



# THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE



Vol. I  
No. 3

Oct. 86



25¢

Moab,  
Utah

## Underwear Stimulates

Recent research into consumer motivation, conducted by the esteemed Frederick's Institute of Hollywood, has shown that advertisements for womens' underwear will invariably stimulate greater response in an otherwise bland advertising publication, and produce higher sales over all.

Philmore Treacle Banks, president of the STINKING DESERT GAZETTE, expounded on

this theme as he spoke at the weekly luncheon gathering of the Moab Chamber of Commerce.

"These bra and panty advertisements are real attention getters", insisted Banks. He went on to say that his publication intends to be breaking ground in this area, and will begin offering depictions of scantily clad models to stimulate his readers.

"We'll try anything", concluded Banks. "It beats looking at Backwater Eddy's buns!"

## Contell Explains Charges

To clear up a lot of confusion running rampant in town, reporters from the STINKING DESERT GAZETTE contacted Contell area representative R. C. "Bud" Topheavy to explain the cryptic and ambiguous charges appearing on area phone bills.

"A lot of people want to know more about the 'maintenance of inside wire' charge", stated Topheavy. "The answer is simple.

"A wire left untended gets tired and run-down, and may, sooner or later, just up and quit. For the low monthly charge of 50¢, we shoot some therapeutic "Tesla" juice electrically through your wire, which soothes and rejuvenates it and extends its life. Of course, our customers can choose not to pay the charge. They should be reminded, however, that should it ever become necessary to call for a repairman, there is a minimum \$687.00 per hour charge to fix it.

"Now, about the 'flat usage charge'. I'm glad you asked about that. We were able to classify this area, due to the abundant mesas and plateaus in Canyonlands, in the category of 'flat usage charge'. If this were a more mountainous area - and some of our vice-presidents were categorizing it as such - your people would have to pay the 'pointy usage charge'. The 'pointy usage charge' would be at least double that of the 'flat usage charge', and so we've saved you folks a bundle of money!"

"The 'network access for interstate calling' charge is, stated more simply, a charge for interstate calling through network access. Your readers should be advised that, even if they make no interstate calls, they will still be

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## INSIDE

**Ed Abbey Repents  
Writes Romantic  
Cowboy Ballad**

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**Pearl Baker Speaks**

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## Creative Street Painting

In an effort to improve the appearance of the town and boost the chances of attracting some high-paying industry to this area, the City of Moab Streets Dept. last month hired a new stripe painter, Dadaist artist Franklin James.

The Dadaists, a negativist movement, set the art world on it's ear 70 years ago with their irrational conduct. They staged an important play, The Cancellation, which was duly cancelled on opening night, and delighted in destroying their art even as it was being created.

"We thought, what with the fancy daddyist title and all, that what we were gettin' was a real classy street painter!", lamented road chief, "Hardrock" Walton.

James, considered a little odd for his habit of giggling madly while he works, reputedly did a fine job on several city streets last month. But James, true to his training, cleverly painted only those streets that were due to be graveled the following day. Alas, like the artworks of the Dadaists, little remains of James' handiwork

"If there's a message there, danged if we can figure it out", said Walton. While the Road Dept. ponders the problem, James has been temporarily reassigned to meter reading.



Black Pantheist member Memphis Gale gets strange message

## Joyful Scenery

Several local members of an international organization called the "Black Pantheists", a group dedicated to the idea that rocks are alive, furnished a photograph to the STINKING DESERT GAZETTE that undeniably supports their view.

While hiking in the desert last month, they climbed to the top of Round Mountain for a better view of the various "rock colonies" in the area.

The photographer for the group, Dennis Weenie, took their pictures as they posed on the tip of the peak with their sedentary sandstone friends in the background.

Just as one female member took her place for the snapshot, the beauty of the landscape overwhelmed her, and she was heard to exclaim: "You guys are beautiful!"

To her astonishment, the nearest formation, "The Priest With Buns", radically altered itself and flashed her with a quick "thumbs up". Photographer Weenie dutifully caught it on film.

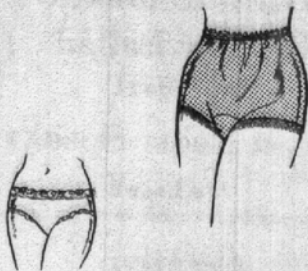
Pantheist President Cherty Biohern called the photo their greatest achievement to date, significantly more important than group member Randy Floater's sketch of a flaccid Castleton Tower. Said Biohern: "Now maybe they'll believe us. You can't fake a photograph!"

## Contell

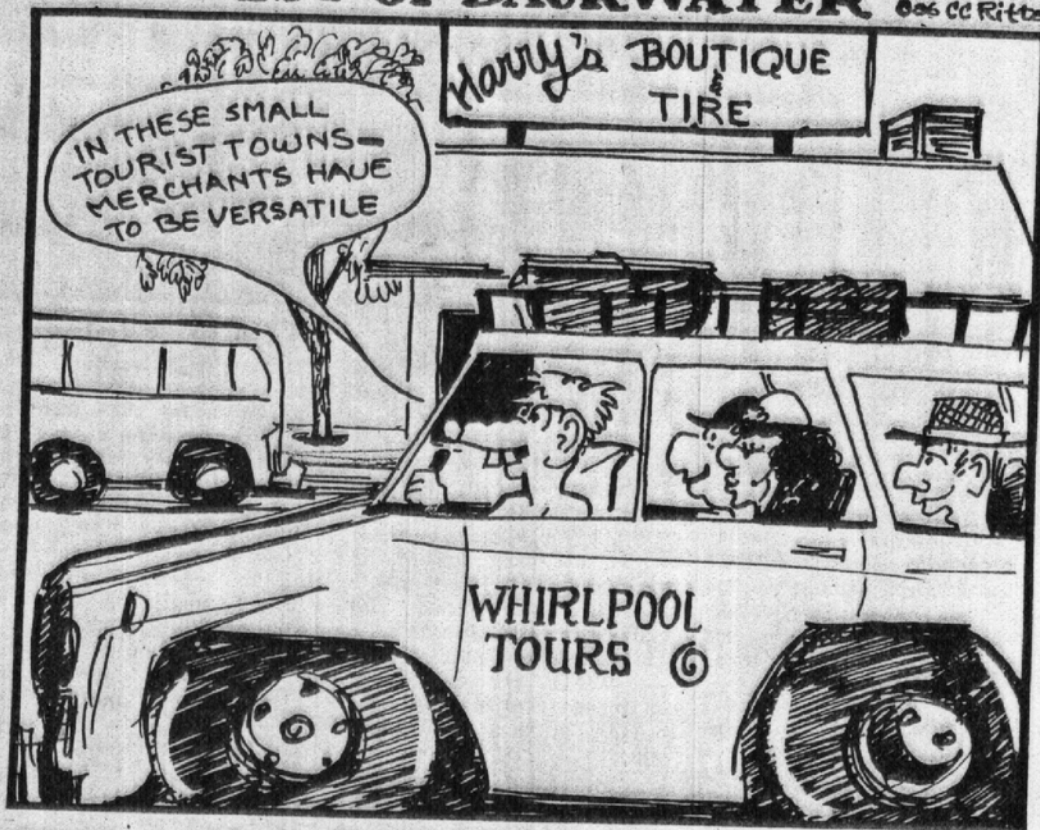
(Continued from Pg. 1)

