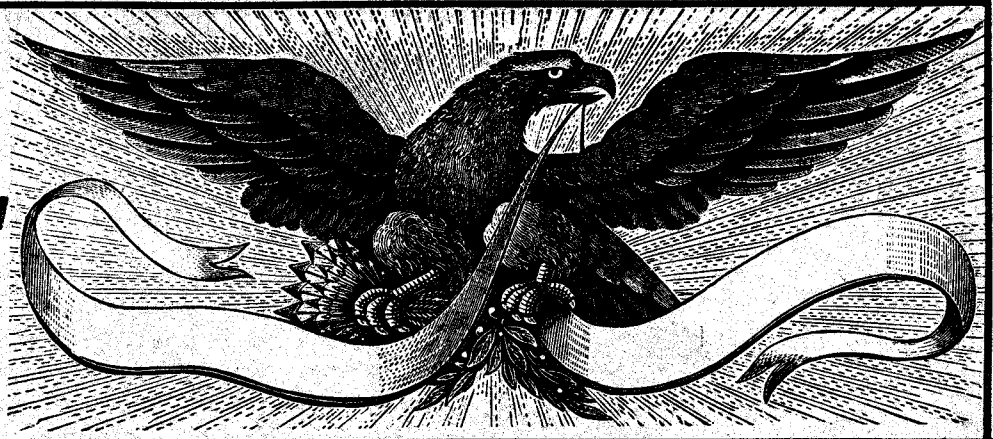


The Stinking Desert GAZETTE

"Serving SE Utah Since 1986"



MOAB, UTAH

VOL. 2 25¢ NO. 9

APRIL, 1988

Cops Seize Jeef Safari; Co. Attorney Opens Used Car Lot

Nemo Glitz

Grand County law enforcement authorities arrested some 400 participants in the 22nd Annual Jeep Safari, and confiscated over 200 4-WD vehicles in a major bust this week. In a related matter, County Attorney Elaine Croaks announced that she was opening a new business in Moab; Grandma's Used Cars - Sales and Service.

"It seems like such a natural," Mrs. Croaks explained. "We've been collecting all these autos and trucks and jeeps through our aggressive law enforcement program, and we just didn't know what to do with them. I just felt it was my civic duty to step in and resolve the matter."

The seizure of the vehicles was attributed to numerous violations of the law, that Mrs. Croaks felt should be strictly enforced.

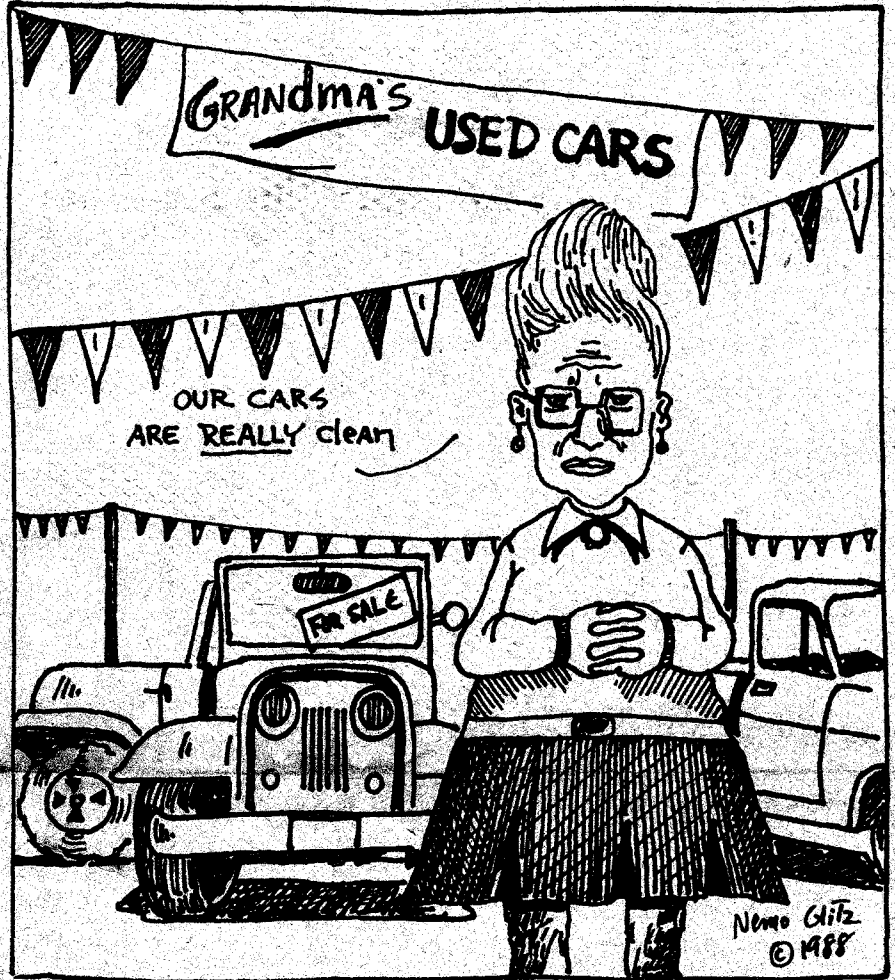
"We just can't let these people think we're a lawless land. I want to make Grand County safe for all God-fearing Americans who mindlessly believe whatever I

say is right."

But John Burgerburner, the proprietor of a local eatery and a Jeep Safari Trail Leader, was not amused. "They took away my jeep because I didn't wear a hair net while flipping burgers....It's ridiculous. I don't even have any hair!" Big Dan Slick, another trail leader, echoed Burgerburner's sentiments. "I lost my jeep because they said I took up too much space. I can't help it that I'm a big guy. My father was a big guy. I came from a family of big guys."

Mrs. Croaks countered that Mr. Slick's geneology was irrelevant. "The fact is, Mr. Slick violates and exceeds size restrictions that we've recently established and that is sufficient grounds for seizing his car."

Other infractions by the Safari participants that led to vehicle confiscation included "spitting in a public place," "making obscene biological noises while oper-



Nemo Glitz © 1988

ating a vehicle," and "walking about with untied shoe laces."

Meanwhile, Grandma's Used Cars hopes to do a booming business. Mrs. Croaks feels that she can't help but be

successful. "These cars should move quickly, but if they don't, we'll just force the original owners to buy them back. After all, it's the law.... I think. Oh well, it is now."

New Pest Noted

Gardners beware! Daryl Lingonberry, Grand County Extension Agent, reports that the shrubbery outside the Council Room has become infested with a blindworm parasite that could spread to kill all greenery in Grand County. Known as the SEENO WEEVIL, this pest must be eradicated in its infancy as the mature form is resistant to all known treatments. Funds for eradication are needed, but the County Commissioners have thus far refused to acknowledge the problem. The source of the infestation is unknown.



Glitz © 88

PARK HIRES MONKEY

At last month's law enforcement conference, park rangers urged Superintendent Herbie Wigwam to provide clearer and more concise guidelines regarding law enforcement policy within Canyonlands National Park. But, Wigwam said it was impossible.

"If I made stringent guidelines for everything, I wouldn't need you guys. I could hire a bunch of trained apes."

Apparently concluding that the idea had merits of its own, Mr. Wigwam announced

that he has hired the Park Service's first chimpanzee ranger, Gonzo, a distant cousin of Michael Jackson's chimp, Bubbles, and formerly a resident of Chicago's Brookline Zoo.

"It's perfect," said Herbie. "I can pay this chimp even less than I pay the seasonals, and if he needs per diem, I just throw him a bunch of bananas. I plan to replace the entire river crew next year with orangutans."

Wigwam is hoping the idea will be adopted nationwide.

The Absolute Truth



Publisher
Philmore Banks, Esq.

The road to the enrollment of 200 subscribers has not been, as many of you know, an easy journey. For 21 months now we have driven through the potholes of price complaints, through the mud and besmirchment of undeserved criticism, over the speedbumps of delayed recognition and along the crumbling shoulder-edge of ground-breaking journalism. More than once we ran out of gas. There was even the threat of divine intervention, an unfortunate matter I would rather not get into. But we held to our course, on the blue highway of simplicity, and kept our eye on the distant and sometimes receding horizon.

Our journey to that Promised Land of Postal Privilege is now over. I'm deeply rewarded to announce the 200th subscriber to our beloved rockhugger's journal, one Stan Dodson of McFarland, Wisconsin. Stan joins the ranks of a veritable army of sandstone-stroking, calcite-cuddling, feldspar-feeling folks who insist upon their right to privacy in their personal expressions of affection for rock, the basis of our skeletal structure and the source of our mineral essence.

Some have no doubt noticed the 12½¢ stamp on their paper, instead of 39¢ as before, and wondered if our 75¢ per issue subscription price would come down accordingly. Of course, that is simply impossible. There is absolutely no way we could insult those brave 200 who, at a cost of inordinate personal expense, dug deeply into their pockets to see this dream come alive. They are the spiritual backbone of this stone-loving organization.

There remains the unresolved matter of the extra money. Our subscribers will be happy to learn that we have not forgotten them in the disbursement of same, and are making a donation in their names to the Deserving Writer's Relief Fund. So, the present accounting is as follows:

Stinking Desert Gazette.....	25 ¢
Postage.....	12½¢
Handling.....	11 ¢
Deserving Writer's Relief Fund....	26½¢
Total.....	Exactly 75 ¢

Elegant, isn't it? Not a penny unaccounted for. We stand alone in the industry in our efforts to articulate a complete justification of our costs.

On another subject, it has become necessary to drop the name Born-Again Pagans as the official title to our "tectonic" movement. People complained that it conjured up weird images of naked and orgiastic savages, dancing by firelight, consuming aphrodisiacs and performing unspeakable rituals under the stars. Like boatmen.

That just won't do. Also, there was the terse message from the Neo-Pagans demanding affiliation with their organization. This we could never accede to, nor their demands for an initial down payment of fifty pounds of bovine genitals. So, it's back to basics. Simple is better. Form should follow function. Let's face it, we're Rockhuggers.

Finally, at this milestone in our publishing endeavors, we gratefully acknowledge everyone who has supported our work. From our brave advertisers to our stalwart readers, we thank you, each and all.

Things are going pretty well here at the SDG headquarters. There are no

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

Contributing writers and artists:
Alex Skye, Mark Doherty, Charlie Potatoes, Steve Wilsker, Rainey Guymon and Rona Bartlett.

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major problems, except for a minor dispute between our editor and our art director. It seems that Dudek is bent on printing photos of people in their underwear, preferably beautiful women. I personally find them entertaining.

Stiles thinks the practice is cheap vulgar, and in poor taste. They offend his delicate, artistic sensibilities.

I have discussed this with our editor and we came to the conclusion that Stiles must have had a traumatic experience, probably during his formative years, that involved ladies' underwear. Who knows what kind of bizarre diversion it was? Maybe it was a harmless incident of cross-dressing, misinterpreted by his parents or some less-progressive peers. Perhaps it was nothing more than his first encounter with a girdle. Whatever it was, it instilled in him a permanent fear of foundation garments.

We decided that the only treatment for his mental affliction is a steady diet of bras and panties, as a regular monthly feature in our magazine. Someone has to help him. We shudder to think of the complications his phobia must be causing him in his intimate relationships. We will do all we can to help him through it.

