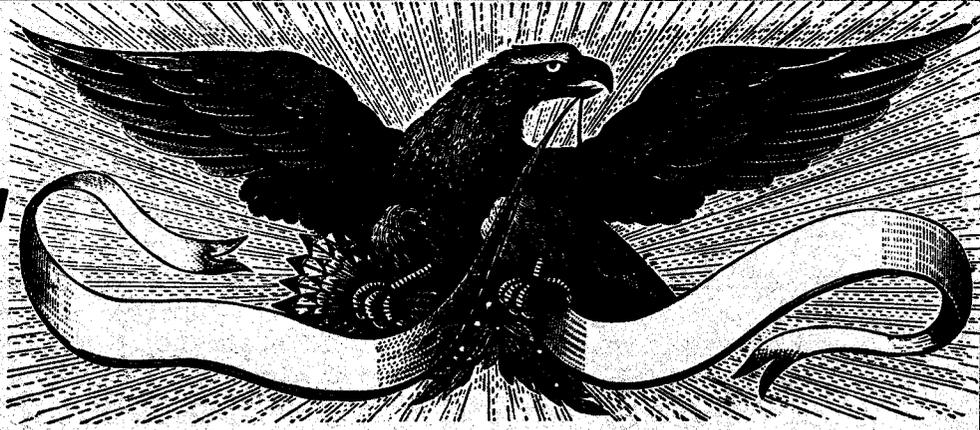


# The Stinking Desert GAZETTE

"Serving SE Utah Since 1986"



MOAB, UTAH

VOL. 2 **25¢** NO. 10

MAY, 1988



## Tailplates Cause Uproar

A new requirement for area equestrians, the mandatory rear license plate now required for all local horses, has proven to be more of a problem than anticipated.

The idea derived from a county-wide effort to seek new revenues, said Grand County Animal Control Officer Arnold Dogbight.

"The county felt that if our government was to grow we needed more revenues," said Dogbight. "The county commissioners said that the best way to raise revenues was to impose further taxes upon the 'advantaged class,' those horse back riders who get from one place to another without paying for gas, insurance, and all the other expenses us auto drivers have to face. They decided to put rear plates on horses. The problem is, I don't think they took the horse itself into account when they thought up this plan."

The plates, approximately the same size as those used on automobiles, are held in place with a specially designed bracket available at most feed stores. The fixture is held in place with a velcro snap that attaches around the horse's tail, and therein lies the problem.

"I don't know who came up with this cockamamie scheme but it's obvious they never tried to put one of these things on an animal," said local rancher Joe Socks.

"I defy anyone to get a horse to hold still with a strip of velcro under the top part of its tail! Imagine a cocklebur in your underwear, right in the back of the crotch there, and you get an idea of what I'm talking about," growled Socks. "It draws up my pucker string just to think about it."

## MOAB BEAUTIFICATION PROGRAM UNDERWAY

by Nemo Glitz

In an effort to make Moab more attractive to our growing tourist industry, city work crews set out last week to burn up all the trees in Moab. City Fire chief Chard Black is confident that his trained firefighters can do the job.

"Yessir," Chard stated, "We just pour out a little gas, throw a match, and run like hell. We burned up a good part of Mill Creek Bottom in less than a day.

Next week we're going to take care of the City Park, and then we'll move into the residential areas."

Chard explained his reasons for the tree removal like this: "We're known as Red Rock country, you see. These trees just confuse people. Besides, they drink up a lot of water we need to fight fires. So by starting these fires, we'll be able to save water to use on other fires....understand?"

Chard Black confirmed rumors that his crews ignited the infamous gas plume. "Yes, I felt we were making a significant contribution to cleaning up the mess, but some fool bureaucrat stopped us from finishing the job."

In a related story, Tom Schlock announced that due to the tree removal program, city property taxes will be going up 322% in 1989.

## CO. ATTORNEY REPLACES MONTY HALL

by Nemo Glitz

Long time game show host Monty Hall announced today that he is stepping down as emcee from one of TV's most popular programs, "Let's Make A Deal;" he will be replaced by Mrs. Elaine Croaks, a county attorney from Moab, Utah, and owner of Grandma's Used Cars.

"We've been watching Mrs. Croaks career for a long time," said the distinguished Oriental TV Producer, "Sly" Mi Gai. "That gal really knows how to make a deal. Monty was giving away more than we really wanted to...If Mrs. Croaks can rake in the bucks here, the way she has in Utah, we'll be rich beyond our wildest dreams."

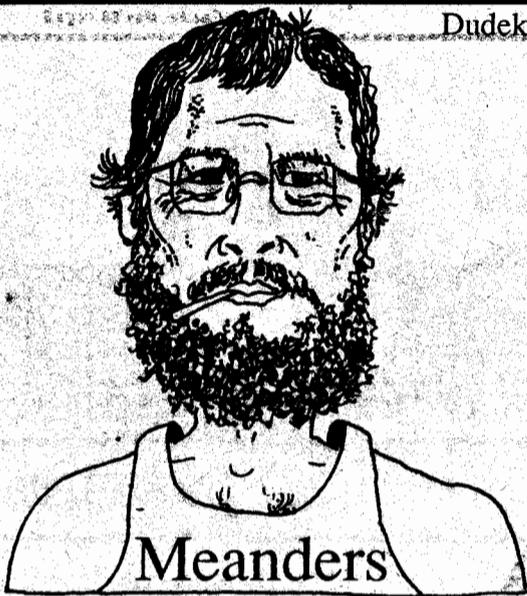
Contacted at her palatial mansion in Moab, the county attorney was delighted to hear of her new appointment. "I feel my experience here has really prepared me for this great opportunity," she squealed. "I just love to deal."

"Things will be different with me in charge," she continued. "If the contestant picks door No. 1, we take their car. If they choose door No. 2, we take their house. And if they select door No. 3, we get their first-born male child."

When asked if she would be stepping down as county attorney to assume her new duties, Mrs. Croaks replied, "Absolutely not!"

"There's no reason why I should," she explained. "With sixteen clerks, four deputy attorneys, and seven typists running the office, I don't have anything to do anyway. And the commissioners can take care of the car lot. Besides, I'm ready for the big time!"





Dudek

Come to think of it, Michaelene once asked me if she could mention us on her writing resume. I wonder who she was going to work for that would consider 'Stinking Desert Gazette' experience an attribute? The 'Dead Skunk Tribune?' The 'Sewer Worker's Weekly Whiff?'

Living with our name has been a rather unique experience. Serious people sometimes have trouble with it. Who can blame them? Our society is preoccupied with stamping out stink, and if you're going to be a serious member of society, you ought to be repelled by the very word.

I don't care for the stink of perfume or room fresheners, myself. And I don't think horse manure stinks. A rotten potato stinks! A wet dog doesn't stink. Feet can stink, and certain beetles too. River rats just smell sweeter the longer they're out.

Olfactory preferences aside, we don't mind raising a little stink now and then, but that's not the reason for our name.

We just like the way everyone's nose wrinkles up when they say it.

Well, we sold out last month. Out of papers, that is. An expanded run of 1,250 was gone a week before this May issue came off the press. Maybe it was the hefty feel of 20 pages that made the difference. It's a big avocado for the price of a quarter.

Problem is, they cost more to print. Maybe we can jack up the price a little bit next month and no one will notice.

Encouraged by the good showing, we ordered 1,500 replicas of this May issue. It's got some pretty good stuff in it.

Our first science fiction story appears on Page 4, a nifty, first effort by Rock Hart, otherwise known around these parts as Gabe's father.

There's a fine bit of Glen Canyon history in the interview of Ken Sleight by Jim Stiles, though it saddens one to hear Ken tell about all the beautiful landmarks slowly disappearing beneath the rising waters behind the completed dam.

Izzie Kiddin tells a fantastic story about a '64 Falcon entitled: "You Can't Go Home Again." It's time these fine cars begin receiving the kind of attention they deserve.

Our resident astrologer, Rama Lama Ding Dong, is back. Our attorney has advised us that we are not liable for anyone following her advice, even though we suspect she plays fast and loose with those astral charts. And hey, if it's good enough for Ron and Nancy, it's good enough for all of us red-blooded, god-fearing Americans.

It was a jam trying to get everything we liked into this issue, and a lot of stuff will have to wait. We may have to plump this paper up a little more next month.

The hard part is telling someone why their submitted stuff didn't get printed. I always point out to them that they should be grateful since their reputation is still intact and their future as a writer or artist still promising. With a simple act, I saved their careers. I mean, what writer in his right mind (Is that a contradiction in terms?) would put 'Stinking Desert Gazette' on his resume, if he really intended to go somewhere in this world? Nope, consider it an act of the purest charity if we find your piece not offensive enough to be included.

THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE, A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF HUMOR AND SATIRE ABOUT MOAB AND THE CANYONLANDS, IS AVAILABLE BY SUBSCRIPTION. WRITE:

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BOX 13  
MOAB, UTAH 84532

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Jim Stiles

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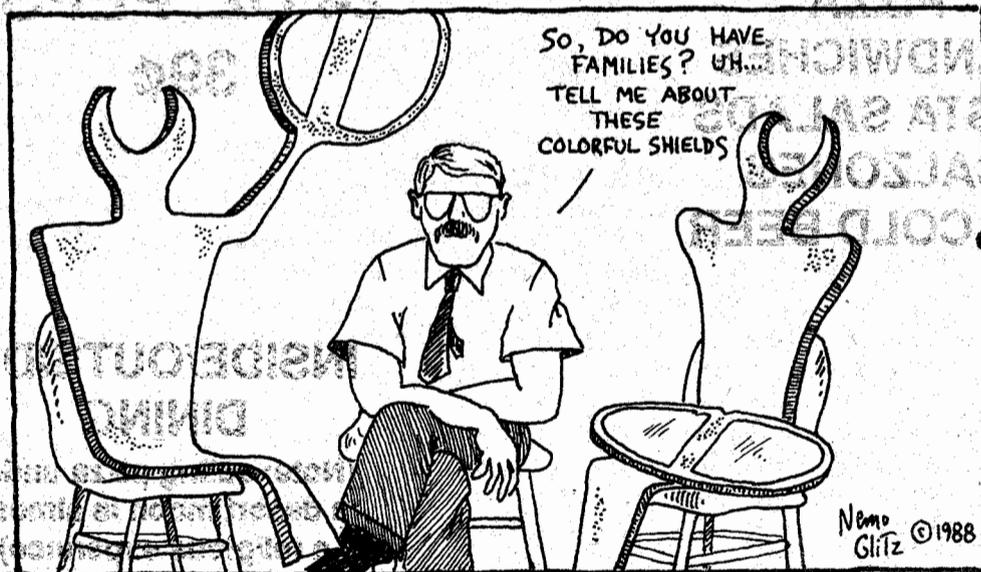
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### Dee Tranter's Moab Panel Discussion



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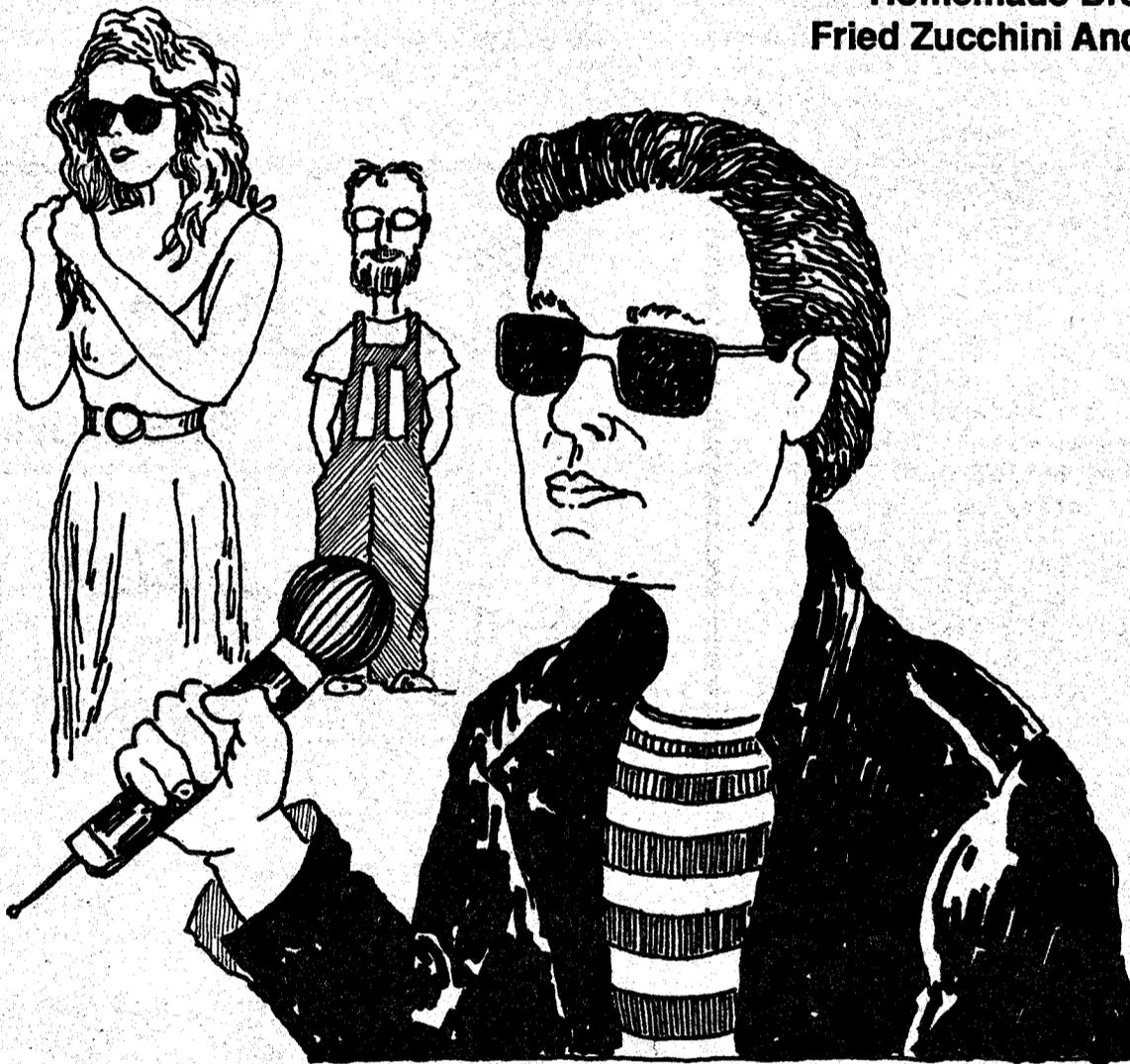
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# CYCLE OF THE SEED

BY ROCK HART

Canyonland's first tourists...



