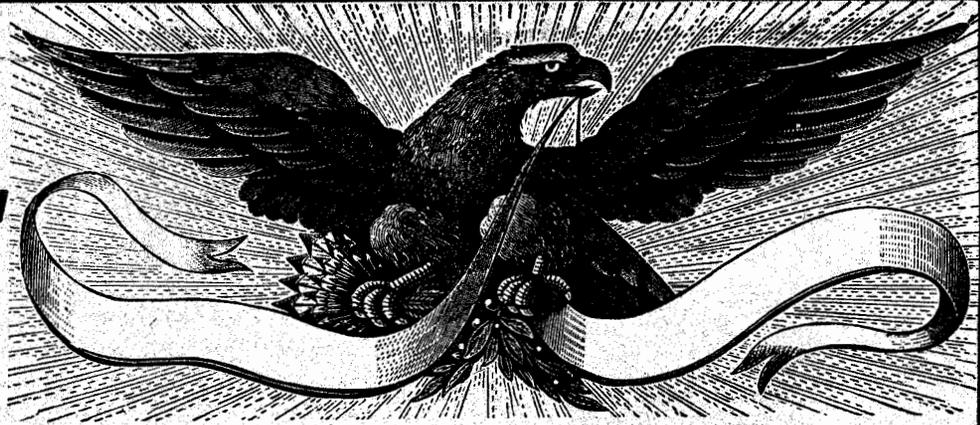


# The Stinking Desert GAZETTE

"Serving SE Utah Since 1986"



MOAB, UTAH

Vol. 2 **25¢** No. 7

FEBRUARY, 1988

## Sex Ed Too Specific?

The Grand County Board of Education called an emergency meeting last month to deal with the growing controversy over the recent hiring of a qualified sex education instructor at the high school.

The problem began last year when the Board decided to bring in a professional to set up a sex education program made mandatory that summer by the state legislature. A qualified candidate was found in the NEA Journal want ads, and was hired on the basis of her excellent resume.

Community uneasiness over the choice was apparent from the start when Cherry Jubilee, the new instructor, showed up for orientation in August. In an introductory statement to her peers, Miss Jubilee stressed the need for a professional for the new department. General Education teachers teaching sex education was like, in her words, "the blind leading the blind". She went on to say that, in these delicate matters, "one bad experience can ruin a child for life".

In a close vote, male boardmembers approved the hiring, concluding that, "since she had come all the way from Santa Monica, she deserved a chance".

The comely Miss Jubilee added to the controversy by showing up for class decked out in outrageous hats, flashy dresses, net stockings and spiked heels. Attempts to enforce existing dress codes were overruled by specifics in the legislation that grant discretionary freedom to such departments to make them immune from local pressure.

The crisis reached a head this fall when a review panel showed up at the high school to sit in on one of her classes and evaluate her

methods. Comprised of eleven women from various church and civic organizations and headed up by ex-teacher Ellen M. Night, the panel made its way to her classroom for the review. They were unable to enter, however, as the classroom door was locked.

Repeated knocking and shouting produced no results, so the janitor was summoned to bring the keys. The custodian, Mr. Sven Peepers, was finally located working in the crawl space above the classroom, and he furnished the keys. But Miss Jubilee showed up at the door just as it was being opened and invited them in. The students were sitting primly at their desks, drawing detailed pictures of storks and bees and pistils and stamens.

Although there seemed to be nothing amiss, several members of the panel expressed suspicion and doubt over whether they had seen the "real" class.

When questioned about it, Miss Jubilee was offended at the suggestion that anything improper was going on. "Obscenity is in the eye of the beholder", she snorted.

The Board, sharply divided over the issue, finally voted by a narrow margin to shelve the matter until more facts were made available.

## Bronco Fan Rehab

Local Denver Bronco fans, emotionally incapacitated by the second quarter of Super Bowl XXII, were seeking help with their severe depression at the Four Farmers Mental Health clinic in Moab.

Bronco supporters were seen walking the streets like zombies early Monday morning, hollow-eyed and beyond consolation. Gazette reporters on the scene were rebuffed when they attempted

to interview the dejected fans. One partisan uttered the words, "Orange Mush" before he turned and walked away, right into a telephone pole.

Psychologists at the clinic were working overtime trying to rehabilitate the manically depressed football addicts, many of whom were unable to handle their normal work routines.

"We've got to get these people back on their feet and make them productive members of society once again," said Bob Blueberg, a weary staff member at the clinic.

"Nothing much seems to help. There is some consolation, however, in comparing our statistics with reports we get coming in from clinics in Denver. Those people have really got their hands full," said Blueberg.

"The only success we've had thus far is with those fans who were rooting for Denver simply because they're the only team in the Rocky Mountain Time Zone. Many of them respond nicely to the suggestion that they can now become Phoenix Cardinal fans. It seems to help," concluded Blueberg.

## Gazette Deodorized

Philmore Banks, publisher of the Stinking Desert Gazette, announced his plans to de-emphasize the odor inherent in the name of his monthly publication in hopes that it will discourage any more companies from trying to locate their waste disposal facilities in this area.

"We are being read in 24 states at the present time, and we are concerned about the image we are presenting to this country, in terms of our attitude toward our beautiful deserts," stated Banks.

"We were fearful that the word 'stinking' might entice

more smelly developments to locate in our area. We think that our new masthead is more subtle, and not so likely to encourage those cretins of industry," said Banks.

## Truth in Advertising

The Moab Chamber of Commerce is studying a directive recently received from the Federal Bureau of Consumer Affairs that mandates the inclusion of a health warning to be printed in a conspicuous place on the new Moab promotional brochures.

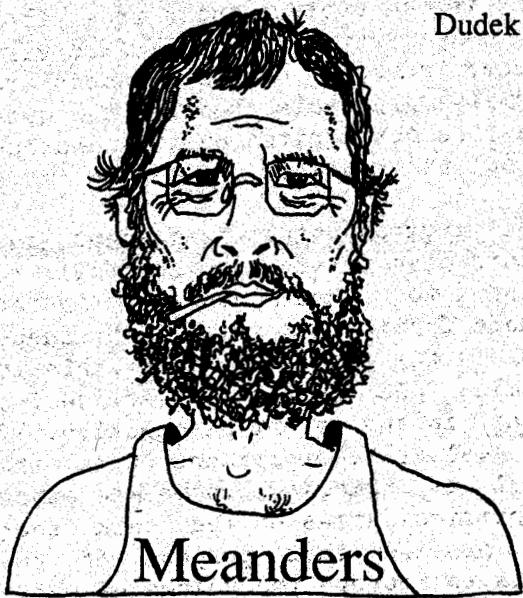
The brochure, intended to lure "Snowbirds" to the area by touting the mild winter climate of the Moab Valley, could be "misleading and potentially dangerous", said U.S. Representative Howie Nilson, who visited the area recently as part of his annual "meet the people" program.

Mr. Nilson showed up in Moab last month clad in a gaudy pair of bermuda shorts and carrying his golf bag, obviously geared up for the banana-belt climate touted in the beautiful 4-color pamphlets. "Nobody told me to bring my cross-country skis," moaned the congressman as he was assisted through the 18" snowdrifts to his motel room. "Somebody is going to hear about this," he vowed.

Upon his return to Washington, Nilson filed a full report with the Truth in Advertising Committee, which resulted in the directive recently received by Chamber officials.

The imprint warning to be placed on the reprinted brochures will read as follows: "The climate described in this brochure is generally correct, except for that one winter in ten, during which consumers should refer to the climate described in promotional material from Butte, Montana."

Dudek



respective offenses and defenses, and more upon the bettor's line, the computer-generated probabilities that are used to set the spread in Vegas. He should have been showcased in a separate forum, not in the "official" pre-game analysis. His presence there only served to accentuate the dangerous link between gambling and sports.

But a more interesting question remains. Did "The Greek's" comments merit his dismissal from the network, the kiss of death for his whole career in TV sports commentary?

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

THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE  
BOX 13  
MOAB, UTAH 84532

THE RATE IS \$9.00 FOR 12 ISSUES.

Robert Dudek  
Jim Stiles

Editor  
Artwork  
Advertising

SPECIAL THANKS IN THIS ISSUE GO TO:  
LaRue Christie, Diana Lukin, and Kim McDougald, plus our staff writers: Alex Skye, Lee Goodman, Michaelene Pendleton, and Mark Doherty.

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Somewhere in the leather-lined, alcohol-saturated interiors of what passes for aristocratic comfort in this plutocratic land sits a dejected Jimmy the Greek, licking his psychic wounds and wondering why his lovable nature fell flat when it turned up its multi-faceted face to public view.

For the benefit of anyone who doesn't know by now the particular chords in Jimmy's repertoire that rang a bit sour in the network's view and got him dismissed from the employ of the CBS NFL analysis team, this is roughly what happened.

When confronted by a mini-cammed reporter in a posh restaurant in New York with questions about the present level of acceptance of blacks in the pro leagues, our Jimmy expounded with delight upon his encapsulated version of the history, current status and future prospects for The Role Of The Black Athlete In Professional Sports.

In response to a legitimate interview intended to highlight the holiday weekend of Martin Luther King Day, Jimmy praised Blacks for their athletic superiority, credited the white slave traders for breeding them selectively to bring out the qualities of size and strength, and bemoaned the call for more black coaches in sports, the last bastion of white supremacy in professional athletics, especially the NBA. The next morning he was fired amidst a flurry of CBS apologies to the world for Jimmy's behavior.

