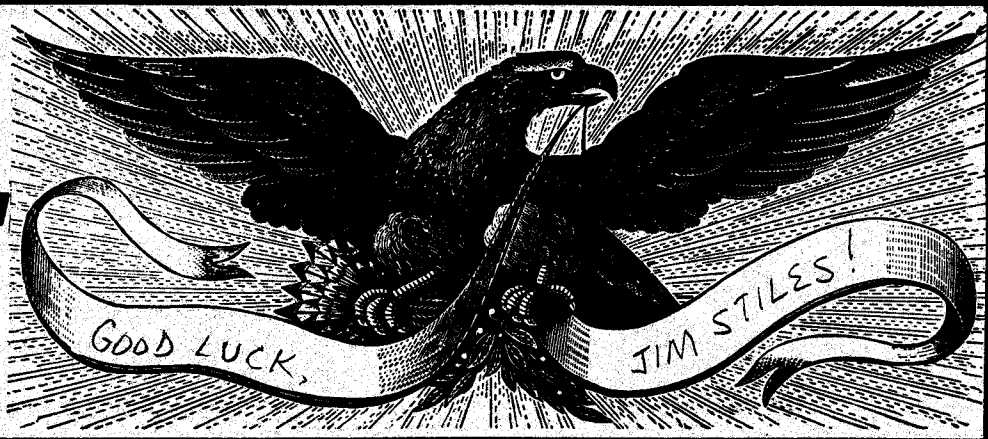


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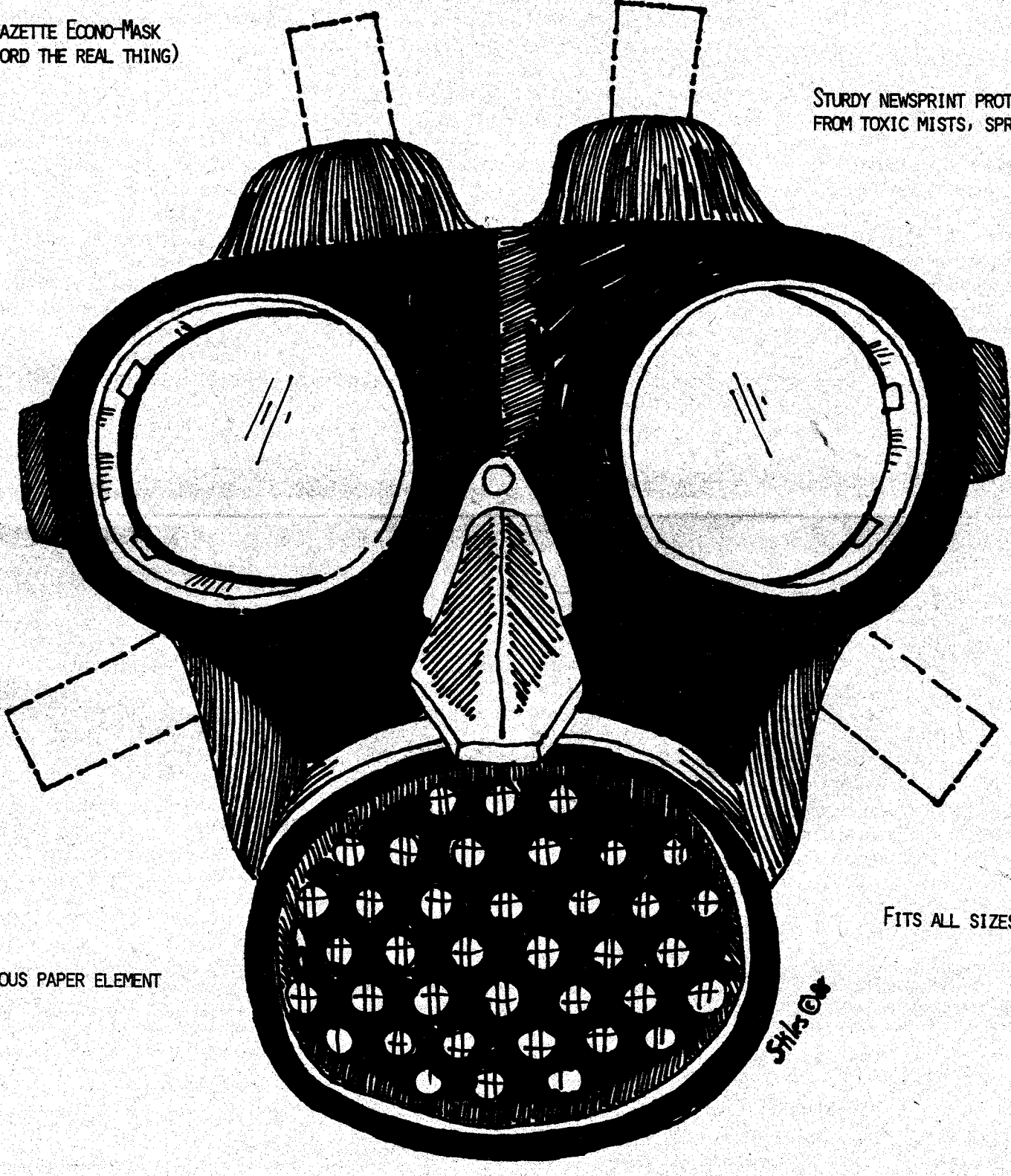
Moab, Utah

Vol. 3 35¢ No. 4

Nov. 1988

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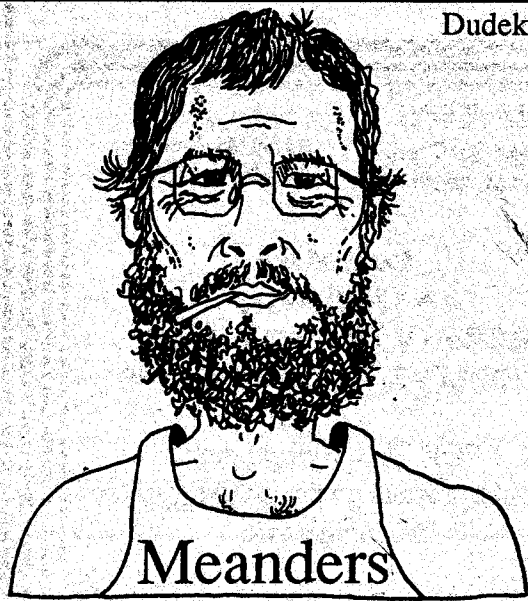
NON-POROUS PAPER ELEMENT

FITS ALL SIZES

SCENIC HIGHWAY #128 TRAVEL EQUIPMENT

CLIP AND SAVE (JUST IN CASE)

Dudek



Well, we're down to the nubs. On November 8 the citizens of Grand County will decide the issue of whether or not the proposed toxic waste incinerators ought to be built between Arches Park and the Colorado River, in the town of Cisco.

Readers of this mostly silly but partly serious journal know how we stand on the issue and the reasons behind our position. From the start we've protested the way our incumbent commissioners have railroaded the project into the community without regard for the fact that it would bring in to this area that which most folks came here to leave behind.

It is our naive belief that elected county commissioners should place fairness first on their list of legislative ethics. Objectivity second. Openness third.

Furthermore, they should be receptive to the desires and attitudes of all of the people in the county. No one in their right mind would suggest that every whim and notion of every citizen be heard and given equal consideration. On the other hand, one cringes in disbelief when the wishes of a large proportion of our residents (likely a majority) are dismissed as obstructionism.

In a democracy, citizens have a right to a "level playing field," an unslanted arena in which a fair competition between conflicting ideas can take place. In fact, the struggle for that right is as important as the issues to be decided. And struggle it is, for nowhere is the field perfectly level. Only in principle. But that principle is the foundation of our system and the fulcrum point for ideological balance.

Grand County government is tipped and imbalanced toward the development of these toxic waste incinerators - standing on end, in fact.

Even if the ballots favor the incinerators, the fact remains that a significant concern of a large sector of the local populace was dismissed with prejudice by their government.

Granted, to the commissioners this prejudice is noble in its basic assumption: High-minded ideals of preserving the canyonlands are petty and selfish when families are facing financial ruin in this town.

And it's damned hard to argue against any kind of economic development, even toxic waste incinerators, when the person you are arguing with is worried about losing everything he has worked for, and has close friends to whom this has already happened. And he thinks that the incinerators might get something started again.

To make matters worse, the tourist industry is booming, and many critics of the incinerator are doing OK financially right now. Ergo, we seem unsympathetic to the real suffering felt in the depressed energy-related sector of our economy.

Who's to blame for the sorrow? Ask the people in Houston, Denver, Duchesne.... They will not target the gentle canyon-lovers of Moab for their woes. They know that cataclysmic shifts in the international energy market over the last twelve years wreaked most of the damage.

It's only a hard irony that those who avoided the big wage jobs in the seventies, to work out in the canyons or at related jobs in the tourist sector, have felt the pinch the least. Their wages have steadily increased, mostly because there was only one direction for them to go. Wages were so bad that getting through the winter was a true test of your love for the area, and one was often not alone while checking out the condition of the day-old produce in the dumpster behind the market. Wages are still meager, but the once-scoffed-at industry is worth millions annually to this town and the trickle down has helped the picture enormously over all. This shouldn't have come as any surprise really, since every economic forecast over the last 15 years has pointed to tourism as our most promising industry.

The other big development in the local economic picture is the growing influx of people investing in local real estate. This is probably the only area in the country where the economy is depressed and home sales are booming. This trend speaks of the coming migration of urban people sick of the toxicity and the

The Stinking Desert Gazette

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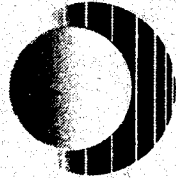
stress of city life. They are looking for a natural setting with a clean environment. And there's our greatest asset. They want to relocate themselves and their businesses to cleaner areas.

What determines the value of something? Demand, pure and simple. As we've said before, on a planet where over-population has trashed most of its surface with the sprawl of civilization and related pollution, there is a growing demand for pure environments with clean water and healthy air. And the demand can only grow as the situation gets worse.

So, if Grand County can keep its act clean, its future is bright and secure. Our incumbent commissioners don't understand this security and would like to usher in a new age of smokestacks, but smokestacks of a new and more dangerous kind.

The commissioners have fallen over themselves to welcome an industry that sensible people all over the country have rejected. And in return they are willing to jeopardize the safe environment that we count upon to insure our future economic well-being, not to mention our physical health and safety.

They are entitled to their opinion on the subject, but their first duty should have been to find out the will of the people in the matter. In this most elementary and important idea of democracy, they failed. And we would have failed as citizens if we hadn't protested and demanded a ballot referendum.



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County Attorney's Efforts Rewarded

By Jon Rotten

"Shall Section 2-5-12-C.2 of Grand County Ordinance #134, passed Jan. 25, 1988, providing for the permitting as a special use in an I-2 heavy industrial zone, incineration of controlled combustion process, for the disposition of hazardous waste, be rescinded?"

County Attorney Elaine Croaks, known locally as Grandma, was in the news again last week. It was announced that she is to receive the Distinguished Achievement Award from the American Legalbabble Attorney Society (ALAS), in recognition of her fine work on the wording of the Grand County Hazardous Waste Referendum ballot. Once a relatively simple statement, it has now been rendered in a garbled form that is nearly incomprehensible to voters, with the additional distinction of making English teachers from the 6th grade up feel faint upon reading it.

Society President Awl Screwdup was positively beaming as he announced the award. "This referendum ballot wording is a gem, a classic," he gushed. "She has not only left out a key word (non-accessory) that might otherwise make the referendum's purpose (to eliminate from the I-2 zoning only the commercial incineration of imported hazardous waste) too clear, but she has also displayed astonishing creativity in the use of sentence structure and prepositions to fashion a statement that makes almost no sense to anyone."

Screwdup finished by saying, "Our disdain for straightforward ideas, simple statements, and basic grammar are well known. This shows

the kind of progress that can be realized when government officials and attorneys work together."

The joy was by no means universal, however. The confusing language which so delighted ALAS has irritated numerous citizens who have made up their minds on the basic issue and simply want to feel confident that they are expressing themselves properly at the polling place. Local resident and voter P. Lain Speekin was candid in expressing his dismay to a Gazette reporter. "What is this? Why all the gobbledygook? Why take a basic question and dress it all up in a bunch of useless words that just confuse everyone? It's good to be able to confuse an enemy maybe, but voters are not the enemy." Another local citizen, Ben Hadd, eloquently summed up voter sentiment by saying, "This is all a bunch of horsefeathers. And I don't mean feathers."

We at the Gazette agree with Lain and Ben, and as a voter service we would like to restate the simple nature of the referendum vote. If you want the incinerator, vote against the referendum. If you do not want the incinerator in Grand County, vote for the referendum.

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HAZARDOUS WASTE REFERENDUM

GRAND COUNTY REFERENDUM QUESTION

Shall Section 2-5-12-C.2. of Grand County Ordinance No. 134, passed January 25, 1988, providing for the permitting as a special use in an I-2 Heavy Industrial Zone, incineration of controlled combustion process, for the disposition of hazardous waste, be rescinded?

FOR

AGAINST

CUT ME OUT & TAKE ME TO THE POLLS ON NOV. 8

GRAND COUNTY ALLIANCE

"CUT, PERFECT, LET'S DO IT AGAIN."

on the set of a vampire movie

by Jim Stiles

Ever since I bought my "weathered-look" leather flight jacket a few years ago, I've always felt a little self-conscious about it. I've explained it away by trying to convince my friends that the jacket once belonged to Joseph Kennedy, Jr. and that I in fact am the re-incarnated being of President Kennedy's older brother. But it's been a hard sell.

Now at long last, I think I've found "my people." Not only can I wear my jacket without feeling ostentatious, I can even turn up the collar a la James Dean, and no one bats an eyelash. Of course a lot of cows gave their lives so that the entire cast and crew of "SUNDOWN: The Vampire in Retreat" could be attired in distressed leather, but the sacrifice, while not worth it to the bovines, has certainly brought me a degree of security. At last I'm with "my own kind" on the set of a vampire movie.

It is very strange out there "on the set." I pulled up the other night in the dark to watch a few scenes being shot in an empty metal warehouse, just south of town. A big, burley security guy stopped me as I climbed out of my car.

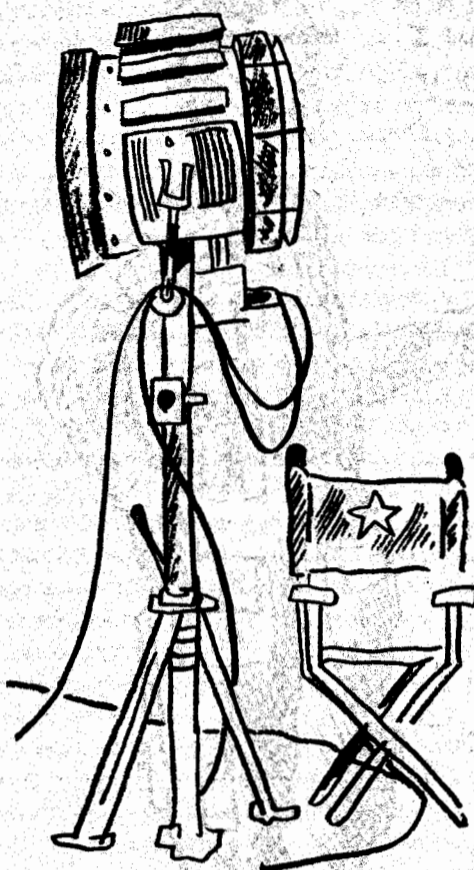
"This is a closed set," he advised me.

