to sound sleep. He instructed them to focus upon some pictures of sheep he had pecked into the canyon wall and to slowly count them over and over again until they felt drowsy.

The experiment was a qualified success. The reporters were awakened several hours later by their angry wives who refused to believe the insomnia-cure story.

Kildeer can expect an angry reception when he returns, as many a lumpy brave would like to send the good doctor to dreamland.

BREECHCLOUT POISONED?

Braves were summoned to the residence of Cotton Breechclout to investigate reports of unruly and irregular behavior.

Brave Chief Headen West told our reporters that Breechclout and his friends were keeping neighbors awake with long choruses of the old college song, "Waltz me around again Willie".

Brave patrolmen found a large pot of "rotten cornmeal mush" simmering on a bed of coals, and liquid from the pot in the mugs of many of the unruly partygoers.

An investigation is underway.



NEWSPAPER ROCK TRANSLATED!

Noted local archaeologist Divan Fartinleau, in an announcement last month that set the academic world into a veritable tizzy, said that at long last he had 'cracked the code' of Newspaper Rock, the famed petroglyph panel in Indian Creek in San Juan County.

Fartinleau, 93, has been working night and day since May, 1919, to solve the enigmatic puzzle of seemingly unrelated pictures and symbols. The big breakthrough came suddenly last month when the meaning of the bighorn sheep, the most numerous of all the literary renderings, was discovered.

"I don't know how I could have overlooked this obvious solution for seventy years," said the distinguished professor. "But it finally occurred to me that people are people regardless of the age in which they live. All I had to do was calculate the most frequent literary reference in modern writings and equate that with the

ubiquitous sheep on the 'rock art' panel. Voila! Sheep are money!"

"The rest was elementary," said Fartinleau. "After money came sex, represented by the numerous bare feet that appear on the panel. I don't know how that one escaped me all this time! Anyway, one by one, the petroglyph symbols were translated into primitive vocabulary."

Fartinleau and his team were then able to literally translate everything that appears on the panel. When they compiled all the information into a comprehensive whole, they grasped the magnitude of their discovery.

"Imagine our surprise," said Fartinleau, "when we realized that Newspaper Rock was actually a real newspaper!"

Fartinleau, or "Old Fart" as he is known to his close colleagues, was kind enough to release to the Gazette excerpts of the lengthy 'journal' which are reprinted here in another GAZETTE EXCLUSIVE.

BEAVERS SKINNED WHILE-U-WAIT

Sam "The Zipper" Keenblade of Furs R'us announced a new service available to all his customers at his tepee in the Cottonwood Mall.

Sam has a crew of skimmers on hand at all times to guarantee a one-minute pelt removal on all beavers brought in during regular shop hours.

The charge for this expedited service will remain the same: one back leg apiece, or one beaver carcass for every five skinned. Take your beavers down to Sam's,

where beavers are treated with the utmost care.

SIXTOES WHELPS AGAIN

Triplets were born last month to Arnold and Frita Sixtoes, bringing the total of their children to 34.

Like their parents and siblings, the Sixtoes triplets were all born with twelve toes apiece.

The tykes are expected to follow in their father's footsteps and become excellent accountants.

NEW DRESS SHOP

The Plump Shoppe, a new fashion boutique for the larger gals in the tribe, is featuring their new fall fashions (See Illustrations) for the Strong Woman.

Sally Bearskin, proprietess, announced that she is now handling the larger women's wear in response to numerous requests from local tribeswomen.

It seems that the recent good luck in the fields - three good growing seasons with plenty of rain - is beginning to show around town.

Sally also announced that she now has on hand the hot-selling "Viking Hats" that are the latest rage in women's wear (See Illus.) and are sure to be sold out soon.

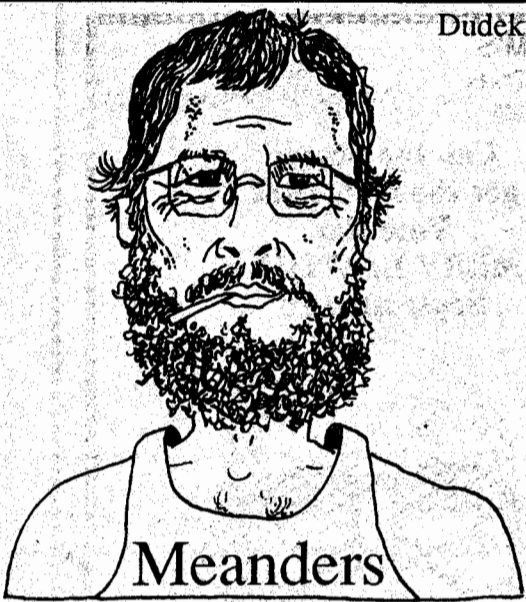
ALIENS RETURN PROTESTED

Aliens from space landed in Indian Creek Canyon again last week, and the residents of Tepee Tracts, a nearby suburb, complained to the tribal council about the noise and trash problem that seems to always accompany their arrival.

The aliens, residents of a star system somewhere beyond the Great Ladle, have been welcomed back over the years by the Ute Travel Council. This open invitation was intended to bolster the local tourist industry. The aliens are well supplied with gold, and they spread it freely around while in town or out in the canyons.

However, the suburbanites who showed up in force at the tribal council complained that the aliens were bothering their young women, staying up til all hours playing wierd music, and scaring hell out of the children with the weird antennae sprouting from their heads. The petition asks that the aliens be banned by decree and sent somewhere else to party.

"I don't care if they come from far away and spend a lot of money, their specships don't impress me one bit," said Nancy Porcupine, a spokesperson for the angered suburbanites. "They behave like savages and they keep shooting holes in the newsprint with their firesticks. We want it stopped." The council has taken the matter under advisement.



Dudek

"Ach, Helmut, der boy, das katzenjammin kinder kin, is gebreakin der eggens on der floorshein!"

"Wolfgang, shtoppen dat eggen breakin or der volks bashen dabomen blitzkrieg on der skullen!"

But there wasn't any economic boom to speak of. Maybe in the bratwurst department of City Market, but not an across the board, rollin' in clover, windfall harvest of high-density frogskins.

Maybe it almost happened. Maybe it got snuffed it it's germinal stages. Maybe the financier, the white knight and noble benefactor, stepped out of his long car at a scenic vista last spring to take in the view and admire the vast expanses of his new empire, and stepped into a humming cloud of gnats. And changed his mind.

Maybe he escorted his new wife, a summa cum laude from Marymount, into the Cottonwood Club for a peaceful pizza, and got seated next to a table full of boatmen who were engaged in tequila and colorful recollections of their latest adventures into unsafe sex.

Maybe the great benefactor was a female, tired of the big city life and artificial men, and was looking for a more rural area to make her home and invest in some fiscally-sound local developments. Perhaps she was out at a local watering hole on her first night in town and was

Well, here it is, almost autumn already, and still no sign of the economic boom.

It was just last spring when the feel of an impending economic boom was "in the air". There was an undercurrent of excitement. "Yep, I feel something too," we said, sensitive antennae attuned to the almost imperceptible rumble in the distance. "It sounds like hoofbeats, all right."

It was. It turned out to be a stampede of foreign tourists. The supermarkets rang with the sound of foreign languages, especially German.

"Helga, das peppershnaps gebaggen ein zis pooshtarten, forshtoond?"

The Stinking Desert Gazette
Box 13
Moab, UT 84532

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introduced to the editor of the Gazette. Maybe she took one look at the earnest but toothless face hanging out in front of her and decided that this was a level of rusticity she was perhaps not fully prepared for and she hightailed it back to Sausilito. (This summer was my mid-life dental crisis and my face looked like a torn-up street.)

However, maybe she had grand plans to turn Moab into another Vail or Aspen, in which case I proudly claim all due credit for scaring her off.

But that's the way it is with economic development. One never knows what minor and uncontrollable events are going to weigh more than all the



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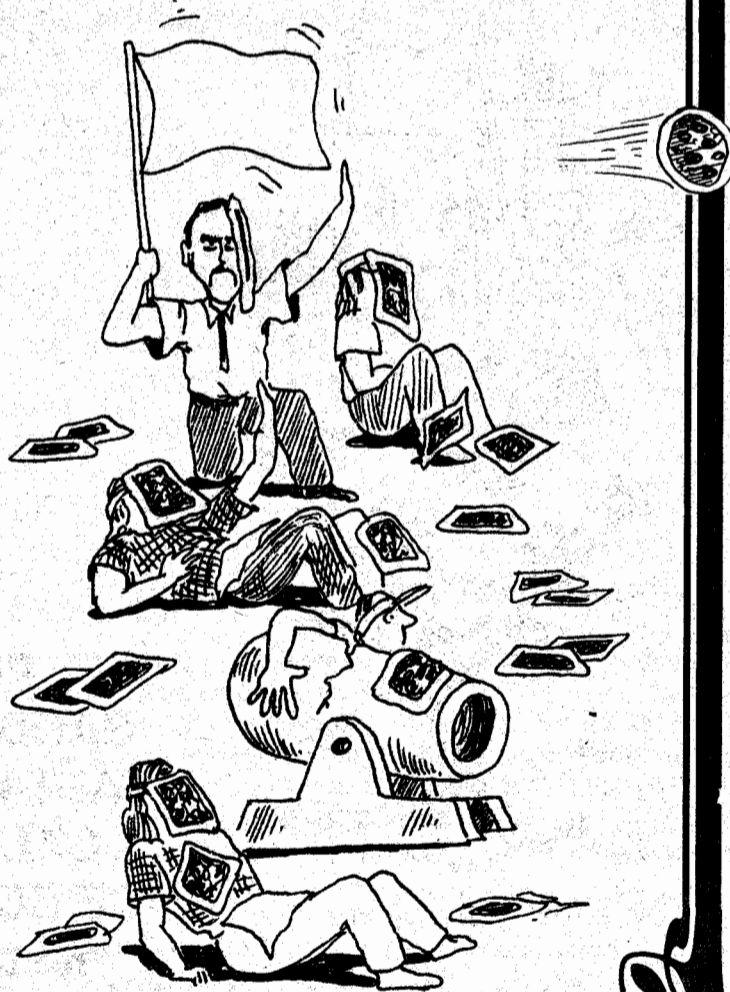
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economic development planning we can afford.

In fact, most of the really important things that happen in one's lifetime can be traced to pivotal but seemingly insignificant little events that show so little promise they slip by unnoticed in the stream of "fruitful possibilities."

If I hadn't pulled that colorful book about our National Parks off the shelf in the main branch of the Denver Public Library that day, and if it hadn't fallen open to Canyonlands, I might not have planned that vacation years ago that brought me to Moab for the first time.

Another little thing. After spending several days backpacking through the local canyons, I checked into the Red Rock Lodge to shower up and sleep between some sheets. Before I got settled into my room I asked the owner, a gracious and kindly lady, if there was any possibility of buying some cold beer in what I thought might be a dry Utah town. Whereupon she produced some keys and unlocked the back of the Coke machine on the sidewalk outside the office. Reaching down into its chilly depths she produced three ice-cold cans of beer and insisted I take them without charge. Someone had stashed them in there "months ago" and she was glad to get rid of them. I was indebted to her for far more than the price of the beers. A little kindness from a total stranger will make your day.

I jumped in the shower and washed all the trail dust down the drain. I

kicked back on the fresh bed in the cool motel room, drained the last of the life support cannisters, and had pleasant thoughts about moving to a small town something like Moab. I decided to take a stroll around town after dinner. I wound up in the Poplar Place.

I was just sitting there talking to Chris Ottinger and generally sizing up the locals when an interesting thing happened.

Curtis, the bartender, spotted someone coming up the street. He quickly filled a pitcher of beer and ran to the front door.

It was opened by a local, replete in his best duds, right down to the suede jacket. Whoosh, he got the whole pitcher of beer right in his face and all up and down his front. He exploded in rage and stormed off. I sat there, musing on the apparent cruelty of the act.

Suddenly, he burst in through the back door of the storeroom (now the kitchen) and emerged behind the bar with a fully on garden hose. He sprayed Curtis mercilessly, and everyone else in the bar including yours truly. Finally he was wrestled to the floor and the hose was safely kinked off. And moments later all of us, the whole sodden bunch of us, were laughing and lifting beers together. "All right," I thought to myself, "This is my kind of town."

Yup, it's often the little things, spontaneous and unforeseen, that can so endear the image of a town to a newcomer's heart.

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Of course, little things of that nature are not likely to warm the cockles of a banker's heart, or bring in heavy investors.

Maybe the economic boom just passed by with its nose in the air looking for something a little more conventional. I hope a boom doesn't depend upon all of us becoming more conventional. That would be contrary to the nature of things here. We are better off without such a boom.

**...THE DRAMATIC
CONCLUSION**

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LIFE AT THE DEVILS GARDEN

or "Why are the fish on the outside of the bowl?"
or "No, this was not Edward Abbey's trailer."

by Jim Stiles

In the winter of 1975, I arrived in Moab, determined to make it my home. A very kind park ranger named Larry Reed offered me a job as a volunteer at Arches National Park. For a free apartment and three bucks a day, I filled in at the Visitor Center information desk, made coffee, and drove around the park in a big green ranger carry-all. I thought that was pretty neat. In exchange for these privileges, I agreed to shave off my beard, thereby revealing my weak chin. I was rather attached to my beard; not only did it conceal the chin, I found I could store things in there -- pencils, pens, as many as ten eight-penny nails, a toothbrush if need be. But it was December, it was cold, and compared to frostbite and losing toes, losing hair was not so bad. Besides, hair grows back; toes don't.

So I took the job. After a quiet winter, the Chief Ranger, Jerry Epperson offered me a seasonal position. I was to live and work at the Devils Garden trailer, 18 miles from park head-

quarters. I would run the campground, patrol the roads and trails, and see that everything ran smoothly at the north end of the park. It all sounded like Desert Solitaire to me. I imagined myself as the lone (park) ranger, surrounded by solitude and stillness, sitting on a rock, observing the clouds pass, the sun set. Yes, I would spend this summer by myself, meditating. Contemplating the meaning of life, the essence of the desert, of a grain of sand.

Monday passed quietly. So did Tuesday. And then it happened. I was sitting on my porch, trying unsuccessfully to think really deep, esoteric thoughts when a distant rumbling sound interrupted my concentration. The noise grew louder, and louder. Finally, from around the corner, I saw an enormous Winnebago motorhome race toward the campground junction and turn in. It was followed by another. And another. And another ... and ANOTHER. They kept coming -- motorhomes, trailers, cabover campers, recreational vehicles of all types. A lady climbed out of an Airstream trailer: "Yoo hoo, Ranger! We're the Salt Lake City Fire Department. We always come here for Easter. There'll be about a hundred more tomorrow." She roared off, in search of a campsite.

Ten minutes later, a school bus pulled up. Fifty Boy Scouts poured out of it like angry

ants and started running up and down the slick-rock domes and cliffs, screaming and yelling, and by all appearances, trying to kill each other. A meek, bespectacled little man in a Boy Scout uniform tip-toed over to me on spindly legs and handed me an envelope.

"We're Troop 451 from Orem," he whispered. "We have reservations for the group site." I told him where his site was located, but advised him he had to control his kids.

"Oh my, yes ... of course." He turned in the general direction of the marauding little monsters and squeaked, "Now, now boys. The rangers wants us to behave ourselves. Let's all be good scouts."

The uniformed urchins continued to act like drug-crazed loonies. I went back in the trailer and pulled the shades. This is not what I expected, I thought to myself. How introspective can I be with all this noise? How can I possibly contemplate the meaning of a grain of sand when these boy scouts are throwing it at me. Within an hour, the campground was full, but the campers kept coming. I worked overtime that night, the first of many long nights. I parked the carry-all at the junction. RV after RV

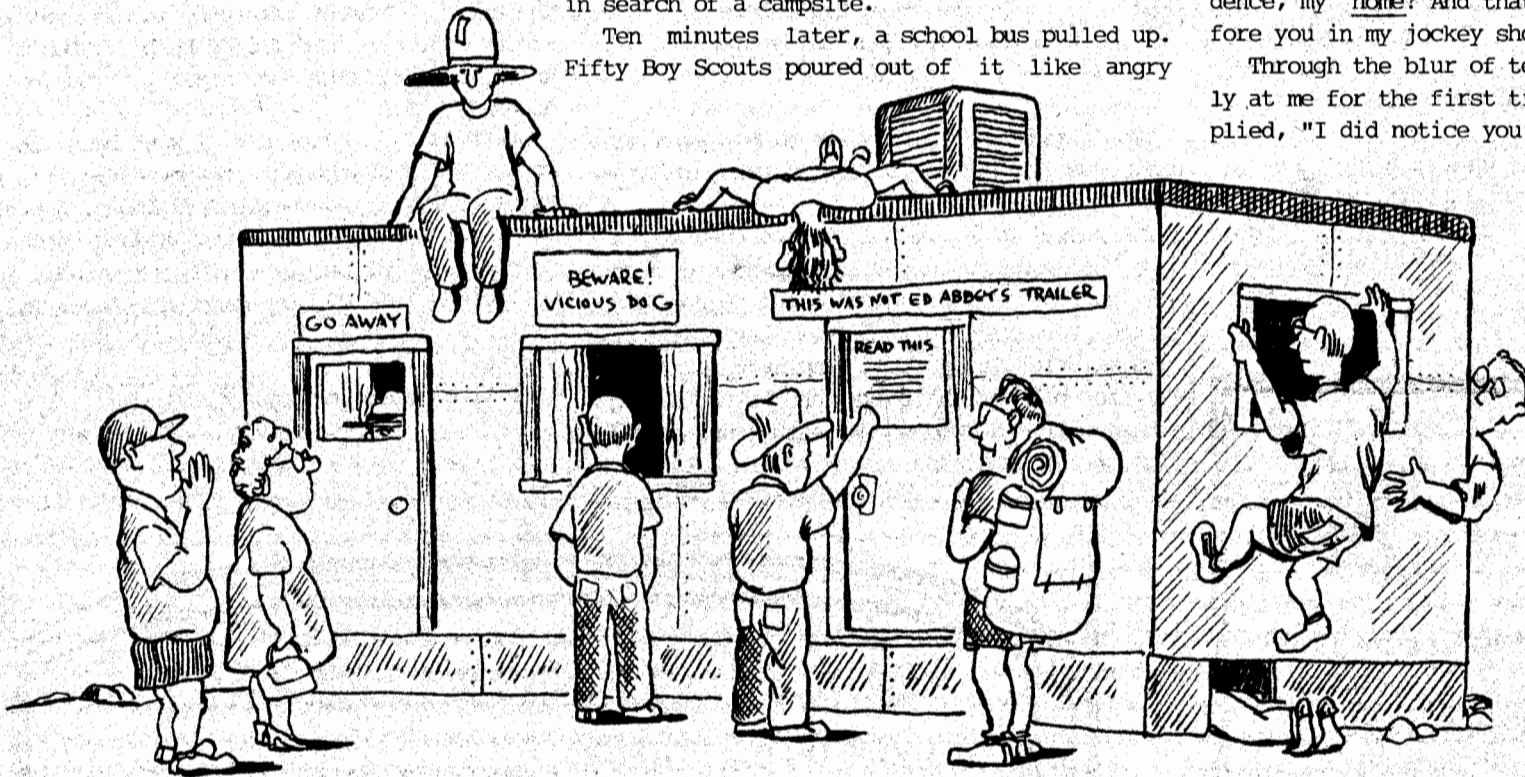
rolled in, long after nightfall. They needed a campsite, they would say. But the campground is full, didn't you see the sign at the park entrance I would reply. Yes, but ... they would stammer. Sorry folks, and they would head back to Moab.