charged for it. It therefore behooves them, in the interests of saving money, to make some interstate calls each month, and then they will come out ahead!"

With that, Topheavy had to end the phone conversation, but he promised to stay in touch with the STINKING DESERT GAZETTE and keep us abreast of any further developments.



## THE BEST OF BACKWATER © 66 CC Ritter



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## Mothy Plague

Moab residents were surprised at the invasion of moths that struck town for a few days in September, and motorists were seen swerving wildly around the streets of town as they slapped at the insides of their windshields. After some intense research, reporters for the STINKING DESERT GAZETTE found out the source of the trouble.

It seems that local tour guide Franz Liable, well known for his uncanny ability to whisk tourists in and out of Archie's Park without paying, miscalculated his arrival time and got to the entrance gate a few minutes before it closed.

He had no choice but to finally pull out his wallet, an event very few people in recorded history have witnessed.

When he opened it up, out came this enormous flurry of moths. The gate guard, ranger Laura Hokie, claimed that it resembled a thick grey cloud of smoke that poured from the windows of the tour bus, circled up into the breeze, and finally dissipated in a haze toward town.

The moths wound up pestering local residents, banging against their porch lights and spending the night in their cars.



## The Hideout

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

Hi. I am writing to your scuzzy rag of a newspaper in hopes that you will be open-minded enough to print my outraged opinions on the controversial federal invasion of private property and illegal pot hunting.

I violently object to unconstitutional searching of private land (and seizing of possessions) by federal agents. After all, what one does on one's own land is pretty much one's own business, providing he is not harming other human beings. This certainly falls under the "pursuit of happiness", provided in the Bill of Rights for all citizens of our free country. Having men with uniforms and guns enter homes of otherwise good and decent families, searching for "pots", is certainly disruptive and damaging socially to those who are victims of this governmental invasion of privacy.

How long must we tolerate this abuse of power, of the very freedoms which our forefathers fought and died for. I urge the reading public to deeply consider the threat to our personal security posed by these tax-supported activities of the persecution of otherwise innocent people.

Oh, perhaps you have by now deduced that I am not talking about raided indian artifacts, but the daily occurrence of police and FBI agents who enter peoples yards and gardens to remove their "pots plants" (grown for their own consumption, a victimless crime if there ever was one), and proceed to jail, fine and otherwise penalize these victims of our apparently capricious and unjust Justice system.

The State of Alaska has for years allowed its citizens to possess several marijuana plants for personal consumption with no dire social consequences. Possession of small quantities of "pot" has been decriminalized in several other states as well.

It seems clear to me that if the

Mafia and similar organizations weren't making so much profit off the trafficking of grass, that the oppression of those people who prefer to relax at home with a pipeload (rather than the oblivion of liquor) would finally end. Liberty is everybody's business. Let freedom ring.

Sincerely Yours,

A Vocal Local

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Vocal:

You know, the problem with you people is that you just can't accept the drug of choice in this society, besides liquor. Eat chocolate. Believe us, it works. We know a lady, never mind her name, who is addicted. It makes her feel sinfully good to eat it, and in spite of the danger to her health - she weighs in at 248 now - she can't quit. It fits all the definitions of a dangerous drug, but it's totally legal. Get in step, and go for a jumbo Hershey's.

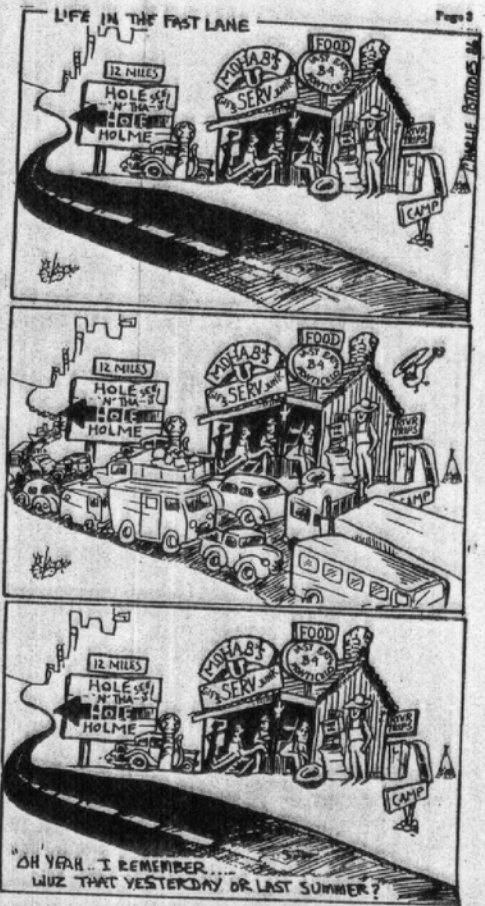
Dear Stinking Desert Gazette,

I just read Vol. 1, No. 2, and laughed all the way back to Colorado. I write for the Boulder Lampoon here, so it's fun to find someone else who pokes fun at the place they live (even though we love the place, right?).