I explained to him that I was here to write a story for The Stinking Desert Gazette, but he was not impressed. Finally, I lied and told him that I was Vanessa Pierson's uncle ... that changed everything. "Oh? Vanessa's uncle? Well, certainly. Vanessa is right over there in that trailer. Go right ahead."

I eyed him coldly. "That kid's going to be a star, and I'm her uncle. Don't forget that."

I felt like I'd just shown the GateKeeper of Oz my ruby slippers, and now suddenly it was perfectly alright to see the wizard. "That's a horse of a different color," he said. "Come on in. Come on in." One minute before, I was just another nosey interloper; now I was Vanessa Pierson's uncle, and she was my pair of ruby slippers.

I found Vanessa in the trailer with her Mother Yvonne Rene "Skeeter" Pierson (There was no sign of her sister, "Gator"). Vanessa had become a horse of a different color herself. The part called for the kid who is really blonde, to be a brunette, so the hairdressers had put some sort of rinse to achieve the desired look. But every time I saw her, Vanessa's hair was a different color. The first



day, it almost had a gray tint, and I was fearful the kid was prematurely aging from this new jet set life-style. The next night it was a sort of purplish-blue, and I wondered if my dear old Aunt Elizabeth from Kentucky had been sharing her hair dye secrets with the movie people. On this particular night, it had a pinkish hue to it. Very nice.

Sitting next to Vanessa, was the film's star Morgan Brittany. As the evil Katherine Wentworth on "Dallas" she once ran over Bobby Ewing and squashed him flat as a spatula, but as we all know, she didn't squash him flat enough. He came back a year later in Pam's shower stall, and wrote the whole think off as a bad dream. A bad dream, indeed.

As for Morgan Brittany, well ... she's very attractive. Extremely attractive. And she's much more pleasant than Katherine Wentworth. She explained to me that she was "acting" evil -- it's her job. I did hear that she wanted to beat up the producer, but from what I understand, he would have probably deserved it. One

thing about Morgan Brittany surprised me. From watching her on television, I had assumed she was quite tall, maybe five-nine, five-ten. I was surprised to see that she wasn't very tall at all. In fact, she was only two feet high -- a tiny little woman. They make her look tall with mirrors and unusual camera angles.

(No..No..I'm only kidding. Morgan's pituitary glands work just fine. She is not a midget.)

A hairdresser came in. She fussed over Vanessa's hair and then ran out the door in search of someone else's follicles to fondle. I asked for a trim around the ears, but she stared at me blankly and kept moving. A lot of hairdressers have passed through this movie production. On my first visit to the set, there appeared to be some kind of hairdressers' war being waged. The two women did not like each other. One got the other fired; then they both got fired. I hated to see the tiny-waisted woman in black leave town, at least without the opportunity to measure her abdomen. I had returned to the set with a tape measure and was crushed to find her departed. Besides, I had a five dollar bet with a grip that she'd measure in under twenty inches.



But what was a grip? I'd always wondered what these grips did. Or a gaffer. One day Jack Jones explained the whole thing to me....

"OK, on the production crew, you've got all

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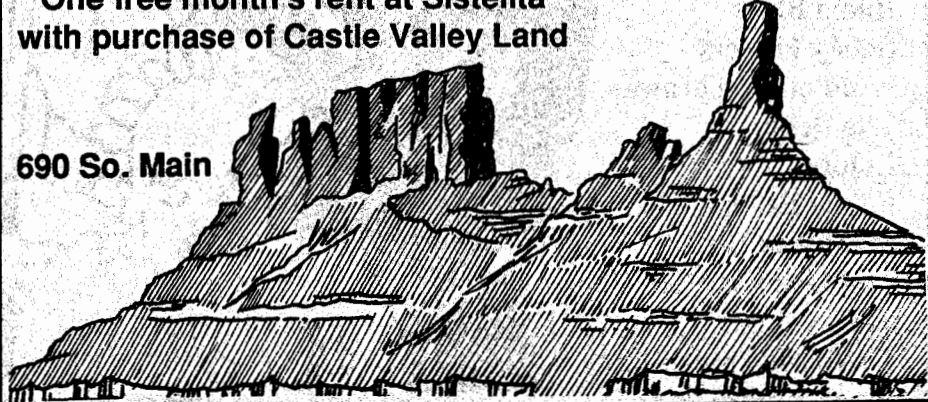


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kinds of people running around. The director tells the first assistant director to do something. It's the first assistant director's job to tell the second assistant director what the director wants. The second assistant director tries to find the second second assistant director to pass along the first assistant directors's instructions regarding the needs of the director. Finally, the second second assistant director will find a grip, the guys who do all the work, and the grip goes out and does what the director told the first assistant director to do twenty minutes ago."

"Well," I said, this is all good news. Now I understand perfectly. But tell me Jack, what do you do?"

Jack Jones has this great maniacal grin. "Don't ask," he said, and headed for the caterers wagon. I forgot to ask him about gaffers.

After several visits to various production sites, I learned that from the actor's point of view the roughest part of the job is waiting for the production crew to get the sets ready for filming. It means a lot of time spent in trailers and portable dressing rooms reading books, listening to music, and more often, complaining about the delays.

A poor, victimized second assistant director named Seth seemed to bear the brunt of the heat and the wrath from the cast. Sent by the director to advise actors of time schedules, he seemed to deliver a continuing wealth of misinformation and deception through no fault of his own. It would go like this:

Knock on the door ... it's Seth.

"OK guys -- makeup time; let's hurry. We'll be going soon."

The actors (most of them) dutifully report to makeup. They return to their dressing rooms and wait for the call. Comes a knock on the door ... Seth again.

"Five minutes."

Ten minutes later, Seth returns.

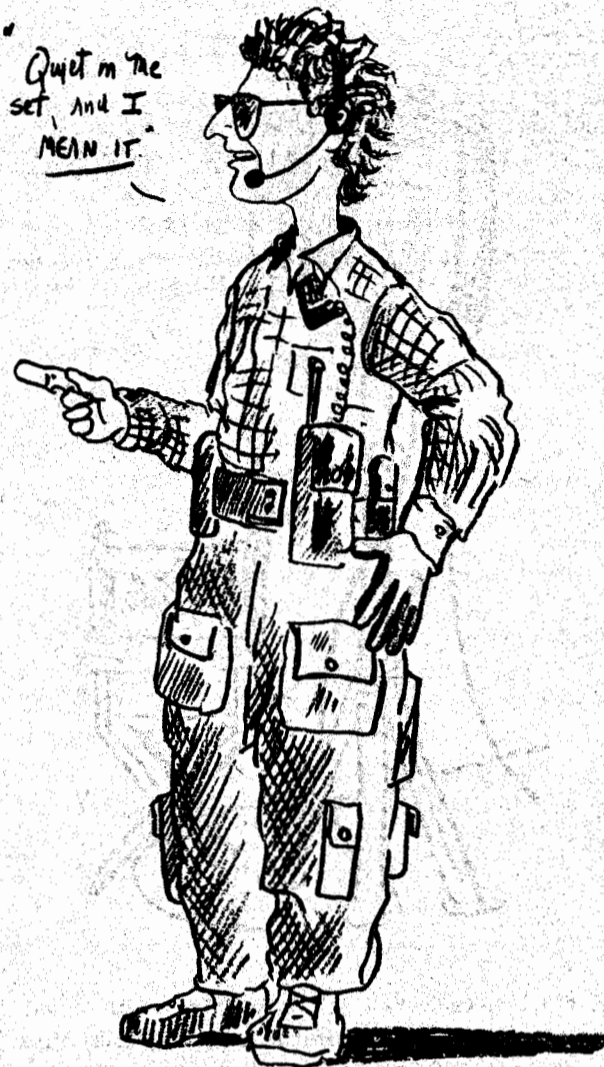
"OK, maybe 10 minutes at the most."

Twenty minutes later. Who else.

"Well, he says a little embarrassingly, "it looks like maybe thirty minutes."

Forty-five minutes later, a beleaguered Seth finally has good news: "We're ready." But by

now, nobody believes him and nobody hurries. Pretty soon, we hear Tony the director, or his first assistant calling on the two-way radio that is always wired to poor old Seth.



"Seth. We need them now! Do you hear us Seth? Oh Seth, do you hear us?"

Seth is a patient kid. I fully expected him to take that omnipresent radio head set and wrap it around the neck of good old Tony, but either Seth is a very patient man or he is operating under very heavy medication.

At 9 p.m., David Carradine arrived. Carradine moves slowly; he speaks slowly -- he doesn't walk, he floats. If you just watched

his head you'd think he wasn't moving his feet at all, that he was mounted to some unseen track and was sliding along on oiled rails.

Carradine rolled over to the formerly empty metal warehouse in which an elaborate interior set had been constructed. In fact, carpenters and painters had put the final touches on it just hours before, and now the place reeked of noxious fumes. After a few minutes inside, the cast and crew began to get dizzy. Carradine smiled, inhaled deeply and said to no one in particular, "I believe this is better than Johnny Walker."

In one particular scene, Erin Courlay who plays Vanessa's younger sister, has a long exchange of lines with Carradine. The kid had her lines memorized right down to the subtle nuances and delivered them flawlessly.

"Cut," said the director. "Let's go again."

Erin did it again. And again. Meanwhile, from my viewpoint at least, Morgan was beginning to show the effects of lacquer paint poisoning, and Vanessa who was supposed to look terrified, appeared to be dozing off.

"Cut," said Tony. This went on for another thirty minutes. Sherry Griffith, from the film commission came by and heard someone express concern about the paint fumes. She saw Carradine and sought his opinion.

"Do you think the fumes are bad," she asked, "or is everything OK?"

Carradine smiled dreamily and replied, "The fumes are really bad. And everything is OK."

Erin finally did a take that Tony liked. Vanessa managed to look appropriately frightened, and Morgan didn't get sick. At midnight, I decided I'd had enough of this fast lane living; I turned the collar down on my leather jacket and prepared to leave. As I headed out the door, I saw Vanessa sitting in a canvas back chair, her name emblazoned on the back.

"Nice acting tonight, Vanessa," I said.

"Thanks," she answered.

"Hey Jim," she continued. Let's do lunch ... I'll have my service call your service." She was grinning from ear to ear.

Good God, I thought. By the time this kid is twelve, she's going to be impossible.

"Beautiful," I replied. "Beautiful."

The MOVIES



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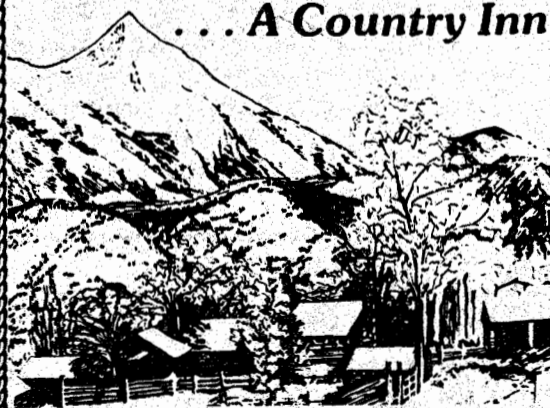
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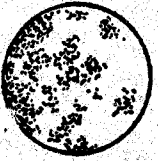


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The Incineration of Environmental Amenities

By Lance Christie



Dr. Arden Pope is a professor of economics at Brigham Young University. He has done extensive work on public attitudes towards environmental and economic issues in Utah. In doing so, he has defined an "opinion package" on a variety of issues. "Knee-jerk anti-environmentalists" display one pattern of opinions on these issues, while "knee-jerk environmentalists" display the opposite set of opinions. As he said to a cattlegrower's meeting, "Cow First! anti-environmentalists are as big a bunch of jerks as Earth First! environmentalists."

What Dr. Pope has observed is that knee-jerk anti-environmentalism is a rural mind-set associated with experiencing "environmental amenities" as an unlimited birthright.

When people move to an urban area or otherwise come to the realization that environmental amenities (e.g., clean air, clean water, open space, wildlife) are scarce and getting scarcer they tend to switch over to embracing the knee-jerk environmentalist package of opinions.

Dr. Pope (himself a Bishop) points out that urban Mormons are as environmentalist as anyone else. This explains such BYU research findings that 79% of a statewide sample of Utahns favor more wilderness designation - a lot more, and are willing to pay higher costs for goods and services to get it. The underlying issue is preserving environmental amenities from loss. The vast majority of the Utah public sees that environmental amenities are getting scarcer, and therefore more valuable in real economic terms.

This brings us to the non-accessory (commercial) hazardous waste incinerator in Cisco. The nucleus of support for the incinerator in Grand County seems to come from folks who check off on Dr. Pope's opinion package as "knee-jerk anti-environmentalists." In fact, knee-jerk environmentalists seem an endangered species in Moab, and the knee-jerk anti-environmentalists are fading fast. Something far more interesting and exciting is going on.