This writer won't miss "The Greek" on game day. His analyses were based less upon the intricacies of the

"Thanks to Al, no more  
Reading by candlelight"



Al McLeod

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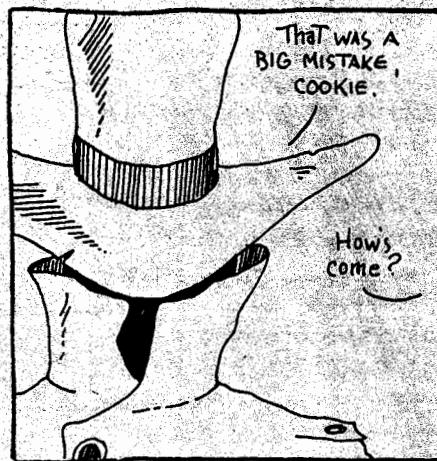
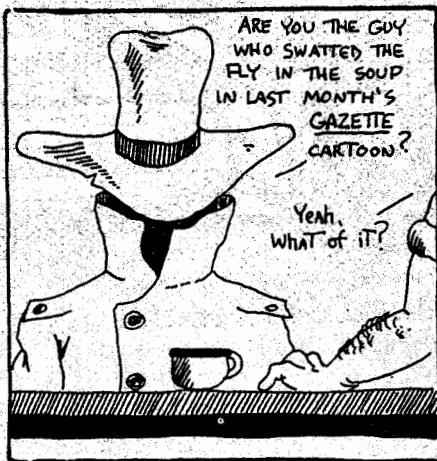
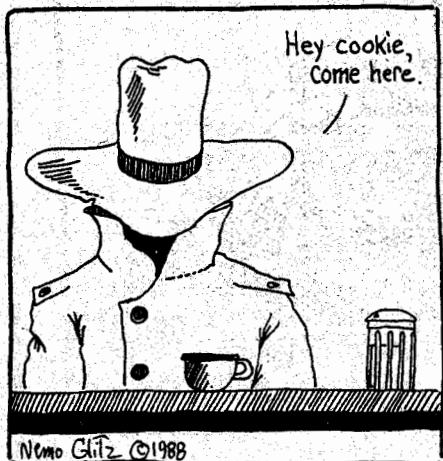
I doubt that he spoke the truth, at least in a factual sense. If they are endowed by their genetics with certain physical advantages in some sports, black athletes owe it to their fairly recent removal from a way of life where running, leaping and throwing were essential to survival. Their genetics haven't been "softened" by thousands of years of civilization.

Was Jimmy hung by some unspoken and unwritten law? Probably, but in these days of remedial "affirmative action", mandated by centuries of racial discrimination, one had better know which way the weighty pendulum is swinging or one just might lose one's head.

Jimmy is a nice guy who couldn't escape his coarse and bigoted background, which is true, to some degree, for all of us. Jimmy was the scapegoat because he thought that, in the friendly confines of a restaurant, oiled up, perhaps, with a little liquor, it would be enough to just be sincere; and he dropped his sophistication. Behind it, we saw the face of subtle bigotry, and were saddened by the obvious fact of the distance civilized people have yet to travel just to overcome the most primitive kinds of tribal distrust that still contaminate our logic and reason. Jimmy's words discouraged us. He had to go.

His defenders say he spoke nothing but the truth, an event so rare on TV that the its moguls slammed the door on him in a convulsive, flustered and misguided reaction to something they hadn't encountered before. They say Jimmy was the victim of a sort of reverse discrimination and was black-balled by an unwritten law that permits blacks to speak critically of whites but not vice versa.

Over the Counter



by Nemo Glitz



# An Exercise in Futility

## "Controlling" Tamarisk at Arches National Park

by Jim Stiles

The national Park Service finally released its environmental assessment on a plan to burn and chemically treat a stand of tamarisk, located in a remote section of Arches National Park.

The project was originally supposed to take place almost a year ago, but was delayed for logistical reasons. It subsequently came under attack from a number of persons, including myself, who felt the proposal was ill-conceived, poorly planned, a waste of time and money, and a potential threat to the habitat the Park Service claimed it was trying to protect. The Park Service eventually agreed to complete an Environmental Assessment. Until then no study had been undertaken to determine the consequences and possible negative impacts that the fire and poisoning might cause. The EA was supposed to be released in August or September, 1987. (It was written last summer.) But the document was apparently held up for months in the Denver Regional Office, and was finally released for public scrutiny in early January.

Those of us who oppose this project do so for a variety of reasons. First of all, nobody likes tamarisk. It is an obnoxious exotic plant that has invaded nearly every watercourse in the southwest since it was introduced from North Africa at the turn of the century. I was once so entangled in a thicket of tamarisk that I got mad and tried to hit it.

But so far, no effective means has been discovered to eradicate tamarisk. Burning is a complete waste of time, and even treating the cut or burned stumps with a herbicide has shown limited success. At Horseshoe Canyon in Canyonlands National Park, the Park Service has been burning, cutting, and poisoning tamarisk for a decade. They

call their work a success, but on a visit last summer to the canyon, I found five to seven thousand new seedlings and hundreds of plants where the tamarisk had grown back from the stumps. So they went back and cut again. And they'll have to go back and cut again next year. And the year after that. Forever. For eternity. If the Park Service walked away from Horseshoe Canyon today, in a couple years no one would ever know there had been a tamarisk control program there.

The NPS plan to burn and treat tamarisk at Arches is even more disturbing, because of the fragile nature of the habitat there. The burn area is located near a small spring in a remote, seldom visited section of the park. It is surrounded by tamarisk which follows a dry wash from the spring downstream almost continuously to the Colorado River, ten miles distant. But the spring also hosts several large cottonwood trees and numerous small ones. Coopers Hawks, reclusive and easily disturbed raptors, have been nesting in the cottonwoods for years. The area is also home to Great Horned Owls and a variety of small birds.

But if the park service tries to burn the tamarisk, it may well destroy the Coopers Hawk habitat as well, and turn the area into a lifeless pile of ash. According to Paul Bingham, a Moab veterinarian and longtime raptor specialist, Coopers Hawks hunt smaller birds mostly, and attack their prey from the foliage. The tamarisk, he believes, provides the thicket-type environment that the hawk prefers. In effect, a non-native plant species has created a favorable habitat for a native bird. So, what is sacrificed? If cottonwoods could be re-established (and that is a dubious proposition), it would take years for the trees to provide the habitat needed for the hawks to survive.

Beyond that, the existing cottonwood trees could perish in this

project. The tamarisk grows around and under the cottonwoods and how the NPS thinks it can protect those trees from the 40=50 foot flames this fire will generate is beyond me. Cottonwoods are extremely vulnerable to fire, and even if they're not ignited by this conflagration, the intense heat can kill them.

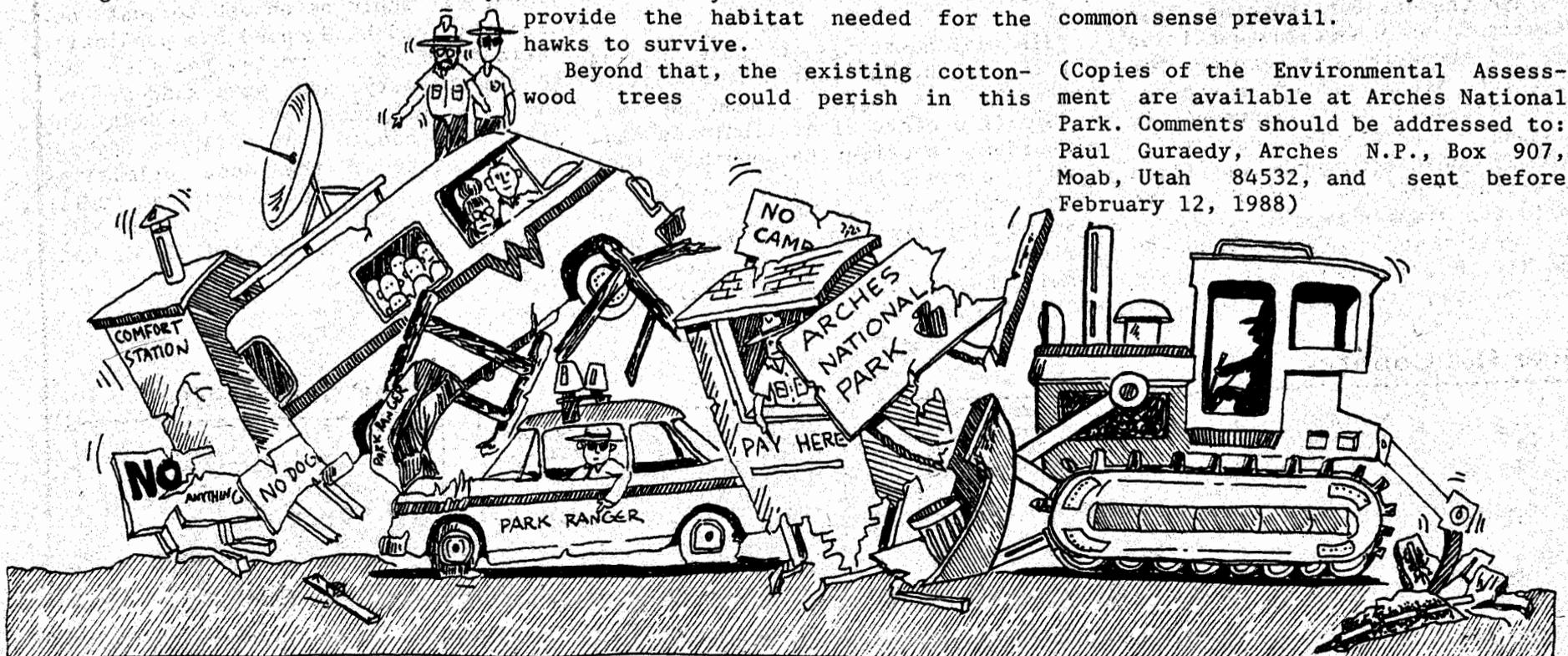
The environmental assessment and the burn plan for the project fail to respond to these concerns in an adequate fashion and raise new questions. In the end, it is impossible to determine just what the objective is, and that is the essential question. If their goal is to experiment with the removal of tamarisk, there are other less critical areas of the park that could provide that purpose. If the goal is to improve the volume of water at the spring, there are other options to consider before the park service torches half a mile of wash bottom.