Please let me know how much subscriptions are.

Best of luck to the Stinking Desert Gazette.

Deidre Elliot  
Boulder, Colo.



## BACKWATER



C.C. Ritter ©

# THE NAZI DOG

Bounder O'Rourke

It is done. You are moving your home again, or leaving it - you are not quite sure which. Anyway, money is tight and you have found a better deal, so the trailer has been hitched. You look sadly back on its old moorings. A bit of archeology is left behind; radiators, bottles, metal scraps, a lonely propane tank, wedges, rusty nails, broken cinder blocks, cat scat. A poetic leaving and an aesthetic one as well.

The detached front porch stands naked, majestic, like the observation tower in the Killing Fields. You ascend the steps to nowhere, seeking nothing but one last look. It is nice out here at the end of the road. Down-right, low-rent nice, the way you have always preferred it. Everything - animal, vegetable, mineral even human - in a slow natural rhythm of fruition, decay, rebirth, quiet and peaceful like. The cottonwoods wave one last goodbye in the wind. The meadowlark sings his respects, redundantly.

You whistle for your cosmic companion, Jake, a local dog whose past extends no further than the day he showed up on your stoop. But he is already at your feet, sadly pulled into himself.

"It's OK, boy." You lie, hoping to pull him out of his neurotic plunge. "There's better days ahead. They got a chunk 'a real lawn at the new place. No more dry cheat grass, no more sand burrs." He follows you reluctantly into the cab of the tow truck. As you pull out onto the street, you think you see tears coming to his eyes. It is funny what a man can project.

It's a short ride, half-a-mile maybe, until you're geared down and pulling past a line of trailers - row houses for the downwardly mobile. Dispensable homes pressed into service long after their life expectancy by unwed mothers, unemployed roughnecks, tramp miners, that finally come up short. You close your eyes in hopes of a short sensory block but a cacophonous chorus of dogs invades you on another front. You look bravely out the cab as you turn tightly and head down the back row for your new home, space #15. You note dogs of all shapes and sizes: a Newfoundland barks with profound depth from the end of a tow chain attached to the drill steel he may or may not have bent; a miniature

poodle, white coat permanently stained by the red earth, peers out from under an 8 X 35; and next door, in spot #14, a german shepherd, the Nazi Dog, barks insanely, his whole body in knotted mats, chain and all. As you pull to a stop you realize that, in fact, nothing is pure here, that your speculative breed designations are a desperate nomenclatorial attempt to place limits on the hideousness of the scene in front of you.

The trailer hauler offers his first words of the day. Words which you do not find particular soothing, and which you think he may be delivering for dramatic effect.

"I don't know if I'll be able to cut her into that slot or not." You get out and direct her into that slot, block the tongue, and pay the hauler who quickly drives off with your last hope of escape.

As you pet Jake and stare, dumbfounded, at your listing, tenuous home, you watch a cinder block slowly disintegrate. Your only appropriate response is to step out of the way as the tongue sways to the left and crashes into the ground. You hear terrible noises inside but you cannot bring yourself to go in and find out just what is broken. With renewed vigor, the dogs acknowledge the incident by initiating another chorus.

You suck up your pride and concern, bent on making the best of things. "Come on, Jake." By - what you try your best to interpret as - a stroke of good luck, a short, trim, dark-haired woman with a haunted look in her eyes comes out onto the porch at space #14 next door. You reason that maybe you and Jake can each make a friend here.

"Hi. I just moved into #15", you announce. Jake moves over to make his peace with the Nazi Dog, starting in the rear. The Nazi Dog attacks. Jake moves just out of harm's way and stares oddly back at the shepherd. The haunted woman replies, "Oh, don't mind him. He's really very nice". She tells you her name but you quickly forget, mesmerized by the Nazi Dog. He has viciousness down to an aerobic art, flexing to the end of his chain, then releasing to gain another breath and a bit of energy. The pain does not faze him, not even the rhythmic pummeling his mistress delivers as she tries to carry on the conversation.

"I'm sorry. Shut up! WHACK.  
"Don't mind him. Dammit! THUD.

You excuse yourself, aiming up the road and out of the court. To accomplish this you must pick your way through a formidable group of children. Like the poodle, they too are all impure; matted and stained by their environ, though perhaps not too permanently, you think. They scream and laugh and whine and tease like a troupe of surreal clowns. They pester Jake enroute and you must warn him not to bite them.

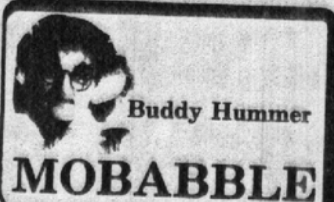
You make it past and the noise of the troupe dies down, only to be replaced by another, louder child's sound, a terrifying cry. Jake runs over to the woodpile where a small boy is screaming. His face is filled with tears. He is guarded by a large collie crossbreed that, after quickly sizing Jake up, communicates something urgent. Jake runs back over, prancing up and down around you, trying to relay the message.

You yell across the fence. "Hey little buddy, you OK?" He shakes his head wildly, the tears rinse off his cheeks. You think many things. Is he lost? Have his folks left him here? Is he just upset? Is he scared? Unlike Jake and the collie, you cannot solve this mystery, this child standing by a woodpile screaming for no reason. You decide you might scare him further so you ask, "Can I come over and talk?" He nods his small head and the screaming changes to that same gulping, oxygen deficient sobbing that you used to sometimes do when you were a kid. You cross the barbed wire carefully, and walk over to the child, his big amiable dog leading the way for you and Jake.

"What's wrong, buddy? You just upset?" You look down. There is a #9 coyote trap shut on the tiny thumb. Oh my god. The child's face is fixed in terrified, captive trust. You must fuss with the trap, discerning how it works, bringing even greater pain, trying not to lose the trust. Finally the tiny thumb is sprung, the boy is free, but he does not move. He is not yet free from the terror.

