



THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE

Vol. I
No. 4

Nov. 86



25¢

Moab,
Utah



Spy War Solution

Local evangelist Oral Schiller, in a sermon to his congregation entitled "Counter-intelligence and God's Will", last Sunday proposed a solution to the recent round of "spy wars" between the United States and the Soviet Union.

"Elect Pat Robertson and there will be no further need for spys", chuckled Schiller. "With God on our side, we would know everything there is to know!"

"Consider it this way, Pat Robertson says that he holds regular private conversations with God, and that it was God himself who told him to get 3 million signatures on a petition and to run for president. It was God himself who told Pat to call for a government proclamation declaring the United States a 'Christian nation'."

"Pat Robertson told the country that God warned him his stocks were going to fall back in 1969, so he moved his money out of the market and into securities just in the nick of time. That saved him a bundle!"

"So we know that Pat Robertson has a lot of pull with the Big Guy, and gets personal favors granted all the time. Look at what he did with that hurricane that was bearing down on Virginia and the Robertson faithful. With a little help from God, as Pat himself says, he spun that storm away from the coast. Not only that, but by applying some immaculate left-hand english, he steered it right into New England and the secular humanists!"

"Of course, the violent storm did hit a few born-again insurgents in the area, but from all reports there was 100% survival!"

"So, with Pat Robertson our president, we would be equipped with the most sophisticated listening device in the entire

universe - God's Ear. God could listen in on all high-level meetings in the USSR and even pick their brains for their most private and secret thoughts. He could relay the information to Pat Robertson, who in turn could pass it faithfully on to our military."

"This would enable us to kick the Rooskies out of this country and call in all our agents. Presto - no more spy wars. It's beautifully simple!"

Reporters from THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE plan to attend Schiller's next sermon entitled: "Off-brand Americans - What do they want?"

Dump Idea Stinks

The president of THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE, Philmore Banks, expressed shock, dismay, and profound disgust at the recent announcement that the City of Moab plans to hold a "Most Scenic Dump" snapshot contest.

Speaking at a recent meeting of the Moab Chamber of Commerce, Banks declared that his paper would maintain its traditionally high standards of good taste, and would take no part in what he termed a "trashy promotion".

"I don't know how anybody in their right mind could enjoy looking at a picture of someone taking a dump", snorted Banks.

Many of those in attendance attempted to interrupt Banks in the middle of his highly emotional speech, but he succeeded in shouting them down with his stirring plea for decency and morality. When they persisted, he stormed angrily out of the meeting, determined to make his point on the front page of THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE.

"In the first place, let me make one thing perfectly clear - I am not against promoting the area to attract some high-paying industry to Moab", asserted Banks. "If this place doesn't grow, I'm out of here!"

"But a promotion such as this belongs inside the pages of HUSTLER magazine. Why anyone would take a picture of someone else in such an uncompromising position is beyond my imagination!"

Rockhuggers meet

The regular monthly meeting of the local chapter of the Black Pantheists took place at Red Hand Cave Oct. 22.

President Cherty Biohern presided over the meeting, with most members in attendance. Behind him, affixed to the back wall of the cave, was the flagstone upon which is inscribed their motto: "Rocks that evolve and change are more alive than people who don't".

Guest speaker Otto Leverite of the Salt Lake City chapter introduced more evidence to the growing body of proof that rocks respond to communication.

"It's just a matter of getting to know them; their backgrounds, their lives, their aspirations", said Leverite. "Look at it this way."

"Someone who has not been properly introduced to the rocks gets no feedback from them. They seem to just lie there, aloof and impenetrable."

"But they open right up to someone who has taken the time to get to know their past history, their familial origins, and their goals in life. Once they feel comfortable with you, they never seem to stop telling you all about themselves. I challenge anyone to fairly test this theory and find me wrong!"

INSIDE



The Amazing
True Story
of
"The King
of the World"

see page 6

Local Kicker Scores

Eugene Cline, a student at Grand County High School and placekicker for the Moab Red Devils football team, received a telephone call last week from Rich Carlos, placekicker for the Denver Broncos of the National Football League.

Sources close to Cline said that Carlos had heard of Cline's recent kicking feats, and called for a little free advice.

Cline surprised local football fans at the Cedaredge game last Oct. 10 with a perfect 5 for 5 performance. He kicked two extra points in two attempts, and connected on three lengthy field goals of 41, 40 and 46 yards!

Carlos, on the other hand, has been struggling with his kicking game.

Contacted by a reporter from the STINKING DESERT GAZETTE, Cline was happy to share some details of their conversation.

"I just told him to get back to the fundamentals and concentrate", said Cline. "In addition, I pointed out to him one major mistake he has consistently been making."

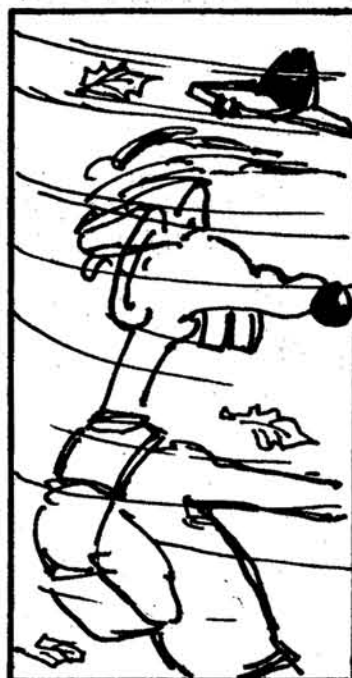
(Cont. P. 2)

Kicker (continued) BACKWATER

"If you've watched them play, you know that Carlos has the unfortunate habit of forgetting to put on his right shoe.

"Besides the possibility of broken toes, this mental error creates accuracy problems in that it effectively makes his right leg an inch shorter than his left. This causes him to wobble on the approach, throwing him off balance.

"It was kind of funny, his reaction when I told him that. He seemed kind of miffed and hung up on me. I hope I didn't hurt his feelings. The answer seemed obvious to me."