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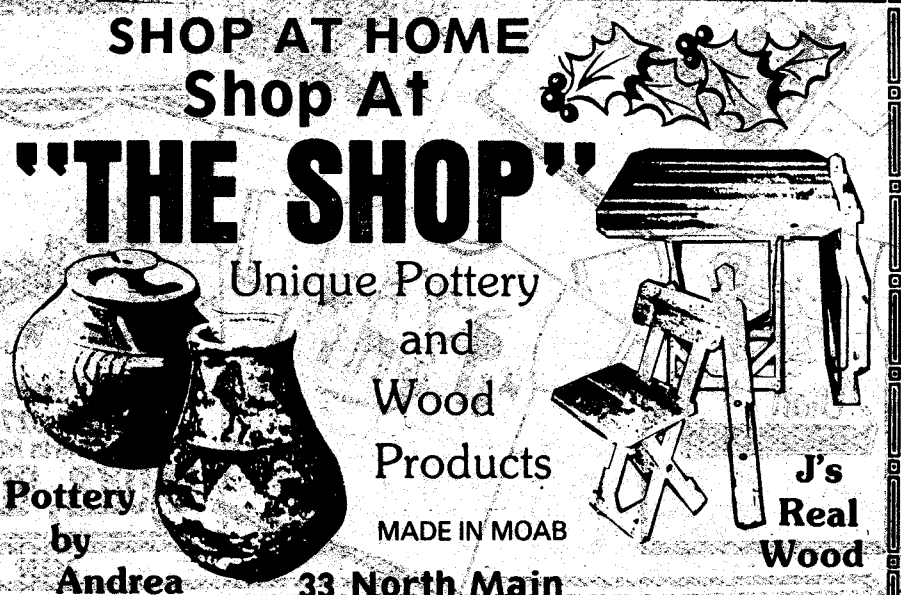
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Izzie Kiddin

The Vegas Story

"Mr. Kiddin, if you agree to purchase our gross of magic markers for the small sum of \$56.00 we will include two nights free lodging in Las Vegas plus 500 dollars worth of valuable coupons redeemable at various casinos and restaurants!"

I politely informed the cordial but persistent young saleslady on the phone that this was indeed the most ludicrous proposition I had ever heard in my life!

Oh boy! Randy and I were going to Vegas! Getting prepared for our first experience into the glitter, glamour and gutters of that famed city! As Randy was cramming the remainder of our gear into his old Plymouth, he turned to me and asked: "Hey Iz, it's the height of tourist season. How did you ever get the river boss to let us take off for a whole week?"

I nonchalantly directed his gaze to the figure seated at the desk in the office. There was the boss, marveling over the 144 brand spanking new magic markers I had just bestowed on him for the small sum of \$60.00. We laughed all the way to Salina.

Now it was our intention to only spend two nights in Vegas. Do a bit of gambling, take in the sights and shows, dine at the finest and just generally check out the action. Then we were going to spend the rest of the week discovering the wonders of Bryce and Zion Parks. A kind of quaint balance between decadence and spiritual renewal.

Arriving at dusk, we found the temperature to be quite appalling! It was 107 in the shade! If there is any place hotter than Moab in July, it is Vegas. Even the plastic flowers in the window boxes surrounding our motel were wilting!

We checked into the plain and rather delapidated room. The furniture was "early poverty" and the walls were painted dufay blue; Lenny Bruce's favorite color. There was no bible and

there was no clock. Tossing our gear onto the beds, we thought we would escape the rather dismal atmosphere of the room by taking in the casino.

We agreed we would only spend a 100 dollars each on gambling. We did not come with much money. We wanted this to be a diverse visit to Cibola. I wanted to see Red Foxx in concert and Randy wished to try one of those female escort services. I mean, we were in...NEVADA!

The casino was booming with business! Hundreds of patrons all vying for that one big score. Randy decided he would head for the black jack tables while I chose the more physical encounter with the slot machines. My rationale for this was, if one lost at cards, one couldn't very well take it out on the dealer, but if you lost a bundle to the slots, at least you could have the satisfaction of bashing the shit out of

those one armed bandits!

Twelve hours passed and at 5 a.m. I hit my first jackpot playing the dollar slots. In the excitement of this sensation with all the lights flashing and sirens going, I did not notice the pusherman slinking up beside me like some dark apparition in the night.

Say my man, that's a nice score you got there. Wants to get high? Want a piece of heaven? I gots the goods. In-jection or ingestion. What you say man?"

I informed the man in the wide-brimmed hat I wasn't interested in his wares and upon hearing the sound of another jackpot in the adjacent row of slots, he slithered away like some snake in the night. Trying hard not to let this meeting put a damper on my two hundred and fifty dollar jackpot, I cashed in my quarters and went to see how Randy was doing.

Now Randy is a nice enough chap, a gentle soul whose companionship is quite pleasant. That is, when he hasn't been drinking too much. It's a known fact that he has an affinity for a beverage called white russians and I could tell by his raucous cackling emanating from the black jack table that old Randy was tying one on.

Empty glasses littered his side of the table. And everytime time the waitress would bring him another complimentary drink he would exclaim, "THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING! THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING!" Much to the dismay of the others at the table. It was 6 a.m.

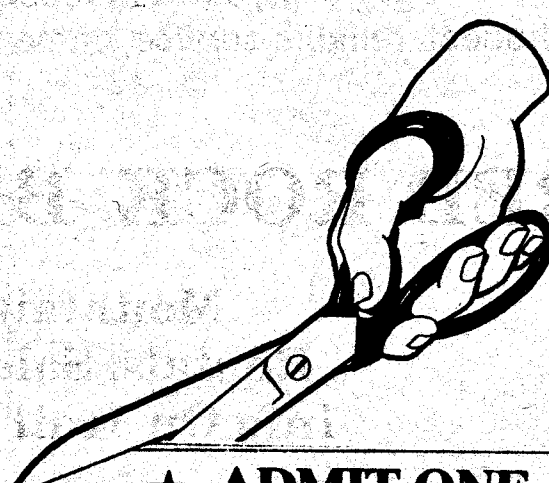
Weaving on his stool, he informed me that he was fifty dollars ahead. Clearing some of the glasses off the table, I told him to be careful with his drinking, as it was the house's intentions to keep him supplied with intoxicated beverages in hopes of relieving him of his concentration and thus his money. He told me not to worry as he reached for his drink and spilt it into the lap of a young Asian girl who was seated next to him.

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No. 172

Reaching down to retrieve the glass from her damp lap, the Asian girl uttered a vile exclamation in a foreign tongue and left the table in a huff. Randy ordered another drink and said he was fine and wanted to keep playing for a while. The rest of the table finally settled down but kept giving Randy cold stares out of the corners of their eyes.

As he was in no mood to quit, I returned to the slot machines. Nine hours later I had lost all my winnings and then some. Putting in my last quarter, I prayed for a miracle. Our Lady of Fatima was nowhere in sight. Returning to a bleary-eyed Randy, I found out he was down to our last fifty dollars! Yanking him from the table, I dragged him over to the nearest restaurant so we could have some coffee and shirk this compulsive gambling once and for all.

Propping Randy up, I waited for the waiter to seat us. Upon looking at Randy, he said, "I am sorry, but we do not seat people in the establishment who are not properly attired!" Looking over at Randy I shouted, "Randy! Where are your shoes???" He looks down and laughs.

Escorting the bare-foot Randy out of the restaurant, we went back to find them. He said he must have slipped them off and they were sure to be under the black jack table, but upon returning to the area, we were

perplexed as to which table it had been. They all looked the same and there were new dealers at the head of each table.

Stumbling over to the nearest table, Randy gets down on all fours and crawls under it. This initiates a general panic amongst the card players at the table. Some rather rude exchanges are overheard as Randy gets up and makes his way to the next table. This ludicrous scene continues for about three more tables until Randy crawls under one right beside a rather obese woman in a green tutu. Her screams of PERVERT! are heard throughout the casino and she is flailing Randy over the head with a huge beanbag purse.

A crowd of onlookers has gathered watching this large woman beat Randy with that purse. Randy is guffawing like some stubborn mule who refuses to budge. The manager finally comes rushing over to the scene and the rotund woman starts to hit him with the purse. Everyone is laughing. I'm trying to disappear into the woodwork.

The manager finally gets the woman under control and escorts Randy out of the casino and advises him that he is not welcome back. It is not the kind of escort service Randy had in mind.

We had gambled most of our earnings away. 72 solid hours of gambling! We didn't see no shows, didn't see Red Foxx, didn't use any of these stupid

coupons, never even ate dinner. We never used the damn motel room for that matter! We left without stealing so much as an ashtray. It was 5 p.m. the third day.

Randy picked up some cheap gym shoes at the local "hock your socks for the one last fling" shop and we spent the next four nights regaining our senses at the National Parks. We wondered how two rational human beings could be transformed at the drop of a quarter into raving compulsive gamblers? Vegas could do that to you.

We cruised into Moab on the fumes in the gas tank. Driving into the Risky Road River parking, Jim came sauntering out of the office asking how much we had won? If we got laid?

I thought that Jim was feeling sorry for us when he handed me back the 144 magic markers. That's when he told us they didn't write worth a damn and he wanted his \$60.00 back!

So if you ever get one of those salesgals on the phone trying to sell you some pens and she says she is gonna throw in some free lodging in Vegas along with some valuable coupons tell her you never learned how to write! Tell her you lost your arms in the war! Tell her anything, but don't buy those pens and don't take that trip to Vegas!

Best stick to pitching pennies out back by the warehouse. And that's the way it was, July of 1980.



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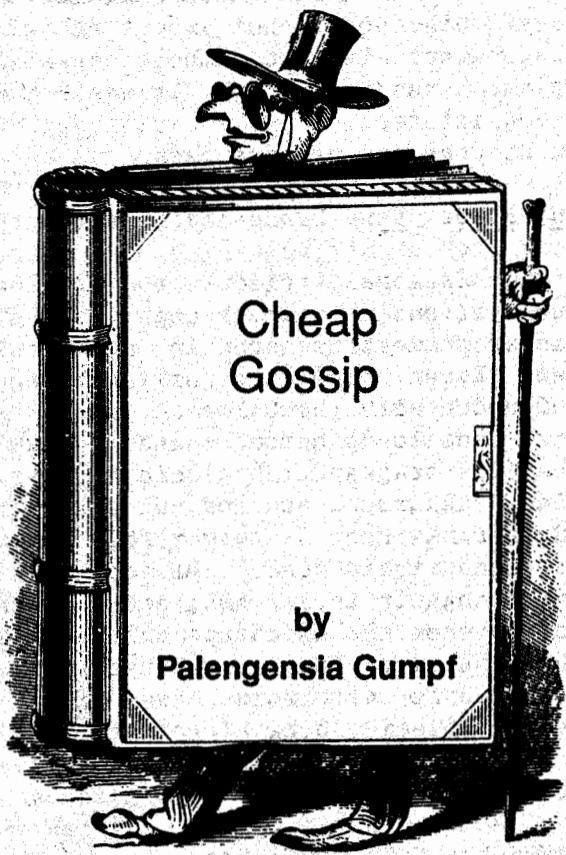
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Jim Fox, Prop



Recent complaints from local gardeners about a plague of snails have prompted the City of Moab to institute a Gastropod Control Commission.