I suspect that, if you tested Moabites on

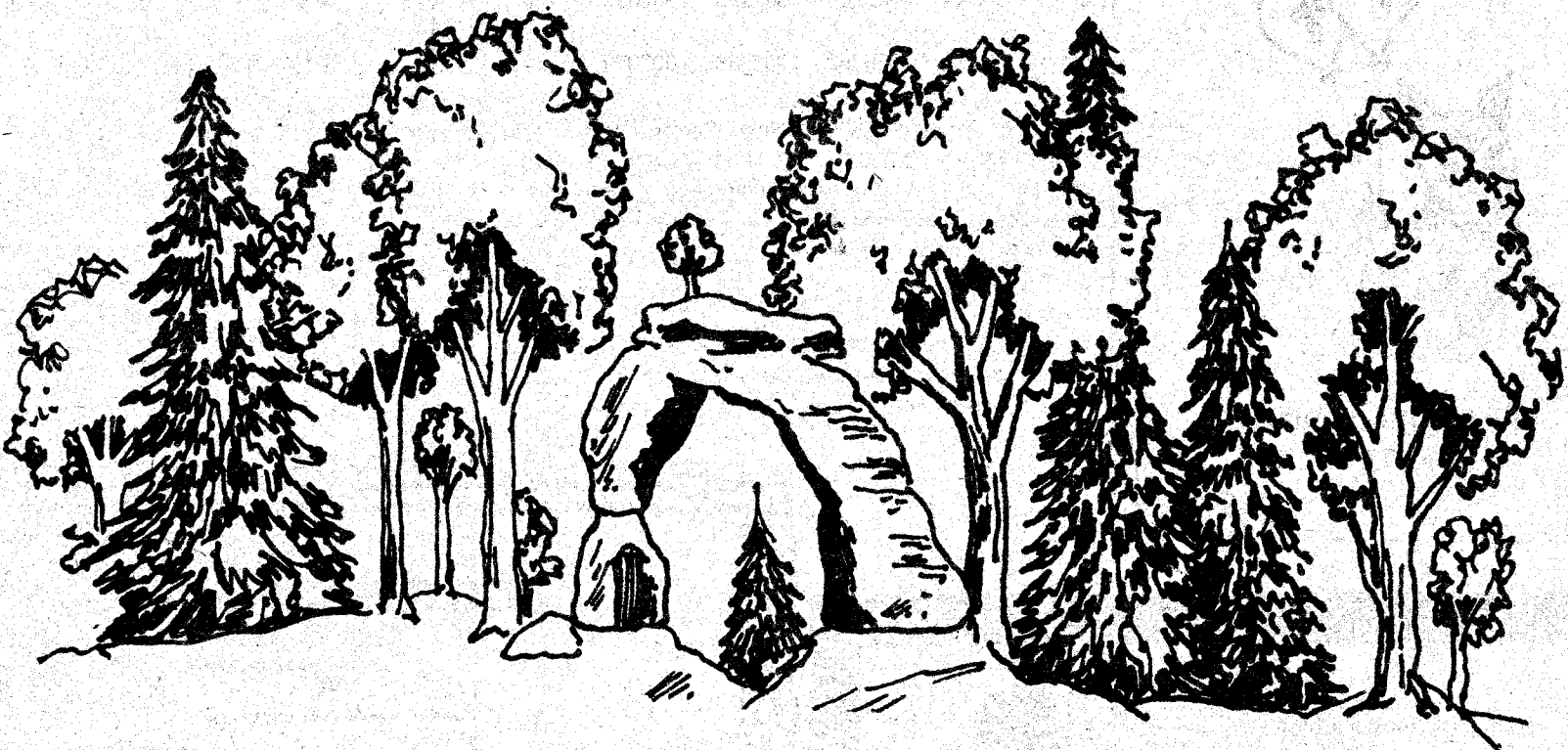
Dr. Pope's opinion package, you'd find that the majority don't come out as jerks in either direction. It seems that a wide range of folks here have figured out that the canyon country of which Moab is the living heart is a unique treasure of environmental amenities, and that these are valuable.

Opposition to the incinerator arises from the realization that a polluting industry draws down our asset base of environmental amenities without adequate compensation. I submit that opposition to siting a non-accessory incinerator comes from rational economic sense. We can attract industries here through marketing of our environmental amenities. We should target industries that don't consume those environmental amenities.

The argument is still being advanced that a commercial incinerator will not consume environmental amenities. Horsefeathers. Here's why, in summary: In the U.S., there are currently about 360 incinerators licensed under the federal Resource Conservation and Recovery Act to burn hazardous wastes. Of these, 347 are "accessory" to waste-producers, and are not as a group associated with problems or complaints. 13 are "non-accessory" like the one proposed for Cisco, and here one finds the complaints. Non-accessory incinerators import a witch's brew of chemicals from all over the world to burn in a design that can burn anything but doesn't fit anything very well.

Accessory incinerators are run by companies

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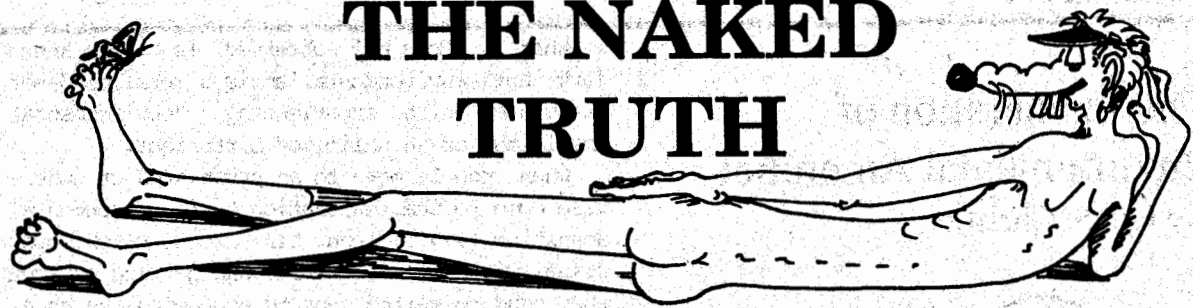
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that produce and sell products. They have a lot to lose if they harm their neighbors. The whole setup in Cisco limit's the proponents' liability.

Cisco Joint Venture is set up to actually run the incinerator, Lee Torrens told us. CJV is owned by CoWest Incineration, a new corporation of which Dean Norris is principal stockholder, and Catalyst Waste-To-Energy Corp. which is one of 34 stairstep corporations held by Catalyst Energy Corporation, which has a 3:1 debt-to-asset ratio according to Standard and Poor, 1987. Norris worked for the EPA for 12 years as a legislative liason before leaving to form Co-West; a legislative liason is essentially a public relations person. Catalyst Waste-To-Energy is involved in two municipal garbage incinerators. These are business people who are promoting a venture they hope will make them money. They seem to know very little about the technicalities or business of hazardous waste incineration. Setting up stairstep organizational chains to limit liability in the case of disaster is wise under these circumstances.

And what is wise for us in Grand County? Whether you view our environmental amenities as sacred, the object of stewardship responsibilities, or simply a giant bank account, protecting them against gratuitous degradation is both moral and rational.

THE NAKED TRUTH



Dutch's Fairy Tales

In a recent ad, Commissioner Dutch Zimmerman boasted that property taxes went down between 1985 and 1987. This is not true. The taxes on your home steadily rose in those years. The assessed value of your home was not adjusted even though it lost market value. Instead of giving you tax relief during tough times, the commissioners raised your taxes.

RATES:	1985	1986	1987	% INCREASE
Moab	.013614	.015195	.016013	18%
Span. Val.	.012906	.013713	.014625	13%
Castle Val.	.011826	.012364	.013046	10%
Thompson	.010228	.010773	.011587	13%
Elgin	.010764	.011318	.012226	14%

At the candidate's forum, Dutch admitted that your taxes did go up! He then blamed this problem on the schools and other special services. He claimed that the tax for basic county services was lowered. Sorry Dutch, you're wrong again. You raised that tax significantly during those years.

TAX RATE	1985	1986	1987	INCREASE
General				
County Serv.	.002210	.002335	.002610	18%
School Dist.	.006762	.007038	.007079	5%

Dutch's claim that less taxes have been collected is correct. Due to decreased activity in the oil and mining industries, less taxes have been collected by Grand County. WHY IS HE PROUD OF THIS?

Dutch set the rates for 1988 higher yet. However, some homeowners will see some tax relief during this election year because the County Assessor did reassess the value of your home to reflect its loss in market value.

Dutch Deals With The School Board

In 1986 State Representative David Adams started work on a law that would return some of the Utah mineral leasing taxes to the rural counties from which they came. For two years the educational community in Moab helped him in his efforts.

Dave was finally successful in this year's session of the State Legislature. The law reads that some of the allocated monies shall go to the school district or other needs. At first, Commissioners Jimmie Walker and Dutch Zimmerman denied the existence of these monies. Now they will not promise to release these monies to the schools.

On October 19th, they went before the school Board and talked about this issue and the toxic waste incinerator. "I'm trying to strike a bargain with you," said Commissioner Zimmerman. "My deal is this, you support me on these issues."

In return, the commission would try to get more money for the schools.

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A TIME TO REMEMBER

a quarter century after the assassination of President Kennedy

by Jim Stiles

On November 22, 1963, the President of the United States paced irritably across the carpet of his hotel room, a copy of The Dallas Morning News clutched in his hand. To his aid Kes O'Donnell, he asked quietly, "Can you imagine a paper doing something like that?" He had just seen a vicious full page ad, ominously bordered in black and paid for by ultra-conservative H.L. Hunt. It accused President John F. Kennedy of being "soft on Communists" and suggested he was a Communist himself.

His wife entered the room and saw the ad;

servative factions of his party. In a state that would be vital to a 1964 re-election victory.

At 11:20 a.m., the President and his First Lady boarded Air Force One for a short flight from Ft. Worth to Dallas, thirty miles east. Twenty minutes later the big Boeing 707 touched down at Love Field. The door opened and the Kennedys appeared at the top of the ramp. Jacqueline was wearing a bright pink dress with a black collar. It was her first public appearance since her baby Patrick had died shortly

"hard-hitting" speech against the reactionary right that was so critical of his administration. In ultra-conservative Dallas, such a stand was no less than courageous.

The motorcade made its way through downtown Dallas. The crowd that had turned out to greet the Kennedys was fantastic — an estimated quarter of a million people lined the streets. The enthusiasm was more than anyone had hoped for. Along Mockingbird Lane, Father Oscar Huber, a Catholic priest, stood with some young men from his parish. "Don't kid me," he teased

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 MOTORCADE TODAY IN DOWNTOWN DALLAS.
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she felt sick. "You know," he said to Jacqueline Kennedy, "we're heading into nut country today." He continued to pace the floor, then turned and shrugged, "Last night would have been a hell of a night to assassinate a President." The time was 9:45 a.m.

Seven hundred miles to the northeast at Highland Junior High in Louisville, Kentucky, I squirmed in my seat in ninth grade English, wishing I was someplace else. I was a new student at this school; in two months I hadn't made many friends, and I just wanted out of there. But on this dismal, gray morning, I took comfort in knowing it was Friday. If I could survive Mrs. Yeager's fifth period geometry, I could coast through French and look forward to the weekend. As I sat in the hardback desk, I never gave the President of the United States a thought; I doubt if any of my classmates did either. Or the teachers. I doubt that anyone even knew he was in Texas, trying to patch up a political quarrel between the liberal and con-

after birth in August. But she was exuberant and looked forward to actively campaigning with her husband in the coming months. As they walked down the steps to greet the thousands of people who had come to welcome them, the President's personal assistant and long-time friend Dave Powers watched Mr. & Mrs. Kennedy waving to the crowd; he remarked to no one in particular, "They look like Mr. & Mrs. America."

The large Presidential limousine, an open top Lincoln, code-named by the Secret Service SSI00X, pulled up beside the President. Mr. & Mrs. Kennedy were to sit in the rear seats. Governor and Mrs. Conally sat directly in front of them in temporary jump seats. Two secret service agents, William Greer, the driver, and Ray Kellerman sat up front. At 11:55 a.m., the motorcade left Love Field. Its destination, thirty-five minutes away, was the Dallas Trade Mart, where the President was to deliver a

them. "You're not here to see the President. It's Jackie you want to see." The limousine approached, and President Kennedy, perhaps spotting the priest's clerical collar, turned and smiled directly at Father Huber. It had made his day.

SSI00X turned off Main Street onto Houston. Looming directly ahead was the Texas School Book Depository, a six story brick textbook warehouse situated just five minutes from their destination. Mrs. Connally, impressed by the remarkable turn-out in this conservative city, turned in her seat to address the President.

"You certainly can't say Dallas doesn't love you today, Mr. President."

"No, you can't," he beamed as he continued to wave to the crowd.

At Highland Junior High School, I suffered through Plane Geometry. Mrs. Yeager, a dowdy old maid who took delight in making her students squirm, had called my friend to the blackboard to work a problem. He was obviously unprepared and didn't have a clue as to what he was doing. But he tried to fake it, and only made things worse. For him, that is; for the rest of us, he was a saviour, burning up time and getting us closer to the end of the hour. Finally, the bell rang and I breathed a sigh of relief. I headed up the marble steps to Miss Zilhart's French class. One more hour until the

weekend; I'd survived another week at that miserable school.

At twenty-five minutes past the hour, the intercom came on. We could hear the magnified sounds of muffled voices and crackling papers. Finally, the voice of the principal, Mr. Stevenson came on the air. I remember his exact words:

"Students and faculty, I have some terrible news — our President is dead ..."

In that instant before he continued, I could not grasp what he meant. Did he mean our student council president? Tom Dorman was dead? I thought of the slippery marble steps at the old school and in a few milliseconds conjured the image of Tom Dorman falling and breaking his neck on those treacherous stairs.

But Mr. Stevenson continued: "President Kennedy was shot and killed as he toured downtown Dallas in an open limousine. The Governor of Texas was also shot and seriously wounded." He then asked the school to pray for President Kennedy and his family, and for the country.

No one in my class could talk. We just stared at each other. Miss Zilhart tried to continue the class. She was writing something on the chalkboard, but the chalk dropped from her hand and she stared at the green slate board. She struggled to talk, to explain to us what we had all just heard. She was after all our teacher — but she couldn't. There was no explanation. There still isn't.

My neighbor's mother picked several of us up after school. Everyone was crying or in shock. When I got home, I raced upstairs where I found my Mother sobbing in front of the TV. There were the familiar faces of Chet Huntley and David Brinkley, normally implacable, now dissolving on camera. Slowly, we learned the details of the assassination as absolute bedlam broke out in Dallas.

We learned how he'd been shot as he passed beneath the Texas School Book Depository. We learned that the shots had come from the sixth floor of that building. A sniper's nest had been found, and a high-powered rifle was discovered hidden behind some crates.

We learned of the frantic race to Parkland Memorial Hospital, as Mrs. Kennedy cradled the President's head on her blood-soaked lap. Of the heroic but hopeless efforts of the hospital's surgical staff to save the life of the most powerful man on the face of the earth.

A call went out for blood. And then for a priest. The Last Rites of the Roman Catholic Church were administered shortly after 1 p.m. For the second time in an hour, Father Oscar Huber gazed at the face of the President of The United States.

That night my family went to my grandparents' house for dinner. Again, the adults seemed to want to explain all this to my little brother and I, but could not. In the living room, the television stayed on, and when we heard the jet roar of Air Force One and a TV newsman announce its arrival in Washington, we left the table and watched, along with the rest of the nation, as the President's mahogany casket was lowered from the big plane's rear door. There was Jacqueline Kennedy, looking composed and terrified all at once. Beside her was Bobby Kennedy — he looked absolutely shattered. I remember his sad eyes.

Later, in the weeks and months that followed, Robert Kennedy lost himself in a gray haze of grief and guilt. Before November 22, John Kennedy was his reason to be alive. Now, he was the foundation upon which the Kennedy family leaned. In the solitude of his own pain, he repeatedly asked the question, "Why?" He was later to find, if not comfort, at least under-

standing in the words of the Greek Aeschylus...

"He who learns must suffer. And even in our sleep, pain that will not forget falls drop by drop upon the heart. Until in our despair, against our will, comes wisdom by the awful grace of God."

I can barely recall Saturday, except that it was cold and raining steadily, in both Louisville and in Washington. There was nothing to do but stare at the TV. News crews directed their cameras toward the White House entrance and recorded the arrival and departure of hundreds of dignitaries. They had come from around the world to say goodbye to the young President, who now lay in State in the East Room of the White House.

In Dallas, the arrest just hours after Kennedy's death of Lee Harvey Oswald created a twisted carnival atmosphere that went beyond bizarre. Oswald, a dark, brooding, self-proclaimed Marxist was paraded up and down police headquarters corridors in front of an army of uncontrolled, unrestricted reporters and photographers.