"Do you live around here?" He nods, but nothing more. You realize that he is too young to answer in words. You ask questions. He responds with a shake or a nod.

Together, you slowly make a route towards home.



Hey man, before you read another word, wrap this newspaper around your face, close your eyes, breathe deep, and sense the vibes.

Feel anything? Believe it or not, the old Berkeley Barb printing press touched this newspaper.

Have you noticed that everybody is writing books these days? If it's down and dirty you want, read Susanna Christie's (i.e. Susanna Ossana, returned Moabite) true romance novel, The find of a lifetime. Her characters resemble local sleazes, and the book is so bad that Deseret News pulled it off their shelves. Wonder if Ken Sleight will have the guts to sell it?

Ken should be "strung up" for promoting Blessed By Light, a book about the Colorado Plateau. Tom Till's snapshot on the cover looks like a nuclear accident, and will scare more tourists away than ten nuke dumps....To make matters worse, Jean Claude Gal (the frenchman who makes those gaudy 3-D maps) spent 36 days painting every lump and flaw in Arches....And if you think dancing upstairs at the PP is a feat of high-altitude daring, ask Eric Bjornstadt why it's taking him so long to write his book about rock climbing routes in Canyonlands. Bjornstadt is nationally ignored for over one hundred 1st ascents.

Maybe humor-testing should be mandatory for teachers and doctors. Margaret Hopkins recently earned an MA in Ed. Administration despite having pulled a practical joke during final exams up at the Univ. of Utah....A

local therapist wore a raincoat and smiling-face cod-piece to a respectable dinner party....and Dr. Munsey took a quick trip to Afghanistan right after the recent pot busts.

Did you see Mitch Williams, founder of Lag-behind Tours, driving his rusted-out, wooden wheeled wreck of a model-T Ford up on the loop road this summer? He stopped to chat along the road with another reprobate, Nik Hougen, who was out test-driving his horse-drawn covered wagon. ..Will Jani Roper and Clyde Deal win 1st Place in Organic Gardening's garden of the year contest? They're already one of ten nationwide finalists....Another

over-active 4-H'er, Roger Lowry, is raising a rare breed of sheep which produces the wool used in traditional Hopi weaving. Thanks, Roger, for whatever you're doing to keep those ewes happy.

The movie HOT may be hiring local actors, and Barbara Morra proposes that we form a cooperative agency to screen and promote ourselves. Hey guys, let's not bicker over who gets what part. I want to clean the captive ladies' cages every night, OK?

Jean Roberts, who's most recent social atrocities include encouraging a mass strip-tease, has moved to Salt Lake City. She's living with former Moabites Brit Sheain and Sara Bowman.

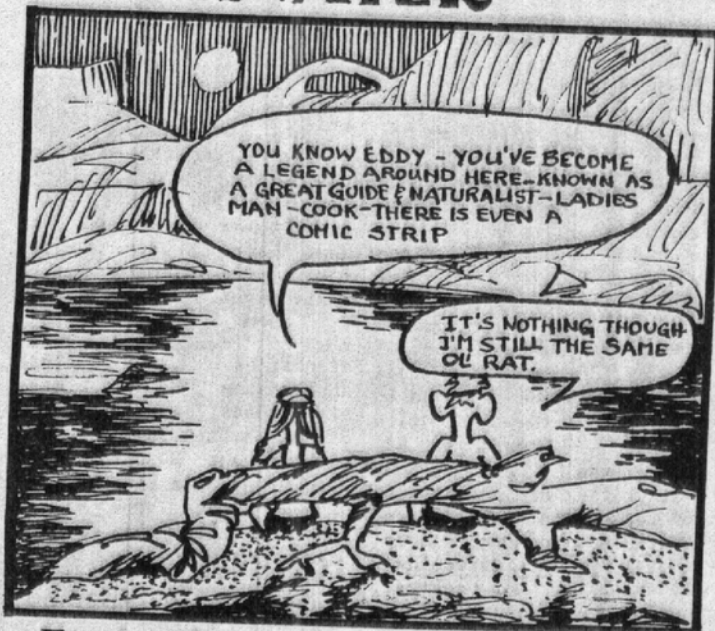
In case you didn't catch it in the T-I, Annette Greenburg contributed to the likelihood of a future by attending a peace vigil this summer.

Local dentist Jonathan Isgreen engraves mastodon teeth as a hobby. He's doing his small part to remove all the dental plaque which accumulated during the 6 million years when no one was flossing.

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# BACKWATER



C.C. Ritter '08

## Foreign Correspondent Joins Gazette

The STINKING DESERT GAZETTE is proud to announce the addition of a full-time foreign correspondent to it's staff, one Grayson V. Squad, an extinguished journalist living in San Juan County, who will be contributing items from that area from time to time. His brilliant application got him hired on the spot. It read:

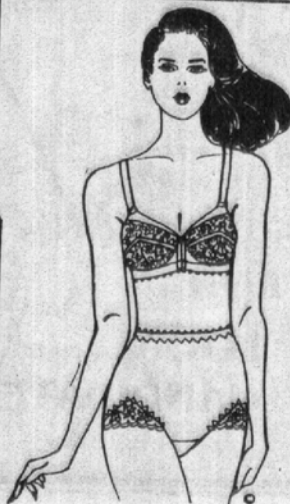
Dear Sirs:

I recently had the adventure of traveling through Moab, and while making a stop at a local toilet I found a copy of the STINKING DESERT GAZETTE. I became so interested in the newspaper that I sat on the john until my feet went dead and I had to be carried to my car. I would like to be your foreign correspondent for San Juan County.

STAY TUNED TO NEXT ISSUE:  
NIL & I HAVE A  
CRAZY ADVENTURE  
CALLED: NIL'S  
JURASSIC TOURS



PEGLEG  
SEZ:



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## THE ROCK COMICS OF AGES

BY DAVE E.