"Local produce was severely affected by these pests last year," stated Nannette Neauneau, City of Moab Produce statistician and daughter-in-law of our mayor. The new commission will pay for a feasibility study to determine if this plague can be effectively used to increase our attraction to more foreign tourists, especially the French. Aston K. Martin, head of the Moab Tourist Advisory Board, and son-in-law of our mayor, has suggested the slogan: "A Free Lunch On Every Street". This will be translated into French, Italian, German and Spanish for the benefit of the tourists we hope to attract. Local restaurant owners have protested and are seeking an injunction.

Tall, Rugged and increasingly sensitive actor Clint Eastwood will not be in town this month.

Although she is not tall, rugged, sensitive or an actor, neither will Joan Collins.

Deputy Sheriff Rudy Killinghauser will represent Grand County's finest at the 7th Annual Barataria Bay (La.) Policeman's Oyster Shoot. "Big Kill" has consistently ranked "expert" with all known firearms, including the M-1 Abrams Main Battle Tank (a useful adjunct to police work in several large cities to the East). "It will be a labor of love," says the deputy, "and I look forward to killing them oysters with great relish." Funds for the trip were contributed by several local businessmen who were happy to help get the deputy out of town for a few days.

Local cheese merchant Cyrus P. Cormorant and his wife Salacia (named for her mother who was fluent in Latin and expert in French) are promoting a widely known food product as a preventative health aid in case of atomic attack. Cyrus, addressing the Moab Chapter of the Association of Serious Survivalists, said: "We have scientific studies from the Atomic Energy Commission which show that after the Big One drops, the only things left will be the common cockroach and Velveeta. I tell you, it really makes sense. You can't destroy Velveeta any way at all. Those who want to live will saturate their bodies with it and thereby resist otherwise fatal doses of radiation. We recommend that an adult of average stature eat at least two pounds of this wonderful stuff every day for maximum resistance. It's Nature's Way." A Kraft Foods spokesman says: "We're delighted with this local initiative. If it works, we'll go national with it."

Rumors that the long-awaited "bottom" in Grand County real estate has been reached were recently laid to rest by a spokesman for the United Potentates Yearning for Acquisition of Western Land Sites (UPYAWLS), who said: "We have all the stinking desert we want. Now, if you had a decent beach....,"

Grand County Commissioners have announced a plan to ask for bids on an open-air slaughterhouse and tannery to be located on the present site of the Moab Rotary Park. Despite protests from local residents about the close proximity of school and the potentially heavy traffic, Commissioner Belisarius Trogon urged rapid acceptance of the plan "if we are to take our place among the great cities of Chicago, Kansas City and Dubuque. Most truly sophisticated people are into leather these days. Besides, we are prime candidates for such a plant. This sort of industry thrives on cheap untrained labor, and after forty years of deliberately starving our school system, we are as ignorant and untrained as anyone in the world!" Fellow Commissioner Sebacia S. Gland gurgled: "They've promised me some new thigh-length boots." Not only will Grand County gain in employment benefits, the Commissioneress cooed, but local residents can have all the fresh dung and blood they want for enriching their home gardens, some of it "organic". Oh, goody.

Mikhail Gorbechev, Premier of the Soviet Union and internationally ranked quoits player, recently commented on the increasing confusion among Grand County officials: "It looks like our plot to flouridate your water is beginning to take effect." Making specific reference to the sole journal of political sanity left in this country, the Premier grumbled: "Those bastards at the Stinking Desert

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MIAMI

Nemo GIFT © 88

Gazette must be drinking only bottled stuff." Yes. And bonded stuff too.

An ugly rumor has been circulating here in the Canyonlands that for a short while the City of Moab was recently the site of an illegal and really terrific brothel, staffed by local residents. There is, of course, no truth whatsoever to this vicious slam on the reputation of our fair town. The statement is patently false. It is widely known that there are no women in town capable of faking an orgasm. Your comments are invited.

Episodes of zealous enforcement of a statute requiring rafters to wear a life preserver while changing their clothes have been explained by a wire service story recently received here. A juvenile offender (of adult stature) from Minot, N.D. named J.R. ("Rotten") Diehl has been identified as the perpetrator of these outrages.

Diehl, once thrown out of East Keester, Oklahoma for snipping worms, arrived in the Canyonlands area in a stolen police car which vanished mysteriously without a trace. In order to save its reputation the State, Diehl's employer, has brought charges against Diehl for impersonating an adult.

"Lost Duke, Nuke Film destroyed enroute"

by Rona Bartlett

A hitherto unknown John Wayne film was recently discovered in a forgotten Hollywood warehouse. While searching for Yakima Canutt's coveted, first neck brace, a researcher for Moab's "Stuntman's Hall Of Fame" discovered the long-lost film in a file cabinet containing other gems of the cinema.

Originally titled "Rio Algom" and filmed in Lisbon Valley, the movie was loosely based on the life of La Sal-born uranium miner, Ray D. ("Cash") Ashen. After a severe case of uranium poisoning in his early thirties, Ashen's female hormone output tripled whereupon he changed his name to Caroline N. ("Carrie") Ashen. Ms. Ashen went on to become Moab's first female city commissioner.

Filmed in 1958, the movie was found to have a rare scene of the Duke dancing the foxtrot dressed in women's clothing, a stunt unequaled in its time. Just prior to its scheduled release, the film's title was inexplicably changed to "The Life And Times

Of Cash And Carrie". Apparently, it was then misfiled between "Charlie Chan in Monument Valley" and "The Environmental Assessment Report On Glen Canyon - The Movie".

The rediscovered epic was donated by the Duke's estate to Moab's "Stuntman's Hall Of Fame" last month and loaded on the first available rental truck. Unfortunately, a crazed family of 152 prairie dogs decided to commit mass suicide on the Hiway 191 exit at Crescent Junction by blocking the off ramp just as the rental truck turned onto it. In attempting to avoid the furry creatures, the driver overturned the truck. The only existing copy of "Rio Algom" was severely crushed beneath the weight of "The Environmental Assessment Report on Glen Canyon, The Movie" which was being transferred to Moab's National Park Service offices for use as a training film.


When asked for comment, the director of the "Stuntman's Hall Of Fame" stated: "It's a great loss, but we're negotiating to replace it with a horsehair sofa donated by the owner of Trigger's stand-in."

Old Spanish Trail Camera




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Friday, April 22

6:30 p.m. Check-in and registration for college credit.

7:30 p.m. "The Return of the Mammoth Dung Sleuth"
New insights into the late Ice Age
Dr. Larry Agenbroad
Director, Quaternary Studies, Northern Arizona University

Saturday, April 23

1:30 p.m. "A Float-in Pharmacy"
Canyonlands medicinal plants
Dr. Paul Cox
Associate Professor, Brigham Young University

2:45 p.m. "The Latest Study on the Big Ditch"
Wildlife biology of the Colorado River
Dr. Steven Carothers
President, SWCA Environmental Consultants

7:30 p.m. "Images of the Supernatural"
Rock art of the Colorado Plateau
Polly Schaafsma
Research Associate, Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe

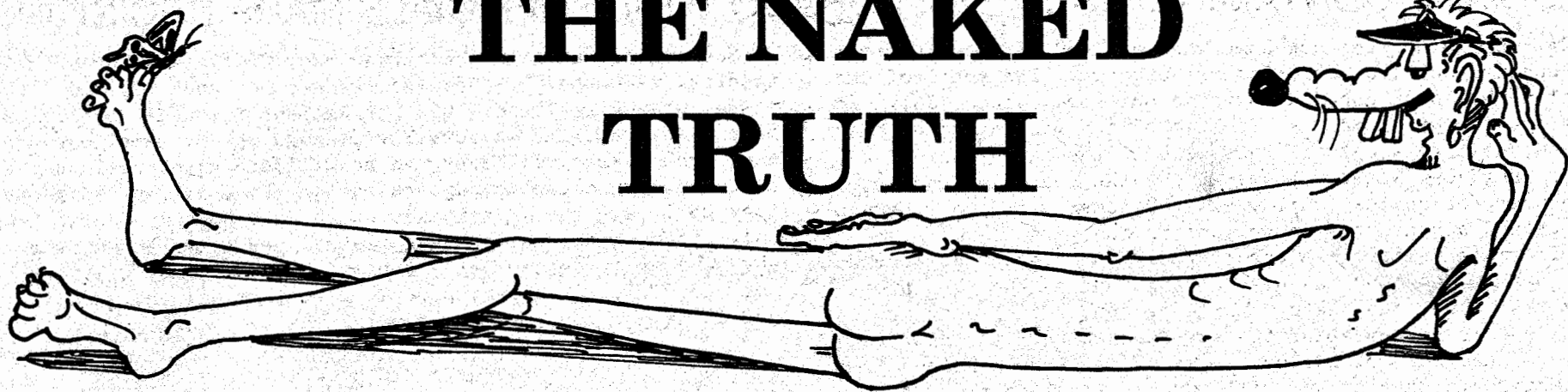
Sunday, April 24

7:00 p.m. "The Canyon's Edge"
Presented by Canyonlands Field Institute
A multi-media slide production featuring nationally recognized landscape photographers Bruce Hucko and Tom Till and award-winning author Terry Tempest Williams.
The slide program will be held at the Western Plaza, 59 S. Main, Moab.

One credit hour (quarter system) is available from the College of Eastern Utah for seminar attendance.

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and Canyonlands National Park
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THE NAKED TRUTH



Tammie Update

At last report Tammie had married a fighter pilot who planned to become an astronaut, was going to church 12 times a week, and.....wait a minute. Wrong Tammie; Let's start over....

Questions and concerns about the National Park Service's plans to burn and chemically treat tamarisk continue to be raised. Recently, The STINKING DESERT GAZETTE obtained an NPS memo from last October. The memo discussed the history of tamarisk control at Arches and Canyonlands National Parks, and the future of the program. The document seems to confirm criticisms by many that the control program is ineffective.

At Natural Bridges, control efforts have been in effect since 1958. Since it is a small area, the NPS believes "that an aggressive removal program should keep the Monument free of tamarisk. The use of herbicides is a concern the unit manager would like to reduce as much as possible." (Without

herbicides, tamarisk control has been totally ineffective.) In Lathrop Canyon in Canyonlands N.P., work was done by cutting without using herbicide. "Regrowth completely negated the work by the following fall."

The Park Service burned two river bottoms along the Green And Colorado Rivers with no success. "The tamarisk has since sprouted vigorously." Even at Horseshoe Canyon, where NPS crews have been cutting, burning and poisoning tamarisk for a decade, the agency concedes in the memo that, "without active annual maintenance the canyon would again become choked to the 1977 level or worse."

In looking to future projects, the report states, without more people and money to work on tamarisk, it is unlikely large projects will be undertaken. The Canyonlands group parks have all that can be handled with a yearly maintenance program, with the present staff." This would seem to in-

dicade that the proposed tamarisk control project at Arches would seriously overextend the Park Service's ability to keep up maintenance of the treated area.

