

THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE



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Moab,
Utah



Park engineers prepare to erect new modesty screen.

Arches Personnel Plan Park Cleanup

The National Park Service finally succumbed to growing pressure from a number of local civic-minded organizations and agreed to a compromise plan to screen from public view one of the most popular spires in Arches park.

The rock, known locally as "Brigham's Unit", has been a thorn in the side of the Park Service since their decision to locate the spire on the park maps with the title, "The Organ".

Traffic in the area has been severely restricted by gawking motorists and an occasional tailgate party. In addition several groups, spearheaded by the powerful "Citizens for a More Moral Morality", have actively lobbied to restrict the rock from general public view on the grounds that it distracts tourists from the overall "high-quality" scenery around it.

Park Superintendent Thrustin Parry ultimately agreed to the compromise hammered out during several all night sessions and decided to erect an opaque

Nirvana Blues

The Moab valley is going to have to wait a while longer for economic prosperity to come crashing through the door. Another valiant attempt to create a new, high-paying industry met with failure this fall when the newly-formed Nirvana Sunflower Seed Co. declared bankruptcy.

Nirvana, funded by a consortium of DINKs (dual-income, no kids) from Salt Lake City, broke ground last spring. Their goal: to establish a new agricultural product suited to the area that would, in their words, "interface with the fast-growing snack foods market".

Company president Bruno Proboscis was all smiles when he spoke with the press last April at the ribbon-cutting ceremonies at the company farm. With his lovely wife, Eleanor Shlameal, at his side, Proboscis radiated supreme confidence as he spoke in glowing terms of a brighter future for the citizens of Grand County.

"These bare fields will soon be a sea of waving sunflower heads", he promised. "We expect to produce several hundred tons of our unique, ready-to-eat product."

"This enterprise could never have happened without the cooperation of the citizens of Moab and their government officials. They literally bent over

veil around the rock. There will be some concession to the environmentalists in that the plan calls for only a partial curtain.

"We decided to veil just the bottom half of the rock", said Parry. "We feel that this will disguise it to the point that passersby will hardly notice it. It's the perfect compromise!"

backwards to provide the money and hard work necessary to get us title to the land, and to set up the necessary water and sewer projects that make all this possible. No other community even came close to offering us a deal this good!

"It just goes to show you what we can do if we all pull together to make something happen. The shape of the whole is no greater than the shortage of its parts", he told the cheering throng.

Optimism soon waned, however, during the summer months when the fields failed to sprout. Finally, in October, it was painfully evident that the harvest was going to be nowhere close to corporate projections, and the company was dissolved in court.

Proboscis, interviewed by our reporters as he was leaving the City-County building, lamented the crop failure and expressed his total bafflement as to the cause.

"We had the best land, water, fertilizer and equipment that money can

INSIDE Pearl Baker Speaks

see page 6

White Airheads in Moab

See Page 9

Best Underwear Ads of 1986!

buy", said Proboscis. "And to those who have indicated that we scrimped on the seed, let me make one thing perfectly clear. We bought bags and bags of the most expensive seed we could find. In fact, we literally cleaned out all the mini-marts in town, and every single bag was taste-tested for plumpness and the right amount of salt. I just don't know what could have gone wrong!"



Crop Foreman J. Copass dejectedly examines the total summer crop of the now-defunct Nirvana Sunflower Seed Co.

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NEW FAD

Mattressing, a sport which nobody had heard of two months ago, is fast becoming the No. 1 national pastime and Moab is gaining recognition as the premier mattressing capital of the world. Sport enthusiasts are flocking to Moab, eager to test their skills in the Fiery Furnace, a world class race course. The Fiery Furnace, with its maze of narrow passageways, chimney-climbs and precipitous fins offers the ultimate challenge to a two-man team carrying an oversize feather mattress.

The sleepy town of Moab was unprepared for the onrush of athletes who have been surging into town with regulation sized mattresses strapped to their cars. But local businesses have rallied, offering cut-rate tours of the "most scenic dump", a free night on the town with "hostesses" Gigi Sawtelle and Dorothy Milam,

"Some guy gets stuck in a crack and within minutes a whole string of mattressing teams will jam in behind him. We're having to seal off whole sections of trail as they become clogged with mattresses and bodies", he stated.

and a free drink at any of the 407 country western bars in town. An international olympic event is planned for the spring and CFI (Canyonlands Feel Institute) is offering introductory training workshops.