On Sunday, the President's flag-draped casket was placed on a horse drawn caisson. Behind the caisson, a soldier led a riderless horse, the boots reversed in the stirrups to symbolize a fallen leader. The funeral cortege left the White House, up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol Building where the nation would pay its last respects.

I remember the images of that day — the faces of the hundreds of thousands of mourners who lined the cortege route, Mrs. Kennedy and her two young children, watching the honor guard carry the President's casket up the Capital steps to the Rotunda, but mostly I remember the sound. A faint, haunting, unfamiliar sound:

Boom Boom Boom, Drrrr ...

Boom Boom Boom, Drrrr ...

Boom Boom Boom, Drrrr ...

Boom: Boom-boom boom.

It was repeated over and over again, the broken roll, the mournful stutter of muffled drums. As long as I live, I will always remember the sound of those drums. It was like the broken heart of a nation.

The next day, November 25, John F. Kennedy was buried at Arlington National Cemetery. It was his son's third birthday. His successor, Lyndon Johnson assumed the full powers of the Presidency — the country and its people moved on.

But it has never quite been the same. A quarter century has passed since that awful Friday. The world has turned over many times. Yet the memory of John Kennedy still evokes great passion — from those who despised him, as well as those who love him. Shortly after his death, his widow had said, "so now he is a legend when he would have preferred to be a man." He has been deified by many, reviled by others.

It is really impossible to gauge John Kennedy because he never really had an opportunity to fulfill his mission. But in the thousand days of his Presidency, he showed a remarkable ability to grow, and to learn from his mistakes. Perhaps more than that, he gave people a reason to hope, when they never had a reason before. Coming from a life of wealth he reached out to the poor and they reached back.

We will never know what might have been. We will never know how our lives might have changed, were it not for the aberration of

Dallas. But his death changed this country in ways we will always remember.

On the crisp, clear autumn afternoon after the funeral, two of the President's friends walked aimlessly among the fallen leaves at Arlington. They stopped beneath the bare branches of an old oak and gazed across the Potomac to the Lincoln Monument, and beyond, to the Mall, the Capitol.

One of them sighed sadly and said, "I will never laugh again."

Her friend shook his head. "We'll laugh again. But we'll never be young again."

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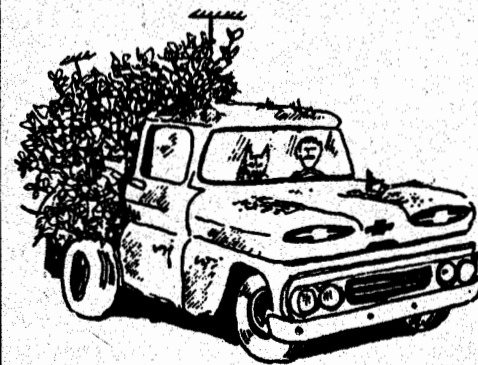
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Confessions Of A Rock Trundler (PG-Parental Guidance Suggested)

By Todd Campbell

The term "Geologic Time" is a difficult concept to grasp. When numbers reel into the millions and billions, you would expect reference to the Federal Deficit, not anything as tangible, as overwhelmingly underdynamic as the age of rock. Yet the premise of assigning to rock formations varying ages is the fundamental task of the geologist. With relative assignments, order is applied to an otherwise incomprehensible matter. And a science is born.

Since a strata's age is identified by the number of years since it's formation, it is credited with a kind of tacit lifespan, a life, an existence, (and in fact, just about everything but an unlimited expense account!). Normally, we think of a year as 365 calendar days, a measure of the time it takes for the Earth to fulfill an orbit of the sun. However, a year can be a measure of metabolism, too. As a domestic cat, let's say, is thought to age seven 'years' for every one a human ages, rock also dates from a different absolute, a standard so time-intensive that it defies comprehension.

When a geology text informs me that Navajo Sandstone is 145 million years old, I recognize this figure as not credible, but incredible. Forty years ago they were saying it was 145 million years old, too, and still it's the same! Geology is an inexact science, as you can see. A person's whole lifespan can be overlooked by geologic time, what with the rounded off figures and extreme margins of error its academics apply to it.

My understanding of geologic time comes from the immediately gratifying act of hands-on education. Even rock, with its virtually timeless metabolism, behaves under certain predictable principles. Like this expanding universe, rock too tends towards disorder, disintegration, and entropy. And of course, it falls. On occasion.

Since I tend towards disorders, also, I have a natural proclivity for "trundling." Trundling is the act of rolling large boulders off of sheer cliffs and watching gleefully as they "She-Bang, Pow" below. Trundling is, yes, an act of vandalism, even if it is only promoting an inevitable disintegration. Lives are jeopardized and terrain is wasted, and it may not be as productive, even, as four-wheeling. If this deviant act holds value, it's as an illustration of geologic time-in-action, because it allows us a glimpse of an otherwise invisible process. And it becomes proven, unequivocally, that rocks do indeed make noise when they fall into a canyon.

This is mentioned not so much to glorify or sanction trundling, but merely to recognize its universal anthropocentric appeal. It is my observation that along certain oft-travelled canyon rims, manageably-sized trundling rocks are notably absent. I can only presume that rocks have been trundled off of cliffs for about as long as creatures with opposable thumbs have constructed and destructed civilizations. I might go so far as to suggest that trundling is a latent genetic skill which our forebears used as a defense measure, but through the ages has become largely obsolete.

If trundling, in our lives, represents mere-

ly crass entertainment, it wasn't always just that. It's not hard to imagine cliff dwellers pelting would-be antagonists, or pewter-helmeted warriors turning hot oil caldrons on marauders of the fortress walls.

And then, trundling takes on a self-defense appeal. Picture some bawdy nursemaid dropping a flower pot on the king's tax collectors, or a greasy and rimmed-out Hayduke dislodging a boulder on the Bishop's Jeep.

And now?

TV-Free backpackers indulge in the same unrefined ingenuity of trundling, if only to get their giggles.

I use the word "ingenuity" because of the act's universal embrace. Like the humor of farting, or the intrigue of drug use, trundling carries a message so simple, obvious, and timeless, that its appeal crosses cultures.

Have you ever anticipated, breathlessly, as a freefalling boulder whistles headlong-over-tailong towards impact? Did you ever realize, for instance, that trundled rocks can spark when they collide, and that this is realized under cover of night? Have you ever wondered how many secret lives are obliterated by trundling - the lichens, the spiders, the undocumented species?

If you can answer "yes" to any of these ponderings, then you must come forward and confess you trundling tendencies.

Now, doesn't that feel better?

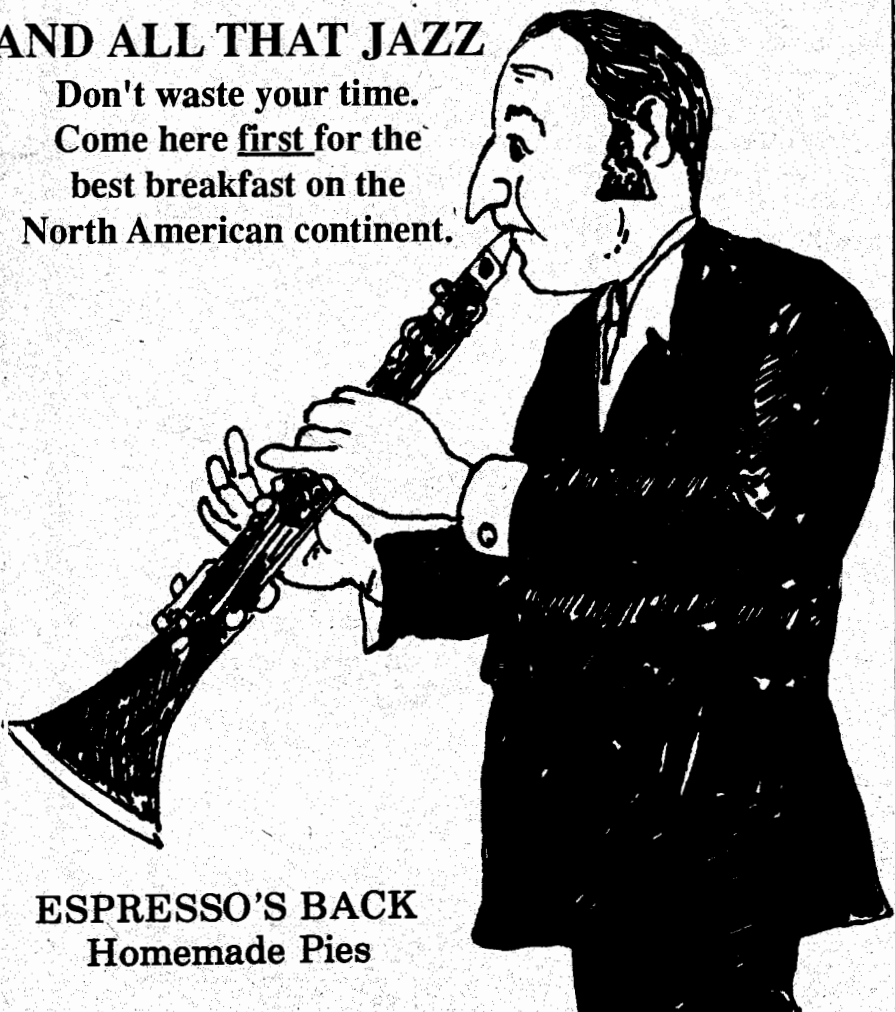
Consider a rule that might be responsibly applied to trundling situations: Trundle Only When Necessary. When a rock teeters precariously close to a rim. When a road needs to become "E-Rode." Or when you've just plain got to "Enlighten Your Load" by playing God!

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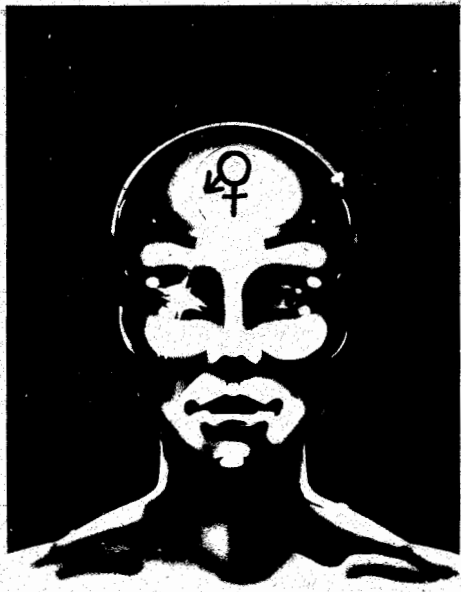
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Horoscope
by

Rama Lama
Ding Dong

Scorpio
(Oct. 24-Nov. 23)

You are penetrating, probing, and passionate. This combination often gets you into trouble with forces for good in the community. Especially this month. Try to remember that Thanksgiving is a traditional, homey little sort of holiday and not really appropriate for whipped cream parties in the rented hot tub. Doubly so when most of your friends are turkeys.

Think about what you've been dreaming lately. Cosmic forces may be trying to reach you. Consider very carefully that you might be the pathway for the wisdom of another age. If you are, contact PEOPLE magazine and Geraldo Rivera. The financial possibilities inherent in the concept of "There's a sucker born every minute," are endless. If you decide that you are just reacting badly to anchovy pizza, do it anyway. Many have.

Actually, Scorpio, you're the only one having a decent time in November. Everyone else is beginning to worry how they can afford to buy Christmas presents, what with Rio Algom closing down and other assorted local economic disasters. Aren't you lucky that you're too cheap to spend money anyway? Have a nice month.

SAGITTARIUS: The bright light surrounding your house on the 23rd won't be the Full Moon. It will be the CIA. Use caution.

CAPRICORN: The New Moon on the 11th inspires you to join in group activities. Try to get someone to notice you're there.

AQUARIUS: Your neighborhood will begin to be aware of what you do to small dogs.

PISCES: Don't bother trying to get ahead. You are the last sign of the Zodiac and you're stuck there for the rest of your life. (Hey, don't blame Rama Lama. Last month you had a chance to avert your destiny and were too cheap to go for it.)

ARIES: Did you notice that aliens visited you last month?

TAURUS: Keep an eye on the mail in November. Your mate may take out an unusually large insurance policy on you soon after the 9th.

GEMINI: Uranus leaves your 7th House and takes all your friends with him.

CANCER: Your tenacious nature helps you to finally attain your heart's desire. Too bad you won't know what to do with it.

LEO: You will develop an overpowering passion for Wagnerian Opera sometime before the 24th.

VIRGO: You will see a lot of new faces around your Thanksgiving table. Most of them will have two eyes, a nose and a mouth.

LIBRA: Eat the rich.



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Mudpuppy

A decimated landscape of rock and ruin now lies windswept and sandblasted where once a small grove of beautiful Tamarisk Trees stood. I stand at attention to Nature and utter an ode to Gooseberry Campsite where recently the NPS bulldozed the tiny grove of "Non-Native" trees into Oblivion.

But wait a minute! What's that I see? Ahhh, a tiny sprig of Tamarisk poking up through the barren ground seeking sunny enlightenment, crying, Why, Why?

Hurriedly, I rummage through my gear and find some water, prepare a tiny catch basin around the little tree, and pour into it the precious life blood of the desert.

I hear a gurgling thank you issue from the little upstart tree, then a whisper from a tiny voice, "Them guys in the green uniforms, tan pickups, and big yellow bulldozers ain't exactly Native stuff either you know!"

And so begins another day of my endless quest to protect and preserve one of the most beautiful and misunderstood life forms of the

Desert. My motto, Take A Risk, Water a Tamarisk, And Let's Get On With Positive Evolution!

Someday soon, though, I can foresee a true crisis in the life of the wonderful Tamarisk tree, but first, a little layman's history.

That wonderful tree everyone pretends to hate was brought to the US sometime during the late 1800's or early 1900's for erosion control. It came from Asia or somewhere close, and it took up residency along the Western Waterways.

Tamarisk blooms gloriously Purple in the Spring, colors the Summertime River Banks with a Green that blends beautifully with the Willows, Cottonwoods, Oaks and Rush Grasses, and turns the color of a Red-Orange Sunset in Autumn.

It does its part to make the river banks inaccessible in places, just like the Rushes and Willows, but when it grows tall like the Cottonwood, it offers shelter, seclusion, and shade.

Tamarisk, like the Willows, Cottonwoods, Homo Sapiens, and Rush Grasses, grows fervently wherever there is water.

But lately I've spotted sites where to my Horror the Willows have completely choked out and destroyed entire Tamarisk forests!

And now entire riverbottoms are littered with broken and bleeding Tammies fallen in the aftermath of a fiery and violent invasion of Homo Sapiens!

Although these devastating losses are isolated to certain areas, another startling factor in the life expectancy of the Tamarisk has just been revealed to me.

It appears that the collective mind power of the Tamarisk's Rival, the Non-Native Humans, it threatening to create a Hate Disease that will spread uncontrollably and incurable killing

forever the wise, wonderful, colorful, and creative race of Desert Tamarisk Trees.

Extinct.

And still there is no preservation society set up for the Tamarisk. No congressman can be written who will listen. No President has the guts to care!

But we will keep fighting from the grass Tammy roots! A bucket of water here and there, a small unnoticed diversion from the river into the forest, a secret seeding project in the National Park done by tan camouflaged mountain-bikers, an underground manual on growing your own tammies in your hidden basement.