At midnight, I gave up. I went back to the trailer and took off my uniform. I was in my shorts and about to turn off the lights, when a lady walked in my front door. She just walked in. Before I could even voice a protest over this obvious illegal entry, this woman with tear-filled eyes began to plead her case:

"Ranger, please! I'm begging you. We've driven all the way from Logan. My seven children are screaming, the baby threw up on the front seat and my husband says he's going to leave me if we can't stay here tonight. I beg of you to help us." She sobbed big gut wrenching sobs.

"Madam," I said finally. "Do you realize that you just walked into my trailer, my residence, my home? And that I'm standing here before you in my jockey shorts?"

Through the blur of tears, she looked closely at me for the first time ... "Well," she replied, "I did notice you were out of uniform."



Pretty heady stuff. My starting date approached, and my uniforms arrived. I'd never worn any type of uniform before and was concerned I'd look too militaristic, but Larry assured me I looked fine; "but Jim," he said, "those white socks and sneakers have got to go."

On April 4, I moved to the little tin trailer at the campground entrance. It was right at the junction, barely ten feet from the curb, but I never gave it a thought. I unloaded my gear and moved in. Later, I drove the big carry-all to Balanced Rock, chatted with a few visitors, and then hiked The Devils Garden trail to Double O Arch. It was the first and last time I wore that ridiculous Smokey Bear

quarters. I would run the campground, patrol the roads and trails, and see that everything ran smoothly at the north end of the park. It all sounded like Desert Solitaire to me. I imagined myself as the lone (park) ranger, surrounded by solitude and stillness, sitting on a rock, observing the clouds pass, the sun set. Yes, I would spend this summer by myself, meditating. Contemplating the meaning of life, the essence of the desert, of a grain of sand.

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"Madam," I said finally. "Do you realize that you just walked into my trailer, my residence, my home? And that I'm standing here before you in my jockey shorts?"

there was a knock on the door:

"Yeah, I've been reading this sign of yours, ranger ... Is all this information on here true?"

I became desperate. Finally, in what I modestly describe as a stroke of genius, I devised a brilliant new strategy. The Devils Garden trailer had two doors, both on the same side, facing the the campground road. Each had small portable wooden steps in front of them. I dragged one set of steps behind the trailer. I placed the other set of steps in front of a blank section of exterior wall. Then I placed new signs on the two doors. The first sign said: "This is not a door." The other sign said: "This is not a door either — there are no doors."

It worked. The tourists would read one sign, then the other, circle the trailer and leave. Once, while peering through the curtain, I saw a man walk up the wooden steps and actually knock on the blank wall. But sometimes, genius is unappreciated — my boss was not pleased. Larry Reed was a patient man, and was sympathetic to my plight. But the "No door" strategy was just too much.

"Doggone it, shoot, Jim," Larry said when he first saw the sign. When Larry's language degenerated to "doggone it," I knew I was in trouble — Larry was not mincing words. "And that picture has got to go," he added. "You're gonna scare somebody."

Well, maybe so. It was just an 8 x 10 glossy of me in a rented gorilla suit, wearing my Class A uniform. I was even wearing my hat. Some thought the "monkey look" was an improvement. Anyway, I thought it added a nice touch to the door, but again I was vetoed.

I went back to the old sign and tried to make the best of it. As the summer rolled on, I realized I needed to include an additional piece of information. Beyond asking for directions to the toilet, the phone, and the water fountain, people wanted to know — "Was this Edward Abbey's trailer?" In ever increasing numbers, visitors had tears in their eyes. One admirer came with tin snips, hoping to take home a little piece of the trailer as a memento.

At first, I told them the truth; no, this was not Abbey's trailer. This trailer was at the time lying in a state of ruin at the central maintenance yard. It was eventually to be sold for scrap. But after awhile, I thought — why disappoint these people? Of course this was Ed Abbey's trailer, my old buddy Ed's trailer (by the way). And when a beautiful young woman came by one day, touched my cheek with her hand and sighed that she just had to see where Ed Abbey slept, I knew that it was my duty, my responsibility as a loyal public servant to full-fill her desire.

After that experience, another brand new sign came to mind:

Edward Abbey Slept Here
If You Play Your Cards Right,
You Can Too.

"No," said Larry simply. He didn't even want to discuss it. I had a feeling I was pushing my luck.

The summer ground on. I started wearing my Darth Vader mask whenever anyone knocked on the door, but the visitors didn't seem to notice. I started wondering why I was living in this crummy little tin can. I'd come here for solitude, to be near the rocks, and watch the sky. Instead, all I'd done was to either answer alot of questions or expend an enormous amount of energy trying to avoid answering alot of questions.

One night at 3 am, I was awakened by a knock at the door. A woman was standing anxiously on the porch. Her husband had kidney stones she explained — could I please take him to the hospital? The poor man groaned and moaned all the way to Moab, while his wife berated him for his alleged excessive beer drinking. We arrived at the hospital and I turned the beleaguered husband over to Dr. Mayberry, climbed wearily into the carry-all and headed back to my little Devils Garden trailer. The sun was up by now, I stumbled through the front door and collapsed on the couch. I was about to drift away when there came a rapping at my door.

"Excuse me," the man said, "but is this Edward Abbey's trailer?" He had a copy of Desert Solitaire under his arm.

It was seven o'clock in the morning. I looked at this devoted follower through bleary eyes.

"Sir," I finally replied, "I am Edward Abbey."

"Really." he said. "I thought you'd be taller."

"Do you want me to autograph your book or not?" I snarled.

He handed me his book, and I must admit there was a look of reverence in his eyes as I wrote "To my old friend Herb ... Don't ever knock on my trailer door again ... your pal, Ed Abbey."

Herb left, a happy man. I went back to the couch. Well, I thought to myself; it's been quite a day. I impersonated Ed Abbey. I provided assistance to a man with kidney stones, I helped alot of people find the bathroom, and I collected \$154.00 in camping fees. This, I realized is what it means to be a public servant.

I live elsewhere now.

.....

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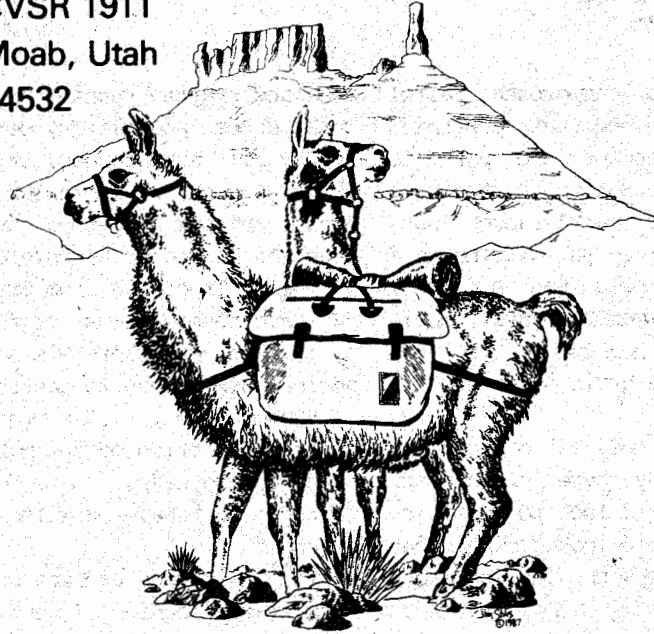
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THE PROS, THE CON

The fact-finding mission funded by the Grand County Commission to get the facts about toxic waste incineration reported their findings to the citizens of Moab in Star Hall on Aug. 23. (It should be pointed out that the commission has no money of its own to fund anything. The mission was funded by all of us.)

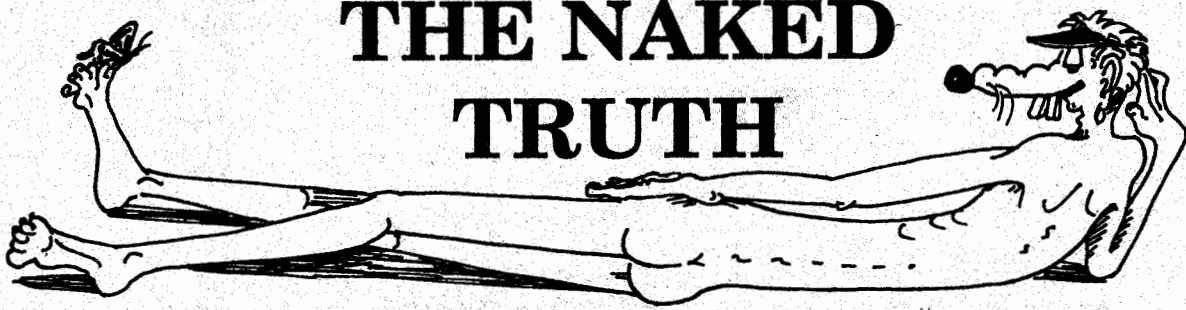
Georgia Hamblin and Janie Walker were flown to seven incinerators around the nation to gain information to help the electorate make an informed decision in this fall's election. The investigation was supposed to be objective, and everyone expected to hear a list of the pros and cons regarding the siting of toxic waste incinerators, their past problems, and their impact upon other developments.

The women determined that the best approach was to interrogate the management personnel of the plants they visited. Amazingly, they heard nothing but glowing reports. Accordingly, the report Ms. Hamblin gave to the people of Moab sounded almost word for word like the PR presentation we heard last year from the company proposing to build one in our county.

Although Ms. Hamblin insisted that she had drawn no conclusions, she passionately defended the industry against all criticism from the audience.

The good side: the thing cost only \$12,000.

THE NAKED TRUTH



VAGABOND JAILED

Nik Hougen - artist, equestrian, vagabond for beauty and truth - was arrested and jailed one night last month for failure to appear on an old life jacket violation ticket.

His friends had him out in minutes by passing the hat for the \$95 bail.

Nik plans to take the case all the way to the Supreme Court, and aims to act as his own counsel. He plans to mount his defense upon the following grounds: The arrest was illegal search and seizure since it involved spying through optical devices that invaded his privacy; the law is inconsistent since Nik can legally "swim" the river on horseback without a jacket but can't snooze safely on a boat on flat water without one; the jurisdiction is

vague and the arresting agency's jurisdiction is unclear; finally, the fine for the offense is cruel and unusual (Class B, \$1,000 to 6 mo.)

We will keep you posted on this case of one man who's 'not going to take it anymore'.

For Our GRAND FUTURE

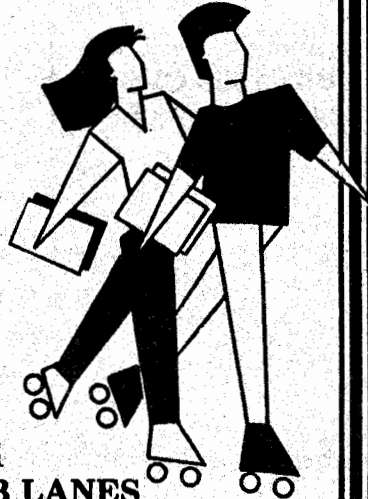
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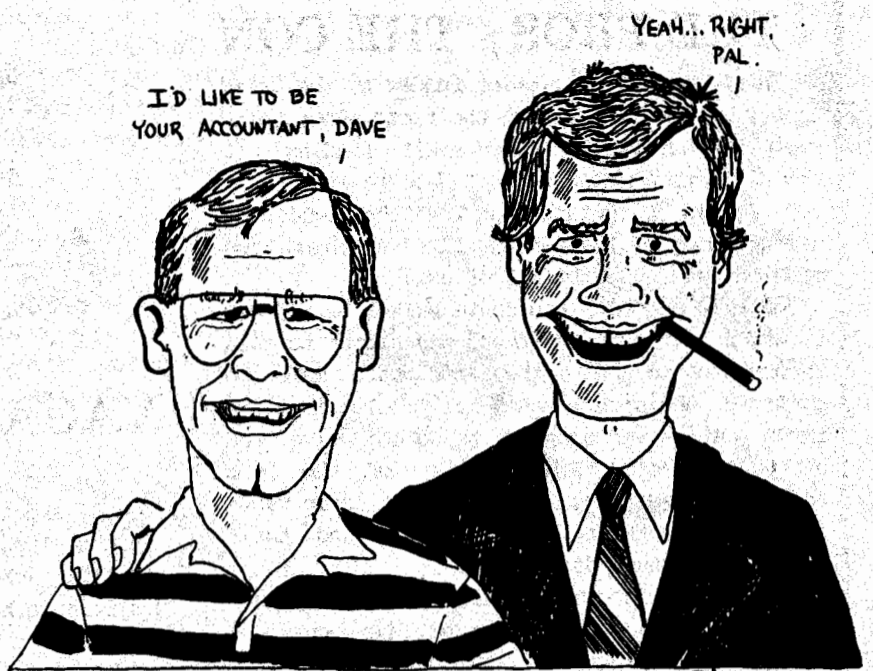
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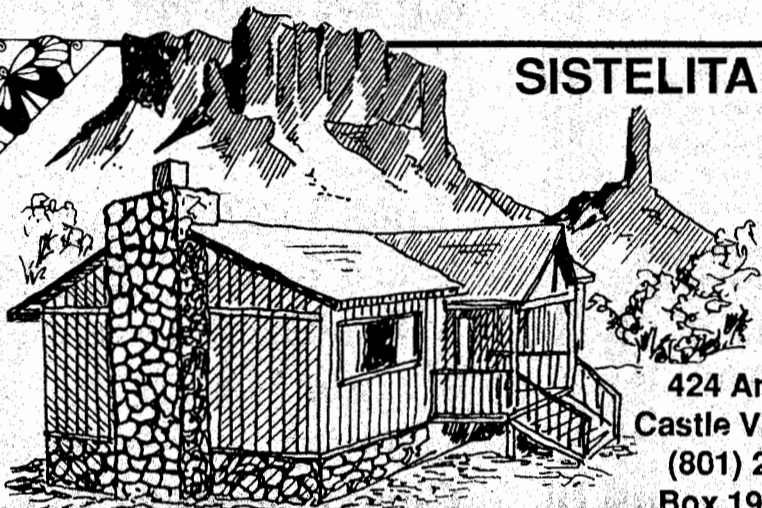
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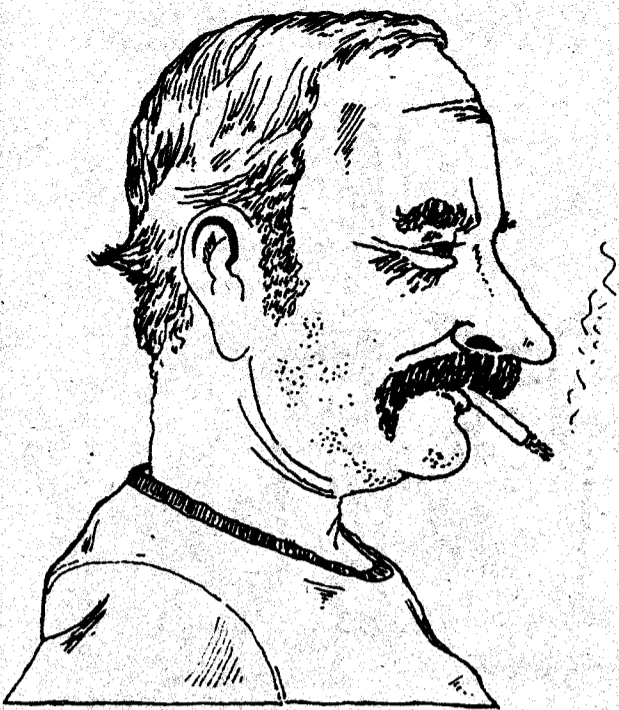
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SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY

(WINTER/1980) Unemployment is not enough. The cupboard is bare, there's no Mad Dog in the frig and I am reduced to smoking an old pack of Swisher Sweets I found in my backpack leftover from last year's aborted Buckskin Gulch Trip. I need extra funds! Mavis just called from the restaurant and says he needs a dishwasher for tonight. Mikey split with some bimbo from Barbados and hasn't been seen or heard from in three nights. I tell him I'll be there at seven.

Mavis hands me the usual forms to fill out so he can pay me by check. He likes to do things by the book. As I do not want to slave eight hours in this horrid kitchen only to report it to the unemployment office and have it deducted from my check, I dream up the phoney name 'James Oowah' and sign it to the forms along with a bogus social security number. White trash tactics I know, but I'm desperate!

Now, I must tell you that I have scoured the earth for every uncivilized place known to man and have backpacked at least ten thousand miles in my lifetime. I have climbed 14,000 foot peaks and have hiked the Pacific Crest Trail from California to Canada. I tell you this because I have never returned to fair civilization with so much as a scratch. I've always returned unscathed. Hell, I've never been stung by a bee! I am telling you all this because I now found it quite ironic, as well as totally embarrassing, to accidentally crush a ceramic coffee cup in my hand within the confines of this local restaurant and am bleeding like a stuck pig!