An unnamed NPS spokesman explained that while economically depressed Moab welcomes this unexpected financial windfall, mattressing represents a grave threat to the environment. The Gazette interviewed a distraught park ranger who had just returned from a rescue operation in the Fiery Furnace.

The President's Special Commission on Endangered Environments has projected that the entire Canyonlands will be filled within two years by frenzied mattressers. However, due to widespread sentiment in favor of unrestricted mattressing, it has become NPS policy to "aid and facilitate" public access to all corners of Canyonlands. Bego Gerhart and Barry Miller, who first "ran" Fiery Furnace back in October, still hold the record time of 4 hours, 32 minutes.

The Doubtful Guest



The Doubtful Guest was recently presented with the prestigious "Living Petroglyph Award" by the Association to Prove That Those Strange Figures Were Depicted For Real, more commonly known as ATPITSFWDPR. The Guest was understandably speechless when he was presented with the award.

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old news

October 26, 1906 - Grand Valley Times
INTEMPERATE TEA DRINKING: In this age of mental tensions, high pressure and overstrain, tea is felt to be doing much to overstock our lunatic asylums. There can be little doubt that tea drinking is a form of intemperance in these days, a national and female intoxication second only to that of strong drink and in some way perhaps even more injurious.

December 21, 1906 - Grand Valley Times
 We have heard in the last month of a number of cases of girls and women being accosted on the streets by strangers in this place. We have no sympathy for this breed of skunks and would be glad to see some of them horsewhipped out of town to serve as an example for the rest of them. There is no man lower on the moral scale than he who will attempt to steal the honor of a woman.

November 25, 1976 - Times Independent
 U.S Secret Service agents Thursday dug up between \$200,000.00 and \$300,000.00 in counterfeit \$100 bills near the Dubinky Well according to Police Chief Mel Dalton. The men responsible for printing this money are already serving time in the Utah State Prison on counterfeiting convictions he said, and because of this there probably will be no further charges filed. One of these men led the agents to where the fake money and printing plates were hidden. The fake money was printed about a year ago in Grand County from the back of a van and buried. This is some of the same money which was involved in several arrests in Bountiful six to eight months ago. All told, agents feel this is part of a five million dollar print.

The Worst Beer Commercial of 1986:



"It Doesn't Get Any Better Than This."

Pack Creek Critique

By Lola Nunley

The brunch was wonderful, marvelous, sumptuous; filo pastry, herb rolls, ginger beef strips, puff pastry, pork and ham loaf with horseradish sauce, seafood salad, tiny peas and cashew salad, fruit salad and the piece de resistance, the absolutely sinful raspberry cream that could make you go wild! But, I digress.....

The point of the whole day, so sumptuously underlined by the feast offered by the talented staff at Pack Creek Ranch was a feast of another kind. A professional critique of Craig Rayle's first play, 'OK Gas and Groceries', which was seen here November 20, 21 and 22 at Star Hall.

The critique was led by Jim Schwartzcofff, a critic from Denver, Colorado, who has a diversity of experience and involvement in the field of drama. G Barnes, Literary Co-ordinator for the Utah Arts Council, brought the elements together to give this critique a high degree of professionalism. Jerry Johnston, a book editor and also the Arts Writer for the Deseret News gave professional advice from a different perspective.

Towards the end of the critique, after much discussion with the audience, Jim Schwartzcofff summed it up: "This play has three very important things; it has the ability to strike a nerve, it has a dialog that moves the action forward and it has collected in one place things that make us think. Now it comes to honing it to perfection."

This performance was the first direction for this play. There are no previous interpretations to use as background material. The play transcended that. It was good. It brought tears of laughter as well as tears of sadness and pain.