UTAH BUSINESS SERVICES
NORM SHREWSBURY 464 N. 5th West

Call 259-7943

We do computerized:

- Bookkeeping
- Payroll with W2's
- Mailing Lists & Labels
- Typing - Resumes, reports, etc.
- Price Lists

We assist you with:

- Improved money management
- Increasing profits
- Organizing & budgeting
- Starting a new business
- Understanding financial statements

We use the newest IBM computer technology to help your business grow, all at an affordable price.



**MOAB
ROCK
SHOP**

Lin Ottinger Tours

137 N. MAIN
MOAB, UTAH 84532
(801) 259-7312

KELLING INSURANCE AGENCY

MITCH KELLING

KITTY KELLING

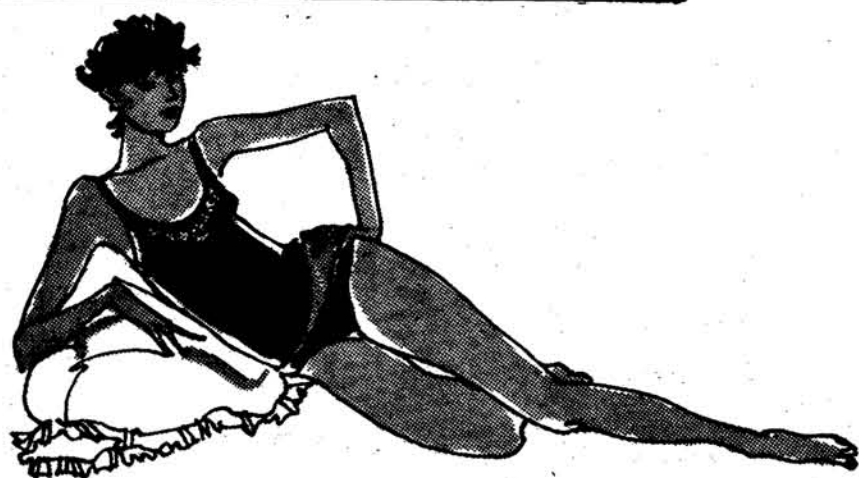
**BUSSES
COMMERCIAL
AIRCRAFT
AUTO**

**OUTFITTERS
WHITEWATER**

**GENL. LIABILITY
FIRE
LIFE
HEALTH**

P.O. BOX 1266
MOAB, UTAH 84532

(801) 259-6192 (days)
(801) 259-6020 (nights)



Clear Day Window Washing and Carpet Cleaning Co.

For a Clear Today and a Brighter Tomorrow!

Call Chris Murray 259-6081 Box 447 - Moab, Utah



Skirts for men were once again the highlight of the Moab fashion scene this year. Joel models the popular knee length style, while Gilles prefers the very daring mini-model.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

Laws of every kind have been concocted to control pollution of every kind. Facts are, shit still stinks and jets make noise. One law was enacted in the early part of the century that stated that it was illegal to kick snakes' heads off in Klamath Falls, Oregon. Seems they fell down through the boardwalks and stunk up the area. Shame on them snakes.

I made a trip down to Frenchy's Seep a while back. When I had gotten to within 20 miles of my destination, it was apparent that I didn't have enough gas.

There were signs every few feet telling you what you couldn't do. One was: Don't drive off the road!

Not being able to turn around, I had to travel in reverse for eight miles until I came to Twin Corrals turnoff before I could get right. It took the chiropractor 20 minutes to get my head straight.

The beer can business is booming locally. I was out to Hatch Point Overlook, and threw a beer can off the ledge where no one would see it. Someone down below shouted "Thanks!".

I see where the rangers are packin' six shooters to keep the tourists in line. This will surely let the tourists know that we mean business when we say we will keep our country free and clean.

Lesser N. Mellow

MOVID
VIDEO HOME THEATER

WESTERN PLAZA 259-6000

Thinking VCR For Xmas?

GET QUALITY JVC OR HITACHI
ONLY \$40 OVER INVOICE!


SAVE INTEREST - CHECK OUT
MOVID'S LAYAWAY PLAN.

"What's more natural than a photograph to preserve memories of good times with good friends?"

Preserve those Memories with...