Blood is spurting from my finger at an alarming rate! There's blood on the tacos, on the grill, on the dishes, on my apron, blood is everywhere! It would have to be the index finger of my right hand too! I summon Mavis and he rounds the corner and eyes the bloody mess. "HEY ... STOP THAT! LOOK WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO MY DISHES!!!"

What do you mean ... STOP IT??? I'm bleeding like a stuck pig and all you can think about are these cheap dishes you picked up at Yellow Front??? Look at em, they don't even match!!"

Mavis inspects the deep gouge in my finger and decides we best head to the emergency room

to have it stitched up. We sneak out the back, lest some customer about to dip a chip in the old picante sauce catch sight of my bloody apron and freak out! I looked more like a mid-west butcher than a dishwasher. I bled all over a Beach Boys tape enroute to the hospital and Mavis says he is going to deduct it from my wages. (I'll do anything to keep from hearing LITTLE SURFER GIRL ...)

We arrive at the emergency room and there are kids wailing and running around everywhere. A terse nurse is directing the morbid traffic to various rooms and interns. I approach her, show her the wound and she tells me to take a seat and pick up a copy of last year's Readers Digest. It will be about a two hour wait.

"Hey, can't you see I'm bleeding???" She takes another glance at my wound and tells me that's not a lot of blood. As if to prove a point, she pulls back a partition to show a middle-aged man lying on a gurney with a massive chest wound. There is blood everywhere! Two interns are soaked in blood as they frantically work to curtail the bleeding. She points to the man on the gurney and smiles. "Now, THAT'S a lot of blood!" This is ridiculous. I sheepishly return to my seat, holding my blood-stained hand and find a pregnant woman sitting next to me going into convulsions. There is water on the floor and I'm beginning to feel faint.

Two hours later the doc puts nine stitches in the index finger of my right hand and pats me on the head. "That was a pretty deep cut there, fella. You may not have any feeling in that finger for a year or two, but it should heal up nicely." My whole hand is bandaged up and I cannot bend a finger. We are ready to head back to the restaurant when I am accosted by the terse nurse. She is waving a bunch of forms in my face and she is telling me I have to fill them out and sign them. Mavis is starting to laugh and I realize, for all intents and purposes, I must sign the infamous James Oowah Signature to these forms along with still another bogus social security number!

If you've ever tried to write with your other hand, you know it is an alien and difficult task. Mavis is roaring now as he watches me chicken-scratch the alias to all the forms. When I'm done, I can't even read what I wrote. I hand them back to the nurse who inspects them and she bursts out laughing. "Not bad for left-handed!" The pregnant woman is laughing so hard

they have to wheel her into the delivery room lest she drop the child on the cheap plastic sofa. The scene is unreal.

Back at the restaurant, I try my best to finish the chores with one hand. I'm mopping the floor with my left hand, looking like some child with a motor problem and the customers are starting to snicker at me. One cowboy in the back mutters something about 'hiring the handicapped' and the whole place bursts into a guffaw. I'm about ready to tell Mavis I cannot tolerate this humiliation much longer, when I notice another woman in the back laughing and waving at me. GOOD LORD! It's the woman from the unemployment office!

She is beckoning me over to her table! I wave back and stumble into the kitchen and pour myself another one. I'm going to get good and drunk tonight because by tomorrow, James Oowah is going to be in some deep shit.

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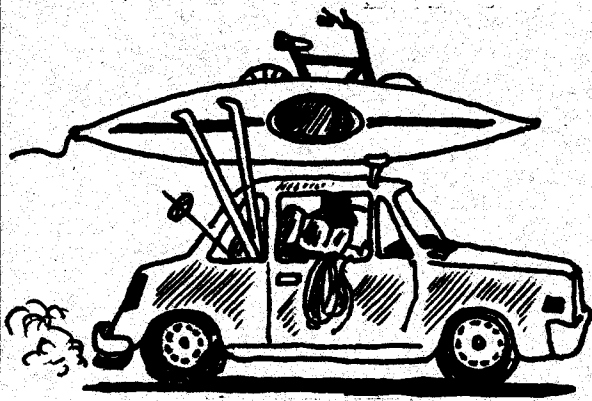
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Mudpuppy

Pow! The cool conditioned air hit me like a stiff drink as I walked into the new museum this month. I felt intoxicated with city feelings and had to rush outside twice to make sure the canyon walls hadn't turned into skyscrapers!

But I guess a little city-type influence and culture won't hurt us out here in the rough, after all, things are a changin' in Moab! It seems like even five years ago is now an era gone by, so I thought I'd make a few suggestions for some new exhibits.

To preserve and protect things of the past is all well and fine, but I always thought a Museum (or is it Amuse 'em) should have a few items of the present that promise to be wonders to the future. (And that will likely be forgotten by all but an esoteric few)

Let's take Dudek's underwear for instance, something truly worth remembering, and it would display so nicely next to a copy of the Slinking Dessert Glace. A nice plaque might read: "Proof that there are Literate Women in Moab!"

Speaking of apparel, surely we need Bego's first skirt and TAT's black bra in the river history section with title, "Clothing made illegal during the 1980's prohibition era."

To fill out the river section we could display Verle Green's first set of lost teeth (found by divers in Lake Foul while treasure hunting) and a recording of Mitch William's Voice. Now there's some history that's still kicking!

But the river is not the only noteworthy museum piece around here, why not include Nik's grubstake, Steen's tax records, Lin's first VW, and Tex's hat for some modern local "off color."

I do agree, though, that a Museum needs to represent a broader scope of things than just people personalities. We need a few more artifacts representing the local desert. How about the first piece of Cryptogamic Soil found with a Mountain Bike Track through it? (At least they're narrower than ATC's!)

And we need a jar of Dripping Springs water that was collected before they jammed the pipe into the rock, along with beakers of upstream and downstream river water around Atlas. Oh yes, and perhaps a darkroom glowing display of tailings water also!

Before long we'll flat out need a bigger

Museum, especially if we want to include those chunks of Glen Canyon Dam ... oh, I guess I wasn't supposed to say anything about that yet.

Nevertheless, it's still nice to see some culture and history preserved out in the boon-docks, and they did such a nice job on it that I might even be able to imagine that I'm in Denver, Frisco, or Seattle on a rainy day musing and Museuming.

Now, where are we going to put that crusty old J-Rig ...

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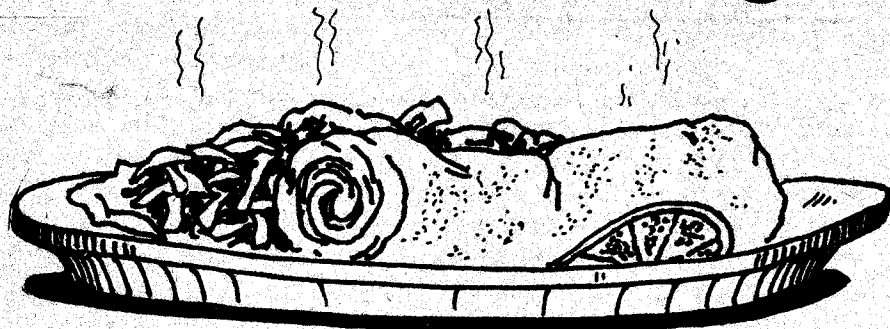
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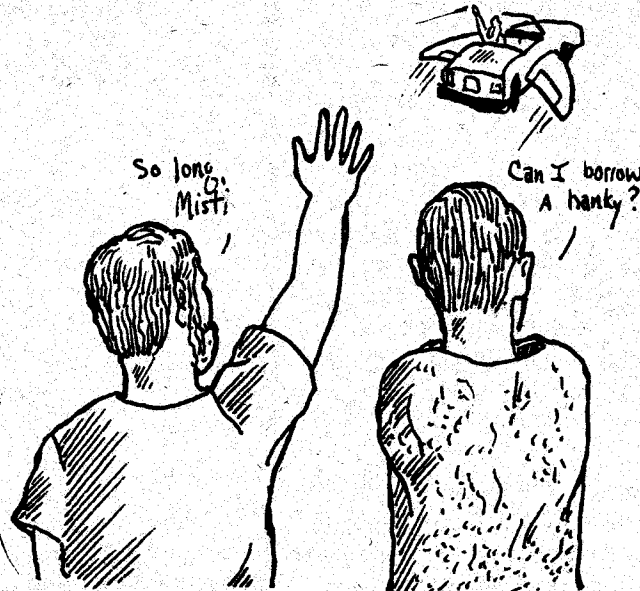
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The Fables Of Zand



"The Female Sexists Of Zord"

And it came to pass that there dwelt in the land of Zand - a magical and most picturesque province that preceded even the writings of our earliest forefathers and from which has come legends that the erosions of a thousand kalpas cannot erase - a wizard of surpassing enlightenment to whom thousands flocked to bask in her radiant aura and to ask questions of the most ponderous nature.

Bansheban was her name. Old, like the stony cliffs in which she lived, her face was creased and her hair was as white as the snows on Mount Pishgah. But any who beheld her radiant visage in person came away with glowing tales of her physical beauty, indeed, perfection.

And it came to pass that there came to the Wise One a maiden of countenance fair but mind sorely troubled by doubts that sailed inside her brow like the four winds of Zate, ruffling her pretty pond and casting a shadow of confusion across her face like a meadow shaded by the clouds of spring.

And, lo, the maiden did finally come to the Wise One's side, her moment of audience finally at hand, and she spaketh the following riddle:

"Pray tell me, Oh Wise One, why it is that some of my sex are fair angry at men and dwelleth above them like lords, while others consider them their equals, even to the point of sharing blame for difficulties. I beg of you, Oh Wise One, to forgive this humble servant for lapsing momentarily into modern language, and to pray answer this vexing problem!"

The venerable Mistress of the Cosmic Arts did gather up her skirts, the fabric of which was the very warp and woof of all existence and upon which were embroidered the Zodiacal charts in threads of the purest gold, and shifted then to a comfortable position on her pedestal, as if to prepare herself for a lengthy discourse. "I see that you are indeed fair troubled, my little one. Sit down and listen to the story of the seeds of your distress." And she then spake the following discourse:

"Many generations ago, before the land of Zand, there was the land of Zord. The spirits who dwelteth therein were mystical beings who honored not the province of humanity separate than that of the animals, indeed even than that of the plants and the very rocks they walked upon. As you shall soon see, young one, these

spirits were even wont to take on an animal nature in incarnations according to the level of their spiritual evolution. It was freaky.

"And it came to pass that all females born into that strange land were perforce bound to face a test. They alone had the power to lift a male spirit from its animal state with what we shall call a kiss. Thus did the females endeavor to find freedom from that torpid state of companionship with only their own sex.

"And lo, the males of Zord did not escape from an ordeal of their own. Born as animals, they were bound in spirit to sway, in the most gilded words their vocabularies could command, the maidens into shedding apprehensions at their strange appearances and sharing the kiss that could transform them into human beings. Sleight of hand, fancy footwork, lo, even to the fanciful portrayal of themselves as dandies and success-objects - all this was full allowed in the balance of things, according to the Scales of Zack.

"And it came to pass that the Grand Wizard did sprinkle upon each and every inhabitant, both males and females alike, a distinct aura. This was of no small consequence, since each aura was designed to be in dischord with certain of the other auras, willy-nilly and in random patterns. This was done to ensure the evolution of the "Endless Chain Of Potentials" as it was prescribed in The Zilt, the Sacred Scrolls Of Kinkier Times.

"In my meditations I have heard the Grand Wizard express grave reservations about this idea. But once it got past the printer, there was nothing she could do about it.

"I can see by your agitation that you are anxious for me to directly touch upon your dilemma, little one. Bear with me. I know that such archaic imagery does ring heavy upon ears that are attuned with the fads and fancies of the contemporary world, ears such as yours. But believe me, all of this is true, exactly as I state it, and all will become relevant in a moment. For as it was written in the lost Scrolls: 'The head of the goose is connected to the tail. And in between is the meal.'

"And it came to pass that there were varied and numerous ways that the spirits reacted to this strange set of circumstances as the Great Zharma Wheel turned through the facets of what we call time. Of the Males I shall speak first.

"Many drew a maiden not. They seemed coated with a repellent, not unlike that vile concoction that Merlin brewed to drive the moles from the courtyard. These moved to other realms of the 'Ringing Spectrum of the Clear Crystal' and came professionals. And of these, most were later to shed the substance and lo did finally draw the maiden's kiss.

"Many of the males drew kiss after kiss with many a maiden, with nary the slightest metamorphosis. In truth, those males preferred the animal state, and chose to remain there, perfecting their technique. Although this seemed at odds with the Great Scheme, they were protected by a loophole in the free will clause. Our celestial barristers are still working on this most distressful aberration. These males were the tour guides of Zord.

"A few males were steamrolled by but one kiss and were immediately transformed beyond their will into human beings. These were known in their time as Hubbies. These were rare, and scarce indeed in the land of Zord.

"And some drew near the kiss, felt a shrill and unharmonious aura, yet fumbled ahead like the jester when he does Gerald Ford. They were misled by ulterior and scheming maidens not unlike the Shrew Of Zank who missed the path to freedom while looking for a success-object. These males became the arms merchants of Zord.

"And it came to pass that the remainder of the males understood not the rules of the game and perforced to bring the maidens down to their animal level. These were doomed to fail-

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ure and were known as the Pighs of Zord.

"But you, little one, will be sore interested in the plight of the females during these primeval times, when the moon was near and the earth spewed fire into the night.

"Draw near and take heed of what I am about to tell you, my little cornflower, while the accounting of the females unfolds as surely as the Flower of Venus in the Garden Of The Crude Sprout.

"I know, little one, that there is no lore like this in your modern world of the fire and the wheel, but listen well to the wisdom of the lost Scrolls and you may find something worth carrying off with you when you depart into the media hype that is the state of things at the present time.

"For it came to pass that the females were born already in humanity. For what is humanity, if not the drive to sustain and improve the human species, and to profer the impulsive gift of natural love. Thus it was written on the Tablets of Zilt, but is now referred to in the clinicians handbook as "the maternal instinct." A boring lot, they, and condemned to roast in the Flames of Zorch, basted in their intellectual juices like the Turkeys of Znack.

"I can see, little chrysanthemum, that you are puzzled. 'Why the test, if the maidens were already human and complete?' For a multitude of reasons, young one, as numerous and varied as the pebbles on the beach and the stars on the celestial vault, yea, as many as there are the maidens to ask why? The real answer is forever buried in the Crypt of Zot, and the essence of it is, 'It takes two to tango.'

"Before I reveal to you the fate of the females I must recount one more essential element in the Grand Scheme. For the metamorphosis to succeed, it was deemed necessary by natural and inevitable results that the two auras match and the kiss be impulsive and sincere.

"And lo did the maidens go into the world of the animals to find a male with the potential to be human, and thence did the males perforce to entreat them to gain the kiss that could make them human, or just make them, period.

"And it came to pass that some females did kiss with sincerity and found a harmonious aura on the very first try. These homesteaded on the Plains of Zund with their Hubbies and lived happily ever after. These females were rare, and scarce in the Land of Zord.

"And some females kissed animals a-plenty, with no true sincerity but lots of Zing. It seems that they preferred the animals to the

Hubbies. It was the free will thing. To this day has nothing been done to correct it.

"And some females took hold of the animals with harmonious auras, and kissed with true sincerity, and produced no metamorphosis. Of these, many persisted with the endurance of Zelda in the Arena of Delights. And they, most of them, eventually succeeded.

"These I have mentioned so far, young one, were as the ones you spoke of earlier who live as equals with the male spirits, both animal and human.

"And what of the maidens who dwelleth above the males. Listen to the words I am about to speak, my little one, for times are not so different now than they were then, and the Forces of Zelotry are still in effect. And herein lies the answer to your question.

"For some of the maidens took hold of the animal and kissed, but for whatever reasons - an unharmonious aura, a lack of sincerity, or a recalcitrant and incorrigible animal spirit - there was no transformation. "Yuck! I've just kissed a frog! All men are frogs!" they said, and deigned never to try again.

"And these dwelteth above the males and became the Female Sexists of Zord.

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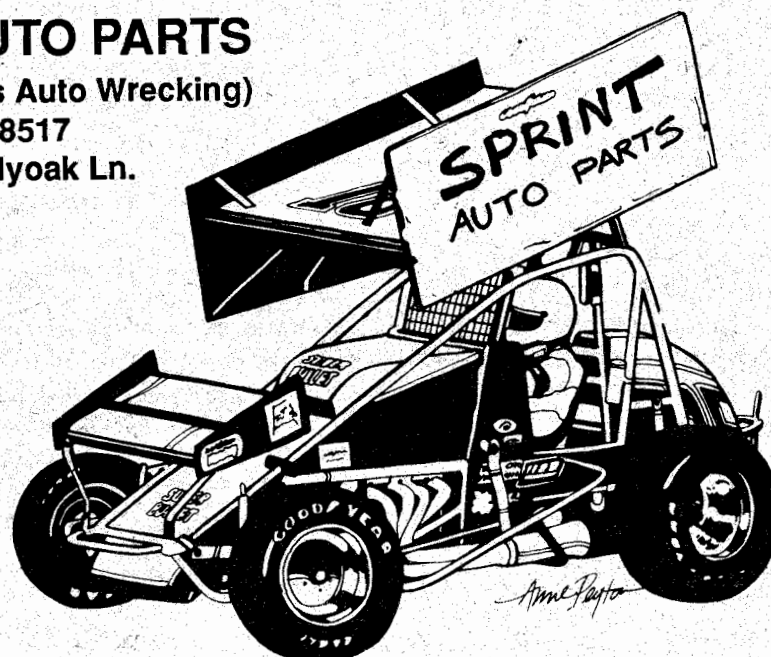
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THE INVASION OF THE INCINERATOR PEOPLE

By Lance Christie

Only nine months ago, there were eleven companies inquiring about siting commercial hazardous waste incinerators in Utah. Like Cisco in Grand County, all the sites were rural, far from concentrations of hazardous waste generators and Superfund Sites. At this writing, the list is down to four serious contenders: APTUS in Tooele County, U.S. Pollution Control, Inc. (USPCI) in Tooele County, Rollins in Millard County at Lyndyl, and Cisco Joint Venture in Grand County. APTUS is a company created by the joint venture between National Electric and Westinghouse; Cisco Joint Venture is a (on paper) company created by a joint venture between CoWest Incineration of Denver and Catalyst Waste-to-Energy Corporation, which is one of 31 Catalyst corporations under a holding company called Catalyst Energy Corporation.