We sense the depth of this play. It was impressionistic in the sense that 3 days passed by on the stage in

only 90 minutes, but real in the sense that it portrayed, through it's diversity of characters, feelings that we all share. Jimmy's progression from a smart-ass who is flip about everything including himself, to a sensitive human being is symbolic of a journey we must all take.

Jimmy's character development is enhanced and channeled through the secondary characterizations in the play: Judith, authoritative, overbearing, clinging to the rules as her only means of control; Wade, whose macho cockiness belies an underlying insecurity; Lila, confused and lost in her own terrifying reality, asking, "Can you change me Jimmy?"; Nadine, brash, suggestive, flirtatious, but with an underlying sensitivity; Riley the garbageman sage, whose detached humor and thoughtful insights help us keep the journey in focus; Jessie, the understanding mother figure, whose gentleness and humor soften the edges; Melissa, the young victim, tossed out on the road like the refuse Riley collects; Ms. (Sylvia) Sherman, prim, businesslike, but reachable.

What comes through in this play, besides the promising material, is a lot of effort and good performances by The Moab Community Theater. Author Craig Rayle, Director Susan Jamieson and the cast and crew of OK Gas and Groceries should all feel very proud.

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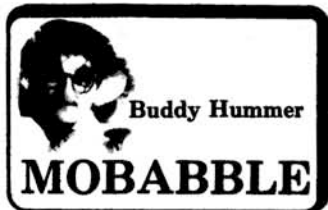
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Somebody asked me if the article about "King Of The World" in the November Gazette was true. Yes, that really, really, really was a true story. But it is hard to know what to believe in a world where rocks which should fall remain balanced for centuries, where economic planners talk about "psychic income", and where boatmen swat at low-flying B-1 bombers with their oars.

Truthfully, haven't you ever wondered if Balanced Rock, in Arches Park, is really balanced, or if there is some fakery being perpetrated by the NPS. You've probably noticed that as of this year you have to pay \$1.00 to get into Arches (even during the winter). Nobody is going to convince me that all the revenue they're collecting at the entrance station is being spent on carpet laying, coffee breaks, and cupboards full of unused projectors. Where is the money going?

Unless they had something to hide you'd think they would want to encourage locals to visit the park.

Gloria Denney, the head librarian, says that when she was a girl Moab kids used to bicycle out to Arches to "party". They would scramble over rocks, build campfires, tell stories, and then bicycle back to town before parents got worried.

But things aren't so free and easy anymore. Ever since Arches gained the coveted status of X-Rated, it can afford to snub locals. Who wouldn't pay a buck to see the largest collection of natural erections in the world?

Yep, dirty minds go far, as proven by Susanna Christie who has already received an advance payment for her THIRD true romance novel.

Of course sex isn't the only way to "hit the jackpot". Joe Kiffmeyer is writing a book about well-known local, Robbin Banks, son of Philmore Banks (president of the Stinking Desert

Gazette). The book, entitled Between Banks, could best be described as inspirational.

You know Dorothy Milam, the clerk at City Market, who won the "friendliest employee of 1986" award? She is so friendly that the first time I encountered her in City Market I got suspicious (like, anybody that friendly must be wanting something...)

Speaking of the Friendly Employee Contest, can you guess who filled out stacks of customer comment cards on his own behalf? He was understandably miffed when he lost the contest and even threatened to file suit. Thank God for eccentricity.

Did you see Teri Tibbits, Moab's costume queen, this Halloween? She dressed up as ½ bride and ½ groom. In making the costume she committed the sacrilege of cutting a wedding dress in half, and guess where she got the curly hairs she glued to the male side of her face.

But Cheryl East, who played the rodeo queen Nadine in the recently produced play OK GAS AND GROCERIES, has won the vamp of the month award hands down. Cheryl was so sizzling hot after the Thursday night performance that her car caught on fire while she was driving it. The Moab Fire Department followed her to the cast party, dousing stray sparks and unquenchable flames.

Are you familiar with the gentleman who regularly cruises around town at a leisurely 10 MPH, unperturbed by the parade of slowed-up traffic behind him? I'm always glad to encounter him because he's a reminder that 10 MPH is fast enough.

