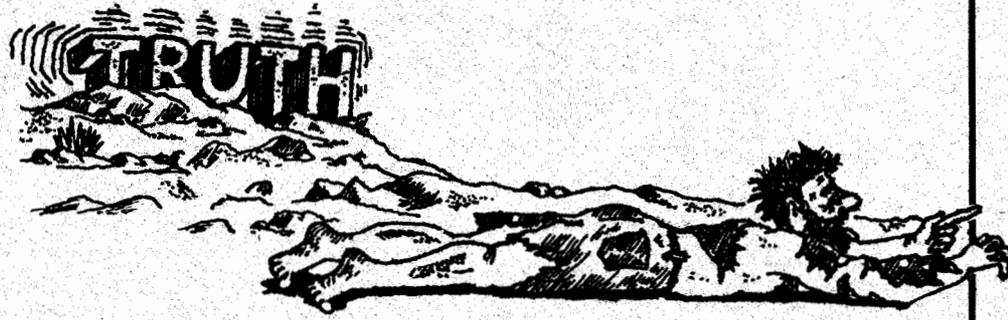


The Stinking Desert GAZETTE

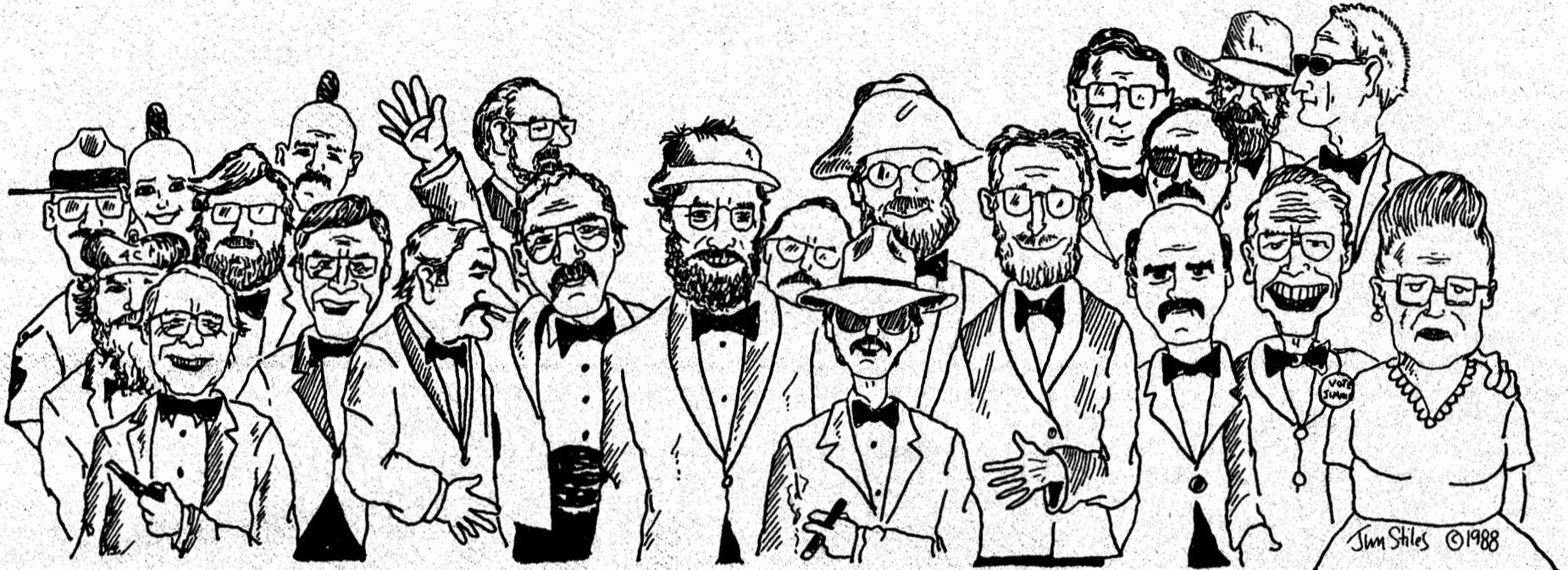
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Moab, Utah

Vol. 3 35¢ No. 1

August, 1988



The Second Anniversary Party

Nik Rides In



Rocks Threatened, Rockhuggers Convene

The members of the Moab Chapter of Rockhugger's International met in emergency session last month to deal with the growing symptoms of local stone insecurity.

Randy Floater, spokesman for the group, said the problem relates directly to the new 18 hole golf course presently being built in Spanish Valley.

"When the designers expanded the course toward the colorful cliffs on the northeastern side of the valley, they made those glamorous walls the focus of attention. And the effect is certainly breathtaking," said Floater.

"What they didn't take into

account was the feelings of the other cliffs that ring the valley. They have definitely been upstaged and are losing face as a result.

Floater pointed to the recent rockslide that destroyed the potash train rails near Arches Park as a good example of a cliff losing face.

The rockhuggers vowed to hold regularly-scheduled admiration vigils at select points around the valley to help "shore up the self-image of these neglected walls," said Floater. Anyone interested in participating should bring a camera, binoculars, sketch pad and water colors.

Stuntpaper?

Philmore Banks, publisher of the Stinking Desert Gazette, announced last month that his publication had indeed been inducted into the Hollywood Stuntmen's Hall Of Fame, as an honorary member.

Banks, in a brief announcement on local radio station KCYN, said that his organization was pleased to be honored by the stuntmen, "no matter what the reasoning behind it might be."

While there was no official explanation from the stuntmen for the award, an anonymous spokesman

for the group has been overheard to say the the Gazette deserved recognition for "its incredible balance and endurance while wobbling on one leg for two years at the edge of a dangerous fall, all the while keeping the other foot firmly in its mouth."

"I don't know if that reckless little paper is good or if it's just lucky," said museum president Hagner Johnson. "The important thing is, it's still alive, and that's what counts to a stuntman."



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Incorporated (A Non-Profit Organization)

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The Stinking Desert Gazette

is recognized as a Distinguished Honorary Member of The HOLLYWOOD STUNTMEN'S HALL OF FAME, Inc.



Date: July 6, 1988



Steve Canyonlands

Rockheads! It's Steve, with the lowdown on this rocking little river town. Remember, read Steve and believe.

July was pretty hot, even for Moab. Even the ironweed is wilting. Just to test the old adage I tried frying an egg on the sidewalk downtown. I guess I didn't use enough butter, because it stuck badly and didn't taste very good.....

The river's been dropping, and could soon equal the trickle of the summer of 1977. The motomen are ploughing new routes through Cataract Canyon, prop-dredging the channel. Excitement and glamour in the motorbox.....

There was no Miss Grand County Pageant last month, and the reigning queen will stay on the throne for another year. The contest was cancelled due to "lack of contestants".....

Let's see, the only other news worth mentioning - Carolyn and Tom trapped 21 mice while camping alongside Ken's Lake.
And so, on to the trivia....

RANK ADS: Who cares what the lady on TV does in the john that takes so long, makes her feel so good, and obviously takes the pressure off her husband.....Even worse, all the AT&T ads that deal in fear and intimidation And incidentally, I figured out why the sound volume goes up during the ads, despite denials from the networks that it's done by them. See, so many people lower the sound when a commercial comes on that less of the signal is soaked up, creating an amplified signal to those that remain at full volume. Simple.....

The HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED department: Do rhinos really stamp out campfires?..... Does an 18-hour bra just suddenly give way after 18 hours?..... Are the pyramids really built of poured cement?..... Is the huge Mormon Temple in SLC really built on giant granite rolling pins to absorb the ground-motion from the next great quake?..... And finally: Did anyone ever check to see who started the rumor that Skin So Soft is an effective control for gnats? Ding Dong. Guess who?.....

OVERHEARD: In the Moab Rock shop, a lady who stepped up to the counter and politely asked Lin Ottinger how many undiscovered arches there were. "Seven", answered Lin. The lady seemed not quite satisfied with the answer, so he went on. "Of course, that's just in this area. Counting all the others, there's nearly sixty." "Well, isn't that amazing," she said, and wandered off.

The Stinking Desert Gazette
Box 13
Moab, UT 84532

CEO
Christine Calnan

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Jim Stiles

GOFER
Robert Dudek

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Several of us were out back in Lin's boneyard and Russ was watching Randolph, Lin's black, weiner-type dog, struggle to get up the steps into the trailer. "Why in the world did you pick such a runt of a dog?" asked Russ. "Simple," said Lin. "I just took to heart the advice in my favorite song: "Get a Long Little Doggie."

Til next month, chow!

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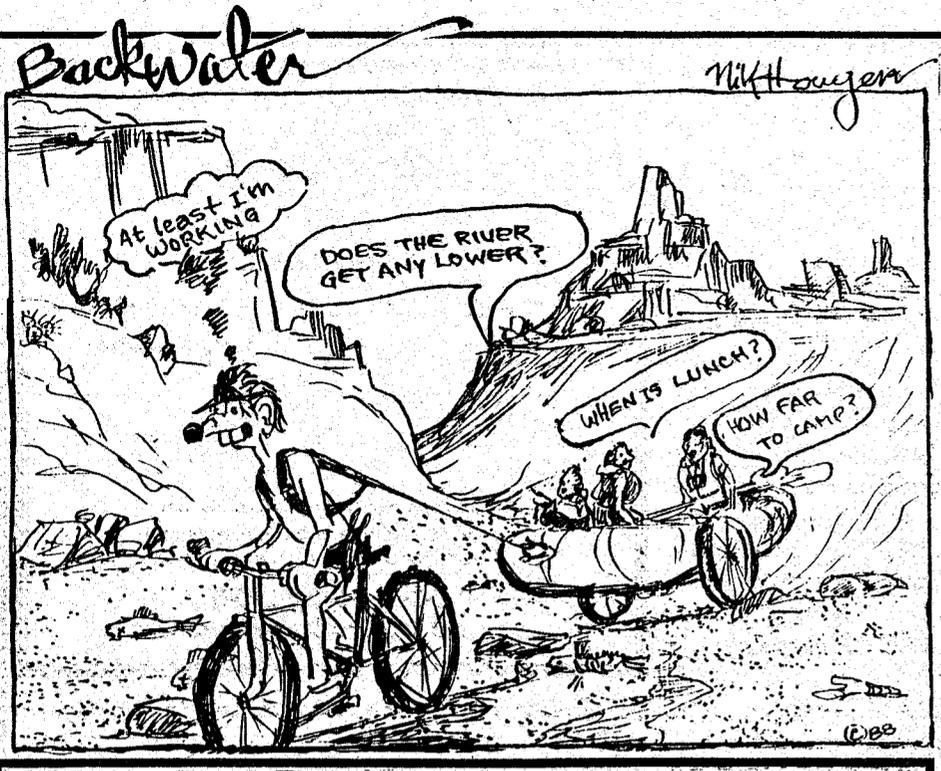
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PICKUP RIDE TO HELL

or searching for baloots in San Francisco

by Jim Stiles

We were out on the west desert, puffing on a couple of Royal Jamaicans and getting depressed listening to Tracy Chapman sing "Fast Car." My attorney, Willy Flocko, suggested that I turn the tape off.

"If you get into one of your blue flunks, it'll ruin the entire trip," he advised. "Besides, a man can't enjoy a good baloot in a bad mood."

We were on our way to San Francisco, the City by the Bay, home of the Golden Gate, the Giants and the 49'ers, the gay capitol of the world, Padich's Grill and the international feasting grounds for baloots.

Baloot. What are these baloots, I kept wondering. I knew I'd led a sheltered life, raised in Kentucky, transplanted to Moab, but I'd never even heard of a baloot. My attorney explained..

"Ah yes, baloots," he sighed. "Truly a delicacy for a gourmet palette. They're smoked, fully developed duck embryos, actually smoked right in the egg shell. I think if I had a choice between it and Beluga caviar, I'd demand the baloots every time."

"Well," I asked, "What part of the embryo do you eat?"

"What part?" Willy cried incredulously. "Why all parts. All of it. You eat the whole thing!"

"You mean you eat the feet? The beak? The feathers?"

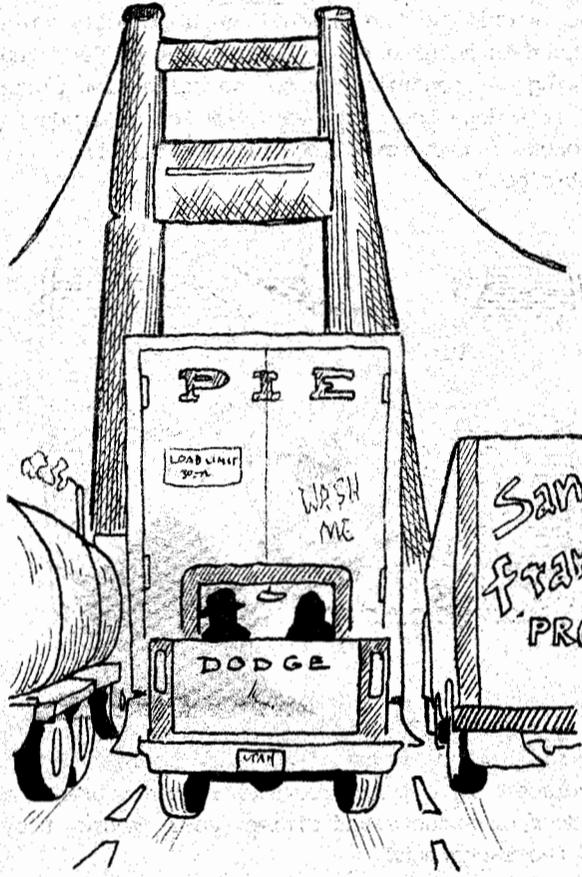
"Of course ... The feet are the best part."

I thought about this as we climbed the Sierra Nevada, and descended into Lake Tahoe. We were both confronted and subsequently terrified by the sight of tens of thousands of people, in thousands of automobiles and motorhomes. The traffic, which just a couple of hours ago in Nevada had been non-existent, was now bumper to bumper. We crept through the casino district at South Shore -- Pia Zadora was playing the Main Room at Harvey's. What a gal, that Pia Zadora -- talk about talent. We crossed over the state line.

"I'll be glad when this traffic thins out," I said. "This is a nightmare."

"Thin out ... you're dreaming," Willy replied. "Welcome to California. It'll be like this all the way to the coast."