To some, this tamarisk control plan is an insignificant little government project that doesn't deserve the time taken so far to oppose it. But it is important, partly because of the concerns already expressed. But it's more than that - it raises questions about the National Park Service itself, its goals and its responsibility to the land it is mandated to protect.

The idea that the National Park Service can propose projects such as this, willingly admitting that it will adversely affect bird life, kill small animals, degrade water quality, and foul the air, in the hope that long-term benefits will eventually outweigh short-term losses is unacceptable. The risk is too great, the benefits unproven. The role of the NPS should be as caretakers of the park, not manipulators of the environment, especially when risks such as these exist.

I hope that Arches National Park will re-evaluate its position on this issue, and look for other alternatives to resolve this issue. May wisdom and common sense prevail.

(Copies of the Environmental Assessment are available at Arches National Park. Comments should be addressed to: Paul Guraedy, Arches N.P., Box 907, Moab, Utah 84532, and sent before February 12, 1988)



RESTORING ARCHES TO ITS "NATURAL STATE."  
(WITHOUT BEING HYPOCRITICAL)

Jim Stiles  
©1988

# Lip Sync Contest



**MOBABLE**  
Buddy Hummer

Jean Roberts once said, "Magic can't be planned, it just happens." Unfortunately, there's a growing mood in Moab to fix it up in order to attract newcomers. Some good may come from those plans, but one thing for sure: you won't get magic. People are saying Moab is ugly. Where you eyes, brother? A sincere warehouse is a lot more beautiful than a powdered and puffed whorehouse (oops!.....'scuse me!) Likewise, people say there's nothing to do in Moab. 'Cmon guys. The measure of good entertainment is how much it touches your heart, not how much it affects your pocket book. Good entertainment is happening all the time in Moab.

Throughout this dreary winter there have been some brilliant "happenings" around town which were so hot they melted the worst cases of cabin fever. Did you see Dave Evans' and Serena Supplee's pottery and watercolor show at the Coop? Wandering amidst the shapes, colors and textures of their work was as warming as a week in Jamaica. Then one snowy night at a local bar we were informally entertained by cattleman Karl Tangren and his wife dancing Country Western style. Karl, he got rhythm. 'Course our local CW singers are top notch too. They yodel and croon with sincere abandon.

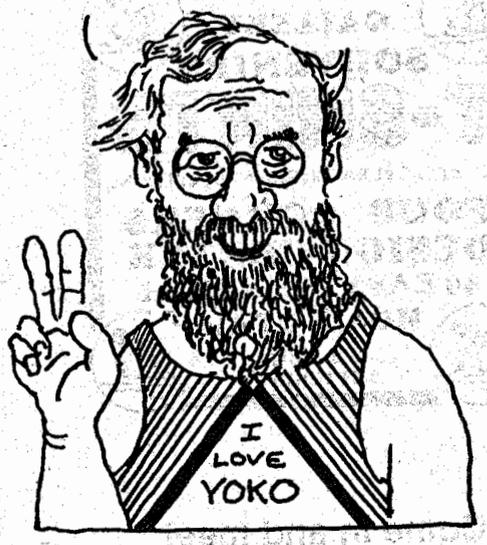
But if you're not into noisy public performances, try eating a piece of Brent's Sunflower Hill Bread. Your taste buds will dance up a storm in the privacy of your own mouth. Another unlikely place to find entertainment is Moab's roller-skating rink. Some of the kids down there can spin and jump like Olympic champs. The normal laws of gravity and velocity don't apply when Steven Lammert is on wheels. And the normal laws of physics were stretched to the breaking point at the Poplar Place's 2nd Annual Lip Synch Contest. The performances were so screaming-good that the whole room shifted into a high-frequency energy band. MTV, eat your heart out.



Christie played disc jockey for the mime competition.

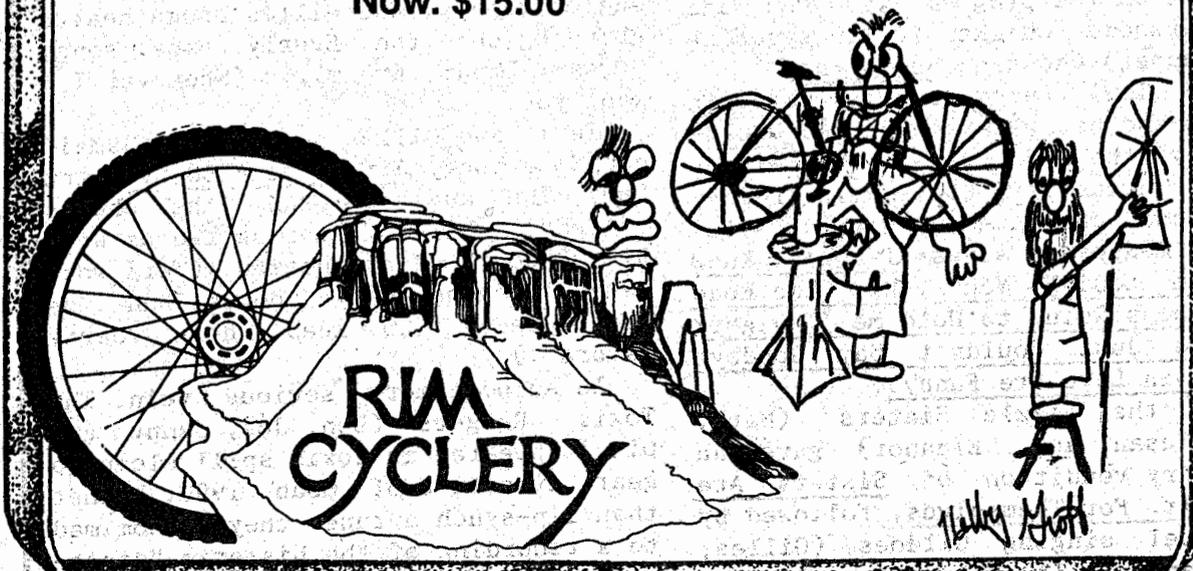
**DAVE'S CORNER MARKET**  
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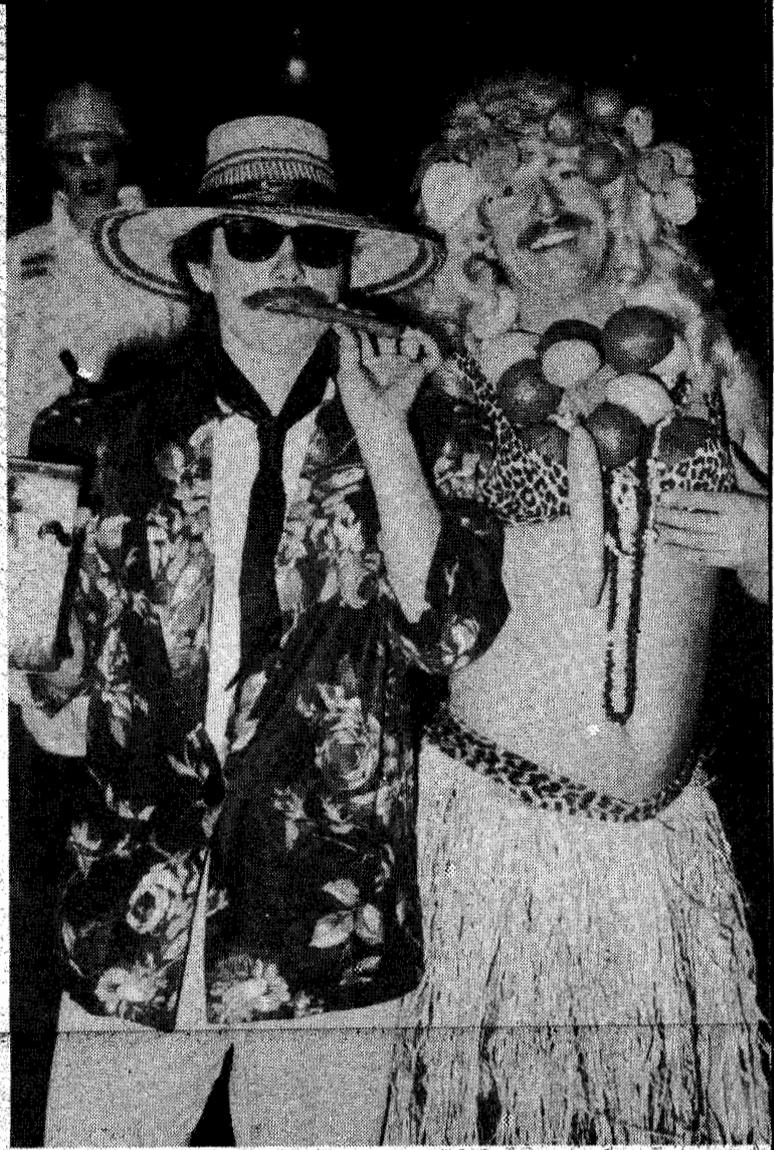


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Haley Hoff



Photos by Lucy Wallingford

(Clockwise from top left: The Toxic Rangers - Joe, Don and Jini - get into some hazardous music. Teri and Gilles practice safe sex on the dance floor to the tune "Afraid De Aids". The Gildoes (soft G) - Gilles, James and Bill - do a fundamentally sound rendition of an old Christian favorite, "There Is A Light.")

Christie Robbins was mellow-dynamite as M.C. and disc-jockey, with baby Cody rocking away from the vantage point of Mama's backpack.

First on the program was Dan and the Paranoid Chicken (a lip-synching hand puppet) who sang Snowblind.

Then Teri Luscious Tid-bits, in curlers and bathrobe, performed Housework by the B-52's. Next, Ray Hickey and the Spikettes (Spikerman, Becky, and Donna) enchanted us with an allegorical medley of songs: I Don't Know Why I'm Losing You, Hit the Road Jack, Who's Going to Hold Me Tonight? and We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye (People in Love Are Funny).