Apparently he was recently charged with a minor hit and run violation which resulted in a small fine. I haven't been able to learn the "true story", but I have been told that his father used to drive the same way. His father drove that slowly because he was mostly blind and locals knew to pull over to the side of the road when they saw him coming. Sounds like the victim of the recent accident was just too preoccupied to pull his car out of the way, like he oughta have done.

Let's hope the streets of Moab remain safe for people who like to drive at 10 MPH.



The Management Discusses What to do With the Abandoned Millsite

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EXCLUSIVE PEARL BAKER INTERVIEW

This is the second installment in our series of interviews with noted author, historian and lifelong resident of canyonlands, Pearl Baker.

Pearl spent a large part of her life on the only ranch located in the Robber's Roost area, and is an expert on the history, legends and folklore of that rugged and remote portion of Canyonlands.

In our last interview with Pearl we focused on the issue of cattle grazing on public lands, the desirability of wilderness areas, and range management in general.

In this segment we discuss her work, her research into the Wild Bunch, the latest facts about the fate of Butch Cassidy, and the territory the infamous gang used for a retreat.

hundreds of "western magazines" that had western stories in them. Then they just fizzled out because postage got too high. In fact, it just about broke the whole magazine world. But in those days, the western story was "the story".

I tried a few of them, but I never really did hit the magazines. They had a certain way to go. I didn't know how to write. But in 1964 I went to New Mexico to the Bosque Del Apache Wildlife refuge as a clerk receptionist. And they had a young man down there who had taken some college literary courses, and he taught me how to write!

I had long sentences, too many adjectives, and I had been doing everything wrong. So, He taught me how to write. Since then I have tried to follow his precepts, but I'm not sure I'm doing so well!

SDG: It seems you've done quite well. When was your first work published?

PB: My first Robber's Roost book was published in 1965, the first copy of "The Wild Bunch". The second copy was published in 1971. It's out of print now. We are on a rewrite of it due to come out next year. I am not going to be able to do the rewrite because I'm simply not able to work that hard anymore.

But Jim Dullenty, who is a very fine newspaperman and who has more material on the Wild Bunch than anyone living, is helping. Jim tells me that collecting material on the Wild Bunch is addictive. Once you start, there's no place to stop! So he has voluminous files on the Wild Bunch.

We think we have located Etta Place in Uruguay, in South America. We hope we can verify it, and we're doing some research on that right now. If we do, it will be in Jim's rewrite.

SDG: Is this research into the final resting place of Butch Cassidy?

PB: That's kind of a funny story. William Phillips of Spokane, Washington, claimed he was Butch Cassidy. His

wife told Charles Kelly that he was not. But when Jim was working on the newspaper up there he ran on to a trunk full of manuscripts and papers that belonged to this Phillips' and his wife's foster son. But he wouldn't let Jim have them, because he said he thought that a woman by the name of Ellen Harris had done some typing on them. But he'd lost touch with her.

I supplied the link, and he located Harris' son, Ben Harris, who was in the movies in Los Angeles. He had had Butch Cassidy write up this script, "The Invincible Bandit" is what he called it, but it was too wild for the movies at that time. They wouldn't even touch it. And so, the manuscript had not survived.

But a woman and her daughter and her sister had copied the manuscript into three notebooks. Jim got hold of the notebooks and reconstructed the manuscript. And we now have the manuscript that Phillips wrote. We do think, since we have run onto this material about Etta Place in South America, we do think that this manuscript is very possibly the autobiography of Butch Cassidy.

SDG: Is this to be published soon?

PB: Well, I don't know whether it'll be published or not. There isn't time nor money to publish it now. So, I'm offering it in manuscript form in a nice cover. Included in it are pictures of the Wild Bunch. This is now for sale for \$14.95, and can be ordered directly from us. Jim has worked this all out.

SDG: The legends of the outlaws are probably the great stories of the history of this area. Moabites boast of Butch spending time at a local residence during his forays, the quarried sandstone building on 1st West and 2nd North. Could this be true?

PB: He could very well have. When the rivers were high, leaving Brown's Park put him on the east side of the Green River. Then he would have to cross the Grand (Colorado) river, but

there was a ferry across the Colorado. And so quite often they did come through Moab when they went from north to south.