*"And that which contemplates in you is still dwelling within the bounds of that first moment which scattered the stars into space."  
Kahlil Gibran*

Although it was early summer, the mornings were still cool enough for campfires, and as Dreypas III awoke she could smell Cottonwood roots smouldering in the village pit jons. It was not quite dawn and the familiar sound of desert bats returning to their caves filled the air. She had learned from the Anasazis how their sightless flights were guided by the invisible light of their chirping. The Indians enjoyed teaching the Petroids these things and the Petroids, always ready students, loved learning them. Dreypas III was a second generation Petroid and only fourteen, so her learning cycle was just at the midway point. Even so, she fully understood her relationship to the universe and the origin of the seed.

She opened her eyes suddenly and her heart pounded in anticipation of the day ahead. She knew the beginning of dream fulfillment was underway. It was in the dream-state that memories of the Petroids' homeland, the Union of Planets, was revealed to them. The memories were of a time when all children of the seed were at one with the seed. They were at one with the vibrations which sprang from its' center in its' never ending creation of the universe and all life forms therein.

It was during the sixth cycle that a group of Petroids boarded a spaceship and left the Union of Planets to visit the planet Earth.

One-hundred and thirty-five years had passed since these children of the seed had landed their ship in an arid desert now known as southeast Utah. They immediately formed a bond of friendship with the Indians there and lived with them in their village. But now the Seed, in its' seventh cycle, required nourishment...and only the children of the seed could fulfill its' need.

So, it was in their dreams that the Seed beckoned for the return of the Petroids to their homeland and to become at one with its' nourishment.

From afar, Dreypas III could hear the first cries of canyon wrens as they skirted canyon walls in search of tiny dew bugs. Shadows began their morning dance across the desert floor as the sun made its' ascent over the La Sals. How Dreypas III loved this land of the Anasazis, its' sights, sounds, and smells.

Below the cliff dwelling where she slept she could hear the flutes of the elder Petroids. Deformed and hunch-backed they wore ceremonial phalluses carved from Juniper branches which they tied to their waist. Tribal artisans could be heard chipping away at the sacred picture walls. And the laughter of Indian and Petroid children could be heard throughout the village.

These sounds cheered Dreypas III and she decided to go below and join her friends. Before she climbed down the ladder she caught the reflection of the dawning sun bouncing off the sleek skin of the Mu-59. It stood there in the desert, tall and elegant,

and poised in readiness to take her and the others on their long, silent journey home.

Mikog, youngest of the tribal artisans, watched as Dreypas III climbed down the ladder. She was very fair-skinned as were all Petroid girls and fertility stalks were at full bloom on her head. These stalks looked much like the antlers found on young elk but, instead of being hard and bone-like, were soft and fleshy. Dreypas III had double stalks which indicated she was at the height of her fertility cycle. After seven years of child bearing, Petroid girls would lose their stalks and begin their metamorphosis into manhood. The male cycle of virility would last fourteen years. After this period of time a disease common and latent in all Petroids would cause calcium flooding to their spinal column and reproductive organ. As the calcium solidified it would cause the aging Petroid to become disfigured and hunch-backed. His fossilized organ would become dismembered and this, as was custom, he would carve and fashion into a flute.

As Dreypas III approached, Mikog rechecked his work and was pleased. He enjoyed etching images of his friends onto the sandstone.

"Are you going to do me today?" asked Dreypas III.

"I already have," Mikog answered proudly. "Look here," and he pointed to the most sheltered part of the sacred picture wall. "Because you are a special friend I wanted your image to last for many years."

Dreypas III was pleased. Not only because Mikog has assigned her image to such a place on the wall but because he had etched it with the company of six sheep. This showed the great respect he had for his friend.

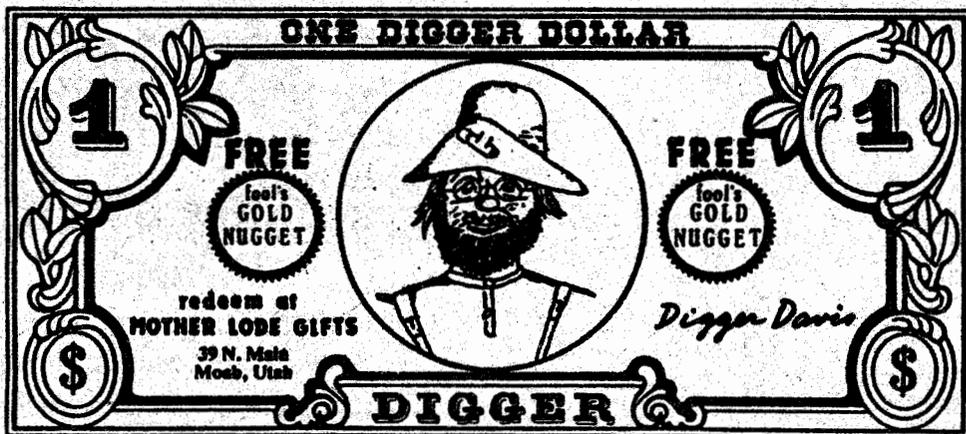
(See next page)

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"Mikog, you are truly a talented and noble artisan," exclaimed Dreypas III. She then leaned over the squatting artist and let one of her stalks brush his shoulder. After Mikog caught his breath he looked up at the young girl and smiled.

Although the Indians never mated with the Petroids they enjoyed contact with their stalks. It gave them great energy and made them feel very manly.

"It is time for me to join the others," Dreypas III said sadly. "The spaceship will leave when the sun arcs highest in the sky."

Mikog lay his chipping tools down and stood up. "I will walk with you to the boarding area," he said.

As they walked toward the towering vessel they were joined by hundreds of other Indians and Petroids. Although so many of the parting friends felt much sadness, it was not shown, for this was not the way of either the Petroids or the Indians.

At the boarding escalator Dreypas III and Mikog clasped hands, looked warmly into each other's eyes but spoke no words.

Fifteen minutes after boarding the great spaceship, it and the 1,200 Petroids aboard broke from the earth's gravitational pull and headed for the Union of Planets 283 million miles away. Dreypas III looked out her port window and caught one last glimpse of the earth shrinking into nothingness.

Mikog watched the tiny speck, carrying his friends, disappear into the blue sky above. After a few thoughtful moments he turned and headed back to the village. When he arrived at the sacred wall he picked up his chipping tools and resumed etching images onto the panel he had started that morning. It would be the largest panel yet, a magnificent tribute to the Petroid visitors who had lived among the Indians for so many years. The panel would tell the

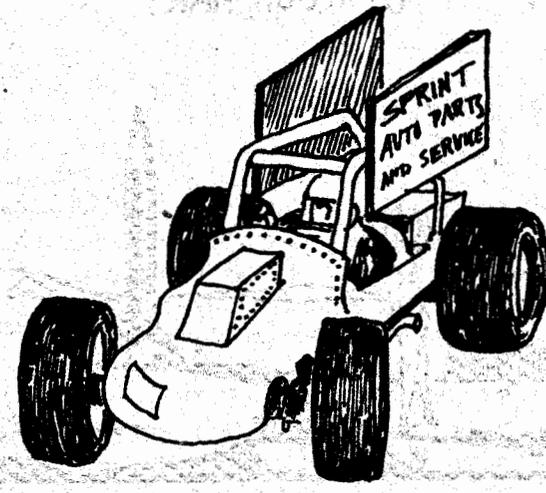
story of the Petroids' strange life cycles; from womanhood, to manhood, to elderly hunchbacked flute player. There would be many sheep on the panel to show respect and admiration for the Petroids. Shown, would be their favorite pets, snakes and lizards.... and even spiraled symbols of their homeland, the Union of Planets. As Mikog tapped his images onto the rock wall he knew it would take many years to complete such a great panel.

*Mikog could not have possibly known that his panel would never be finished. How could he or the other Indians have guessed that the disease that deformed but never killed the Petroids had already infected the entire Anasazi nation? Nine months after Mikog had started the panel he and every last Anasazi Indian was wiped off the face of the earth. Their bodies were only fossilized for about 200 years, after which they decomposed into a salty powder. The only hint of their existence was the remains of some of their dwellings, broken bits of pottery and tools, and the strange images they left on canyon walls and rocks.*

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# THIRTY YEARS OF FUN AND GOOD FRIENDS

Dudek

The 30th Annual Friendship Cruise will take place this month, May 29 to May 30. This overnight boat trip into the canyons is one of the most popular events held in this area.

Hundreds of boats are expected to participate in the leisurely cruise down the Green River from the town of the same name to the confluence, and then up the Colorado to Moab, a distance of 196 miles. The boats gather at Anderson Bottom on the evening of the first day for a steak fry, and finish the trip the following day at the Moab boat ramp.

In truth, this year's event ought to be called the 31st Annual Friendship Cruise. The "first" cruise, however, took place without an official title. It was an accident, a spinoff of the showcase event which was a boat race called the Canyon Country River Marathon.

It all began in 1958. Moab was the big apple of the uranium mining world, and boasted the largest reduction mill in the country, employing 230 men and processing 3,000 tons of ore per day. The paved road into Arches, N.M. was just being completed and writer Edward Abbey decided against a third consecutive season as monument ranger. Georgie White was rigging to take a commercial party through Cataract Canyon. The townspeople were beginning to promote tourism as a useful adjunct to the booming uranium industry. It was a very upbeat time, causing one local writer to opine: "Probably no area in the West has more in the line of potentialities than has Southeast Utah. Rich in minerals, and with all the qualifications for industrialization, Southeast Utah could develop into the most economically important area in Utah, if not in the West." In that atmosphere of civic pride and

unbounded optimism came the idea for a boat race that might become "one of the major races in the country."

A short-course race on the Colorado had been held the year before. Out of that was born the idea for the longer, two-river marathon. The event was scheduled and heavily promoted, and drew national media attention. One week before the event, 150 boats were expected to register for the race.

Many of those interested in the race expressed a desire to show up early to scout the course. Race organizers arranged for a "preliminary" run to be held a month before the race to help everyone familiarize themselves with the canyons. On May 10, 1958, 105 boats left Green River, camped overnight at Anderson Bottom, and drove on to Moab the next day against "freaky" winds and rain. That was the first "friendship cruise".

Perhaps that preliminary run led many would-be entrants to conclude that they had already seen it and didn't need to go again. Perhaps some felt that a course of such magnificent beauty should be traversed at a more leisurely pace, and opted out of a timed run. For whatever reasons, on Sunday morning, June 15, just 51 boats began the race at the Green River Bridge, followed by an undetermined number of pleasure craft.

There were nine classes of racing craft. The Class I, ABPA sanctioned winner was Arnold Feller of Grand Junction. He ran the 196 miles in 4 hours and 35 minutes. Moabites who finished in the money were: Bill White, Joe Johnstone, Bob Baldwin, Fred Turner, Frank Yama and E.W. Anderson. There were 2 racing boats and 20 pleasure craft who did not finish and had to be assisted from the canyons.

The serendipitous preliminary run, however, proved to be so enjoyable and successful that it was scheduled for the following year as an event on its own. It was called the "Green River Friendship Cruise," and has been a popular outing ever since.

The marathon race, however, never quite lived up to expectations.

The following year 64 boats entered the race, which was won by a Needles, Calif. man named Max Groom, in 4:03. The race was marred by a fatality. A California man by the name of Frank Rich was drowned when his party turned the wrong way at the confluence and capsized in the rapids of Cataract Canyon. It wasn't as dumb a mistake as one might think. The Rich party had stopped to assist a fellow boater at the confluence. It was windy, and the waves on the river hid the direction of the current. During the stop the Rich boat drifted from its original position, further confusing the pilot. The confluence is not a classic "Y", like it appears on all the area maps. When they got started again they were going the wrong direction and were into Brown Betty Rapid before they could stop themselves. The boat capsized and only three of the four in the party made it to shore.

In 1960 Jack Oxley of Los Angeles won it in 3:56. The following year two area heroes, Joe Baker and Don Dade of Green River, demolished the record and won the race in 3:35. It's interesting to note that, while the race hadn't grown like many thought it would, the Friendship Cruise attracted 2,000 people in 520 boats in 1961.