Next the Sizzle Sisters (Mary, Debby, Susan, and Eleanor) gave an incendiary rendition of Sisters Are Doing It For Themselves, followed by the Gospel singing Gildoes, (Gilles, James, and Bill). In somber black suits and slicked-back hair, the Gildoes harmonized to There Is A Light.

Mary and Dave mimed teenage romance in Paradise By The Dashboard Lights ("And now we're together 'til the end of time. And now we're praying for the end of time"). And Gilles broke hearts grinding out the Everly Bros. song, "Dream, Dream, Dream..." (Whenever I want you.

Teri and Gilles performed a Jamaican Soca song, Afraid de AIDS by Byron Lee. The audience sang the chorus ("AIDS") while Teri showered us with \$10.00 worth of protection. (Teri wondered later how many people had the good sense to keep their "party favors".)

In an even more serious vein, The Toxic Rangers (Don, Joe, Jenny and Oinc) appeared in toxic spill clean-up gear, evocative of Moab 1990. Rather than lip-synch a tune, they pantomimed to a recording of the historic "disaster" scene at Woodstock.

Anyway, as I say, Moab is full of magician-types. Magic flourishes in towns that are quiet and kind of ugly. Homely towns.

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# DERAILED



Mudpuppy

FEBRUARY??! You mean to tell me that it's February?? Oh no! That means another Moab Winter is almost over. The most spectacular and magical season in the canyons is drawing to a close!

This is not sarcastic humor! I'm really sad that it's over! I'm going to miss the colorful low sun angles, glistening canyon ice falls, feathery white snow highlighting the slickrock and the fog shrouding the Wingate pinnacles and walls!

Imagine cross country skiing under an arch! Imagine ice skating five miles down a redrock canyon, then having lunch beneath some sunny petroglyphs in an alcove so sheltered and warm some of the ferns are green all Winter!

Red dirt, buff rocks blue sky, white snow and sunshine...and pure quiet!

Last night I noticed Orion dipping into the Western horizon with the last light of evening. Soon Springtime will peer timidly around a bend in the canyon, and by March those of us who really know when to shoot desert photographs will shelve the cameras somewhere between the skis, skates and warm hats.

Every day now the beautiful mountains above town will lift their snowy skirts higher and higher in slow anticipation of a late August suntan. But I'll be thinking about the snowfields that remain tucked away all Summer and I'll be dreaming about the first new snows of another Winter that will come someday.

Soon town will start filling up again, starting with the friends who scurried South to warmer latitudes with the first storm of Winter nipping at their heels. And of course we'll tell them how smart they were to spend a fortune in travel to escape the scourge of a horrible Winter, leading them to believe it was worth it to preserve their sanity!

By March the leaves will have popped out on the Globe Willows, and the Mountain Bikers will have popped out of nowhere darting about with the swallows on roads and trails that saw only the occasional ski track for three months.

And some will surely complain that "This area is getting discovered, there's always someone here!" While Winter smiles with a couple of wispy snow clouds on the mountain and quickly departs to another peaceful corner of the world.

With Spring around the bend and Summer somewhere upriver, it's easy to forget the cold starry nights and crisp days of Winter. Spring and Summer are great reasons to forget snow and chills, I must admit.

But the nice thing about a Utah Desert Winter is that it tends to pop up now and then throughout the Summer. It comes in waves of cool dreams whenever someone complains about the 100 degree heat of July and August.

Too much sun gotcha down? Stick around for a few months! Then you'll really see what the High Desert is all about!

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# STROKES and POKES

Bobby Bloate



Friday, January 22

Dear Diary:

It started off bad. A little noise woke me up. It was a mouse, probably nibbling on some electrical insulation somewhere. Great. I grabbed the ice scraper I keep under my pillow and cleared a patch of window. Grey. The sky, the snowfields, all hanging there like laundry in Pittsburg. Screw it I said and rolled over and went back to sleep. I must have pulled the covers over too far and woke up an hour later with a cold butt and an aching back.

I made it out of bed, got into my robe, and went to start a fire in the stove. I brushed against the fire door and picked up a long black smudge on my right sleeve. Shit. I'll bet that never happens to a Zen swordsman, I thought. I stood up to go clean it off but I was standing on my belt and practically tore my robe in two as the loops ripped out.

Damn. Now it was dirty and needed mending. Five minutes before it had been a fine garment and a good friend. Suddenly it was a Skid Row robe, pitiful to behold, a shadow of its former self, lying in a doorway dreaming about the soft and luxurious days of its youth that it had frittered away on an inept human like me. I couldn't bear to look at it. I flung it into the bottom of the closet and got dressed.

I made some coffee. It turned out OK. I sat by the stove and drank a cup while I listened to the house creak. During freezing weather like this my house moves, one corner of it. It's one of those things they don't tell you about when you buy a house. I mean, if you were selling a house and the prospective buyers were standing there admiring the view, you're not going to interrupt their reverie by saying something like: "Oh, and during cold winters you will notice the house move a little, but it's nothing to be alarmed about because it draws back up in the Spring." No. In the flush of first love, one doesn't want to hear of such things. When the suitor is courting the comely maiden, he doesn't want to consider what comes later, like the cold feet, the cellulite, the prickly shins. One must find out these things on their own.

The first time it happened it was a little unsettling. I didn't know if the movement was cyclical or linear.

It turned out to be self-repairing. I hope the same is true for my car. It too has been behaving differently when started up in this near-zero weather.

## KCNV

**1450 AM**

### Canyon Country RADIO

**259-6288**

The engine is so cold that its thought processes seem dysfunctional. The pistons seem reluctant. "All right, don't rush me! Let's see now, was it slurp, squeeze, pop, fooley? Yeh, that's it. Damn it's cold. The old wrist pins don't work like they used to. Come on, guys, let's get together on this!" From the sounds coming out from under the hood, one surmises that some of those pistons have slipped completely out of their cylinders and are thrashing around in the crankcase. When you start your car on such a morning, the warmup period must be the equivalent of 5,000 miles of normal driving.

Anyway, I decided I needed a good hot breakfast so I made some oatmeal. It felt right. Things were looking up. It looked real good, until I poured the milk on top. The milk came out the spout, took a look out the window, and went sour on the spot. It curdled up before my eyes, like this miserable, rotten, son of a bitch day. It was the last straw.

I cursed the cold that was eating my pile of firewood as if it weren't logs but a stack of giant Twinkies. I cursed Mexico, its sun, its palm trees, its pretty girls and its peso to dollar ratio. I cursed itchy skin, long underwear and the price of lettuce. And while I was at it, I cursed Richard Simmons, Bill Cosby, Sally Struthers, Gary Hartpençe, Dick Vitale, diet fads and Dahon Folders. It wasn't pretty, but I felt better when I got done.

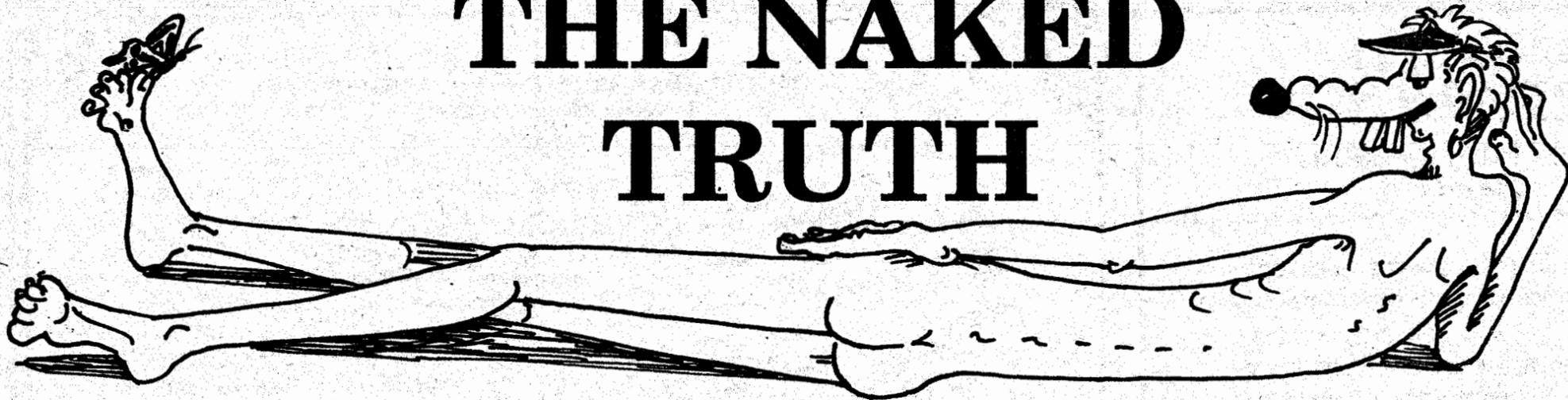
And then, my dear Diary, I gave up, grabbed a book and went back to bed. I know when I'm beat. It was the bottom of Winter. It was one of those days.



Toxic Waste incineration seriously threatens  
the **ONLY** industry now providing  
our primary economic base,  
and the **ONLY** consistent industry Moab  
has ever had. Can we even afford  
to entertain ideas like that?

Paid Political Announcement

# THE NAKED TRUTH



On the premise that truth can be stranger than fiction, we hail the return of the "Naked Truth"

## Jimmie Walker And The Spoken Word

The Republicans got together in January to discuss the proposed heavy industrial zone and Co-West's plan to build a toxic waste incinerator at Cisco.

Parliamentary procedure was thrown out the window when the unusual technique of voting on the issue and then discussing it was followed at the meeting. By about a 2 to 1 margin, the twenty or so Republicans who attended the meeting adopted the heavy industrial zone proposal. Several at the meeting, including Sam Taylor, Alan West and Norma Stocks, expressed reservations about the incinerator, its effect on economic development, and the future of the Republican Party.