SDG: What is the exact location of the Robber's Roost? Is it a specific site, or a general area?

PB: It is the large area west of Canyonlands National Park, and includes part of the park - the Horseshoe Canyon portion. It includes the canyons and the high country between the confluence of the Green and Colorado River on the east and the Dirty Devil River on the West.

SDG: When you lived there, did you ever meet any outlaws?

PB: People came through that we didn't know, but they never identified themselves as outlaws.

SDG: What about Sid Swasey of the San Raphael?

PB: The Swaseys were not a part of the Wild Bunch. They were outdoorsmen, and undoubtedly knew them very well. But so far as I know there never was a Swasey who rode with them on their forays. But they were certainly colorful enough in their own right!

SDG: The Robbers Roost was a rough area to grow up in. As a child, did you ever long to live in the cities and partake of the more civilized comforts in life, or were you content with growing up there in the wilderness?

PB: I don't know how to answer that. We had such fun when we were children. And of course we were the dominant family in the area and I enjoyed that.

I went to St. Mary's Academy in Salt Lake City during my high school years. I enjoyed all the things that I hadn't had access to, like a good library, music, and things of that nature.

But by and large, I think I was pretty satisfied.

When my father died in 1928, my husband and I bought my mother's and sister's interest in the Roost. But

my husband lived just two months. And so, from 1928 to 1939, I ran Robber's Roost Ranch. And it is today one of the main ranches in the state, and one of the most beautiful!

SDG: This is the ranch currently operated by A. C. Ekker?

PB: Right, by my nephew, A. C. We sold to his mother and father, and they have been there for more than 40 years. They moved there before A. C. was born, and so he grew up on the ranch and is doing a fine job of running it.

SDG: Was it difficult being a female in that environment? Were the men terribly chauvenistic in their attitude toward women?

PB: My sister and I grew up very differently than other girls. But my mother was a very refined woman. I grew to appreciate that later in life. She was always a lady, and the men were always gentlemen around her. She raised us well, and I appreciate that very much now.

SDG: Were women considered the equal of men in those days?

PB: The men revered the women in those days. They took care of them. We were safe no matter who came by. Women were very highly thought of.

Back in the early part of the century, equality wasn't even dreamed of! Women were on a higher plane than men, and so when you talk of equality, you sort of lose me. I think now they're losing a great deal seeking equality with men. They're not coming up in the world to be the equals of men, they're going down! That's the way I feel about it!

SDG: When you were growing up, did you have the company of other children from other ranches?

PB: One of my dearest friends now, a woman about my age, lives here in Green River and comes to see me often. She used to live in Hanksville in those days. She had six brothers and sisters and I always envied her so much, having all those children to play with.

We didn't have any other children to play with because, remember, we were located about 70 miles from the nearest settlement.

SDG: 70 miles from the nearest supplies! Does that mean you grew most of your own food?

PB: No, we ate mostly out of cans. My father thought that a balanced diet was beefsteak, coffee, dutch oven bread, and maybe a little sweet stuff to go along with it. My mother had grown up on a ranch on the Delores River above Moab - her maiden name was Scharf - and she used to starve for vegetables! She was riding along one day and my father asked her what she was thinking of and she said: "Taters and ice cream!". We couldn't have potatoes. They weighed too much to be brought in by horsepack! Cans of food could feed us better than a lot of potatoes. The food we packed in was mostly in cans.

SDG: Did you supplement your diet with deer and mountain sheep?

PB: Not really. My father was a beef man. The mountain sheep were down in the canyons, and we didn't go there much because our cattle were all up on top. There were lots of antelope up there in those days, but the mountain sheep were down under the ledge, and we had no reason to go down into the maze.

SDG: Was it down in the maze where the outlaws had their settlement? We've been told that they had some cabins there.

PB: No, they didn't have any cabins. They had the camp they stayed in, the winter before the Castlegate holdup, in 1897. That was down in Horseshoe Canyon. A. C. Ekker takes a guided trip there by horseback to the secret hideout of the Wild Bunch. He certainly knows his history and it's a wonderful trip.