In 1964, Bob Welch of Denver broke three minutes, winning the race in 2:57. In 1965, Pete Peterson of Grand Junction won it in 2:46. That year, two boats turned the wrong way at the confluence and capsized in the rapids of Cataract, with no resulting loss of life. The only other fatality besides Mr. Rich occurred in 1968, when a man was killed in a boat collision. The winning time that year was 2:43, by David Kober of La Crescenta, Ca.

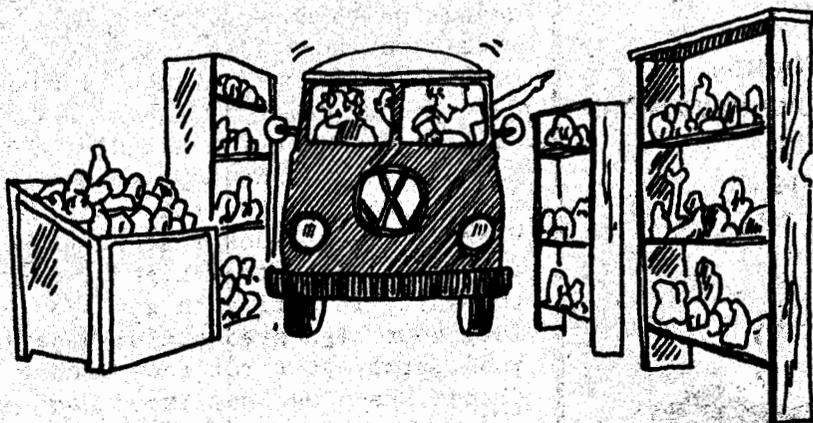
The last Marathon was run in 1969. 13 boats registered to enter the race. The poor turnout may have been due to the \$100 entry fee, a dramatic raise designed to make the event "pay for itself." The last Canyon Country River Marathon was won by Bob Adderly of Granger, Utah, in a time of 2 hours and 41 minutes, at an average speed of nearly 80 miles per hour.

The popularity of the Friendship Cruise has held up well over the last three decades. Its great success is a tribute to a lot of hard work on the part of organizers and assistants to stage a class event and build, as the original announcement proclaimed, stronger bonds of friendship between the two river cities of Green River and Moab. The two municipalities have shared the work over the decades, and made for themselves countless friends and return visitors. We wish them a sunny weekend this year and to all participants, a fun holiday.

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# Notes From The Risky Road Expedition Diary

by Izzie Kiddin

(MAY/1982) The wind is howling up a storm this morning! We've got six French people booked on a daily raft trip today but don't know if they will have all that much fun against this hurricane! Gilles just checked in. He doesn't look all that happy either. He's got to row the raft against all that wind ...

The French people arrive and they are ready to go. French people have gusto. We load them up in the Suburban and head upriver. There are whitecaps on the water, and the wind is kicking up ripples and waves around every bend. The French people are laughing and smoking cigarettes. Gilles asks them if they are sure they want to go. "But, of course!" they all say in unison. Gilles frowns.

By the time we reach the put-in, we can hardly see the river through the blowing sand. The raft tries to take off from the trailer like a kite as we unload it, Gilles hanging onto the bow line for dear life! The French people are combing their hair and opening up a bottle of wine. French people can be non-plussed ... about anything.

I'm standing on shore waving goodbye and feeling very sorry for Gilles. He will certainly earn his wages today, trying to row against this tornado. It

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will be a super-human effort to get the raft in by 2 pm. I watch him gallantly struggling to get the raft into the current. A blast of sand sends me scurrying for the Suburban.

Driving back down-river, I can barely see the highway. Sand is blowing, tumbleweeds are rolling across the road. It's a horrible day to be out on the river. It's a horrible day to be out, period! I finally make it back to the office and go about my daily duties.

Two hours later the phone is ringing. It's the sheriff. He's telling me there is a raft with some French people in it waiting to be picked up! I'm thinking to myself, that's impossible! Gilles couldn't have rowed that whole stretch against that wind. In two hours???

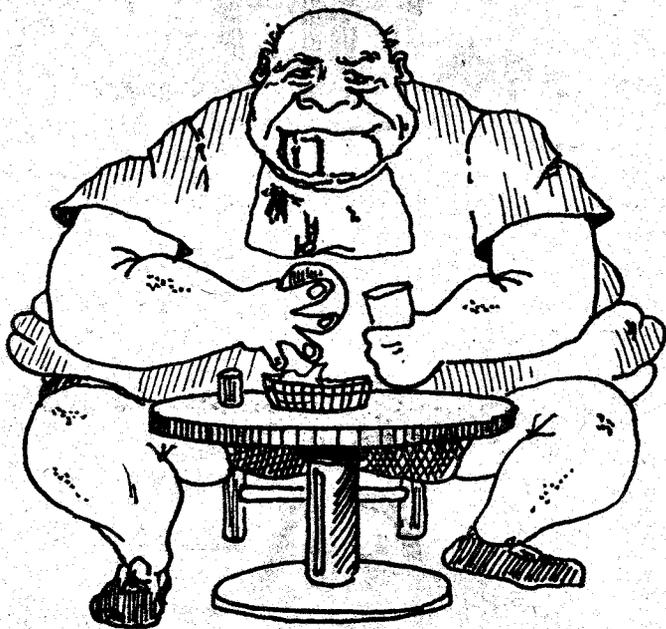
No, the sheriff is telling me. They're waiting to be picked up ... at the PUT-IN!!! Poor, poor Gilley. He tried valiantly to row those laughing French people down river, but the wind just kept him from going anywhere. It would blow him right back to the starting point. The French people gave Gilles a tip and thanked him for the wild time on the daily. I just stood there in the wind shaking my head. It was the only raft trip I ever took out ... at the put-in!



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Great art is the outward expression of an inner life in the artist, and this life will result in his personal vision of the world. No amount of skillful invention can replace the essential element of imagination. One of the weaknesses of much abstract painting is the attempt to substitute the inventions of the intellect for a pristine imaginative conception.

Edward Hopper, REALITY, Spring 1953

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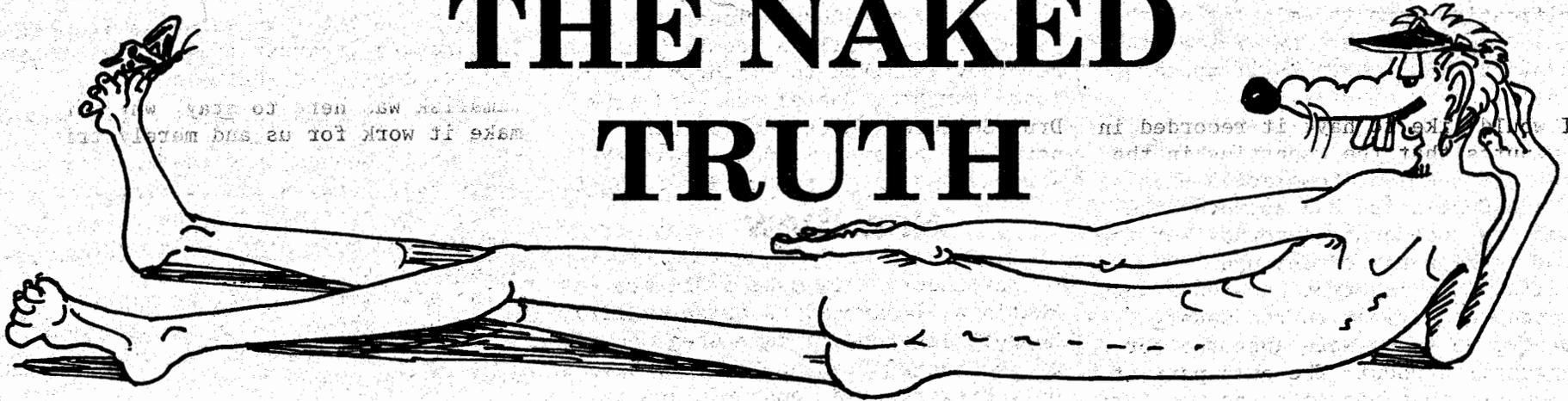
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# THE NAKED TRUTH



## TWO PREDICTIONS

Well known Minnesota psychic Charles "Chuck" Van Epps, rumored personal channeller to the Pillsbury Doughboy, recently predicted that the proposed toxic waste incinerator will never be built. "There's no way," Mr. Van Epps stated. "I just don't see it happening."

And in a recent informal interview at Dave's Corner Market, City Councilman Dave Bierschied made a prediction about Moab's economy. "In two years, this town's gonna be hoppin' and sloppin'," Mr. Bierschied said. However he was unable to define more precisely just what "hoppin' and sloppin'" means.

## JEEPS V. BIKES

A heated debate erupted after last month's Jeep Safari. Although the great majority of jeeps acted responsibly and with respect for the fragile desert environment, some of the jeeps on one trail became abusive and destructive, not just to the land, but to the trail leader and other participants as well.

One local bicycle enthusiast was subsequently horrified by the damage caused by the jeeps along the Slick-

rock Bike Trail. An at first heated but ultimately productive exchange of letters followed.

The simple unfortunate fact is, a small number of irresponsible, thoughtless people are giving both jeepers and bicyclists a bad name. Peer pressure is the only effective tool either group has to effectively change that image. Alcohol abuse during the Jeep Safari is the overriding issue in their case. Unless jeepers can control alcohol consumption to a safe and reasonable level, the County Sheriff has no choice but to enforce the letter of the law, which would effectively prohibit ANY consumption of alcohol in or around a vehicle.

As for the bicyclists, a small percentage of their number is causing some pretty severe destruction of this beautiful country of ours. Cross-country biking and usurping foot trails are just two situations that are causing concern and consternation. Bicycle tracks don't go away any faster than motorcycles.

It's time for both jeepers and bicyclists to scrutinize and discipline the deviant jerks within their own sport.

Otherwise, there isn't going to be any desert left to enjoy.

## WOMEN BRUTALIZED BY MEN (FOR PAY)

It was an all too familiar sight for the grimy streets of Chicago or New York, but here in friendly Moab, Utah? While a crowd of gaping onlookers stood passively to one side, big, burley, hairy men tossed about helpless, defenseless women like so many bales of hay. One big brute picked up one frail female, later identified as Ms. Rebecca Kelly, lifted her over his head, and threw her to his buddy, like one might hurl a watermelon.

Even more difficult to comprehend was the way these women seemed to be enjoying themselves. Both Ms. Kelly and her associate Ms. Carolyn Noyes bore unmistakable smiles as they were savagely flung about the parking lot at the Western Plaza. Some kind of bizarre masochistic cult, I first concluded, but where are the whips and chains?

No indeed. This reporter determined that there was a logical explanation for all the rough-housing. This realistic brouhaha turned out to be a DEMONSTRATION, courtesy of the Hollywood Stuntman Hall of Fame. Trained by veteran stuntman John Hagner. His company of players have been polishing their skills for the Hall of Fame's Grand Opening in June (formerly the Canyon Crafts store on First North). Hagner's crew will be performing regularly thereafter.

*Patrice Mason*

**Certified Massage Practitioner**

259-5990

## THE CO. ATTORNEY, PART 2

After the Gazette interviewed the Co. Attorney last month, regarding efforts to augment the county budget through the confiscation of vehicles in drug related incidents, Mrs. Elaine Coates submitted the following

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Come To  
ADVANCED  
AUTOMOTIVE**

**personalized car care service  
foreign and domestic  
20 E. Grand Ave.  
(Behind the car wash)**



"Come See Dr. Bill"

## NPS TO FINE BOATMEN

Beginning this year, the National Park Service intends to fine any commercial boatmen who cannot produce the proper credentials at trip checks conducted by NPS rangers. All boatmen must have available for inspection their license, first aid card and CPR card. Failure to produce those documents could result in a citation and a mandatory appearance before the Federal Magistrate.

The Park Service action was actually instigated by the owner of at least one commercial river outfitter. Supposedly, the failure of some boatmen to carry the proper credentials reflected negatively on NPS evaluations of the companies. Fearful that they were somehow going to lose their permit as a result, it was requested that the NPS find some way to punish the individuals responsible, instead of the company.

The amount of the fine will be determined by the Federal Magistrate. Still, it seems like a lot of trouble for such a minor infraction.

clarification into the minutes of the County Commission meeting. We reprint that statement exactly as it appears in the official minutes:

"I would like to have it recorded in the minutes that the reporting in the minutes of the last Commission meeting that the Commission had approved the request by the County Attorney for the use of funds received through forfeiture was in error. No funds were approved for payment to the County Attorney. No funds were approved for the capital account. The only part of the request that was approved was for the hiring of a part time employee for work in the law library and office."

If the County Attorney's statement was intended to set the record straight, it succeeded in one respect but only confused matters in another. It confirmed the fact that the proposed distribution of forfeiture funds included the payment of a percentage of those funds directly to the County Attorney "for legal services rendered." The memo almost seems to applaud the Commissioners for having the good sense to reject her own proposal.

However, the statement also presents a glaring contradiction which is difficult to understand. In Mrs. Coates' original proposal, she recommends that they, "place the rest of the attorney's funds from this particular forfeiture into Attorney's Capital Account to purchase furniture and a new copying machine for the County Attorney's Office."