The tamarisk thickets along the river are an area of future concern for river runners:

"River running is a major activity in the park and is a major economic activity for Moab. The thickets may eventually choke campsites causing overcrowding and friction at the few campsites remaining open. The park may be forced to hire crews to clear these areas. Perhaps river runners will be assessed a \$5 fee to pay this expense."

The future of the tamarisk eradication program and the logic of proceeding with current control methods seems to depend on whether the NPS takes heed of its own advice. This memo is hardly a ringing endorsement for a program they seem eager to promote.



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GASOLINE CONTAMINATES THE COLORADO WHILE OFFICIALS MAKE DECISIONS

On Feb. 1, we fled our home when a flood of gasoline from an underground leak engulfed our property. The smell of the gasoline has been apparent outside our home since July of last year. Our home is located on the last piece of high ground, next to a cattail marsh where the groundwater becomes surface water. The marsh was the source of the gasoline odor for quite a while. Now the fumes waft up through the ground beneath the house, and in the yard.

Officials believe the gasoline will be cleaned up, but to this day no gasoline has been cleaned up. As the "gas plume" migrates down the water table it runs out of underground area, and is now entering the surface water. At this very moment hundreds of gallons of gasoline flow unchecked into the waterways of Pack and Mill Creeks, and into the wetlands of the Colorado River.

What are the officials doing about it? To this day, officials are studying the situation, trying to gather enough information to make a decision. While the bureaucracy makes their decision, which has been in the process since December 1986 when the plume was identified and mapped, the precious wildlife habitat of the Colorado River wetlands is being contaminated. One gallon of gasoline will contaminate 750,000 gallons of water. An estimated 50,000 gallons of gasoline are involved in this plume. Calculated out, over over 37 billion gallons of water will be contaminated. Where once a column of gasoline 17 inches high was measured in a monitoring well, now only one inch exists. Where has the gasoline gone? Down stream, down river.

When the state says the plume will be cleaned up before it gets into the river, don't believe them. It is in the river, in the streams, in the wetlands. Numerous reports of gasoline odor from joggers and even people driving by Mill Creek on Fifth West four blocks from where the gasoline is exiting the ground substantiates my claim. I can further substantiate this claim to any non-believer, any day, any time, by bringing you onto my property and letting you dip gasoline from the surface of standing water in the wetlands.

At this point the gasoline odor is so bad, in a 10-15 MPH wind a person cannot stand to be in my yard. This is because so much gasoline is evaporating off the surface of the marsh.

by LorRaine Guymon

Mean while, back in the bureaucracy, officials review the reports, take their scheduled vacations and sit on the issue. Grapevine rumor has it another two weeks will pass before any gasoline is actually cleaned up. My main fear is that the time will pass and so will the gasoline into the streams. When clean-up happens, no gasoline will be left and they will say: "See, there was no gas." I hope my fears are only that, and that the gas really does get stopped before any more of it contaminates the waterways. No more waiting, you guys! It is already too late to stop all the gasoline, but it is not too late to stop the rest.

(Ed. Note: Rainey substantiated her claim. We have seen the dead, oily cattails and the gasoline floating on the surface of the water. This toxic spill has driven several families from their homes. Are we going to wait until the marsh explodes around some children out smoking cornsilk in the boonies? An official in the cleanup effort, Mark Ellis, contacted on Mar. 28 about the delay, commented that the cleanup effort might not get underway until "late in the year." We hope that our mayor and city council are getting angry enough about the displacement of citizenry and the endangerment to wildlife habitat to get this cleanup underway pronto. We were aware of this problem in Dec. '86.

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FIGHTING CRIME FOR DOLLARS

Is a Questionable Law Being Overzealously Prosecuted?

Jim Stiles

Recently, local law enforcement agencies and the Utah Highway Patrol have been establishing roadblocks at various locations around Grand County. The car stops have resulted in the issuance of citations for numerous misdemeanor infractions of the law. In some cases, however, the roadblocks (and random car stops) have led to the search and seizure of vehicles, and the arrest of the occupants for possession of a controlled substance.

The action stems from a law amended by the Utah State legislature in 1987, regarding the confiscation of private vehicles. Until then, any person trafficking in drugs or transporting drugs for sale could lose their car or truck, if caught. But last year the Utah State legislature took that law a step further when it included simple possession of any controlled substance, regardless of quantity, as grounds for confiscation of the vehicle. "Confiscation" doesn't mean the car is temporarily impounded; the vehicle, in effect, becomes the property of the state.

It is not my intent here to engage in a debate on the relative evils of marijuana, nor do I have any desire to stand in defense of the use of illegal drugs. But there is something to be said for the concept that punishment should fit the crime and in this case the punishment is outrageous and perhaps illegal.

As this new law stands, the penalty for possession of a controlled substance will vary from one person to the next, based on his extravagance or taste in automobiles. If someone is stopped with a joint in the ashtray of

a new BMW, the cost of that mistake will run in excess of \$40,000. But if that same person with the same joint decides to take a ride into town in a '62 Dodge pickup, he's out a few hundred bucks. There is no equity in the law whatsoever.

What led to the creation of this new law was no doubt a growing frustration by law enforcement agencies to curb the flow of illegal drugs into this country. But what was initially an attempt to catch the dealers and traffickers has degenerated into a "let's grab anyone we can" approach, and it is not going to be effective in the long run.

It would seem that logically, the discovery of a small quantity of marijuana, obviously for personal consumption, should receive the same scrutiny as an open bottle of alcohol. Both are illegal in a vehicle, both are indicators that the driver may be under their influence, both suggest that the police officer should examine the person for possible physical impairment. But in the case of the open whiskey bottle or beer can, the fine is a hundred bucks, and the violator leaves relatively unscathed. As we've already seen, marijuana possession could cost thousands, perhaps tens of thousands of dollars.

The picture that is beginning to emerge from all this is simple. These roadblocks and arrests and confiscations are not motivated primarily by any desire to protect the citizenry from illegal drugs; it is instead a blatant attempt to turn law enforcement into a money-making enterprise. The result of that profit incentive is

an overzealous prosecution of a law that is questionable, and distribution of forfeiture funds that could be illegal.

At the March 14 County Commission meeting, County Attorney Elaine Coates presented a proposal for distribution of forfeiture funds. Her plan called for 15% of all forfeiture funds to be assigned to her office. Of that 15%, Mrs. Coates would receive 25%. This means, for example, that of a recent forfeiture of \$51,030 already received, her office would receive \$7,654.50. Of that amount, Mrs. Coates would personally receive \$1,913.63. Mrs. Coates' proposal, as she pointed out to me in a conversation on Mar. 24, has not yet been approved by the commission.

I would hope that the Commission sees fit to reject the proposal; approval would constitute a violation of the Utah Code (17-16-14. Salaries of county officers). It clearly states that "the annual salaries of the officers of all counties in the state shall be fixed by the respective boards of the county commissioners, provided no changes shall be made in existing salaries of county officers until the board of county commissioners...first hold a public hearing at which all interested parties shall be given an opportunity to be heard."

Ironically, if the commissioners illegally approve the percentage bonus to the county attorney, it would be the county attorney's responsibility according to the Code (17-5-12) to "institute suit in the name of the county against such person or such office to recover the money so paid." In effect, the County Attorney would have to file suit against herself.

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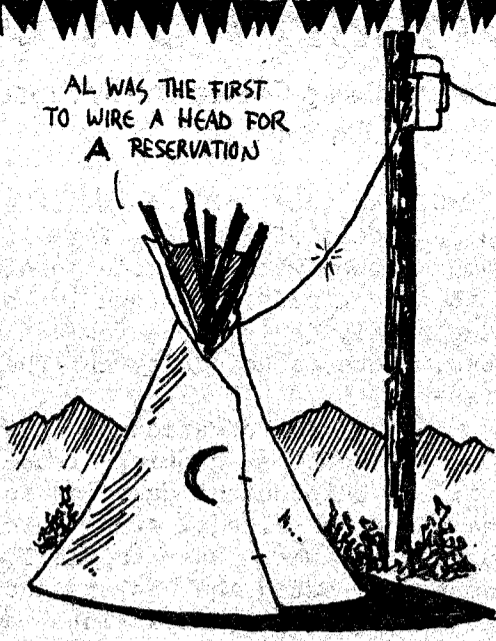


Nemo
Glitz
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It would seem that making the collection of forfeiture funds an incentive to increase operating budgets of government departments, or even serve as bonuses to the salaries of elected officials is subverting the entire system. One incident, already mentioned, when two men in a van were arrested for possession of a small quantity of marihuana, is a disturbing case in point. I recently reviewed this case with Mrs. Coates. The two gentlemen who were arrested had consented to a search of their vehicle, and a small quantity of marihuana was discovered - Mrs. Coates was unsure of the exact quantity. According to the law, their vehicle could have been forfeited and they could have received a fine ranging from \$200 to \$1,000. The "diversion agreement" allowed them to keep their vehicle; they did not pay a fine but, loosely based on the \$3,000 value of the van, each agreed to post a bond of \$1,500, forfeitable in one case to Grand County, and the other to Moab. They wrote their checks to the circuit court, who turned around and wrote checks to the city and county. In effect, they bought back their own car with the promise that if they kept their noses clean for six months "the matter shall be treated as if it had never happened at all," (according to the diversion document).

The whole thing stinks. Obviously, faced with the threat of heavy fines,

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attorney fees, forfeiture of their vehicle and up to a 60 day delay for District Court to hear the case, the option of buying their way out was preferable. But it comes dangerously close to sounding like: "If you make a donation to the Police Benevolent Association, we'll forget the whole

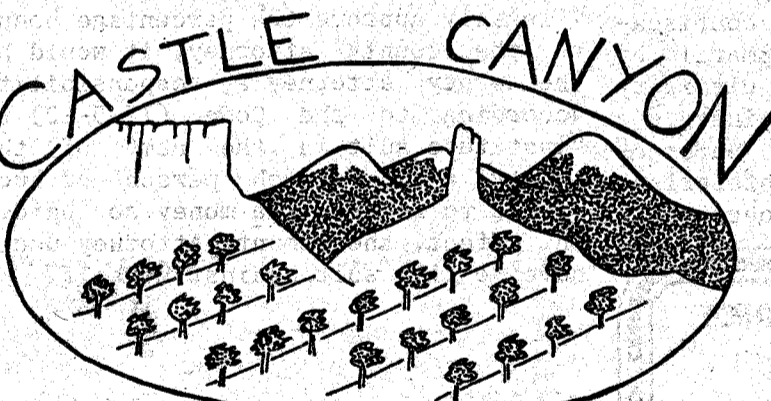
thing," especially when the prosecutor stands to benefit monetarily from the agreement. (If the commissioners approve the County Attorney's proposal, her percentage for "legal services rendered" would be \$112.50).

I read recently that Americans spend \$130 Billion dollars on drugs each year. The supply of drugs will continue as long as the demand exists. If Grand County is really concerned about winning the war against drugs, I suggest that a great portion of forfeiture funds be used in drug abuse education programs in this county's school system. Instead of hiring yet another part time legal clerk or purchasing "furniture and a new copy machine," I suggest that the county attorney put those funds to a more rewarding and valuable use.