Jimmie Walker attempted to set the record straight and remove a lot of misconceptions people had about the incinerator.

"None of us knows what that project is out there, including the commissioners," said Mr. Walker. "But as responsible citizens, we have to accept this idea."

The County Commissioner explained that as good Americans, someone had to take responsibility for the toxic waste, and suggested that there were those in Colorado who would "start dumping it in the Colorado River, and then the folks in Moab will find out all about toxic waste."

As for opposition to the incinerator, Mr. Walker dismissed much of it as "fear politics," and an attempt by environmentalists to "scare the masses." He said he was "not impressed at all" by a petition containing 2,000 signatures from Grand County and Mesa County, Co., opposing the incinerator.

"Thousands of hours were spent in the shopping malls in Grand Junction on that petition....they spent two months collecting those signatures and that doesn't impress me at all.... 90% of those names came from Colorado."

"If you get people excited and worked up, they don't see things right. All the environmental community knows how to do is hollar and yell and act like idiots. Those people just want to create a hysteria and you name it."

## NPS: Brother Can You Spare a Dime?

### Jazz Man Rates Utah

Darryl Dawkins, on leaving the Utah Jazz of the National Basketball Association for the Detroit Pistons, said of Utah: "I'm glad to be out of Utah. I'd rather be playing for the Afghanistan All-Stars than the Jazz. Utah is way out there on the edge of the world. I had to pass Lovetron to get there."

Arches and Canyonlands National Parks are currently facing their most recent budget crisis, and as usual those who will suffer most are the park visitors. Not long ago, the Park Service planned to re-structure the park staff, putting more rangers in the field, and hiring more seasonals (who provide the overwhelming percentage of direct visitor services). It's been a reluctantly accepted fact for years that the NPS hierarchy in the Canyonlands Complex was extremely top heavy. That was supposed to change but it hasn't.

Currently, there are almost as many full-time staff employees at the downtown headquarters (disrespectfully referred to as "hindquarters" by some of the seasonal malcontents), as there are at all the other districts and units combined, including Arches, Natural Bridges, the Island in the Sky, the Needles, the Maze, and the river operation. In addition, several salaries have been increased, cutting further into monies intended for visitors services.

As a result, seasonal positions have been cut at every district throughout the complex. Arches will be unable to provide a full interpretive program for the Easter Weekend crowd - traditionally the biggest week of the year. The Maze district may not have any seasonals at all. Meanwhile, other costly programs such as paving the Devil's Garden campground (with a pricetag reportedly exceeding \$100,000) proceed on schedule.

A couple years ago, when asked about the need for such a top-heavy administrative staff, one GS-11 park manager gave an honest answer: "We take care of all the meaningless paperwork and red tape so the field rangers can do their jobs."

Apparently the paperwork has increased.



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---

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Photo: Courtesy of the National Park Service

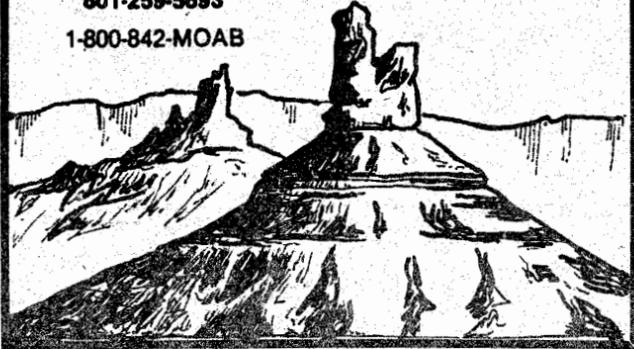
# ARCHES REALTY

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The days of being naive about things we cannot see or smell or taste are over.

Please read the April and July 1987 issue of National Geographic

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## How's That Again, Edwin?

United States Attorney General Edwin Meese has joined the more than 120 other senior White House aides and officials facing indictments for various crimes and misdemeanors.

Mr. Meese's troubles began with an investigation of influence peddling for the WedTech Corporation, a company in which Meese had some cash invested. WedTech, a small one-room machine shop, won a series of lucrative defense contracts and became a major procurement source almost overnight.

He then faced conflict of interest charges stemming from his lobbying for relaxed restrictions for "Baby Bells", small phone companies in which he has investments.

Recently, Mr. Meese again came under scrutiny for possible collusion in a bribe attempt to high Israeli officials to aid the construction of an Iraqi pipeline, a project promoted by a longtime friend of Meese, Mr. E. Robert Wallach.

Meese insists that he is innocent of all of these crimes. He maintains that all the charges are groundless, and that he is the victim of a slanderous campaign that presumes his guilt beforehand.

Perhaps Meese should be reminded of his scornful remarks regarding the Miranda Decision, and the mandatory reading of legal rights to criminal suspects. We quote, verbatim:

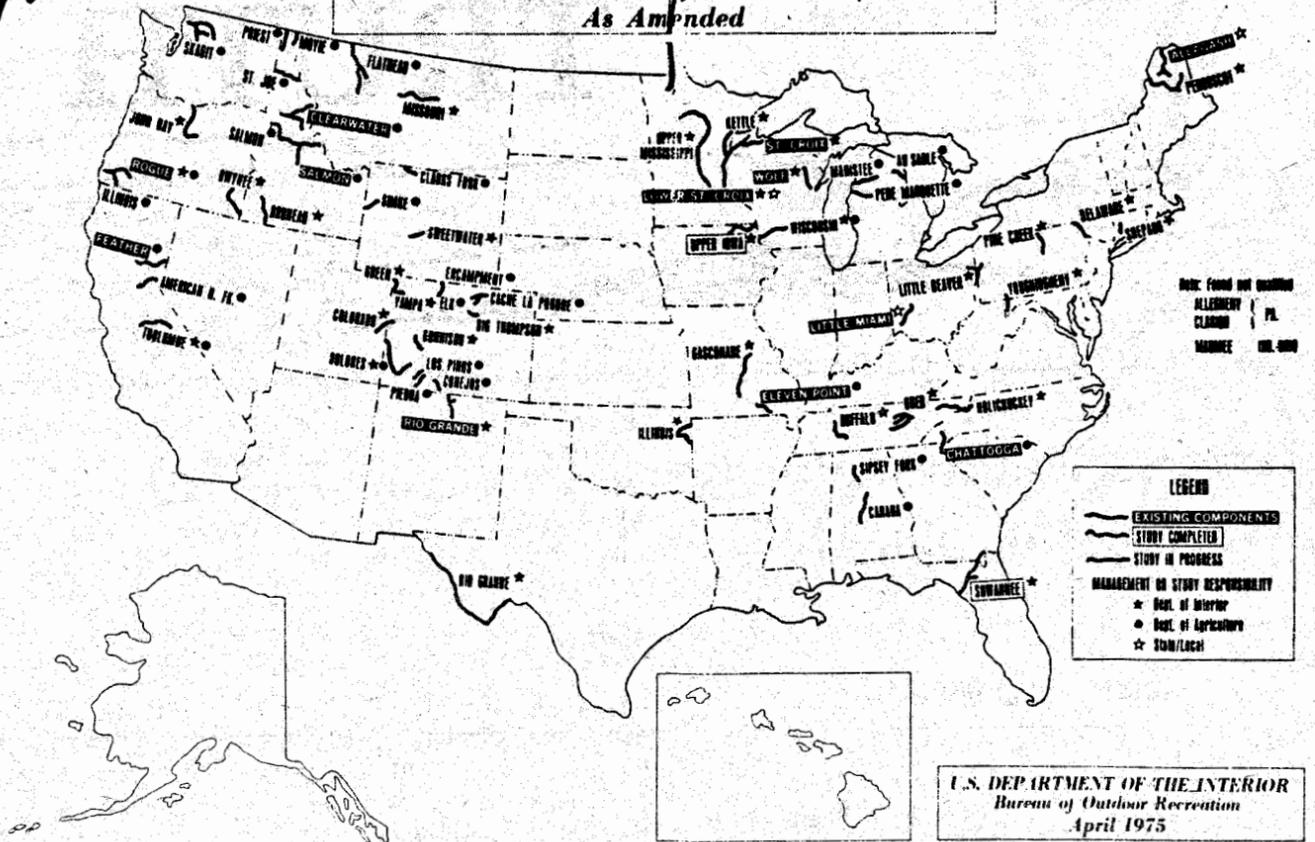
"Suspects who are innocent should (have protections). But the thing is, you don't have many suspects who are innocent of crime. That's contradictory. If a person is innocent of a crime, then he is not a suspect."

It looks like Meese is hoist upon his own petard. Maybe he operates on a double standard, and figures that a presumption of guilt applies only to poor people. Maybe his mother should have named him Mickey.

### NATIONAL WILD AND SCENIC RIVERS SYSTEM

As Authorized by P.L. 90-542.

As Amended



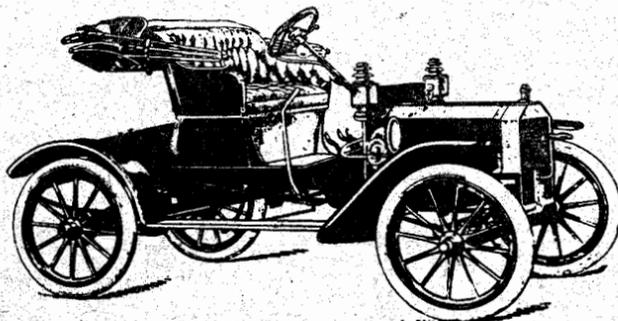
## WHY SHOULD WESTWATER BE WILD AND SCENIC?

