

THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE



VOL. 2
NO. 5
DEC.
1987



25¢
MOAB,
UTAH



Season's Greetings to you and yours!



from all the staff at The Stinking Desert Gazette

INSIDE

**Return to
Turnbow
Cabin**

By Jim Stiles

County Makes Needed Budget Cuts

The town of Moab was rocked last month by the Grand County Commission's decision to discontinue the practice of recording full, verbatim transcripts of their commission meetings.

At their meeting on Nov. 9, the commissioners decided to turn the machine off when the issues being discussed were non-controversial in nature.

Commission staff members insisted that intermittent, selective use of the machine would mean a considerable savings to area taxpayers, since fewer tapes would have to be purchased.

When reached by Gazette reporters, County Commission spokesperson Rosemary Woods had this to say:

"It takes up to three cassettes to record each meeting in it's entirety. If we can save one cassette per meeting, times 24 meetings per year, well, figure it out for yourself."

"That's basically the reasoning behind it," continued Mrs. Woods. "You

can't cut costs without starting somewhere. Now, we're not talking Maxcell Chrome, but even the bargain tapes good enough for plain dictation cost a buck apiece plus tax!"

Mrs. Woods was asked how the commissioners determine which topics are non-controversial in nature.

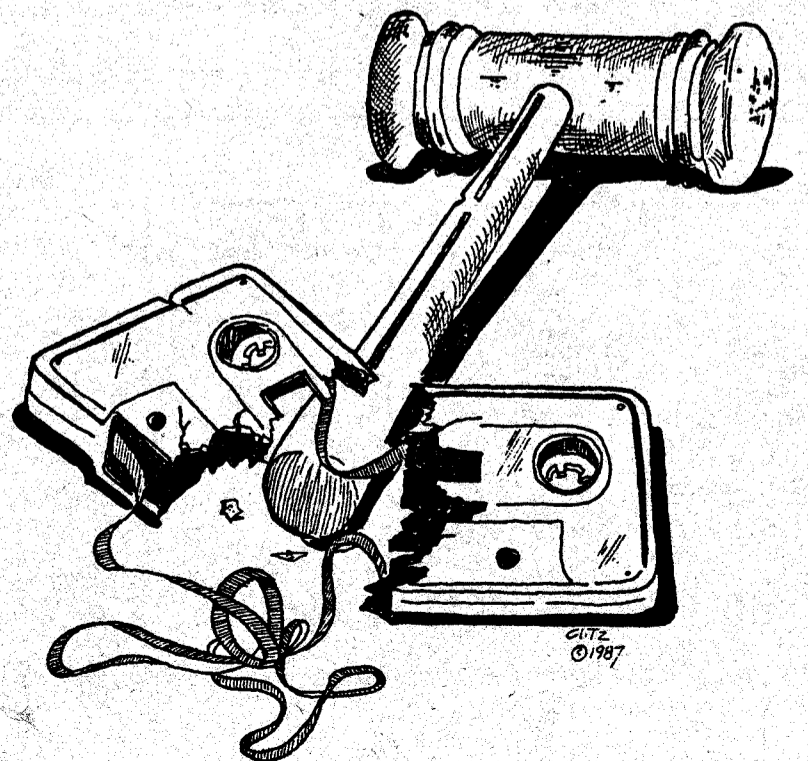
"Well, it seems to me that's fairly obvious, isn't it? When the commissioners agree unanimously on an issue, it's by nature a non-controversial issue," said Mrs. Woods. "If they agree, then public input is really just superfluous, and hence there is no real controversy to tape."

When asked to respond to charges that a savings of \$24 per year did not justify losing a complete record of county commission meetings, Mrs. Woods was frank in her admission that there was another factor in the decision.

"It was frankly just too much trouble, keeping track of all those tapes. There

were a lot of mixups and accidental erasures. The only time I ever referred to one of our file tapes, I put it on the machine expecting to hear a commission meeting held last fall. Instead, I heard the opening strains of Dolly Parton singing: 'It

takes three average women, darlin', to equal half of me.' Hopefully, fewer tapes to keep track of will result in a spiffier file system, and fewer of these amusing little mistakes," chuckled Mrs. Woods.



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Dudek

The sweet smell of Salt City leaves me yearning for the stench of the desert. Enclosed please find remittance for twelve editions of your odious odoriferous publication.

Julie Bryan
SLC

Dear Robert:

It is always so nice to get the Stinking Desert Gazette. Even tho I'm up high in the Rockies, part of my soul is still in the Red Rock Country. Keep up the good work.....

Joe
Crested Butte

Editor:

Here's nine bucks for a year's worth of SDG. I read my first issue at the truck stop south of Moab & got hooked. My co-driver thinks I'm flushing the nine bucks, but what does she know? She's a Republican. Thanks....

Jerry Hayes
Portland, OR



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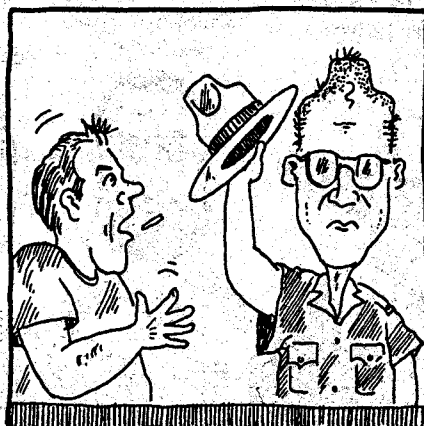
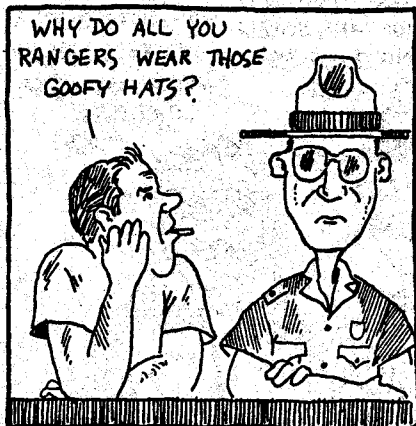
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Over the Counter



Nemo Glitz ©1987

LEDITORS

Dear Editor

My reason for writing this is perhaps a little cathartic, so I must ask your pardon for a few moments. First, I admire you and your staff for mixing your ideas and talents together with your first amendment rights in the production of "The Stinking Desert Gazette", may the entrepreneurial spirit that has made this country live on.

I am a young person who is a little confused. I don't have an axe to grind with anyone, I'm not rich, nor I am employed by some large industrial concern. But, again, I ask your indulgence in allowing me to express my misguided views.

I would very much like to involve myself in a worthwhile cause, whether it be environmental, religious, political or whatever. I am a truth seeker. My problem is this: I have been honestly looking, but I can't seem to find any integrity among the various environmental organizations such as the "Wilderness Alliance", "Friends of the Earth", "Sierra Club", "Colorado-Utah Alliance" et cetera.

Whether it is intentional or not, there is a dreadful amount of hypocrisy - mindless hypocrisy among your ranks. I write here with reference to the proposed Cisco area incinerator.

Grand County is certainly, at least to my eyes, a beautiful place. I grew up here and like it very much, however, this is a bit subjective, is it not? I believe that it is slightly virtuous to feel "roots" and have emotional ties to the place you must call "home". But it simply must have occurred to some of you that these same sentiments are experienced elsewhere!

When you have succeeded in stopping all industrial developments from coming into this area, haven't you simply passed the buck?

One part of this country is beautiful and "unique" to you. Surely every acre on this planet is unique and beautiful to someone. You have opinions, and rightly so, everyone must. It is the nature of an opinion to be good, bad, based on sound evidence, or be out in the ozone layer. But never-

theless it is simply an opinion. Moreover, it must compete with all others - yours is not somehow worthy of special consideration.