The continued practice of roadblocks, searches, random car stops and confiscations is an issue that should concern everyone in Grand County who believes in the basic rights of individuals. That includes the right of presumed innocence until proven guilty and the right to receive a punishment that is fitting, fair and relevant to the violation committed. Nobody is safe when "fighting crime" is motivated by a profit incentive. And at a time when we are supposedly trying to lure tourism to this part of the state, Grand County is fast gaining a reputation for its heavy-handed tactics.

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Atomic Motel

A Tour Of Tom Tom's Foreign Car Museum

Jim Stiles

As construction begins on the new Dan O'Laurie Museum, and work on the Stuntman Hall Of Fame nears completion, we thought it only fair to give credit and praise to Moab's "other" famous museum and tourist attraction, known around the world. Of course, I'm talking about Tom Tom's Foreign Car Museum (and Parts And Service). This proud old Moab edifice is the creation and pride and joy of Thomas K. Arnold. And as a result, it is his gift to us, the citizens of Grand County.

Tom Arnold came to Moab from Colorado State University in 1969 to open S.U.C.C.E., Utah State's satellite program in Southern Utah. But he always loved Volkswagens, so when he came to Moab, he set up a small shop near the road to the dump.

"People would drive by and see us working on the cars, and thought we were a business. Later, when the University and I had a parting of the ways I did open up a business. Then I moved down here and established Tom Tom's.

I asked Tom just why he had such an affection for Volkswagens. "Well, I'll tell you. More characters drive VW's than any other make of car, so I get to meet a lot of those characters, and they're the type who appreciate this kind of place."

Tom Arnold himself is the consummate character. He is a walking duplicate of that guy (Frank Morgan?) who played the Wizard of Oz in the movie of the same name. He has a cherubic way about him. I can almost envision T.K. in a white robe and wings, but with a lot of grease and oil on it. His place has a lot of "character" too. It consists mainly of two large rooms - one is the "office", the other the "service area". There is more stuff in those giant rooms than any-

place I've ever been. I've never quite seen anything like it.

Behind the three lube bay doors, literally tens of thousands of car parts cover almost every square inch of floor, shelf, cabinet and wall



space. There are cylinders and pistons,, crankshafts and camshafts, flywheels and gears, nuts and bolts, steering wheels and wheel covers. There are car parts hanging from the ceiling. There are car parts everywhere.

To the untrained eye, the place looks like a wreck. But it's not - it's just organized in a different way. I have walked in there looking for some obscure part like generator bearings for a 1965 VW bus, and watched Tom wade into what appears to be a gargantuan pile of debris. A few minutes later, he emerges from the chaos with generator bearings for a '65 bus, non-plussed and unaware that he has performed some sort of miracle. "Oh yeah," he'll say, "I remember leaving those bearings there a while back."

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"When was that?" I'd ask.

"Oh, let's see.....1977?" Truly amazing.

The lube bay is pure Volkswagen machinery. Metal parts and oil and grease (and twice daily deposits by his Weimeriner guard dog, Spooky ... when it gets a little deeper Tom plans to plant mushrooms). A purely automotive experience. The office on the other hand is rich in its diversity; anything that anyone might ever need for any reason is in this room.

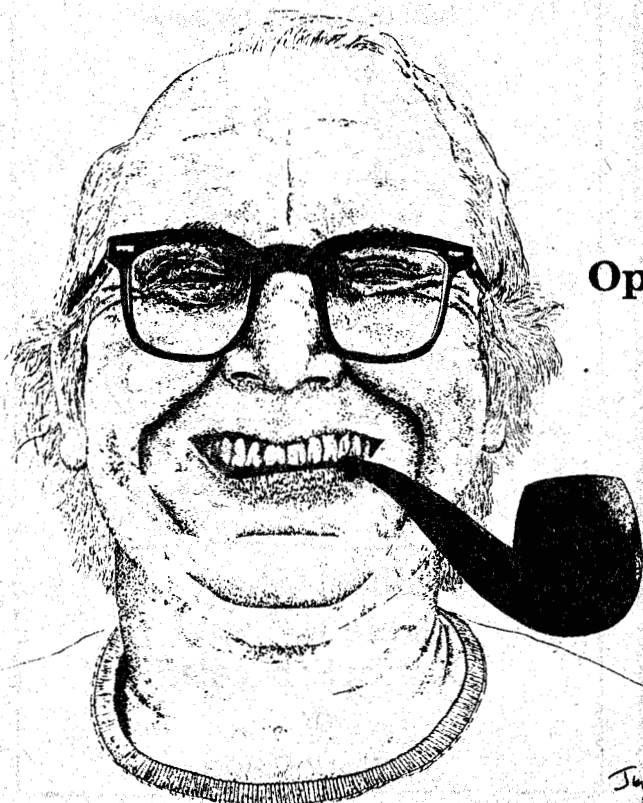
"Well, let's see." Tom views the room from his desk. "There are the life preservers in case anybody needs



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to borrow one, and I keep the survival kits on that shelf. And of course the library is right over there ... well, it was there."

As we walked around the room, I felt like Walter Cronkite, when Jacqueline Kennedy led him on a White House tour almost 25 years ago. It was a walk through time, a stroll through history.

"Right here, I have two totally complete socket sets from 1913. Complete sets. And on the wall over there is a filler can for refilling the old kerosene headlamps on turn-of-the-century autos. This right here, is an old bookkeeping machine from the 20's."

And on the wall above the door there, is my original garage license from Pensacola, Florida."

Scattered about the floor in one corner of the room were what appeared to be oversize darts. "What are those?" I asked.

"Practice bombs, World War II."

Up on the wall are the motheaten remains of a pronghorn antelope and a mule deer. Draped from the antlers are old Park Service "Smokey the Bear"

hats, World War I Doughboy helmets, a gas mask and a sword from Bangkok.

"What did this place look like when you bought it?" I asked.

"It was empty," he replied.

Then we came to "one of his favorite things." It's a full-size, four passenger horsedrawn sleigh (there are not any horses in there at this time). It's an ancient but beautiful old wooden sleigh that Tom found at a farm auction in Streetsville, Ontario. Everywhere he's traveled in the 40 years since he bought it, he has hauled that sleigh along with him. Now it sits inside and out of the weather, by the front door. On the back of it rests his great-grandmother's old steamer chest. We opened it up and took a look inside.

"It's full of my great-grandmother's post cards," he pointed out. "All written from 1901 to 1906. I have a lot of fun with the tourists on this. I let them sort through all the cards and if they find one from their hometown, I let them keep it."

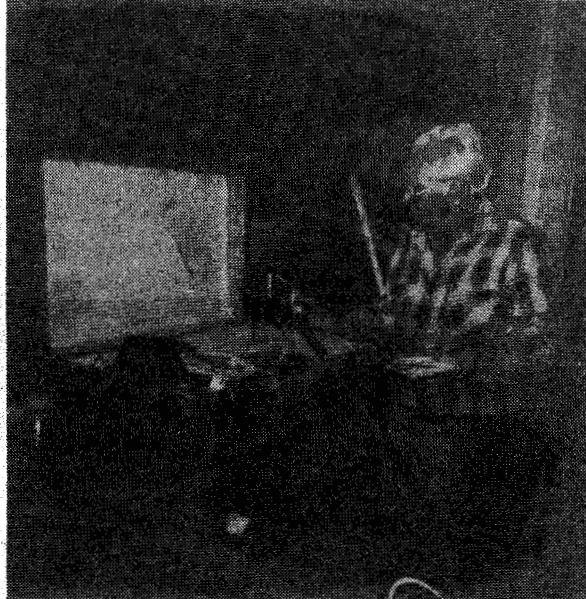
Tom and I stepped outside into the sunlight and took a stroll through the yard. There are scores and scores of

Volkswagens all lined up, row after row. There are Beetles, and Super-beetles, squarebacks and fastbacks, Karmen Ghias and buses. Most of them are not currently in running condition but they are an excellent source for parts and many are fine for restoration. Volkswagen lovers drool when they see Tom Tom's yard.

Beyond the Volkswagens, the sandstone cliffs and the snowy La Sal mountains rise majestically in the distance.

"Isn't that just a beautiful sight? Moab's the nicest place to live in the country. Sometimes I think everyone who lives here should get up each morning, turn to the East and bow down five times. I wasn't born here, but because I have lived in other places it really makes me appreciate Moab even more. I figure, for those who want big city ways, they should move to a big city. Moab is great the way it is."

Tom Arnold; economist, VW mechanic, philosopher. And admission to TK's museum is free.



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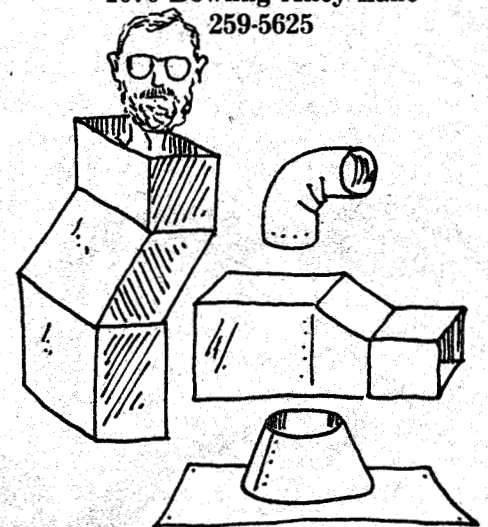
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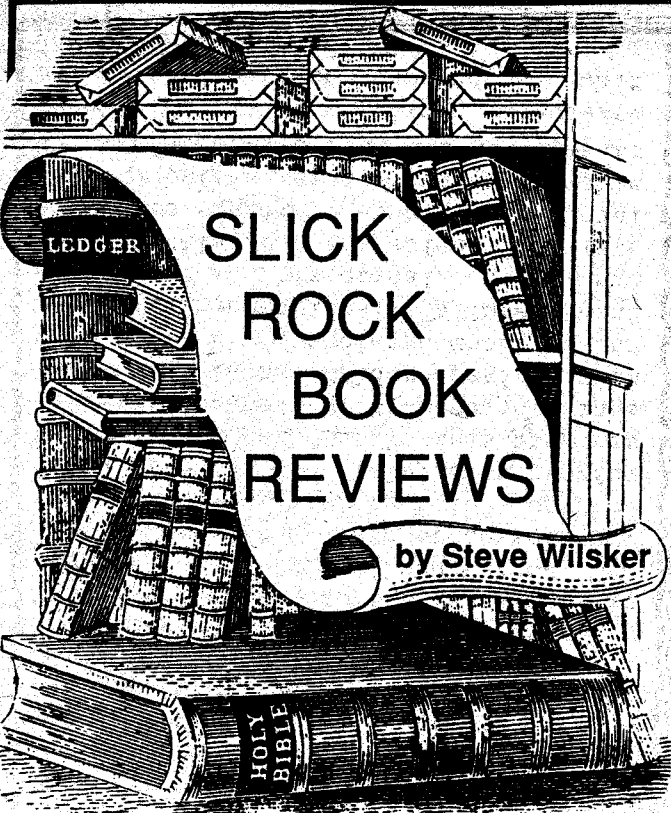
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Our local geology is spectacular, our history complex. Visitors and local residents are often curious and nearly always intimidated by the plentitude of books written about the Colorado Plateau, its settlements and settlers.