- \*It would bring more visitors to Grand County.
- \*It would bring high status to Grand County as a destination resort.
- \*Increased tourism would bring new clean, healthy, fun-loving businesses and people to Grand County.
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- \*All existing uses and claims (grazing, mining, etc.) would be unimpaired by designation.
- \*It would preserve only 13 miles of river out of the 1000+ miles of river in Utah.
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### BOB'S BODY SHOP

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Izzie Kiddin

**Pet Peeves**

My general tolerance for pets is quite low. It's not that I dislike them, I just cannot quite comprehend their social significance in the family household. Who started this pet business anyway? Those Egyptians? Do we "keep" pets in order to fulfill some incompleteness in our lives?

I had a dog once when I was ten years old living next to the steel mills in Chicago. We kept "Boots" chained up in the basement until we could get him housebroken. Periodically, the main water pipe at the mills would burst and flood the neighborhood with thousands of gallons of water.

It must have been around 3 a.m. when the pipe burst because we were all fast asleep and didn't realize anything had happened until we gazed out the window the next morning and saw the streets flooded.

We all made a mad dash for the steps leading down to the basement. There was poor old Boots floating lazily around the room. I asked my mother if Boots was swimming? She said she didn't think so. I have not had the urge to acquire a pet since.

Dobermans are the worst. Lenny Bruce said of this animal; "Dobermans; raise um, train um, ten years later they turn around and kill ya!" I slept with a doberman in Boulder for a period of two weeks. Come to think of it, I've slept with quite a few dogs in my time, but thats another story...

Anyway, I was down on my luck trying to secure a winter gig. I had no place to stay. A friend of mine who owned a wool clothing store on Broadway Avenue offered to let me crash in the back of his store until I got back on my feet again. I thanked him graciously. That was when he introduced me to Wanda.

I had the key to the store, but Wanda wouldn't let me come in at night, she thinking I was some low-life trying to rip the place off. I had to start arriving at the store

before my friend closed up, just so I could gain entrance. He would then lock me in with this beast. Needless to say, it was a barrel of fun. I'll show you the scars sometime...

I had a friend named Georgie who had a horrible german shepard. He always left it on the front yard and you couldn't get near his house without the dog going into the attack mode. He kept inviting me over but would forget to corral the dog. I haven't seen Georgie in 15 years.

Irish Setters are quite stupid. When I worked for Risky Road River Expeditions, we had a driver named John Connelle. A neat guy except he had this irish setter named "Autumn." We all called her "Bottom." Why this name change happened escapes me now, but this dog would enter the office, look up at the ceiling and start barking for all she was worth. For two seasons I watched Bottom bark at the ceiling! We'd all look up there, trying to see what she saw that upset her so, but couldn't see nothing but a ceiling. But, Bottom just barked and barked.

The owner of the River Expedition at one time had a pit bull by the name of "ONO," as in; "OH NO!" Now this dog was as gentle as could be around kids and people, but when she got to roaming around at night is when she would get her kicks. She would come hobbling back in the morning, ears torn off, scratches and wounds all over her body. A sight for sore eyes, not to mention the state of the animal she had attacked. It got so bad that Jim finally gave her away to a good home up in Castle Valley where she would have more room to roam and run. She is currently residing up there killing cattle.

Now, before you start writing a bunch of letters to this fine rag in regards to these stories let me tell you how this column happened to come about.

You see, I've been house-sitting for three weeks over the xmas holidays, and in this house are two dogs and two cats who at best tolerate each others presence. It has been quite a nerve wrecking experience.



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For one reason, they all are accustomed to sleeping with somebody. And since I'm the only one here, they all want to sleep with me! Trying to evict them from the bedroom and locking the door does no good because then they howl at the door all night long and no one gets any sleep! So, there is no alternative...BUT TO LET THEM ALL IN!!!

There is a general fiasco on the waterbed as each animal fights for position and I picture one of them puncturing the waterbed and have nightmares of it raining cats and dogs. Just as everyone is settled in their place, one of the cats sits on my head and tells me its her time to be let out.

Getting out of bed starts the war with the animals again as they race each other around the bed. I let the cat out and realize I may as well stay up because she will be howling to come back in. Due to past experience, this can take anywhere from ten minutes to two days. I haven't had much sleep these past three weeks, as you can see.

Morning comes and its time for the dog walk. One of the dogs happens to be a dachshund who starts shivering as soon as we go out. There's six inches of snow on the ground and she is giving me that look that says, "I ain't pissin in that stuff! No way! I'll wait till we're back upstairs!" The other dog, a Heinz 57 variety, is chasing the twenty some odd cats that live next door. I make the rounds to the dumpsters here, pulling kittens out of them. They can get in but can't get back out. The dogs are going crazy as I fish the kittens out. They are not thinking about peeing, they have cats on their minds. I walk them around for an hour and all they do is look for more cats.

The dogs and cats are back in the house chasing each other around the rooms while I go shopping for their food. I feel sorry for the dogs and pick out the most expensive can of dog food I can find. I scoop it out for them back at the house and they approach it cautiously. One whiff and they give me that look. "Hey man, what's this shit? Where's my Kennel Ration Beef Chunks???" They refuse to go near it.

I try to tell them that this is Kal Kan, breakfast of champions. They sneer at me. They'll wait till I sit down to my supper of hamburgers. But I've learned a trick to relieve myself of their mournful stares as I'm eating supper. I make a barricade around the kitchen table of pillows so they can't watch me eat. When they approach the table, I put down the dishes of Kal-Kan. They chew on my leg.

The dachshund still refuses to go outside. She's slung too low to the ground. She can't quite get herself to squat in all that snow. She waits till 3 a.m. and makes it on the shag carpet. I get up at four and go to the bathroom and my bare feet smash the fresh dog patties. I cannot think of a more unpleasant experience.

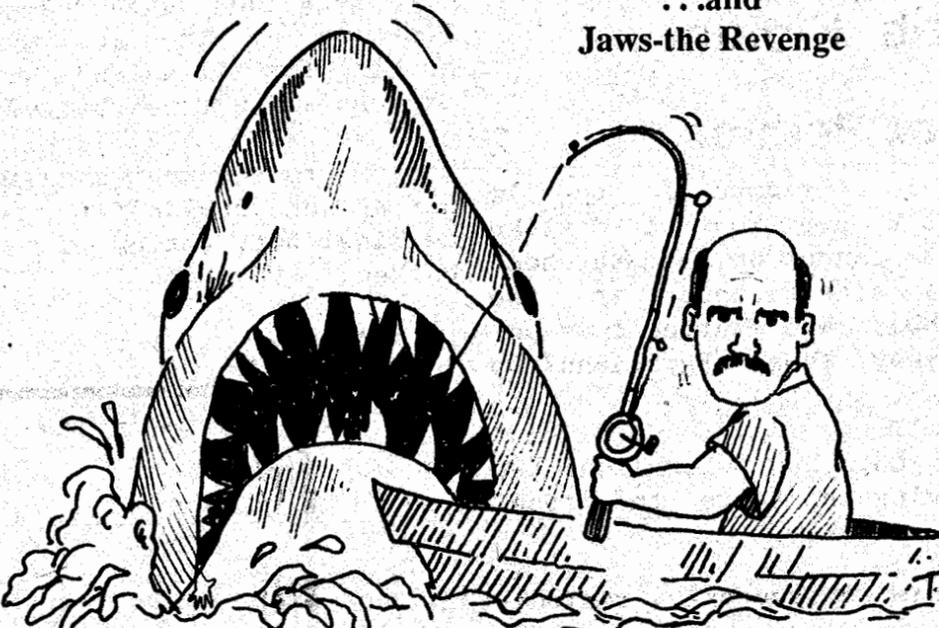
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The Big Easy  
In The Mood  
Spaceballs  
Good Morning, Babylon  
The Lost Boys  
...and  
Jaws-the Revenge



The owners finally returned and relieved me of house and animal sitting. They bring me a bottle of gin and I devour it in one sitting. I relocate back to my comfy trailer and settle down for my first good nights sleep in 21 days.

But, it is so quiet, sleep does not come. No pets, no dog and cat fights, no one hollering to be let out. I curl up reaching for the dogs but they are not there. Good Lord! Could it be that I am actually MISSING these animals? I finally fall asleep at 5 a.m.

I awake and immediately check the dumpsters. No kittens. While I'm in town shopping for food I unconsciously pick up two cans of Kennel Ration Beef Chunks. I pass up my own scenic images on post cards and buy a card with a kitty on it for a friend. It says "I miss you" on front of the card.

I return to my trailer, take over the dog food to the house and ask the owners if I can take the pets for a walk. Those damn Egyptians!

## Vent Your Spleen In The Gazette



Do you have a bone to Pick? An axe to grind? A spleen to vent? A grudge to settle? Or on the other hand, are you so damned happy and content that you'd like to tell the world? Now you have a way to express those feelings, Take out a "VENT YOUR SPLEEN" ad in the Gazette today!

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# THE BARD'S NARDS POETRY CORNER

## Poem For The Telling

Buddha

My mind is going soft  
My heart is gowing hard  
I laugh and cry at things that have  
no real meaning  
Then I think  
I can't be the only one  
The only one who feels  
The only one who knows that  
Something is wrong.

Can you love too much, too many?  
Are hearts so small, so closed?  
Questions asked by Homer and Poe  
Hammurabi, Marley and DeFoe.  
The real questions  
over the eons?  
Who cares?  
A few small voices,  
Often unheeded,  
Every generation.  
Always drowned out  
By the overwhelming  
Chorus of evil.  
No. It isn't evil  
It's life, as it  
Always has been,  
And life isn't evil  
It's just life.

No beginning  
No end  
just Now.

## The Flourescent Light

Nemo Glitz

I sat at the meeting  
And I thought I'd go crazy.  
My brain was throbbing  
And my vision grew hazy.

The planners droned on  
In a monotonous tone.  
Each flat measured word  
Extracted a tormented groan.

For hours I endured  
This bland conversation  
Hoping only for  
My imminent evacuation.

Then it occurred to me  
Why they could do nothing right.  
They were trying to work  
Beneath a flourescent light.