DAVE E. '82

STINKING SUBSCRIPTIONS AVAILABLE

# STROKES and POKES

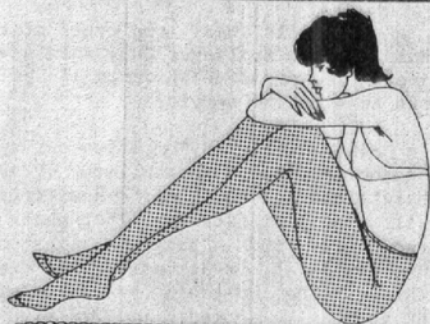
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## Pack Creek Ranch ... A Country Inn



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Rise with the sun after a restful night in the Ranch House, Bunk House or cabins, and choose your adventure.

At day's end, or between adventures, relax in the pool. Browse in the library, book or gift shop. Doublecheck the arrangements for tomorrow's adventures. Have we booked you a tour for a float trip or scenic flight? Then prepare yourself for fine dining at the area's best restaurant. Turn in early for a shower, nightcap, a few minutes in front of a cozy fireplace, and a soft bed. Our cabins, homes, and bunk houses accommodate individuals and parties up to 12 persons.

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The first woodfires scent the cool morning air, and the mountains tower above the mesas, puffed up with their first coat of snow. It's autumn, a time for cleaning the chimney and canning the peppers, a time to pull out the warm boots, and put a blanket on the bed.

The boatmen are stashing their skirts and sporting long pants. You know, a lot of people ask me - "Bloato, why do those guys wear those skirts?" I always tell them - "Just take a look under one sometime, and you'll know!"

But, be careful. A young British officer, a green lieutenant by the name of Ladysmith, was serving his first tour of duty under Lord Kitchener in the Transvaal at the turn of the century. He made the awful mistake of snickering the first time he was introduced to a fierce Masai warrior in a flowery waist sash.

He never saw it, but a lightning quick sword swiftly and surgically slit the officer's uniform from fly to necktie, and he was left standing there with his pants around his ankles, his shirt in tatters, and the two halves of his cigarette, sliced lengthwise, dangling in shreds from his trembling lips. So, don't say I didn't warn you.

But autumn is nice. It means football games, as much a part of fall as wet and blustery afternoons. The Denver Broncos look good, and if they go all they way, a lot of friends of mine are going to eat their Elway putdowns all winter long.

The Moab Red Devils look tough, and were undefeated going into the Homecoming Game with Paeonia. High school football, unrewarded football, is probably the purest form of the sport, and is a fairly harmless expression of young energy and competitiveness.

I hoofed it on down to the big game to soak up some high school excitement; stadium lights, crisp autumn air, a winning team and noisy grandstands.

The crowd was typical. There were the prom queens, cocky and beautiful, the center of attention. There were the plainer girls who wonder why. (If they don't despair, this will make them infinitely more interesting later on in life) There were clean-cut socialites talking business, and a few haughty punks behind the bleachers. There were the cute teeny-boppers, decked out in a little stolen lipstick and their big sisters' blouses, trying

out their first moves. And there were the adults like me, remembering the utter importance of it all, back in our own high school days.

You probably won't believe this but, while I was standing up near the fence during an important play, I was somehow mistaken for the Red Devils' mascot. I tried to protest, but it was difficult to keep my thoughts straight with four excited, nubular cheerleaders hauling me around and crawling all over me, tweaking my beard and rubbing my horns. (They had no idea what that does to me!) I finally decided not to disillusion the little darlings, and tried to enjoy myself as best I could.

One afternoon last summer at the Cottonwood Club, Chadley and I were treated to a good story about high school football by juggie Mike Belch.

He was playing wide receiver in a day game, with the entire student body cramming the grandstands. His number was called on a pattern up the middle, and he had to make a running leap for a high pass. Just as the ball hit his hands the linebacker grabbed him by the waist and pulled him down. Unfortunately, he was a thin kid, too thin for the uniform they issued him, and pants and jockstrap were stripped down into a hopeless tangle around his spikes.

It was the nightmare, to be caught naked in front of thousands of people. But the real embarrassment (no pun intended) was that he had not yet reached full-blown pubescence. What humbled him the most, hopping about in the center of the field trying to pull his dignity back up to a respectable level, was that he had no pubic hair.

Sometimes, when we try for glory, we get humbled. But life is tough, and it can seem like that especially in autumn, when everything around you seems to be dying out, and beautiful rebirth is nowhere in sight. Forget it, look up some good friends, and watch some football.

And remember, if the autumn blues do start to puncture your tubes, there's one foolproof solution, and it's simple.

There is a Catch 22 operant in the universe which mandates that anytime you start to enjoy something, it will change.

So, accept 'em. A more humble and poignant attitude will sharpen one's appreciation for everything, from the beauty and finality of nature, to the warmth of friendship. If we thank the blues for that, they will disappear.



Now that the sizzling "off season" is almost over, it's time to crawl out from under the euphoric influence of swamp-cooled all-day naps and start riding that 20th Century Stallion again - the mountain bike.

Soon, the "Crayondales", "Fishheads", "Rockjockers", "DeKlines" and numerous other models (it's all in the brand name!) of bikes will again be making their high-tech click and ping heard on all the deserted byways.

While contemplating this growing fadshion, my mind drifts back to one memorable wild March ride on the Slickrock Trail last spring when a lady friend and I bumped head on into the most streamlined, stylized, toptech, silver spoked, front wheel of the Mountain Bike World. His name was Blues Blackburn, and his decked-out to ride girlfriend was named Beverly. Beverly.

Blues was riding a hand made, swivel-angled, ultra-max, pinstriped "Crapagnolo" frame, with a full complement of prototype components and a zip-on, insulated, backpack sixpack drink cooler. Beverly was wobbling along nervously behind for her first-time ride on similar top notch equipment, but missing the hand built extras that Blues had procured for his own "equipment fixes".

We chatted for a while during which time Blues looked disdainfully at my "Stumpflumper" and Ann's "Not-So-High Sierra" bikes, vintage early 80's, and asked how anyone could imagine riding such archaic equipment. Despite his affront to our bailing wire and steel bolt rigs, we decided to take their picture for them with Blues' new, fully automatic, LED, beep twice, instawind, "you're too close", talking voiced camera, while Blues meanwhile knocked a rock onto Beverly's head trying to pack his machine up onto a pillar for the heroic wilderness shot.