Willy, as usual, was right. By the time we reached Sacramento, the freeway had grown to ten lanes. The traffic was still bumper to bumper, but almost everyone was traveling between seven-



ty and eighty miles an hour. I started flash-backing to my freeway days in Louisville, and very soon I was lane jumping and bumper riding with the best of these California drivers. I felt great. I felt alive. I looked over at my attorney ... he looked pale.

"Pull over," he said quietly. "I'll drive."

Well, it was his truck after all. I relinquished the wheel and settled down in the passenger seat. At first it was difficult to adjust to Flocko's less frenetic driving style, but it did give me time to keep a lookout for the first baloot stand. As we approached the Bay area, however, I was still searching with no luck whatsoever.

We arrived at the condo in Alameda in the late afternoon. After we'd unloaded the gear, Willy proposed we go to the City.

"We'll save a lot of time," my attorney suggested, "if we ride over in Bart."

"Bart ...," I wondered. "Is he a friend of yours?"

"You've really been in Moab too long," Willy said, shaking his head in sad disgust. "BART stands for Bay Area Rapid Transit. It's a damn subway."

"Oh yeah ... I knew that."

We went to the Fruitvale station, and purchased our tickets through a computerized ticket machine. We then had to insert our tickets in the computerized turnstyle to allow us access to the platform, where we waited for the computerized train. A computerized voice announced that the next BART to San Francisco would arrive in three minutes.

apologies to Dr. Hunter S. Thompson of Woodie Creek, Colorado and Mr. Carl Lazlo, deceased.

On the platform, a hundred or so people stood or sat on the benches, waiting. Some read their late edition Examiners, but most just lingered quietly. No one was speaking; it was the quietest group of one hundred persons I think I'd ever seen.

In three minutes, the BART arrived on schedule. This machine must go from 0 to 60 in about seven seconds. After a couple stops, it plunged into darkness, into the tube and the watery depths of The Bay. My attorney claimed that The Transit Authority had inserted underwater glass windows to observe aquatic life; however since we were traveling at such a high rate of speed, it was impossible to really appreciate the view.

After emerging from the Earth, we were in front of The Hyatt Regency, an architectural marvel that I could not possibly describe except to say that it has a really big lobby and belongs in the 23rd Century. Willy hailed a cab, and asked to be driven to the Bank of America building.

"Did you remember to bring your tie?" he inquired.

"You bet. It's right here in my pocket."

"Well good. Put it on. We're going to The Carnelian Room and you need a tie to get in."

I tried to tie my tie without the aid of a mirror, while our cab driver, a remarkably skilled helmsman named Juan, careened through traffic at a breakneck pace. At one point, we shot between two parked cars with no more than an inch of space to spare on each side at about 50 mph. A pedestrian, a tourist no doubt, stepped into traffic, directly in our cab's flight path. Juan rolled two lanes over, in front of an oncoming cable car, and then slammed left, leaving the pedestrian spinning but unscathed.

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"Deaf, dumb, blind, and lobotomized," he snarled. In another minute we were at the Bank of America Building

We rode the express elevator to the fiftieth floor - The Carnelian Room, an incredibly posh, walnut paneled, drinking and eating establishment, with giant 12 foot tall plate glass windows that looked out over the entire Bay Area. We settled into padded leather chairs by a window pointed at The Golden Gate. I felt a little uncomfortable. I had worn my tie, but what would these people think of my Levis and sneakers? A waiter approached our table.

Willy leaned over, "For God's sake, don't order a Dr. Pepper or a Mountain Dew, OK?"

"Hey," I replied indignantly, "give me a little credit."

We ordered drinks, and Flocko ordered up some oysters. I asked if they had ballots, and the waiter eyed me cautiously, shook his head and left.

"Ballots are a Philippino specialty," Willy explained. "This place serves mostly seafood."

Around us, wealthy men and women, elegantly dressed, drank Beefeater Martinis and discussed the day's transactions. I tried to eavesdrop on nearby conversations, but they seemed to speak in some kind of binary foreign language. All I could ever hear were numbers. They paid no attention to my dirty white sneakers, but one young professional woman at the next table shuddered when I referred to oysters as "slippery little buggers."

Outside again, on our way to Trader Vic's we walked up Powell Street, again passing The Hyatt. Amidst the expensive, double breasted Perry Ellis suits, and exquisite dresses, and smell of perfume and cologne, one particular sight stood out. An elderly woman sat on the sidewalk leaning against a marble wall, her knees under her chin. She was wearing eye-shadow and rouge, but she wasn't overly made up. Her clothes were simple but not ragged. Her eyes though.....her eyes were vacant. She stared straight ahead. Beside her was a plastic cup. Her clothes were simple but not ragged. Her eyes though.....her eyes were vacant. She stared straight ahead. Beside her was a plastic cup. Across her feet was a small sign. It simply said: Hard Times. I thought of Tracy Chapman's "fast car."

"You're right, Willy. I have been in Moab too long; I forget sometimes." My attorney nodded. Later, we rode BART back across The Bay to Alameda. When we got to the condo, my attorney flipped on the TV. "It's finally time for Dr. Gene, he said. Flocko had been raving about Dr. Gene Scott for weeks. Was he an evangelist? Well no. A philosopher? Well maybe. Is he sincere? Who knows? On screen came the image of a man stretched out in a strato-lounger, with white hair, a white beard, a pair of bifocals perched on the end of his nose. He wore a white plantation hat, an ascot, and a white linen suit. In his right hand, he played with and puffed on and chewed on a long thin cigar. He was just staring at the camera. Five seconds passed. Ten seconds. Finally

"We're talking about giving tonight. Making the sacrifice," he growled in a gravelly voice. "There is nothing purer in the eyes of God than making a contribution to the collection plate, if it's done the right way. Now let's get on the phones. I want ten \$1,000 pledges this hour ... Let's go."



His image fades from the screen and is replaced by a toll free number, and shakey home videos of sunsets and cities. Jazz music plays in the background.

replaced by a toll free number, and shakey home videos of sunsets and cities. Jazz music plays in the background.

And that's it. After a few minutes, the camera comes back to Dr. Gene. Invariably, he'll just puff on his cigar and rotate his index finger, which means roll the tape again. He apparently brings in a lot of money and refuses

to tell his contributors how it's spent. I'm convinced that he's either the greatest flim-flam man that ever lived or else he's God. God Himself.

And the week passed. We ate Crab Louis at Scomas on The Wharf, and tea duck at The St. Francis. We went to a Korean restaurant in Oakland and ate Kim-Chee, a fermented cabbage, marinated in garlic sauce. Walking back to the car later, three guys tried to mug us but ran like Hell when we breathed on them.

At the St. Francis, I'd ordered ballots but again the waiter ignored me. "You've really set me up, haven't you?" I told Flocko.

"Why. Whatever do you mean?" he replied innocently.

"There are no such things as ballots," I demanded.

"Of course there are; they're just ... well ... out of season."

On our last day, we returned to The City so that Willy could stock up on cigars and to buy trinkets and presents. We stopped at Neiman-Marcus where everything costs more than my net worth. We rode the escalator to the fourth floor to the gourmet food department. There was everything from chocolate-covered grasshoppers to Instant Bird's Nest Soup.

Willy ordered a few florentines to take home with him. A clerk reached under the counter to retrieve them, and I said, "While you're at it, how about a dozen or so ballots?"

The clerk stood up. "I'm sorry sir. We're out of ballots. We could special order them, and they'd be here from Manila in 24 hours."

"Uh no ... no. That's OK," I stammered. "I'm leaving town in the morning, anyway."

"Very well, sir." He packaged Willy's Florentines and we headed down the elevator. Flocko didn't say a word, but his eyes were laughing his ass off.

"You did it to me again," I complained. "You set me up! How much did you pay that guy anyway?"

"You did it to me again," I complained. "You set me up! How much did you pay that guy anyway?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," my attorney shrugged. "But it's a damn shame we're not staying longer. Those ballots would have been delicious."

.....

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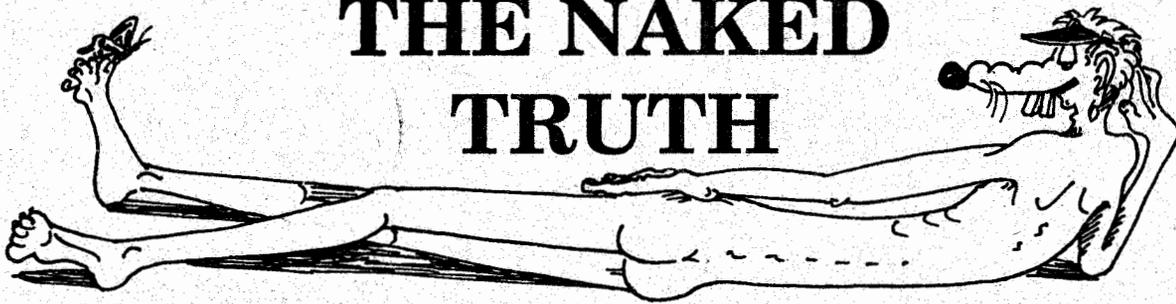
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THE NAKED TRUTH



NEW COMPETITION FOR THE GAZETTE

On the premise that imitation is the highest form of flattery, The Gazette has learned that a new newspaper, The Slinking Dessert Glace, is being prepared for publication in the near future.

Edited and published by members of Moab's feminist community, it will more accurately portray and reflect a woman's point of view. We wish these little gals the best of luck, and look forward to reading the recipes, tips on housekeeping, and how to look cute and perky for their men.

JS



BIG BROTHER ON THE SAN JUAN?

The SDG recently received an anonymous tip that encouraged us to inquire about an alleged surveillance camera on the San Juan River, monitored by the Bureau of Land Management.

We contacted the B.L.M. and conferred with Mary Plumb, Public Information Officer for the Moab District. In response to these rumors, Ms. Plumb replied: "We like to spread rumors about our archaeological surveillance, and we won't tell you what's going on in our Law Enforcement program. It may

or may not be there, so be legal while you're out there."

Pretty cute.

(Note: At presstime, additional information on this subject became available too late to include in this issue. A more detailed, in depth analysis will be forthcoming in the Sept. Issue.)

JS

Colorado Creek

Those of you boat jockeys who've stopped for lunch on a sandbar lately - unexpectedly, I might add - might be interested in these flow figures made available to us by Cynthia Smith of the U.S. Geological Survey, Water Resources Division, here in Moab. These are the preliminary gauge readings, subject to minor revision before they go into the record books. The flows for the Colorado River are at the Cisco Gauge.

As of Aug. 1, the Colorado had reached a low of 1,990 cubic feet per second, but fluctuations held it in the 2,000-2,300 cfs range during the last week in July. The Green had fallen to 1,940 cfs, with fluctuational behavior similar to the Colorado.

The San Juan River had fallen below 400 cfs but was running around 400-500 cfs during that week. The Dolores River is running 200 cfs.

For comparisons, the most recent low water year, 1981, resulted in a minimum August flow of 1,270 cfs on the Colorado. 1977 records showed comparable lows. In August of that year, the Colorado dropped to 1,250 cfs, but the recorded minimum flow occurred on April 19, at 1,100 cfs.

The all-time recorded minimum flow for the Colorado occurred on July 21, 1934, when the river bottomed out at 558 cfs. The all-time record for the Green was recorded on Nov. 26, 1931, at 255 cfs. In 1934 the Green was at its all-time minimum gauge height, but the meaning of that record is unclear. It's possible that it had fallen below the gauge and was unreadable.

It's apparent that this area felt the effects of weather patterns which produced the dust bowl conditions in the mid-west.

For those readers who aren't familiar with the flow potential of the Colorado River, it should be observed that during the peak runoff of the high water years of 1983 and 1984, the river was running in the neighborhood of 60,000 cfs, with the combined flow of the Green and the Colorado in Cataract Canyon running in excess of 110,000 cfs.

RD

PEPPER FOR THE PUP

The Grand County Sheriff's Office recently proposed the purchase of a drug sniffing dog (\$2,700) and the hiring of a handler (\$1,700/mo.) to assist in the County's continuing war on drugs.

In response, several Moab citizens are encouraging everyone in the community to liberally douse the carpets of their cars and trucks with cayenne pepper. "This has nothing to do with foiling law enforcement efforts to stop the transportation of drugs," said one proponent of the pepper defense, who asked to remain anonymous. "This is about the right of privacy, and the right not to have a dog slobbering all over the seats." Apparently, and understandably, the cayenne pepper considerably reduces a drugsniffing dog's effectiveness.

But in the end, peppering your carpets must be a very personal decision made with your loved ones in the privacy of your home.

JS

NPS FOLLIES

TAMARISK ON HOLD

The National Park Service has apparently decided to place on indefinite hold a plan to burn tamarisk along a half mile of wash bottom at Arches National Park. The controversial proposal called for the burning and subsequent treatment with a herbicide of over four acres of tamarisk as part of its exotic vegetation control program.

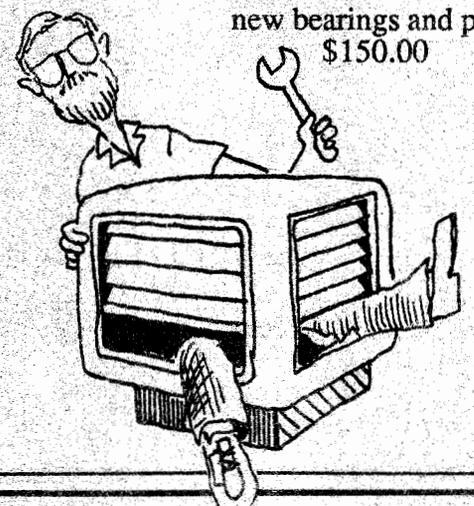
But in a memo to Superintendents Harvey Wickware of the Southeast Utah Group and Paul Guraedy of Arches, Resource Management Specialist Kate Kitchell expressed reservations. According to Kitchell, "Although we thought when the environmental assessment for this project was released that we had thought this proposed action through completely, the criticism received from the public reveals otherwise. While we received several supportive comments on the proposed action, there was also some strong negative, but very constructive criticism that has led me to conclude that the proposed action should be postponed until we have better defined project objectives, answered several questions

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about possible environmental impacts, and further evaluated associated costs and benefits."