Until now, the 13 existing commercial hazardous waste incinerators and the 350-odd "dedicated" hazardous waste incinerators were sited in industrial areas in the Eastern part of the U.S., close to or on the site of waste generation. (A "dedicated" incinerator is one located on the waste generator's site which deals with the waste stream produced by that plant.)

Why do we suddenly have this siting frenzy in the intermountain West, particularly Utah, of commercial incinerators? As Hugh Kaufman, Assistant Director of the Hazardous Siting Division of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) says, "My grandmother always said you can make sense of complex issues by following the money."

The Resource Conservation and Recovery Act (RCRA) of 1979, as heavily amended in 1984, is the principal federal law covering hazardous wastes. RCRA's emphasis in dealing with the hazardous waste crisis in the U.S. is (1) on reducing the amount of hazardous waste produced, (2) on recycling waste into assets, and (3) on destruction of what is left over. Landfilling of most hazardous wastes is being phased out by 1991, except for such solids as incinerator ash. The "popular wisdom" which prevailed in the waste industry's literature from 1984 until 1988 was that all the incinerable waste which both large and small waste

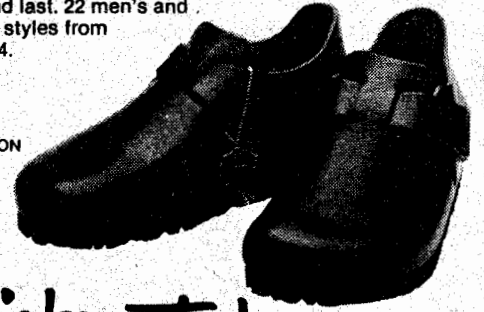
generators had been landfilling would suddenly start looking for an alternative place to go. Kaufman observes that waste producers are frightened of the legal liability their waste represents, after seeing some companies having to pay huge sums in clean-up costs, fines, and tort compensation to workers or neighbors. Thus, they are willing to pay a lot to somebody who will remove their waste physically and relieve them of legal liability for it. A commercial incinerator company does exactly that: once the manifested waste is accepted by the incinerator company at their site, the waste generator no longer "owns" it, contrary to Georgia Hamblin's assertion at Star Hall on August 24. Kaufman says that this liability fear supports hefty disposal fees. The result is that the hazardous waste incineration business is "second only to drugs" in profit potential (which explains why organized crime has become involved in it in the East).

During the same period, stiff citizen opposition to siting new incinerators or any other type of hazardous waste facility in the populated East, and citizen group efforts to close existing incinerators there based on claims of pollution and health problems, directed the industry's attention to the sparsely populated deserts of the West.

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Kaufman labels this situation a "liability transfer scam." He observes that incinerator companies are looking for "unsophisticated local governments" in economically depressed areas as siting targets. The standard procedure is to woo the local elected officials with the benefits of getting into bed with the incinerator company: (1) making the officials look good by presenting the incinerator as a valuable form of economic development; (2) working hard to finance the campaigns of friendly local officials; (3) providing the officials with jobs in the company when they leave office, or contracting with them and their supporters for goods and services while in office. (Yes, Georgia, I have documentation of all this; a copy is at the Grand County Library.)

There are several problems inherent to this invasion of the rural intermountain West by the commercial hazardous waste incineration industry. I will detail these in a later article. These problems can be overcome: I will argue that Tooele County has figured out how to do it, but that Grand County does not have the circumstances or means to copy Tooele.

A Male Chauvinist Pig Gets His.

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WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR HAND ON MY SHOULDER, ARE YOU WISHING YOUR HAND WAS LOWER?



HEH, HEH.... I RECKON I AM, SWEET THING.



I WAS WISHING MY FOOT WAS HIGHER

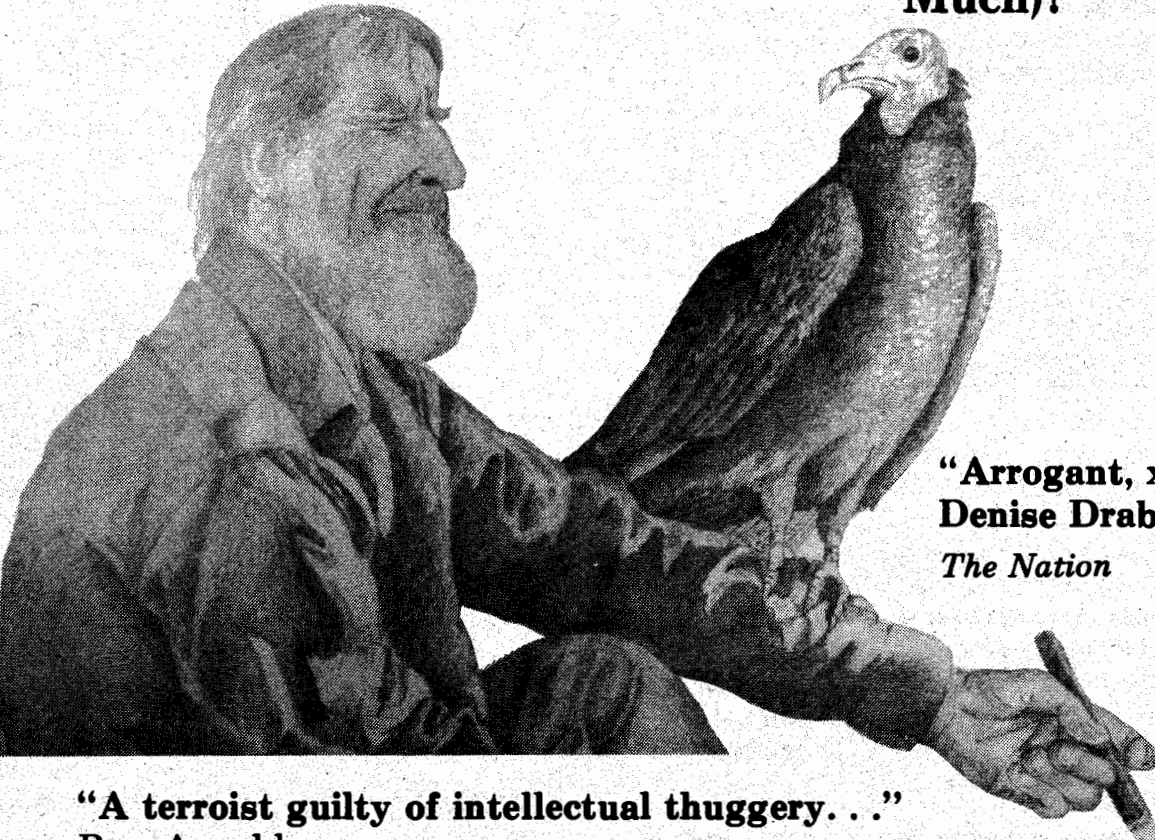
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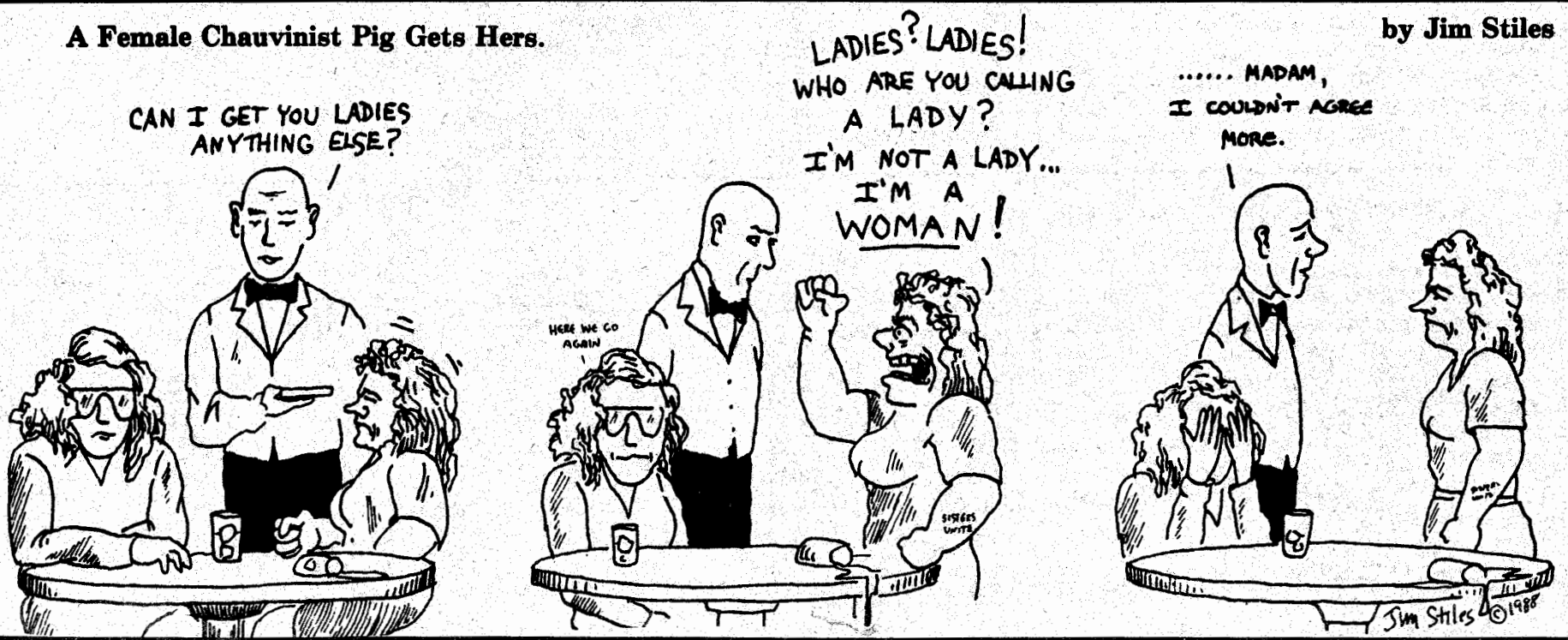
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A Female Chauvinist Pig Gets Hers.

by Jim Stiles





THE 2nd ANNUAL TINMAN TRIATHLON

Dudek

"What a glorious day!" was the general consensus at the 2nd Annual Tinman Triathlon held last August 27 at the Castle Valley Country Club in upper Castle Valley. The threat of rain in the forecast failed to materialize and the weather was some of the finest Southeast Utah has to offer. The playing conditions were perfect for the 30 odd athletes, and the cloudless day a delight to the odd spectators.

Like last year, the tournament was the quintessential test of elbow endurance and social conditioning. Combining the physical rigors of Cross Country Croquet, the exquisite balance of badminton while holding one's drink, and the nerve-wracking tension down in the pits, the Tinman is no

place for the novice. And all the area pros were out in force to claim the coveted plate, the honor of being first in line at the barbecue.

The XXX Croquet course was radically redesigned since last year's event. The course no longer extends into the adjacent wilderness area, in deference to all the bunnies and squirrels and other innocent creatures. And at first glance it appeared to be a pushover, consisting mostly of mowed fairways on two separate levels. As it turned out, there were parts of the course that turned out to be even more difficult than the Creek-quet "fairway" of last year that required hitting into the creek, racing madly downstream, and hitting it back out before the ball got past the takeout.

Two wickets in particular, the North and South Flamingos, proved to be the crushing downfall of many a seasoned player. The two wickets, gaily decorated with pink flamingos, were poked sideways into a steep bank in a grove of trees. It was almost impossible to lay up an approach shot, and nearly as difficult to hit up, around, off the trees and through on a



Hurtin ambles down to the Lower Course, ball in hand, having second thoughts about the whole idea after a bout with the flamingos.

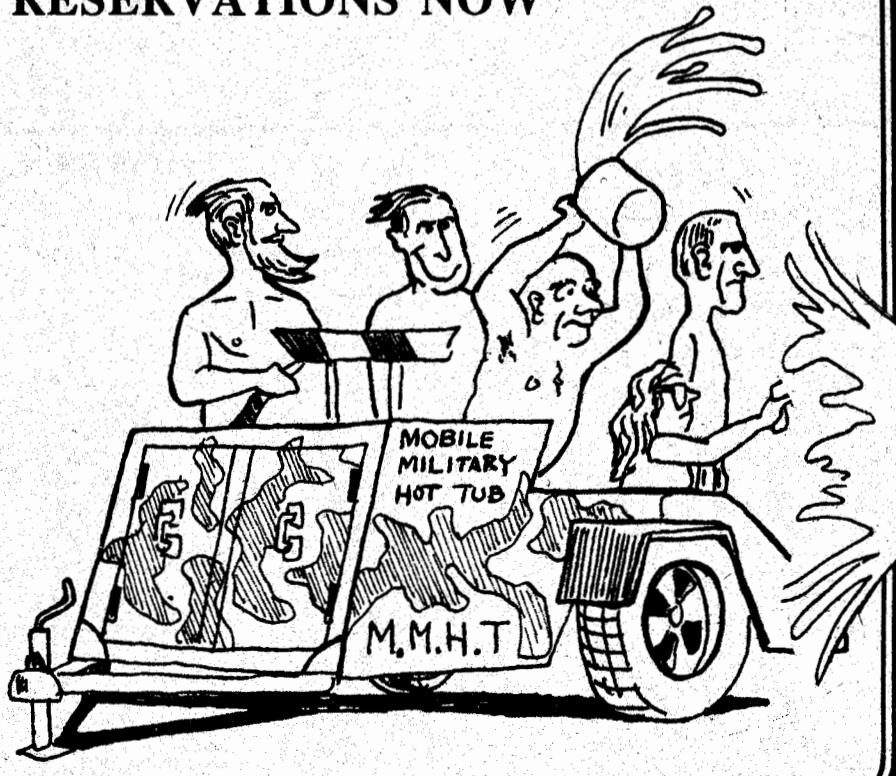
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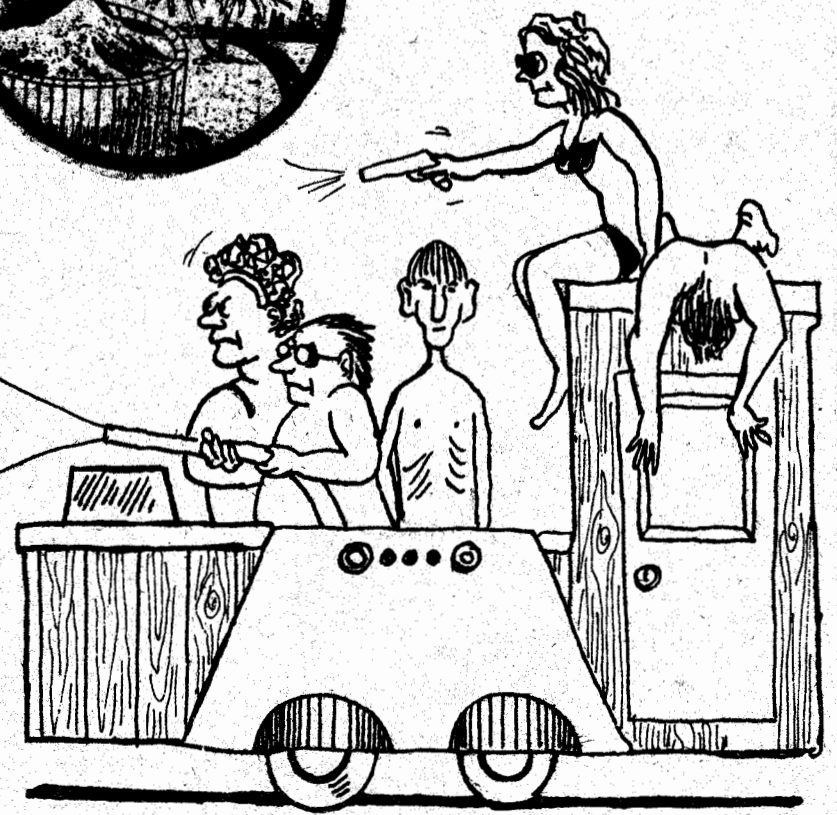
HOT TUB WARS!

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long shot. Brave players wept like children as their carefully placed shots fell back again and again, back to the starting point. It was not a pretty sight, and small children were kept away from it and down on the lower course.

Protests have been filed with the CCCCCC, the Canyonlands Competitive Cross Country Croquet Confederation, but little is expected to come of it since the North and South Flamingos were the brainchild of CCCCCC president Frank "Big Mallet" Barranca, and approved by course layout expert Robert "Trent" Dayglo, proprietor of Dayglo Downs, another popular course in this area.

The badminton contests were as grueling as anyone could remember, and bodies were flying like huge shuttlecocks in both courts. There was cause for some concern and the potential for a disastrous injury when Spike, who was telling a pun, got a shuttlecock lodged in the back of his throat. A quick Heimlich Maneuver done with a borrowed croquet mallet saved the day, although the shuttlecock was turned inside out and rendered unfit for further play.

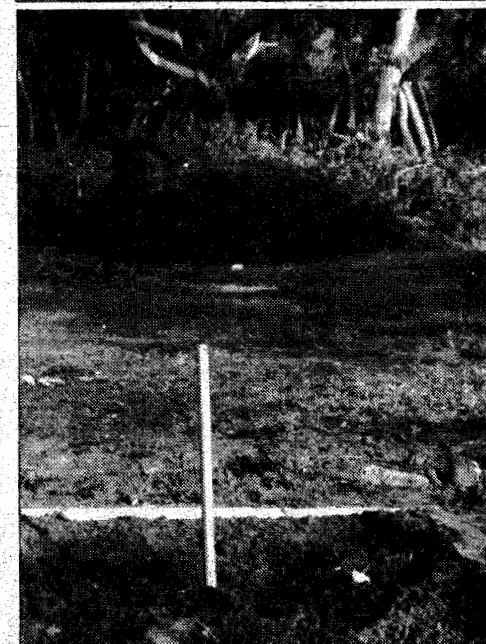
The horseshoe pits clanged with direct hits all afternoon. Ribbons of Special Merit were awarded to Falwell and Hawk who each hit ringers in four attempts while under the brutal pressure of the Gazette reporter's camera lens.