Maybe next year we'll have the first Tammies First! meeting here at the former site of Gooseberry Camp where now I depart having sufficiently armed one tiny little upstart Tammy for its guerilla vigilante.

But now campaigning calls me onward to the Mesa country where I hope to forge an alliance with the Pinyon Juniper Country. I understand there's some old unhealed wounds that may help to sway the P.J.'s from their quiet neutrality.

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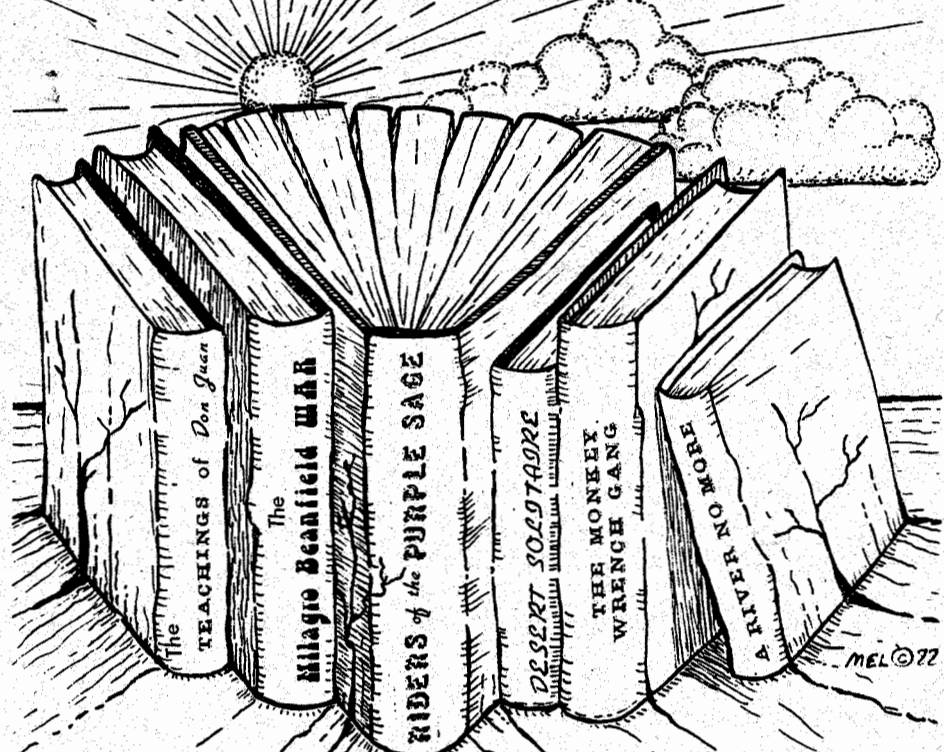
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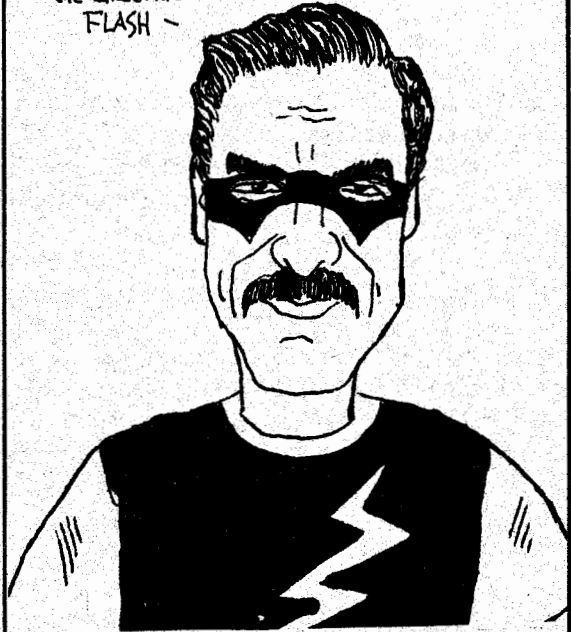
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Gazette loses right arm

This is the last issue, dear readers, to be embellished with the witty and comical, and sometimes poignant, artwork of our popular illustrator and feature writer, Jim Stiles.

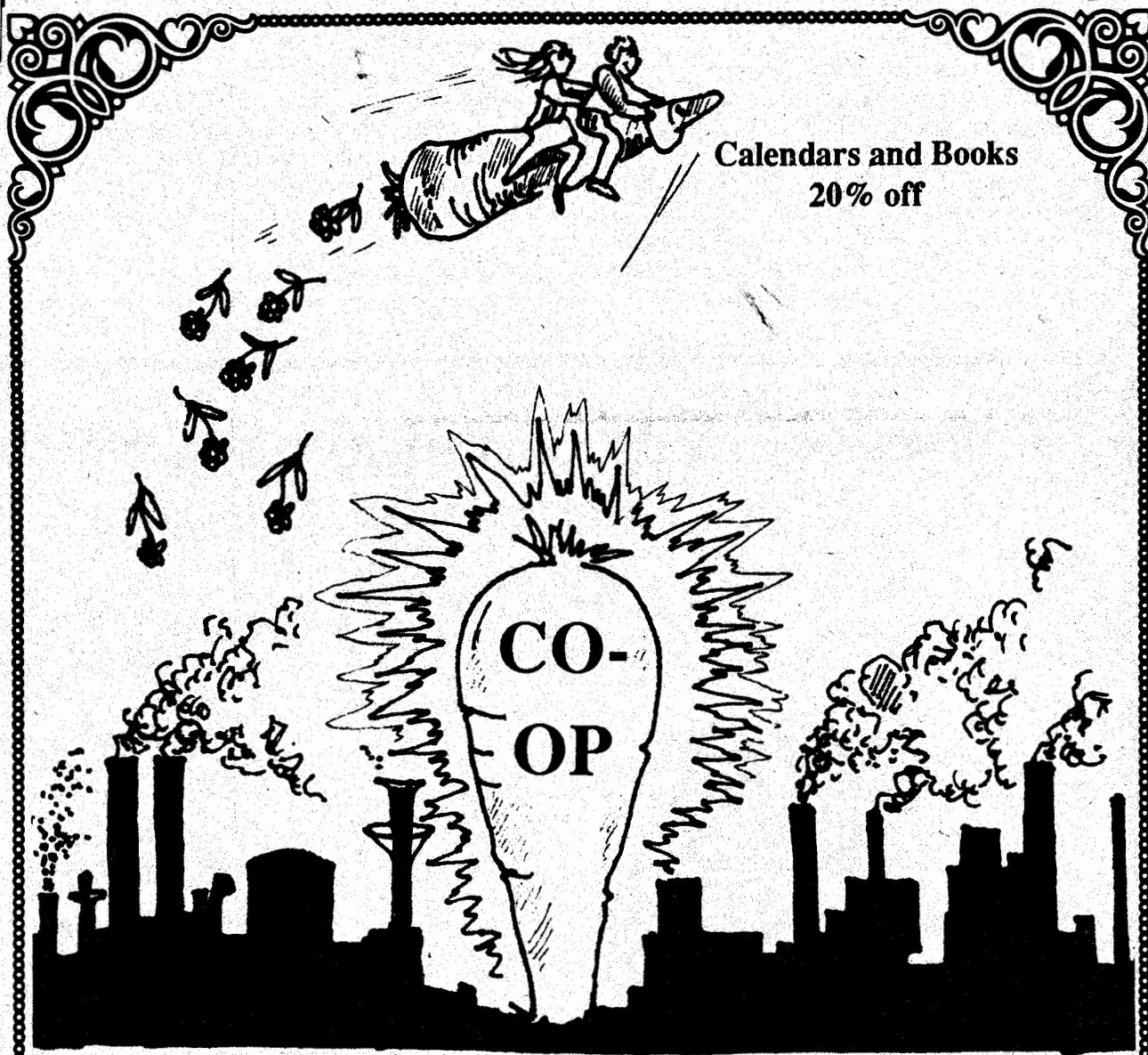
Jim has been with us for over a year now and in that year the paper has seen technical progress by whole orders of magnitude. The little Bogart man with the Texas Fedora bopped around on those stark and uninspired pages and splashed magic all over them. He brought to life in our paper the people behind the store fronts of town in comic fashion. He wrote true stories about colorful people and places of interest in the area. He stood up for what he believed in most vociferously, and he raised the ire of some local officials when he kept reminding them who the national parks really belong to and why public oversight is a right and not a harassment. He's accomplished alot in that year, and we are all the richer and wiser for it.

But, shit happens. It's time to hang the help wanted notice out there on the door and hope that R.Crumb or someone of like stature happens along to fill Jim's shoes. Apply within. All applicants expected to perform related duties as required.

Jim is leaving to find larger markets for his work and to develop some new projects. And it's only right that he should do whatever it takes to reach as high as he can because he's that kind of guy. But, he'll still be here in Moab and maybe we can twist his arm for a contribution once and a while.

And so we say goodbye to a fellow rock-hugger who did so much for the cause. We will miss him. But, at least he won't be around to give me hell about putting underwear out where everyone can see it. And I can backslide to my heart's content.

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Red Ants

Heroes, in spite of their sting

By Louise Teal

Tequila and a bucket of river water. What else can you do after a red ant sting?

You might be tempted to chuckle at the need for medication after an ant bite between your toes, but only if you have never been stung by a red ant. Some folks visit the Southwest and worry about rattlers and scorpions. Nonsense. They should worry about Pogonomyrmex californicus, a Harvester ant.

If your toes get in the way of these busy ants, don't feel like a wimp if their painful sting reduces you to tears. According to Larry Stevens, who is currently doing a study of the ants in the Grand Canyon, the Pogonomyrmex californicus packs the most "powerful toxic venom of any organism in the new world." Experts disagree on what exactly that toxin is, but they do agree that the pain from it is sometimes unbearable. We can be grateful that the little creatures can only inject us with a small amount of venom. However, for the people sensitive to the toxin, even a small amount can be fatal due to the danger of anaphalatic shock.

The aggressive guard ants, who patrol the colony area, pack more toxin than their worker pals. I have seen the guards hang on, stinging over and over again, while their victim vainly tries to knock the red warrior off.

If you are hit, prepare yourself to handle a siege of pain. An all night siege. And that brings us back to tequila and a bucket of water — cold water. I have both dull the pain of a red ant sting. After my last encounter with Pogonomyrmex in the Grand Canyon, I slept with my foot in a bucket of cool river water. The next morning, I continued to keep my foot in the bucket while I cooked breakfast. I was a bit foggy from the medication I took the night before. In fact, I was hungover.

There are approximately one hundred other ant species in the Grand Canyon, but due to Pogonomyrmex's painful sting, they get all the press. However, the little fellas are searching for seeds, not toes. They will eat small insects but usually, they are vegetarians, foraging for Brittle Bush, Indian Rice Grass or Brome seeds.

Like so many residents of the Southwest, Pogonomyrmex has migrated from other areas — Mexico and California. The ants followed the water, moving up the Colorado River. Never mind the dams. Dams may stop the flow of mighty rivers, but not the advance of Harvester Ants.

The entrance into a Pogonomyrmex colony is a hole in the middle of a low (1-2 inch) circular crater which is about 10 to 24 inches in diameter. Every night, the ants close up the entry with sand granules.

In the mid-day heat, ants want to get back to their nest. Otherwise, they climb plants to get off the hot ground. Look around at lunch,

and see if you can spot any ants hanging out in plants trying to stay cool.

The Harvester Ant's sex life is no picnic. Before the monsoons begin, the ground is perfect for digging new nests, and the "nuptial flights" commence. The Queens take to the air. Lured down by chemical scent deposited by groups of males, or drones, a Queen is immediately pounced on and held by the male's powerful mandibles. This is not done without injury to the female. After a vibratory signal, the males realize her sperm pocket is full and she is released. Within an hour all the males that "had their way with her" will be dead.

Maybe it was the Queen who had her way? She flies off and begins the business of building a new ant colony. When she finds a sandy spot perfect for making a nest, she lands. After breaking off her wings, she digs into the earth and buries herself. Her old wings and body fat are used to feed the larvae she deposits. The Queen and her larvae are vulnerable to hungry lizards and birds, who are searching the sand for just such a snack.

A few weeks after laying her eggs, there will be daughters, or workers, to take over nest digging, gathering and storing seeds. When the colony population reaches about one thousand, winged males and females are produced, apparently by feeding a select group of larvae especially well. Then, the "nuptial flights" begin again.

A little knowledge of entomology (the study of ants) is fine, but you need to know how to avoid these guys. If stung, you may not have the scientific curiosity to learn more about the creatures than needed to effectively napalm an ant nest. I have seen some of the most gen-

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tle, environmentally concerned boatmen, their faces contorted with revengeful glee, methodically destroy an offending ant colony.

How to avoid red ants:

1. Attention: Stay out of their way. Ants aren't interested in stinging unless attacked. And ants, not so unreasonably, feel that being stepped on is an attack.

The guard ants would just as soon you not come within fifty centimeters of their hive. They don't appreciate bodies in the middle of their foraging trails, either. Before you lay down, escaping from 90 degree heat under a tamarisk tree, look around for the little buggers. And, glance around every so often. Do not assume, if they are not there, that they will not drop by later. They seem to have a sense that people and food bits go together.

2. Prevention: Keep campsites clean. As usual, it seems we have only ourselves to blame for pain. While you do find red ants away from campsites, studies in the Grand canyon show that there is a 24% greater ant density on the high use beaches. According to one study, ants may have removed as much as three metric tons of food scraps from Grand Canyon beaches in August, 1987 (a peak use month). So pick up those bits of cheese that just dropped out of your sandwich.

The Pogonomyrmex have jobs to do on the planet, other than cleaning up our food scraps. They disperse seeds and improve the desert soil. And, maybe, they just enjoy being in the Southwest desert. Who's to say?

The Navaho and Hopi Indians consider the ants sacred - the people of the underworld. According to Hopi legend, during the destruction of the world by flood it was the Ant People who took in the Hopi and showed them how to work, harvest and share food. It is said, that ants

have thin waists, because they shared so much of their food with the Hopi while the earth was covered with water.

There are other ant admirers. George & Jeanette Wheeler, in "Ants of Deep Canyon", write that Pogonomyrmex californicus workers are timid, but the guards are considered to be "undoubtedly the fiercest, the boldest, the most irascible ant" of the Sonoran Desert. True heroes of the West.

But even heroes need to sleep. The red ants go to bed at night. Their own beds, down underneath the sand. So, when you are laying back on the beach watching the stars, you can forget about them. (You can think about scorpions.) Remember, though, the ants will get up in the morning. Be sure you are up before the guards are out on patrol.

Use the red ants as alarm clocks. Appreciate that they help you stay more attuned to your surroundings. But bring some tequila along -- just in case.

Meet the author, Louise Teaf.

"I row for AZRa in the Grand Canyon - have been down there for 17 years. My house is in Durango, Colorado, but I feel most comfortable in sight of Bears Ears or floating on mud-water."