The memorandum included nine specific concerns about the project which included a failure to define specific objectives of the proposal, the question of impacts of tamarisk removal on raptors and other birds, the failure to provide reasonable alternative actions, and the inadequacy of the accompanying burn plan.

The document still embraces the NPS philosophy of eradicating exotic plants in national parks, but for the first time, it has addressed and acknowledged the concerns and objections that have been voiced since the planned burn first became known, over a year ago.

A final decision to endorse Resource Management's recommendation will be made by Supt. Wickware in the near future.

JS

gloves to equip ten employees (40 pairs of gloves per employee). The Park Service paid a quarter million dollars to chlorinate its water supply; the day after it was placed in operation, the chlorinator malfunctioned and pumped pure chlorine through the line, poisoning several hikers. It now plans to spend thousands more burning tamarisk and relocating trails, and millions more relocating entire housing areas (Needles District). Etc. Etc.

But please, go easy on those office supplies. Exceeding their paper clip quota could put rangers in the ranks of the unemployed.

JS

WARNING TO EMPLOYEES

The following warning has been conspicuously placed in NPS offices around the Canyonlands complex:

Help Conserve Our Workforce
Use Office Supplies, Telephones
And Copiers, Sparingly.
**THE JOB YOU SAVE
COULD BE YOUR OWN**

Cutting down on government waste is a fine idea, but consider this:

Three years ago Canyonlands N.P. paid \$30,000 for a pile of dirt; it spent \$2,000 to buy 400 pairs of

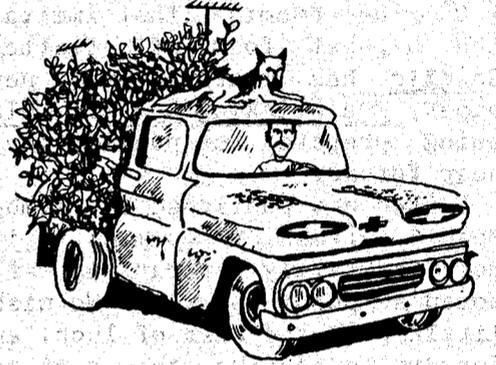
REGISTER TO VOTE!

Whether you're a Republican or a Democrat, a liberal or a conservative, everyone needs to exercise their right to vote. In order to vote in the September 13 primary election, you have to Register. The last day for registering at the County Clerk's office is August 23.

Let's get with it. You have no right to complain about your government if you don't take advantage of your right to try and change it.

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Gazette Exclusive!

Silent Partner In Cisco Venture Revealed!

Ace Gazette reporter Notary Sojac followed Catalyst Waste-to-Energy Corp. President Lee Torrens, overhearing a conversation between Torrens, Dean Norris of CoWest Incineration, and a third man. From the exchange it became obvious the third man is a silent partner in Cisco CoVentures, and was the one who nominated the Cisco area as a prospective incinerator site.

Sojac followed the mysterious third man to his cleverly camouflaged camp in an overhang cave, and in an intense confrontation succeeded in identifying him as A.J. "Slick" Rock, Director of Covert Operations for the extremist environmental group, Back to the Pleistocene!, which takes the philosophy of Deep Ecology to its logical conclusion. Through threat of harm to a Bog Lemming, Sojac extracted the following confession:

Back to the Pleistocene!'s problem in Grand County, explained Rock, is that the area is attracting too many people already, and is being "discovered" by big recreation and retirement developers. "Every time we go in the backcountry around here these days, we end up wading through swarms of killer mountain bicyclists. Every decent camping spot near a road looks like a Palestinian refugee camp. The Park Service is installing traffic lights on the one-way trail from Maze Overlook down into Horse Canyon so parties can pass each other. For a bunch of eco-brutalist misanthropists, the situation is really disgusting! And it is about to get much worse. Several developers have discovered the clean air, plentiful water, four-season climate, and utterly matchless country which Moab offers and are about to descend like blow files on a dead cow. So far your brain-damaged uranium miner County Commissioners have been very cooperative with our plan to scare them off."

When asked how the Commissioners had prevented the "condomization" of Moab, Rock replied that developers are reluctant to invest capital without the protection of a county zoning plan which is rigorously enforced. "We kept

hearing about how developers looked at the private junkyards, third-world slums, and the Commissioners' lust for anything which has smokestacks and large yellow machines, and figured they couldn't predict what sort of sleaze the county would let occur upwind of their classy, high-priced development. It was a perfect opportunity for us!"

Rock explained how BP! recruited a company to the Canyonlands area "... with no experience with hazardous waste incineration, a very high debt-to-asset ratio, but enough resources to deal with the Utah permitting process. They had to be credible enough to get the permits, but we didn't want anybody who could inspire confidence among developers and the public." As Rock explained, the state of Utah's air quality regulations are so minimal, its regulatory apparatus so poorly financed and inexperienced, and the ambient air quality in Cisco is so good "... there is little chance Cisco CoVentures or the Three Stooges could fail to get state permits, much less get shut down for operating violations. Violate what?" asked Rock. "Hell, I can shovel hazardous waste into a blowtorch in Cisco and never break a Utah law."

But why did BP! recruit a marginal incinerator company to locate in Grand County? "Well, in the first place, you realize that the goal of our organization is to bring on global ecological catastrophe and the collapse of industrial civilization as fast as possible. 'Armageddon now and avoid the rush!' is our motto. The incinerator is a perfect expression of the suicidal thrust of industrial society. After poisoning the farmers in Mesa County whose irrigation runoff is the largest single source of salt, the toxics will settle out and wash into the Colorado River, going with our compliments to Los Angeles and San Diego." Rock shook with spasms of glee imagining the effects on boaters at "Lake Foul National Sewage Lagoon".

"We figured that the incinerator proposal would scare off the condomini-

zers immediately, and the reality will thin out the crowds," said Rock. "We couldn't figure out any way to institute mandatory population control in Southern Utah until we came up with this plan."

Under careful questioning, Rock admitted that the referendum campaign was an unexpected hitch in BP!'s strategy. "We had the County Commission fast-tracking the approval process and so committed to the incinerator they couldn't back down, until some smartass monkeywrenched us with that referendum." Rock conceded that the referendum will probably veto the I-2 zoning ordinance permitting hazardous waste incineration, but noted that the County Commission can legally restore hazardous waste incineration as a permitted use by a majority vote at any regular meeting. "Those guys think anything with a smokestack and metal tanks is what made America rich and strong. As long as we've got two of the three incumbents in there after November 8, we're in good shape however the referendum comes out."

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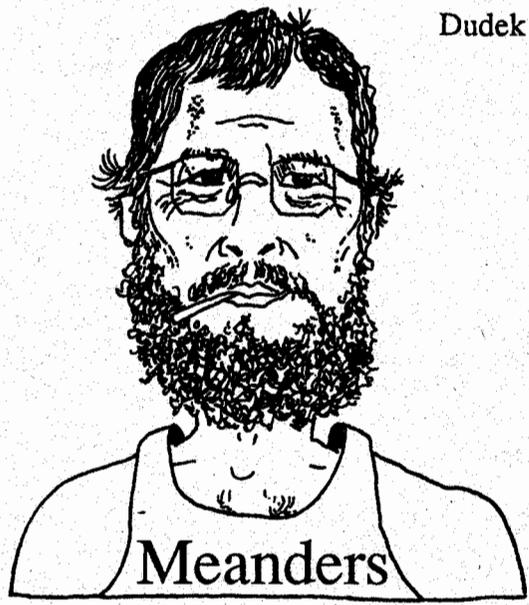
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On this, the beginning of our third year in print, I would like to express our gratitude for all of the encouragement and support we've received over the past two years. We begin this new volume with a sincere sense of dedication to bringing you 35¢ worth of entertainment every month, or the equivalent in laughs of 3½ ounces of bottled beer down at the bar. Scout's honor.

We got fatter last year by eight pages. We got a little heavier in other ways. Part of our responsibility in defining and perfecting what we like to call "holistic journalism" involves countering the rhetoric that is so rife in our crazy town. Hopefully, when everything's mixed together in the giant rhetorical stew, those ingredients we've added will contribute to a more well-rounded flavor. And aroma.

No doubt most of you by now have disagreed with something or other that you've encountered within these pages.

There are some women's rights activists who would like to throttle us. When they see Jim Stile's entry in the Naked Truth in this issue, surpassing even the "office fluff" label in July, they might be sufficiently motivated to try.

I submit they are mistaking our satire of sexism and the radical feminists as an attempt to trivialize the national effort being made to officially sanction the inalienable dignity, human potential, and legal and economic equality of women in our society.

I grant it's a complex topic for humor. One needs a reasonably clear attitude toward the opposite sex to understand the absurdity of "a war between the sexes."

But one's fair attitude toward the opposite sex seems not to matter as much as one's opinion of the feminist movement. If one suggests to an activist that the radical elements with their anti-male tendencies are alienating most of the reasonable men who started out believing in the righteousness of the cause, one is considered to be an enemy of women.

A male may insist upon an equal division of labor - laundry, cooking, baking, dishes, cleaning - without giving a damn if anyone else in the world does likewise. He does it simply to liberate his mate for her own career. And then he too is targeted because, if he's not "part of the solution" by embracing extreme views, he's "part of the problem." Sigh. Just what do those women want? Maybe we'll find out in the Slinking Desert Glace.

There's probably been a few people miffed by our views on religion, politics, the toxic waste incinerator and the county attorney. If so, they aren't telling us.

They are apparently content to quietly sabotage our stack of magazines at the City Market. Bravo. Be careful, though. People are watching now, and I'd love to print the names of the saboteurs.

What people are telling us mostly amounts to thanks for putting out some widely held, if 'unpopular', opinions. So, if you are miffed at all the unsolicited advice we dispense without the benefit of credentialed expertise, tell us. If your arguments are stronger, they will stand on their own. We will, as we have always done, print all the criticism we receive.

Criticism aside, we intend to continue with this. As Edward R. Murrow once said, "Remember, we are not descended from fearful men - not from men who feared to write, to speak, to associate with and to defend causes which were for the moment unpopular."

Besides, there are some other very good reasons to keep doing the Gazette.

Having the magazine on the stands and available to tourists alerts them to the presence of some freethinking and funloving folks here in Moab. Nothing wrong with that. Maybe some of 'em will move here.

I think our magazine also offers some comic relief to those among us who get dismayed and depressed at the developing estrangement between humanity and its source and sustenance, the blue planet....the jewel of our solar system....our mother Earth. When we can stand only so much of the greed and insanity that characterizes our contemporary world society, it's time to laugh at it and ourselves, and get on with the little

things we can do to bring about change, like getting out the vote this fall. Little victories like that are all we can hope for and, when all is said and done, all we really need.

Finally, I'm tickled to death to be a part of a magazine that helps new writers get their feet wet. I urge you all to read the Bard's Nards this month, regardless of your attitude toward poetry and whether you like it or not. There's some work there by a new writer that is just plain utterly delightful, and there is no doubt in my mind that this person will be writing to a much larger audience some day.

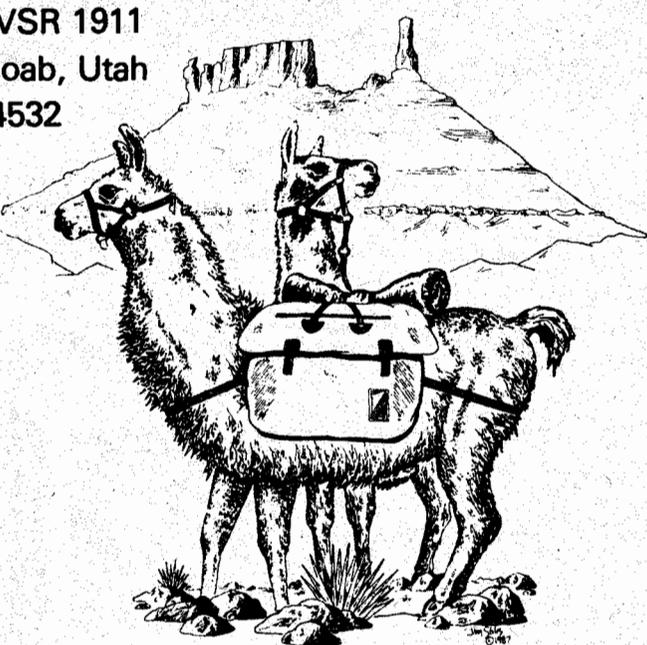
Our staff writers - Jim Stiles, Alex Skye, Mark Doherty, Steve Wilsker, Lance Christie, Michaelene Pendleton, Lee Goodman, Dutch Walker, Todd Campbell and Kim McDougald - all presented some great stuff last year. Many of these people write for larger publications, and we are proud to feature their work.

Speaking of that, Stiles' piece in last month's issue, "How To Survive In The National Parks," will soon appear in the High Country News. What can I say about Stiles? Thank goodness he loves to live in Moab, for starters. He brought a vibrant new slant to the paper, and he even handles the advertising! Handles it? He's created a whole new genre, where cafe owners wiggle out of their own ad borders and enter someone else's ad. Now they're throwing pizzas at each other across the page! I can't wait to see what's next. Thanks for last year, Jim.

And thanks to all those whose names are too numerous to mention who stayed with us from the first. And a very special thanks to a man who, when times got hard and we needed help, was there with invaluable assistance and advice. TK, you're a peach!

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Mudpuppy

Beat the Heat

It's 10 o'clock a.m. and I'm just finishing a five hour bicycle ride. The now 90 degree heat is already making distant sandstone fins and sky mirage into what looks like a faded watercolor streaked by shiny silver. It's going to be hot today.

As I crest the last dome of slick-

rock approaching the trailhead I see two other Mountainbikers coming towards me. It looks like they're just beginning their ride so I stop and wait to say hello, crouched in the shade of the last big Juniper shrub before the road.

"Pretty damn hot out here!" the first cyclist says as he sweats to a stop in front of me at the crest of the hill, "Glad we got out during the morning!"

I looked up at the high sun, then back at the biker, "I think morning came & went a few hours ago."

The second cyclist who has now arrived takes a long pull from his single water bottle and asks, "What time do you mean by come & went?"

"Not too sure," I reply, "I think it was my usual Summer start time, 'bout when the stars make their last glow before first light."

I smile, remembering the Winter Constellations shining out just before dawn, thinking, "Ahh, it's already late Summer."