The competition came to a close around dusk when everyone, athletes and spectators alike, gathered around the barbecue pits and sampled the main entree, one of Spike's recipes called "Mutton Jeff", which was a whole lamb, skewered on a long pole, basted with special sauces and roasted all day long over a bed of hot coals. Served with a variety of side dishes and kegged beer, it was a memorable feast, heartily endorsed by all.

There was a major hitch in the scorekeeping again this year, and at the close of competition none of the winners were known. Gazette reporters are looking into this to see if there is any major corruption or scandal worth reporting in the CCCCCC, the official franchise agency. If anyone has any official results, please send them to the Gazette for publication in the October Issue.

The only clear winner was Brian Coombs who captured first place in the Best-Dressed Competition. A gasp of disbelief rippled through the gallery as Coombs entered the arena resplendent in his competition whites and the trophy was awarded on the spot by popular acclamation.

Finally, pictures of this year's competition were limited as our tipsy photographer got seduced by the horseshoe pits for the biggest part of the day. Any pictures clean enough for publication that our readers wish to send in will be considered for October publication.



(Top: Brian Coombs sets the standard for sartorial perfection. Above right: Mike Farwell staples the post with a still-moving shoe. Right: Mike Hawk follows through on a shot that, a split-second after the photo, caught the post with another perfect ringer.)



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Me and the rat pack say,
have your pizza
your way. . . or else.
-Frank Sinatra

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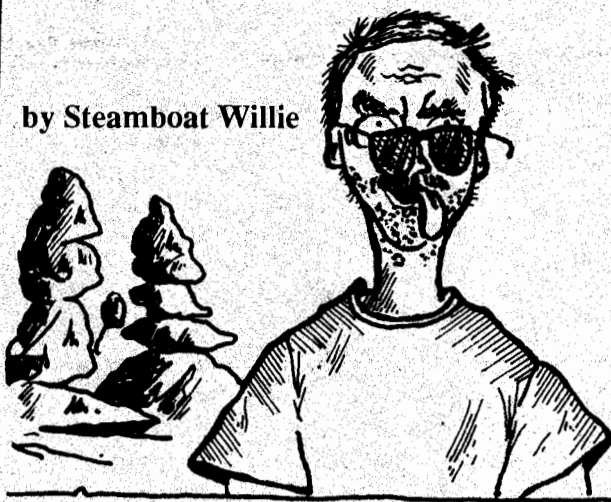
8 a.m.-8 p.m.

ESPRESSO'S BACK
Homemade Pies



We Bid a Fond Farewell
to
KAO RITZ

by Steamboat Willie



Notes from the Risky Road Expedition Diary

There exists a vital piece of equipment that is paramount towards the successful operation of any rafting company. An item of such utter necessity, a river trip would be in dire straits without it. What do you think it could be??? The life jackets? The oars? The guide? Certainly, all the above-mentioned items are all necessary, but none so vital as ... THE DUCT TAPE!

You can patch up a rubber ducky with it.

It can control that leak in your water cooler.

It will contain the toxic wastes from your groover.

It can mend a broken oar just in time for Skull Rapid.

It can repair that leaky radiator hose on your bus that you've been meaning to fix for the past five years.

You can patch-up Schroeders head with it.

It can hold that broken hitch on your trailer so your rafts don't accidentally vault and run Highway 128.

You can cover that rather indecent rip in your shorts with it.

It can repair a hackysack so that the hackies don't all fall out.

You can tie up that freaked-out librarian from Cleveland with it.

You can spell H-E-L-P with it when you find yourself out of gas and stranded on the Lake.

You can wrap it around the mouth of that talkative guide so you don't have to listen to The Dinosaur Gizzard Stone Story again.

You can use it to patch up a snout on your J-Rig so it doesn't look like an impotent appendage heading into Satans Gut.

You can patch that ripped wing on the Cessna just before take-off from Hite International Airport!

Yes, the lowly duct tape has many valuable uses. Without it, a river company would surely go under ... in more ways that one! I propose we erect a huge bronze statue of duct tape just below Brown Betty! Almighty Duct Tape, we salute you! We salute all the tireless duct tape workers in all the duct tape factories around the globe! DUCT TAPE FOR INDUSTRY!!!

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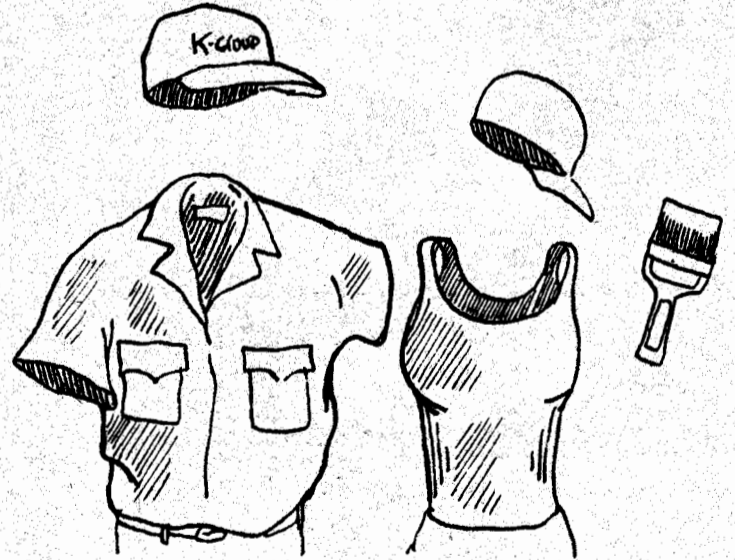
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- Arts in the Parks
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- Grand Canyon
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MOAB

By Dudek



Nightlife

JOEL DEVAUL

"Let me show you my new toy," he said, as he plugged his electric guitar into one side of a Walkman-sized unit, and one set of ultralight headphones into the other.

I'm in Joel's trailer. The scene looks ordinary enough. I'm sitting on the couch. A tiny puppy, Newt, plays on the floor, trying to figure out what muscular coordination is all about. Joel practices some riffs on the electric guitar. It look's like a pantomime since he's not plugged into an amplifier. The trailer is quiet.

Inside the headset it's a different story. It's war. A mad tank commander leaps from the hatch of his disabled machine as explosions erupt on all sides. A suicidal grin spreads across the maniac's face as he directs a line of fire from a submachine guitar on his hip. Blam! A concrete gun emplacement full of yuppies explodes in a flash of fire and smoke. Brrrrrpt! A charging platoon of hypocrites gets mowed down like bowling pins. Ka-boom! An armored personnel carrier full of brown-shirt KGB music censors blows up with a rumble of smoke and sparks. Then it's over. The madman emerges from the haze and wreckage, alone, defiant, victorious. "What do you think," he says quietly, as I remove the headset.

Meet Joel DeVaul, lead guitarist for SPICER, bass man for BAD NEWS, and 15 year rock veteran of numerous bands around the country.

Born in downtown Salt Lake City, on January 20, 1955, Joel has been on a rock bender since the age of twenty when he played in his first group, BAD HABIT.

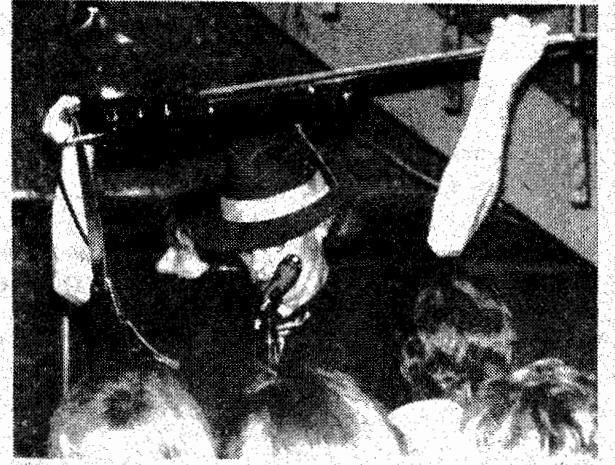
He played the electric bass mostly, doing gigs with people like Jimmy Pitman of the STRAWBERRY ALARM CLOCK, Jim Messina, Eddie Money, etc.

You can catch his act at the Poplar Place where he holds forth on Wednesday (Ladies) Night with SPICER, featuring David "The Kid" Hawks on bass, and Dave Fitzsimmons on the money, on drums.

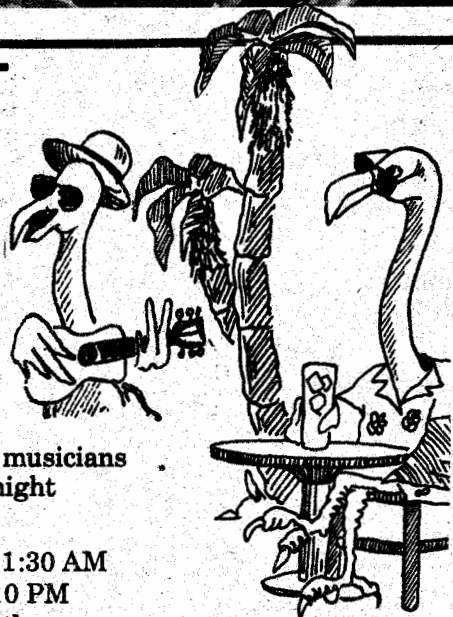
This is a hot little group. Many old war vets are familiar with the solid stickwork of Fitzsimmons, a steady performer in this town since the mid-70's and at his best in this band. Like Joel, he's re-creating the rythm, not just playing in time to it. Hawks, a guitarist turned bass man, capably supplies the low notes.

If it's country you dig, stop by the Outlaw on Friday and Saturday nights and give a listen to BAD NEWS. Owen Horton on lead guitar, Christine Calnan on rythm guitar, Joel on bass and Dave on the drums; it's a good ol' country dance band, from boogie to swing to waltz.

Joel is presently working on new material, including some of his own which will soon be part of SPICER'S repertoire. He hopes to stay in Moab this winter if things fall right for him. You ought to catch his act while he's here. Just follow the smell of cordite. Watch for Red Cross vans. Listen for the sound of explosive rythms and frenzied activity. Look for the boogie man with the tatoo of a flaming guitar on his right bicep. And prepare for a full scale assault.



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OLD NEWS

Condensed by
Dale and Yvonne Pierson

The first issue of the "Grand Valley Times" was published May 30th 1896 by J.N. Corbin. For many years the early editions of this paper had been lost. According to Gloria Denney, the old newspapers were found in a house that was being torn down. The papers had been used as insulation in the walls.

In 1917-18 a second paper began to publish the Moab "Independent." This paper was published for approximately one & a half years. In 1919 the paper was purchased by L.L. Bish Taylor who renamed it "The Times Independent." Copies of these papers are on micro-film at the Grand County Library, and are the source of the material used in the articles.

September, 1896

September of 1896 found the small community of Moab harvesting it's crops, and preparing for the winter ahead. The main economic base of the valley was agriculture at that time, although rumors of precious metals in the La Sal and Abajo Mtns. were beginning to surface. Peaches at 12 to 18 ozs. each were being produced and sold commercially, and the editor of the Grand Valley Times recommended that tobacco production be considered.

The Grand County Commission was active, making a major decision to set the cost of "burial of the indiginate poor" at \$15.00, cost to include grave and coffin.

Children were readying themselves for school, 4 teachers were in residence in Grand County, each with their own school house.

In mid September, Arthur Loverage, age 10, was seriously injured during a horseback race with a friend. A physician was called for, the nearest being in Grand Junction. The doctor arrived 14 hours after the accident and determined that the boy should be transported to Grand Junction for treatment of several broken bones and facial lacerations.

The arts were alive and well in Moab with the Grand Valley Times warning "Don't be alarmed, the noises ... from the Operahouse... were simply the local talent exploding."

Sometime between Sept. 18th and 25th a major rainstorm hit Moab with a reported 5.47 inches in less than 24 hours. Bridges, dams, and roads were damaged, along with the railroad east of Thompson. The Grand (now Colorado River) reportedly raised 10' in 24 hours. The final week

of Sept. saw Moab effectively cut off from the rest of the world, as no mail delivery was possible between Thompson and Moab.

September, 1913

Moab was busy calling elections to vote on the proposition of bonding and laying a special tax to build the Dewey Bridge and repair the county road from Cisco by way of Moab to Elgin. The cost of the structure of the bridge had not been determined at this time because no plans or specifications were on hand.

M.E. Lowe, a prominent Denver engineer who had been employed on an irrigation project in Cisco, died from alcoholic poisoning. A post mortem was made and an examination of the stomach made, but nothing definite could be determined. It seems it was just "another case of death being caused from drinking a poor grade whiskey."

The promoters of the Lincoln Highway Association Movement, the "great coast-to-coast paved highway" had decided that Denver would be completely off the main route of the highway & Grand Junction had no hope of being considered. The western governors thought the western states were financially unable to construct the concrete "auto roadbeds" asked for by the National highway from ocean to ocean. Governor Spay said that "Utah would continue to construct the Midland Trail through Grand Junction even if the National highway missed Colorado altogether." The governors declared in favor of improving the state roads & then "draw the tourists anyway."

The Grand Times ran this article in the Sept. issue: "New York -- From a cell in the Raymond St. Jail, Elizabeth Trendie, a Brooklyn girl, appealed by letter to President Wilson to issue her a permit to dress as a man. 'If I can appear as a man and do a man's work I shall be more respected and better paid. It's no crime for a woman to wear male attire, yet I am locked up in jail because I did. I want to get a permit from you or someone else to wear the costume I have adopted.'"

Back in Moab the school year would convene Sept. 12th, with a record attendance. The Central School would have 232 pupils enrolled, and

the High School would have 35 pupils.

The Moab-Thompson stage line was started by the Allred brothers & Edward Newhart. The automobile a "Rambler" would seat six to eight people & the trip would take two & one half hours. (They would later add another auto) In addition to the autos, the stage line continued to operate it's wagons & express freight & baggage in horse-drawn vehicles. The charge would be \$4.00 for a single trip & \$7.00 for the round trip. The stage line thereafter would be known as the Moab-Thompson Transportation Co.

September, 1938

In spite of the Depression which still gripped the nation in 1938, Moab was occupied by planned community improvements. A new addition was under construction on the Grand

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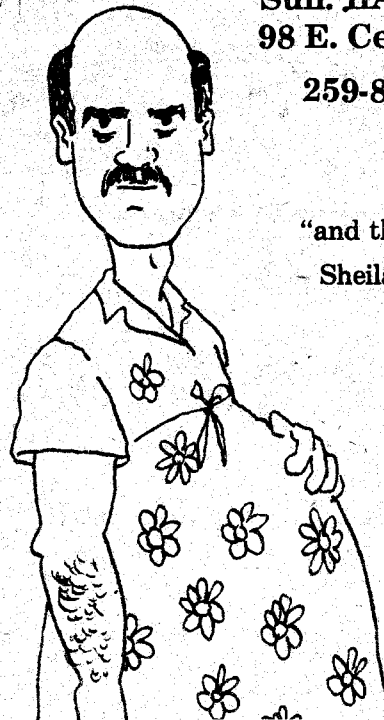
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Dudes
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Milagro Beanfield War
Nightmare at Noon
Frantic (Harrison Ford)
Wrong Guys
Beauty and the Beast
 (pilot for hit TV series)
Masquerade
Illegally Yours (Rob Lowe)
Johnny Be Good
The House on Carroll Street
Shoot To Kill
Lady in White
Vice Versa

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"and the father is not
- Sheila Whittaker."

And... **SHE'S HAVING A BABY**

County Courthouse, and two bond elections were set for September. The first, set for Sept. 24th asked for revenue bonds of \$25,000 to improve and consolidate the Moab City Water System, and to provide additional water supply from a spring located on the Somerville ranch. One benefit of the improvements, the Times stated, would be that the city would have enough water to fill the Municipal swimming pool which had been closed for sometime, due to the lack of water. The second revenue bond election set for Sept. 30th would authorize \$33,000 towards a planned \$60,000 hospital facility. (Eventually built, this building presently houses Movid and the Outlaw Saloon) Both bond issues would be passed by the voters.

School Superintendent Helen M. Knight announced that school would begin on Sept. 5th. Seven teachers were employed at the Moab Central School and 8 teachers at the High School.

The week of Sept. 8th, the movie Merrily We Live was featured at Moab's movie house. Advertising for the film began with the line "Go Gay! Go GaGa! ..."

The week of Sept. 22nd saw the arrival of river runner "Buzz" Holstrom and Amo Borg Jr. of National Geographic in Green River. The pair had completed the first portion of their trip from the headwaters of the Green River to the Gulf of California. The trip was expected to require two months to complete.

Norman Nevills of Mexican Hat & Emery Knolls of Grand Canyon & Loren Bell of Arizona would navigate the Colorado River from Moab to the Boulder Dam. The expedition would have 6 to 8 boats.

September, 1963

Two major stories dominated the Moab news in September of 1963.

The first involved the tragic explosion at Texas Gulf Sulphur Potash mine. The explosion had occurred Tuesday, August 29th at 4:40 pm, and by Sept. 5th the fate of 23 men was still uncertain; 7 men were known alive and unhurt, and an additional 18 were known dead. Investigation of the disaster would continue for several weeks, but no results explaining the explosion would be released during the month of September.

The second story which would most occupy the minds of citizens was the election for approval of a bond issue to provide for a new airport in Grand County. The proposal involved building a new airport on Highway 163 (now 191) between Crescent Junction and Moab, and the eventual abandonment of the then existing airport in Spanish Valley. The election was held Sept. 26, and the bond issue approved with a 5 to 1 margin.

Arches National Monument reported visitation for fiscal year 1963 of 87,325 - an increase over prior years. Other Park Service news involved the possibility that the House Interior Committee would hold Utah hearings on the proposed Canyonlands National Park sometime in the fall of 1963.