THANKS
for your patronage
in 1988
SEE YOU
NEXT SPRING



UPTOWN
PIZZA
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A LEADER WHO LISTENS



Merv Lawton
for county commissioner

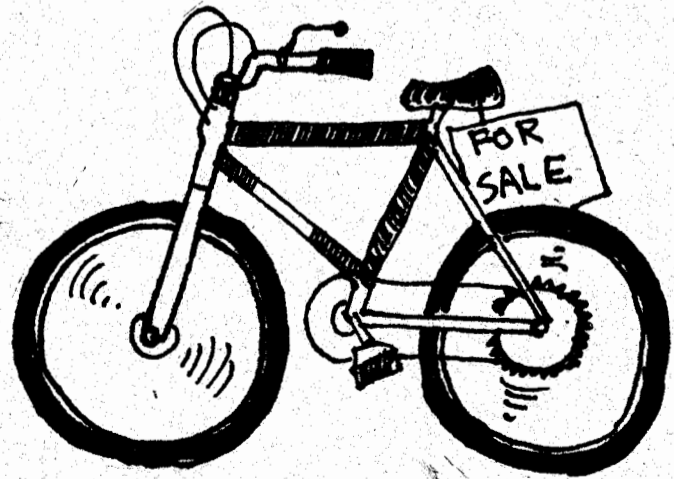
Democrat for Four Year Commissioner
November 8

a paid political advertisement

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Line Of Sight John Wahl

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and start examining the highest ledges
out of habit, before taking note of the view,
and feel foolish about this urge for confirmation,
for a "Finder of Significant Overlooks" merit badge.
The engraved disc will be set in bedrock,
quite official and meant for permanence,
protected by law. Government surveyors have proven
and documented and established this point
on maps of various scale and detail
where you will find yourself, precisely.
Much country can be seen from here
if storms have cleansed the air, many mountains
and canyons, miles of desert and mesa,
all emphasized or obscured in turn
by shadow and light, clouds and sun.
These are places you have been, some of them.
You know the smoky vanilla smell
of big lightning-scarred ponderosa, the cool touch
of white aspen carved by shepherders, clawed by bears,
golden in autumn when the elk are bugling.
You know cliffrose and greasewood, perfume and spice,
the silent desert and the silent owl
whose huge stare guards a narrowing canyon
that will pull you deeper, away from the sky
to pools of still water, tracks in damp sand
of lizard, deer and cougar, vermilion hands
on sandstone walls and a mystery that echoes,
growing steely and vaguely menacing toward the end.
And you know the mesa tops, thick and green if spared the chain,
contorted junipers aspiring to be bristlecones
like all of us would-be Edward Abbeys,
so many wanting to be writers, painters, photographers.
After funding the prosecution, actively or passively, from birth,
still think to witness for the defense, and why not?
A terrible error has been made.
Those official, unquestionably correct brass caps,
established by sighting towards known points,
assume the accuracy of their ancestors --
one mistake along that old path of triangulation
would render everything that followed invalid,
bogus, wrong. You would be officially lost.
And our society is absurdly lost, growing numb
and losing our senses, making decisions out of habit
that springs from a false value, a shoddy benchmark.
So you sit on your designated overlook,
thinking about all this and watching a hawk
hovering in stiff wind, motionless
against a background of trees or cliffs or sage
as if pinned to a vast photograph.
The fanning tail, the powerful wings
make subtle adjustments but the bird itself,
with keenest vision, is bedrock solid.
You have no urge to mark, even if you could,
that precise spot in the air -- for what purpose?
The hawk veers off, fading away to a black speck,
and you begin the long walk down.

The Utah Juniper

F.A. Barnes

A tree as ancient and gnarled as the bristle-cone pine
A tree as romantic as the Cedars-of-Lebanon
A tree whose artistry of trunk and limb
Continues long after its death
A tree to make sculptors weep
With joy at its shape
And the complexity
Of its annular
Rings of life

The tree that says - "Canyon Country" - without uttering a word

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OLD SPANISH TRAIL CAMERA

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Photo Marketing Association International"



Let Us Be

Diane Brandt

The fruit of the earth, its vegetation
For the body is a constant joy,
A flowering to new seed for the next generations,
A development, a growth, a transformation, giving food
For thought and psychic well-being.

Fruit and vegetables to eat.
Mangos and carrots so sweet
Give yellow, green orange colors for our view,
Give healthy nourishment to our lives.

The fruit flower as a spiritual inspiration of colorful beauty,
The vegetable as a rooted sensation of bountiful energy
Bound up in us, the humans, this higher species
Who know better than to bury our feelings beneath
Toxic waste dumps and just sit back to watch the death in it.

We, yes we; simple, innocent, unknowing as we are;
Maybe poor, even, or rough country skinned;
We, yes we, know better than to be destroyed!

No, thank you. We prefer to be farmers of fruit, of vegetables
Rather than to be patrons of a chemical industry's toxic fumes.

So, just go away, back to whatever
Lightless place you have come from.

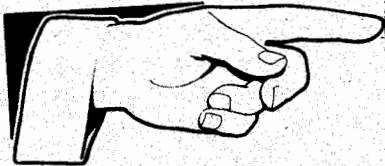
Let us have our green forests better than your green money.
Thanks, but no thanks! Goodbye. And don't come see us again.

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in his old age...



Are the deeds of a man
in his prime.

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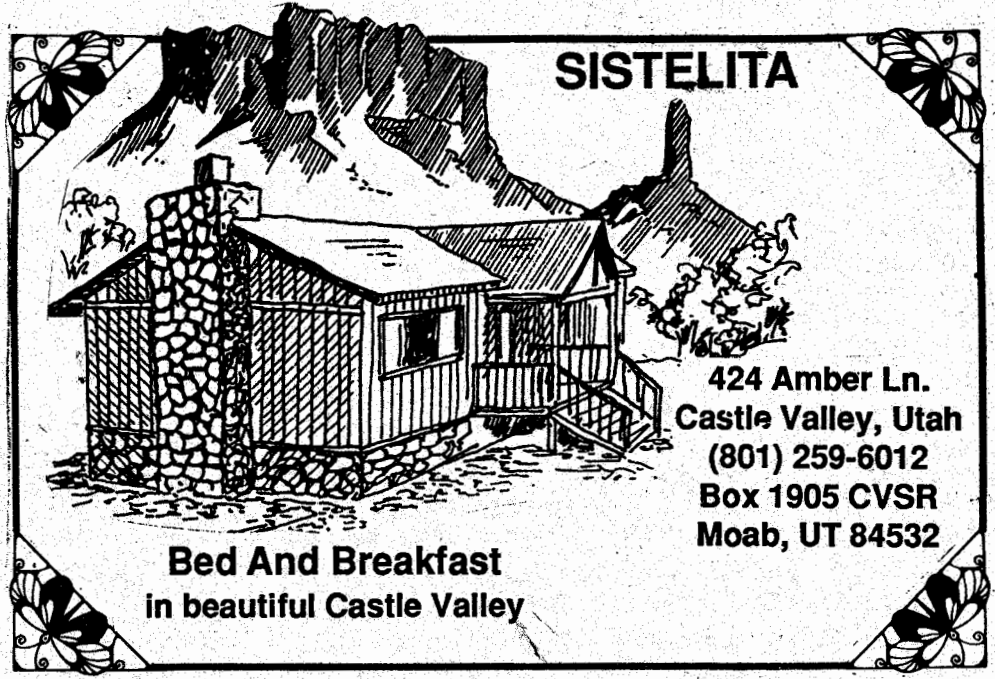
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THE FAT TIRE FESTIVAL AFTERMATH...



The Taxpayers' Bill of Rights

Four senators have introduced Senate Bill 1774, called "The Taxpayers' Bill Of Rights," with 71 co-sponsors from both parties. The bill was inspired by extensive information gathered through hearings by the Senate Finance Subcommittee on the Internal Revenue Service.

The Subcommittee found an abusive pattern of the IRS seizing property and income from taxpayers, before appeals were properly heard. As Bill Armstrong (R-Colo) remarked, "From out in the country the IRS looks like the Gestapo."

The bill's sponsors concluded that part of the problem comes from the IRS policies which reward employees for seizing assets, but not for settling cases fairly. Additionally, taxpayers lack due process.

The Taxpayers' Bill Of Rights has three major provisions:

1. It prohibits the IRS from basing employee performance evaluations on dollars collected or seizures made; it enables taxpayers to sue the IRS for damages and for repayment of legal and accounting fees if the IRS took unreasonable action against them.
2. It increases the taxpayer's payment time from 10 to 30 days before a disputed levy or seizure is imposed, and requires the IRS to offer an installment plan for paying debts of less than \$20,000.
3. It compels the IRS to issue a written list of taxpayers' rights during an audit, and empowers an ombudsman to issue "taxpayer assistance orders" in conflicts between revenue agents and taxpayers.

We think this bill, S.1774, is a fair and reasonable approach to curbing IRS excesses. We invite the other residents of Grand County to join us in writing our senators Jake Garn and Orrin Hatch to ask they support this bill in congress.

Paid for by The Moab Taxpayers Association

Moab Taxpayers Association Tax Initiative Recommendations

BEFORE DISCUSSING EACH MEASURE, THE MTA HAS COMMENTS WHICH APPLY TO BOTH INITIATIVE A AND B.

FIRST, THESE MEASURES ARE NOT CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGES. THEY ARE CITIZEN LEGISLATION WHICH CAN BE MODIFIED BY A SIMPLE MAJORITY VOTE OF THE 1989 UTAH LEGISLATURE; SOME PROVISIONS NEED WORK. LIKE IT OR NOT, THE PUBLIC VOTE ON THESE INITIATIVES WILL BE INTERPRETED BY THOSE IN GOVERNMENT AS THE TAXPAYER'S WILLINGNESS TO BE FLEECE. WE RECOMMEND THAT EVERYONE CONSIDER SENDING A MESSAGE AGAINST TAXES, AND LET THE LEGISLATURE WORK OUT THE TECHNICAL PROBLEMS.

SECOND, SEVERAL MTA MEMBERS LIVED IN STATES LIKE CALIFORNIA, MICHIGAN AND COLORADO WHEN TAX LIMITATION AND REDUCTION INITIATIVES WERE PROPOSED - AND PASSED. EXACTLY THE SAME DOOMSDAY ARGUMENTS WERE ADVANCED. DOOMSDAY HAS YET TO ARRIVE IN THOSE STATES.

Initiative A

INITIATIVE A PROVIDES FOR LIMITATIONS IN THE GROWTH OF STATE AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT BUDGETS, AND A CEILING FOR PROPERTY TAXES. GOVERNMENT BUDGET GROWTH WOULD DEPEND ON GROWTH IN PERSONAL INCOME AND POPULATION IN THE GOVERNMENTAL UNIT. THESE LIMITS ALREADY EXIST IN CURRENT STATE LAW. THE INITIATIVE SIMPLY SPECIFIES WHICH STATISTICS TO USE, THUS REMOVING THE BARRIER BUREAUCRATS HAVE USED TO AVOID PUTTING THIS LAW INTO EFFECT! THE PROPERTY TAX CEILING PROPOSED IS 1% OF MARKET VALUE FOR NON-RESIDENTIAL, AND 3/4 OF 1% FOR RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY. THE CEILINGS ON PROPERTY TAX MAY BE EXCEEDED IF THE PEOPLE VOTE TO RAISE THEM. THE EFFECT IS THEREFORE TO LIMIT THE PROPERTY TAX RATE THAT CAN BE ASSESSED WITHOUT DIRECT VOTE BY THE PEOPLE. THE MTA RECOMMENDS VOTING FOR THIS INITIATIVE.

Initiative B

INITIATIVE B RETURNS PERSONAL INCOME, SALES, CIGARETTE, AND CERTAIN FUELS TAXES TO 1986 LEVELS OF TAXATION IN UTAH. TAX RATES ON THESE ITEMS WERE INCREASED IN 1987 BY THE UTAH LEGISLATURE. THE MTA RECOMMENDS VOTING FOR THIS INITIATIVE.

Initiative C

INITIATIVE C PROVIDES FOR STATE TAX CREDITS TO PARENTS WHO SEND THEIR CHILDREN TO PRIVATE SCHOOLS. IF THE PARENT OWED LESS TAX THAN THE AMOUNT OF THE CREDIT, THE STATE WOULD HAVE TO PAY THE PARENT THE DIFFERENCE. THE MTA RECOMMENDS VOTING AGAINST THIS INITIATIVE. WE SUSPECT THE COMMON DENOMINATOR WHICH MAKES US ABLE TO DEAL WITH OUR DIFFERENCES IN A DEMOCRACY COMES FROM THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM. WE OBJECT TO THE IDEA OF SUBSIDIZING PARENTS TO MOVE THEIR CHILDREN FROM PUBLIC TO PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

**A PAID POLITICAL
ADVERTISEMENT**

Dear Stinkers,

Jim Stiles' article on the paranoia at the National Park Service was interesting, but I think that Jim Stiles does not really understand the basic nature of the National Park Service, despite his having worked for that organization for many years. Get in touch with the real world Jim! The National Park Service is basically two things: a militaristic organization and a political organization. Two key elements of a militaristic organization are: discipline and blind obedience. Blind obedience is essential if the National Park Service is to be at the mercy of whatever direction the political wind happens to be blowing at the moment. When a change of direction is commanded from above, it is imperative that the underlings have no agenda of their own, but happily and in a well disciplined manner follow their orders from on high.

It seems that too many employees at Arches, Canyonlands and Natural Bridges are working for the National Park Service because they really care about the place in which they happen to be stationed. Such caring is not good! It is having an agenda of one's own. When the politicians in bed with various commercial interests give birth to policies which these employees with an agenda of their own do not like, such subversive employees are apt to think for themselves and take initiatives to oppose the policies dictated by the politicians. This is pure insubordination! If disciplinary measures are taken to counter such tendencies this is not paranoia but military efficiency.

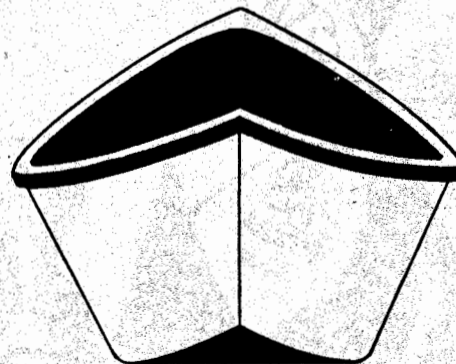
I cannot understand why these employees with an agenda of their own do not care more for status, money and power over their fellow beings. Perhaps they do but do not realize that the secret of success in the National Park Service is to kneel and pay worshipful and obedient homage to the posteriors the flatulence from which creates the political winds currently in favor. Perhaps if they have the good fortune to read these pompous reflections they will come to their senses and be like sheep.

Sincerely,
Hafound Borman Esq.
Thompson, UT

One year, nine bucks, Sure! For the 3rd year. I still have every issue.
Lou Gostlin
Columbus, OH

CASTLE CREEK DORIES

accepting construction orders
for 1989



PAUL SWANSTORM
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MOAB, UTAH 84532

LE EDITORS

The day I receive your rag is a joyous day. I get a cup of coffee and set myself down and turn rapidly through the pages, smiling and chuckling at all the stuff that unrolls before my eyes. Then I start over again, reading everything, and I mean everything! My heart smiles at the humor, the truth, and the poignancy of wit audaciously displayed in printer's ink and sweat. For sure, keep it up! The world needs you....