The room had no windows;  
The sun had been banned.  
It's no wonder at all  
Why their minds were so bland.

I hereby propose  
That we meet out of doors  
To prevent us all from  
Becoming insufferable bores.

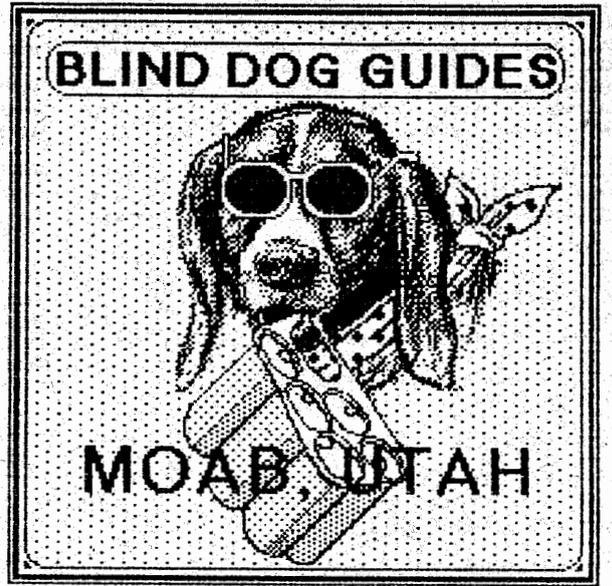
Sentient and civilized  
As we would like to think  
We are,  
As fine or funky  
of specimens of  
Humanity and reason  
That we would like to be  
We remain  
What we are.

Slaves to our  
Animalistic  
Instincts.

Because all we  
Are, all we can  
Be, is what we  
Are.

How depressing.  
And even more disheartening:  
Almost everything  
We think is recycled.  
Technology advances,  
Emotions remain the constant.  
Poets have been expressing the  
Same feelings for ten  
Thousand years.  
Warriors have been  
Fighting the same  
War for ten thousand years.  
Lovers have been loving  
Martyrs have been dying,  
Weavers weaving  
On looms of doom  
For ten thousand years  
For ten million years  
And still we can't  
Learn or change.

Just another species  
Dominant for a fleeting second  
In cosmic time,  
Destined to extinction  
In a fraction of the  
Time it took for  
the Dinosaurs  
But of course they  
were quite  
slow.



Frisbee's Delicatessen of the Mind.

**WOMEN, THEY TRY TO TEMPT ME,  
BUT THE MINUTE THE PANTRY'S  
EMPTY, I SKEDADDLE,  
SINGLE SADDLE.**

**WITH A GLIPPETY GLOP I HOP ATOP  
MY SINGLE SADDLE.**

**AIN'T A FILLY BEEN BORN, BE SHE  
ROSE OR A THORN, WHO CAN KEEP ME  
FROM THE LONE PRAIRIE.**

**WHEN THEY'RE ROUNDIN' UP STRAYS  
E, DON'T THEY EVER GET AMAZED AT  
MY PALOMINO PAL AND ME.**

**WHEN THEY GET OUT A HALTER, FOR  
A HITCHIN' ME TO THE ALTER,  
I SKEDADDLE,**

**SINGLE SADDLE,  
WITH A GLIPPETY GLOP I HOP ATOP  
MY SINGLE SADDLE.  
SINGLE SADDLE.**

## KIDS' ART EXHIBIT For February



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# IZZIE KIDDIN'S MUSIC TRIVIA QUIZ RESULTS

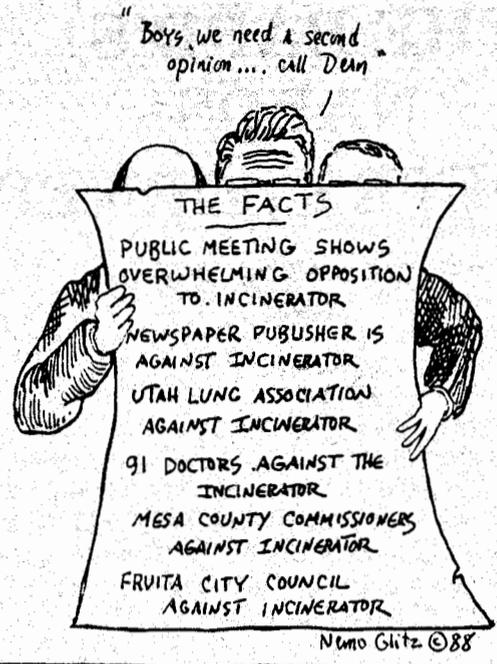
Whew! There are a lot of you out there who definitely take their music trivia SERIOUSLY! Congratulations go to KERRY KELLER of Hyde Park, Utah. He was the first entry received that answered all 20 questions correctly and authoritatively. Kerry, you're stuck with us for a whole year now. You win the years' subscription to the SDG

Honorable mention goes to Dale Pierson of Moab, George Mohamski of Salt Lake, Dave Laporte of East Lansing, and Terry, Bartender at the Eagles' Hall, Aerie #25, Skagway, Alaska!

1. ERIC CLAPTON, JEFF BECK, AND JIMMY PAGE all were members of the YARDBIRDS at one time or another.
2. STU SUTCLIFFE played bass for the BEATLES.
3. ELVIS laid down his first sides for the Memphis-based SUN label.
4. MCKINLEY MORGANFIELD was MUDDY WATERS.
5. DAVID CROSBY performed with THE BYRDS.
6. GRAHAM NASH with THE HOLLIES.
7. STEVE STILLS with BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD.
8. STING'S real name is GORDON SUMNER.
9. Some of the hits by FREDDIE CANNON were: WAY DOWN YONDER IN NEW ORLEANS, OKEFENOKEE, TALLAHASSIE LASSIE, PALASADES PARK, WHERE THE ACTION IS.
10. LINDA RONSTADT recorded with THE STONE PONEYS.
11. KENNY ROGERS was with THE FIRST EDITION and the NEW CHRISTY MINSTRELS, but he originally recorded with THE BOBBY DOYLE TRIO, which is the correct answer.
12. GLAD ALL OVER and BITS AND PIECES were recorded by THE DAVE CLARK FIVE.
13. ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK was featured in the film BLACKBOARD JUNGLE.
14. CHAS CHANDLER was bass guitarist for THE ANIMALS and was instrumental (sick..) in JIMI HENDRIX's career.
15. ITSY BITSY TEENIE WEENIE YELLOW POLKA DOT BIKINI was recorded by BRIAN HYLAND.

16. The JIMMY WEBB composition MACARTHUR PARK was a smash hit for RICHARD HARRIS.
17. Although TODD RUNDGREN was part of the group NAZZ, the lead vocals were primarily handled by ROBERT 'STEWKEY' ANTONI.
18. VAN MORRISON recorded with a group called THEM.
19. PETER GABRIEL handled the vocals for GENESIS before PHIL COLLINS.
20. The great OTIS REDDING wrote and recorded RESPECT.

Well, there are the answers to our first trivia quiz. Next time, I won't make them so easy! Like...who was Ross Bagdasarjian??? Kerry knows; do you? I mean, do you care???



## A Winter Stroll

Omega Bessler

The Devils Garden Trail is blanketed in snow. Donning my day pack, I am eager to witness winter at work. Two feet of snow make the going a bit difficult, but past wanderers have worn a small path which I follow.

The silent sentinels stand guard dressed in their new winter whites. Jack Frost has etched his wonderful detail in the dormant branches of the plants that border the trail. Icicles hang from precarious pourouvers illuminated by the sunlight radiating from a red dawn.

Tunnel Arch yawns in its snowy dress while a lone chipmunk scampers into its opening and disappears to who knows where on the other side: Pine Tree Arch greets me with that grand view through its span. The tree frosted with fresh snow makes it almost seem like Christmas for the first time this year. A magpie laughs at me soaring overhead.

There is no one else on the trail this morning and the silence is complete. If I chance to keep perfectly calm, all I'll be able to hear is the sound of my own heartbeat in rhythm with the surroundings.

I cut cross country towards Landscape Arch and spy one lone set of deer prints heading out towards Crystal Arch and points unknown. Landscape Arch looms in the distance,

a thin band of snow graces its impossible span. I take the loop trail that winds around and under the span and am never dissatisfied. It always amazes me. And this being a special treat amidst all the snowfall.

Up the back way to peer through Partition Arch which offers another grand view of the winter wonderland that's spread out before me. I can see all the way to the beckoning curves of Lost Spring Canyon. Spot the defile in the snow that is Clover Canyon and see the switchbacks of trail completely void of another soul. I take in the moment and thank God for Utah.

I pay my respects to Navajo Arch, catch the breath-taking view down into Fin Canyon and return via the main trail just to make sure Wall Arch is doing alright.

If you can get up early enough, dress warmly, you can more or less have most of Arches Park to yourself these winter days. Prying yourself away from the fireplace or from under your comforter is a small chore, but when you finally see the Park in all its winter glory at the crack of dawn, you suddenly remember the reasons why you've chosen this place as your home.

Get out of the house and visit home...soon.

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And Confections

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Stinking D -

Thanks for a great year. I'm always so happy to get my monthly update from my spiritual home, the stinking desert. You are all appreciated! (I thought you might have evolved beyond your thing for lingerie by now, but what the heck, really.)

Being one of the founding members of the "I Can Take A Joke" club (some of you may remember my audition with the brilliant reading from "Boys Will Be Boys And Other Guerilla Tactics"), I'm not even going to bitch about that "wimmens" article last month, but I do wonder, how's your dance card these days?

Fondly, Sarah (Sparkle, queen of raven quills and rocks)  
Tucson, AZ

Dear Sarah:

We've got a lingerie jones. Except Stiles; he sends the SDG to his mother and he worries about what she'll think.

Bloato says the feedback has been mostly positive. In his words: "Women who are mean to men simply because they are male, are the female equivalent of wife-beaters." As of this date, he hasn't heard from a single one of them about the article.