"That's got to be 4:30 in the morning, you're nuts!" I hear one of

them break through my reverie.

I reply, "It's going to be 102 degrees by the time you guys hit the midpoint of the trail, now, who's nuts around here?"

They laugh and call out while departing, "Yeah, but there's a nice breeze blowin'!" During the short visit they consumed a quarter of their water. I call out, "But there's no water out ... there." But they're already movin' away too fast to hear into the warming desert breeze. "Good luck, boys."

I could only think of the times I succumbed to sleeping in, and then tried to go see the desert. After a few of my 110 degrees dehydrated heat stroke afternoon rides I began to swear off being out anywhere during July or August.

But sitting under the swamp cooler with a beer only made me feel fat, lazy, lethargic, and even curious. I was curious about how the hell all the non-swamp cooled mammals and reptiles managed out there.

So I began to go back during the hot Summer days, and began to become more aware of the High Desert and the seasons. By simply changing my time frame a bit I found I could still ride or hike as many miles as I wanted and stay cool and happy.

I watch the two cyclists disappear into the heat waves and on into a world now silent and asleep. They left to ride too late, and they left me too soon. I never got to tell them about how alive the Desert was on a cool Summer dawntime morning, owls and nighthawks saying goodnight to the pinyon juniper forest.

The call of the morning dove.

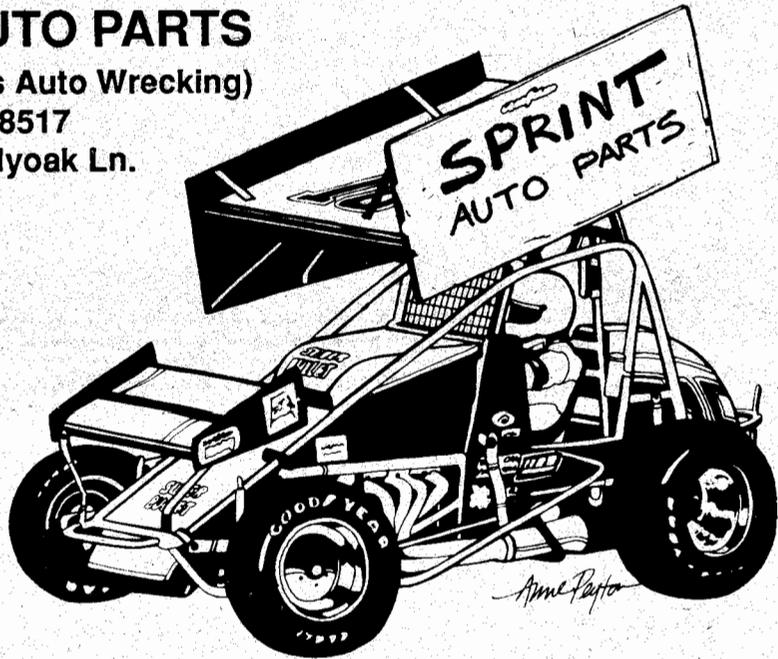
Now I hear the cliff swallows laughing at me from their canyon wall thermals. "I know I know," I call back to them, "It's time for breakfast, shade and my dreamy Summer Siesta. I've stayed out late enough!"

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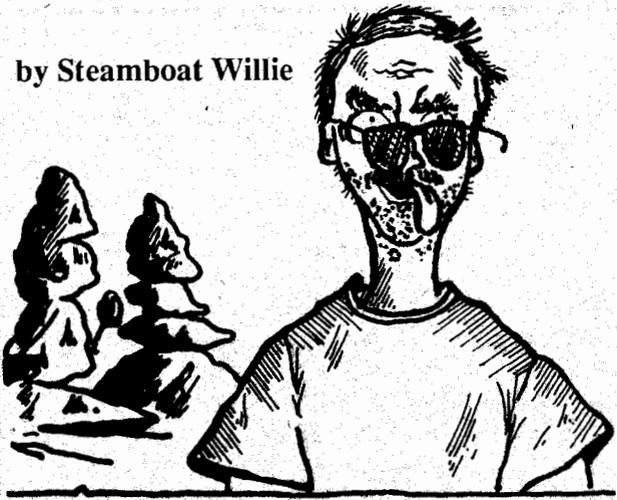
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by Steamboat Willie



Notes from the Risky Road Expedition Diary

We try our best to keep our buses and trailers in tip-top shape, but we are always experiencing minor mechanical mishaps of one sort or another. Take for instance the time I was following Big Maybelle back to the take-out after seeing off three daily rafts.

She is driving the 36 passenger bus with the empty trailer behind. Now, Maybelle is one of the safest drivers I know ... when there are customers on board. When the bus is empty, she tends to ATTACK the River Road rather than drive it.

I'm trying to keep up with her in the old Mustang but she is leaving me in a cloud of exhaust and rubber. She is flying down that road! The trailer is bouncing up and down like some kid on a trampoline! Suddenly, there is a horrible wrenching sound and the right tire and rim of the trailer rips loose and careens down the embankment, plunges into the river and barely misses an astonished kayaker!

The bus does not slow down. My God! She doesn't even realize what has happened! She continues at a break-neck pace, the trailer limping along behind her! Sparks are flying out from under the trailer like Halley's comet! Passing motorists are swerving off the road as they watch this giant sparkler shooting down the highway! I'm honking my horn, turning on my hazard lights and waving frantically out the window trying to get her attention! Seven miles later she finally sees me in her side-view mirror. Do you know what she does??? She waves back!

By the time we reach the take-out, the axle is glowing like a fireplace stoker. She saunters out of the bus and I silently point to the trailer. "oh", she says in a tiny voice. "I thought the ride back was a little bumpier than usual ... " A half hour

passes and we see the irate kayaker paddling toward us shouting obscenities.

Two days later, I get a call from Bean at Hite Marina. Seems he had a minor mishap on the Four Day Cat Trip. He is telling me it was the strangest accident he had ever witnessed on the river. "I'm all set to give the passengers the ride of their life through The Big Drops! A frail retired school teach is riding the snout. She's shouting at me to GO FOR IT! GO FOR IT! I hit the first hole and out of nowhere this tire appears on the crest of the wave! It hovers there for a few seconds and then BAM! bonks this little old school teacher right on the head and knocks her out cold!! dear god.....

.....

Saturday, Aug. 27

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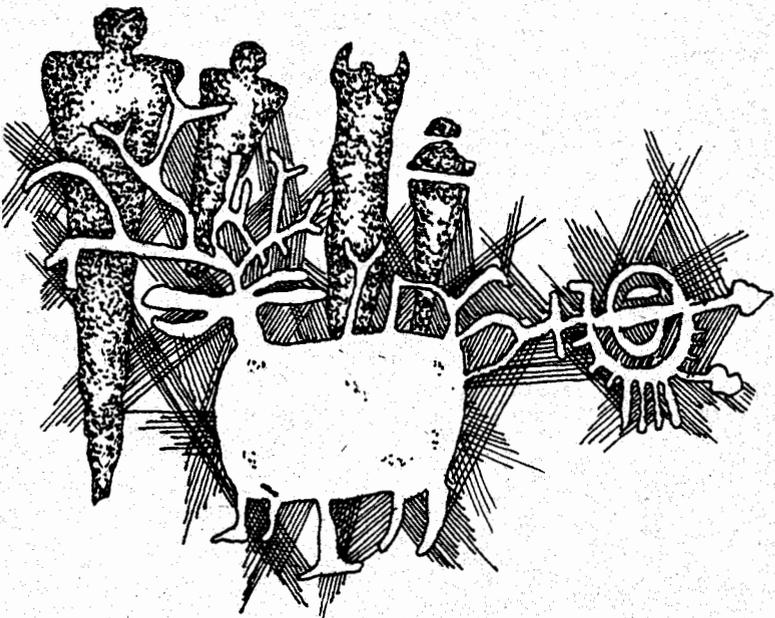
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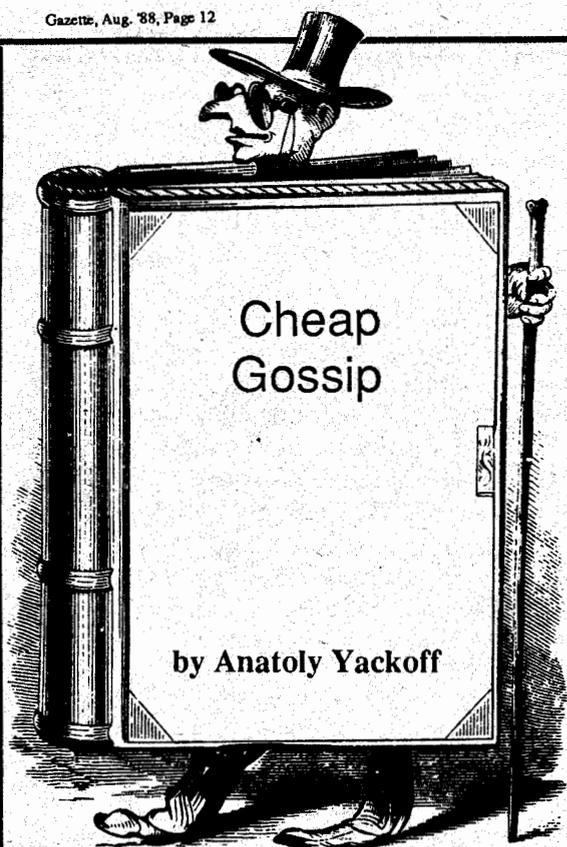
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expertise in a similar and related enterprise called "Whips-R-Us." We will miss her (especially those wonderful soothing Saturday nights) but are confident of her eventual success, as she has always bounced back well.

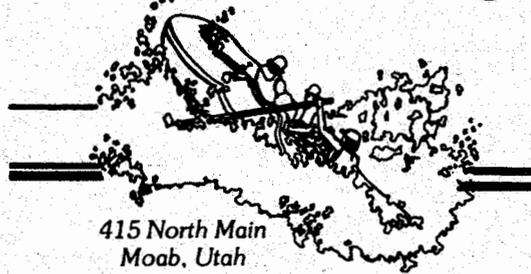
Carrissima Nobbs, former Moabite and beloved star of the daytime family saga The Family Jools (now in it's 9th season), has announced her forthcoming marriage to international testosterone magnate Waldemar Pring, the nuptials to take place here in Moab, the bride-to-be's birthplace and site of her defloration by a traveling salesman of purebred Manx cats. "What a man!," Carrie sighed over the phone during our interview. "When most magnates would shower a girl with dozens, or even hundreds of roses, Waldemar had delivered a single, perfect Rolls Royce. I just can't get enough of that kind of romance." Mr. Pring is now in Grabs, Switzerland, to address brokers of the Northern Europe Narcotics Bourse on the subject, "How To Make A Hormone" and will join his fiance for the private ceremony to be held at Moab's Hotel Aphrodite.

It is with deep personal sorrow that we report the closing of one of Grand County's great resources, the Moab Riding Academy and Ash Hauling Service. Voluptua Fluster, headmistress of the school, commented on the closing, "The private citizens of the area helped us a lot, but when we asked for financial help from the County Commissioners, they just couldn't get it up. It's a real disappointment, since so many of them are athletic supporters. The men of the county will miss us, I think, and it's going to be a real headache for the women, too." Miss Fluster, (dear, sweet Miss Fluster) has announced plans to move to Beverly Hills, California and use her

August Community Calendar

- | | |
|-----------|------------------------------|
| August 6 | Gazette Birthday Party |
| 5-7 | Regional Women's Fast Pitch |
| 12-13 | Arts and Craft Fair |
| 12-13 | Grand County Fair |
| 19-21 | City Market Fast Pitch Coed |
| 20 (prox) | Dan O'Laurie Museum opens |
| 27 | 2nd Annual Tin Man Triathlon |

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God Visits Moab

And in the darkness the great god Ashur Banipol appeared, crying in anguish.

"Is there no coffee shop?" he laments.

"Where can I get a Blintz?" But no one answers.

The dog at the Phillips station thinks for a time about biting him but decides that it is just to damned early to start a project like that.

Lingerie lies scattered eerily about the landscape, as though a thousand laughing lingerie models had recently run through the streets, throwing off their filmy vestments in anticipation of some rare hours of exquisite diversion; as, indeed they had, not half an hour previously. That he had not been invited to join in this revelry contributed not a little to the dyspeptic diety's dismay.

He considered, for a moment, the prospect of kicking the dog that lay dormant before the Phillips station, but decided against it.

"Aloha! San Anselmo! Ye Haw!" He opined furtively.

The great god was feeling more than a bit disillusioned. Things had not gone as smoothly for him as he had imagined since his deification. The

ability that he had coveted; to inspire divine drunkenness and, not incidentally, to seduce any and all women had been farmed out to an entirely different pantheon. The company-lease Audi had so far failed to materialize. And moreover some of the elder gods seemed to be hoarding all the good Houris and Succubi. His last decent date had been ages ago, and that had been with a small swarm of Pixies.

He bent over and grabbed a piece of newsprint as it blew by on the dusty

pavement. As he looked at it he shook his head in shock and disbelief.

"On top of it all" he cried "The Stinking Desert Gazette has discarded it's stylish and tasteful front page banner for this paragon of mediocrity.

"Alack" he said through slightly clenched teeth, but then he saw, what he took to be, an example of one of his favorite portions of the female anatomy peeking from behind the fender of a car some ways down the street and his mind, and indeed, his body wandered off.