In subsequent clarification she states, "No funds were approved for the capital account." But at the SAME March 28 meeting, the following entry is also found in the official minutes:

"The County Attorney asked permission to purchase a new copy machine as her present one is so old they can no longer obtain parts for repair. Permission was granted to purchase this out of Drug monies."

It appears Mrs. Coates should have submitted another clarifying statement at the end of the commission meeting to clarify the clarifying statement submitted at the beginning of the meeting and to clarify the changes that occurred during the meeting.

At the next Commission meeting, the County Attorney announced that she needed another assistant, a Deputy County Attorney "to help lighten the load for the County Attorney as the case loads have increased to the point that some additional help is needed. After discussion, the attorney will draw up a proposal as the needs (sic) so that the advertisement for the position can be presented. Funding for this will come out of the Attorney's portion of Drug Seizure monies."

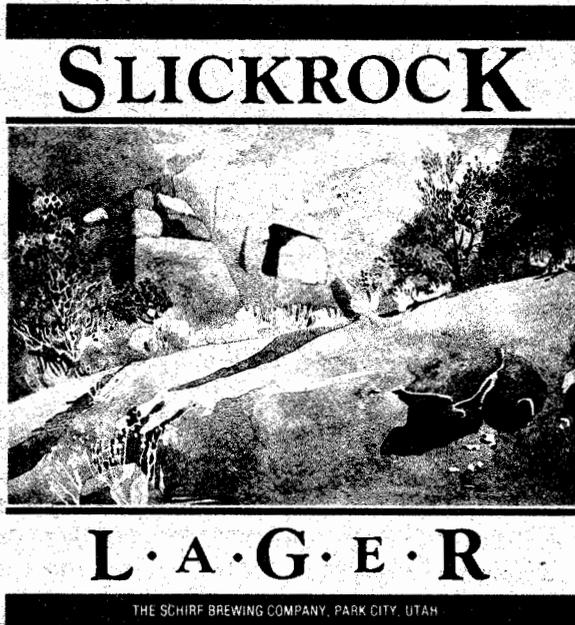
In the two meetings since that March 28 request, the proposal has never been mentioned again. Yet on April 7, Mrs. Coates advertised for the Deputy Attorney position in the "Times-Independent." If the minutes of the meetings are an accurate reflection of what occurred, the County Attorney is acting without the

approval of the Commissioners.

And if eventually a Deputy County Attorney is hired to "lighten the load" for Mrs. Coates and paid from Drug Seizure monies, it further perverts the system. Once again the war against drugs is waged for wages.

## New Brew

"Bartender, I'll take a Slickrock." What's a Slickrock? "A crisp, mildly hopped" lager beer, says Greg Schirf, of the Schirf Brewing Company, Utah's only brewery. His company plans to have the beer in local tavern reefers



by this summer.

"We decided a light, refreshing lager would be the best beer for Southern Utah's hot summers. I know from personal experience it takes about half a case of beer a day just to survive in Southern Utah during the summer," said Schirf with a grin.

In addition to Slickrock, their newest product, the company already produces an amber ale, a German-style wheat beer and an Irish stout, and plans to bottle still another recipe under the Poplar Place label in the near future.

## Attack On Sight

Gooseberry Campground, on the White Rim above the Colorado below the Grand View Picnic Area, was improved in mid-April by the National Park Service.

An 'unsightly' grove of 'unnatural' tamarisk trees, flourishing on the rain water that puddles up behind the berm of an abandoned stock tank, was cleared by bulldozer and pushed into a tangled pile of firewood.

In addition, rocks were placed in dotted lines around the area to make sure that every visitor follows the same path.

This is another in a long series of efforts to rid our National Parks of the tamarisk tree, an immigrant plant brought to this country early in the century that has 'infested' most of the local drainages and damp spots.

Unfortunately, the delicate and smokey-looking trees provided the only shaded stop on the entire White Rim Trail, with the exception of Potato Bottom along the Green River, a distance of some 85 miles.

One local fat tire enthusiast, Bego Gerhardt, a frequent traveler on Area trails, suggested that since the tamarisk was here to stay, why not make it work for us and merely trim the unruly bushes into shade trees for weary travelers. A little trimming around the bottoms would be a lot simpler and more useful than any attempt at total eradication.

The same method might be applied to river bank groves targeted for clean-up, offering a more benign alternative to the prospect of bare beaches, spiked with severed stumps and saturated with Agent Orange.

It would take some flexibility on the part of the Park Service, with directives written broadly enough to allow local 'interpretation'. Such relief seems oxymoronic and hopeless in the present scheme of things. However, reasonable people have every right to keep asking for sensible alternatives in the hope that a few of them will miraculously take root in a moist niche in the otherwise arid ground of government planning.

## GAZETTE CRITIC

Word has reached us of the lavish compliments bestowed upon this journal by the leader of the band, THE RUNAWAY EXPRESS, during a recent appearance at the Poplar Place. We thank Jim Ratts for the kind remarks, and have begun an in-house investigation into the reasons for the one small complaint he did express.

It seems that Jim and Sally began getting the STINKING DESERT GAZETTE by mail, unsolicited and unannounced. As the months went by they began to enjoy it, and looked forward eagerly to receiving some news from Moab, their favorite "home" away from Denver. Eventually, to insure that it would keep arriving faithfully by mail each month, they sent in their money to become official subscribers.

Unfortunately, it was at that point that the paper stopped coming.

Publisher Philmore Banks, when asked how such a peculiar thing could happen, blamed it on "unseen forces".

"The first thing we did," said Banks, "was verify that we'd received and cashed their check. What with all the unsavory characters one finds in the world today, one can't be too careful about such matters. It turned out that they truly did pay for the subscription, a pleasant surprise.

"The only explanation I can offer is that the subscription got caught in a polarity reversal in our office magnetic fields. That would explain its negative activation. In our offices, such phenomena are not uncommon.

"I'll admit, it probably does look a little mysterious to anyone not familiar with our organization," chuckled Banks. "Their best bet is to keep their finger's crossed, the only method we've seen yet that can bring about a magnetic regeneration. We'll do the same."

# GLEN CANYON MEMORIES

## KEN SLEIGHT REMEMBERS

by Jim Stiles

"On the walls and back many miles into the country, numbers of monument-shaped buttes are observed. So we have a curious ensemble of wonderful features--carved walls, royal arches, glens, alcove gulches, mounds and monuments. From which of these features shall we select a name? We decide to call it Glen Canyon."

--John Wesley Powell

Twenty-five years ago this month, two huge steel diversion tunnel gates were sealed by a Bureau of Reclamations engineer and a place once called Glen Canyon began to disappear under a stagnant body of water now known as Lake Powell. It took several million years for the Colorado River to carve Glen Canyon, for the wind and the rain to sculpt and shape the domes and monuments and arches that stood sentinel over it. It took Glen Canyon Dam about ten years to bury all that beauty beneath 27 million acres of water.

It's ironic that so many people today mourn the loss of a place that most of us never saw. "The place no one knew" then, is today known to millions as one of the greatest environmental tragedies ever committed by human beings. It was a greedy, reckless, irresponsible decision made by short-sighted bureaucrats who could not see the almost heart-breaking beauty they were so willing to destroy. Very few people tried to stand in their way; very few people knew what was there at Glen Canyon. Probably no one knew it better than Ken Sleight. Last week Ken reminisced about Glen Canyon, the way it changed his life, and the great personal loss he still feels, a quarter century after the river stopped flowing, and the place he knew so well began to perish.

"Those were the Golden Days. It was just right for me. It was a period of adventure and exploration. There were always new canyons to explore, new things to see."

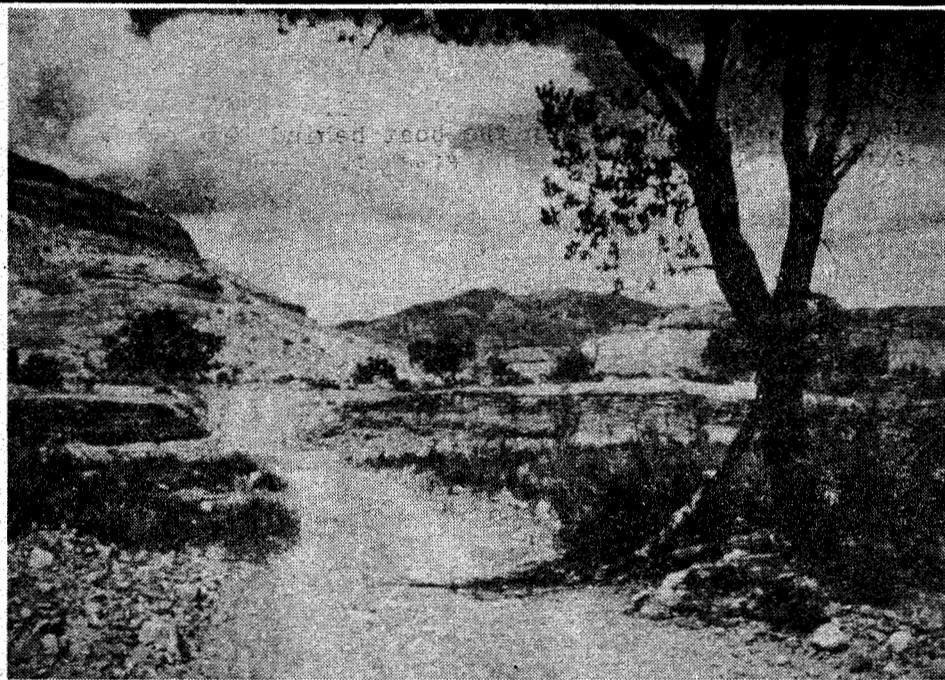
Ken discovered the Colorado River in 1951 when he met Moki Mac Ellingson and Al Quist on a river trip through the canyon at the Lodore. He kept hearing these stories about Glen Canyon and in 1953, set out on his own to see what they were talking about. It changed his life. As hard as this may be to believe, Ken Sleight was not always a legendary river runner. For a while, it appeared he was going to devote his life to the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company...

"Yeah...I was selling tires for Firestone. They were training me to be a store manager. They put me in the accounting department to teach me all that stuff, and then sent me to a store. They had BIG plans for me. I even used to wear a bow tie. Can you imagine that? A little bow tie. When I look at old pictures, I can't believe it's me."

"Pretty quick it became clear to see that selling tires was not my cup of tea. So I rebelled, and decided to Hell with it. I was 1955's version of a hippie. For a while, I wanted to be a park ranger; I wanted to wear one of those Smokey Bear hats and tramp around the parks, but they have kind of ruined that ranger image I used to have. I guess it worked out for me that I never became one."

Instead, Ken Sleight started his own river company. He led a group of Boy Scouts through Glen Canyon on his first commercial trip, and charged them \$35 each for the one week adventure.

"I ran about fifteen trips a year. In those days, we just hauled everybody down there in an open truck. Of course, none of the roads were paved; they would be full of dust and rocks. The ride down North Wash from Hanksville to the Hite ferry was always interesting. You never knew when you would get caught in a flash flood. HisM



"Hiway 95" in North Wash above Hite (1959)

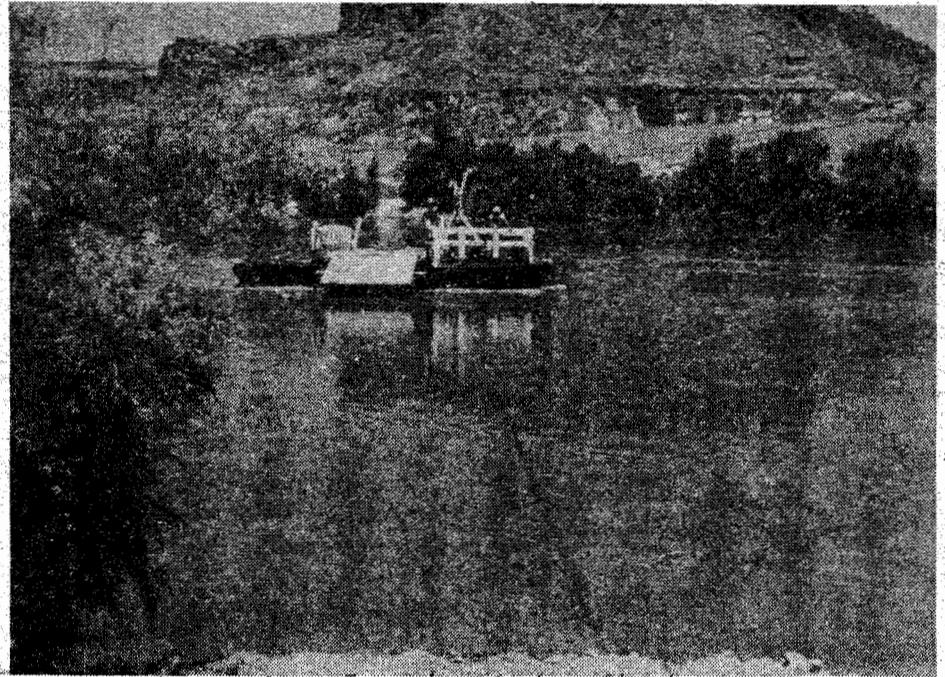
"We would launch at the old Hite ferry...it's gone now of course. We didn't need any permits then--we would just GO. But then there weren't too many people on the river either."