Natural Settings Photography

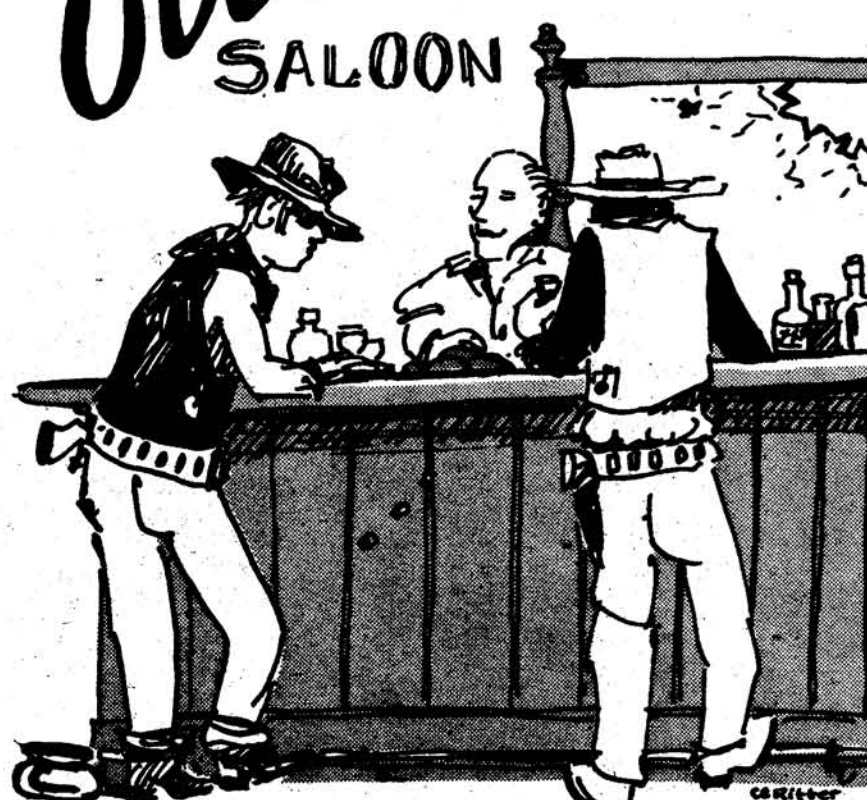
Linda Powell
259-6000





The Fat Tire Festival got more than they bargained for this week when the Doubtful Guest showed up for the competition. Sporting an all new 4-wheel drive mountain bike, the Guest appeared in top physical shape after his almost 2 year absence. When asked his opinion on the current Fat Tire Craze the Guest replied, "What's so great about fat tires, I've been using them for years!"

THE
outlaw
SALOON



"It's not the Food Bank for cheese and rice, it's the Outlaw Saloon for hops and barley."

34 West Center (The Old Hospital Bldg.)

OPENING SOON

KEN SLEIGHT BOOKS

Presents the current favorite in coffee table books...

"BLESSED BY LIGHT"
Visions of the Colorado Plateau

is a beautifully done pictorial view of the Canyon Country and includes fitting quotes from various writers.

A foreward by Edward Abbey
Includes photographs by Tom Till

Regular \$34.95 - Reduced to \$27.50

BUY NOW AND THE PRICE INCLUDES A 15.00 Grand Canyon Litho print.....ABSOLUTELY FREE!!!!

59 South Main * Western Plaza Mall * 259-8575

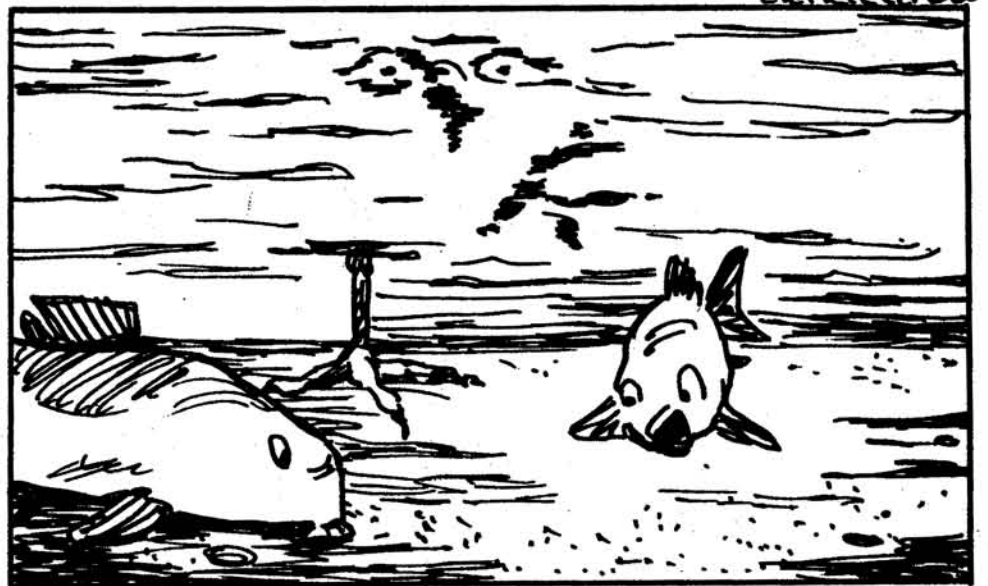
patagonia



94 West 1st North

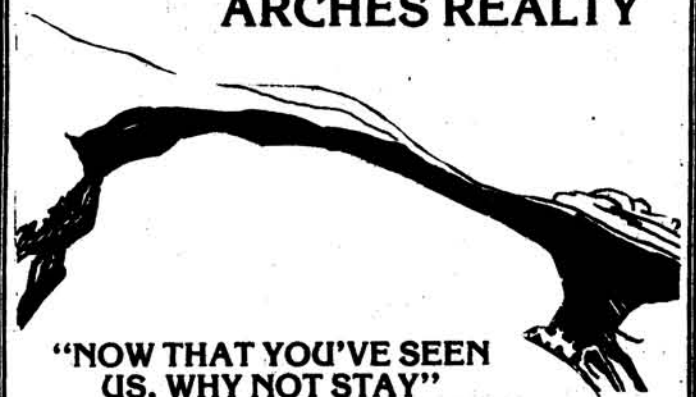
Moab, Utah 84532

(801) 259-5333

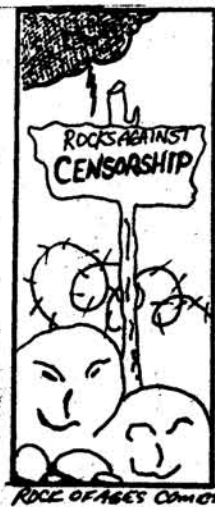


"Boy, are you paranoid~always Thinking You're being watched."

ARCHES REALTY



690 S. MAIN
P.O. BOX 537
MOAB, UTAH 84532
(801) 259-5693



606 S. MAIN
259-5908



.....and Catering

""BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS""

(Quotes from some champs)

"The only reason I'd ever get out of bed early."

Kyle Bailey

"2 sides of dry toast, white, no butter, nothing to drink."

Elwood Blues

"Best in town, as usual."

Al McLeod

"Better than an ether binge at the MGM."

Hunter S. Thompson

"I was driving from San Diego to Salt Lake City, heard about the Broiler in Beaver, Utah, and decided to drive to Salt Lake via Moab and the Broiler."

R.E. Oates

""Yum, Yum.""