BOB'S BODY SHOP



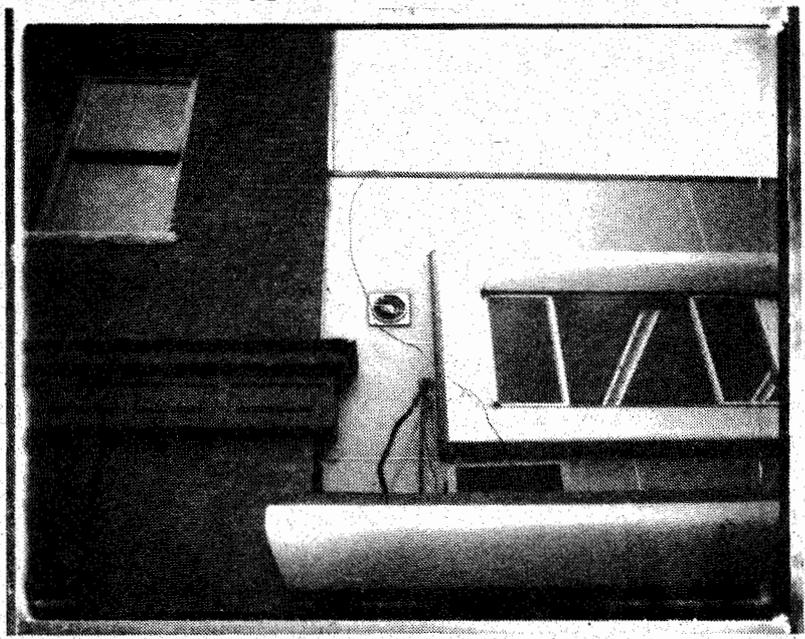
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by Jim Stiles



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STROKES and POKES

Bobby Bloato



My friends have been challenging me to get on a more conventional path and write something that isn't about my insane existence, something with a touch of class to prove that my brain cells weren't, in one poetic person's words, "petrified into solid agate."

I don't think they're petrified. They've just grown a little lazy. But hey, whose don't? We're at our mental best at the age of 7 or so. It's all downhill from there.

In fact, many of us often wonder just how our own rate of deterioration is progressing, compared to our friends and companions. But we never let on, because to do so would portray a morbid preoccupation with the subject.

I remember early on when those brain cells were just racing around in my head like a bunch of insatiable PAC MEN, gobbling up information like buttered popcorn. Thoroughly rounding them all up to focus on a single task was a physical impossibility. A few in the front row would sit up straight and process some data, but soon they would be snickering and poking each other, and then they'd be off once again, data in hand, into the bright labyrinth of a pure experience. Now, it's snooze-city. They're passed out, face down in their food dishes, and it takes a cattle prod to wake some of them up.

What's the deal, here? One wonders how they turned into such a group of shiftless poltroons without a long golden age in between, an age when all those cells, beautifully matured and successful in their trades, worked together in vigor and harmony towards a larger goal. And better government. And nicer housing.

But to prove that what's left still works, I decided to heed his advice, and add a touch of class to offset the crass megalomania of this pretentious and diletante little journal.

So, here goes. Bloato's History Of Moab.

It all began in 1855 when a group of 44 men under the leadership of Alfred W. Billings was sent here by the LDS church to establish a settlement in the Moab Valley. The first thing they did when they arrived was build a stone fort.

Now, right there is where I personally think they made their first big mistake. Why a fort? I can almost overhear the conversation that must have taken place between the Utes, sitting high up on the cliffs above.

"Two Dogs, look here! Do you see what they've finished building?"

"Oh man, why couldn't it have been a saloon or something. Anything but a fort!"

"Two Dogs, do you know what this means?"

"Of course, Eagle Dropping. It's a fort. Now we'll have to attack!"

"Two Dogs, maybe we should just ignore them. They might go away."

"No, Eagle Dropping, They are many. They have bicycles. They can roll great distances. They will return."

Now, how much more pleasant might it have been for first impressions if the Mormons had built a first class restaurant, say, or a convenience store with ice? Or maybe a dependable dentist's office? Anything but a fort. Twenty years later, the next inhabitants tried something different. They were William "Nigger Bill" Granstaff and

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"Frenchy" Pete Durham. They took up residence in the old fort, stocked it with a little whiskey, and were careful to always refer to it, when around the Indians, as the "saloon".

Well, it didn't take long before the Indians were in there, drinking Firewater And Ice and Harvey Wallbangers, and singing bawdy Indian maiden songs. That's where the whole plan fell through, for it was against the law. The Indians liked them OK, but they too had to leave the valley after a few years, under heavy pressure.

Then came the pioneers, among them one Henry Crouse, an outstanding example of the first settlers of the Moab Valley.

He had 11 children. He was considered a man of many talents. He was a literate person who subscribed to Free Thought magazine and kept journals about life in early Moab. A glimpse of his personal philosophy can be had from this entry, dated Saturday, Dec. 17, 1887:

"there is undoubtedly no real being (answering the fictitious description of the bible) ... as a personal devil nor God, nor a hell, nor a heaven. But every person ought to concentrate all his or her efforts to create,

construct, make an everyday heaven upon this earth during this life, not after death. Not after having ceased to breathe. But now and here. All time and everywhere so long as the breath of life remains in our bodies. Let home be every person's and that home a terrestrial heaven."

Maybe Henry had an edge in making "home a terrestrial heaven." Amongst his many humanitarian achievements, he established Moab's first vineyard and winery on the block where the ball diamonds are now.

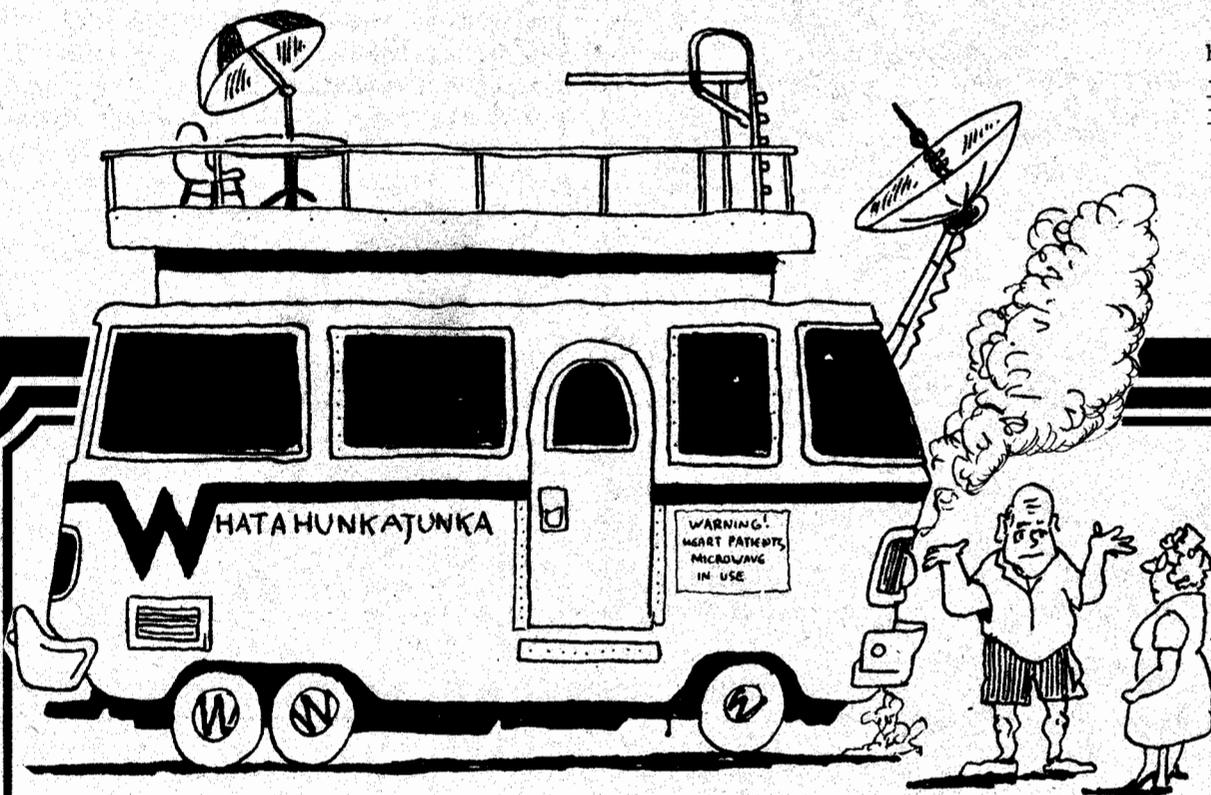
Later, around the turn of the century, the outlaws were the highlight of the area. Butch

Cassidy, the McCarty brothers, Matt Warner, the Swazeys (as some allege), all came through Moab to cross the Colorado River on the ferry during high water. They were accepted for what they were - big spenders.

They were known to pay the ferryman a \$20 gold piece (the modern equivalent of about \$450), for a ride. It's no wonder that the outlaws were so hard to track through the Canyonlands. What outlaws? They were never seen!

After the outlaws, the history of Moab just kind of peters out into some farming and ranching and county fair type stuff, and records of parties at Star Hall or the School House once in a while when everyone danced and talked about crops and children, and had a real nice time. Like now.

Oh there was the uranium boom of the fifties, but that's another story for the next time this journal needs a little spiffing up with some local history.



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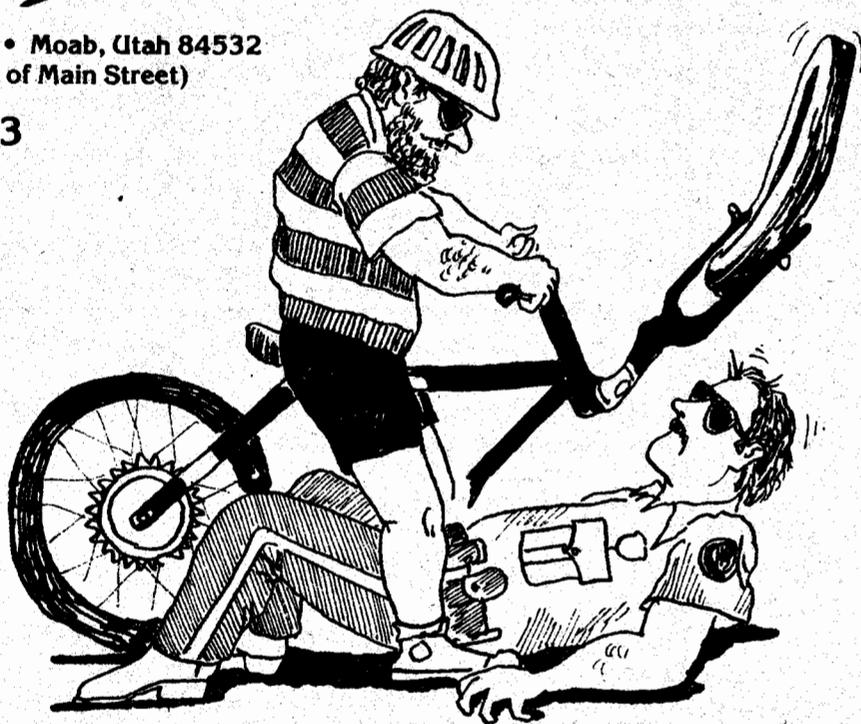
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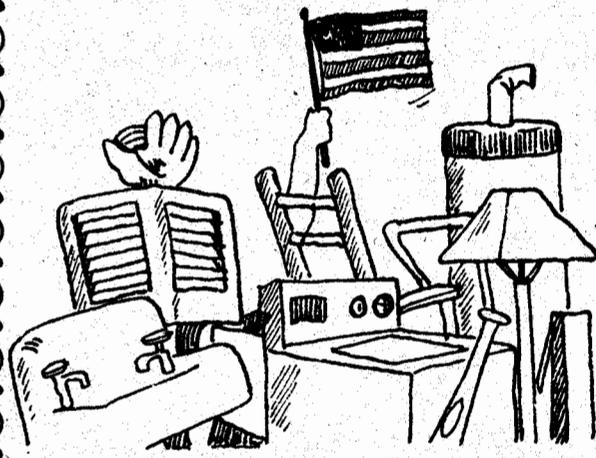
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ABBEY'S LATEST: A REVIEW

By Skeeter

Oscar Wilde once stated "You should never insult anyone unintentionally." When Ed Abbey writes he practices this principle. In his latest book "One Life At A Time", a collection of essays, his articulation on such topics as Politics, Travel, Books & Art & Nature Lore, are all written with such elegance, machismo & compassion, one would have to be a fencepost not to be moved. Whether he annoys or amuses you, at least your mediocrity is challenged. He writes with a fierceness and sexuality that, after reading his work, makes me feel I have just danced with the Bacchanal. He writes with a commitment to tell the truth, especially truth that offends the powerful, the rich, the well-established, the traditional, the mythic, the sentimental.

Abbey's philosophy on these social evils are not unique. In varying settings and under different guises, some of us are grappling with essentially the same questions and are hungry to discuss, argue, and hammer out possible answers. You don't have to agree with all he professes but he makes you take a good hard look at yourself and your convictions, although some, given the choice between disagreeable fact, and agreeable fantasy will choose agreeable fantasy.

Growth in awareness has always been painful; the enormous problems we face today can only be resolved by individual initiative, personal effort. Perhaps the greatest progress we can make is in the growth of consciousness, the dignity of the rights of the individual and a

new awareness of the inter-relatedness of all life on our planet. Abbey puts the fire back in the gut for the jaded. He may not be a hero, but maybe a muse.

A good book after all is a mirror: If an ass peers into it, you can't expect an apostle to look out.

SALUD.

Book Reviews

by Steve Wilsker

Cadillac Desert
by Marc Reisner

A modern account of the follies of water use in the West, this is essential reading that most of our politicians have not read. Reisner pulls no punches (nor should he) in documenting the self-interested and often destructive competition between the Bureau of Reclamation and the Corps of Engineers. His research has been meticulous and thorough, but the book still reads more like a folktale than a history: "How the Wily Coyotes Fooled the People Again and Again and Again." He clearly shows how we have paid for a lack of understanding of the problems of water here and a lack of clear, sane policy regarding it. Sometimes amusing, always frightening, this is a valuable document. Stephen Jay Gould, the eminent paleontologist, once remarked, "The Yahoos never rest." This is a chronicle of their restlessness, indifference and disregard of the future and how it has cost all of us both in the future and the present.

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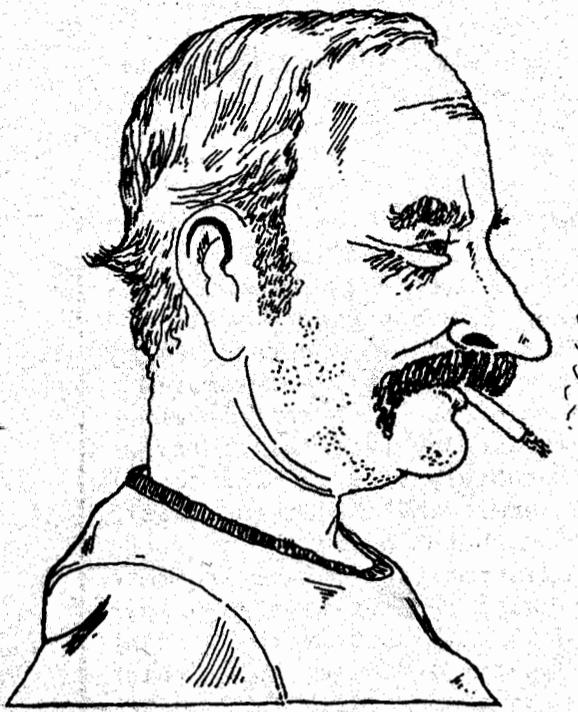
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Izzie Kiddin

How Can You Keep Um Down On The Farm?