I think what bothers me the most is that for all your outspokenness and effort at hindering industries of various kinds, you all remain part of the problem. Which one of you uses no electricity? How many of your number refuse to drive cars? What kind of microwave oven do you have? You see, the mountain bike you probably ride around on is made of steel, rubber, et cetera.

A very low percentage of the electricity generated for you in this country is nuclear - the lion's share comes from those coal fired plants with the ten foot diameter smokestacks, you know, the ones billowing out tons of pollutants every moment. When you plugged in your Japanese-made stereo today, you directly contributed to the acid rainstorm that is, at this moment, killing forests and lakes in Maine and Canada.

So far in this country, not a single leaf has fallen to the ground as a result of nuclear energy. It is all becoming clearer to me, your cause is simply a canard. Honestly! Do any of you have any sense at all? Someday you should try carrying your logic (or lack of it) thru to its conclusion. Your reasoning is highly subjective. There are ostensible health/environmental boogiemens behind every tree ready to frighten the yogurt out of poor chicken little.

I recently read a very scientific article which examined the health dangers posed by using disposable baby diapers. It seems those things, after they have served their purpose and are disposed of are veritable time bombs of infectious diseases - - - Golly! What'll we do? Let's mount a campaign of some sort! We'll pedal our mountain bikes around in circles! We can chant, "no more poop! - no more poop!"

Please forgive my mockery, but as I stated, it is very much a catharsis for me to speak thus. So what's the answer anyway? Despite all of your clamoring for attention you still, like it or not, only represent a small minority view, a very vocal, but still minority view.

The Cisco area would be an ideal place to put an incinerator that would neutralize some of the dangerous chem-

icals that you helped to produce.

I would respect your kind a lot more if I could only see at least an effort to remove some of the brain pollution known as hypocrisy. But, alas, I'm not very optimistic about your conversion to common-sense-ism. "Declining natures assimilate as they sink" (George MacDonald).

Thank you for reading this.

R. Anderson

Dear R.

You see, most of your arguments support the notion that toxic waste is a fact of life and has to be dealt with (we'll go along with that), but you don't address the more important issue which has to do with the wisdom of importing a steady stream of these lethal substances into Grand County. Except for the following argument.

You maintain that the canyonlands are beautiful, but that every acre on Earth is perceived in the same way by someone. Ergo, this area deserves no more protection than any other area.

We have thought this over and discussed it amongst ourselves and after much deliberation we have one question: Are you blind? Wake up, man! You're not in Kansas! You are living in the stuff postcards are made of! Do you really believe what you are saying?

Even if you don't value what's here you ought to realize it's economic potential in terms of providing an adequate inflow of cash to insure our economic stability.

This area is gaining fame all over the world as an untrammled piece of virgin planet. Those of you who don't see it that way are quite ready to plop an 80-acres-wide Pampers, chock full of stinking poop, right in the middle of it. As a patriotic gesture.

Those with good vision oppose the plan. They know this area belongs in a world trust, and deserves to be domed with an aura of respect, reverence and admiration.

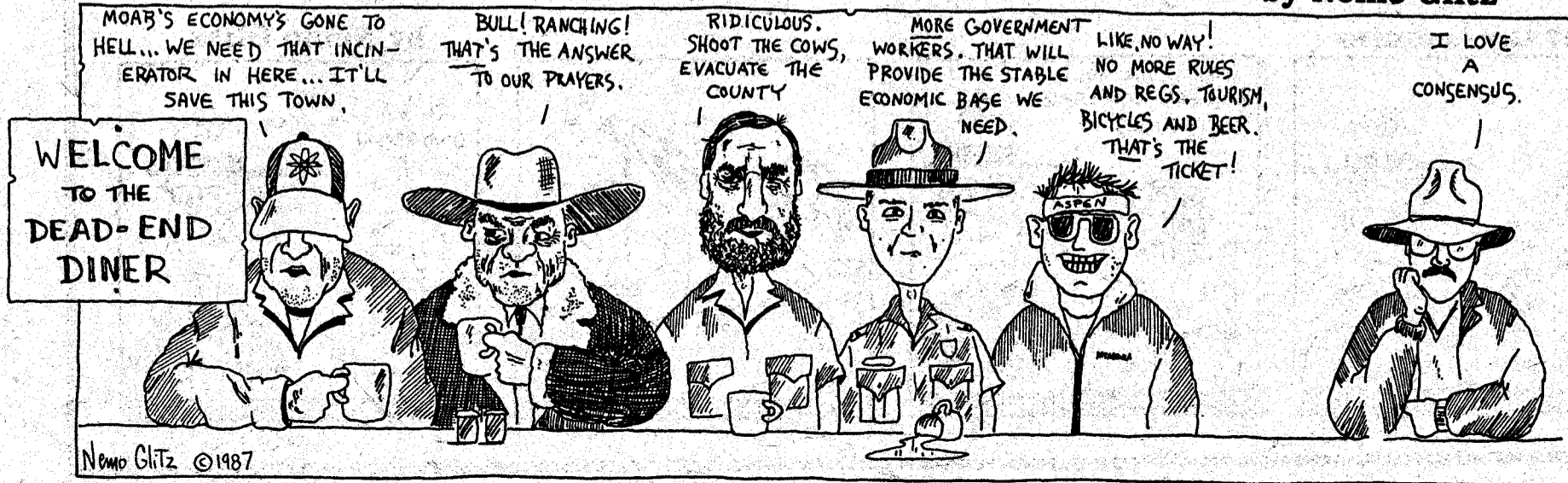
It matters not whether you consider this area to be rare and exceptional, or just another toxic industrial site.

Every study that's ever been done points to tourism as our best growth opportunity. Please forgive the vulgarity, but as the old Army saying goes: "Let's don't shit in our own messkit."

Editor

by Nemo Glitz

Over the Counter



Moabites Set Sail!

by Wonder Wyman

Captain Tom and Carolyn drove south out of town in October, headed for the Gulf of Mexico. With their sailing dory in tow, they have embarked on a grand adventure with no termination date in mind. Their immediate plans are to become boatpeople, to hunt for treasure along the Barrier Islands, and to build an even bigger boat so they can eventually sail west across the Pacific.

They've had to pare their belongings down to what will fit in a 19-foot boat. Carolyn crammed a full artist's studio into two sea chests. She says that a boat is spacious compared to the motorcycle she once "lived" on, and besides, she loves the lightness of having few possessions.

They have enough money to make it to Corpus Christi, Texas, where they'll hang out in the coastal waters for a couple of months before they need to find work. The hurricane season ends in October so they're looking forward to balmy weather, lots of fishing and long afternoon naps.

Tom says there's nothing quite so comforting as sleeping in a boat on a calmly rolling sea; "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

gunnels with cod til they were barely out of the water, but a dory will remain afloat and maneuverable even when nearly submerged.

stockpile of rocks on the raft - just in case of trouble.

During his teenage years Tom cruised up and down the Ohio River, between Pittsburgh and the Mississippi in his 14-foot outboard runabout. Then he spent 4 years in the Air Force "shepherding hydrogen bombs," a task which required the ability to remain sane through eternities of monotonous hours standing vigil beside the lethal, but otherwise boring, metal tubes.

Once out of the military, Tom headed for the water. He took several extended cruises down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers into the Gulf Coastal Waters. In 1965 he moved to California where he worked for an innovative computer company and learned boat-building skills during his free time. He built a 35-foot trimaran which he intended to sail to Australia, but never did it because "it didn't feel right." After that he embarked on a serious career as a boat gypsy, boat building in various places like British Columbia (north end of the Georgia Straights), Nova Scotia, Mobile Bay, Baja California and Idaho.