Watch out for Paula C. She's heading your way soon.

Editor

Editor:

Seems to me those who speak against incinerating toxic waste, then go home and build a fire in a wood burning stove, speak with forked tongue. Sincerely,

Joe Schlabotnik  
Moab



Dear Bobby Bloato:

Well, I know this letter is about a month late, but I'm operating on Moab time.

You know, Bobby, for years I have heard various men in Moab belabor this point, and complain about the "women-only" parties that we hold regularly. I used to wonder why, if they feel so discriminated against, they didn't just hold their own "men-only" parties and give us a taste of our own medicine.

However, after hearing these same complaints over and over again (just as you heard the "strong Moab women" statement regularly repeated), I finally realized why they didn't retort in kind and hold the Gentlemen's Hat Party, or whatever. It was because it wouldn't be any fun!!

And now I understand where your article is coming from.

This is simply a heretofore untried device to get yourself a position as valet this year, isn't it? How clever you are!! Maybe we'll let you in...and then maybe we won't. But it's a novel effort, Bobby, and we will give it full consideration.

Sincerely,  
Lucy K.  
Moab

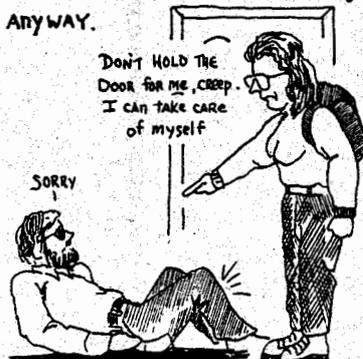
## Nemo Glitz's... history of Women **ILLUSTRATED**

### part 1: holding the door for ladies

In the Beginning, it was customary to hold the door for a lady. And I usually remembered. But once at the Spring Formal, I forgot to hold the door for Dottie Carter. So she kicked me in the shins.



Then one day, everything changed. I stopped to hold the door for this woman, and she kicked me in the shins anyway.



Nowadays, things are different. Women kick men in the shins whether we hold the door for them or not.



Which Brings us Back to Bloato's question, "WHAT do Women WANT?"

# LEDITORS

Dear Editor:

Sometime in mid-January, I observed one of our local officers filling out a citation for a vehicle parked in the handicapped slot in the City Market parking lot. The vehicle had standard Utah plates, but a handicapped placard in its front window (with "California" and a registration number on it).

Shortly thereafter, a friend I met shopping revealed to me that this same officer had just stopped him and his family to -- take a guess -- make sure they had on their seatbelts! Shades of der Fuehrer's Germany!

Doubtless there are laws on the books regarding these infractions, but it appears that the letter of the law and the intent of the law are often divergent. It is my estimation that the cop in question is being a bit heavy-handed in his application of authority. Is it just boredom because nothing much in the way of real crime ever happens in Moab, or do our local police have some sort of ticket quota to meet?

I for one believe that the freedom our fathers fought for involves privacy and the right not to be hassled on the way to the store to buy dog food. Lighten up, guys!!! Moab has a reputation for being the most fun place to be in Utah, let's keep it that way!

Respect for authority stems from the judicious use of that authority by those in whom it is vested.

Yours truly,  
Citizen Joe

Dear Editor:

After much deliberation I decided to write this letter to you and for the benefit of some of your readers.

I am a local business owner who in the past has advertised in this newspaper. During the last hunting season I felt that some of the commentary was a bit strong to say the least. I discussed this with others and got the same reaction. Then when the toxic incinerator issue came up your publication turned into a platform for you and other narrow-minded individuals spew rhetoric much like that of a politician. Every editorial says the same thing. It's getting very old to a lot of your readers.

When I bought the first issue i thoroughly enjoyed it. It poked fun at everything from the NPS, Boat Yoggies, Politicians and the common man. All in good fun. Isn't that what this is all about.

I for one will buy 1 more issue and if it's not lighter than this last one I won't be buying another.

A disenchanted reader

Dear DR:

You can't win them all.

Editor

Dear SDG,

...My wife and I have bought property in Castle Valley and our dream is to move there as soon as possible so that we might listen and learn from the rocks.

Keep the paper coming! It is one of the most enjoyable things I find in our PO Box. May your sunsets be clear and bright (vs. smoggy and dull from incinerator smoke)! The best to you in '88!

Steve and Brenda  
Oakley, UT



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### GRANT JOHNSON LEGAL DEFENSE FUND

Grant Johnson, who lives at Deer Creek Ranch (on the Burr Trail), has been unjustly accused of vandalizing road construction equipment on the Burr Trail.

To Garfield County in Southern Utah, Grant represents all environmentalists who have ever spoken out for wilderness and the inherent beauty of the land.

We need your support in raising legal funds to fight these baseless charges, and assure freedom of environmental speech in Southern Utah.

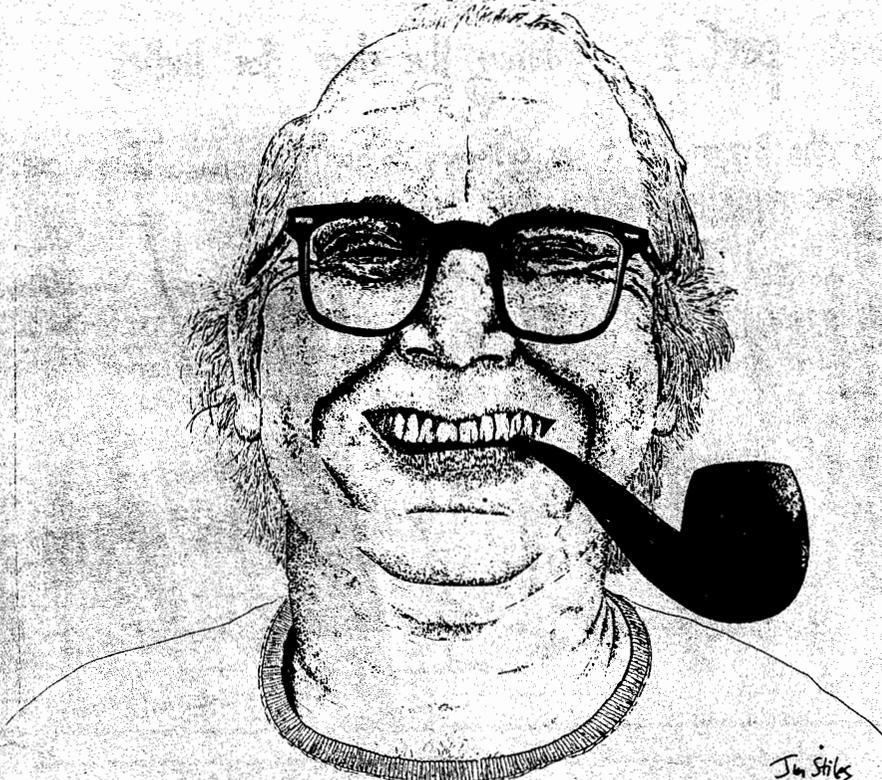
Please send contributions to:  
Grant Johnson Legal Defense Fund  
P.O. Box 1373  
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# STARSCAM

Your  
Horoscope  
by

Rama Lama  
Ding Dong

(Ed. Note: Rama Lama was too drunk last month to do her column. We apologize to all Capricorns for the delay.)

## Capricorn

(Dec. 22 to Jan. 21)

Capricorn, you horny little devil, this will be a year of great changes for you. A year of portents, omens, and cosmic hints that can redirect your life. Unfortunately, the stubborn side of your goaty nature will prevent you from seeing the signs and you probably won't be able to profit from the advantages coming your way. At least you are consistent.

Because of your remarkable mental maturity, you are a great manager of people. This year, ask yourself if all those people really want to be managed. Have your friends been slipping away? Do people suddenly become very busy when you appear? Does your lover's cat spray your leg every time you show up? Consider that a deeper meaning may lie behind these events.

Now listen very seriously to Rama Lama: two excellent opportunities await you in 1988. If you pass them up, the rest of your life will turn to swine dung. (For a modest honorarium, Rama Lama will reveal to you those opportunities.)

## Aquarius

(Jan. 22 to Feb. 20)

Aquarians do not live normal lives. Have you considered, however, that you may be pushing the limits? Your unpredictable, rebellious, temperamental Aquarian nature is going to get you into beaucoup trouble this year unless you take yourself firmly in hand. Keeping traveling salesmen chained in the cellar is definitely out. Learn to control your peculiar behaviors.

Some Water-Bearers are glamorous. Some are drips. You know which you are. The New Moon accentuates your First House on the 17th, bringing excellent financial news. You won't be home. Don't worry about it: if you had all that money, you would become a thoroughly unpleasant person and lose the few friends who put up with you now.

Your Key Phrase is I know. Unfortunately, you don't. Try being a little more tolerant. The world will turn with out your intervention. Quit telling your friends what to do and don't play around with strange Bulgarians.

**PISCES:** Remember all those New Year's Resolutions you made? Forget them: life is too much fun.

**ARIES:** Today is the first day of what's left of your life.

**TAURUS:** Don't make any plans for 1988. They won't work.

 **Poplar Place  
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## REMEMBER!

### Wednesday Night is Ladies Night



(We oppose the construction of  
a toxic waste incinerator)

**GEMINI:** You simply must bathe regularly this year.

**CANCER:** 1988 takes your life on an upswing. Try not to blow it this time.

**LEO:** This will be a good year to work on your inferiority complex. Buy a crystal and breathe funny.

**VIRGO:** Three of your wishes will come true this year. Be careful which ones you pick.

**LIBRA:** Penguins will dominate your dreams this year. They're fairly harmless but be prepared for side effects.

**SCORPIO:** Confusion to your enemies.

**SAGITTARIUS:** Your freedom-loving nature takes you on an exotic trip this year. You aren't prepared.

## KEN SLEIGHT BOOKS



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