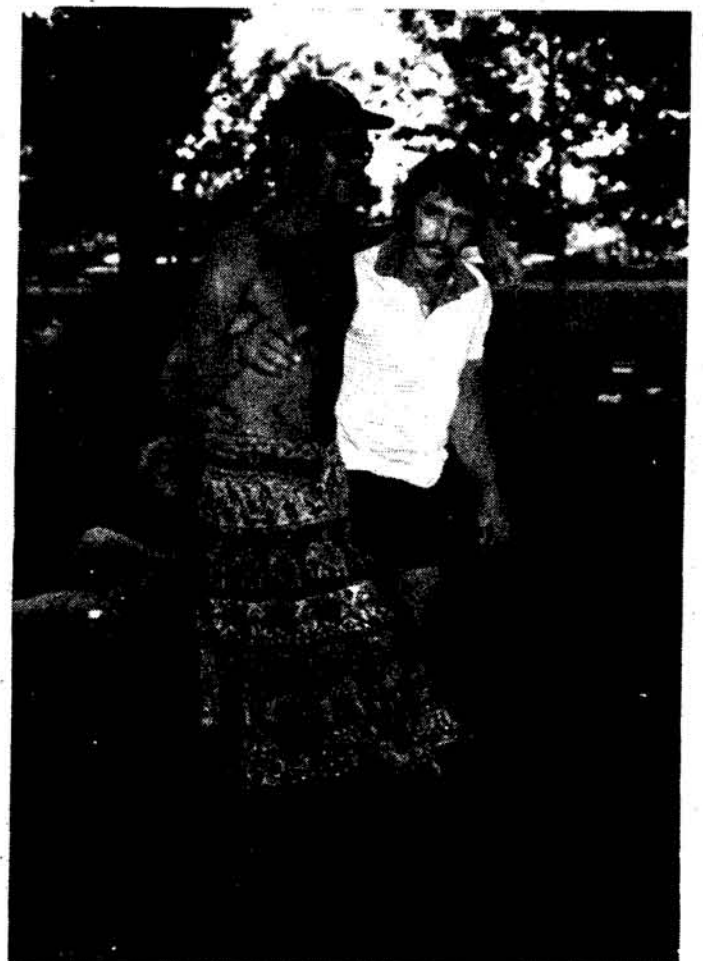
Too Tall

"Best Omelet I've ever had."

Melody Sakrison

BREAKFAST SERVED 7:30 to 10:30

SATURDAYS 8:00 to 11:30



Randall models an indian print maxi, just the thing for a get-together in the park. Mitch is still a little skeptical. "The things I have to go through to sell an insurance policy!", he muttered.



Buddy Hummer

MOBABBLE

There's a nasty rumor that Your's Truly is really Tom Stocks. Not true. I am not your mayor ... although people say we look alike.

It must be hard to be a mayor in a crazy town like Moab.

Imagine what it was like back in the early 1900's, during the range wars, when it took a hard-fighting man to claim his grazing land, and it took an even ornerier cuss to be town marshall. Bill Tibbitts, Ray Tibbitts' dad, was a town marshall during the 1930's. But before that he was accused of cattle rustling, broke out of jail when his lawyer advised that he might be hanged the next morning, and led the Moab posse on a merry chase through Canyonlands. Read about it in Horse Thief Ranch by Michael Behrendt, or talk with Ray Tibbitts who has some great stories to tell.

Things haven't changed much since Bill Tibbitts' time (which wasn't very long ago). A discouraged local commented that the only way we'll see any "growth" or "change" here is if we hold townwide therapy sessions. Mass psychoanalysis sure sounds like more fun than economic development meetings!

But I like Moab's variety of characters. Where else would you find a person like Earl Holtz? Earl, who runs a lumber mill out in Castle Valley, discovered that some of his lumber

glowed when exposed to black light. Earl recognized the potential, panelled the walls around his bed, installed a huge black light, and now his bedroom glows an eerie phosphorescent green.

A prominent local dentist was working on Cindy Drew's teeth when he had to leave the room for a minute. He told Cindy to be sure to keep the mouth wide open until he got back. Then Cindy heard a fly buzzing around the room. Guess where the fly landed.

But the foursome who free-climbed Castle Tower get the sheer-madness award. Tony Valdez, Steve Swanke, Bob Milton, and Barry Miller just crawled right up the old needle without aid of rope (or wings). Once they reached the top they had to climb back down, which doesn't sound like much fun to me.

National Geographic has been shooting pictures for a travel guide using locals Teri Tibbitts, Debbie Hosko and Todd Campbell as decorative scenery.

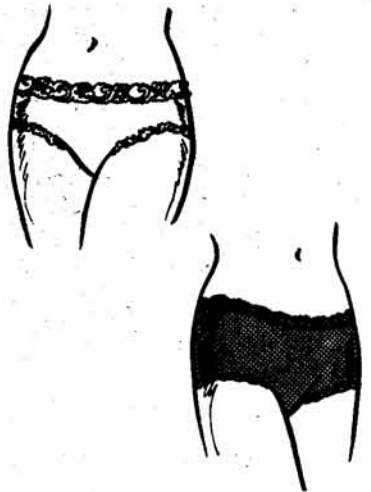
Other names in the news: Lola and Wally were caught dancing and carousing without a care in the world ... Willie and Kathy gave birth to a baby girl, Kylie, with the help of midwife Genina ... and Chuck of Chuck's Place is winning the hearts of lady customers with his courtly service.

When I said "How ya doin?" to Deone Skewes she said "not bad". Then she elaborated; "I say it that way so I can tell the truth and still keep it in the negative".