SDG: Was the camp located at a spring?

PB: No, they carried the water up. In those days, you took the water to the horse feed. The most important thing was horses, so you took the water to them. If

you had to be short of something, it was better to short the people than the horses.

SDG: That says a lot about the remote character of that rugged area. Well, it's time to wind this up for now. Is there anything special that you would like to tell your friends in Moab?

PB: Just that I'm still alive and kicking, and looking forward to getting back on my feet and visiting them soon!



Pearl Baker

The Stinking Desert Gazette wishes to inform its readers that Pearl Baker has available for purchase the book-length manuscripts listed in the order blank below.

These fascinating works belong in the library of anyone who enjoys good reading, and are a must for local historians.

Pearl Baker Canyonlands Gifts & Books

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I NEED YOUR HELP!

I have been in the hospital four times in the last two years. Even with Medicare my medical bills are staggering. But if you people who know me will chip in maybe I can make it.

I have three manuscripts in folders for sale because there is neither time nor money to publish them. My two are: *Through the Sipapu*, a Canyonlands fantasy and my best work, for \$12.85, and *The Outlaw of San Juan* the story of Paiute Posey and the Mormonees of San Juan County, Utah, 1880-1923, at \$17.85. The third is *The Invincible Bandit*, the William Phillips manuscript that Jim Dullenty found in Spokane, which we consider to be Butch Cassidy's autobiography. This sells for \$14.95.

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Bleak....That was the outlook from the high school courtyard balcony many years ago when Mudpuppy and friends convened to discuss losing three \$500 bicycles to thieves. Solution: ride a cheaper bike around town. How about Dad's old Schwinn? Garage sale bicycles! And that's how it all began.

The 1970's brought about thefts of expensive bicycles and the birth (or rebirth) of the Fat Tire. Of course, the gear heads and the sprocket jocks of today's bike world claim responsibility and credit for the advent of the Mountain Bike, but the truth is that it started in backroad basements and college dorms with refurbished one-speed coaster-braked cruisers. And the people who started the craze were just looking for something to ride that didn't need to be locked up!

Those old bikes, built at the height of the industrial revolution (just prior to the heavy metal era) were virtually indestructible! Some people began riding them to school and work. Some people began riding them to school and work through vacant lots, over curbs, and through piles of leaves and snow. Some people set out for school and work and never made it. Wilderness Bicycling was born!

Heavy old fat tired bicycles became a nuisance, though, whenever a steep hill was encountered. A bike nut or two soon said; "Let's put gears on this old beast and ride up a mountain! (So we can coast down at breakneck speed, of course!) Some commuters said; "It's uphill all the way to work - wish I had a lower gear!" Thus the two factions of modern bicycling shifted into high and revolutionized the business.

It wasn't long before the Boys With The Toys (the people with the money) got interested in putting together the first Mountain Bike based on what the backyard technology was leaning toward. Something new for the ski bike yak hang glide sailsurf rack on top of the Toyota!

Money and California technology created a bicycle that put bikers out living a wet dream of pedalling through puddles and over passes. On the more spokephisticated end of things, commuters saw the development of the perfect pothole proof snow-track bike that was comfortable to ride in a business suit with briefcase on the rack in back. Some commuters went so far as to imagine waking on Mundane Morning to find the freeway fender to fender with bicycles all dodging the occasional automobile!

By the early 1980's all the trick equipment of the bike biz was redesigned to fit the use and abuse of the mountainbike. The real trick, however, was being able to afford one. It sometimes seems that the only people with Mountainbikes are bike junkies who will give up anything, or the new wealth-conscious Yuppies driving BMW's, Saabs, or expensive 4 X 4's.

And so it's no surprise to find that this entire historical digression came about on a particularly bleak afternoon in front of the grocery store when I noticed that my Five Hundred Dollar Wheeled Wonder was gone. Missing! Vanished! It appeared that my Fat Tires were about to fatten someone's wallet in some hot pawn shop.

The situation improved somewhat when I found that an irritated grocery carryout had wheeled the bicycle around the corner to get it out of the way of his fourteen grocery cart train he had been challenged to maneuver through the door. The memory, however, of a stolen bicycle remained. Perhaps that's why I'm now looking around for a rusted out three speed with one training wheel, a wooden seat, and no brakes.