## DERAILED

Mudpuppy

Beverly seemed relieved at the break in the riding, but Blues impatiently consulted his diachrome electronic calculator watch with dual elapsed time registers, and started looking antsy. (Ann wondered later if the watch also calculated calories burned per minute) - "Eat one Hershey Bar". or "Beep Beep, dehydration alert, drink water!".

Before they rolled away, Beverly asked us what Arches Park was like. We told them that there was some riding and lots of wonderful hikes to be had there. At the mention of the word "hike" Beverly got a far away look in her eye and said to Blues: "Oh yes, let's go for a hike tomorrow!" Blues became as red as his lycraskil jersey and snapped through his impersonal Vuarnets: "Beverly, we came here to ride!!!"

Sufficiently subdued, Beverly obediently saddled up and they clicked off down the trail, despite warnings that the sun would set before they reached midpoint and it was going to be a cold dark night. Blues appeared ready for anything. I guess he thought good looks, equipment, technology and sophistication could postpone a desert sunset.

We finished our beer and peanut bomb sandwiches and headed back to town in the last of the warm sunshine. Maybe poor Beverly would bash Blues over the head with her chromium-moly pump handle and take us up on Ann's offer to join us for a beer in front of the stove at the local pub.

Now as I don my riding shorts, which are my river, lawn lake, dress and woodcutter shorts, I wonder what new designer outfits and riding rigs will greet me this bicycling season. Surely the Flat Tire Fiasco Week will generate enough Mountain Bike Blues to keep this column going through the entire winter season.

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## Local Firm Reveals New Personnel Program

For all local employees of the McFartland & Bullinger Co., this newly instituted personnel program is being run as a public service.

In line with the Committee on Rapid Advancement and Portability (CRAP), McFartland and Bullinger's home office will soon initiate the first phase of the broad POOP program (Periodic Overhaul of Organization Program). This will be followed by a related program termed "Preliminary Orientation of Ousted Personnel". The relation is obvious - the coding of the latter is POOP spelled backwards.

Although there appears to be some similarity and possible duplication in the CRAP and two POOP's, applicable company regulations indicate that it makes little difference whether you CRAP out or POOP out. Each involves approximately the same amount of paper work.

In either event, certain prescribed steps are essential to the end result. The first of these is the RAPE program which will be applied in easy stages during the fiscal year 1987. RAPE is the designation for the personnel phase-out program entitled "Re-assignment, Attrition, and personnel Elimination".

Truck drivers who are RAPE'd will have an opportunity to be reassigned to the 'wet back' territory under the SCREW program. This is the "Survey of Capabilities for Re-assigned or Eliminated Workers".

One additional opportunity is promised for drivers who have been RAPE'd and SCREW'd. They may appeal for a final review termed SHAFT. This involves a "Study by Higher Authority Following Transfer". Employees who are RAPE'd may apply for only one additional SCREWing but may request the SHAFT as many times as they desire. To assure a full measure of protection, the right of appeal is open to any employee who did not experience complete satisfaction under the foregoing programs. Such appeals will be handled by the "Key Advisory Panel on Unexpected Terminations" (KAPUT). KAPUT actions are final.



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# EXCLUSIVE PEARL BAKER INTERVIEW

Page 9

This is the first installment in a series of exclusive interviews with local author, historian and lifelong resident of canyonlands, Pearl Baker.

Pearl grew up in the Robber's Roost, west of Canyonlands National Park, and is an expert on the history, legends and folklore of that area.

Among Pearl's many accomplishments are the books; "The Wild Bunch At Robber's Roost"; "Trail On The Water", an autobiography of Bert Loper; "Robber's Roost Recollections"; and "Rim Flying Canyonlands with Jim Hurst". She currently has two manuscripts ready for release; "Through the Sipapu", and "Posey, Outlaw of San Juan". She has written many magazine articles, and a sample of her work may be seen locally on the fine placemats at THE HIDEOUT, a brief summary of the outlaw activities in this area back near the turn of the century.

At 79, Pearl's mind is sharp as a tack. And in this installment, she speaks on the environment, cattle grazing, and wilderness areas.

were, for so many years, without any protection for the land. And even in my sister's day, and she died in 1969, she was concerned about all the roads that were being put in all over, when they were drilling for, prospecting for, uranium. She said: "Those roads will never heal", and they never have.

And she said: "I am concerned about that. That is destroying range, faster than any overgrazing ever did".

To say overgrazing to me is like waving a red flag, because everything is laid to overgrazing, which is stupid.

I will agree that sheep do overgraze, because they're held in a group. Horses will overgraze, because they graze in a group. But cattle, as such, do not overgraze.

It isn't a matter of overgrazing, it's a matter of weather. If we have storms, adequate rain, we do not have overgrazing.

I was through southern Utah when they said it had been overgrazed. I was appalled at the looks of the range out on the Arizona strip. There was nothing on it.

In a couple of years I made another trip down there, and they'd had a real rainy year. I couldn't believe my eyes. The grass and everything had grown up so much, I couldn't believe my eyes. So it isn't so much a matter of over-grazing so much as it is a matter of weather.

If there was such a thing as over-grazing, the millions of buffalo would have trampled the Midwest into such a dust heap that it never would have recovered. The worst problem in the Midwest during the buffalo's reign was the prairie fires.

Now, to range management. The stockman will overgraze, and know he's overgrazing, because next year the range may be good. And he's got to carry enough livestock over to keep a business going. You can't fold a cow up and lay her on a shelf for a year. He has got to carry her over even if she doesn't do so well, because next year the rains may come, and then he

is in good shape.

They throw everything into overgrazing that should not be thrown into overgrazing. I will agree that when they first started grazing the land, they were grazing off centuries of established grasses that never came back. I think the range will have to be managed, because if you had it like the old days where a man was allowed to go out and shoot somebody for bringing cattle on his range, then you could handle it.