Moab was also gearing up for an invasion from Hollywood. The Sept. 19th issue of the Times Independent stated that stars for the movie "The Long Flight" should arrive in Moab on Oct. 4th. This film, eventually retitled "Cheyenne Autumn," would be filmed in the Professor Valley area, and feature John Wayne in the starring role. Interestingly enough, the Times Independent indicates that "the Duke" was a secondary choice for the role. "The stars include Spencer Tracy or John Wayne" the Times states, indicating that Tracy maybe too ill to fill the role.



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FOUR CORNERS

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IMAGES



Omega Besseler

I am waist-deep in the cool, clear waters of the narrow creek. The sandstone walls rise hundreds of feet above me towards their meeting with The Loop Road. Dead timber is strewn everywhere, making the wade extremely difficult. I am in another world yet only two miles south of town.

Can there still be places like this left to explore so close to home? Places so pristine and seldom visited? They may raze the canyons, put up powerplants, pave the wilds which will ultimately lead to their easy discovery and ruin, yet there can still be places like this only a short drive from town. There may be hope.

I gaze at the towering walls of sandstone that this little creek has cut. Take in the silence and remoteness of this place no one knows. I am standing waist-deep in awe within the narrows of Mill Creek Canyon. An empty beer can floats by me breaking the spell and I suddenly realize with sad wonder that the word 'wilderness' is fast becoming a phrase in our language that we will only be using in the past tense.

ARCHES REALTY

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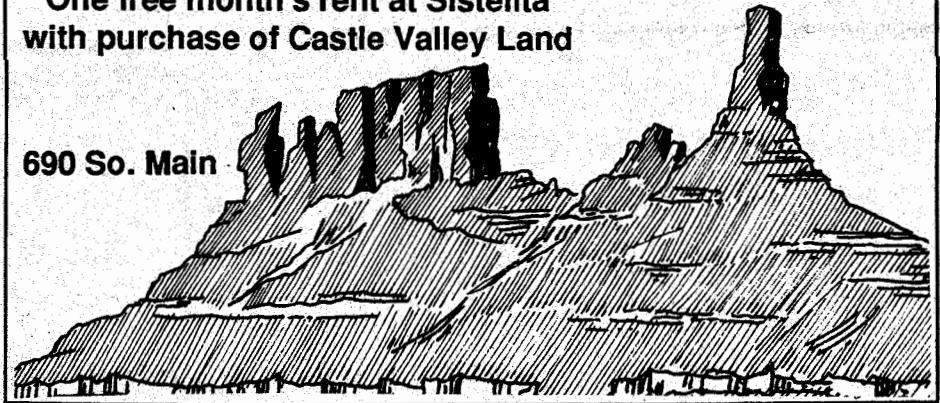
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THE BARD'S NARDS



GINGER LOLLY

By Rock Hart

GINGER LOLLY WAS A DANCE HALL GIRL
AND THE COWBOYS LIKED HER STYLE.
SO, BELLY UP TO THE BAR BOYS AND
I'LL TELL YA WHAT WINS HER SMILE.

GINGER LIKES APPLES AND GINGER LIKES
CHEESE. GINGER LIKES CATFISH WITH LITTLE
GREEN PEAS.

FEED HER SOME TATERS, DINE HER ON
MUTTON. SPOON IT ALL IN 'TIL SHE
POPS A BUTTON.

FEED HER AND FEED HER 'TIL SHE CAN'T
HOLD NO MORE. THEN FEED HER SOME
MORE 'TIL HER BELLY GETS SORE.

GINGER'LL LOVE YA AND YOU'LL GET A
BIG GRIN. HEAD FOR THE DANCE FLOOR
AND GIVE HER A SPIN.

WHEN SHE GETS SPINNIN' AND JUST
CAN'T STOP, STICK OUT YOUR FOOT AND
WATCH HER FLOP.

SHE'LL GET THE GIGGLES AND CALL YOU
A TEASE. PICK HER UP NOW AND GIVE
HER A SQUEEZE.

AND WHEN SHE'S ALL SQUOZEN AND HAPPY
AS PIE, GIVE HER TWO DOLLARS AND TELL
HER GOODBYE.

THE ROCKHOUND

HE LEFT NO ROCK UNTURNED.
EXCEPT ONE.
SO, THE LITTLE ROCK WITH PAISLEY
MEMORIES FLIPPED OVER AND
JOINED THE REST.

AND THEY ALL LAY THERE, LETTING
THE SUN TICKLE THEIR BELLIES.

POETRY

By Mercy Aiken

DRIFTWOOD

Bleached and smooth the old driftwood
Curves 'round the rocks and sand
Tossed and torn river worn
Carved by the water's hands.

Dwelling once within a tree
In wooded mountains high
Only to lie upon the stones
Of a river passing by.

I read in you a history
And see the flowing miles
As you die so gracefully
Within my evening fire.

With the smoke I rise with you
Curling softly in the night
To rest above your mountain home
And fade within starlight.

Your sister hangs upon a wall
To hold a weaving down,
Your brother holds the garden soil
Upon the hilly ground.

Your father lies scattered on ocean shores
Your mother among the trees
As you rise above them all
Woodsmoke drifting on the breeze.

"They're riding in from
practically everywhere
to vote for Merv Lawton
for county commissioner!"



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Arches N.P. - Pack Creek Ranch
Trail Rides - Dinner Rides



...to the future. (And
forgotten by all but an esot

Canyonlands
Field
Institute's

FALL ROUNDUP

at Professor Va
• Moab, U

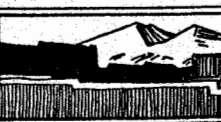
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Everyone Welcome

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For "Round-Up" Informa...



CANYONLANDS

POETRY CORNER

MY 15th SUMMER

scabs on my knee
 that crack when i bend
 and trickling water
 the creek
 the "rock"
 the "lake"
 the "split rock"
 the "explorers paradise pool"
 manzanita creek
 where tadpoles and frogs abound
 and breezes that smell hot!
 grasshoppers and boxelders bugs
 sacred daturas
 and mallows
 the hot cement heliport
 and green vines around the porch
 sandstone rocks that gleam
 like sugar in the sun
 so i lick them
 a ping pong table thats broken
 and a bent hula hoop
 splinters
 and broken toes
 a parched garden
 with stubby plants
 cause the deer got in
 green prickly grass
 and a rusty lawn mower from the 40's
 its been down here forever
 van morrison on the outside speakers
 "tore down a la rimbaud
 you know its hard sometimes"
 shirley in a beat up t-shirt
 beside me on the porch swing
 and a ratty looking squirrel
 nibbling a stale bread crust

and me --
 with fingernails that are starting
 to get long
 and braces on my teeth
 im almost 16
 "sweet 16" they say
 i hope so
 because ill never be 15
 down in the bottom of the
 grand canyon
 in the summertime
 again ...

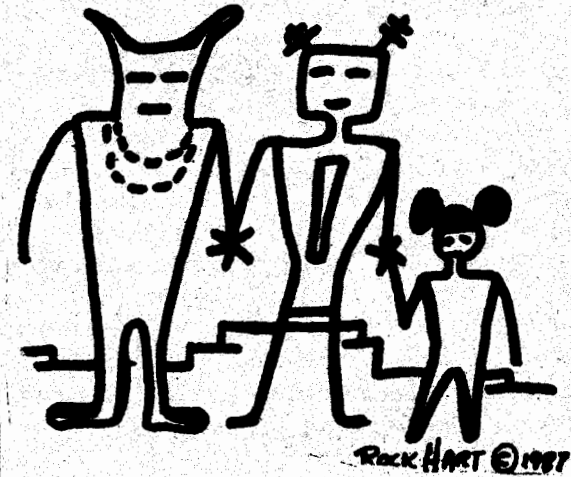
AUTUMN

autumn speaks like a whisper
 and gently it carries you away
 you turn-round and you feel so much older
 when thinking about your yesterdays

and the leaves fall like memories
 down at your feet
 and you think of the people that you knew
 you wish you could return there to say
 'I love you' or at least
 'I'm sorry for all the colors that I put you thru'
 autumn -- every leaf I see
 reminds me of a soul that I loved so
 autumn -- then your winds take them away from me
 to places I can't go

I count the rings round my soul
 and watch the seasons go swiftly by
 and just when -- for a moment
 I'm not looking
 autumn enters with a sigh

the
 gallery
 ON MAIN



Petroglyph T-shirts
By Rock Hart
All styles now available

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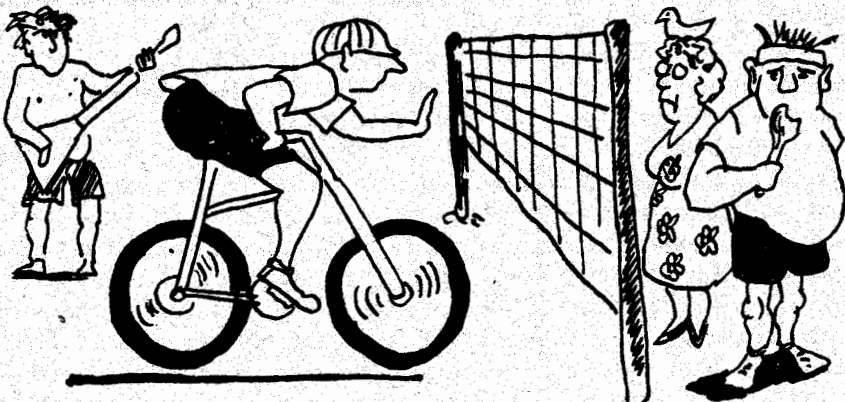
"All men are rapists
 and that's all they are."
 Marilyn French
 'The Women's Room'



RED ROCK BIKE SHOPPE

Time: During Moab's Fat Tire Festival
 Place: North Main Street, the gateway to Moab

The world will stand agape at the stupendous, fantastic, intolerably pleasurable events scheduled for north Main Street as Red Rock Bike Shoppe and others magically concoct a delectable blend of mountain bikes, basketball, volleyball, live music, and food. Who could ask for anything more?



352 N. Main
 259-8371

An open letter to the community regarding toxic waste incineration.

"I would like to clarify my position regarding toxic waste incineration.

"A well-designed and well-operated incinerator is acceptable if it is installed for the benefit of the community. An incinerator is not acceptable if it is purely for the monetary gain of the owner or the county, or if it could be to the detriment of the community.

"Incinerators installed near toxic waste generators or contaminated disposal sites for cleanup are installations that benefit the community.

"The proposed incinerator in the Cisco area is not to the benefit of the community and I am emphatically against it.

"Any needed incinerators should be erected close to the site of the generator to reduce the hazards of transportation."

by

Merv Lawton
 for county commissioner
 a paid political advertisement

YESTERDAY

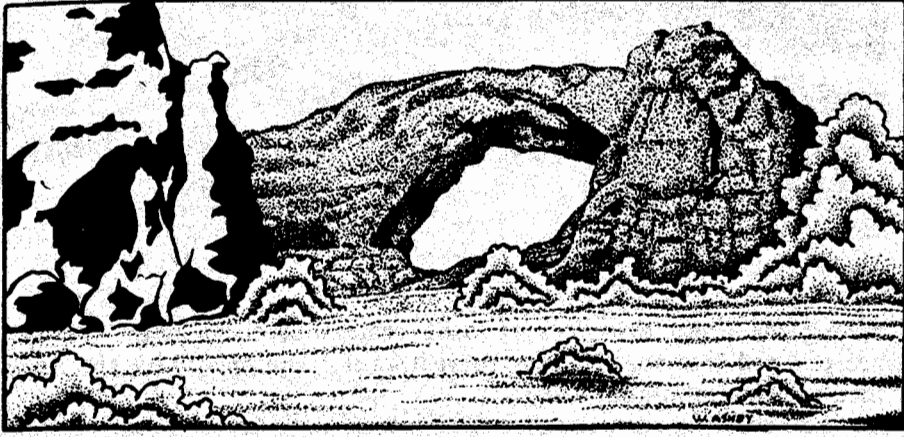
Looking Back At Southern Utah

edited by Jim Stiles

This month's excerpt from the 1940 Utah Guide is a description and tour of Arches National Monument. Fifty years ago, Arches was almost completely undeveloped. A primitive dirt road from Highway 160 went as far as Cove Arch, just west of Double Arch. There was no connecting road to the Devils Garden, the Fiery Furnace or Delicate Arch. To reach those places it was necessary to backtrack to US 160 and drive north 25 miles. Another dirt road turning east from the highway led the infrequent tourist to the foot of the Devils Garden.

In 1958, the first 12 miles of paved road were completed and a new visitor center was constructed. By 1964, the asphalt was extended to the Devils Garden, a new campground was completed, and visitation started to skyrocket. From a few hundred intrepid travelers in the late 30's, visitation to Arches (which became a park in 1972) is expected to approach a half million in 1988.

Hooray for "progress."



Arches National Monument

Highway Approaches: Windows section, 9 miles on State 93, which branches E. from US 160, 12.2 m. north of Moab, thence by foot trail, 3 m. round trip, 4 hours from Moab to Moab; Courthouse Towers section, from US 160, 4.5 m. north of Moab, thence by foot trail, 5 m. round trip, 2½ hours from Moab and return; Klondike Bluffs section from Salt Valley Road (right at 10.1 m.), which branches E. from US 160, 26 m. north of Moab, thence by foot trail, 3 m. round trip, 6 hours from Moab to Moab; Devils Garden section, via Salt Valley Road, which branches E. from US 160, 26 m. N. of Moab, turning left on Salt Valley Road at 13 m., thence by foot trail 3.5 m., or 10 m. round trip, 4 to 10 hours from Moab to Moab, depending on length of tour; Delicate Arch section, from terminus of Salt Valley Road (at 22 m.), thence by foot trail, 3 m. round trip, 6 hours from Moab to Moab. Roads are unimproved, but patrolled six days each week, and offer no difficulties if speed is kept below 35 m.p.h.

Administrative Offices: Custodian's home at Moab; Park Cabin on State 93, 5 m. E. of US 160.

Information: Moab Garage, Moab Times-Independent, Moab Lions Club.

Accommodations: Hotel, tourist camps, guest homes at Moab. Hotel at Thompsons. No improved campsites in Monument.

Transportation: Private car. Horses for pack trips available at Moab; prices variable.

Communication: Telephone and post office at Moab and Thompsons. Express office at Thompsons. No telephone at Monument (1940).

Climate, Clothing, Equipment: Elevation of Arches National Monument is 4,000 to 5,000 feet; winter snowfalls seldom exceed 4 inches or last more than a day. The diurnal temperature range, however, is large. Warm clothing the year round is advisable for evening wear. For daytime, except in winter, light rugged clothing. Cowboys wear denim jeans and long-sleeved shirts. Straw hats, unless chin-strapped, are fairly useless in a region where the wind blows hard enough to carve through solid rock. Rubber soles are helpful for climbing "slickrock," but oxfords are an abomination in deep sand. Carry own water and camping equipment for overnight stays. Film in special sizes sometimes difficult to obtain in near-by towns.

Recreational Facilities: Photography, hiking, climbing, horseback riding (western style, an English saddle is useless in the up-down terrain of the Monument). One of the finest areas in Utah for photographing erosional curiosities.

Warnings and Regulations: Usual regulations applying to areas administered by the Park Service. Do not destroy property, carve initials, or remove artifacts, plants, or other natural objects. Guide essential in Devil's Garden, Klondike Bluffs, and advisable in other sections. Monument trails not posted (1940).

Admission: Free. Guide service to any or all of the sections furnished without charge by custodian.

ARCHES NATIONAL MONUMENT lies in the redrock country north of Moab, between the Colorado River and US 160. It is a region of desert sandstone, of deep and tortuous canyons, and its thin, multicolored topsoil supports piñon and sage. From the highway, except for the castellated pile of the Windows section, the whole area appears to be a flat and desiccated plain, intersected by occasional reefs that glow redly against the gray-green desert. Southward the pyramided La Sal Mountains rear, alien blue, from the valley floor, and the high peak Tukuhnikivatz, a Ute name meaning "place-where-the-sun-shines-longest," shows snow the year around. Northward are the Book Cliffs of Tavaputs Plateau, but eastward and westward the desert rolls out interminably, with a deceptive levelness. Squat hillocks of sand conceal gorges two, three, and four hundred feet deep, their sheer or overhanging crests revealed only from the rim. Many of the canyons have sweetwater springs in them, and patches of meadow in sandy alluvium, but are accessible only at the canyon mouths or at rare points where side-canyons intersect.

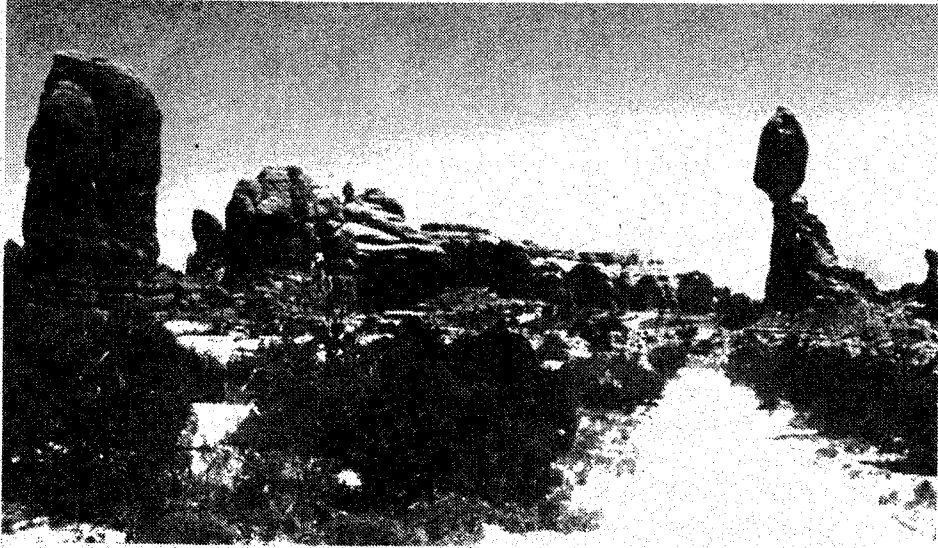
In the Monument proper, the wind has carved these canyon walls into forms that, even in a region noted for spectacular erosion, are remarkable. Here are arches and windows through solid stone, from a size that can scarcely be crawled through to immense spans that would accommodate a troop of cavalry; monoliths measured in hundreds of tons balanced on decaying bases; chimneys, deep caves, and high, thin, sculptured walls of salmon-hued rock. There are arches in all stages, from caves not yet cut through, to towering spans that have fallen, their buttresses pointing skyward. Although the terms "arch" and "bridge" are, in keeping with western informality, used somewhat loosely by Grand County people, there is a difference between them. A bridge usually occurs in a canyon as the effect of stream erosion (see *Natural Bridges National Monument*), and it spans something. An arch occurs in reefs, often where there is no stream course, and is in the main the product of wind weathering.