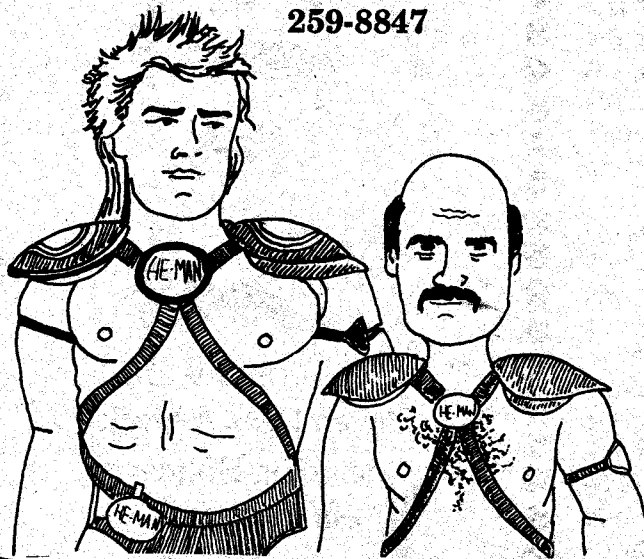
The man definitely had a thing about boats! At one low economic point he built a 19-foot Mississippi River Boat in an Alabama cornfield using only hand tools. The boat cost \$150 to build, using locally available white oak saplings for lumber and a painters drop cloth for a sail. The boat gave him a good 45 day trip on the Mississippi River that fall.

Tom discovered the Canyonlands in 1969, before Lake Powell was filled. In 1971 he and friends spent 100 beautiful days in lower Cataract Canyon, in narrow, 18-foot dories. He came back for another 100 day trip in 1972 and then took a month long solo in 1973. He says those were magic

cont. pg. 5

The MOVIES

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Tom built the Tatoo, their 19½ foot sailing dory, several years ago. In fact he's built over 30 boats in his lifetime, everything from a tri-maran to a sampan, and a South Seas boat called a Flying Proa. But he's partial to dories because they're exceptionally seaworthy.

The dory design was developed by New Foundland cod fishermen who would go far out to sea with a mothership schooner, and then spend the day filling their little boats with fish. The boats would be loaded to the

The Tatoo is powered by two sails, supplemented by two sets of 9-foot oars. The oars are for "when we're not sober enough to sail her into shore." On good days they can sail the boat through the surf and right up onto the beach.

Tom began his sailing career when he was 5. He and his older brother built a raft with a sail and plied their way down the Red River near Memphis. At that time there were unfriendly neighborhoods along the river, and he and his brother had a

(cont. from pg. 4)

times; he would encounter about one raft a week coming down the river.

And all the while he was pursuing his boat "obsession", he was also reading a lot, trying to figure out "what in hell life is all about." Buckminster Fuller became one of his favorite thinkers, reinforcing his natural inclination to follow the "path with heart".

By 1982 he was ready for bigger challenges so he headed for Alaska. He says that he wanted to do something which would get his head in the space where he was glad to see people. A winter solo in Alaska, where there are only six hours of daylight and sea storms which "make your sphincters quiver" served Tom's purposes.

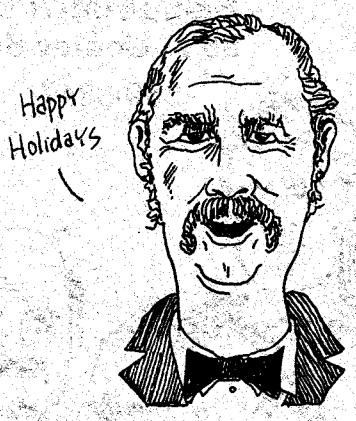
It took him 360 days to travel down the Snake and Columbia Rivers, out into the Pacific Coastal waters, up past Puget Sound, finally arriving at Petersburg, Alaska in May with "80¢ in my pocket, 4 gallons of gas, a borrowed motor, 4 pounds of beans, and some salt." During the trip he went broke three times, suffered a mid-life crisis, and even his dog abandoned ship (later to be picked up by fishermen and then adopted by a lighthouse owner).

The trip was made in a 25-foot dory with no cover and no heat. He did the puget Sound to Alaska leg of the journey during the winter, but claims he never got cold except for the time a clear air squall hit his boat, dropping the temperature to 20 degrees

and instantly freezing himself, his dog and his boat into glistening diamond sculptures.

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Tom later circumnavigated Admiralty Island in his dory and has many stories to tell about the big Alaska bears (with paw prints the size of a manhole cover), icebergs which chased his boat, and the awesome Alaska

storms when the wind would nearly lift the boat out of the water and the pelting sleet would be whipped to such a frenzy it sounded like a high-pitched motor. Tom says that Alaska teaches you that "Mother Nature is a mean nasty bitch."

By now Tom was well-seasoned and ready to set off on his great aspiration, a Pacific crossing. Trouble was, he'd come to the conclusion that he wasn't willing to sail alone anymore....that is, without a WOMAN.

Which brings us to the Easter Party in Castle Valley last Spring, where Tom met Carolyn. Carolyn has her own long history of solo adventures, and inner and outer quests, and she and Tom hit it off. Since then they've been gearing up for the big adventure.

Since Tom and Carolyn are having so much fun they've decided to share it with everybody. They say that if they're lucky enough to find gold down in the Barrier Islands (not a completely unrealistic dream), they will bury some of the treasure, make treasure maps, and put the maps into water-tight bottles to be released into the ocean. Whoever finds the bottles is guaranteed some fun. Because that's what life's about: keep moving in pursuit of something which interests you.

By the way, they have arranged to receive the Stinking Desert Gazette throughout their voyage!

THE PLACE NO ONE KNEW

Glen Canyon on the Colorado

Eliot Porter

Edited and with a foreword by David Brower

A visual reminder of man's power to rob future generations of wonder



THE PLACE NO ONE KNEW
Glen Canyon on the Colorado
by ELIOT PORTER

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hen your spirit cries for peace, come to a world of canyons deep in an old land; feel the exultation of high plateaus, the strength of moving waters, the simplicity of sand and grass, and the silence of growth" (August Frugé).

The Place No One Knew is Glen Canyon—the very heart of the American Southwest. As David Brower says, "Never in the history of man's effort to preserve great scenic resources has his lack of knowledge been so costly." Places like Music Temple and Cathedral in the Desert, captured by Porter as no other photographer has done, are now buried under the waters of Lake Powell, irretrievably lost since the building of Glen Canyon Dam two decades ago.

This book is one of the most important historic and aesthetic records of Glen Canyon. The sheer exquisite beauty of Eliot Porter's photographs of this wilderness gorge, with its towering monuments, mounded billows of orange sandstone, oak-set glens, and fern-decked alcoves, makes this one of the loveliest books ever published. Porter is an American master.

Very few people ever saw Glen Canyon because of its remoteness. Porter traveled its length several times to preserve the record of its beauty. Georgia O'Keefe accompanied him on one of these trips, sketching while he photographed.

Eliot Porter is one of the deans of American landscape photography. He was a protégé of Alfred Stieglitz, who showed a group of his photographs in his gallery An American Place in New York in the late 1930s. His photography has earned him worldwide fame.

This new edition reproduces the best photographs of the 1963 edition, together with previously unpublished photographs from Porter's archives. This exquisite volume has been produced to the highest possible standards of printing and bookmaking.

Children of the World

by Lola McElhane

A lot has been written about the sixties lately. The decade known as the sixties actually covered most of the sixties and part of the early seventies and twenty years have passed since the apex of that decade. That period of time has been dissected, examined and explained and yet no one seems to have found a single explanation that fits the whole phenomenon known as 'The Sixties'.