Stephen Paull
Oakley, UT

(ED: Just say it, you like womens' underwear. It's OK.)

Sign me up for another year of the SDG. I've really enjoyed reading it for the past year, and it made my last visit to Moab more enjoyable because I felt like I know some of you characters. Keep up the good work.

I understand that Jim Stiles is leaving the paper. I'll miss his articles and artwork, but I wish him luck.

Sincerely,

Scott Ellington
Madison WI

Gents:

I had the pleasure of reading an issue of your paper obtained from my brother who's a river rat during the summer on the Colorado.....
Keep up the good work.....

Larry Friskopp
Minden, NE

Dear SDG people,

Our once beautiful rivers and streams in the Kansas City area are beyond salvation. They are posted unsafe for fishing...

We share your concern for the environment. The rocks are alive! ... as well as the water and air. Please keep up the fight against the incinerator and all other forms of destruction to your beautiful area.

We need places like Moab and the Canyon Country as a retreat from the man-made Hell we live in.

As I drive to work towards the yellow cloud hanging over the city, I can remember three wonderful days in Moab - the clear air and the beautiful desert.

The more I think about this, the angrier I get - and I could rave on and on. Thanks for letting me pop off a little.....

Pat Paschall
Independence, MO

Dear Editor:

The movie, "Nightmare At Noon", includes some interesting lines. "This whole town's gone psycho," and "one man controlling this whole town with toxic chemicals." Is this fantasy of prophecy?

Richard Robertson
Moab

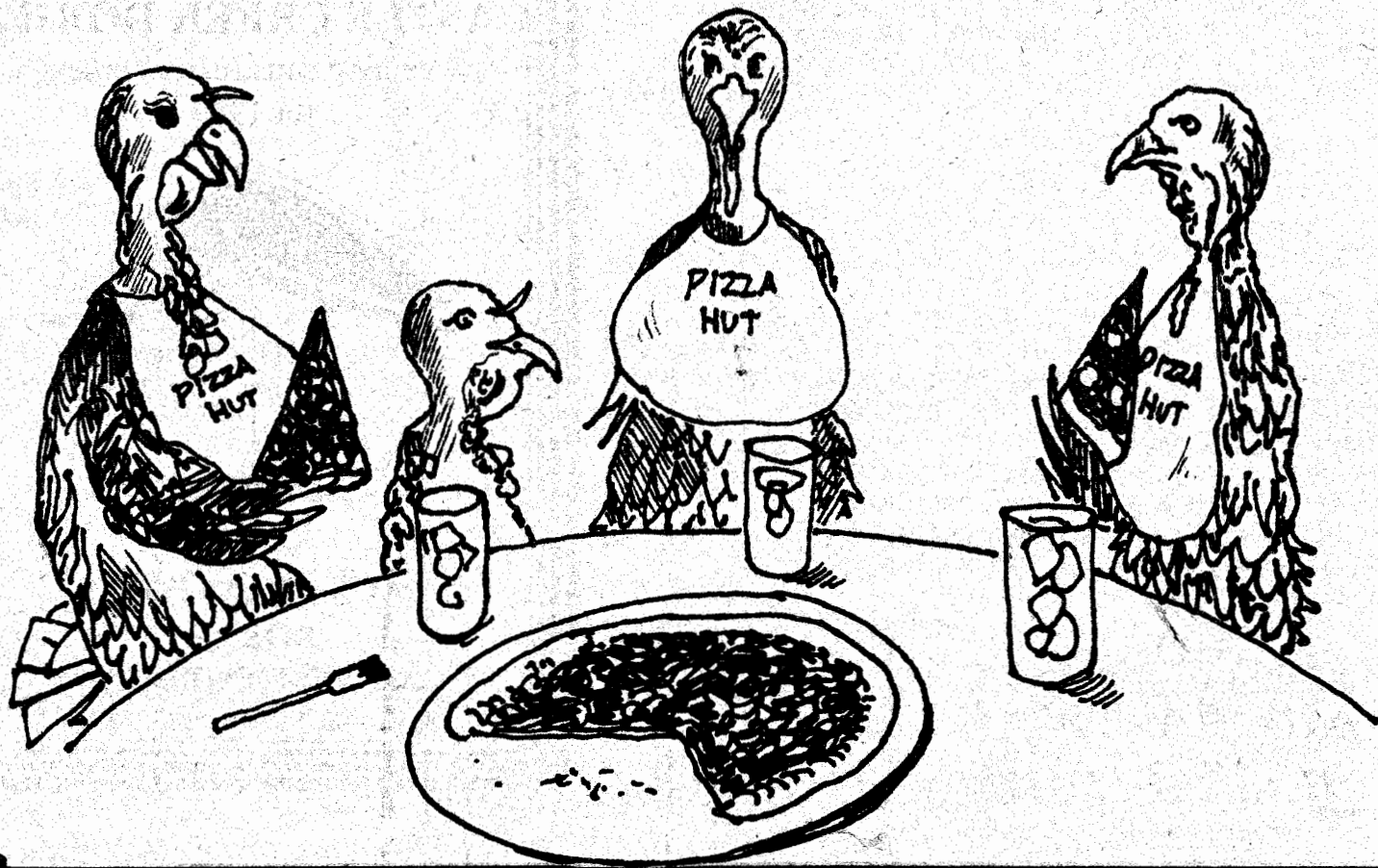
Please enter my subscription. Let me say that I admire your native ability to instantly adapt and survive in whatever social wilderness you happen to be stuck in. Remember, le trente huit de Cunagunde....

Mike Dege
Sandy, UT



259-6345

**TOM TURKEYS OF THE WORLD!
DO YOU FEAR FOR YOUR LIVES?
PIZZA HUT GUARANTEES:
TURKEY-FREE PIZZA EVERYTIME
BESIDES,
WE'RE CLOSED THANKSGIVING DAY**





OLD NEWS
Condensed by
Dale and Yvonne Pierson
Novembers Past

November 1913

November being election month, the historic papers of Grand County are filled with electoral victories and defeats. While 1913 featured no national election, local politics was the order of the day. Howard W. Balsley was elected mayor by a margin of 83 to 63 votes. Jesse Maxwell, G.P. Bryan, Britten Allred and Loren L. Taylor were elected as the Moab Board of Trustees.

Henry A. Bergh, former supervisor of the LaSal National Forest, was being sought by Federal Agents on charges of embezzlement of government funds and falsification of vouchers. Captured later in the month, Bergh was brought before the Grand Jury in Salt Lake City. The Grand Jury failed to indict Bergh. According to a source "...the points charged against Bergh were proven but...were of such small import that the action ...was dropped..."

Plans were underway for a road to connect LaSal, Utah with the highway in Montrose, Colorado. Commissioner J.M. Cunningham of LaSal stated that "Paradox, LaSal, Moab and Green River will be on ...one of the most widely traveled transcontinental highways in the country."

The November 21st issue of the Times featured an article by Frank Silvey entitled A Mystery of the Desert.

"About forty miles in a southwesterly direction from Moab, in a low-lying reef of sandstone lie what are known as Village Springs. ..near these springs is...one of the unsolved mysteries of the desert.

This strange phenomenon consists of wagon-tracks in solid sandstone for a distance of about a quarter of a mile...The tracks are plainly visible...[in] places an inch deep ...The wagon that left the tracks had four wheels as four tracks are plainly visible ...the horses or oxen which pulled the wagon were shod, as marks can be seen where they slipped on the steeper places..."

November 1928

A record turnout of 700 registered voters are expected for the election, pitting Herbert

Hoover against Alfred E. Smith. Hoover would carry Grand County, along with the nation.

Foremost on the minds of Moab citizens during the month of November was the Moab High School football team who were making a run at the State Class B Championship. After taking Payson in the quarter finals, Tooele would defeat Moab in the semi-finals by a score of 48 to 7. Tooele would go on to win the State title.

November 1943

Deep in the midst of WW II, Moab joined the rest of the nation in contributing to the war effort. As of the 18th, 235 Moab men were in uniform. The Moab Womens Club sponsored a drive to raise Grand County's portion (\$10,000) of a State goal of \$300,000 earmarked for the purchase of a bomber.

A cartoon of a housewife in her kitchen manning an anti-aircraft gun with a Japanese plane in flames outside the window featured the caption "Blast A Jap: Four 37 mm anti-aircraft shells can be fired with glycerine contained in one pound of used kitchen fat."

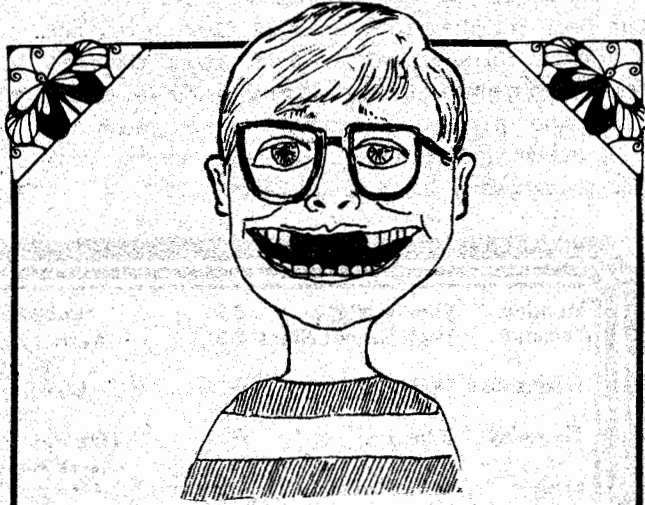
November 1958

Winners in the 1958 elections were: Charles A. Steen, State Senator; Melvin S. Dalton, State Representative; Winford Bunce, Four year County Commissioner; and H.B. Dalton, Two year Commissioner.

A special election was set for March 2, 1959, to determine whether the City of Moab should install parking meters on Main Street. Mayor K.E. McDougald stated that a survey of downtown businesses showed a majority were in favor of restricted or controlled parking.

November 21st & 22nd the Grand Vu Drivein featured "The Lone Ranger & The Lost City of Gold" starring Clayton Moore & Jay Silverheels.

The November 27th issue of the Times carried an ad for a concert to be held in the Moab High School Gym on December 4th. The Grand Old Opry would present Judy Lynn, Cowboy Copas, Pat



Get Ready for Christmas
Shop in November for
early Xmas savings

PEPSI PRODUCTS AVAILABLE
1.99 six pack

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Kelly and George Jones-(bottom of the Bill!) Ticket prices would be \$1.50 for adults, 75¢ for children.

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Odyssey

A great circle tour of the heart.

By Omega Bessler

CHAPTER ONE - GOBLIN VALLEY

Goblin Valley lies nestled amidst the vast grandeur of nothingness that is The San Rafael Desert. The Swell rises twisted and tortured off towards the west, as if in defiance of the flat and forsaken landscape beneath it.

Molly's Castle floats above the horizon, a mirage in the blistering summer heat. It stands alone forever; a silent sentinel of slow sorrow that even the ravens flight avoids. Entrada on Entrada. Buff on Buff, with scarcely a black-brush to break the monotony. It is here, within a small valley south of Molly's Castle, you will find the goblins.

Rocks of every shape and size stretch the imagination towards its finite limit. Animal heads and ogre dreads, phallic symbolism and Dali Surrealism, all undulating under the uncanny sun of summer. Mozart is not spoken here. Only the atonal sounds of Schoenberg seems fit.

The hoodoo stones beckon you from the safety of the shade shelter. Beckoning you to discover their meaningless mysteries. And slowly, you succumb to their wishes and stroll amongst the outcasts of Armageddon.

The lizard head directs you further into the maze of goblins, hoodoos and holocausts, until you are all but devoured by the twisted stone. It is here you come to realize that all things are not as they seem, for the changing light transforms the stone images into other beings and hallucinations. Chameleon rising.

Sunset casts no pretty pink shadows on this bleak terrain. The goblins reflect no color. Instead, they devour any hope of sunset hues deep within their abyss. A harvest moon rises like a tarnished gold doubloon over a treasure no one dares to claim.

I spread my bedroll out onto the naked earth and lay beneath the rising moon. I sense the goblins moving closer.

CHAPTER TWO - GRAND WASH/CAPITOL REEF

The walls close in. Massive, majestic and monolithic. Great cathedral spires of Navajo and Kayenta rise towards the heavens in a golden hue. Dwarfed to an insignificant and overlooked speck, you wander deeper into the womb of Grand Wash.

Silence is golden. Only the whisper of a subtle breeze flows through the canyon. One lone coyote has passed through here recently, his trail in the narrow wash suddenly darts off to the left and disappears to higher regions unexplored.

Around every bend in this tight canyon the power and drama enfold you. The rabbit brush in full bloom, scents the air with its sweet fragrance. A hawk soars overhead 'twixt the narrow strip of sky that these canyon walls allow.

And here I stand beneath these massive cliffs of buff and bronze, just a speck of dust within the eye of this canyon. It puts one in ones proper place among all things. For I am all but dwarfed and humbled beneath the 1,000 foot walls of Grand Wash.

The coyote, the hawk, the bumblebee and I are all on equal terms today.

CHAPTER THREE - CALF CREEK/ESCALANTE AREA

Sunrise on Navajo Sandstone, the silence broken only by the murmur of Calf Creek, hinting of hidden secrets farther up the canyon. Never mind the highway up above, or the power lines down below, we'll leave them behind for something man could not even begin to conceive of.

Following the sandy trail from my campsite, the spectacle of autumn graces the canyon floor. Rabbit brush, Tamarisk, Gamble Oak and Cottonwood all dressed in a kaleidoscope of Fall color. Idyllic Impressionism.

The creek runs long and cool, uninterrupted save for a few beaver that have homesteaded here. And as the trail veers away from the highway sounds, the silence of the desert surrounds you.

The walls rise higher still, the sandstone stained with desert varnish. The sunlight illuminates them like church windows, hues of brilliant gold, brown and bronze. A fawn peeks through the willows and then like some ghostly apparition, it is gone. The trail is moist and narrow now, lined with willow and horsetail.

And then, you hear it. Not only hear it... but feel it! The creek is still flowing by, but a greater force is calling just around the next bend. The gentle breeze turns into a stiff wind, the air cools suddenly as you round the last curve in the trail, and you catch your first glimpse of Calf Creek Falls.

Plummeting down 126 feet of Navajo Sandstone in two tiers, it is yet another miracle of the desert. Mosses of translucent green cling to the sides of the cliff as well as a host of other ferns and exotics. A deep, clear pool of water lies at the base of the falls, enticing you for a quick dip.

The sunlight filters through the one lone cloud over the cliffs and Calf Creek Falls lights up the canyon. An Ouzel Dipper does its ceremonial dance near the pool, a western blue-bird lights on a cottonwood limb and basks in the mist from the falls, while the waters sing of power and time eternal. It is here I come to realize, that paradise is not lost.

CHAPTER FOUR - BRYCE POINT

It is chilly this morning and rightly so. At 8,000 feet in October, dawn crackles with a crispness and a subtle warning of the coming winter.