Enterprising cattlemen moved into the valley about Moab in the 1870's, and were ranging the whole countryside by 1885. Many of the canyons now in the Monument afforded good range, and since it was legend among cowboys that the frugal Mormons never lost a cow if she could be followed, it is not unreasonable to assume that the intricacies of the canyons were well known to them. Some of the arches carried, besides their sanctioned names, range designations that bespeak long and perhaps affectionate familiarity. Double Arch, for example, was known as the "jughandles," and Delicate Arch as "the schoolmarm's pants." And the Turnbow or Wolf Ranch cabin at the terminus of the road into the Delicate Arch section, though still serving line riders in 1940, possesses a venerable decay that could scarcely have accumulated to it in less than 50 years. Credit for "discovery" of the Arches has been tentatively given to Alexander Ringhoffer, a miner who worked his way into the section in 1922. Dr. J. W. Williams and L. L. "Bish" Taylor, in 1940 Editor of the *Moab Times-Independent*, packed in shortly thereafter and began a long siege to arouse the interest of the National Park Service, which was persuaded to recommend establishment of the Monument in 1929.

Harry Reed, an eastern photographer, came to Moab in 1935 to test descriptions of the Arches scenery. He found few people who knew where the Arches were, and a smaller number who had visited them. Inquiries among cowboys disclosed that "they wa'nt nothin' out there. Jest a lot of holes in rocks"—this notwithstanding that one of the "holes" was just nine feet short of a Utah city block—or a football field—in length. The following year, Reed was appointed part-time custodian of the Monument, and in the fall, Harry "Long-Sheep" Goulding, trader to the Navahos of Monument Valley, drove to the Windows section in a specially equipped car. In 1937 Grand County ran a bulldozer and grader over Goulding's course, and the first tourists visited the Monument. In 1938, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, by proclamation, enlarged the boundaries of the Monument to the present 33,680 acres. The Monument, in spite of its right-angled boundaries, is roughly crescent-shaped, with the horns pointing west. It has five sections, each different in geologic interest and scenery: The Windows, centrally located; Courthouse Towers, in the southern extremity; Klondike Bluffs, at the point of the northern horn; Devils Garden and Delicate Arch, comprising the remainder of the northern horn. The U. S. Park Service, which administers the area, distinguishes sharply between a park and a monument—the former is scenic and inspirational, the latter is primarily educational. Arches National Monument was set aside to preserve and make accessible its splendid examples of wind erosion. Various sections should be visited in the company of a guide (furnished through the custodian) who will explain the invisible geology behind the visible forms.

THE WINDOWS

The Windows section is an eroded reef of ruddy Entrada sandstone, 9 miles east of US 160 on State 93. From the highway its battlemented contour, half mosque, half feudal castle, dominates the skyline, and patches of blue show clearly through two of its arches. State 93, after the manner of desert roads, threads somewhat uncertainly through hillocks, washes, and around outcroppings of sandstone bedrock. The road, however, offers no difficulties, aside from slow driving over rough spots and staying on the road in sandy stretches, and affords besides a chance to observe that the desert is much maligned, that it is full of green things and has even an occasional patch of grass. Five miles from the highway is Willow Springs cabin, a water tank, and a corral used by cattlemen whose herds range the public domain adjacent to the Monument. At 8 m. from the junction with US 160 is a 200-foot pinnacle of hard stone (200 yds. L) that has survived erosion, and atop it is BALANCED ROCK, a 50-foot block of even harder stone, its edges extending precariously past its base. A walk of 200-odd yards (L)



from this point (best conducted by guide) leads to a vantage point from which Delicate Arch and Devil's Garden can be seen to the north. At 8.5 m. are ADAM and EVE (L), cleanly sculptured and complete even to the apple, with Adam holding the malignant fruit to take the first bite. Near by, on a 250-foot pinnacle, EAGLE ROCK surveys the business with aquiline unconcern.

The road ends at 9 m., and a ten-minute hike through the COVE OF CAVES, an amphitheater whose wind-pocked walls return echoes that double back on themselves, leads to DOUBLE ARCH, sometimes known as the "jughandles." Here, two massive arcs of streaked salmon-pink stone swing outward and downward from the common abutment of Windows Reef. The larger extends 165 feet from reef to base, and towers 156 feet above the debris below. The smaller, though not by any means dwarfed by its companion, has as yet been considered too insignificant (by a people who take the spectacular calmly) to merit measurement. It probably is no more than high enough to shelter a three or four story building (much of the estimating of dimensions in this region is done by simple triangulation, using the thumb or forefinger for transit and a guess for a base line). From Double Arch, the foot trail leads by a sculptured butte, where SATAN uncovers ominous tushes in Mephistophelean approval of the doings of Adam and Eve, and a PARADE OF ELEPHANTS marches in echelon, trunk to rump. The butte is 300 feet high, and the Entrada formation and its Carmel base are plainly discernible. A short distance beyond is SOUTH WINDOW, 65 feet high and 130 feet long, and hard by, its companion, NORTH WINDOW, of like size. Both are less smoothly sculptured than Double Arch, but both are imposing in size and regularity, and frame imposing desert vistas.

TURRET ARCH, last major formation in the Windows area, is so named because the reef in which it is found terminates in a great spearheaded tower. The arch itself is shaped something like a keyhole (of Brobdingnagian proportions) and is accompanied by a smaller window which had not in 1940 been deemed sufficiently remarkable to merit a name. A favorite trick of photographers is to walk through the South Window and snap Turret Arch in its frame. It is well to remember, when photographing arches and other eroded formations in the Monument, that the whole country is of tremendous proportions and that without some index to actual size pictures are apt to be disappointing. The most common method, of course, is to include human figures in the picture.

DEVILS GARDEN

Devils Garden, which contains sixty-four of the Monument's eighty-one known arches, is the largest and most complex section of the Monument. It extends along a continuous sandstone ridge, eroded into jungles of upright fins, huge amphitheaters with sinuous interconnecting passageways, and wind-gnarled monoliths. Small parks with sweetwater springs are secreted here and there, surrounded by vertical slabs of sandstone, and sometimes joined to natural "slickrock" corrals that are used by cattlemen at branding time. It is distinctly a foot and horseback region. Those who know the Garden say it is impossible to get lost in it, because "you have to come out the way you go in." The lower portion, known as the FIERY FURNACE, is so rough and broken up, with abrupt walls and ledges, that it has been but cursorily explored. However, according to the Park Service, it contains many arches and windows and "other formations that are



among the finest examples of wind erosion in the world," and trails are planned that will open it to visitors not equipped with the impedimenta of mountain climbing.

The most frequently-taken hike into Devil's Garden leaves the Salt Valley road 13 m. east of its junction with US 160, traverses the eastern slope of Salt Valley to the base of the Garden, and ascends to a point beneath ARCH-IN-THE-MAKING, high in the cliff face. Here an immense block has been wedged from the wall of sandstone by the expanding action of ice, and wind-driven sand has already begun its work of chipping through the cavity. Northward, the trail follows the cliff for six miles, passing forty-five arches on the way, only a few of which are named. PINE TREE ARCH, half a mile beyond Arch-in-the-Making, is 30 feet wide and 60 feet high, and takes its name from a hardy pine that grows immediately beneath it. HOLE-IN-THE-WALL, another half mile northward, is high in the cliff face and commands a wide sweep of desert, a kind of Gargantuan peephole.

LANDSCAPE ARCH, near mid-point of the hike, is perhaps the most spectacular formation in the region. Its slender ribbon of banded black and salmon stone, only a few feet in thickness, has a length of 291 feet, and is 118 feet above the canyon floor. Its span is believed to be the longest in the Americas. There are those, seeing it and the warm-hued desert vista it frames, who are content to turn back without further exploration. Most others push on through scored corridors to DOUBLE-O ARCH, a pair of windows arranged in double-deck—as if to keep alive an appetite jaded by mere single windows. The last eroded form in the Garden that bears a name is DARK ANGEL, a towering and ominous creation that might have been done by Gothic gargoyle-carvers. The monolith looks out southward, brooding over a kind of solidified Pandemonium, whereof Harry Reed says, "You can almost smell the brimstone."

DELICATE ARCH

In Delicate Arch section there is but one arch of any consequence, yet it is probably the most popular section with return visitors. Salt Valley road terminates at Turnbow's cabin, a specimen of frontier log-and-mud-chink architecture almost completely identified with the ground on which it stands. From the cabin, the west buttress of Delicate Arch is visible against the skyline. The trail begins in the canyon bottom, ascends from it after a quarter of a mile, and climbs across slickrock to the top of the canyon wall. Below, in a shallow depression, its sides rising like those of an irregular saucer, is a platform that rises almost as high as the walls, and atop it, alone and sharp against the sky, is Delicate Arch. Descent into the bowl and the climb up the platform is slow but not dangerous. The slickrock is truly "slick," and when it catches the slanted rays of the sun in its wind-made whorls, it spatters the light almost as flint does. The arch can be made to serve splendidly as a frame for the La Sal Mountains, for Tukuhniki-vatz, and for the Colorado River country between.

A Transcript: The County Commission Meeting: 7/13/87

On July 13, 1987, The Grand County Commission met in its regular meeting with Dean Norris, President of Co-West Corporation. Mr. Norris had met previously with the Commissioners with an offer to buy approximately 80 acres of land at Cisco. His plan was (and is) to construct a toxic waste incinerator in that site.

This is a transcription of a tape recording of that meeting, in which the Commissioners voted to approve the sale of the land. Unfortunately, the tapes are incomplete; the tape runs out before the meeting ends. As an overview, we have included as a preface, the official minutes of the meeting that relate to the sale of the land.

One last note. From the November 9, 1987 Grand County Commission meeting, we again quote from the official minutes ... "Dutch made a motion to discontinue use of tape recorder except for critical issues and these will be decided by the County Commission. David 2nd the motion -- all voted in favor."

Dean Norris of CoWest updated the Commission on the proposed Waste Burner to be located in Cisco area. He is presently contracting in a joint venture with Catalyst Energy Corporation of New York to proceed with his plans. He made an offer of \$400 per acre to purchase the county land located in Cisco. There are 80.7 acres of land to be sold @ \$400 per acre equaling \$32,280. The appraised value of the land came to a total of \$26,000. There will be a tippage fee added according to a schedule set up by Grand County Commission. Dave made a motion the county accept the bid by Dean Norris with a closing date to be 30 days from today. Jimmie seconded the motion. Jimmie and Dave voted Aye. John voted no. Motion carried.

Mr. Dan Green, Mr. Block and Mr. Ahmad with Western Energy and NP Energy advised the commission they would like to build a plant to dispose of non-toxic hazardous waste in the Cisco Area and were interested in purchasing land owned by the county in that area. They also asked the support of the Commission in obtaining permits, etc. The Commission determined the area needs to be rezoned for Heavy Industrial Development plus other issues that need to be addressed such as tippage fee for hazardous waste. The Western Energy would propose to use local natural gas to operate their system. The commission also suggested purchase of State Land for the project and pledged their support for development in the Cisco area but many details must be worked out by the county.

Commissioners Meeting 7-13-87; Land sale to Dean Norris-Cisco:

(Tape #3)

Dean Norris:

"Well I want to tell you that we have joined a joint venture with Catalyst Energy Inc. out of New York, they are a billion dollar corporation. The size of the burner has gone from 3 1/2 to 5 million dollars, to somewhere between 25 and 27. We're talking about a regional plan, but I've gotta move. I bought the ground next to me, I didn't buy the ground, I bought Cisco Development Corporation which owned that 110 acres it abuts on the North edge of Cisco on the East side the highway and railroad tracks runs through the top 20 acres of it. And then there's 80 acres down the side of section 19 and 10 acres right next to the refinery. So I own that, and I still wanta, quite frankly, I still want to control what goes into Cisco. And that's why I want to, cause if my plant's gonna be there 40 years, I don't want some fly by night next door. And I wanna talk a little bit about some of the things that the gentleman said from Salt Lake City on the conditional use permit. I've seen that plan and it comes in on two semi trailers, and it can go out the same way, cause it never goes off the trailer, it's on wheels. And it can be moved in nothing flat, the plan I saw. And when he's talking about a Conditional Use Permit, that's a two way street you can revoke it but he can revoke it, and he can be gone in nothing flat, and then who cleans up the ground?"

Jimmie: "This is where we've got to be really careful...that's why I'm not." Norris: "That's right. I've got on a different hat now than my developer hat. I'm talking about the protection of the ground and the county and the people who live here." Jimmie: "That's what we've gotta be awful careful about and we can take care of a lot of that in the ordinances." Norris: "Well that's, as I talked to you on Wednesday, I'll be very happy to furnish you a comprehensive set of Heavy Industrial Zoning regulations that will make everything stick, including me. But I want me to be controlled and I want everybody else to be controlled, so that you don't get into problems. But I do need to move, so that's why I'm here."

Jimmie: "Well, need to move means when yesterday?" Norris: "Well I'd like to have moved three weeks ago Tuesday but." Jimmie: "So what you're sayin is that right now you want to buy that property." Norris: "That's what I'm sayin." Jimmie: "Well, when we were talkin yesterday or before, it seems to me like Dean that our interest was that we wanted to make sure we had a program, and the reason that Grand County been holding onto that property is to make sure that it would go to encourage industrial growth and development. In fact that's why we've got into the idea of an option and all this crap." Norris: "Well the options still a good idea." Jimmie: "Well I'm not too sure." Norris: "Well then, you tell me what you want to do." Jimmie: "Well I think that Grand County is gonna go into a program like that it just, as far as I'm just speaking for myself, I would just like to sell the property and get it on the tax roll and encourage and help you with everything you can, you know." Norris: "Fine, then sell it to me." Jimmie: "Well, let's dicker about the price."

Norris: "Well the last time you said to have it appraised and I paid that appraiser what that bill was, and it's appraised. Now it we're gonna go back from that well, alright let's go back from that." Jimmie: "Well I was just thinkin, did you pay that bill or did we?" Elaine: "He paid it." Norris: "I paid it, I paid the bill." Jimmie: "Thanks, we appreciate that." Norris: "THANKS! Is there a drugstore sells vasoline around here?" Jimmie: "Well, we're just talkin." Dutch: "What was it appraised at?" Norris: "\$26,000 and you have to stretch it to get that." Dutch: "\$26,000 for the 80 acres." Norris: "He took all the comparable sale within 100 miles. The highest one came about \$200 an acre, then he added some figures to that, and added some figures to that and came up with \$25, 700 and something, and then rounded it off at \$26,000. So I said OK, I don't care, and then he sent men a bill, and I paid it." Jimmie: "Well, like I told ya the other day I think ya got kinda a cheap deal." Norris: "I expected it to come in a little higher than that and I paid a little higher than that for the 110 acres I bought. But, I wanna tell you that frankly, I don't have \$25,000 worth of clean up on the ground that I bought." Jimmie: "You gonna get rid of all those trees out there? What's the problem?" Norris: "What do I have to clean up on your ground? Well there must be 600 car bodies to start with. It's got a little junk on it, yea."

Jimmie: "Well I'd like to sell it to you." Norris: "Well I paid \$400 and acre for the other one, and that would be \$32,000. Dutch: "How much an acre did you say?" Norris: "That's \$400 an acre." Elaine: "I'm not sure that it's the land that we can sell without doing bids Jimmie." (She repeats while Norris interrupts; "I may be buying a pig in the poke, but I've bought those before.") Dave: "You don't think we can sell it without..." Jimmie interrupts: "Well I thought we had understood that..." Norris interrupts: "I know you do not." Elaine: "We do not?" Norris: "I went to a very high powered, at least his bill was high powered, attorney a lawfirm in Salt Lake City, and I asked him a straight forward question about are there any state regulations pertaining to the sale of County property? And his answer came back was, that unless the County has adopted a resolution pertaining to the sale of County owner property, there are no regulations in the state of Utah governing that, except what you gentlemen say. If you would have adopted a procedure, whereby either County property or surplus property is to be sold, then you must under the state law follow the regulations which you've adopted....And that I do not know."

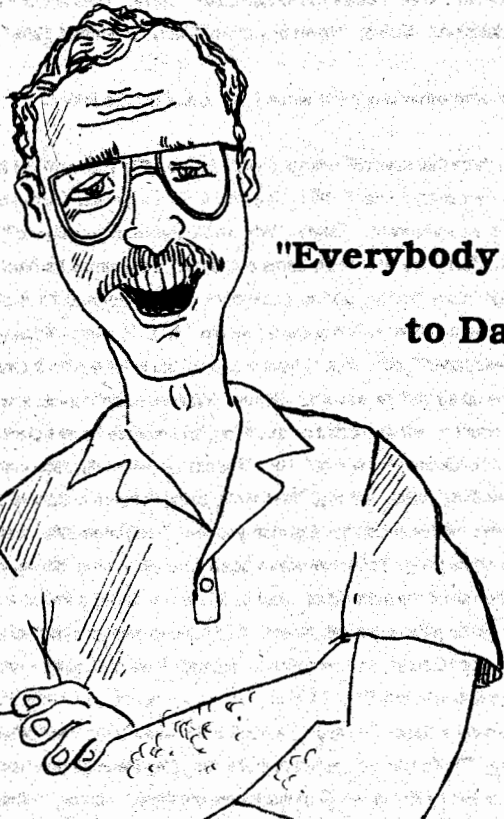
Jimmie: "I don't know whether there is or not, do you know Elaine, is this anything..?" Elaine: "I don't know until I looked in the index." Dutch and Dave: "We have to check that out." Jimmie: "we haven't but what our previous leases, I don't know..." Norris interrupts: "Well that's the only prohibition in terms of your selling anything that you want, anytime, as long as you've got an agreement and a deal." Dutch: "I remember we were talkin about selling a piece of property out just down there on fourth East and somebody said that well we couldn't sell it to that guy, it had to up for public auction." Norris: "Under state law that's not true, unless you've adopted a regulation within the County." Dutch: "That the County does have a resolution..." Norris (interrupts): "If it has, if you've adopted a regulation then you obviously have to follow that regulation."