Born in 1948, I remember the early days of television, when black and white was the only choice you had and we were all mesmerized by the antics of Uncle Miltie, the calm, suburban existence of "Father Knows Best", and our first glimpse of a Real Santa Claus that lived at the North Pole and actually received our letters and read them over the air. As I grew, I remember being totally terrified by something called the Atom Bomb and secretly hoping that I would die before IT happened because I couldn't even visualize how horrible it might be. I can remember watching Nightmare Theatre as a teenager and being scared by "The Phantom of the Opera" and Poe's "Murders of the Rue Morgue". Then came something called Viet Nam. By then we had the world in our living room at the touch of a button, and in living color. We knew immediately how many of our fellows, friends and family had lost their lives that day. We knew that the tenuous peace of the world was spun with a very delicate web and that any one of a dozen leaders, at any moment, could change that balance and we would all spin out of control.

That first generation of television watchers was coming of age in the sixties. They were the first generation who were conditioned to accept illusion as reality and at the same time had the ugly reality of war brought right into their homes every day. They were the first generation to begin to see that the world was being led by a few powerful people who could change the course of events before they were awake the next morning, the

first generation to really see that the precious world that they lived in might not be there tomorrow. What made them different from all those who had come before was that they were the first generation to have a collective world consciousness. They were faced with a choice; become insensitive, or incensed by what they could see happening to their world.

Collectively, aided by that very marvel of communication that had brought them this knowledge of the world, they decided to make a change. Their behavior underwent a struggling and stretching until they could reach their own decisions and find their own directions.

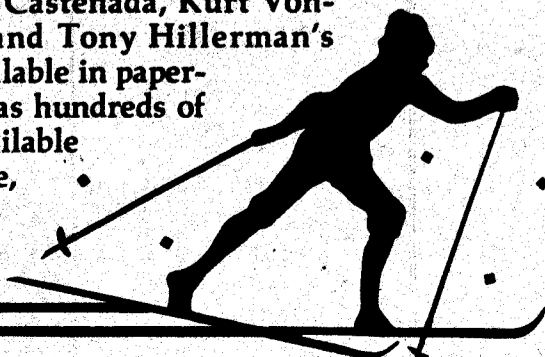
It was important to this generation that the world understand the value of peace and love and brotherhood, and so the flower children were born. They saw the abuse of the land and so they took on issues of the environment. They saw the slaughter of Viet Nam, a war that wasn't a war, and marched to stop it. They recognized the needs of the individual over just that of the society as a whole, and struggled with their own identity and the rights of others to "be whatever they would be". They struggled to "go back to the land," for a life with a greater appreciation for simplicity. They were acutely aware of the fragility of tomorrow and so they lived for today. They sought a higher state of consciousness and so experimented with various drugs in an effort to find it. And all this was reflected in the music, a music so intense, so real, that it can take us back immediately to that day, that hour, that moment....

What was won during that phenomenon known as the sixties was a greater awareness and appreciation of the environment that cradles us all, a greater appreciation of the delicate political system that exists in the world as a whole, and a greater appreciation of the needs of the individual to fulfill his or her own promise.

They won for themselves and for others the right to be different, to break out of the mold and to seek their own mountaintop.

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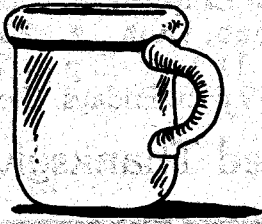
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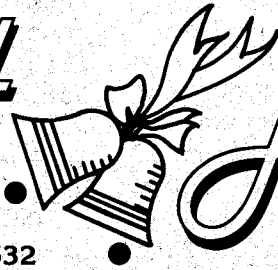
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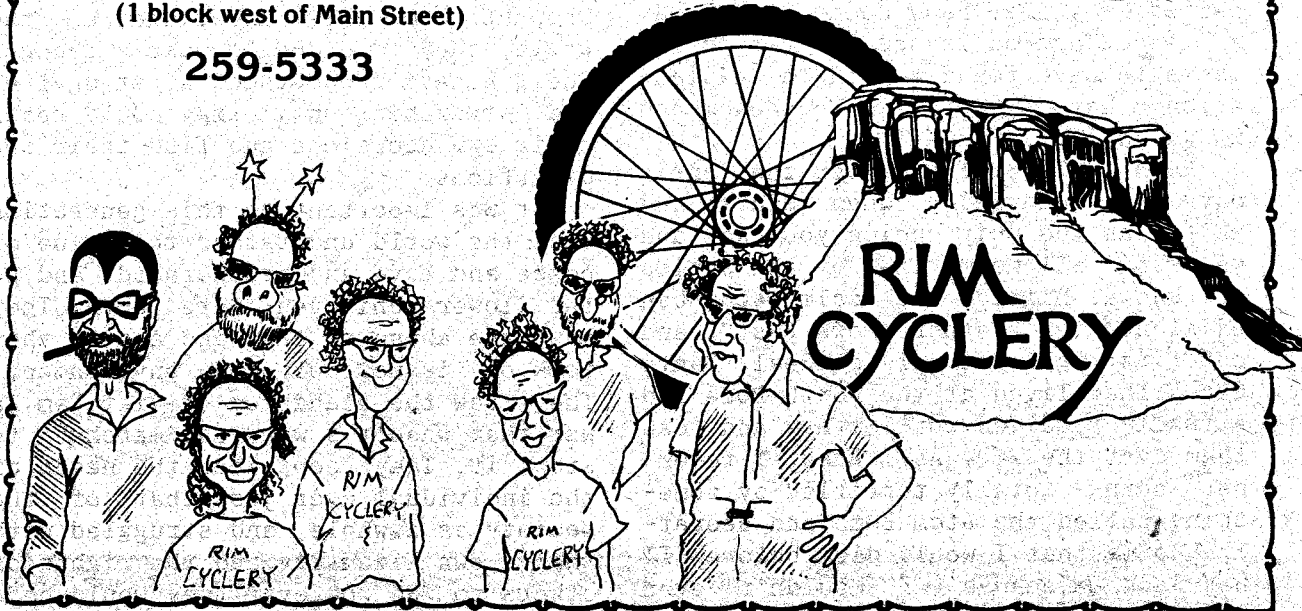
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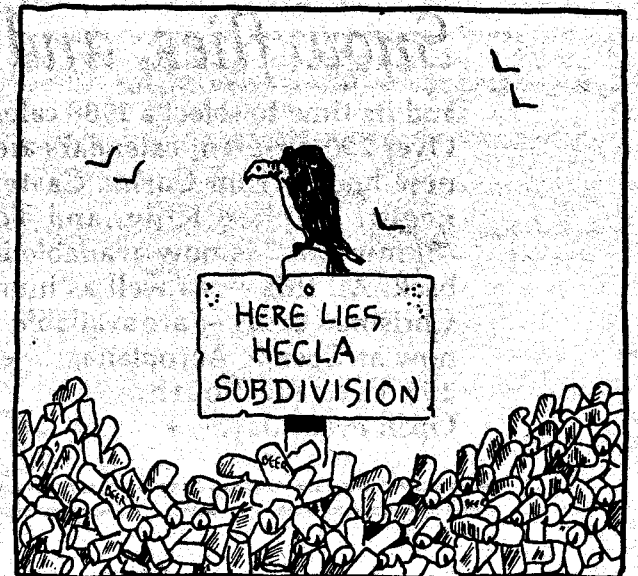
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About three years ago, I sank my life savings into a broken down old house on Locust Lane. On the day I signed my soul over to the bank, I stopped by to inspect the damage. As I surveyed the ruins, trying to decide just which fix-up project deserved the highest priority, a voice from over my shoulder interrupted my thoughts.

"Are you buying that place or renting?", asked my soon-to-be neighbor.

"I bought it," I replied.

"Well, I hope you paint that metal roof of yours; the glare off that thing in my kitchen is terrible in the afternoon."