Sleight believed his customers should get their moneys' worth on his river trips, and he tried to make the most of every day. "I would kick 'em out of bed when it was still dark. We would have breakfast and pack and be on the river by eight, sometimes earlier, and we would go until dark. They came to see the canyons, and that's what I made sure we did. I would keep them hiking, hiking, hiking. They saw a lot. Most of them wanted to see the "big name" places like Rainbow Bridge, or Hidden Passage, or Music Temple, but on each trip, I also made a point to explore other canyons that I had never been in, and I'd take the whole group with me."

"We would spend our time exploring and tramping about the canyons. I didn't go in for these gourmet feasts the way they do nowadays. We ate a lot of potatoes and mush, opened a lot of cans of beans. Actually, with all that starch, you could gain a lot of weight if you didn't walk a lot."

In the late 50's, Glen Canyon 'belonged' to a handful of river runners who shared a special love and bond for the canyon and for each other. They were a family--Ken and his friends Harry Aleson, Al Quist, Moki Mac Ellingson, Buzz Hatch, Jim Dean, Blaine Bousenback, Georgie White and Doc Marston. The river was quiet, there was no scramble for campsites. When they met up on the river, they would throw their groups together.

One of Ken's fondest memories and greatest aggravations was the night his friend Harry Aleson got married in a little alcove off Glen Canyon, just downstream from Hall's Crossing. But the story actually begins in 1949, when famed river runner Bert Loper disappeared running a



The old automobile ferry at Hite Crossing (1959)

rapid in the Grand Canyon. Bert Loper spent a good deal of his life in Glen Canyon; his life apparently ended in that rapid. Harry was in the boat behind Bert, when he disappeared. They never did find Bert, but his boat floated on downstream, and Harry recovered it that night. He also recovered a sealed bottle of Bert's whiskey."

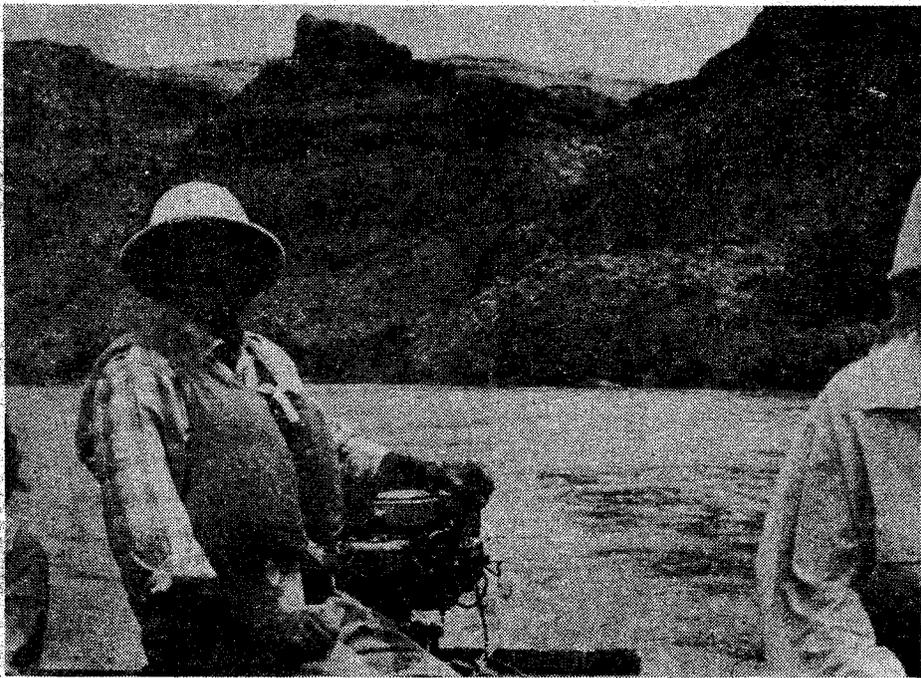
For years, he had that bottle. It would rattle around under the seat of Harry's old power wagon. But he always told us, "We're gonna open Bert's whiskey for a special occasion." "Well, when Harry decided to get married, that was special enough to drink Bert's whiskey."

Ken was supposed to pick up Bill Wells, the Flying Bishop at the Hall's Crossing airstrip and then boat him down to the alcove where the rest of the party was waiting. Ken floated down slowly from Hite, dreaming of Bert's Whiskey. He found Bill Wells at the appointed place, but his dog wouldn't let the Bishop on the boat.

"That damn dog of mine was real protective of the boat. The Bishop was all dressed up in his Sunday go-to-meeting clothes and I was all covered in mud, and my dog was barking and trying to bite the Bishop."



On the river in Glen Canyon, near Navajo Mt. (1959)



Harry Aleson pilots his boat through Glen Canyon (1959)

"Finally, I got Bill in the boat and ran him downstream to the wedding site. There were the people, the conjugal tent, everything but Bert's whiskey. Unbeknownst to me, while I was floating down the river in the moonlight the night before, they had gotten impatient and pulled out Bert's bottle without me. They started passing the bottle around, all of them just taking a sip. All except Doc Marston—he finished off the WHOLE BOTTLE. I never got a sip. When I got there, Doc was in pretty bad shape."

Still, in spite of the Bert Loper Whiskey setback, Ken remembers Harry Aleson's wedding trip as the high water mark of the Glen Canyon days. The dam was under construction, they all knew the river was living on borrowed time, and they were all there together in the place that was an inseparable part of their lives. It was a place that was about to be torn from their hearts.

"I just couldn't believe it would happen. I was young. It just didn't sink in. A few of us organized against the dam and called ourselves Friends of Glen Canyon, but all the major environmental groups like the Sierra Club had already compromised it away."

"And even though I knew it was coming, that it would all be flooded, the shock didn't set in until the lake started coming up. At first, it would rise a foot overnight, and you saw the things you loved go under. First it was Music Temple, then Gregory Natural Bridge, then Cathedral in the Desert. I'd think of those fools who said this was a good thing, that we needed this dam; then I'd see Hidden Passage drown under the rising waters and I'd say hogwash."

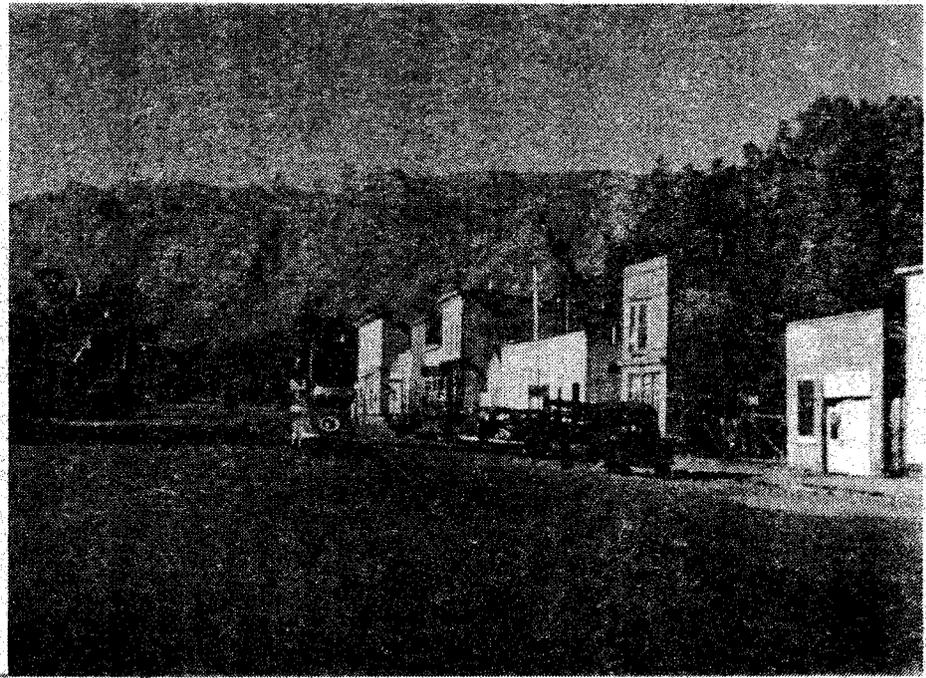
"At Rainbow Bridge, there was a trail and a sign that the Park Service had erected that read, "God's Work...tread lightly." The next week, the lake had come up and buried the trail and the sign. It made me sick."

"With the new lake came a new breed of recreationist, the "Lake Foul Boater," Ken calls them. "Everything changed. It was a different place. The Lake Foul Boaters would see our rubber boats and run circles around us, trying to upset our rubber rafts in the wake. They thought it was real funny. I hated it so damn much. Prior to the lake, the Glen Canyon boaters were so respectful. We took care of our camps. It was good. But now...the Lake Foul Mentality."

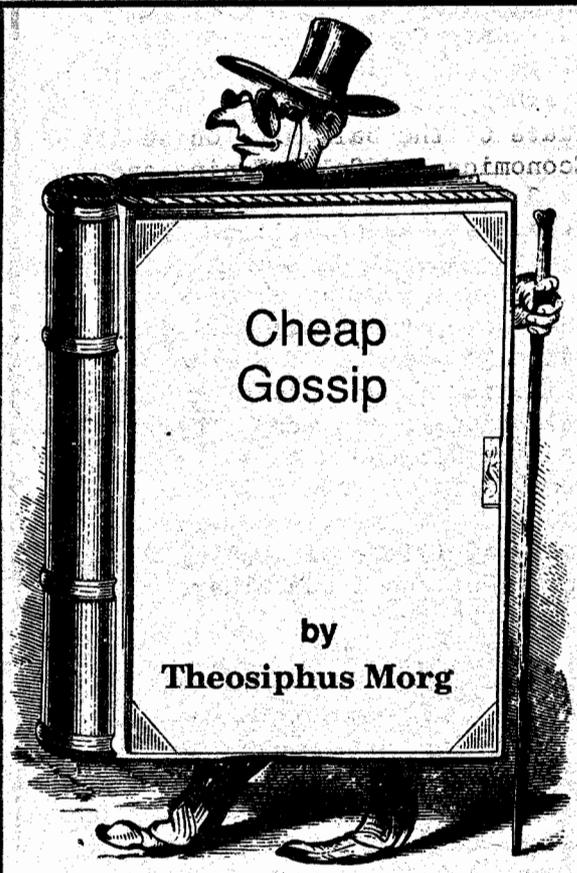
In 1987, over a million people came to Lake Powell; the beaches are littered with garbage and swarms of flies. Drunken, suntanned "outdoor enthusiasts" lob their beer cans off the bows of their oversized houseboats. The cans sink slowly through the silt and slime to the watery depths of the lake, then snag on the rotting limbs of the skeletal cottonwoods that once majestically lined the river bank, adding to the desecration.

Glen Canyon is not gone. Someday in a hundred years or two hundred years, the silt that is already accumulating will fill the lake. The dam will crumble, the river will once again flow, and in a few thousand years, everything will be back to "normal." It's a comfort to realize that, but it is a comfort as cold as the black water on the lake bottom that never sees the sun.

And Ken Sleight remembers: "Glen Canyon was so dear and had such a feeling for the inner self. You could equate with it. A smoothness, a stillness, a solitude. I've never found that land of solitude anywhere else. The wonderful alcoves and canyons. It was a great place to fall in love."



Main Street, Reab, looking south from 1st North (1950)



Crispin Magnesia, son of County Commissioner and successful dairy farmer Cletus "Clench" Magnesia, recently returned home to Moab for a leave of absence from Paradise, PA, where he works as a condom tester for the Interruptus Latex Co. "I love my work," explained the exhausted Crispin, "but this AIDS scare has really boosted sales for us and too much overtime has left me completely drained. I really do need the rest."

Speculations about the quality of justice in Grand County were put to rest last week by the new proposal offered by County Attorney and Automobile Magnate Actuarial Fleece. The Fleece Plan would guarantee that lawbreakers would pay for their crimes by having them pay in advance. Under the terms of the proposal, during the first year, crimes of incest and child abuse (which are currently receiving a lot of press and are very trendy) could be committed by anyone who has pre-paid the fine, "the maximum fine allowable by law," Attorney Fleece solemnly intoned. "We can't seem to stop this sort of thing, but under my Plan, we can identify the guilty and make them pay. This will also help alleviate the congestion of our court system, providing a substantial savings to the taxpayer." Each year, according to our concerned County Attorney, two new felonies would be added to the list of covered crimes, first assault with intent to kill and burglary, then rape and treason, and so forth. The fact that Attorney Fleece will collect 25% of these fines for her services is in no way relevant to her motives, she explained. Attorney Fleece is well-known here for her relentless pursuit of evil-doers driving expensive cars which were later confiscated and used to pay Fleece's fees for her official duties. Violations included Suspicion, Aggravated Parking, Reckless Loitering and Conspiracy to Lollygag Around.

Attorney Fleece has assured us that all fees accruing to her from this Plan will be spent on a series of subliminal Joe Land success seminars in Acidbath, New Jersey. Motivational reinforcement is essential in this business, said Ms. Fleece, to face the onslaught of "cheap criticism" from local writers.

Peristalsis D. Roughage and his wife Mucosa, owners of Moab's Fiberfarm Health Foods and Stool Factory, have urged a new diet for local politicians. Citing a new study from Measured Grace University Medical School and Bowling Lanes (Pine Suck, Georgia), The Roughage couple quoted medical diagnoses of cerebral fecalitis in many government administrators whose necessarily sedentary work keeps them from the vigorous exercise needed to promote healthy personal drainage. Organically grown oat hulls and bark, that's the stuff," said the pair. "Not only will their major passages open up, but they'll be kept too busy in the bathroom to do much harm to the rest of us. As a matter of both personal hygiene and public safety, more and more of our elected officials belong in the toilet." Well said, Peri, and thanks for caring.