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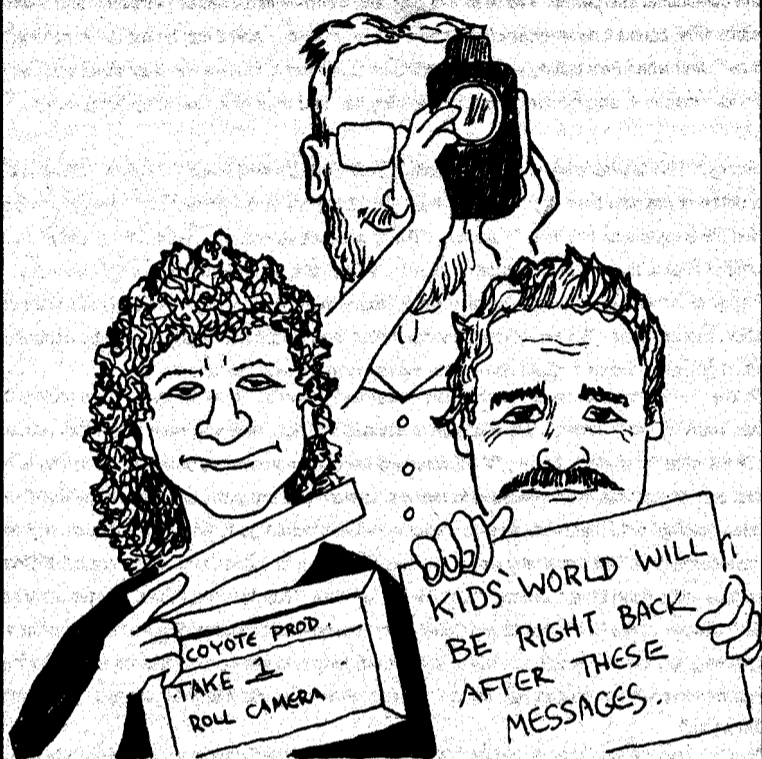
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Dave; "We'll I guess we have to find out first." Dutch; "Is it hard to find that out Elaine?" Elaine; "No, it's not hard to find out, I don't know, we need to go in there and go through the index." Jimmy; "Well we need to do that, so let's assume that what he's telling us is right. What action do we want to take?" Dave; "Well, I think he's been pretty up, and forward and straight with us. I think we ought to consider him a good deal to sell him the ground, if we can do that without having to go through an auction. My main concern is that there's something done with it, and I think he's demonstrated that he's gonna do something with it." Norris; "If I don't put a \$100,000,000 worth of improvements in the next five years, I'll be damned surprised." Jimmy; "You'll give it back to us for nothin?" Norris; "No sir, no way. Because if I did that I'd give ya back everything that's on it, and I'm not gonna do that, my banker won't let me do that Jimmy, I'm sorry."

Dutch; "You'd by that land for \$32,000 and not knowing for sure what the zoning is out there?" Norris; "That's correct." Dutch; "It's zoned right now for Agriculture, well it's probably zoned Residential." Norris interrupts; "No, there's a little strip of Light Commercial across the top. But, as I told Jimmy, I think you need a comprehensive set of Heavy Industrial regulations, and perfectly happy to do the, to work with ya on putting those in, and they'll apply just the same to me as they'll apply to everybody else. 'Cause you need the protection." Dutch; "And your willin to do that to put in a Hazardous Waste Plant?" Norris; "Yes sir." Dutch; "Before we even go through the public hearing?" Norris; "Sir?" Dutch; "Before we get public?"

Jimmy interrupts; "Also, He understands that well probably be commin up with a ...(Tippage, Elaine interrupts)...Tippage fee." Elaine; "And all kinds of other, everything." Norris; "Your talkin about a Tonnage tax." Elaine; "Right." Norris; "Or tonnage fee." Elaine; "Right." Norris; "We understand that, that's acceptable as long as it's a fee that we, and my supplies can pay." Elaine; "Are you familiar with the schedule in Tooele County?" Norris; "No." Elaine; "OK, they're the only county in Utah so far, that has that particular schedule set up. And I don't remember it off the top of my head, because we talkin about volume and according to the..." Jimmy interrupts; "What we thought that we would do is to look into theirs, and we don't know anything about it either." Norris; "I don't either." Jimmy; "If you'd help us with it, but anyway it's gonna be fair, but you'll have to use Grand County gas." Norris; "It's the cheapest gas around, I'm sure as hell not gonna import it form California." Jimmy; "What about that Canadian gas?" Norris; "Excuse me but I don't speak British, Thank You very much."

Jimmy; "Well does somebody want to make a motion depending upon, or whatever...?" Dutch; "Well I'm having a tough time with this, I'll tell ya..." Jimmy interrupts; "Well I am too but we agreed to go find that..."

Elaine interrupts; "Would it not be better to wait until we know whether we have to have a...we could do it at the next meeting, which is the 27th?" Dave; "Well he's asked us to move on it." Norris; "Yea, I do." Jimmy; "He's got some people..." Norris; "We've been at this, frankly gentlemen, since February, or January as a matter of fact. January the 23 I was down here the first time talking about this. I'll take the subject to whatever." Dutch; "We don't want to stall..." Jimmy; "OK, you're gonna give us \$32,000?" Dutch; "We want \$500 an acre, I can tell by the way you're act in." Jimmy recognizes the man from NP energy-Amahd:

NP; "I have a question, basically, we've been talkn to the county for a year and a half now. And we have a letter from the county, some kinda letter with you attornies had written it. To me a site to build a plant. Just like this gentleman does. And I think it would be fair in this deal if you put it out to auction, or to sell us half and sell him half." Dave; "Was there a commitment made by the county?" Elaine; "I don't have the correspondence... But, Dutch seems to remember it with NP Energy." NP; "I think we did." Dutch; "Well we talked to NP Energy, we made a commitment to NP as I recall, based on some things that haven't taken place. Dave; "You're not representing NP energy are you?" Elaine; "Yea, he is..." Dutch; "I can't remember, Dan, Dan was in here a couple of times and I suppose we'd better research and decide what we said."

Elaine; "I was gonna say, I didn't know this was going to come up today, so I haven't any idea of what might be in Bills files. If he wrote the letter." Jimmy; "Well I don't think we'd done anything fast..." NP; "We got the letter." Elaine; "You've got a letter? Who signed it? Jimmy." Dutch; "Well by the time Mr. Norris came in we hadn't heard from NP for a long time we had probably assumed there was word..." NP; "At one point, we were still waiting on the attorney, and then we understood there was a change in the attorney. And so we had to wait until the new attorney took over." Dutch; "We understand you waiting on the attorney, it's nothin new..." NP; "But as I recall we had some telephone conversations wondering when your county attorney was gonna..." Norris interrupts; "I think I can resolve this. Sell it to me and I'll sell them a piece at the same price as I paid for it." Dutch; "You would huh?" Norris; "I said it to me, and I'll sell them a piece, whatever they want, for the same price." Dutch; "Sell them half." Norris; "I have use for more than half, how much do you need?" NP; "About half. We were looking at 80 acres. What we have with the county, didn't have any expiration date or any big conditions on it. Simply, about the 80 acres."

Dave; "Dean, what would happen if we made a decision in two weeks from this date? Could we put you off another two weeks?" Norris; "Well you'll just put me off another two weeks. But I'm not just going to be available at that point and time. Dave; "You won't be?" Norris; "No." Jimmy; "The thing is, I think that maybe we can make some, some decisions based off this, this happening. There's no question we're gonna have to do some research, to see what our position is." Norris interrupts; "Make it contingent on whatever you want..." Jimmy interrupts; "That's what I'm talkin about..." Norris interrupts; "I need a decision Gentlemen, I really do. I think they do too." Dutch; "I'd just assume wait until, I'm really havin a, I'd really like to see something take place and do this. I'd like to do it, but I'm having a problem here with this ah..." Norris interrupts; "Well I intend to make it happen." Dutch; "It's just this situation where if those guys had been here next week, they'd been here job huntin..."

NP; "Well basically what happened with us is that we had gotten a letter from the Conservation district, and the water, and the utilities and then we had a letter from the County. In between, the County Attorney was supposed to prepare the Lease documents and the Options, and send those off to us for signature, and then in November there were elections...and then Hanse took off and that was that." Jimmy; "Well it was his fault." NP; "I think that the County Attorney should look at the correspondence from NP Energy and the County and decide on that." Elaine; "We ought to have the opportunity to at least, to see what we said in the minutes..." Jimmy interrupts; "Well, I agree to that, I agree to that." Dutch; "Can we do that right now? Can we, would it take..." Fran interrupts; "I'll be glad to go look." Elaine; "It may take us a while, you realize when we go skimming minutes..." Dutch interrupts; "Well, these guys have been waiting all day, I don't suppose they'd mind waiting another 20-30 minutes." Norris; "I'll wait here to midnight, and then I'll go get a motel room." Dutch; "Well I need to go to Salt Lake." Dave; "Let's find out what we need to find out so we can make a decision." Elaine; "NP energy of April, May, or June of 1986."

Commissioners move onto other business while Fran looks for the letter....

Dutch; "Is there a file in there that says NP Energy on it?" Elaine; "Do you want me to go to my office?" Jimmy; "Did Bill Benge ever send a letter?" NP; "The only letter we got was from you and we were waiting on Mr. Benge to send us an agreement." Elaine; "Who wrote the letter you signed?" Jimmy; "Oh, who wrote the letter?" Dutch; "Let's see what really came out of this. Sometimes it's hard to say what we're really talkin about. We go into a meeting, and we come back a week later and it's all different." Dave; "We have to read the minutes in the paper to find out what we did." NP; "It was in the newspaper by the way." Elaine; "It was in the newspaper?" NP; "Yes. I have a copy of the letter but it's in Grand Junction. We didn't think it would come up so fast, here today." Jimmy; "Well we wasn't too sure, was we." NP; "Well my basic concerns that we spent a year and a half on this thing, and now we have a plant and we're ready to go." Jimmy; "Well, we all understand how it is." NP; "Thanks Jim we really appreciate that, we really do. We've only been here for thirty years." Jimmy; "Well we're trying to figure out a way for you guys, you guys are gonna make a lot more money sellin your gas then you are..." NP interrupts; "Let me tell you what my concern is through this whole thing. You know we've been here along time, drilling wells, and doing business with the counties since the early fifties...just as it is we're having a hell of a time dealing with you gentlemen." Jimmy; "Just be patient, just be patient. If I'd have to give an impression with what we've got to put in there, you just want 10 acres, and an option to expand. If we can make a deal with this gentleman out here then you got an option to buy it from him for the same amount, you know. He's got 10 acres to spare. NP; "But do we have a choice on what 10 acres? But obviously the ideal situation is the proximity to rail and highway. Jimmy; "That's fine, let's ask him, that's fine...Hey Dean (in the hall)..." NP; "Did you find the letter." Fran; "Yea, I left it with the two Commissioners out there." Jimmy; "What did they say, is it junk or what?" Dutch; "The letter says..." (pause) Tape #3 ends at this point.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Bob,

I remember a while back when you declined to print my biting little satire about what to do with the rusty eyesore uranium mill that is the first thing most tourists see as they enter our trashed-up desert-oasis valley. You also chided me editorially for the anti-cow position I took in my tongue-in-cheek article about what to do with the ubiquitous cattle dung that defiles our otherwise pristine backcountry.

Now, you are rightfully lambasting the hell out of a toxic waste dump that doesn't even exist yet, and have had your nose fixed so you, too, can smell the megatons of cow flop that pave our meadows and canyons and pollute our streams and springs.

Congratulations on your philosophical progress. Would you like to reconsider my little piece on how to recycle the Atlas mill, before it's too late and they tear it down?

More or less sincerely,

Frank Cox

p.s. Keep up the good work. Your paper illustrates how some of us, and the rest of the world, view our local establishment -- more than a little crooked, incompetent and unethical, in a quaint, rustic, archaic and even humorous way.

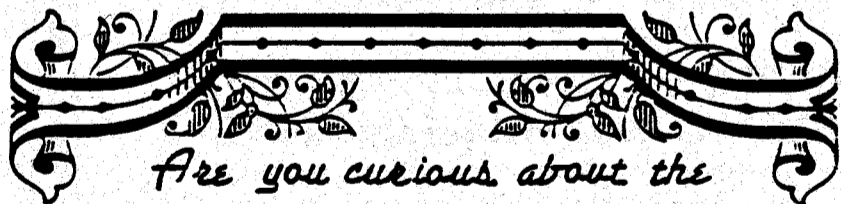
To The Editor In Reference To Dudek's Story, Sort Of,

As to satire about feminism, I would like to classify myself in the following way: 1. A human being 2. Female 3. A fairly reliable and good friend 4. A potential stand-up comedian & maybe children's story writer 5. Bum.

To comment on feminism as a cause or whatever, they (the feminists) have some extremely valid points & gripes about our equality in life, work and on an individual, one-to-one basis. It is on this point I'd like to say that I do not consider myself a feminist but deal with people on an individual basis. I'm not interested in what sex a person is that I am talking to, it's the total package -- not to get too cosmic (barf!) but it's the soul and total person that matters. Male or female, there's good & bad, jerks & turds, nipple noses & whore lips -- and people I admire like a maniac & would like to have their strengths where I am weak.

Women, please try to search out the good in a person & don't go out of your way to condemn and you'll feel better, but it's only my opinion. What the hell do I know? But male-bashing won't get you anywhere and like my friend Rick says -- you'll look like a female chauvinist.

I go back & forth on the issue of all types of satire, jokes in good & bad taste (if there is such a thing). You wonder as you chuckle at an Ethiopian joke why you're being so unbelievably callous & insensitive.



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AN OPEN LETTER FROM EDWARD ABBEY

To The Wild Wonted Women of Moab, Utah

Dear Sirs:

Your "Open Letter" to me was noted and much appreciated. Believe me, I have been trying for years to get a vasectomy but my public simply will not permit it. Last time I even reached my physician's operating table but as she examined me, wondering why I'd never been circumcised and then going further to make sure everything was in good functioning order, at that climactic moment another mob of tearful young women burst into the room and carried me off, begging to "have my baby," as you ladies say. So... what could I do? I haven't even been allowed to make a deposit in a sperm bank; flinging their skirts in the air, the tellers hurl their bodies in my path, causing me to stumble and fall, over and over again.

Sincerely,
Edward Abbey
Oracle, Arizona

Americans tend to make jokes of and laugh at things they are: 1. afraid of 2. don't understand and 3. too grim, bleak, hopeless to face or do something about. My personal reaction to the day-to-day horrors in the world is to block it out & try to do less harm than good in my own life. This qualifies me as a weak person -- one who does not get involved, have a cause, or gives a shit. My, I feel much better about myself now! But in a weak person's defense all I can say is sometimes you get an over-load too overwhelmed (or underwhelmed) to cope. So there's humor to keep me (in)sane & ignorance to keep me blissful!


Signed,

Eve Norton, Coffee Achiever & Mostly Unmotivated Gypsy,
Pueblo, CO

Robert,

Congratulations on your third year in print. The paper just seems to get better and better. Where else can you find such information, artistic creativity, and amusement for only .35¢? Your article in Meanders was right on the money. Keep up the good work.

As the battle of the sexes rages on, it seems to me that a new idea of relations is emerging which is based on each person being whole within him or herself. Internally each person is a fully balanced feminine/masculine being. We all need to develop those qualities into strong positive, independent traits. We will not become androgenous but more complete, complimenting our own sex.



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The strongly separated roles of men and women have begun to shift. In the past our relationships have been based on domination, dependency & a need to control. Inevitably this leads to resentment & anger, most of which is repressed for fear of losing the other person. This doesn't happen with fully developed, independent people.

If you are attracted to a person on a deep level, that person is a mirror of yourself, you recognize that the basis of a relationship is to learn about yourself & deepen your connection with the universe. Healthy relationships are based not on need but passion & excitement in sharing the journey into becoming a whole person.

To the women who published the "Slinking Dessert Glace" [Where are the names?] I see they do not find it difficult to behave like men, but they have found it extremely difficult to behave like gentlemen.

On finding where we stand, William Faulkner put it this way: "The ideal woman which in every man's mind, is evoked by a word or phrase or the shape of her wrist, her hand. The most beautiful description of a woman is by understatement. Remember all Tolstoy ever said to describe Anna Karenina was that she was beautiful & could see in the dark like a cat. Every man has a different idea of what is beautiful, and it is best to take the gesture, the shadow of the branch, & let the mind create the tree."

Skeeter

To The Editor,

Please inform the disgruntled female activists in Moab that the men of Skagway support them 100% in their quest for equal rights.

In fact, we'd like to see them move up here for the winter.

As President of the Skaywegian Bachelor Society, I'm empowered to offer financial assistance to any adult female under forty wishing to do so.

In Skagway, men respect women for what they are, not ... what they think they should be.

We deal in realities up here. We believe everyone has the right (especially women) to be equal. We want to help the women of Grand County in their righteous quest for fulfillment.

We feel that spending a winter in Alaska is the one true way to enlightenment.

If anyone's interested, they should write the S.B.S. in care of: Buckwheat Donahue, Box 478, Skagway, AK 99840.

Plutonically yours,

Buckwheat

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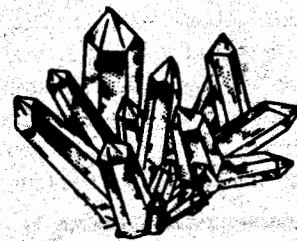
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