In this and future issues, we will publish a reading list to help those who are interested in how the Canyon Country came to be this way. The list will not be complete, may never be complete. Important discoveries are made every year; diaries and letters come to light, new interpretations are given to well-known material. We hope to offer key readings to provide a solid base of knowledge and understanding from which the reader can branch off into fields of special interest.

Our criteria are few: these books are well-written, understandable by non-scientists, and summarize fundamental knowledge in a particular field. They are also special favorites of ours, but we're always open to a good suggestion.

The Restless Earth, by Nigel Calder

A few years ago, a professor of geology couldn't get a job if he believed in the theory of plate tectonics - today, he won't be hired if he doesn't believe it. The movement of the surface of the Earth is well-documented fact and if all the details are not yet fully understood, Mr. Calder makes the basic processes very clear. Originally written in conjunction with a BBC television program that appeared on PBS-TV, this book is well-illustrated with maps, drawings and photographs. Calder begins with the history of geologic theories and carefully summarizes failures and successes in historical context. His book contains enough scientific material to qualify as a college-level course, but is easily understandable by the layman, a fine accomplishment. This is, among other things, the story of how our continent came to be what and where it is.

On Mountains, by John Jerome

Jerome is a former editor of Skiing magazine. This fine, small volume is the history of his fascination with mountains and what he has learned about their formation, uses and dangers. Scientific terms are kept to a minimum. More usual are the correct names of the different kinds of material he discusses, from batholith to krummholz. Jerome is not only concerned with what mountains are, but how we live around and on them. You'll learn how the Matterhorn was formed, why avalanches start, what deer eat in the Adirondacks, the hard mystique of the dedicated mountain climber and much more. Jerome loves mountains, and he'll make you love them too.

Canyon Country Geology, by Fran Barnes

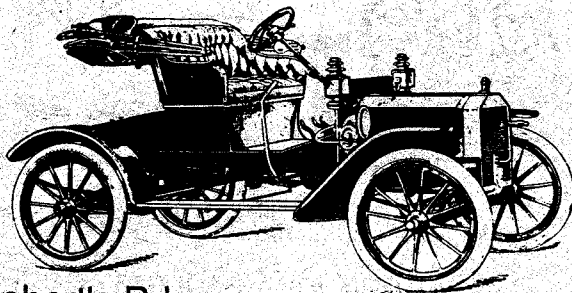
For the basic geology of the heart of the Colorado Plateau, this slender book is required reading for the serious explorer and casual visitor alike. Barnes concentrates on helping the reader know the individual formations he is viewing (or can view) in all parts of the Canyon Country. He

brings the terminology of the rocks to life; he defines his terms, from alluvial cuts to wrinkled rock, tells you about the forces at work, and names simple locations to visit and explore. The book is nicely illustrated and gives travel directions to important sites. Note: the author's chart of the Canyon Country Rock Strata Sequence is available on a larger, more readable scale at Lin Ottinger's Moab Rock Shop, in addition to stereographic, bird's eye views of the canyon country in brilliant color.

The Colorado, by Frank Waters

Originally one of the great gems of the "Rivers of America" series, this is a splendid introduction for the layman by one of the West's great writers (you'll see other volumes by Waters listed here later). The author is also a storyteller; it is greatly to his credit that he has packed so much information into such a vivid tale of a great river and its interactions with those who have lived with it. From Conquistador to Cortez, Waters combines insight with empathy to tell of the landscape and people he

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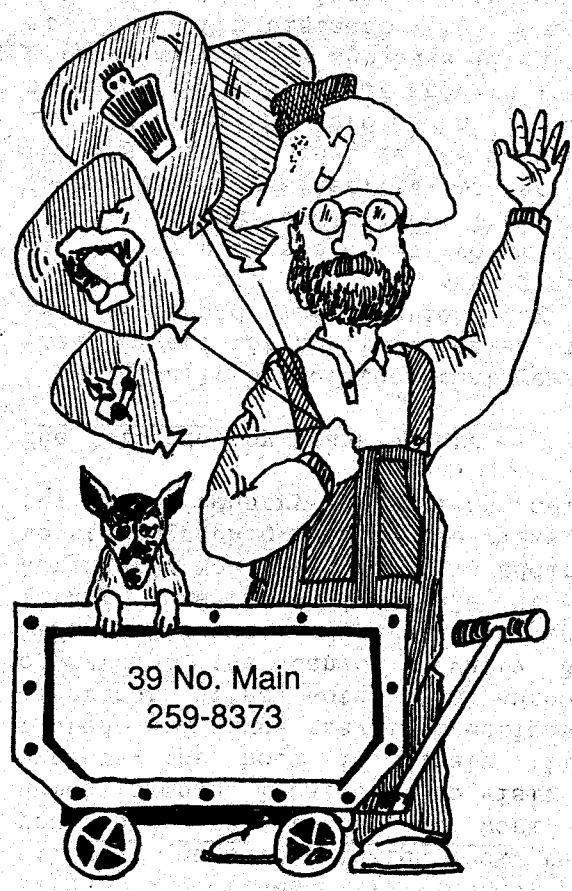
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knows and loves. The original edition was illustrated by the notable Southwestern artist, Nicolai Fechin.

The Exploration of the Colorado River and its Canyons, by John Wesley Powell

The great narrative of the Powell expeditions (1869-1873) is still exciting. An exploration of unknown and untamed rivers in small wooden boats with limited supplies and no chance of rescue, no park rangers, no med-evac helicopters, no hospitals, calls for not just courage, but real gallantry. The tale of the voyage is well-laced with Powell's consuming interest in ethnography and is illustrated in the charming style of its era. Powell makes only small mention of the fact that he had only one arm (the other had been lost in the Civil War; Powell concluded his service with the Union Army as Commander of Artillery, XX Corps).

A Canyon Voyage, by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh

The author was just 17 years old when he made this voyage, and he took his work seriously. This is a closely detailed account of the second Powell expedition (1871-1873). Dellenbaugh writes not so much of what they found (Powell's primary concern) but of the rigors and the personalities of the voyage. Nevertheless, his descriptions



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of the landscape are both lovely and accurate. This volume contains some of the first photographs taken of the Canyon Country, offering a fascinating ing comparison to the way they look

today. This book is not important just for its portrait of an important historical expedition, but for reminding us how interesting and exciting a trip can be when one has purpose.

Run, River, Run, by Ann Zwinger

This is a masterpiece of detailed appreciation of a river and its land. Zwinger summarizes her trip down the Green River, from its origin to the confluence with the Colorado. A naturalist, she loves her work and it shows in every paragraph. She includes historical background and her own drawings and maps. Zwinger is no mere cataloger determined to increase her count of live things in the region; she conveys her love of the landscape and all its inhabitants, of the way things were, and of the way things are. With no rage or polemic, her narrative skill shows that not to live with Nature is a terrible loss.

A PERSONAL NOTE: While there can be considerable satisfaction and pleasure in retracing notable journeys, the attempt to relive, to verify another's experience can deprive us of our own discoveries. No account of any journey is ever complete, so it would be a waste of opportunity not to make your travels your own. To paraphrase the poet Basho; do not merely follow in the footsteps of the men of old - seek the things they sought.

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You qualify? Well, welcome to a summer of Whitewater Rafting. You'll be working no less than 80 hours each week and earning an enviable salary of \$900 per month! Welcome aboard! Oh, watch that sharp frame there, might cut your foot on it!

What? Health Insurance? Benefits? You must be kidding! Why, most people would pay to ride back there in the truck on a pile of boats, oars, coolers, and boxes at a hot, windblown 65 MPH just to see the beautiful stinking summer desert breeze by, wouldn't they?

Oh, heh heh, I see, it was a joke. Hey, you're a good practical joker - the tourists'll love you! I remember someone else thinking I was the joker when I told them they had to work their first five river trips with no pay! Imagine that! They actually thought they'd get paid when they started! Where DO people come from, anyway!

Oh yeah, I almost forgot, you'll have to pick up a little bit of boat rigging to start out. Let's see, about 18 cam buckle straps, 40' of rope, a throw line, patch kit, pump, tarp and three or four waterproof bags ought to do for starters. We can get you some discounts, probably keep it under \$250 minus your own waterproof boxes and first aid kit.

Your first aid runs out this year? No problem, you can pick up the local refresher for only 56 hours and a few bucks. We'll keep you off the schedule that week.

I know, I know, it sounds a bit overwhelming. But really, just six or eight hours of rigging boats and trucks for the trip, three to five hours of driving to get to the put-in, a couple of hours rigging on the water

and poof! You're afloat, on a wonderful river trip! Some days you'll be on the water as much as five hours! Imagine that! Don't worry about the de-rig after the trip. That's long and complicated, and we won't get into it here.

Now, when you get to camp the other guides will show you how it's all done. If you work hard you can have all the tents set up and serve dinner and desert before dark. It should take only four or five hours for the meal and cleanup, and then you've got time before midnight to entertain your guests. You say on the application you are a musician. Wonderful, you can play all night! What? I'm afraid not, we certainly can't afford to be paying extra for something like music!

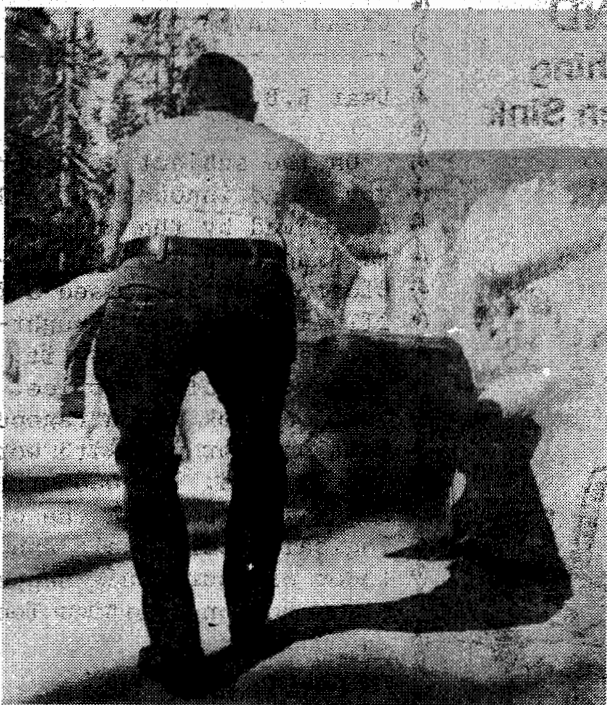
All right, well, have a good trip! Oh yes. Don't run the big hole when you're out there. We'd get sued clear to Mexico if anyone flipped in it! There he goes. Hope he makes a good boatman. Gee, it's getting hard to find a good boatman these days! Whatever happened to those spontaneous creative river runners of a decade ago? You'd think people would give anything to work out on the river. I just can't figure it out!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Never a Phony Letter"

IN SUPPORT OF ANTI-ENVIRONMENTALISM

Dear Stinkers:

I, for one, advocate the systematic destruction of our beautiful and fragile planet.

I have worked most of my adult life in fossil-fueled power plants, and do so today. In fact, as I write this, I sit in a control room in a mega-dollar, hole-digging, smoke-belching, fire-breathing, beer-drinking, mind-twisting, coal-fired power plant. If you are reading this by electric light then you are helping me in my mission! (to destroy the planet, that is.)