According to a recently received telegram from Washington, Calvin Coolidge is still dead. But then, so is Washington. The General, I mean. Washington, D.C. is dull, but not dead. Philadelphia, that's dead. In Washington you can always start predicting the next Reagan appointee to be indicted for corruption and with so many possibilities it really does help kill time between Congressional investigations, so it isn't completely dead.

The financial benefits brought to a city by holding an "Ironman" contest has led County Commissioner Billy Bob Ray Don Jack Tom Pacer to urge a Moab SuperIronman Race to help fine the

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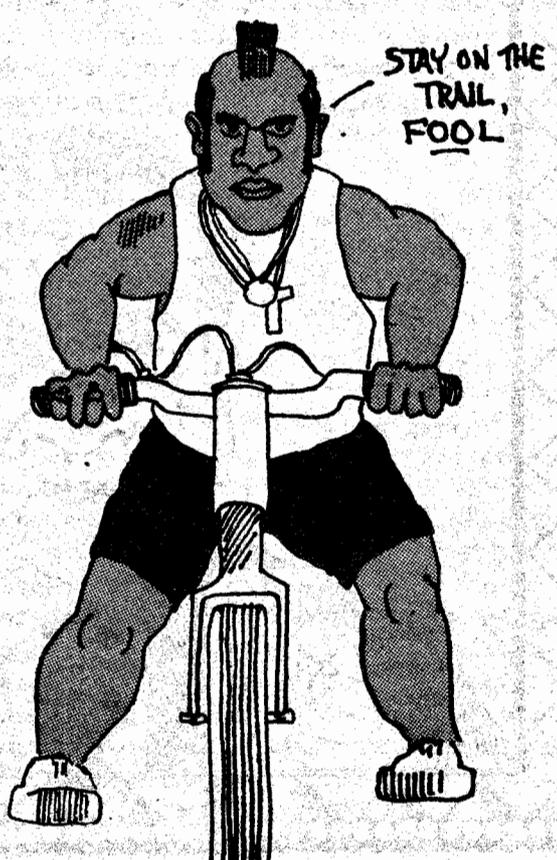

**The best way we can display our love for the land that has brought us here, is to leave no sign of our presence. The desert will be a special place, only as long as we treat it that way.**

**-A word from Rim Cyclery**

# RIM CYCLERY

94 West 1st North • Moab, Utah 84532  
(1 block west of Main Street)

**259-5333**



City coffers. Pacer proposed a backward blindfolded 1-mile swim upstream in the Colorado River, a bicycle tour of the entire White Rim Trail without athletic supporter (males only), a run from Mt. Taxdodge Restaurant to the nearest public restroom without a support bra (females only) and forcing each contestant to have sex with a cactus. When it was pointed out that this last proposed event was impossible, Commissioner Pacer, uncle of our Mayor, replied, "You haven't met my wife."

It is with deep regret that we report the passing of one of Moab's free spirits, one of the original Harmonica Virgins, Ms. Starburst Pubic. The late Ms. Pubic, a long-time resident of our fair city, was seen by a friend to insert a ninth perfect crystal into a corresponding ninth bodily orifice, whereupon her body began to resonate and hum in the key of G Major and she discorporated in a haze of golden light. Her capacity for human warmth will be sorely missed here. A memorial service sponsored by the Daughters of Siva (Chapter #69) will be held at astral midnight on the Ides of next month at Samsara Hall. Those who wish to attend should bring a dental mirror and proctoscope for the ritual "Moment of Introspection". Refreshments (parship wafers and cornsilk tea) will be served.

Houston oil millionaire has topped the media again! The Vice President, a noted garter-belt fancier (actess Sophia Loren has called his collection "definitive") has been accused of slavish obedience to his political advisor's theme, "I was a part of every important decision made at the White House for the last 8 years, except those leading to indictments, because I was sick that day, er, those days," despite mounting evidence to the contrary. When a scornful Dan Rather asked if Bush would jump off a roof if he were advised to, the VP only smiled gently and replied, "Well, not again." Mr. Bush concluded the interview with the nonplussed Rather by saying, "I love your tie, Dan. Won't you please let me be your Fuhrer?"

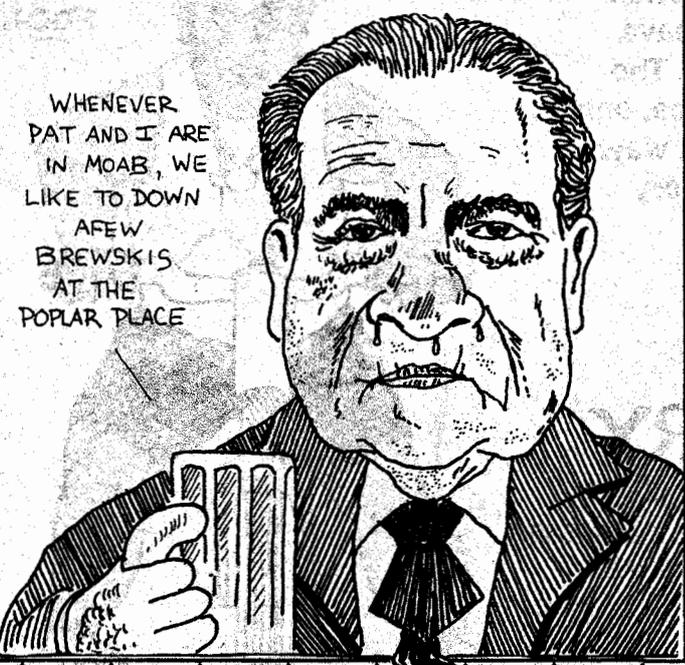
For the benefit of those planning to visit Moab for the first time, we advise that you do not eat hamburgers at the local hospital cafeteria. Although they are well-cooked, attractively served and reasonably priced, we have never been able to forget that the hospital cafeteria is directly above the morgue.

After 22 years of continuous unemployment, Fletcher Flimflam, son of

Grand County Commissioner G. Ross Flimflam, has filed as a candidate for his father's job! Fletcher is a graduate of the Salmon P. Chase School of Economics and Cello Tuning and spent 3 weeks underneath a dormitory staircase at Vassar College before completing his studies in righteous indignation and under protest at St.-Smarmy-on-the-Whole. His dad couldn't be prouder of Fletcher's initiative and plans to "throw" the election to his son. "Even a twerp like him can handle the job. You get a lot of free drinks & lunches and don't ever have to do much. Besides, if I lose, I qualify for unemployment and I can always use some easy money."

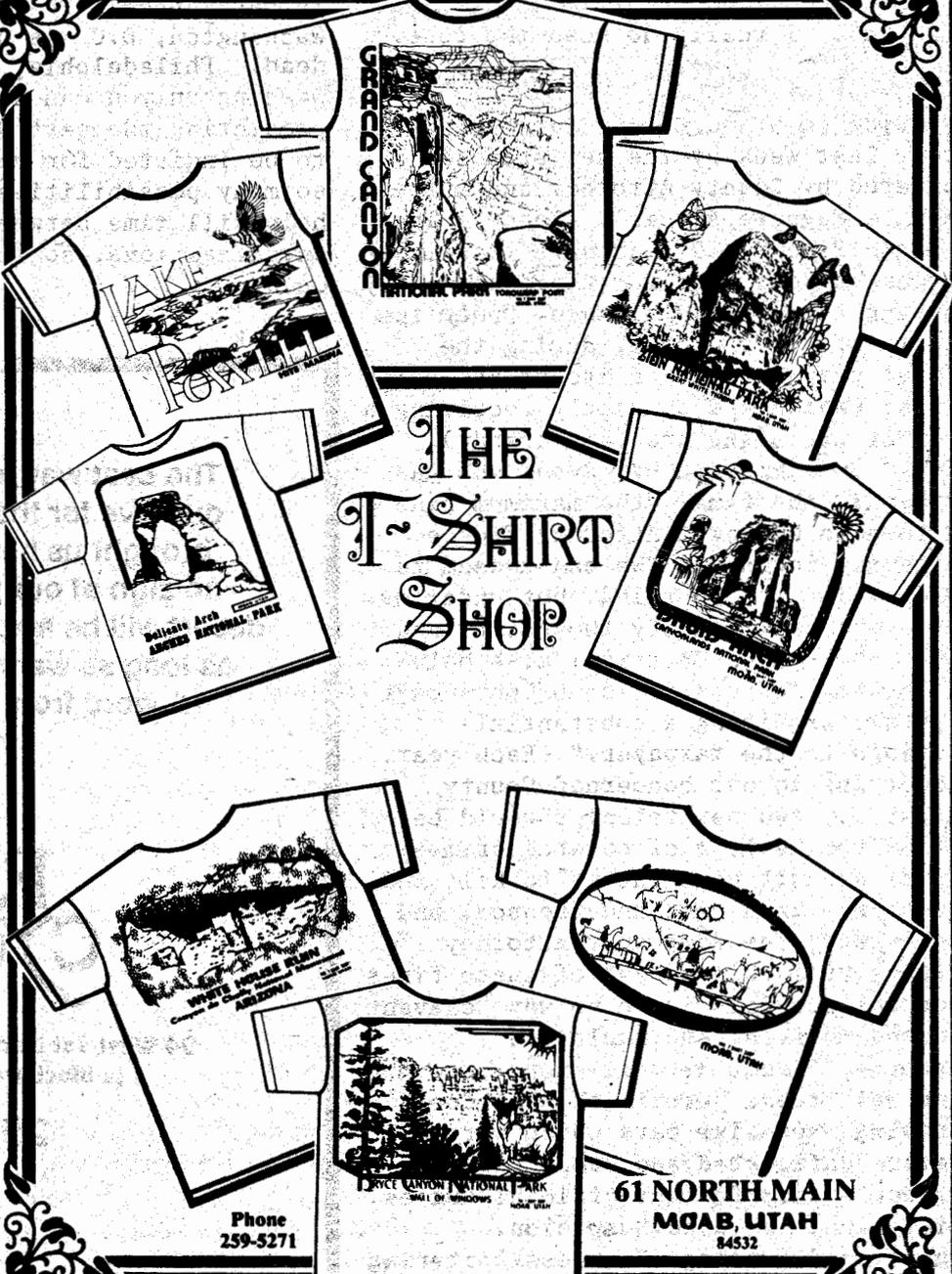
With the renewal of the tourist season here, Grand County Public Hygiene Officer and nephew of our mayor, Olan Taahrd has announced a new policy to safeguard both our visitors and local residents. From May 1 of this year onward, all male food service employees must wear a condom whenever on duty. "We must stop the deadly flow of viruses into our community," says Taahrd. "There's a great deal of comfort in knowing that you are doing your part to help keep Moab safe. I wear one all the time, not because I have to, but because I want to." Good thinking, Olan. Keep it up.

**Poplar Place Pub & Eatery**  
**GOURMET PIZZA**  
 Wednesday Night Is Ladies' Night



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# STARSCAM

Your  
Horoscope  
by

Rama Lama  
Ding Dong

## Aries

March 21 to April 20

Aries, you need to be more serious. You are the creator, the instigator, the first sign of the new astrological year. If you screw up in May, the rest of the year will be elephant dung to the armpits for everyone. This burden rests firmly upon your shoulders. Only you can prevent nuclear proliferation, world starvation and a toxic waste incinerator in Cisco. However, considering your violent, argumentative nature, Rama Lama is buying stock in DuPont, Morton Thiokol and CoWest. But if this is a bad year, everyone knows who to blame.

You are the pioneer of the Zodiac. Let your talents run rampant this year. No idea is too weird or perverted. Go for it. If you get caught, remember that even jail can be fun if you keep your sense of humor and don't drop the soap.

You will have many communication problems this month. Don't talk to anyone on the 27th: someone you consider a close friend is just waiting to sound off. Plan for premature articulations with friends on the 10th. Ask for a raise on the 20th and give your boss a good laugh. Things will start looking up on the 30th. You will have four good days in 1988.

## Taurus

April 20 to May 21

Tough luck, Taurus. You are considered the dullest sign of the Zodiac. In the case of most Taurans, this isn't true. In your case.....

Try to be a little more civilized in 1988. If you must throw rocks at your neighbor's cat, do it under cover of darkness. Don't throw rocks at the neighbor's children under any circumstances. Learn to eat with utensils rather than your fingers. Have a good wash now and then. Try using up-to-date slang like "neat" and "oh, wow" and "right on, man." Remember that "f\*\*king A" is seldom ever an appropriate response. Never open beer bottles with your teeth.

You are a sensualist. You also like to garden. Invite your friends over for a roll in the dirt. If you are a woman, study the mating habits of the preying mantis. If you are a man, stay away from female Taurans. Watch out for unplanned breeding activities this year.