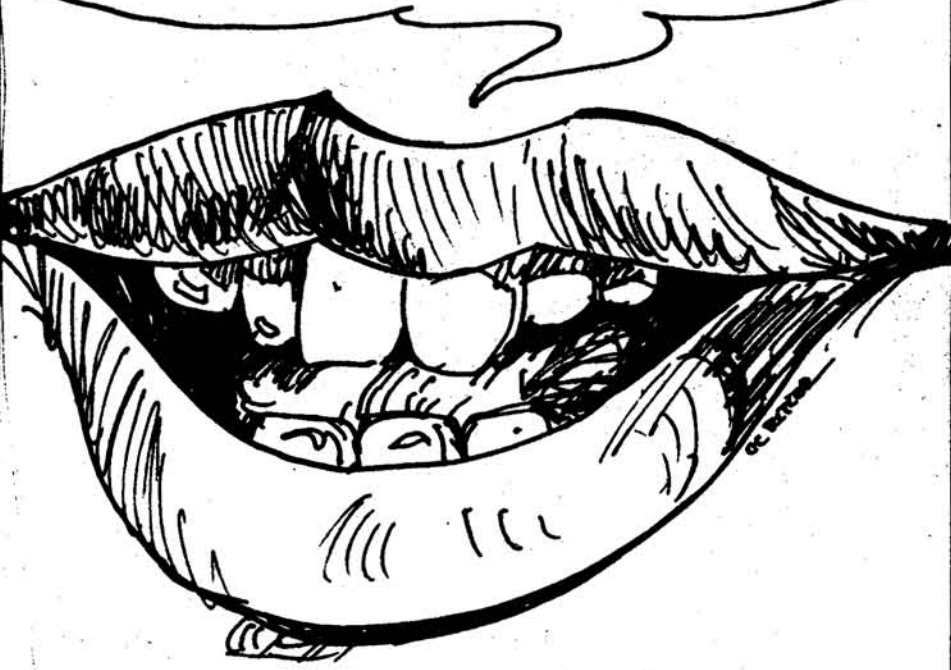
John Blake, who used to earn his living as a pool shark, has exchanged his cue for a golf club. He says that the best advice he's heard on how to play the game is "to swing with more abandon".



PAINTINGS & Illustrations by
Nik Hougren
P.O. BOX 581 - MOAB, UTAH



GET YOUR ACT TOGETHER



for the

Lip Sync Contest

December 6, 1986
2 p.m. in the afternoon
at



**Poplar Place
Pub & Eatery**

- ** Co-hosted by Musicraft and KCMY
- ** Any Lip-Sync Act with 1 - 4 people
- ** Costume with your act is encouraged
- ** PA and Sound System provided by Musicraft

Put your act together (use albums please, for our system)
Co-ordinate your act with Christy Robbins (259-7964/6288)
and then come in on Saturday, December 6th to compete!!!!

Winner(s) will receive:

- *** Dinner at the Poplar Place featuring our Gourmet Pizza!
- *** A Poplar Place "100 Years of History" T-Shirt
- *** A cabin for the evening at the beautiful Pack Creek Ranch Country Inn!
- *** Transportation will be provided to and from Pack Creek

**11 EAST 100 NORTH
259-6018**

Gazette Exclusive Feature

The King of the World

The True Story Behind the
curious sandstone carving
and the man who created it

by Robert Dudek

Many of Moab's residents, and a goodly number of visitors, have seen and puzzled over the enigmatic sandstone carving known locally as "The King Of The World".

Situated on a hillside north of town, The statue is well known in the community, but little is widely known about its origins or its meaning.

The following is a summary of the facts that are known, graciously furnished by Moab resident Lloyd Parriott. Lloyd spent his boyhood on the ranch where the sculptor stayed. A refined and charming gentleman, he kindly shared his recollections of the man, his lifestyle, and his ultimate fate.



Lloyd Parriott

Moab, Utah; 1935. A hot midsummer sun beat down on the town, baking the dusty surface of Main Street where an occasional automobile rattled by. Pedestrians on the boardwalks mopped their brows and paused to chat in the shade of the huge cottonwood trees that lined the commercial section of town.

A saddled horse stood at the hitching post in front of Bob Diefendorf's Pool Hall where some young boys, defying orders, clung to the windowsill and peered inside.

At the Moab Garage next door, a low conversation emanated from beneath a jacked up Model A, punctuated by the sound of metal wrenches tinkling on the concrete floor.

Outside, the horse shook itself and snorted at the flies. Overhead, a raven lifted a lazy wing and caught a lift on a thermal, his croak of approval rattling the still air as he glided down the street looking for scraps. It was a quiet day.

This was not unusual for Moab, an isolated farming and ranching community of 1200 people, where the mere arrival of an out of town automobile was considered something of an event. So it's not surprising that the comical and totally improbable parade making its way up Main Street from the south definitely caught everyone's attention.

Patrons and clerks at the Cooper-Martin Mercantile stopped what they were doing and stepped outside to watch. At the pool hall, the shooter raised his cue up off the felt and stared wide-eyed out the window, while the children outside turned and froze, transfixed at the sight. The mechanics rolled out from under the car and wiped the grease from their hands as they viewed the spectacle passing by out on the street.

What caught their attention was a round, dumpy man in a Chico Marx hat and baggy pants, sporting a string of brass medallions around his neck and a long sword and scabbard at his side. He was leading a couple of laden pack horses and a donkey, with a string of goats trailing along behind.

Aaron had arrived in Moab.



Aaron Andrew

A rare photograph of Aaron, maybe the only one in existence.

Conversation along Main Street ceased as everyone watched the little procession make its way through town and up the highway to the north, but you can imagine the conversations at the dinner table that night.

Aaron trooped on through Moab that day and stopped to set up camp on the north end of town alongside Jim Westwood's irrigation ditch near the Parriott place. It was nothing more than a tarpaulin shelter, modest accommodations for "King World" Aaron Andrew and his string. And it soon became apparent that, as others before him, he liked what he saw here and intended to stay.

His campsite was in an unfortunate location, being near the main road into town and somewhat "in the way". Dale Parriott, owner and operator of the old Taylor ranch that stretched from the homestead on the highway across the sloughs to the South portal, took a liking to Aaron and relocated his camp to the ranch property near an access road to the orchard southwest of the highway. It was there, for the next fifteen months, that Aaron made his home, and did the carving.