Back in the old days when I thought I owned the desert, I was very selective about whom I invited out here. Let's face it, when you've discovered paradise, you do not want every friend in the world, including Aunt Sophie, beating a blazing trail to your doorstep. I used to worry a lot about how to keep this Eden from being overrun with other seekers. The answer is to invite one and all down here for a week in the wilderness! I guarantee you'll never see or hear from them again!

Little Gary left the suburbs of Chicago for his first backpack trip through The LaSal Mountains. After showing him how to put on a backpack, he proceeded to have the most horrid eight days of his life! He was deathly afraid of the cattle and the first time he had to shit in the woods, he fell in his own poop. He suffered numerous nosebleeds in the ascent of Burr Pass and the biting flies just loved his blood type! I haven't heard from him in years.

Denny and Karl came out from Boulder for a week in The Needles. Denny got stung twice by bees, got the runs from my apricot brandy and tried to wipe his butt with some Arizona Thistle, found the largest scorpion I have ever seen in his sleeping bag and almost got struck by lightning at The Confluence Overlook. Karl had just as good a time, but he was a little disappointed in The Joint Trail. I don't know what he expected to find in there?

Cousin Jim, a mild-mannered insurance salesman from Chicago, said he needed very much to get away from it all. He asked me if there was any place I could take him where he wouldn't hear or see a telephone for a whole week? I took him to Lost Spring Canyon and he didn't see another SOUL for a whole week! He thought there had been a war or something. The bomb had dropped. I had to take him high up on a ridge so he could view the

passing traffic far away on Interstate 70 just to reassure him. After seven days he saw his first telephone and almost wept for joy.

Shelly hopped on a train from Frisco. I picked her up at Thompson and drove her immediately to The Needles Overlook where she had a mild stroke. She was horrified! She thought that no one should be allowed to live here! It's too dangerous! Too wild! I put her back on the train the next morning and she refuses to write or call.

Key ventured out from Nederland and I drove him to Dead Horse Point. I was worried he had discovered something because he wanted to jump. It took a lot of work to show him the good time I bequeath on all my friends, but the quicksand hole in Lower Courthouse Wash did the trick. I found his sneakers just the other week.

Brother-in-law Mike came out from the ritzy suburbs of Chicago with his fancy new Chevy Family Sedan. I took him for a drive in his newly-acquired

auto over Geyser Pass. I can show you where the muffler is.

Uncle Roy wanted to get out of Iowa to a drier climate for a spell. He said his allergies were really acting up. The pollen count back there was atrocious. Could I help? Sure. I hiked him to Clover Canyon and he discovered he was deathly allergic to poison ivy.

Aunt Sophie was very afraid of water. She thought a visit to the desert would be nice because there wasn't much water here. If she liked it, she could move here and visit with me often. I sent her down Cataract.

The list goes on. Now please, do not think me cruel. After all, it is one's DUTY to show friends and relatives the best possible time when they come to visit. Let them partake of the desert just as you do. Let them bask in the wonder and glory of the wilderness. Take them backpacking to a remote area and let them experience the solitude one can only find in the open arms of the desert. Do this ... and you will never hear from them again.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor:

Thanks for the Gazette updates - great job with the paper! I'm seeing references regionally to the wise-ass publication.

Omo Bob
Flagstaff, AZ

(Ed. Note - Thanks, Bob.....I think.)

Editor:

Well, vacation is over, spent 7 great days in Moab, now it's back to the steel mill. We can't believe the beauty of the canyon country and will be back again. Thanks to the Main St. Broiler and the Poplar Place (I drank all the Slickrock).

I would like to subscribe to your stinking rag of a paper. It's nice to know there are people like you left in this world. Keep it up.

Kent Cummings
LaPorte, IN

Editor:

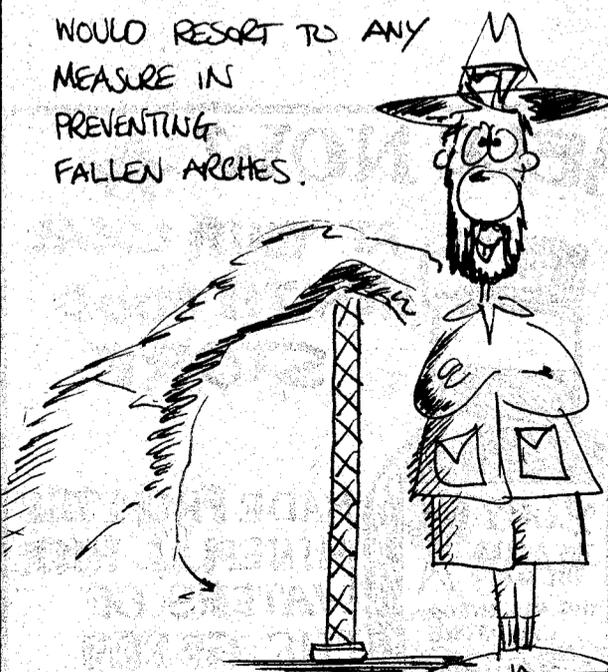
Keep it up. I'm sure that if you don't receive some kind of Pulitzer award for your journalism, you are still eligible for the peace prize.

Marc Horwitz
Castle Valley

Editor:

Thanks to Moab for making our last adventure to "The Stinking Desert" a great one!

STADFAST IN HIS DETERMINATION TO PRESERVE THE SCENIC WONDERS OF THE REGION..... MILHAUS WOULD RESORT TO ANY MEASURE IN PREVENTING FALLEN ARCHES.



Elaine & Chris Vardas
Longview, WA

Carry on the good work, Robert. Someone has to do it.

Jim Ratts
Denver

PS: I gave a copy of the SDG to Michael Martin Murphy the other day.

Jim: Thanks for everything, especially Buckwheat from Skagway reading Robert Service, and Mercy Aiken's poetry which we have reprinted in this issue along with your comments. Buckwheat, incidentally, has numerous friends here in Moab and subscribes to the SDG, in case you didn't know. Everyone here wishes you and Salli continued success with your music and THE RUNAWAY EXPRESS. Your new album, "Hands Of Time", is a fine work.

Dear Bob:

Here I am ... in DC ... about to depart for Dar Es Salaam, Tanzania, with Heidi, Stephanie and Zinger and Bell, the dogs. I can't bear the idea of 2 years w/o any news of Moab so sign us up Stiles' article with Ken Sleight on the old days of Glen Canyon is worth a subscription all by itself. Use any excess on this check to buy Ken & Jim a beer, and at least one for yourself. Here's hoping the lake silts up in 50 years (then there's an outside chance one of us might watch the creation of Dominy Falls). Take care of our canyonlands!!! St. Clair Tanzania

Ed. Note: Mike's friends who wish to write to him at the US Embassy in Tanzania, contact us for the address.

Hon. Dudek: Please enroll us for another year of lost causes, perverted astrologers & general silliness. Your staff is truly committed perhaps they should be Jerry & Kathy Hayes, Vancouver, WA

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- Aug 1-6 With John McEuen, Branson Music Hall, Branson, Missouri
- Aug 7 Weld County Fair, Greeley
- Aug 9 Ford Amphitheater, Vail, Co
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LEDITORS

Dear Editor:

I've just finished reading the July 1988 issue of The Stinking Desert Gazette, and I am particularly impressed with the article entitled "A Grand Burning Issue". I've been visiting the Canyonlands region of Utah regularly since 1976 when I was ten years old. Even then I was in awe of the country and I truly fell in love with it.

Moabites, you are fortunate to live in such a uniquely beautiful area of the world. Tourists flock to the Canyonlands only to see them and to be in them for several of their precious days of vacation. You live amongst this beauty! Go look out of your window!

Lance Christie's article presents an unbiased, educated viewpoint of the proposed toxic waste incinerator and, after presenting the information, leaves the decision in your hands. Before making your decision on whether or not to support the project I suggest that you read "A Grand Burning Issue" and Christie's forthcoming articles on the toxic waste incinerator proposal and then ask yourself, "Do I really want to experience the effect of toxic wastes in the air that I breathe --- and subsequently on the soil, water, plants and, yes, even people?"

The projected economic benefits of the project are, I'm certain, attractive to many of you. However, projected benefits and real benefits are not financially tangible and therefore do not appear on a cost/benefit analysis.

The phrase "Standard of Living" has different definitions to different people. It means "money" or "goods" to most people. What does it mean to you?

The eastern states are populated by people who have a high Standard of Living when compared with the people of Moab. They have built much of their empires by utilizing local natural resources. Now they are living with acidified lakes, dying forests, extinct life forms (irony intended), and a polluted sky.

People travel to Moab to float the rivers, to hike the side canyons and merely to look, amazed and grateful that such places still exist. And then, after recording on film the fact that they've been there, they return to the cities' suburbs and to their jobs.

To vote for the existence of a toxic waste incinerator so close to the Canyonlands would be, for monotheists, spitting in God's eye and for all others, an unpardonable offense against our land and against those of us who treasure the Canyonlands.

John Hunt
Boulder, CO

Editor:

Keep on stinkin' til people can't ignore the smell! Your paper is looking good.

Lynn Jacobs
Tucson, AZ



Lynn: Thanks. And good luck with your efforts to fight the stink of private livestock on the public domain. I still like the cowboys, and I still see moderate grazing as a biological solar machine, inefficient but renewable. But the stink is beginning to reach my nostrils. Friends have shown me the damage, both scenic and monetary, done to their homesteads and springs. I've grown tired of the stench that besmirches the springs and stream bottoms all through our canyonlands. And for what? For 2% of our country's annual cattle feed requirements. It can no longer be justified.

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nietzsche

THE BARD'S NARDS

(Ed. Note: We are pleased to present some delightful work by a new poetess 'discovered' in the Grand Canyon by one of our roving correspondents, Jim Ratts, lead singer for the popular musical group, The Runaway Express. As Jim himself tells it:

"A few months ago the group played the Bright Angel Lodge at the bottom of the Grand Canyon. While we were there Salli and I met a charming 15 year old girl named Mercy who lives with her parents in the Grand Canyon...that is, 4½ miles down the trail from the North Rim. Her father runs the Roaring Springs pumphouse which provides water for the Park.

"Mercy has spent 8 months of each year since she was 3 in the canyon, running a lemonade stand, listening to Bob Dylan, The Beatles and The Byrds, exploring the canyon, swimming in the canyon's pools, and being nostalgic for the 60's in which she never lived. She also writes poetry, which seems somewhat wise beyond her age and sometimes striking....What do you think?"

We heartily agree, and are proud to present the work of Ms. Mercy Aiken)

The Other Day

the other day i was mad
 mad for no reason
 so i did something i'd never done before
 i kicked a hole in Shirley's door
 with bare feet
 it felt good
 i could have kicked 10 more holes
 but then i was sort of sorry
 so i tried to fix it with
 super glue but that
 just stuck my fingers together
 i can't say i'm sorry
 but when daddy gets home
 from italy
 he will be mad at me
 for doing something i never did
 before kicking a hole
 in Shirley's door.

POETRY

by Mercy Aiken

Come!

come with me
 to a secret place
 where leaves hang low
 with ancient grace
 where a gurgling spring
 plays a song
 where it's shadowy and cool
 where nothing is wrong

The People In The Canyon Wall

the people in the canyon wall
 sit there with frowns
 on their majestic faces
 beaten down by rain and wind
 but still there
 their unwavering gaze
 forever riveted towards the
 north rim
 and their beards pulled down
 like pharoahs
 and the sun
 bleaching out their
 pale green skin
 i wonder what they've
 seen thru the years
 holding their
 wisdom inside themselves
 like wine
 in a bottle

A Fish

i lay here
 in the hands of the
 boy
 that caught me
 listening to him exclaim
 about the rainbow
 on my side
 while i sightlessly
 glare
 up into his face
 for taking my life

The Laughing Brook

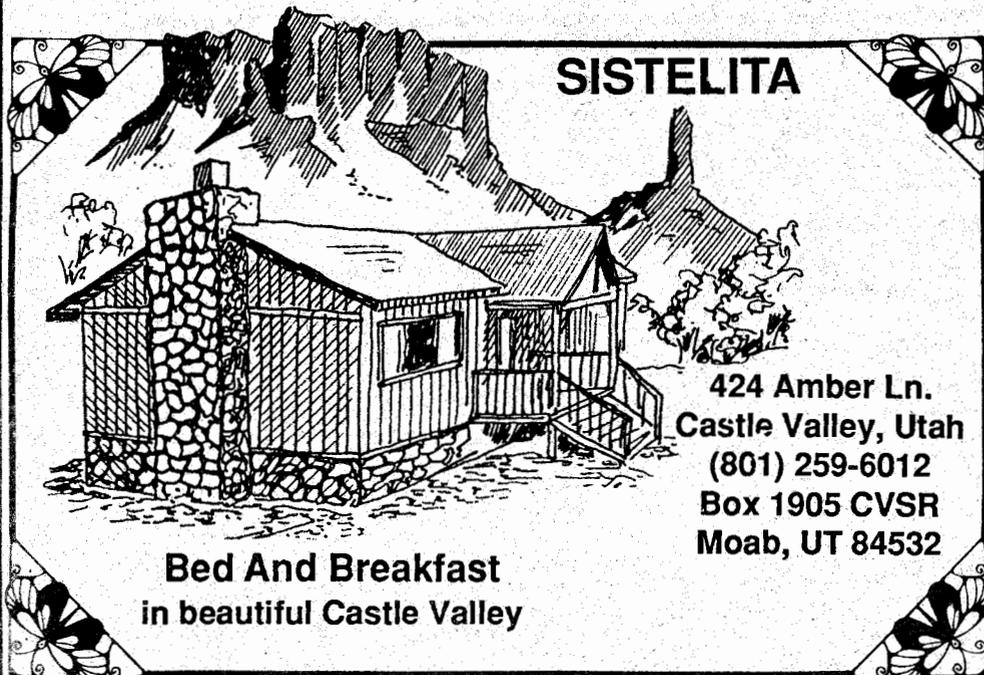
the laughing brook
 winds her way
 young and happy
 thru the day
 she shines like diamonds
 in the sun
 she never walks
 just skips and runs
 she is young and slender
 and graceful in motion
 and will slap your toe
 if she gets the notion
 she's always friendly
 even though she's cold
 and to many a hiker
 she's more precious than gold
 she never thinks about
 where she's going
 the canyon around her
 is all she's a'knowing
 oh canyon brook
 so happy and free
 a little more like you
 i should be

Please Forgive Me, Mother

please forgive me mother
 for talking to the
 enemy
 he did not seem wicked
 just a normal
 person
 and
 he
 told
 me
 that
 his
 mother
 warned
 him
 about
 me!