"We used to leave Moab in the morning on the horses and ride up Courthouse Wash for five or six miles. There was a good horse trail that would lead up to Balanced Rock and then down to Salt Valley and on to the cabin. Of course, you couldn't ride a wagon on it.

"And we'd bring most of our food; we'd bring canned milk, and to this day I can drink that right out of the can. And flour and salt and coffee, and things mother had canned. We couldn't keep chickens there or the coyotes would get them."

When we reached the cabin, the most

"He'd rope one and then I'd take the rope and wrap it around my saddle horn. He'd jump off his horse and throw the calf down and tie off it's legs. In the meantime we'd built a fire and got the iron red hot. Then he'd dehorn it and earmark it and brand it. And the little things would cry and run their tongues out a half a city block; in the meantime I sat on my horse and cried. Every time he branded, I cried."

Once while driving cattle up Salt Wash, Toots and Marv came to a place where the horse would have to jump:

"Dad didn't want me on the horse

RETURN TO TURNBOW CABIN

A Conversation With Toots McDougald

by Jim Stiles

That was my introduction to Marilee "Toots" McDougald, born seventy-two years ago in Moab, in the same house on 1st North that teacher Ron Pierce lives in today. As I started working on the house (including painting the roof), we became friends. One day Toots asked me if I had a job, and I told her that I was a seasonal ranger at Arches National Park.

"Then you've probably seen that cabin near the Delicate Arch trail-head," she wondered.

"Oh sure," I answered. "I drive past Wolfe Ranch almost every day."

Toots bristled a little and set the record straight. "That may be Wolfe Ranch to some people, but it's Turnbow Cabin to me."

I was surprised to learn that Toots was the stepdaughter of Marv Turnbow, the first custodian of Arches National Monument and a prominent rancher in the '20's and 30's. It was Turnbow, in fact, who filed the first homestead papers on the ranch around 1915. Seventy years later, Toots and I return to Turnbow Cabin - this story is about that visit and Toot's recollections of the way things used to be.

The drive to the cabin took thirty minutes on the paved Park entrance road, quite a change from the all day horseback ride that it used to be:

noticeable change was the throng of curious tourists wandering about, taking pictures but not fully appreciating perhaps the memories and stories tucked away in the corners and cracks. Toots remembered the old fruit trees near the cabin that were still standing in the '20's when she first accompanied her parents there, but which had since died. Also gone was the corn crib, built on stilts and placed in coffee cans full of water to keep out or drown any rodents that tried to get in.

But the cabin itself, although somewhat the worse for wear, still seemed familiar. The same massive center beam, "still the biggest, straightest juniper log I've ever seen," holds up the slightly sagging roof.

The family would stay at the cabin two to three weeks at a time during the summer. Marv would haul water on horseback in big metal cans from a spring just across and upstream from the homestead. And often Toots would accompany Marv to round up the new calves to be branded, a chore that hurt Toots almost as much as it did the calf.

when it jumped, so he scooped me off and sat me on a ledge. All of a sudden he grabbed me back. Well, there was a rattlesnake right there between my feet...it had fourteen rattles on it."

In the evenings, Marv demonstrated the art of making flour sack biscuits:

"He never used a pan; he'd roll up the sleeves of his long-handled underwear which he wore year-round. He'd scrub his hands and he'd get this sack and roll the top down and make a hole in the flour and smooth it out just like a bowl. Then he'd put in some baking powder, some salt and some shortening and mix it all around. Then he'd start adding water, a little drop at a time, and just keep working it with his hand. When he got enough he'd pinch it off and when he was through, you couldn't find one lump left in that flour sack."

When they were away from the cabin, looking for strays or checking their herd at Squaw Park, they'd make biscuits in the dutch oven.

Before going to bed at night, they'd always turn the horses loose. They never hobbled them. The horses were something that Marv Turnbow took great pride in and which Toots still remembers:

"He curried and combed his horses and trimmed their tails and manes. He took beautiful care of them...they never looked scroungy, ever.

see page 9



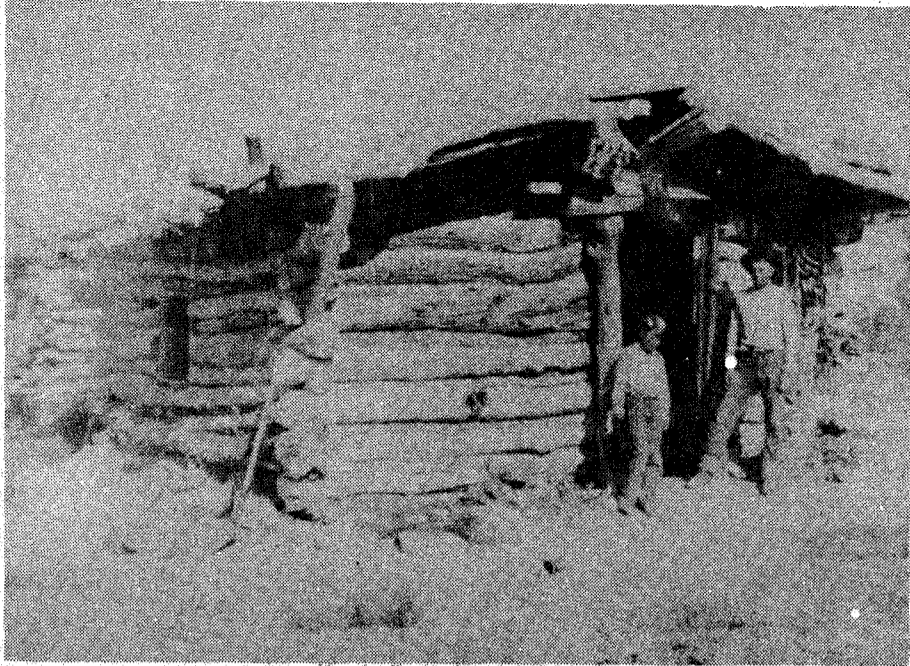
MARJORIE TURNBOW (WIDOWS) AT ANTEATER ARCH



SUSIE AND MARV TURNBOW WITH TOOTS (L) AND BET



SUSIE & MARV TURNBOW AND YOUNGEST BROTHER DIX



MARV TURNBOW AND SON BRUCE IN THE '30's



TOOTS MCDUGALD AT THE CABIN, 1987

"Once though when he was trying to rope one of his horses he got hurt bad. He always wore short gloves but somebody had given him a pair that had cuffs. When he roped the horse, the rope kicked back around his arm and caught in the cuff. The horse spooked and dragged him until it pulled his arm completely out of the shoulder socket. When that happened to him, he caught another horse and saddled it and rode clear to Salt Valley where some wildcatters were doing some drilling. They took him to town in a truck. He had more grit than any man I ever knew. Mama used to say he was as tough as a hard twist rope, and I think he was."

As we walked around the cabin and corral, hikers passed on their way to Delicate Arch, probably the most popular, most photographed natural stone arch in the world. Hundreds of thousands of people have taken the mile and a half hike to see Delicate Arch, but Toots was probably one of the first handful of "tourists" to see the arch which at the time had a very different name:

"We used to horseback ride up to Delicate Arch. We had it all to ourselves then. We'd just see other

cattlemen; Jim Westwood had some cattle out here someplace and a man named Frank Graham ran cattle out here too.

"Back then, we called the arch Bessie's Bloomers. When they made it a National Monument, they didn't think that was quite the name to have on it, so they gave it the name Delicate Arch. But I believe Bish Taylor is the one who thought up "Bessies Bloomers". I used to call it The Old Man's Pants, because it looked to me like they cut the top part of a man off, and left the feet and the legs."