Lloyd was a lad of 14 when Aaron arrived and his father, Dale, "took him in". Aaron proved to be no trouble at all, and worked occasionally for the ranch at haying time and such. Indeed, he was quiet and unobtrusive and, with the exception of a few odd habits, never bothered anyone.

(Cont. P. 7)

He called himself Aaron Andrew. He also called himself King America and King World. Beyond that, nothing much is known about exactly who he was, where he came from, or the circumstances that led him to Moab. He spoke with an accent that might have been Turkish or Armenian, but he never named his native land. Aaron was a very quiet man.

It is said that he once spoke of having a family in Europe, and of having worked in a hospital there. It is possible that he was in exile, banished by politically oppressive forces from his homeland, and somehow found himself adrift on foot in the American West. But for reasons known only to himself, he couldn't, or wouldn't, reveal much about himself and his past. And since he behaved so strangely, most of the townspeople concluded that he was "crazy" and left him alone.

Whether he was "crazy" or not is a subject open to speculation. It's hard to believe that a man could be so harmless, self-sufficient, resourceful and artistic - and be crazy as well. There is no doubt that he was wildly eccentric, and a curious oddity for the local townspeople to accept.

He cooked for himself at his camp, dutch-oven style. He called his goats his "children", but when it became necessary, he killed one for food. He baked a simple kind of bread, and supplemented that with vegetables and rabbit.

Lloyd's mother, Ruth, sometimes invited Aaron up to the house for a meal. Aaron had absolutely no table manners. He would hunch forward over the table, his arms encircling his plate, and with fearful and furtive glances would gobble up his food, eating only with a spoon.

He ate as though someone were going to take his food away from him before he finished - as a prisoner might when confined with too many cellmates and not enough food.

But Aaron was not considered dangerous by anyone who spent time around him. He had an unusual 40 caliber carbine but was never known to discharge it. It seemed to be for show, for the big show he put on every Sunday morning without fail.

Aaron would deck himself out in his greatcoat and his brass medals, his long sword at his side and his rifle on his shoulder, and would parade like a sentry back and forth on the highway in front of his camp. No one knew why he did it, but he did it every Sunday morning. It was as if he thought of himself as a one-man country, and found it necessary to weekly proclaim his sovereignty and authority.

The medals were fashioned of brass, and were made by Aaron himself at his camp. They were round like large coins, and variously inscribed with his profile, his name, his King World and King America titles, and relief maps of the continents of the eastern and western hemispheres. He occasionally gave them away, and Ruth still has one in her memorabilia. He had a talent for sculpting, and this compelled him to carve the monument in sandstone that still stands on the hillside above his camp, the enduring mark of his short presence in Moab.



Aaron's sandstone carving. Note the strange spelling and unusual alphabet characters he used. (Middle East origin?)

Like his medallions, his monument is some kind of cryptic affirmation of his need for complete and total self-allegiance. It is a profile of himself on horseback in regal, military garb, with his sword drawn upward and his rifle at the ready. He began work on it shortly after he arrived and was finished in just "a few months". Etched into an otherwise unremarkable sandstone boulder, it is more a relief carving than a sculpture, with most of the native stone left intact.

The militaristic carving, unusual subject matter for a desert rock, provokes mixed feelings of admiration and confusion. The work is developed with some kind of purpose, and is done with a great deal of care. Yet, like the ancient Amerindian petroglyphs that are so abundant in the area, it's hard to know what to "make" of it. There is an undecipherable quality about it, although it tantalizes the viewer with possible translations.

But the sculptor's idea and the forces that compelled him to express it in stone are likely to remain a mystery. Aaron's gone, and all we have left is the carving, some memories, and the story of his tragic destiny.

Aaron left Moab fifteen months after he arrived. He did not leave because he wanted to. He left because he was a "misfit" who didn't know the rules and probably wouldn't have played by them anyway. Nervousness in the community over his strangeness and his pseudo-militaristic behavior grew with every passing month. The fear of "what he might do" overshadowed that which he had done.

Eventually, in the autumn of 1936, he was told to leave town. He had no choice in the matter. So he struck his camp, packed his animals, and left Moab forever.

The following spring, word came down through the sheriff's office that Aaron had been picked up by the authorities upon his arrival in Provo, Utah.

He announced to them that he was Aaron Andrew, King America, King World. They were obviously not impressed. They confiscated his animals, bound him up and threw him into an insane asylum.

That was the year that the Parriott family journeyed to the state fair in Salt Lake City. When it was over, they stopped in Provo on the way home and inquired after Aaron. They found out where he was being held, and went to the institution to see him.

Aaron was led out on a rope, his hands tied. He saw the Parriotts and recognized them instantly. He was so overjoyed to see them that he began to cry.

Lloyd recalled that it broke their hearts to see such a free creature caged up like an animal. The asylum attendants were astonished that he had some people in the world that he cared about, and who cared about him.

But, he had been officially certified insane. He would never again know freedom, and would spend the rest of his life behind bars. He died in the asylum in Provo.

Thus ends the story of Aaron Andrew, sculptor of the "King Of The World". If and when you decide to visit the carving, it's located across the highway from the Doxol plant north of town. It sits up on a rise, about 100 feet high, up a 4WD jeep trail - an easy five minute walk.

When you view that carving, remember the story of poor Aaron, his life, and his love for this area.

Was Aaron insane, obsessed with dangerous delusions of royalty? Or was he, in his foreign and primitive way, trying to stake some kind of claim to a little piece of the world where he would be finally left alone - where he could live out his life in peace? Judge for yourself. But one can't help but admire his spirit that, in spite of everything he went through, rides sovereign and free on the hillside above his adopted home.

(Editor's footnote) The Parriott homestead is now the Grand Old Ranch House restaurant. The Moab Garage is now Tom Balsley's Sears store. The building that housed Bob's pool hall is gone. Aaron's camp on the ranch property was located approximately 100 yards southwest of the Doxol ponds. Our sincere thanks go out to Lloyd and Gwen Parriott for their gracious hospitality and assistance with this story.