Of course, painting my bicycle with faded clashing colors and weaving newspaper columns through the spokes would also solve the potential thievery dilemma, but if the old one speed cruisers led to the \$3,000 Mountain Bike (Top of the line), imagine what wooden seats and training wheels are destined to produce!

Pack Creek Ranch ... A Country Inn



Convenient to sunny Moab, Utah, Pack Creek Ranch nestles in the foothills of the mighty La Sal Mountains. The ranch is a favorite destination for adventurers, naturalists, recreationists, and those seeking cooler temperatures.

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COME SEE US!



Airheads

Although most of the details are shrouded in secrecy, our reporters have uncovered incontrovertible evidence that the White Airhead Nation Movement has come to Moab.

The movement, centered in Northern Idaho, has been prominent in the press lately with their ritual ceremonies like dancing around in dresses and duncecaps, and planting bombs in downtown Hayden Lake.

Our reporters, dressed in earflap caps, Pendleton shirts and bib overalls, were able to infiltrate a meeting of the Moab Chapter one morning at a local cafe.

In a single 45 minute session, the White Airheads declared their true superiority over everyone who doesn't look and act exactly like their group members. Spiced with clever anecdotes, their fast-paced dialogue denounced all Blacks, Indians, Jews, Mexicans, Arabs, secular humanists, leftists, centrists, environmentalists, beards, government employees, Hippies, beards, homosexuals, bisexuals, anysexuals, teenagers, pacifists, Democrats, and any women they had not personally trained for obedience.

They wound up the lively meeting by emphasizing their own physical beauty, superior brain power and Christian compassion - qualities that our reporters confessed were liable to be overlooked by the casual observer.

When questioned, members of the local chapter disclaim any connection with the parent organization in Idaho. Their support of that movement is in spirit only, they maintain.

La Hacienda

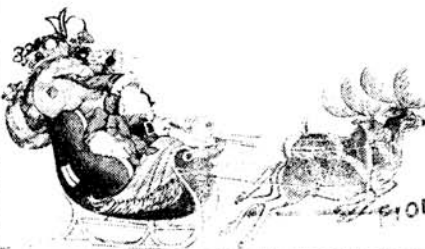
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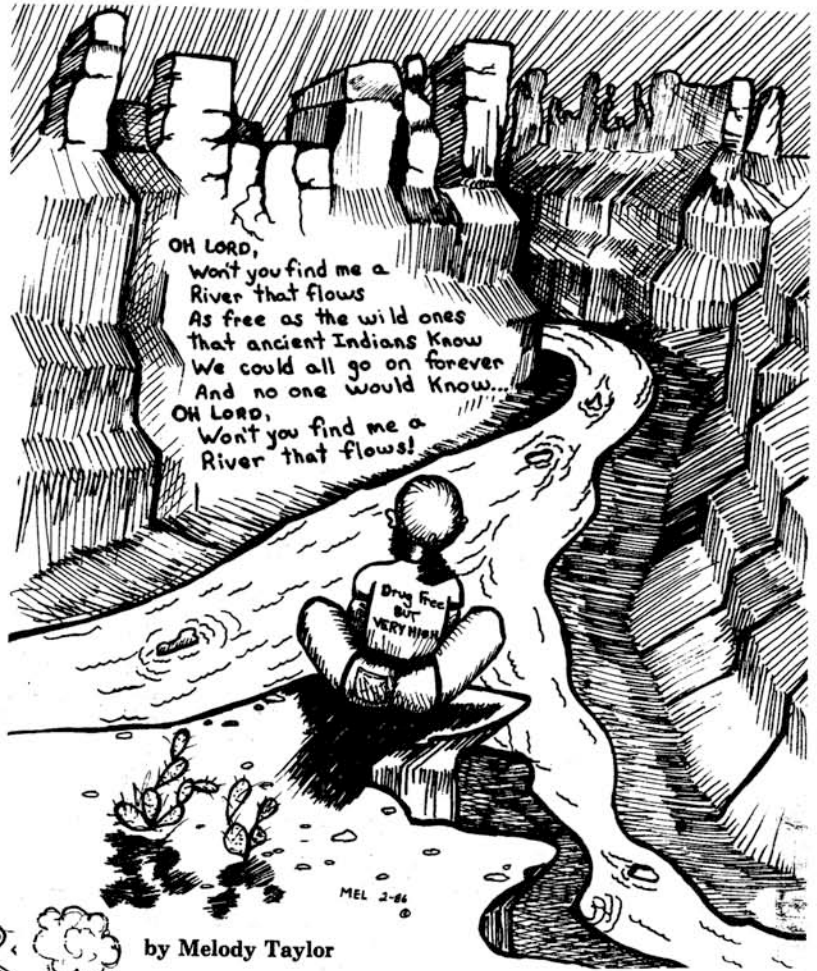
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YELLOW DOG TOURS "FIND THE DUMP" contest