**GEMINI:** If you concentrate very hard, you could survive May.

**CANCER:** Your lucky day is Monday. That tells you something about your life, doesn't it?

**LEO:** Start a "Dandelions Are Our Friends" campaign this month.

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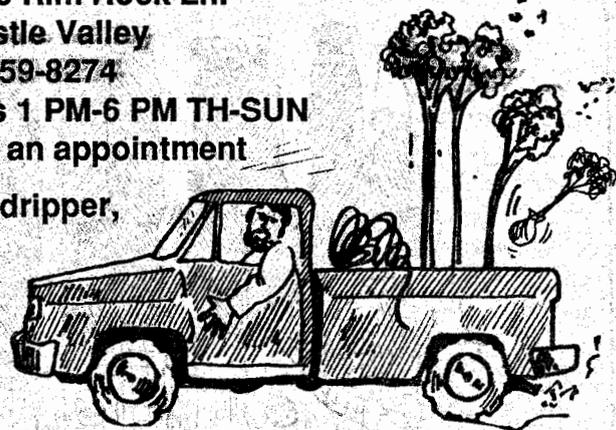
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**VIRGO:** Asking indelicate questions will test the patience of your small circle of friends.

**LIBRA:** The New Moon on the 15th and your cooperative nature lead you into temptation.

**SCORPIO:** Your ruling planet is Pluto. Sit. Roll over. Lie down.

**SAGITTARIUS:** Venus brings you gifts after the 27th. Stock up on size D Energizers.

**CAPRICORN:** You are not crazy. You are experiencing a difficult state of mind.

**AQUARIUS:** Refrain from close contact with others before 9 a.m.

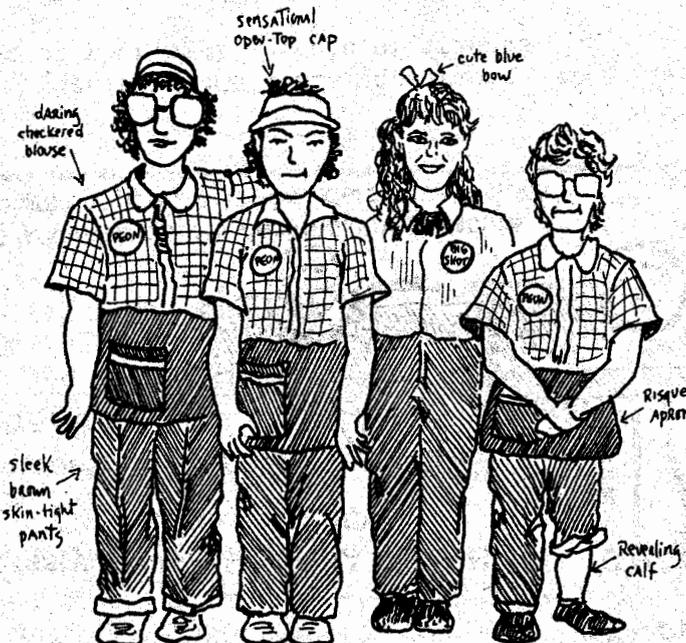
**PISCES:** This is a good time to jump back into bed and pull the covers over your head.



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## Makin' Moab Great

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Izzie Kiddin

## You Can't Go Home Again

(MARCH/1988) The train ride to Chicago is uneventful, save for some college kids on break heading for the slopes of Granby who periodically poke me in the eye with their skis. But, for the most part, it's a peaceful ride, thanks to Gaylord the bartender and his ever-present supply of cheap wine. I sleep through the boredom of Nebraska easily this time and twenty-four lulling hours later, I am dumped off at Union Station in downtown Chicago on a Friday at exactly rush hour ...

Kathy said she would pick me up. No problem. But trying to find her amongst the thousands of cattle wearing briefcases here might be an impossibility. It seems I'm the only one trying to walk in this direction! The hordes are all coming towards me! I panic, have a few Vietnam flashbacks and beat a hasty retreat to the security of the bar where I can watch for Kathy in relative safety with a gin and tonic in each hand.

This is quite a culture shock coming from Moab. If you want to call this ... culture? There are more people in this station right now than all of Grand County! Most are in business suits. This frightens me. Who was it (Thoreau?) that said, "Tell me there is a well-dressed man coming to my house to do me some good and I shall run for my life!"

Finally I see Kathy and she barrels her way into the bar, snatches the drink from my hand and guzzles it down. She grabs me by the hand and tells me we must hurry, we have another train to catch! I'm confused. I thought she said she was going to pick me up? That usually means a vehicle is parked nearby, doesn't it? Not quite.

We careen out into the horror of State Street at rush hour. She says it's only a mile walk to the next train station but we have to hurry. I'm trying my best to follow her lead, balancing my three suitcases amidst

the flow of traffic. And once again the flow is going the other way. God forbid you should ever lose your step and fall. You'd be trampled to a pulp! It's a far cry from Main Street at 6AM on a Sunday morning ...

An hour later, dripping with sweat and feeling quite queezy, we arrive at the next depot only to hear our train being announced. We make a mad dash, buy our tickets and hop aboard the jam-packed train to Madison, wherever that is? I am in an utter frazzle! To think I used to do this daily years ago without ever giving it a second thought! Sheer lunacy.

I decide all of these people are insane. I want to go round and shake each one by the shoulders and tell them that there are nicer places to live and work and slower paces to pound. Just throw that Goddamn tie out the window, point the Plymouth due west and shout, FREE AT LAST! FREE AT LAST! GREAT GOD ALMIGHTY FREE AT LAST! Toss your watch, burn your season's pass to the Bullet's games, flush that musk cologne down the toilet, throw your briefcase off the highest building and just get the hell out of here! But the crowd looks sinister and I decline to shake any shoulders today.

It is now two hours from when I departed the Amtrak train. Of course, on this second train ride, there is no place to sit and we are standing at an exit door and I am nearly swept out of the car at every step. I need a drink! Better yet, I need Clover Canyon in the dead of winter!!! I turn to Kathy and ask her just where the hell is her car??? She says we're almost there. Famous last words.

Finally the Madison Station is called and we get off the train. Madison doesn't mean anything to me because I don't know where the hell I'm at. Kathy says there's the car! She points to a distant dot on the

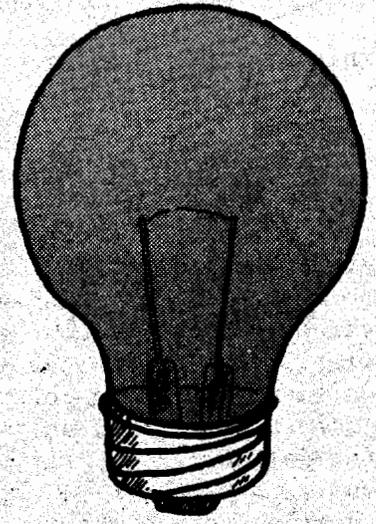
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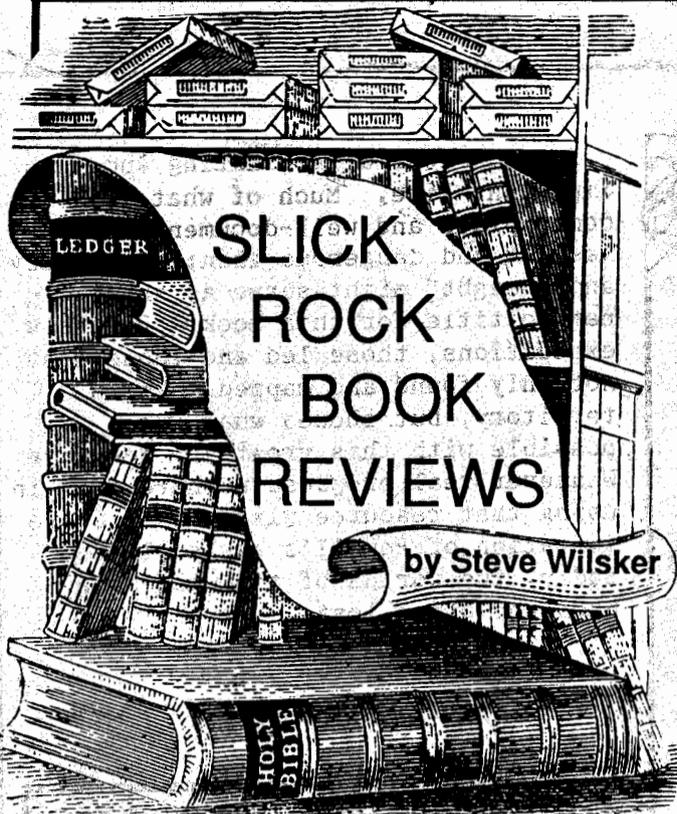
horizon at the very end of the parking lot. She tells me she likes to park it there. No one will scratch it. We walk another five minutes to her 1964 Falcon.

I'm ready to pass out by the time we reach it. My nerves can't take much more. This harried pace. This rush ... to what? All these people, chasing trains and taxis, herding downtown daily to do mindless clerical work ... for what? So they can live and be mugged in peace on the south side of Chicago?

I toss my bags into the back seat and close the door on this maddening city. Kathy hops in, turns the key and the 383 hidden under the hood roars to life! We are not home yet.

She lays a patch of rubber the length of Rhode Island and we careen onto the Dan Ryan Expressway at high speed. Another hour flashes by like a person's drowning visions and I am poured out of the car in front of home sweet home. Ma is there to greet me. She says I look good and as if on cue, I faint dead away. My brother arrives later with a fifth of Tanqueray to rejuvenate me. He understands. I think I'll live. It amazes me to no end that I used to live here, rush like this, do this high gear mode of living. I cannot ever see me doing it again, not for all the money in the world! It is an impossibility. No way.

I did have a pleasant visit after I regrouped, but when I start to hear coyotes tune on that high wind from the west, it's time to go. You can keep your high pressure/high paying jobs, stuff your rat race lunacy, and please, keep me away from those expressways. No thank you, I'll take poverty in paradise anyday, and let family and friends continue to secretly envy that fact. They could never leave the city and come out here and live like we do ... and thank God for that!



# SLICK ROCK BOOK REVIEWS

by Steve Wilsker

The movement of early explorers, trappers and pioneers to the Colorado Plateau is bound up in a great history of movement toward the West. The first tentative fingers of settlement were part of economic and social forces that began far away, and some study of them is both useful and interesting. The key word is frontier; the following books combine to make a good summary of that great adventure.

The Course of Empire  
by Bernard DeVoto

"History abhors determinism but cannot tolerate chance." DeVoto's philosophy of history guides his work well: beginning with the rise of Spain as an international power and concluding with the Lewis and Clark Expedition, he clearly explains how the geographic boundaries of our country were first explored and defined. Thick with side trips to Florida, Wisconsin and the like, the author doesn't miss a trick, or even minor explorers, examining the travels and work of everyone who took a hand in that great game - from Cabeza de Vaca to Nicolas Perrot, Jolliet to Mackenzie - and carefully placing everyone and everything in historical context. This is important and necessary background and beautifully done.

Note: The original journals of Lewis and Clark make wonderful reading for those interested in the frontier. A handsome set of three volumes in trade-size paperback is available, with folded maps. The set is well-documented with explanatory footnotes and is fascinating.

The Great West  
by David Lavender

This is probably the best book available on the general movement into

the West, on how Americans began to transform the frontier into America. Lavender's pen drips interest and excitement onto nearly every page. Writing in a conversational style, this fine historian concentrates on the territory west of The Big Muddy, and spares no one in his tale of soldiers and Indians, trappers and priests, traders and politicians. This wonderful summary of the spirit of exploration is great fun to read.

Note: David Lavender is a frequent visitor to the Moab area and will return here to address the Canyonlands Field Institute group, "In search of Old Cowboy Camps", on August 28, 1988. Interested parties should contact CFI, 38 South 100 West, Moab, Utah, 84532 or by phone (801) 259-7750.

The Great Plains  
by Walter Prescott Webb

An early (1931) and important contribution to our understanding of how the West was settled, this is a study of not only "who did what and when" but how they actually did it. It was not easy to cross or live on the great Plains. Webb was among the first historians of our country to understand the interactions of people with the land; he carefully describes the problems of fencing, the importance of the six-shooter, the search for water, the flow of economic systems and much more. As our problems here on the Colorado Plateau are similar to those of the Plains, this is a fine entry into the lore of the difficulties of settlement. The book has some nice illustrations.

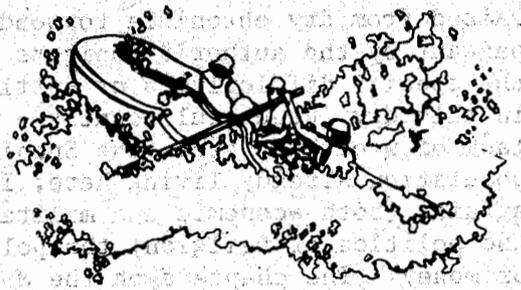
The Plains Across  
by Jon D. Unruh, Jr.