DERAILED

Mudpuppy

It was a cold night, but by your second cup of coffee the ice has melted from the grass and the sun has burnt away most of the dull grey atomized pinyon smog from the valley. Clear Sky! After two more cups of coffee (Fridays start too early when the clock goes back!) it's warm enough to go out and bicycle away that hangover and bounce the digestive system back into submission.

Purpose: Get away from it all. Destination: Pritchert Arch Tanning Spa. It's time to mountain bike out for a late afternoon siesta in the sun.

On the trail you run into some other cyclists out there hammering around, looking for that ultimate experience that all those "Out The Back Door" magazines are ravening about these days. They invite you to sample some espresso brownies from "their" bakery, city folks from the land of expensive tastes. Feeling sugar-buzzed, you ride on.

Alone at the arch, your thoughts go back to the Flat Tire Fiasco Week and memories of all the wild costumes (designer riding clothes) and even wilder bikers. The area slickrock was paved with skin and bathed in blood that week.

You look over at your trusty steed of many safe rides and smile. "This is where it's at; just me, the sun, a bicycle, and 15 miles of wilderness between behind and beyond!" Then you notice, that both tires on your hoofless wonder are flat.

"No big deal", you think to yourself, "I always carry patchkit, tubes and tools". A sinking feeling, quickmud style, comes into your sun-burned belly as you realize that your toolkit is missing. Rattled free, lost, vanished, buried somewhere within that 15 mile stretch of beyond behind road. Uh-0!

Back on go the shorts and T-shirt amidst thoughts of "How cold was it last night?" and "Wish I had a candybar and a wool shirt!". But nothing can be done now, so the walk begins. Resolved to the prospect of a 15 mile "Bike Hike" and secretly praying that the patchkit will be just around the next rabbitbush you begin the trek back towards civilization. Now there's time to think!

Remember that time the young couple had to walk out of the slickrock with a broken chain? They were scowling and howling at each other about how their riding vacation was being ruined. Walking the slickrock, what a punishment!

Meanwhile, a coyote crosses in front of your silent walk, two redtails float by looking for dinner, and that storm from the south (could mean trouble later) begins to send its feelers northward, making the most spectacular sunset colors of the season.

Somehow, the flat tires, the missed Saturday dinner date, and lost tools suddenly become insignificant. You find yourself thinking: "Every mountainbiker should have this experience sometime!". But you know that the mad rage that carries many of them out the back door to behind beyond will make most of them madder as they march back broken parted when something goes wrong.

By moonrise you're looking for arrowheads glimmering in the slanted light when a flash catches your eye. It's the zipper from the toolkit lying by the side of the road. Some quick moonlight patching, and you're riding joyfully in the cool full moon you forgot was going to rise this weekend.

Two hours later, warm and safe behind a beer mug at the bar (long before last call) you count your blessings, including life's flat tires.

"GOOD FOOD FOR THE MIND AND BODY".

MOAB COMMUNITY CO-OP

111 North 100 West * 259-5712
Open 10 am to 7pm Mon. thru Fri.
9am to 6 pm Sat. * Closed Sun.



OLD SPANISH TRAIL CAMERA

SAME DAY COLOR PRINT PROCESSING

IN THE WESTERN PLAZA
59 SOUTH MAIN STREET, MOAB, UTAH 84532
(801) 259-5009

Pack Creek Ranch ... A Country Inn



Convenient to sunny Moab, Utah, Pack Creek Ranch nestles in the foothills of the mighty La Sal Mountains. The ranch is a favorite destination for adventurers, naturalists, recreationists, and those seeking cooler temperatures.

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

Pack Creek Ranch is now taking reservations for the Holiday Season. If your group, organization, or family wishes to insure a memorable Holiday Get Together, call us now. We will be accepting reservations for day time, as well as evening parties.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS!

Pack Creek Ranch
P.O. Box 1270
Moab, Utah 84532
(801) 259-5505



AL McLEOD
MASTER ELECTRICIAN

PHONE! 259-7090

AFTER 5 P.M. | ON WEEKDAYS



JOSEPH MARCURE - OWNER
801-259-8614

Marc's Gallery

FEATURING FINE ART POSTERS AND PRINTS

"The Poster House
with a touch of class"

WESTERN PLAZA #5
MOAB, UTAH 84532

The Stinking Desert Gazette
is proud to present excerpts
from

A New Comic Drama in Three Acts
Entitled

O-K Gas and Groceries

by

Craig Rayle

(Our own Bounder O'Rourke)

World Premiere Performance

November 20, 21 and 22

Star Hall 8:00 p.m.

A Community Theatre Production

On the twelfth day of christmas my true love gave to me twelve burned up candles, eleven stale cookies, ten bags of papers, nine ladies talking, eight spoiled milk cartons, seven food stained workshirts, six broken ashtrays, five empty fifths four rotten cheeseballs, three alka seltzers, two buffered aspirin and a gold plated waste disposal can.

(The couple applauds loudly. Riley spins embarassed but then regains his composure and bows.)

RILEY: Ho ho ho little shavers. You having a merry christmas?

URBAN WOMAN: (Looks at Riley with amused suspicion.) Oh of course, ...Santa?

RILEY: Well then lets see what Santa has in his bag of goodies today. (Riley sets the bag on the counter.) Where are you frem?

BILL: Texas.

RILEY: (He quickly looks in his bag.) Well that rules that out. Where ya headed?

URBAN WOMAN: We're going to see our daughter in San Francisco.

RILEY: Well that's more like it. I happen to have here a pillowcase (he holds up the pillowcase broadly.) from the Worlds Fair of nineteen and twelve held in San Francisco, Cal.

BILL: Well thank you very much Santa.

URBAN WOMAN: Wait a minute Bill. This pillowcase says SAN COUNTY FAIR FOUR H'ers, 1969.