It has come to our attention that the present dump is near capacity and we will soon have to find a new location. In the spirit of community interest in the dump we have decided to hold a contest to see who can find the most beautiful spot in canyon country for the new dump. The winner will receive any Yellow Dog tour (out of season only). A second place winner will receive TWO Yellow Dog tours (in season).

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Christmas is a time for sharing. Share a little you've been given by bringing your new toy or cash donation of \$10.00 to United Cable's offices anytime during regular business hours until 5 p.m. on Friday, December 19



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Shopper Service

A Moab grocery store, Priceless Groceries, is experimenting with a new marketing technique designed to protect their customers from being caught without enough food. Priceless has stationed an extra clerk at each checkstand who automatically increases each shopper's purchase by placing additional items in their grocery baskets just prior to checkout.

"It's a wonderful service to our customers!", said Priceless manager Bob Stocker as he went into the details of his innovative new system.

"We got the idea from the insurance industry. Each and every year the industry determines the extent to which their customers have underestimated the amount of insurance they need on their homeowners policy. They then increase it by an amount they deem prudent. Since an unbelievable 100% of the American public is guilty of this miscalculation, they make the increase mandatory. This saves their customers the trouble of trying to decide this for themselves.!

"So we thought, well, why not try this technique in our market. It's more work for us, of course, but we think it's worth it to provide our customers with the best service possible.

"We try to add those items that everybody usually runs out of, staples like bread, milk, eggs - things like that. Once in a while we throw in a more exotic item that hasn't moved too well, like an occasional tin of pickled asparagus roots, or maybe some pimento-stuffed sardines in mustard sauce. But those are given only to those customers who look like they need a little more culinary excitement in their lives. Our clerks are specially trained to make these decisions.

"There was a little confusion at first, and some of our customers didn't understand the system. We just reminded them that it was standard procedure now, and that seemed to put most of their misgivings to rest.

"It's really gratifying to me how well this is working", concluded Stocker.

CLASSIFIED ADS

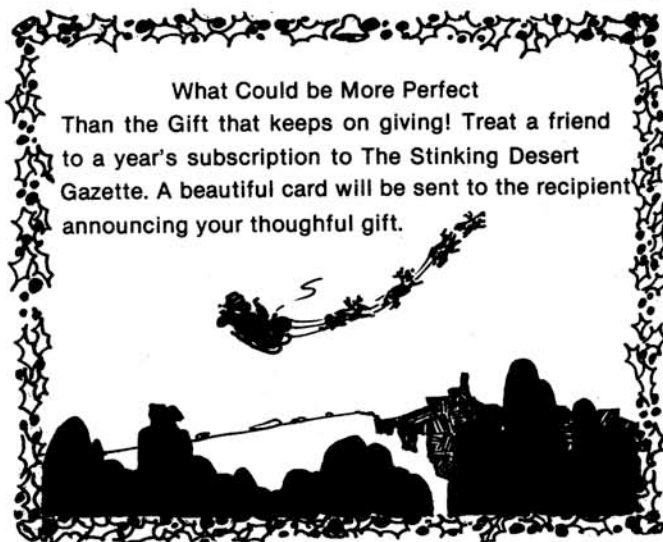
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