But you can't do that any more. It isn't acceptable. The pioneer rules have been modified because we have too many people. We will have to manage the ranges.

The one thing that is done on the range that I resent the most is the four-wheelers and the bike riders. I think they damage the range more than any over-grazing possibly could, because when they tear up some country, it's torn up completely. And it never heals. But grazing, as such, really doesn't do that. It will heal in a year or two, if there is enough rain to replenish the forage.

But we had to overdo it to realize where there was a limit. However, if we are to feed a growing world, we are going to have to utilize everything we can. The only way we can harvest our ranges is with animals.

GAZETTE: We've heard it said that out of 27 or 28 native species of grass and shrubs, on land that is grazed only 5 or 6 of those species remain. What they're insinuating is that grazing has effectively eliminated 20 or so of those plants that were there before the grazing.

Pearl Baker: I go along with that to a degree. I can remember, on the Roost Flats when I was a kid, that what we called wheatgrass (a sharp grass that nothing will eat) was stirrup high, and it isn't there anymore. You just have the buffalo grass there where you have grass, plus the other common varieties of desert plants.

I agree, except, there was that one year in the area around Socorro, which is very much like this, a

high desert like this country, where it rained every day. In August and September there were plants there that the oldest people had never seen. And so, I don't believe that those plants are eliminated. I believe that they probably would grow again. Possibly they would grow again faster if they were not grazed. But apparently the wheatgrass is grazed when it is young. And so, when it's green, it's grazed. But I don't think that many varieties were involved.

GAZETTE: Have you considered whether locking the land up in Wilderness Areas is a good idea, to protect the most outstanding examples of our mountains, canyons and deserts?

Pearl Baker: I am a firm believer in Wilderness Areas. There was only the one Wilderness Area in New Mexico when I was there, and that was over in the Gila. That was such fragile land - you're desert land is so much more fragile than your mountain land - and so I really believe in locking land up. I would like to see the San Raphael Reef locked up, so that these four-wheelers couldn't go out there and tear the hell out of it. But I don't think probably I'll ever live to see it. There's too much opposition.

On the other hand, you have your people from the city come out and they say: "This range belongs to us as much as it belongs to you". To a man who has spent his life protecting that range and using it, that's not true. He has a feeling of personal empire in that range that they can not have, and they should not have. As far as the public domain belonging to the people in New York City, I suppose they should feel - "this is my land" - but they don't and they will not protect it. They don't know how to protect it, and they should be taught. That's why I believe that the rangers should carry guns, and they should have law enforcement. They're there to protect the land, and they should have the ability to do it.

But for a fellow from New York to come out here and tear up the land, and

(Continued on Pg. 10)

GAZETTE: We'd like to pursue for a moment the subject of Environmentalism. We are curious to know how you feel about it, being a life long resident, having watched a lot of newcomers come in with a lot of big ideas generating a lot of friction with the locals. I don't know if you have been following the conflict in Moab, but there's been a pitched battle going on down there for the last 10 or 12 years, since the environmentalists arrived and began to try to protect the land from abuse.

They've promoted wilderness areas, which essentially remove the land from any further exploitation, and a lot of the long-time residents are against that. How do you feel about this movement?

Pearl Baker: Well, the environmentalists, or the environmental movement, I think probably, in some cases, goes too far. Actually, we needed that. We

# Exclusive Interview With Author Pearl Baker

(Continued from Page 9)

leave it for me, that doesn't do anything for me.

Overgrazing is used as a catch-all for abuse. But your overgrazing is not going to damage your land as much as recreational use. Therefore, the wilderness thing strikes me as being a good idea. Now, for people like me who can't get into a wilderness area, so what! I can't be young again, and have a baby, and I'm not crying my eyes out about that!

GAZETTE: Pearl, why is it that so many long-time residents of this area seem to be so insensitive to the message of the environmentalists, which is, to protect this land if for no other reason than to draw tourists from the world over who will be coming here in huge numbers some day. Why are they so opposed to wilderness areas? Is it greed?

Pearl Baker: No, it's because they don't want to be governed. But I'm sure that those people who are so opposed to wilderness areas, who are opposed to environmentalists, I am sure if they're getting out into the country and seeing what's going on, I am sure that they're modifying their views to some degree.

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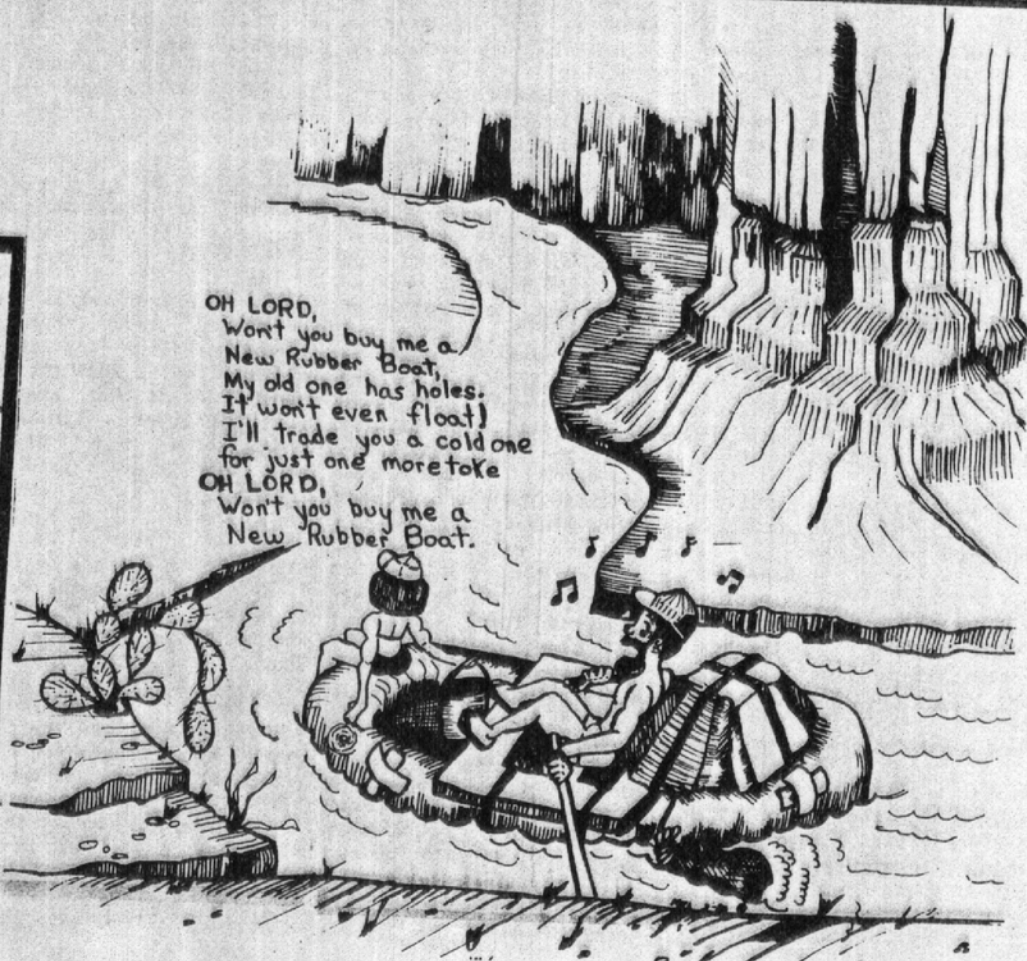
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# THE BARD'S NARDS POETRY CORNER