For now, the cumulus clouds drift by like so many battleships as I gaze down into Ebenezer Bryce's "hell of a place to lose a cow" paradise. That being, Bryce Canyon.

Pink and white spires and pinnacles, like an army of soldiers, march downward to the canyon floor. One of the more beautiful erosional processes in Southern Utah. The view is grand at almost any time of day, for the porous rocks reflect indirect light and glow with a passion all their own. Even in shadow.

Exotic creations abound here. You might envision pagodas, goblins, castles and temples but all on gentle terms. As if the erosional forces that will soon cause all spires and temples to come tumbling down, are going about it in a slow and peaceful fashion. A good way to die.

Far off in the distance, the sleepy town of Tropic is just awakening. Can those few simple and no doubt country folk ever take for granted the scenery that surrounds them? Do they ever venture up here for the view like so many of us, or is it just another hill to climb? I'll venture to bet that with each sunrise, their eyes still rise to the west, to gaze in awe of a landscape that you cannot only lose a cow in, but also lose and find yourself in as well.

CHAPTER FIVE - ZION CANYON

Monday	Family Night	6-9	Special Family Prices Activity Card Required For Discount	BIG WHEELS ROLLER SKATING
Tuesday	High School Night	6-9		
Wednesday	Dollar Night	6-10	A Dollar Night That IS a Dollar	
Thursday	2 for 1	6-11		
Friday	Late Skate	6-10, 10-12	One Full Price Admission Gets Another One Free One Additional Dollar Buys A Total of Six Hours of Fun Skating Is Good Exercise And Great Fun! Don't Miss Out	
Saturday		6-11		
Sunday		Closed	12-3 Take A Break While The Kids Are In School	
Tuesday	Mother's Matinee Ask About Child Care			
Friday	10 AM-1 PM and 2 PM-5 PM		259-6741 BEHIND MOAB LANES	
Saturday	10 AM-1 PM and 2 PM-5 PM			

**NEW MATINEE HOURS
STILL JUST 75c**

NEW BACK TO SCHOOL HOURS

Trumpets. There should be trumpets. For this place deserves the most sonorous music! Majesty, power and magnificence. This is Zion. A one of a kind canyon chiseled within accordance to Mother Natures chaotic order of all things. I suppose the first thing that strikes you are the sheer vertical blocks of rock that tower above you. Not just cliffs or buttes, but masses of rock rising up over 2,000 feet from the shores of the Virgin River.

There is nothing subtle here. Only majesty. Mountain of the Sun; Alter of Sacrifice; Towers of the Virgin; Mystery Mountain. Even the names befit this royal landscape.

Wading in the Virgin River, I am just an ant beneath these monoliths. They block the sun with total finality of their power. And ruling over all, is The Great White Throne, towering 2,500 feet above all else. No Mozart here. Only the power of Brahms comes closest to this spectacle. This place called Zion Canyon.

And as dawn goes down to day, the forever southern breeze slows its pace to a slow, cool wind. Deer are foraging in the field across from me. There are many of them. They must know it is hunting season outside the Park boundaries.

A few chipmunks beg at my table while a weary old stray cat surveys the scene from a distance. It is mid-day, time to rest.

Evening brings about one last golden glow to these huge blocks of stone. The Watchman, southern most guardian peak in Zion Canyon, holds its crimson glow until the sun finally lays to rest.

As if on cue, the wind picks up its velocity and it will continue all night long, carrying with it, a few grains of sand from here and there, in its relentless quest to turn these massive blocks of stone into dust.

For now, the giant monoliths stand tall against the star-studded sky, as a harvest moon rises over Bridge Mountain. I could learn to live here, or at least stay for a very long time, watching these rocks watch over, a canyon called Zion.

CHAPTER SIX - PAGE, ARIZONA

And there it is. Glen Canyon Dam. Stacked up like some concrete dinosaur in the middle of the desert. A giant tombstone to all life and things it has inundated. I did not know what I

polaroid photography by Terry Knouff



"He's a Man Ray kind of guy."

would be feeling here today upon seeing this manmade endeavor for the first time. I suppose the most fitting emotion...would be gloom.

Coming from the power and majesty of Zion, to the power and silence of the dam. I follow the crowd from the bus tour into the auditorium to view the slide presentation and find it to be ironically upbeat. ONE MILLIONTH BARREL OF CONCRETE POURED!!! TWO MILLIONTH BARREL OF CONCRETE POURED!!! As if this was a feat to be rivaled with other manmade wonders. I am not in awe.

I decline to take the 45 minute self-guided tour through the bowels of the dam, but have to laugh out loud at the NO BACKPACKS ALLOWED sign above the elevator. We all know why it's there. The armed guard standing out front, still nervously looking for Hayduke. All is not upbeat here after all.

I walk to the nearby McDonalds and purchase my first McDLT in eight years. It even tastes of concrete and blasting powder. I return and sit near the dam and the bridge and muse over mans final insult to canyon country. Tours were coming and going, suburbans pulling shiny new boats, many people of various persuasions coming to frolic in this manmade cesspool.

There is buried treasure down there. Phillip Hyde knows. Ken Sleight knows. Ancient ruins and alcoves, arches and hidden canyons, the bones of countless wildlife who were not given notice; given warning. One day that may all return. No, not the life that perished down there, but the rocks and ruins, springs and secret places, they're still down there. Waiting...

Waiting for that glorious Second Coming when the dam, burdened with silt and sludge, finally

groans and creaks and splits down the middle, spewing out all the garbage it's held inside, vomiting all unclean things and purifying itself with one of the greatest natural disasters known to man. THREE MILLION BARRELS OF CONCRETE GONE!!!!

And it is not so much what some of us might want, or what Abbey and his followers might want. I must believe deep within my soul, that it is what God wants.

CHAPTER SEVEN - THE NAVAJO RESERVATION

The sign reads YOU ARE NOW ENTERING THE NAVAJO RESERVATION. And at once, the scenery changes from semi-arid to bleak, from scenic to desolate. The wind does not blow here. It sighs. Sighs with all the broken promises and well-meaning missionaries. The air is filled with a sad hopelessness of long ago dreams dead and gone. The spirits do not rest in peace here. Their graves have been pillaged and their belongings taken away to some suburban fireplace mantle.

Ramshackle hogans dot the landscape like epitaphs. Abandoned JEWELRY FOR SALE stands line the highway. Tourists season is over. What will THE PEOPLE do now? Derelict pickup trucks and broken bottles of wine scatter the hillside.

Will we find these ornaments of destitution, say one thousand years from now, as fascinating as the Anasazi Ruins we marvel at today? Will we regard these brokenbits of glass like potshards? Will we speak in reverence of these people we not only allowed to become extinct, but WILLED them to it? Or will we once again

FERNE MULLEN

2 YEAR COMMISSIONER

DEMOCRAT

I FAVOR:

Westwater Wild & Scenic Designation. It will create economic spin-off.

Multiple Use-Mining and ranching can be compatible with recreation and tourism if properly managed.

I OPPOSE:

The hazardous waste incinerator because it is difficult if not impossible to control and monitor.

An industrial park at Cisco because employees would live in the Grand Jct. area. A park for clean, non-polluting industries should be closer to Moab so that employees would live and shop here.

I RECOGNIZE:

The importance of good health care in this isolated community. I would work with the hospital board in advertising for new doctors. We must stress the many advantages this community can offer, its clean air, its beauty, its low crime rate. We must offer incentives, but I am apposed to guaranteed incomes.

I SUPPORT:

EDUCATION. Today's children are our future leaders.

I am retired, and have time and the desire to serve you. I will research, study, and listen to everyone before making a decision.

say, "Do not blame me for my Fathers' mistakes?"

For when you visit these lands of lonely, when you view this tattered void, and when you pass by that old indian woman hitch-hiking like I know you will -- if you had any conscience at all, you would gladly return Zion to its rightful owners. You would walk away from Canyonlands. And you would relinquish The Great Plains and pray that YOU, as well as your Fathers, may be forgiven someday for what you've wrought.

CHAPTER EIGHT - NATURAL BRIDGES MONUMENT, UT

Here I am at the campgrounds sitting quietly ten feet from a coyote! A rare encounter! He has smelled the hot dogs cooking on the grill and he has come, following his nose. What an odd-dog dog this is. Those eyes watching every move I make. Those ears tuned to the slightest of sounds. Forever on guard, but forever so curious.

As I have never been approached this close by a coyote, I start to ask him all the questions I've wanted to know. Was the hunting good? Where in the world have you been? Oh, what stories he could probably tell me, if only he could talk! Truly, The King of All Desert Rats!

But, he is only eyeing the food. He watches intently as I put another hot dog on the grill. I suddenly realize this presents an opportune time to capture wildlife on the view camera! The hot dog will be the bait. Does the coyote think this is a shoddy deal? Not if he's hungry enough...

I toss him a bit of meat and instantly, powerful hind legs vault him so abruptly, I am startled by his swiftness. Before I can even think about clicking the shutter, he is back to his safe fifteen feet distance from me.

This time, I focus the camera at four feet and set the shutter as fast as it will go. I toss another hot dog to that spot and watch the coyote. He looks at the meat, than at me, then back at the meat again. Slowly, ever so cautiously, he rises and warily approaches me awaiting dinner. He stops many times and sniffs the air while I sit perfectly still, hardly breathing. He stands his ground and looks at me and the camera.

Does he think it's a rifle? A coyote-getter? Surely, after a whole century of trying to annihilate his species, he must have a built-in warning system about creatures such as ourselves. But, this one comes even closer. A noble warrior! Finally, he almost crawls towards the meat and at the instant he snatches it I trip the shutter.

At that sound he leaps in mid-air, frightening me off-balance and in another moment he is his safe distance away, still watching me with those coyote eyes. I treat him to the rest of the meat for being such a good sport in this experiment. He lays around my camp for the rest of the morning, both of us just watching each other.

Upon returning from the restroom, I find him gone. He does not return that evening. The next day I have dinner all ready for him, but he is nowhere is sight. He is gone. Probably chasing some rabbit down in White's Canyon beneath Kachina Bridge, where he belongs.

Oh, I did get round to visiting the bridges and it was nice to see them again. But not as special as by brief, close encounter with coyote: The King of all Desert Rats!

CHAPTER NINE - GRAND GULCH

You are walking back through time amidst a living museum. You do not drive here or even ride your bike. You carry everything with you ...and you walk. Like the Anasazi did. The descent via Shiek's Canyon is not an easy one. Life amongst the Anasazi wasn't either. With a full pack plus water, it is almost a perilous journey to the canyon floor. But this side canyon drops me near Split Level Ruin.

And once there, you are immediately taken by the structures, some still with roofs intact, waiting in the wind. A 1,000 years have passed but these ruins can still provide shelter from the storm. Pot shards, bone fragments, woven bits of rope are everywhere. People come here now to wander and wonder, not rob and pillage. The spirits are at rest.

I place my hand over a handprint on the alcove wall made long ago and find that these people must have been small, perhaps almost delicate. But certainly strong enough to hunt and gather, make their weapons out of materials that were available and endure the hardships of a cruel winter. They did so much, with so little.

I look through my pack, see all my freeze-dried food, my Catadyne water filter and my Hollofill sleeping bag and almost laugh out loud. I almost thought for a moment, that by walking in here like they did, I would somehow be on equal terms with these ancient people.

But, looking at these ruins that have withstood the desert winds and the test of time, touching the wares that they carved and chiseled, looking at the time and talent it took to wind these bits of fibers into rope and then looking into my pack, I have to stop and wonder just who is the savage here?

CHAPTER TEN - THE HOMECOMING

A full moon shines over the LaSal Mountains tonight. I could have driven a bit further and would have been sleeping in my own bed by now. But seeing these mountains for the first time in over a month and knowing the fact that it

was full moon...well, I just had to stop and camp one more night.

Stop and give thanks for the safe and soulful journey I have had. Moab is not alone when it comes to paradise. The whole southern part of this state is filled with such wonders; it would take more than one lifetime to even scratch the surface, let alone become acquainted with on an intimate basis.

But, the body and the spirit tell you when



it is time to return home. For no matter where your travels may take you, whether it be a National Park Campground or some remote primitive area; you can only stay away for so long.

I call Moab home and I doubt rather seriously that will ever change in my lifetime. For it continues to be the one place I 'feel' at home whenever I return. Not so much for the red rock country that lies beneath these mountains, but for the people that live and toil here that I've come to love and respect.

Good people. People of the Earth, who have also chosen to make this rural area their home. I doubt we have all journeyed here for the same reasons, but I think I do know why we stay.

So, for tonight, I will sleep peacefully beneath this old moon that hangs over Tukumikivatz for I know by this time tomorrow, I shall be home.

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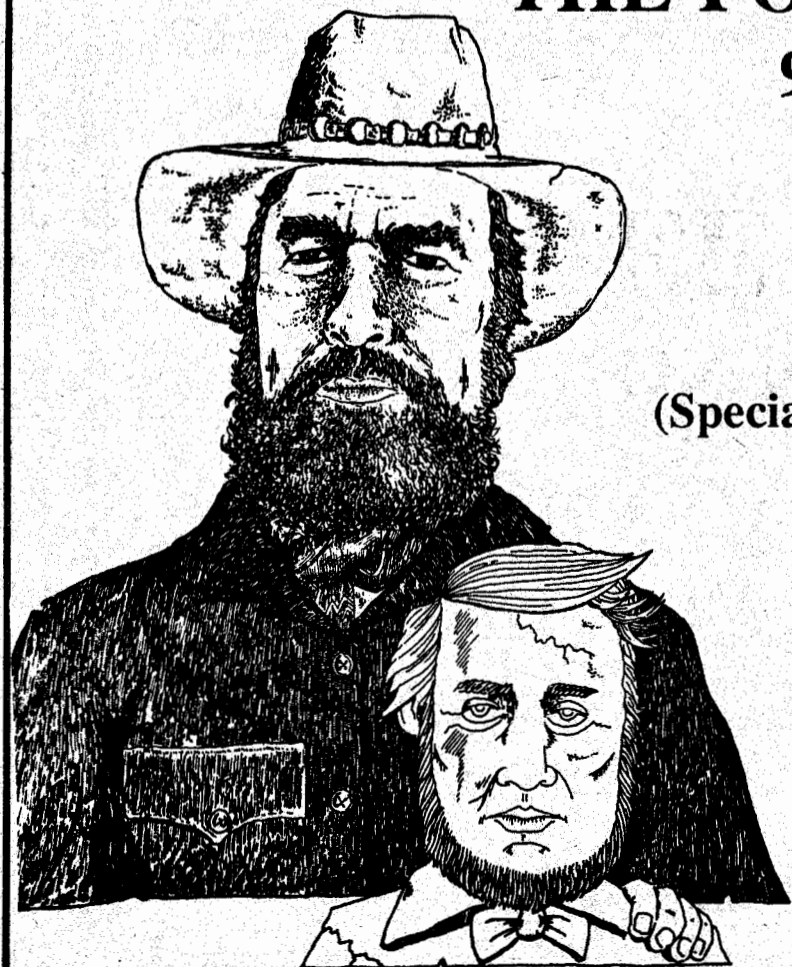
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