Laugh

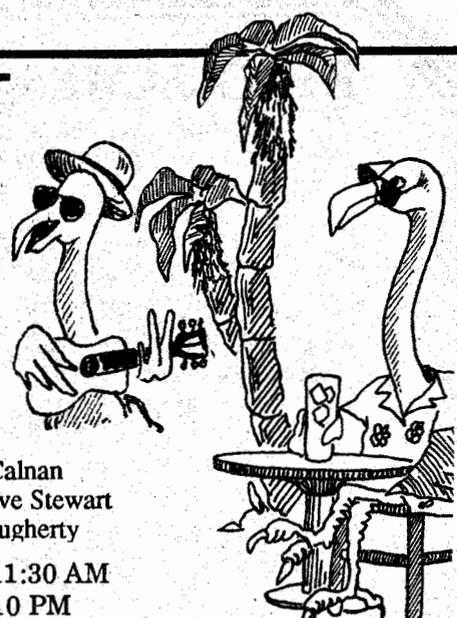
laugh	scream	splash
brr	cold	wet
ahh	warm	rock
to	sit	on
after	being	in
the	creek	



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POETRY CORNER

Sweet Bird of Youth by Skye

sweet bird of youth
look at these wings all torn and tattered
but you flew for truth
or at least towards the ones that mattered

and you circled high in this empty sky
in search of some kind of reason
but all you find are the ties that bind
and the passing of another season

sweet bird of flight
how did these wings ever carry you this far?
you're quite a sight
one foot in the grave the other still
clinging for that star

and your whispered soar is the silent roar
of the sound the sun makes as it rises
thru ten times four you've known love and war
and some terrible surprises

oh flight bird of freedom
still you fly so high
no place to land but you understand
that if you do you'll die
but still you sing with broken wing
and fly higher than before
above the tears - above the fears
above love and war

sweet bird of youth
look at these wings all torn and tattered
but you flew for truth
or at least towards the ones that mattered

Highway Whimsy by Steve Wilsker

"Shit isn't aerodynamically sound,"
puffed the critic,
keeping aloft on the
rhythmical wind of his hindsight.
"Although truth is beauty,
and 'though I agree,"
said the artist and poet,
"I really must say
that philosophy stinks."

Leaving The Academy After a woodblock print by Leonard Baskin entitled "LITTLE BIRDMAN" by Steve Wilsker

Her strong lover left her, left her behind!
He left the ancient shelter of the trees and the
Dappled light and ripples of their pool.
He left the moist seams of his plum-ripe love
To fly! To be like a bird, to glide and soar
And beat against the wind, to triumph in the sky.
Unbound of earth's ripe smells, enchanted by the light,
He flew far above those common things. Her
By an effort of his will he'd changed himself, grown wings
And the sharp bill of a raptor, and the thick muscles
To support them gnarled and twisted the plane
Of his trunk that was once her delight.
Ugly, thick and awful, neither man nor bird,
(no bird would ever come near)
Deformed and ugly and now exhausted of the will
To change and too enraptured to ever return,
Enmeshed in wonder, he flew away, alone forever.
But when all is said and done, she wept, he can fly.
He can fly.

River Dawn Dudek

The clank of metal bucket bails
rattles through the whisper of
the rushing silver river
at daybreak

in the deep canyon
as the rivermen draw wash water
for the camp,
and boiling water rolls along
the brim of the blackened coffee pot
before sunrise
paints the wall high above
with
coral light.

Other sounds filter through;
the zip of a sleeping bag and the
rustle of ripstop, the pop
of an ammo can lid, the sound
of bacon
snapping in the cast iron pot and
laughter
as the rich brown coffee
is passed around.

And
as the passengers sleep
in city dreams
in nylon domes in tamarisk groves,
while the rheostat sky intensifies,
and the last bat flits upon
the brightening dawn,

the rivermen own
their lives
for one slow moment

a languorous moment
that slowly flows away in the
liquid silver river
and fades
with the straggle of sleepy-eyed and
hungry people into camp, and
disappears

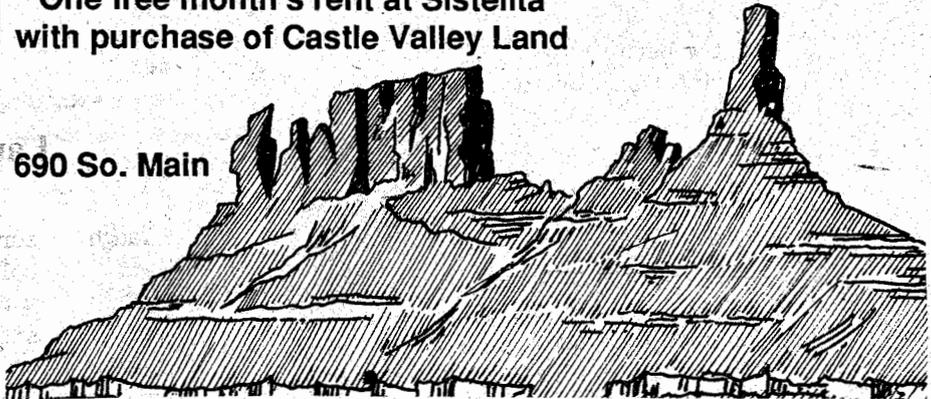
into the brilliance of
a river day, rubber boats and rolling
waves of water - the slap-crash rapids
of a workaday reality.

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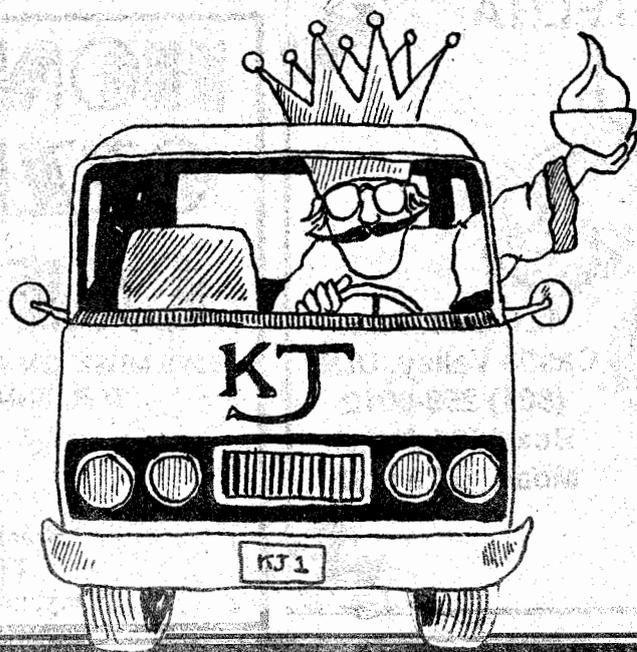
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YESTERDAY

Looking Back At Southern Utah

edited by Jim Stiles

This month's excerpt from the Utah Guide, published in 1940, follows the old Utah Highway 95 from Blanding to Natural Bridges National Monument.

The road has undergone major changes and re-routing in fifty years. As the guide indicates, the old highway climbed Elk Ridge and passed between the Bears Ears before descending to Cedar Mesa and the Monument. In the 1950's, the Atomic Energy Commission, eager to open the area to prospecting, blasted a dugway at the northern end of Comb Ridge, so that a new road could skirt the southern end of Elk Ridge.

It remained a dirt and gravel road until 1976, when it was once again re-aligned, rerouted and covered with asphalt. It was proclaimed the Bicentennial Highway and provided new access to Lake Powell.

The National Park Service made major changes at the Monument. A new visitor center was constructed in 1966, and a paved loop road was built, providing easy access to views of all three natural bridges. Nobody has to walk anymore.

Perhaps the saddest change of all to occur along this road since 1940 happened in the 1950s. The Goblet of Venus, a remarkable geologic anomaly (see photo) had withstood the elements for thousands of years. But thirty years ago, some kids from Blanding destroyed it with their jeeps and a tow chain. Today the Goblet of Venus is a pile of rubble, completely forgotten.

BLANDING TO NATURAL BRIDGES

West of Blanding, State 95 traverses the arid mesas of Sage Plain, Brush Basin, and Dark Canyon Plateau, transcends pine-wooded Elk Ridge, and descends abruptly to the sandstone floor of Grand Gulch Plateau. The road is, according to Zeke Johnson, custodian of the Monument in 1940, "not too good, not bad." Herbert E. Gregory, who made a geologic reconnaissance of the San Juan County between 1909 and 1929, says that off the road "A few trails are kept open by cattlemen, and in many places the topography marks out feasible routes for pack trains," but that "most travel consists of rough scrambles in and out of canyons at places that seem at the time most favorable."



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"The PITA sandwich is brain food
for the existentialist"

-F. Nietzsche

The region is devoted primarily to grazing—"Panhandle style" say local cattlemen, who assert that a paltry thousand acres will support one steer in bovine luxury, "if he's tough."

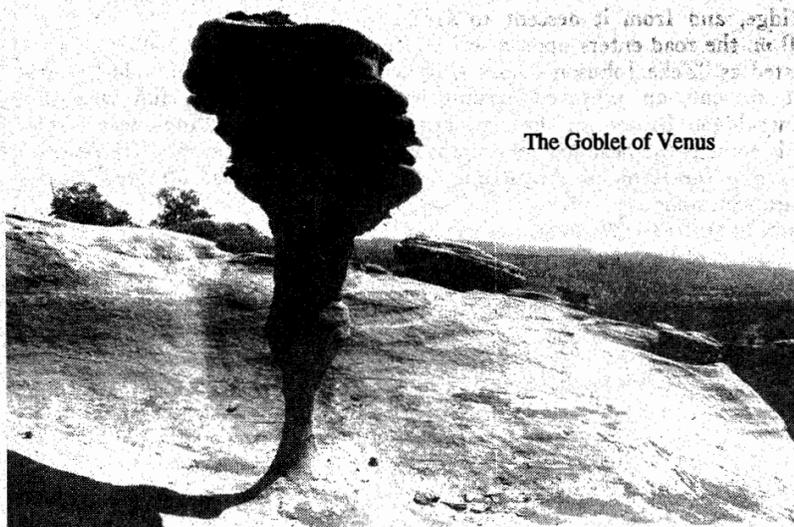
At 12.6 m., the road zigzags down a steep dugway into COTTONWOOD WASH. Disappearing into Cottonwood Wash (R) is a natural causeway, ten feet wide and straight as a boulevard for several miles, which local romantics solemnly claim is an ancient highway.

Boulders have been piled along it by flood waters; cuts and fills are claimed for it; and the grade is uniform from beginning to end.

An INDIAN TRADING POST, 14 m., offers Paiute, Navaho, and Hopi craftworks for sale. Visitors may obtain blankets, baskets, turquoises, and Navaho silver work at reservation prices.

At 15.6 m., a dirt road (R) leads 2.2 m. to ALLEN CANYON INDIAN AGENCY, a farm of 8,800 acres, of which perhaps 80 were under desultory cultivation in 1940. Allen Canyon, a characteristic plateau fantasia of mesas, columns, and whorled abutments in the inevitable red sandstone, in prehistoric times sheltered a large Cliff-Dweller suburb; in historic times a band of Paiutes, who steadfastly refused to be removed to other reservations, were allotted farming lands in the canyon. In 1934, Gregory said that, although a sympathetic agent was attempting to make them self-sufficient, "it has been found impractical to discontinue food rations."

At 17 m. a posted trail (L) leads (100 yds.) to the GOBLET OF VENUS, a piece of freak weather tooling in vermilion sandstone. The goblet bowl, six or seven feet in diameter and weighing about five tons, is delicately balanced atop a symmetrical stem six feet long and not much thicker than a man's leg.



The Goblet of Venus

At 18.3 m. the road enters the southern section of LA SAL NATIONAL FOREST. Desert vegetation yields, as the road ascends the outermost escarpment of Elk Ridge, to yellow pine, oak, scrub maple, willow, manzanita, sagebrush, and, on the high places of the ridge, to aspen. Elk Ridge is actually a domed plateau of the same character and composition as the desert regions about it but its altitude, which averages 8,000 feet, permits alpine vegetation. KIGALIA RANGER STATION (R), 30 m., is occupied during the summer months and is the only place between Blanding and Natural Bridges National Monument where first aid can be obtained.

At 30.5 m., the road skirts the rim of the Elk Ridge plateau, affording a tremendous sweep of desert vista such as Zane Grey called "the yellow-and-purple corrugated world of distance." Southward, the towering buttes of Monument Valley, 50 miles away, are visible over the face of Grand Gulch Plateau; eastward, Sage Plain, walled off from Grand Gulch Plateau by battlemented Comb Ridge, extends deep into Colorado; westward, the view ranges over Dark Canyon Plateau, White Canyon, Red House Cliffs, the buttes and ridges of Moki Canyon, to the dim outlines of Kaiparowits Plateau beyond the Colorado River. Beginning almost in the talus at the foot of the rim, the sheer gorge of Arch Canyon yaws across the face of Grand Gulch Plateau, the walls whitening as they descend to the inaccessible canyon floor.

At 34.8 m. the road passes between the twin peaks called BEARS EARS (9,059 and 8,508 alt.). The reason for the name is obvious for miles before they are reached.