## COWBOYS DO IT BETTER... A BALLAD OF THE OPEN RANGE

I was riding the hills by 3-wheeler one day  
When I happened to spy something queer:  
A man with his seat on a one-quarter horse  
And his eyes on the seat of a steer.

He looked kind of pensive it seemed like to me  
So I thought I would loosen his tongue;  
I pulled up beside him and offered a beer  
(and mentioned the flies and the dung?)  
Ans said nothing of flies or of dung.

No, I spoke of the weather, the prickly pear heather,  
How the cheatgrass was spread far and near,  
Then finally asked him what's most on my mind:  
"Ain't it awful damn lonesome out here?"

The man was no fool, he was built like a bull,  
Smoke encircled his head like a wreath;  
His face was pure rawhide, his eyes hard and cool,  
He'd a Marlboro stuck in his teeth.

And he gives me a grin with that 2 X 4 chin,  
A grin that shades off to a leer;  
"We cowpersons seldom are lonely," he says,  
"Really not - you may ask any steer."

Ed Abbey

## REQUIEM TO A RIVER RAT

Some folks been too long in the sun  
So they floats the river and "has no fun" -  
They burns they bodies in the sun and  
freeze 'em in the river

Then  
They drink lots a liquor  
And ruin their liver.

They eat some sand and  
Poop in a can,  
Sleep on the rocks til their bodies got pocks,  
Drink some more mud,  
Shed some more blood.

They needed a new drug,  
They found it in the river.  
They're adrenalin junkies  
And the rapids deliver.  
So they keeps on floatin down  
That endless river,  
The "Life Giver".

Glenn Vickers

## THE POEM ON THE CABIN DOOR

Come one and all,  
Both short and tall,  
You hungry sons-a-bitches.  
Eat all you want,  
Take none away  
and for god's sake wash the dishes.

Jack Baker



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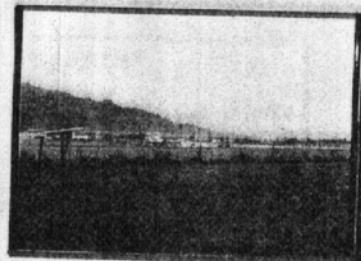
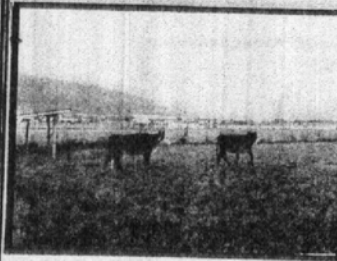
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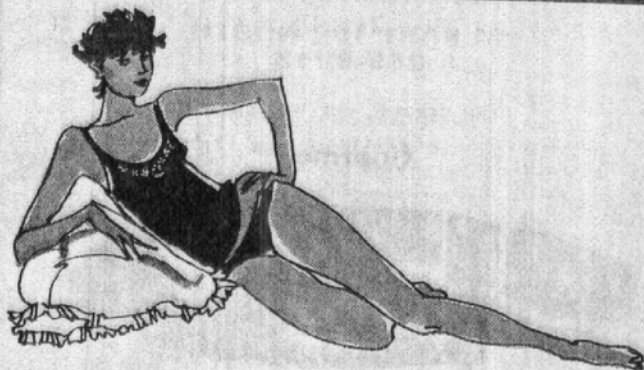
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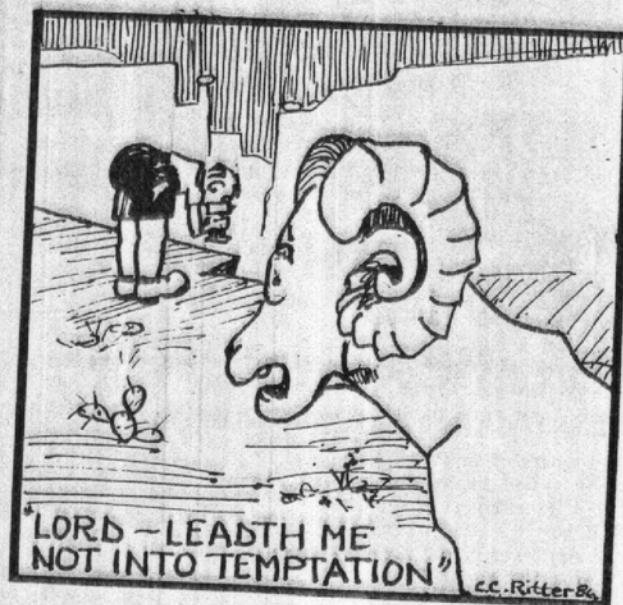
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