The way I see it, the destiny of the human race is to make that leap from our native Earth to the stars! Being basically lazy, the only incentive powerful enough to motivate our slothful butts to the heavens is the survival instinct. Once we have trashed old Terra to the point of killing off everyone, we will do the only respectable thing for a hunter-gatherer, nomadic semi-barbarian. Leave.

Troy T.
Aztec, NM

PS: I support placing toxic waste incinerators, open pit mines and uncovered sewers in Salt Lake City, UT, and Fontana, California.

Dear Troy: I've got you beat. I once sold hydraulic systems for Minuteman Missile installations. But there's still hope for you. Try the Betty Ford Clinic. (Ed.)

Dear STINKING Desert Gazeteers:

Keep up the good work - see you all in June at the Poplar Place (start stocking up on beer! (Coors, Grizzly, Moosehead!))

Brad W.
Thousand Oaks, CA

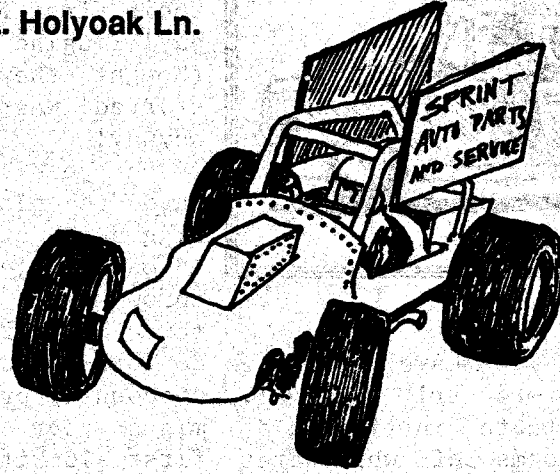
PS: I suggest that the idea of ruining the unspoiled beauty of the Utah desert is what is drawing the corporate yuppies and toxic waste dumpers into the area ... You need to work on stressing the idea that SE Utah is already over-polluted and that the entire environment is already ruined in order to take the fun away from the environmental sadists - try photos of Moab on a smoggy day, the settling ponds east of Dead Horse Point .. or, tell them the real reason the Colorado River is brown!!

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Hi!

You are getting better and better! The Mar. Issue is great!

G
Moab

Saw your notice in the HCN but had forgotten til a recent pass through Moab. Sign me up for a year. Hope to get back to the Plateau for another long stay but looks bleak at the moment (my chances, not the slick-rock). Can look forward to some laughs anyway.

John W
Duncan, OK

To the Editor:

I am not a religious person, but I always thought Mormans were in some way different from other Christians. But, let's face it, they are all Cashtians,. They worship the little green faces of Washington, Lincoln, Hamilton Jackson, etc..

Why else would they want to destroy in a few short years what it took their God millions of years to create. Please keep up the fight.

John P
N. Hollywood, CA

Stinker,

Hey, I'm sure there is truth in fiction. Sign me up.

HJ
Grand Canyon, AZ

Dear B.B. & Co.

On the subject of women, I must say you sound innocent of all charges, aggrieved by the ongoing uproar, and tending toward bitter --- come on, Bloato, you've raised a fine fuss, illuminating and thought-provoking, now hang on and ride it! You're providing a public service. In general your outlook is outrageous, not to mention your way with words; don't be discouraged. The whole storm seems right in line with the overall sociological, ecological and political tenor of your truly happening locale. Makes Boston politics look tame - keep it up!

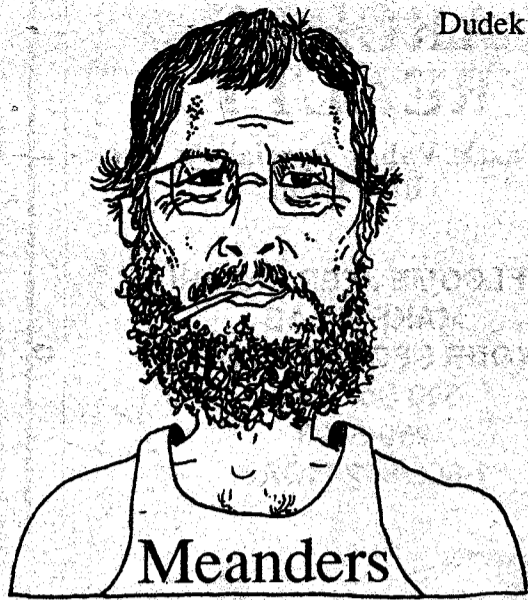
Bemusedly,

Jane C.
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

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Last month in this corner the on-going conflict between the Sagebrush Right and the Environmental Left was briefly touched upon in an effort to stimulate an open debate on the subject within these pages. It is our firm belief that the free expression of opinions from both sides leads not to more difficulty but to a greater understanding of the problem that has divided this community.

This conflict is not peculiar to the Canyonlands. From wilderness areas to small towns to large cities, the search for benign compromise between pro-development forces and conservation groups - compromise mandated by the explosive proliferation of the human species - has been a constant struggle and a source of deep philosophical contention. So it is here; except that the possibility of compromise seems less likely due to the ideological commitment of our county officials to the dogma of the Right, including an inflexible rejection of conservationist themes.

That rigid adherence to the goals of the Sagebrush Rebellion by our county commissioners over the years stands at odds with the democratic ideal of elected officials serving as arbiters of the diverse political wishes of their constituencies. The development of a local environmental movement resulted primarily from a disapproval of their philosophically lop-sided official agenda, especially their active solicitation of the high level nuclear waste repository and the toxic waste incinerator.

The Sagebrush Rebellion has run its short course and faded as a political entity. Moab witnessed one good rally. The Rebels gathered in City Park one morning eight years ago to give a few speeches, pass out some "I am a Sagebrush Rebel" bumper stickers, and generally muster up their courage for the symbolic act of defiance they had planned for later in the day: the driving of the bulldozer into the Mill Creek Canyon WSA to "re-open" an old road and disqualify the area from further consideration.

In retrospect, the event was more comical than revolutionary. During the speeches some growling discontent was heard from the rear of the crowd. It was the B'ville Boys, dissenting in their own inimitable way. They had snared a few stickers, clipped off the word 'Rebel', and were protesting the event with the mystical slogan "I AM A SAGEBRUSH" plastered proudly to their chests. It was great. Later that day they stood in front of the dozer and had to be physically moved before the illegal 'work' could begin. Not to worry. The commissioners couldn't read the map. The road they selected was outside the Wilderness Study Area.

The Rebellion reached its peak in 1982 when James Watt commenced the highly publicized public land sale in June of that year. It seemed a dream come true for the Rebels, and a nightmare for the environmentalists. The program was justified under the need to raise some revenue and balance the budget. It was cheap lip service from a president who was destined to run up a debt in his first term larger than that of his 39 predecessors combined, in 200 years of US fiscal history.

The land sale was thwarted by an environmentalist lawsuit and finally abandoned by the administration. It was a victory of sorts for the conservationist movement, although some luck was involved. The market value of commodities like uranium, oil, natural gas and timber, driven upward by an intense period of speculation, began to fall. The pressure to exploit the marginal resources remaining on public land was reduced, dissipating most of the momentum behind the Rebellion. But



In this one I tried to symbolize man's struggle with nature... The paradox of survival versus the environment on the one hand and the pleasure of the hunt on the other....

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something else happened as well. A native conservation movement, rooted in Western tradition and enhanced by people working in the tourist, New-Tech and service industries, came out of dormancy. As Bruce Babbitt put it: "With the advent of the Reagan Administration and the dismantling of the federal trusteeship, there was a spontaneous awakening all over the West." The new coalition of natives and immigrants revived the sense of the West as a treasure to be preserved and protected, not a resource to be sold off and spent.

Ultimately, the Reagan administration, enmired in its corrupt agenda, did much for the current strength of the conservationist cause. Remember, this is the same administration that proposed selling off part of Liberty Island, the rock upon which stands the greatest symbol of human freedom the world has ever known, to developers for condominiums for the very wealthy. Built to commemorate our centennial celebration, the Statue ignited the fire of freedom in the hearts of millions worldwide who saw its picture and were moved to leave their native lands to come to our shores to flee the oppressive monarchies that dominated the world at that time. Reagan saw nothing wrong with trashing the island into a playground for his rich friends. Fortunately, the idea didn't "fly". The image of hope, our democratic heritage, is not yet completely defiled by greed.

To be fair, some good did come out of the SR movement. Effective lobbying in Washington by western legislators helped to bring about "in lieu" relief to counties land-locked by massive federal holdings. These are payments by the federal government to those counties in lieu of the taxes lost because of the lack of private, taxable land. It's not peanuts. In

Grand County alone the "in lieu" money amounts to roughly \$300 thousand annually - not bad, when you consider that annual revenues from property taxes are only about \$450 thousand. Local Rebels, ideologically opposed to any form of federal assistance, have shown admirable restraint in their criticism of this 'in lieu' program.

So, where does all of this leave us? The Sagebrush Right is still in power, even if the rebellion is dead. The fervent hope in these quarters is that moderation will come to the leadership of this county. The radicals on both sides of the political spectrum are useful in determining the range and breadth of the conflict, but seem mostly counterproductive when elected to political office.

It's easy to speak on behalf of the environment; less so for the movement. Environmentalists who fail to consider each issue on its merits and resort to blanket endorsements of environmental ideologies have fallen into the same category as their opponents.

I don't know what to think about the Burr Trail and whether to pave it or not. Pavement draws more people. Is that good or bad? It has been pointed out that a good surface would reduce the awesome dust pollution, estimated at 40 tons per car per 60 mile trip. It has been alleged that off-road vehicle drivers are less likely to drive off into the untracked desert from a surfaced road than from an unimproved dirt road. What's right? I don't feel qualified to say.

When the issue is one of introducing poisons to a "clean" area, I tend to be an activist in opposition. Underground aquifers tainted by chemicals that have literally caused people's skin to come off in the shower are going to take thousands of years to refresh, if proper cleanup were instigated immediately, which it won't be. In light of all we know about the danger of chemical pollution, it's no wonder that other states are looking frantically for a place to send their "stuff". Pristine areas with good water ought to be preserved, and not threatened with the importation of chemicals by the tens of thousands of gallons. It just doesn't make any sense to tank-truck it to Canyonlands.

A classic example of the wisdom of "experts" threatening an area occurred in Colorado in the early 70's, from a scheme cooked up by scientists in an urban "think tank" who had no sensitivity to the region they were about to disrupt.

It was ballyhooed as the Project Rulison, in the mountains of West-central Colorado, where the experts decided they could produce natural gas by fracturing the host rock with nuclear explosions. They claimed that they could then drill into the resulting cavern, tap the gas and safely sell it.

We insisted that it would be unjust to the area residents, that the gas would be too "hot" to ever sell, and that there were long-term dangers in exploding nuclear bombs underground at the very top of the water table.

What do you know! The earthquake they generated cracked the foundations and fireplaces of the old ranch houses that dated back to the turn of the century. They flared off the well for years and never got commercial gas that was safely free of radiation. The damage to the water table remains to be determined. The "well" was finally capped and abandoned.