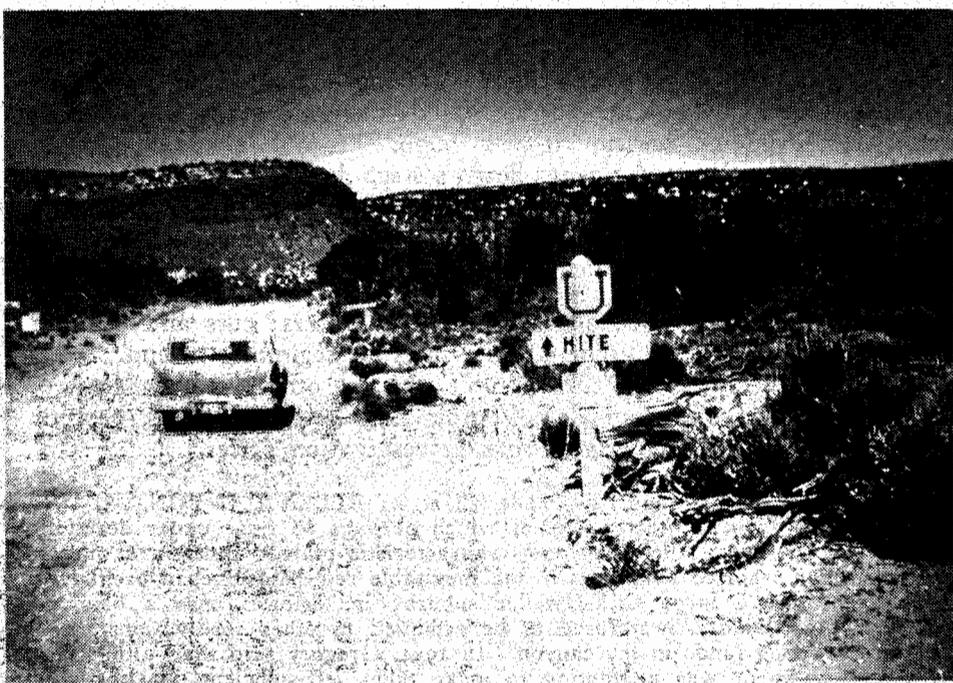
MAVERICK SPRING (L about 150 yards), 36.8 m., is the last readily available water between Elk Ridge and Natural Bridges National Monument, and is a favorite camping spot for Indians; their pine-bough windbreaks are usually found near the spring.

MAVERICK POINT, 39.7 m., commands a second sweeping vista over the stepped mesas, south, east, and west. In *Rainbow Trail*, Zane Grey said "... his judgement of distance was confounded and his sense of proportion was dwarfed one moment and magnified the next. Then he withdrew his fascinated gaze to adopt the Indian's

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PITA SANDICHES

"TAKE THAT ... AND THAT."



Utah Highway 95, near Maverick Pt.

method of studying unlimited spaces in the desert—to look with slow, contracted eyes from near to far.” There is no better advice. The tremendous masses of upflung, reddened stone, the carved buttes and monoliths in the gray distance, even the horizontal mass of the con-figured plateau beneath the Point, will by such scrutiny reveal their bulk and intricate form. The Point is the outermost rampart of Elk Ridge, and from it descent to Grand Gulch Plateau is abrupt. At 50 m. the road enters upon a series of contorted writhings locally designated as “Zeke Johnson’s Last Half Mile,” and breaks out suddenly at 51 m. onto an improved parking and camping space, in full view of Owachomo Bridge on the southern boundary of the Monument. At this point is the headquarters of the caretaker. One hundred feet westward is the brink of Armstrong Canyon, 200 feet deep, carved from pale sandstone.

OWACHOMO BRIDGE, 100 yards by foot trail, named Little Bridge by Long and Scorup, and renamed Edwin for a time, is ten feet thick and spans 200-foot Armstrong Canyon at a height of 108 feet (Long, triangulating with his thumb, said 142 feet). The word Little is appropriate only in comparison with the other two bridges. Owachomo, a Hopi word meaning “flat-rock mound,” was chosen for a near-by promontory. The stone of Owachomo Bridge is light, a pale salmon pink, shot through laterally with vermilion streaks, and accented here and there by green and orange lichens. The “slickrock” canyon walls beneath and beyond it are “most voluptuously” whorled and as delicately colored as the bridge itself. By evening light the hard stone seems velvet soft, and it glows until the coyotes begin to howl. Almost beneath the bridge is a “tank” or pothole in the slickrock such as desert men cherish as sources of drinking water—this one, however, is commonly known as “Zeke’s bathtub.”

Many visitors do not leave their cars and the camp tables at the end of the road, but Zeke Johnson, custodian since 1916, whose enthusiasm for the bridges was legend as early as 1930, says that “it is customary to walk” a nine-mile triangular trail that leads to the other two bridges.

From Owachomo, a well-marked foot trail works southward through Armstrong Canyon. At 3 m. is KACHINA BRIDGE. Scorup stipulated as part of his agreement to Long for guiding him that he should be permitted to name one of the bridges for his wife. He chose this one, and called it Caroline. Government officials, in the proclamation establishing the Monument, substituted the name Kachina (a Hopi word meaning “sacred dance”) because there were dance symbols carved on the bridge. Kachina is the most massive of the three bridges, 107 feet thick at its narrowest place, and the stone of which it is com-



Bates Wilson and the old Visitor Center at Natural Bridges N.M.

posed is a deeper red. Its span is 186 feet, and it rises 205 feet above the canyon floor. At Kachina Bridge a fork (L) of the trail leads downstream about 200 yards to a scattered community of cliff dwellings and several excellent rock pictures. The main trail turns (R) up White Canyon, almost under the Bridge. The scalloped walls of White Canyon vary in color from a warm pearl gray to brick red; at several points they widen, forming small parks, and as often they contract until the overhanging lip of the plateau above almost shuts out the sky. The canyon throughout its length is well watered and supports lush vegetation.

SIPAPU BRIDGE, 3.5 m., is the most impressive of all. To Dyar, it seemed “a structure so magnificent, so symmetrical and beautiful in its proportions, as to suggest that nature, after completing the mighty structure of the Caroline, had trained herself for a finer and nobler form of architecture.” Long, following Scorup’s precedent, named the bridge for his wife, who was “very appropriately” christened Augusta. The name Sipapu was taken from Hopi legend and it refers to “the gateway through which the souls of men come from the underworld and finally return to it.” The Hopi say that formerly the souls of men were shut up under the earth. The animals, when they learned this thing, set out to release them. Coyote dug for a while, and after him almost all of the animals worked to deepen the hole, but Badger, who is the real digger of the animals, finished the job. When Badger’s claws poked through the crust, men were released from the underworld, but when earth is through with men, they must return to underworld the same way they came out—through the arched cave carved by Coyote and Badger and the other animals. Subtle ones among the whites say that the legend is an allegory of the pelvic arch and the return to prenatal simplicity. Be that as it may, most present-day Indians are reluctant to visit the vicinity of natural bridges, which strongly resemble the opening clawed out by Badger. The 261-foot span of Sipapu would give egress to an army, and the bridge arches 222 feet above the canyon floor—the Capitol at Washington, D. C., could sit under it very nicely, and have fifty feet to spare. Dyar estimated that the tallest Sequoia in Calaveras Grove, if planted under the bridge, would have thirty feet to grow before its tallest tip would brush the under side of the span.

Sipapu Bridge was marred by initial-carvers in 1926, and the incident furnishes Zeke Johnson, the custodian, with one of his most oft-told tales:

A group of boys was going out to the bridges from Blanding, and I told them not to scratch their names on rocks inside the Monument. One man who went along with the boys (I will just call him John Doe) told his boy that that man Zeke Johnson had no police authority over those rocks, and he and his son wrote their names on top of Sipapu Bridge and dug it deep. Well of course I explained the law and told him to get back out and rub it off, and he told me to go “places.” The invitation to go some place was repeated several times, and I found it necessary to write to the director of national parks in Washington, D. C. The defendant got a letter telling him that unless he immediately complied with Custodian Johnson’s instructions he would have a free ride at his own expense from Blanding to Washington, D. C., to be arraigned before the U. S. Government. He soon hunted me up and asked what he should do. I said just do as I told you, track back out there and take off those initials. He offered me twenty bucks if I would do it, but I told him nobody could do it but him, and it was a five-day horseback trip in those days. Since then he has been a help to me. Several initial-cutters have been caught, and when they tried to lobby with me I just told them to step across the street and talk with Mr. John Doe. I can’t give you chapter and verse, but the law is very plain, and I am obliged to enforce it.

At Sipapu, a trail (L) continues northeasterly up White Canyon 0.5 m., to a Cliff Dweller community that extends along the left wall of the canyon a mile and a half. The houses occupy alcoves in the wall from ten to fifty feet above the canyon floor, and are in an excellent state of preservation. At 1.2 m., is a large group of dwellings in a cave about forty feet above the stream bed. These are reached by the original ladders—now decrepit with age but reinforced somewhat with “Mormon buckskin,” which is to say, baling wire. Zeke Johnson’s customary advice to tourists wishing to climb into this dwelling is, “I’ll tell you where they are, but I won’t advise you.” Included in the group are two-story structures, small storage rooms, and a *kiva* with its sooted ceremonial rock and incised wall-symbols still intact.

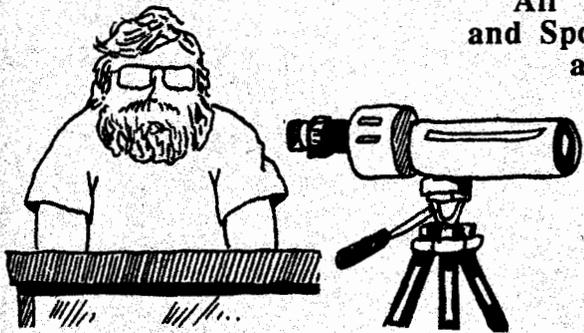
The main trail turns southward (R) from Sipapu Bridge, climbs steeply out of White Canyon, and returns 3 m. across the rolling mesa face to its starting place at Owachomo Bridge. The entire length of the Monument trails, including side paths to cliff dwellings, is about 12 miles; they can be traversed in a day’s walk.

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(Ed. Note: Rama Lama Ding Dong is presently at a spiritual retreat in the reknowned Betty Ford Clinic. In her absence we are relying upon the predictions of her esteemed friend and colleague, Rama Lama Wing Ding, for the remainder of the summer months.)

LEO (July 24 - Aug. 23)

Fiery Leo - ruled by the sun - you are the supreme sign of the Zodiac. Others will sometimes mistake your superior and unerring sense of what's right, as arrogance and pretention. This is the lot of the superior man. Chalk it off to the envy of those cursed with subordinate sun signs.

You are so physically attractive that, although your basic nature is monogamous, you find yourself being smothered with attention from the opposite sex. Do what feels good, trusting in the erogenous principles that have made it such an interesting life for you.

Your intellect is non-compost mentis, levels above that of your peers. This may make you seem impatient and intolerant at times. It's a small price to pay for brilliance.

Yes, we Leos are a generous lot. In spite of the shrieks of protest from the misguided few, we are free with our valuable advice and assistance, and are always there to help, especially when the helpless are too proud to request it.

Leo, walk tall. It's your month. Enjoy.

Cancer: Eat bananas to avoid deadly leg cramps during the month of July.

Gemini: Expect some drain on personal finances from multiple baby shower invitations.

Virgo: See your dentist - you probably have gum disease.

Libra: Cut your hair - eat some ginseng - take a hot air balloon ride. You need all the help you can get for a much needed attitude change. Remember, inactivity breeds inactivity.

Scorpio: Be kind to ex-lovers and spiders.

Sagittarius: Seek out a fellow fire sign for laughter and adventure in far away places. It will give you the lift you need.

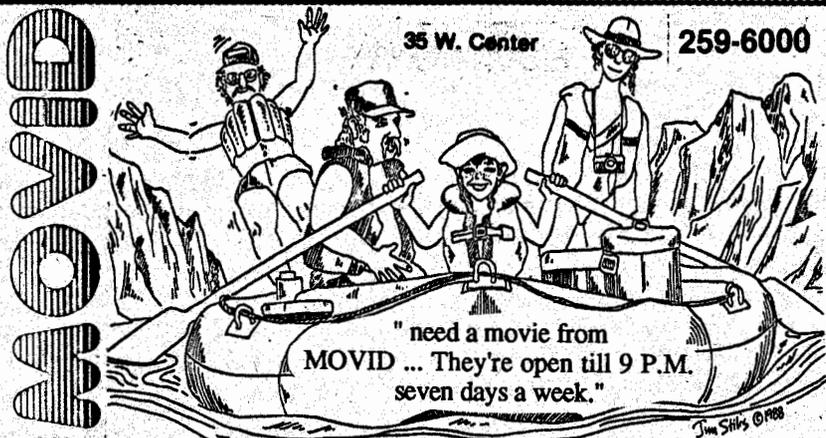
Capricorn: July 2nd and 3rd are propitious days to set fence posts. My, but isn't life exciting?

Aquarius: You will receive a lovely offer on the 1st. Overcome your shy and eccentric nature and go with it - but don't insist on your own way

Piceses: Bust loose - get rid of encumbrances and go on a trip - have a romantic candlelight lunch at Ho Ho Gourmet.

Aries: You have had an excruciating horrible year so far. Relax - it will lighten up in July - August may even be better ...

Taurus: After your body literally falling apart on you last month, you will make a spectacular comeback in July. However, watch it -- you may be in danger of becoming gaunt.



RED ROCK BIKE SHOPPE

Now, mountain bikers can participate in the exciting diversification of Moab industry by joining the Toxic Trail Mountain Bike Ride.

We start the day at Cisco with a carboloading breakfast at dawn, as we watch the sun rise over the multi-colored clouds above the incinerator.

As we ride, judges will award points to riders for drafting behind lowest-bidder hauling company trucks carrying PCBs, sodium cyanate, and potassium chelates.

We'll stop for lunch and a quick swim at the Atlas tailing ponds then glide into town, relaxed, refreshed, maybe a little lightheaded, for a barbecue at the Moab gasoline spill, where contestants will be awarded prizes, T-shirts, and anti-nausea drugs.

To celebrate this event, the Red Rock Bike Shoppe will donate one dollar from the sale of every new Peugeot Orient Express (\$369) to the new "Welcome to Moab, Poisons R Us" Visitors Center. While the site of the center is still undetermined, odds are it will be built on land owned by a county commissioner's cousin.

352 N. Main
259-8371