In the late 1930's, after the boundaries of Arches N.M. had been greatly enlarged (and the arches given more respectable names), the National Park Service needed a custodian to keep an eye on this recent addition to the park system - they hired Marv Turnbow:

"In those days they had what they called dollar-a-year men. It was sort of an honorary position and so that's what Dad got; he became the first custodian of Arches National Monument.

A lot has changed since then. The herds of wild horses that used to roam the ridges above The Fiery Furnace have long since vanished. Antelope Arch, a small rock opening that Toots found near the cabin was destroyed years ago. It costs five times as much

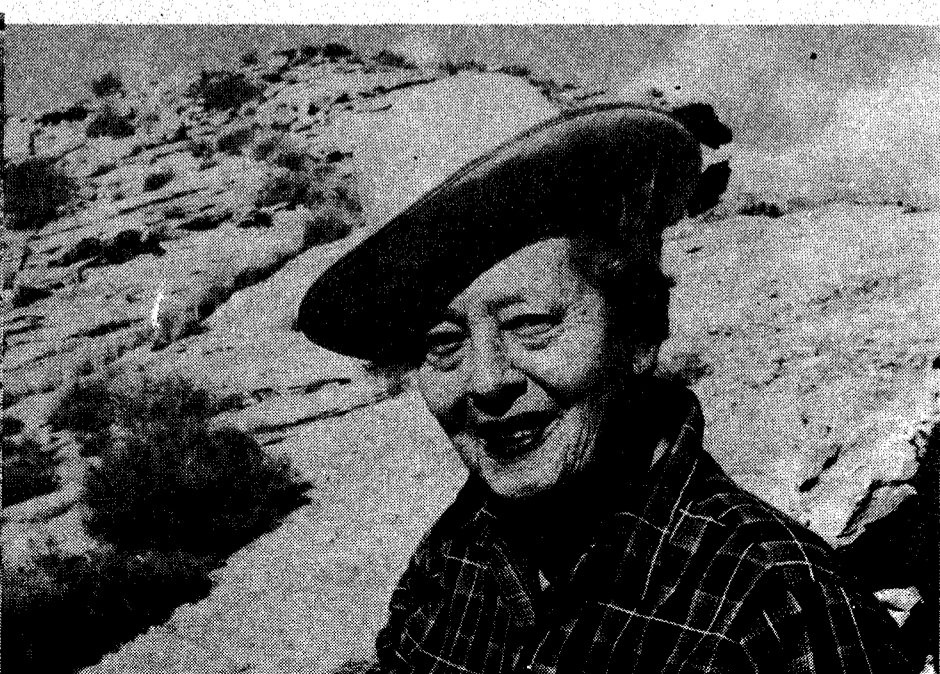
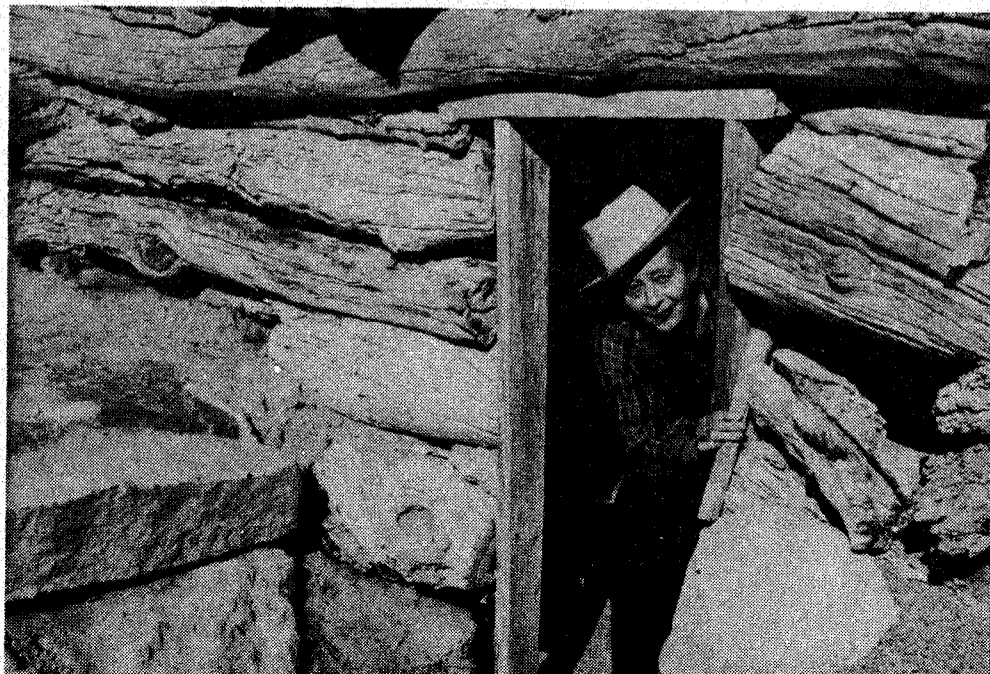
to visit Arches National Park for a couple of hours today as the Park Service paid Marv Turnbow to take care of the park for a year in 1938. In 1940 Marv Turnbow died in an automobile accident near the old Pack Creek Bridge. Toots remembers Helen M. Knight coming to the house to tell her mother that Marv was badly hurt. Shortly after Marv Turnbow's death the cabin was sold to Emmett Elizundo. Toots rarely visited the cabin thereafter.

We got ready to leave and we took one last look inside the cabin door. The walls are a lot dustier than they used to be. Most of the old furniture is gone. The floor is covered with dirt and mouse droppings and chewing gum wrappers. But they're the same walls, and it's the same floor, the same wind-blasted, sun-baked cabin that Toots looked forward to seeing after a long horseback ride 65 years ago...her home away from home.

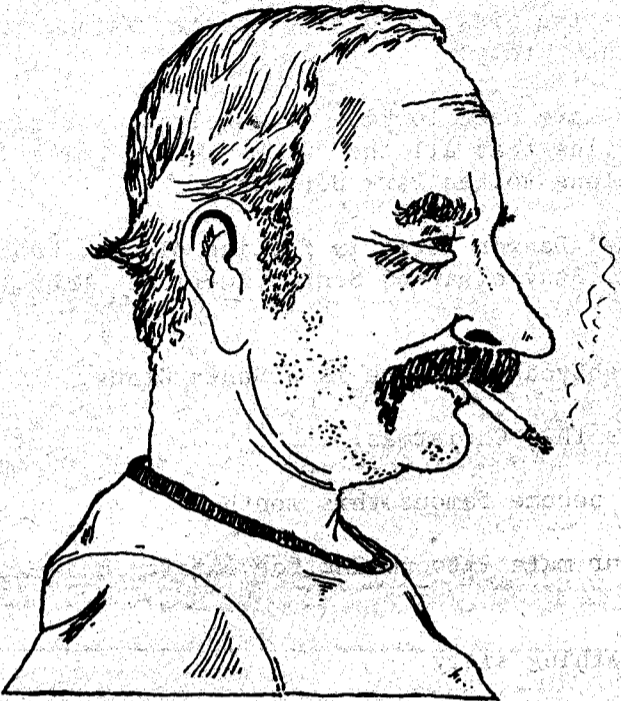
Toots chuckled at those days and said, "I hardly know anybody that's lived like me."

We watched the tourists heading back to their cars and trailers and motorhomes, back to the cities, back to civilization, and she added:

" and I'm the luckiest person in the whole world."



I'm worrie's about getting old. Hell, I AM old!!! Over forty anyway. I'm concerned about my mand. I think it's going. Webster defines senility as: 1. Of, pertaining to, exhibiting or characteristic of old age. 2. Approaching the end of a cycle of erosion!!! Tell it like it is, Danny!



Izzie Kiddin

I mean, are you starting to forget things? Not all things. I can tell you on what label and what year Frankie Ford released 'Sea Cruise', but I can't find my goddamn car keys! I can tell you the first film James Arness starred in, but I can't remember why I've come to City Market. Why am I roaming these aisles?