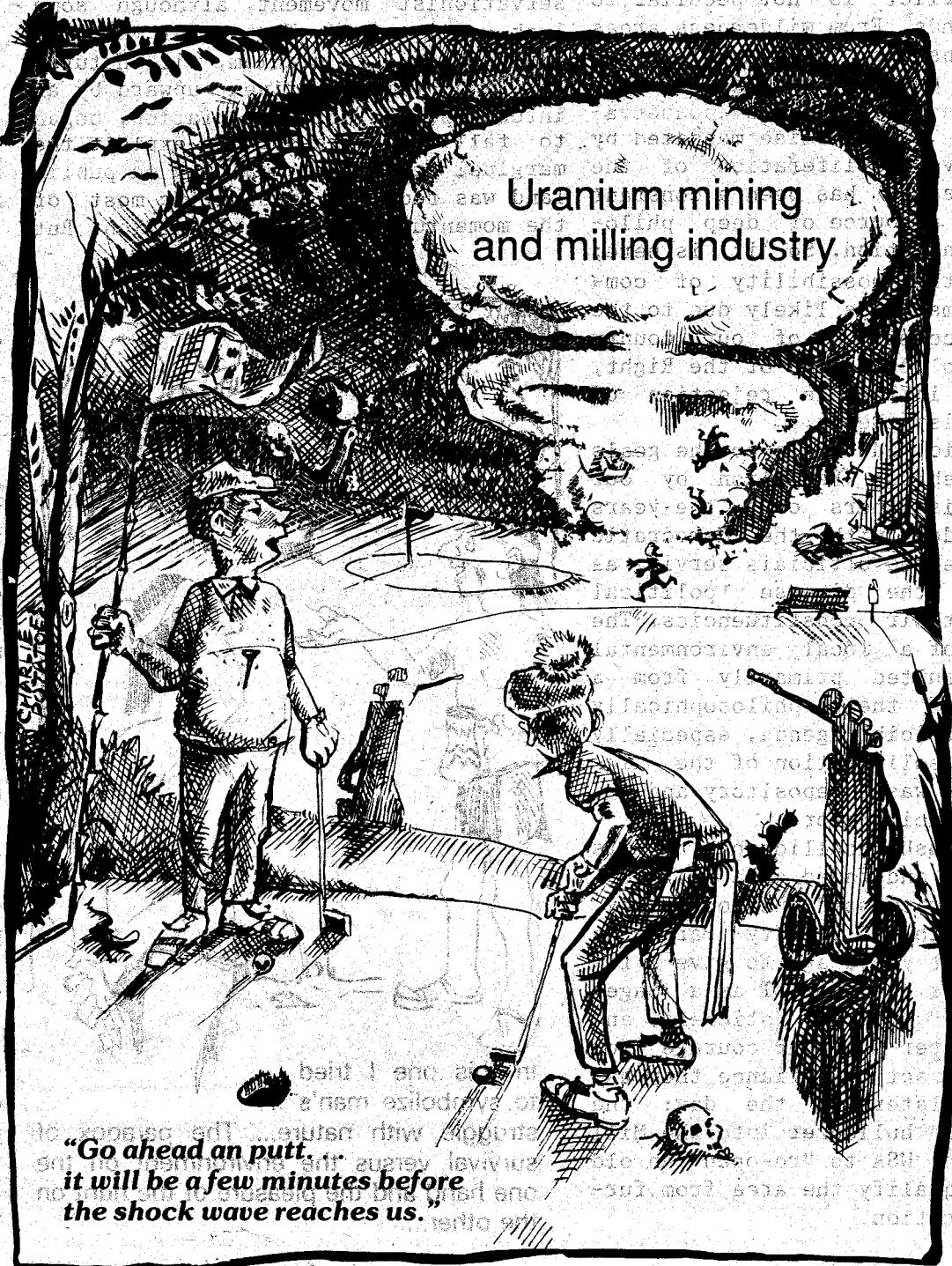
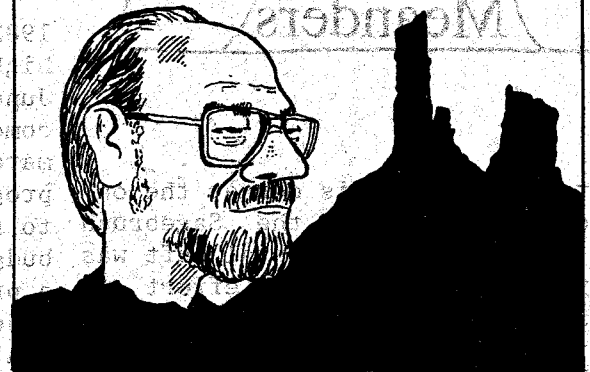
One could cite examples of expert incompetence forever, till hell froze over, and never repeat oneself. That's why Moab would do well to choose the safe industries, and avoid the risky ones. The Sagebrush Right trusts the incinerator technology even while they admit they know nothing about it. They are ideologically bound to trust all technology, even when it fumes right in their faces. Thank heaven the decision is going to be up to the voters, who have shown that they are willing to study it and make informed decisions. Moderate leadership could have avoided most of this conflict.

"I'd rather wake up in the middle of nowhere than in any city on earth." STEVE McQUEEN

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"Notes from the 'Risky Road Expeditions' diary"

by Izzie Kiddin

May, 1976. It's my first day at the motor on the Daily! (Everyone motored back in those days.) I'm very nervous even though "Tank", the licensed boatman, is at my side. To make matters worse there is a paraplegic on board! I often wonder: How do I wander into these situations?

The first half of the trip passes by quite nicely. We carry the paraplegic off and on the raft for lunch and the other short stops. The small rapids were a cinch. I'm getting a bit cocky at the helm, and start telling all the great sea stories that I've never experienced. The crowd laughs and drinks and has a grand time. We are approaching White's Rapid.

All of a sudden, my cockiness grows limp. It's high water season, and White's looks a bit menacing from here. I ask Tank if he'd like to run this one, but he says it's mine. I don't know if I want it.

On other training trips, in high water, we usually hit the first hole and skirt the second, giving the passengers a precarious glimpse down into that Maytag machine. No hot-dogging allowed. You flip a raft in this company and you're out the door. I make my approach. There is nothing more startling or disconcerting than to hear your motor die in the middle of a crucial run.

Unlike oar power, when your motor dies you are at the mercy of the river. The motor has swamped going into the first hole and, like some hoary giant, its hydraulics have sucked us back into it. And the motor is saying nothing.

We are all standing in the raft now because sitting under this huge wave that's crashing upon us would make it a bit hard to breathe. The passengers are holding the paraplegic up in their arms as Tank and I flail away at the motor. I'm torn between pulling this cord again or abandoning ship and swimming somewhere downstream, when I hear the unmistakable sound; of laughter!

The passengers are laughing! No, not laughing, they are roaring! Tank and I suddenly realize that they think

this is part of the show! That we do this everyday! For fun!

We laugh along with them, all the while yanking on the motor, and trying to keep our knees from shaking and our bowels from moving. We finally get the motor going and limp to shore.

The boat is so waterlogged we have to flip it to drain it. The passengers are still roaring with laughter. They

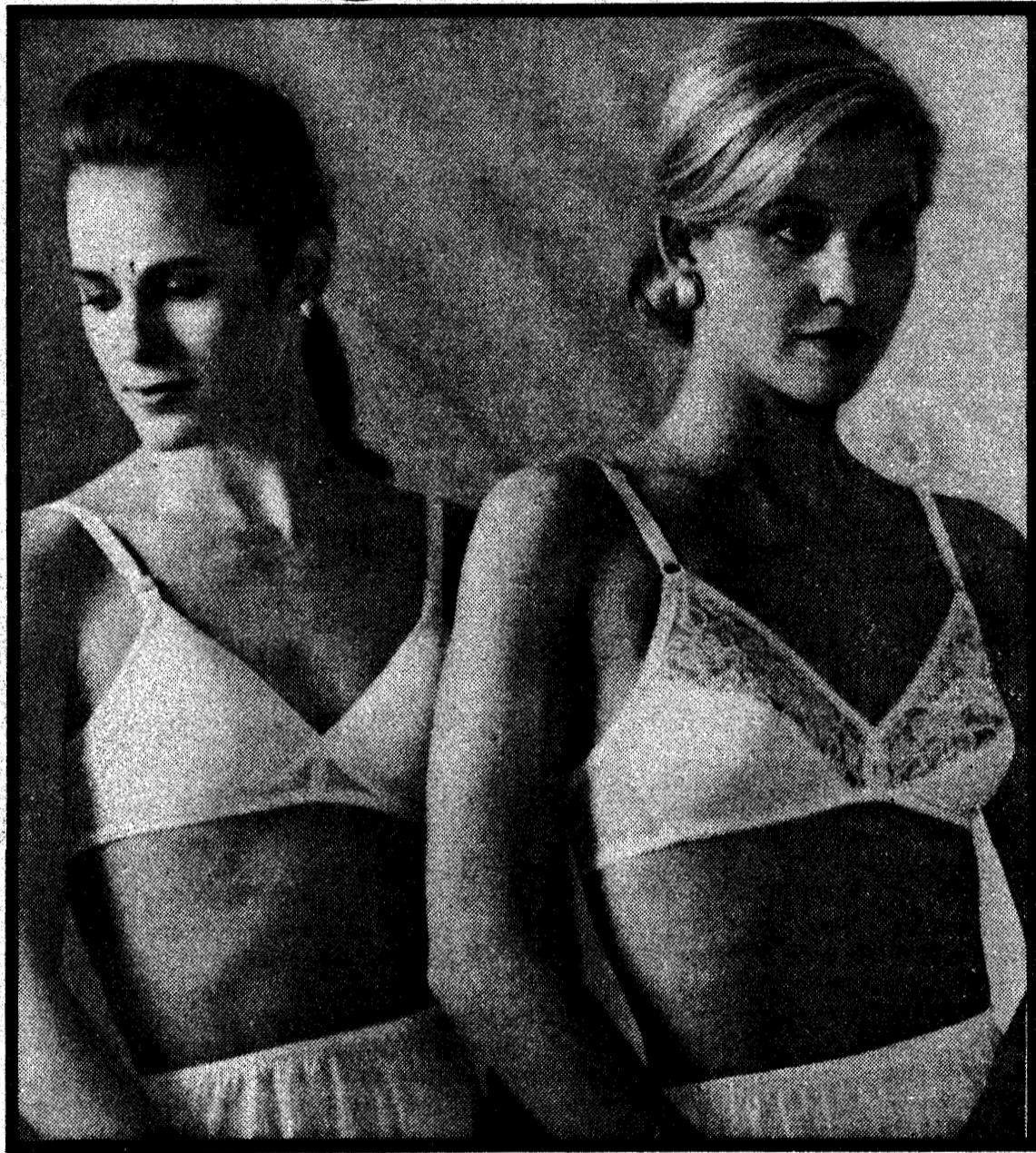
want to know if we can do that again!

Tank takes the raft on in while I think of dry land, gin and tonics, and a possible clerical position with the rafting company.

By the way, no one, for the remainder of that summer, made more tips than we did on that, my last trip ever as a commercial boatman.

OUCH! WHY DOES THAT BITCH INSIST ON MASHING MY BOOB!

PADDED! I KNEW IT!



Over the Counter

by Nemo Glitz