The winner of seven book awards (plus a near-miss on the Pulitzer Prize for History) and worth every one

of them. This is a serious look at the great migrations across our continent in the last century and what is

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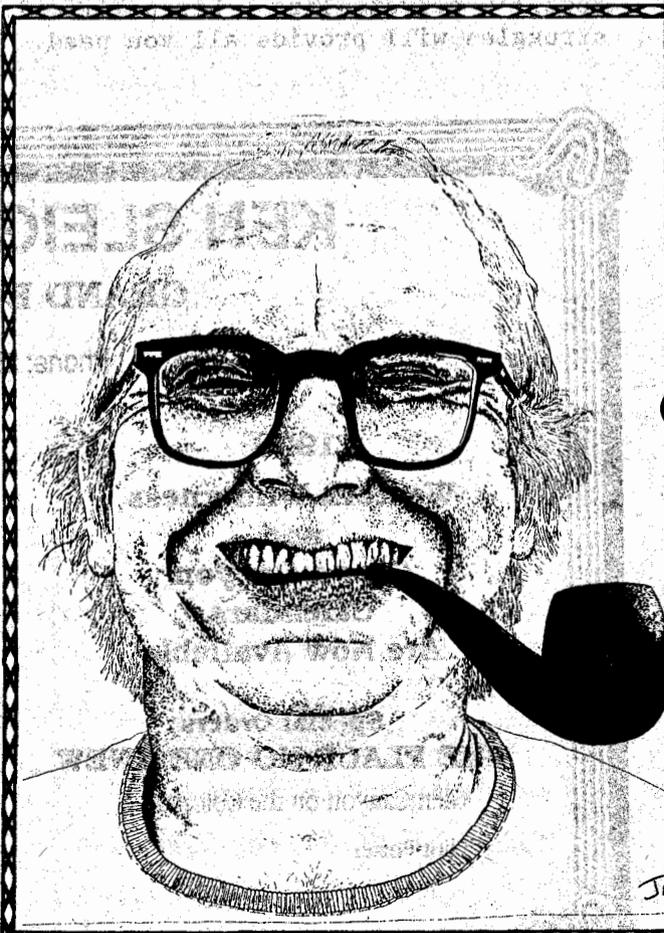
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meant to be an emigrant in those days. Routes, guides, bandits, Indians, the toll rate at the Bear River ferry are all part of Unruh's picture of what the emigrants had to face. You'll find out who first brought black walnut trees to Oregon, the price of coffee at Fort Laramie in 1845, what Horace Greeley really said and thought about it all. Although a bit heavy on statistical tables and economics, the book is full of anecdotes and insights into the complexities and dangers of moving a family household 1800 miles or more over open ground without benefit of paved roads, motorized moving vans or convenient rest stops.



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**The Far Southwest**  
by Howard R. Lamar

Lamar has written a serious study of the "Four Corners" states when they were in the process of becoming Territories. Loaded with incidents and personalities, Lamar's work is raised from dry chronicle to wonderful pageant by the author's insights into the special difficulties of settlers in this dry, beautiful country - the lack of wood and water, the Spanish population already living here, Indian affairs (both economic and military), the politics of religion, the politics of money. The chapters on the Mormon settlements of Utah are especially good summaries and only the scope of the subject has prevented the author from pursuit of the wealth of detail available for further study.

**Sky Determines**  
by Ross Calvin

This is the best introduction to the essential nature of the Southwest known to me. We are, after all, living in a desert; out here sky determines what is possible and where. Calvin is almost mystical in his reverence for the adaptability of humans who have lived here and his admiration for those who still do. Although the book was written primarily about New Mexico, it certainly pertains to the entire Colorado Plateau environment in both spirit and scope. Water from the sky is miraculous (and therefore unreliable), the author proposes, and shows us how our predecessors have dealt with that in order to dwell here.



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**Beyond the Hundredth Meridian**  
by Wallace Stegner

John Wesley Powell was the single most important scientist or explorer our region has known. Stegner, a fine historian and important novelist, has focused on Powell's struggle to bring realism to America's perceptions of the West and his attempt to create a balance between public interests and local concerns.

Do not look for the racy details of Powell's private life - his political struggles will provide all you need.

Powell's was a fascinating and important life. Much of what is commonplace and well-documented today was new and dangerous then; "Discovery and Insight" might serve as an alternative title for this book. Powell's expeditions, those led and those sent, not only found and mapped unknown territory, but showed what was possible with this great new resource. Whatever real progress we have made in using that resource wisely is a close imitation of Powell's early plans. Sadly, the worlds of the wise have been too often lost.

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by THOMAS PERERRA

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when a man comes along ...  
"Say you gots 89 cents plus tax, for a cuppa coffee?"  
Look of disgust, the askee walks away.  
Another man comes along ...  
"Scuse me, you wouldn't have 89 cents plus tax for a brain operation, would you?  
A look of doubt from the askee.  
"I knows a brain operation costs more than 89 cents plus tax, but you see its for my wife, she needs the operation.  
And I feel so bad that I can't afford the operation.  
So I's gots to get some wine, to drown my sorrows."  
The man walks away.  
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After a successful attempt at the 89 cents plus tax,  
its in the park,  
with the boys,  
puking on your jeans and shoes,  
in contentment.

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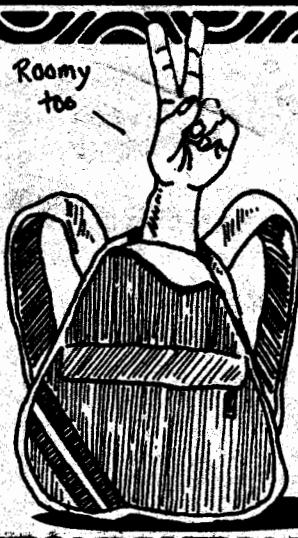
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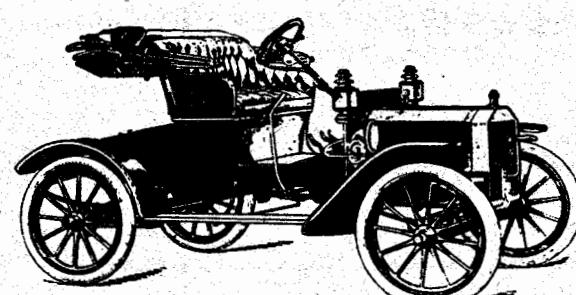
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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Stinking Editor,

May I commend Jim Stiles for his excellent piece on policing for profit. He leaves little left to say except this. The fellows from Washington set themselves up for this fall when they consented to an unwarranted search. Imagine how unsuccessful this questionable tactic would be if everyone asked to consent simply said no. There would be huge delays in obtaining the proper search warrants without the proper show of probable cause. The cars would be backed up to Green River and Judges would soon tire of this silliness.

Since it is so short and sweet, I enclose the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution.  
"The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable search and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall be issued but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons and things to be seized."

Read it again. When it happens to you, just say no.

Sincerely,  
Larry Hillis  
Castle Valley, UT

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Dear Ed.

Can someone enlighten me as to how our mayor built a brand new, state-of-the-art restroom and showerhouse at Old City Park at a cost of \$50,000 when he was only allocated \$12,000 by the City Council to repair the old one??? Do the taxpayers of our community feel that this expensive potty is a vital necessity towards our economy? Where did the Mayor 'borrow' the rest of the money? Frankly, I think it's good taxpayer's money being flushed right down the toilet! I suppose horse shoe pits and volleyball courts will be next....

A Disgruntled Taxpayer  
Moab

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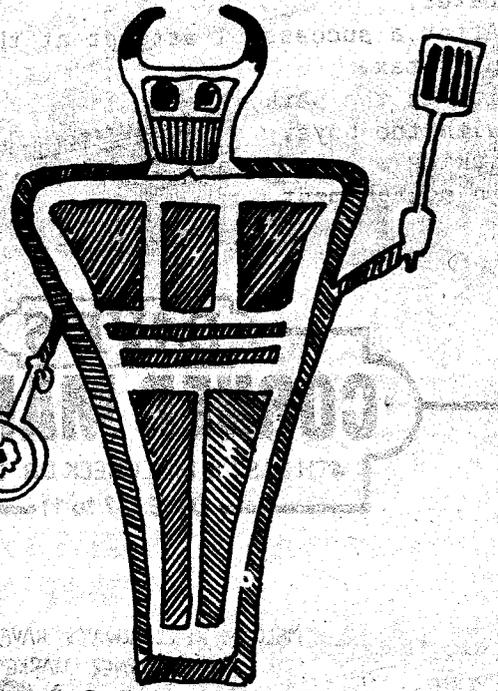
We've Moved Next Door  
To The Times-Independent  
259-5009

Your facts are wrong. The City Council budgeted \$15,000 for the improvements, and the Mayor approved \$22,000 in expenditures.

Greetings!  
Your new masthead sucks! Please bring back the old one.

Karilyn Brodell  
SLC

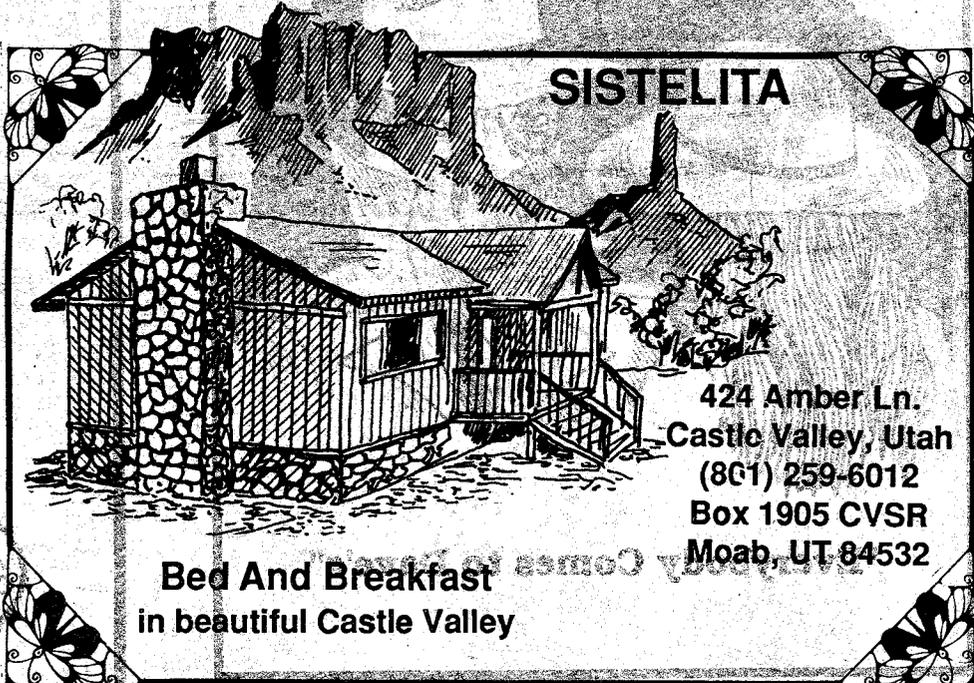
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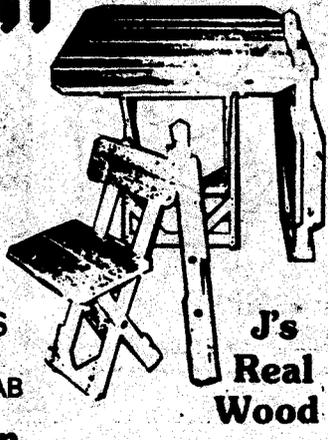
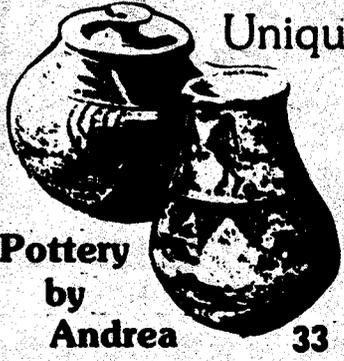
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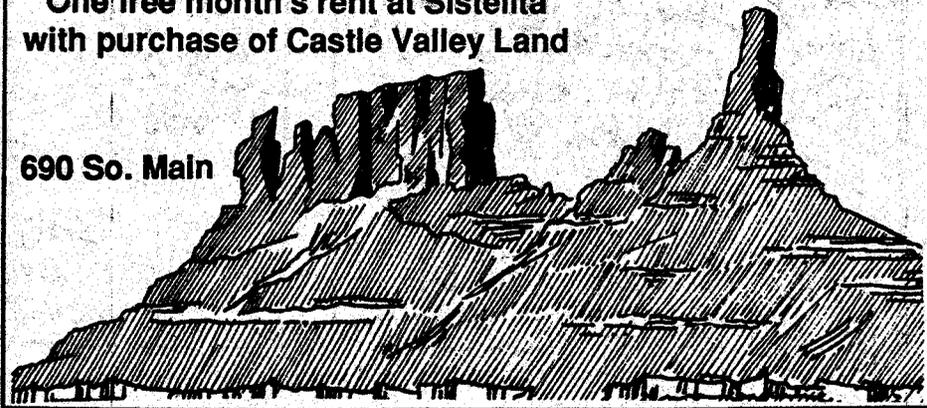
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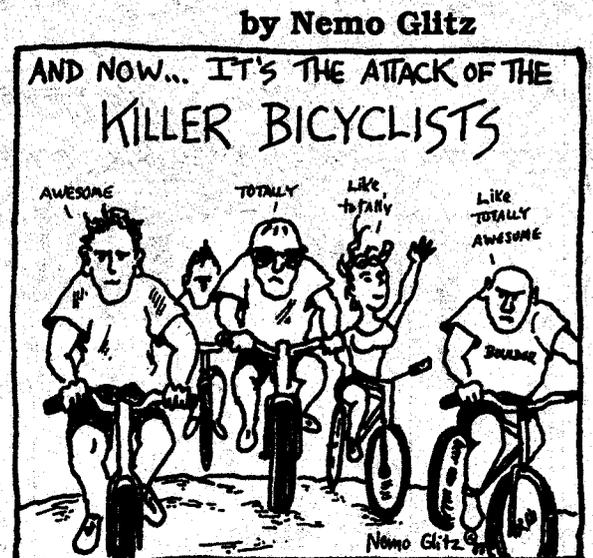
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### The Invasion Of Moab-A History



by Nemo Glitz