Evidently, this affliction is widespread in our community for those of us old enough to have it. I dropped some film off the the Same-Day Devel-

oping Service and I'm still waiting for my prints. That was sixteen months ago! He tells me that they are 'temporarily misplaced'. In that processing room of his, you could lose your life, let alone a measly roll of film.!

The Doc is getting old too. I went to see him about all of this, voiced my concerns. Related to him my lapses of memory, how I'm forever misplacing things. I told him I've had this ever since I turned forty. He looked at me with a blank face and asked; "Had What?"

I'm losing sleep over this. I try counting sheep, but can't remember where I'm at in the count. If I'm having this affliction at forty, what will I be like if I'm cursed enough to

live to be eighty? I'll probably be pissing in the sink and making toast in the CD player! Nothing seems to make sense anymore...

I saw this old bum clomping towards me the other day wearing one shoe. I approached the raggedy looking man and asked; "Poor chap, did you lose a shoe?" He looked at me and laughed. "Hell no, bro!", he says, "I found one!" So you see, I'm deeply troubled.

I must assure you that all of these

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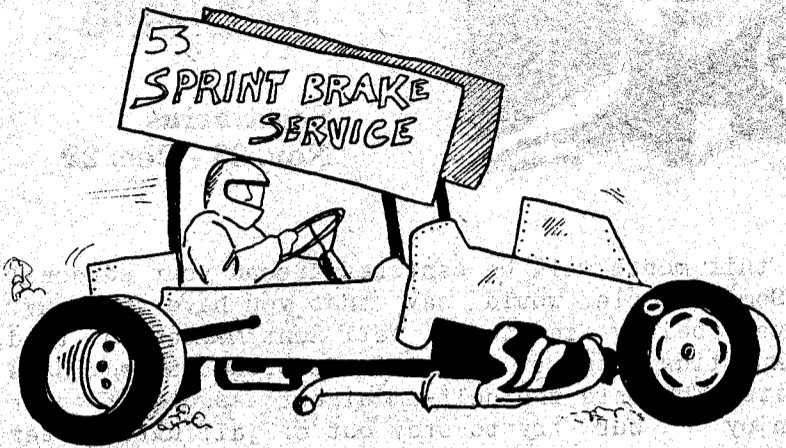
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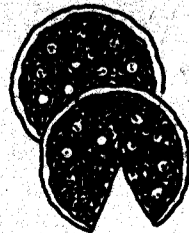
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History's famous pairs

To Larry, Moe, and Curly,

"BEWARE."

-the toxic avenger

A Paid Political Advertisement

incidents are taking place under extreme sobriety. It's not as if I've been guzzling down Tokay and Everclear. No. This is all happening while I'm dead sober.

Look. When you wake up first thing in the morning, glance down at yourself and exclaim; "Geez, I wonder what this is for?", we're talking some serious complications here!

Every once in a while, I find myself peeking at my driver's license, just to reassure myself that I know who I am. Of course, I have taken on so many aliases over the years that it tends to confuse matters worse. I knew who I was yesterday....

So, I just don't know what to tell you if you have this problem also. Maybe we should politely remind each other whom each of us are and what we do for a living.

Anyway, I better stop here and mail this column off to Sam before I forget about it altogether.





STARSCAM

Your
Horoscope

by

**Rama Lama
Ding Dong**

**Sagittarius
Nov. 23 - Dec. 22**

Events this month will be centered around your personal affairs. Some people would say that you have too many. You, however, believe in excess. Tell Aunt Martha to tend to her knitting. Assert yourself. Be broad-minded. Have more affairs. Why waste the self-indulgent aspects of your nature? Enjoy - but try to stay out of jail until after Christmas.

Sagittarians are blunt and argumentative. This is a perfect month for you; go to all the public meetings. Monopolize the discussion: some will admire your erudition and most will think you're a real bore. Laugh it off; Sagittarians are generous. Anyway, you can always get even with them later.

Since you're not particularly smart when it comes to fiscal matters, take a tip from old Rama Lama; consider how much money there is to be made in scavenging fake body parts from the Scenic Dump. But be surreptitious: in Moab these days recycling is right up there with homicide and other capital crimes. Watch out for Thursdays.



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and
Utah Wilderness
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CAPRICORN: 1988 will be a bad year for you unless you have a New Year's Eve party at the Poplar Place.

AQUARIUS: Lost in the ozone again? Sometimes Rama Lama despairs of you.

PISCES: Try an exercise in futility this month. Try to explain to the County Commissioners why Westwater and Cisco are apples and oranges.

ARIES: You are the first fire sign of the Zodiac. Have you burned anything lately?

TAURUS: Friends have been looking strangely at you since you started believing that all the rocks with holes in them really do belong to the Park Service.

GEMINI: Beware! Danger lurks in foreign places. Cancel all planned trips. Stay clear of South American Umbrella Fish.

CANCER: Yes, crabbycakes, there is a Santa Claus.

LEO: Be generous this Christmas.

VIRGO: You will become famous this month.

LIBRA: Talk your mate into posing for catalog underwear advertisements.

SCORPIO: Do something silly.

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MOBABLE

Buddy Hummer

When you're really feeling thankful your heart starts to hum. Believe me... Buddy Hummer ought to know. Humming (like hymning and toning) is a prayerful vibration of the heart.

Having your heart filled to bursting with gratitude is a wonderful feeling. And luckily (since it feels so good) the heart is easy to please. In fact it is often more delighted by simple pleasures than contrived extravaganzas.

And this winter you may be unexpectedly delighted by the good food and cozy comraderie in local restaurants. There are some real hummers working back in the kitchens these days. Besides Donna and Becky's breakfast at the P.P., you can have food cooked by K.O. or Judith at Main Street Broiler, and over at Sunflower Hill Brent Stucki is applying his not inconsiderable talent to the preparations of breads and other healthful delights.

Come to think about it, a lot of businesses in Moab are operated by gold-plated hummers these days.

KING JAMES FOODS

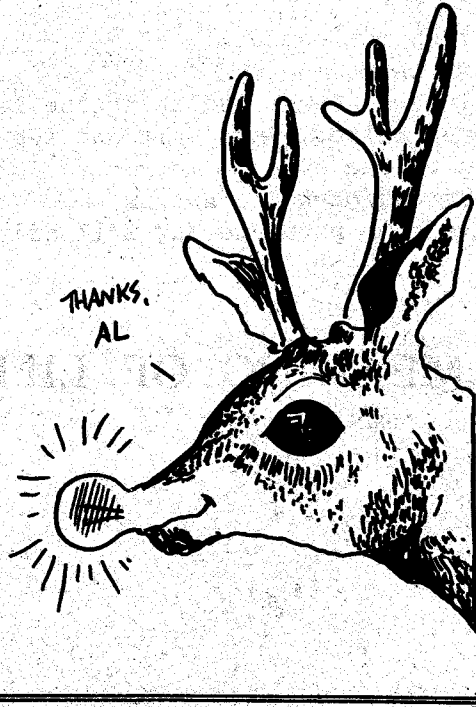
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Did you see Tom Arnold (of Tom's VW Repair) as Master of Ceremonies out at the Sportsman's Club Halloween Party? In black tie and tails (and bowler hat), Tom looked like he was born for the role. He was elegantly urbane with just the right nuance of sleazy side-show barker. Beautiful!

Michael Arehart of Taco Time, and long-time favorite of theatre-goers, did a magnificent job choreographing the dance scenes in the recently presented King and I. His interpretation of the Uncle Tom's Cabin scene was mesmerizing, with exotic dance movements phosphorescing under blacklights.

Another spot of brilliance can be found at Susan Jamieson's watercolor show in the Co-op.

Our mayor has his magic moments. I caught him throwing the first snowballs of the season at the courthouse and a helpless Sheldon Hefner.

Second grade teacher, Andrea Stoughton is a real humdinger. I watched her give free Karate lessons to kids up at the Community Center recently. She taught kids how to howl and punch with conviction. They loved it!

When I asked an 11-year-old friend recently whether she knew who the Blues Brothers are she surprised me by saying, "My teacher dressed up as a Blues Brother for Halloween and did a song and dance for our class." My heart hums just imagining what that dance was like!

One thing which always sets my heart to humming is a crystal clear sky. No matter how many glorious days I've seen, every new sparkling day has the same effect: my heart bursts with joyous gratitude. What a wonderful feeling thanksgiving is!

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IMAGES

Omega Bessler

FANTASY #6

And there we would live
Coyotes cascading
in a symphony of sound
as we lay by the fire
in smug dog contentiveness

our nearest neighbor
the sun
our distant relative
the moon

The stream would flow
cool and breezy
past our doorstep
and we'd weave
wondrous songs
filling the desert night
with noels

flowing into each others arms
two rivers melting at their confluence
becoming one

The sound of my alarm
awoke me to dead reality

THE SINKING SHIP OF SADNESS

as I gaze into the eyes
of your youthful antiquity
I see the serpent of doom
that forever
crawls across your brow
now,
your shackled heart
is without a saviour
and you soar
like the sad seagull of sorrow
in the endless circle
of your own self pity
city,
your concrete blackness
hides the room of gloom
that harbors my hiding hope
four walled nightmares
lock out all emotion
of your helpless, hopeless heart
apart,
we sail on and on
on our sinking ship of sadness
forever adrift on the endless sea
of our sustained sorrow
all the while saying softly
maybe tomorrow, maybe tomorrow.....

DUMPED

by Kate Arrow 87

I have kept my own council
I dry my own tears
I sleep all alone never banishing the fears
I'm gonna get better, just wait and see
I've been a burden even on me
It's me, instead of we, I not us
I might have some problems but I'll adjust

THE MEANING OF LIFE

by Nemo Glitz

(to be continued)

REQUIEM FROM AN INCINERATOR

by A Concerned Moab Chemist

Way up in the sky the vultures fly
Until they reach Cisco, then they all die.
As they fall to earth in a big black cloud
The people of Moab are so very proud - - -
They have a few jobs and they have their pay,
Though they'll never live to see next day.

- - - -
The people of Junction knelt to pray
As a poisonous rain on them did spray.
But their dying screams were never heard
By God, by man, nor beast nor bird.

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STROKES and POKES

Bobby Bloate



You know, sometimes I wonder what put the sand burr under the saddle of some of the women in this town.

I swear, the way they behave you'd think they consider the human race to be composed exclusively of women, with men ranked somewhere below them like an inferior subspecies.

What's the deal here? It's good to see women being pro-woman, but why are they being anti-male? You don't see that kind of bigotry in men.

Men don't sit in groups that ban women, and plot against the 'enemy'. Men are wise enough, I guess, to know that men and women are simply "outies" and "innies", and any perceived advantages one sex appears to possess will, under closer examination, be offset by other, very real disadvantages. It's

the only logical and well-thought-out way to view the world.

And yet, the uptight women, the same women who discriminate against men on the basis of sex and who imagine that all men are alike, are the first to allege that the world would be better off if the women were in charge. They claim that men are too confrontational! And prejudiced!

Men are thoughtful. They don't put the deep-freeze on all women simply because they feel they've been hurt by one of them. They don't consider them opposition. That's why the women's movement is floundering. How can you keep rallying troops to battle when there is no resistance. Men are simply not angry at women.

So why are some women still hung up on the fallacy that all men are their enemies. After much reflection, during breakfast, I came up with some ideas that might shed some light on the matter.

For starters, I think some Moab women are so obsessed with being "strong" that they are unable to relax around men and consider fraternization to be a sign of weakness. Dig this.

For years and years, women have been telling me about how "strong" these Moab women are.

At first, I nodded my head sagely and agreed. I thought, well, they mean they're not "weak" women. That's good. In fact, that's great!

As the years went by, my reply was more of an acquiescence. Strength, I mused, wasn't everything, but no doubt a fine quality wherever found.

More time went by, and still I kept hearing the same claim, and I began to find myself thinking things like: "Oh yeah, I'd like to see you arm wrestle an average Russian housewife."

Then something really startling happened. I found that the constant repetition of such an established fact began to make my stomach lurch. I couldn't deny it. It was true nausea. I felt guilty as hell about it. I blamed myself. What they were saying seemed like a positive statement.

Come on, admit it, a lot of you men know exactly what I'm talking about. Well, I figured out the reason behind it. The nausea, I mean. We males are being gently damned by omission.

cont. pg. 15

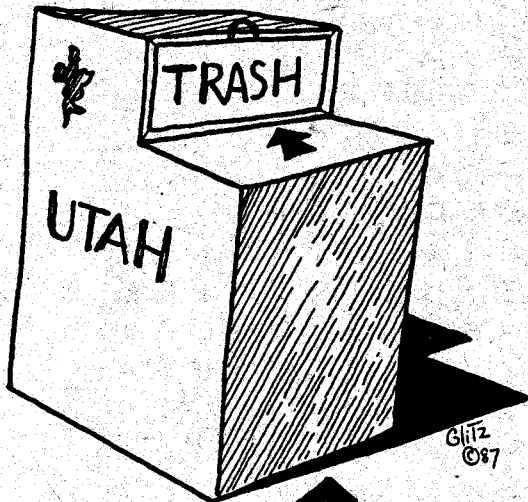
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Check For Our Daily Lunch Specials,
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(cont. from pg. 13)

Now, a lot of you ladies (I once knew a woman who got livid when I referred to a woman as a lady, a term I consider a tribute, as the female counterpart to a gentleman. "I am not a lady, I am a woman!" Quite so.) are going to think to yourselves; "Aha, there's paranoia if I ever heard it! He thinks we are purposefully putting him down when we praise ourselves!" No, not purposefully. But it does reflect a basic insecurity, a stubborn refusal to acknowledge that the men are equally deserving of praise.

The point is, too many "strong" women really seem to be saying: "All right, Buster, I'm as strong as you so don't try anything!" The same women want us men to be wide open, sensitive and trusting. Give us a break!

I don't think the women's groups they put together did much for their attitude at all.

The one sure way to avoid any real discussion of the communication problems between men and women is to form a group and exclude the opposite sex. Come on, am I right? It made a lot of us wonder what the true reason was

behind the exclusion of men from those women's group meetings and parties, where so many inaccurate illusions of men were fostered. I finally figured it out. They were awed by the strength of the men in this town, and had to back away from our dazzling repartee and brilliant conversation. Take a breather, as it were.



Because, let's face it, we are talking some heady male talent when we're talking about Moab men. You will never find a more versatile, fearless, forthright, fun-loving, intelligent or stronger group of men anywhere.

In fact, we are so strong and secure that we have no need to belabor the point. Naturally, we are also very humble about our strengths and talents and tend to let our actions speak for themselves.

And so guys, the next time you're sitting at a table enjoying a beer and looking forward to a little friendly flirtation with a lady, and she raises the issue of sexual equality, always remember; she's being competitive and trying for an advantage over you. It helps her reinforce her image as a strong woman, because deep down she is totally in awe of the fantastic men that live in Moab.

Don't, I repeat, don't feel even the slightest bit of guilt over the fact that you haven't given the issue any thought lately. That's what she wants you to do, feel guilty. Humor her. Change the subject to football. Or better yet, praise the quiet strength that you admire in most of the successful women you've met. That should do it.

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