RILEY: Don't be ridiculous child. (He holds the pillowcase up to the light.) Well, I'll be! (To Riley.) Them elves musta made some mistake. (Confidentially.) It is so hard to get good help anymore. (He hands the pillowcase back.) Well no matter there little girl. If you can believe that I'm Santa, then you can darn well believe this pillowcase comes from the 1912 San Francisco Worlds Fair. Now is there anything else that this nice young man can get you.

URBAN WOMAN: Oh we just need another cup of coffee to wake up this morning.

JIMMY: That's on the house. (The man and woman pour cup.)

BILL: Just how far is it to San Francisco from here?

JIMMY: It's around twenty hours.

URBAN WOMAN: Oh that's OK. As long as we can be there tomorrow morning to see our grandkids open their presents.

JIMMY: Don't worry about the coffee it's on the house.

BILL: Thank you, very much. And merry christmas.

URBAN WOMAN: And thank you too Santa. Merry christmas.

RILEY: Merry christmas. Ho ho ho. (Riley twinkles at Jimmy then runs over to refill his cup of coffee.)

JIMMY: It's good to see you Santa, it was a lonely one last night.

RILEY: Lonely huh? Worse than usual?

JIMMY: Yeah, seems like I'm back where I always end up. Every time I make a change in my life - move to a new town, take a new job - everything is all right for a while, ... well, at least it's not boring. But then after awhile I get more lonely or more depressed until I move out or move on again.

RILEY: Sounds serious. (Riley removes his hat and whiskers and becomes Riley again.) But I'll let you in on a little secret. I think mostly everyone mostly everywhere is mostly lonely most of the time. Hah! (laughing.) You know, with so many folks out there in lonely land seems like it ought to be down right crowded.

JIMMY: (returns the laughter.) You get lonely a lot Riley.

RILEY: Oh you bet.

JIMMY: No kidding? Even with your wife and all.

RILEY: Yea, even so, I mean the back end of a garbage truck ain't exactly the most intriguing social situation I could'a been stuck in for the last twenty years, ... (Riley reflectively sips his coffee.) Just what in particular is bugging you.

JIMMY: Oh I don't know. Maybe it's christmas ... seeing all these people together with some place to go and then being left alone with a dust mop.

RILEY: That'd do er. Tell me, what do you think about mostly.

JIMMY: I don't know, about all sorts of things. I don't know, about growing up. About being a kid. About my old girl friends. About my folks. About what I'm gonna do with my life.

RILEY: AH! I knew it, ... could have guessed as much myself. You Jimmy are a victim of what I call the time-warp.

JIMMY: The time-warp Riley?

RILEY: Absolutely! Now the time-warp - and I want you to pay close attention because I was hit by such a flash of brilliance when this came to me that I almost got my arm caught in the hydraulic masher - the time-warp is the one and only cause of loneliness. See, loneliness is just a type of rememberin'.

Grand Old Ranch House



"ON THE NAT'L REGISTER OF HISTORICAL PLACES"

- AUTHENTIC GERMAN DISHES
- PRIME RIB • SEAFOOD • STEAKS

LUNCH: 11 AM-2 PM-

DINNER: 5 PM-10:30 PM-

PHONE

259-5753

In Praise of the Colorado Plateau

"How many there are who seem to think that beauty in nature consists only of running streams, green trees, and waving corn. Let them go over most any part of this country and they would be unable to express the wonder and the feelings that ever-changing scenery inspires. There is no monotony to it as there is in riding mile after mile in the alleged more favored localities of the East, where each mile is a duplicate of the previous one."

Benjamin Alfred Wetherill

"In vegetated regions the whole interesting and colorful geologic mosaic beneath is covered by a carpet of monotonous green."

William Lee Stokes



by Melody Taylor

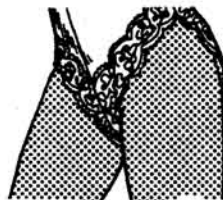
HIGH DESERT
Gift Shop
57 North Main
Moab, Utah 84532

801-259-5360

DON & KAY SWASEY

- Scrimshaw
- Engraving
- Jewelry
- Turquoise
- Dinosaur Bone
- Souvenirs
- Jewelry Repairs

Let us be your silversmith
Custom Orders Welcome



**STINKING SUBSCRIPTIONS
AVAILABLE**

PEG LEG NIL'S JURASSIC TOURS

PEG LEG - THE RASTA SWASHBUCKLER AND NIL - THE FAMOUS GUIDE AND AMATEUR PALEONTOLOGIST, ARE WALKING UP A WASH CHECKING OUT A SET OF PREVIOUSLY UNDISCOVERED DINOSAUR TRACKS.

©86 C.C. Ritter

CONT. NEXT ISSUE

THE BARD'S NARDS

POETRY CORNER

From "Pictures of the Gone World"
by Lawrence Ferlinghetti

#10

for all I know maybe she was happier
than anyone
that lone crone in the shawl
on the orangecrate train
with the little tame bird
in her handkerchief
crooning
to it all the time
"mia mascotta"
"mia mascotta"
and none of the sunday excursionists
with their bottles and their baskets
paying any
attention
and the coach
creaking on through cornfields
so slowly that
butterflies
blew in and out

#6

And the Arabs asked terrible questions
and the Pope didn't know what to say and the people
ran around in wooden shoes asking which way was the
head of Midas facing and everyone said
No instead of Yes
While still forever in the Luxembourg
gardens in the fountains of the medicis were the
fat red goldfish and the fat white goldfish
and the children running around the pool
pointing and piping
"Des poissons rouges!"
"Des poissons rouges!"
but they ran off
and a leaf unhooked itself
and fell upon the pool
and lay like an eye winking
circles
and then the pool was very
still
and there was a dog
just standing there
at the edge of the pool
looking down
at the tranced fish
and not barking
or waving its funny tail or
anything
so that
for a moment then
in the late November dusk
silence hung like a lost idea
and a statue turned
its head

The Polson Spider Mesa Waltz

(To the tune of "The Tennessee Waltz")

I was domin' with my darlin'
Out on Poison Spider Mesa
When she pushed me so I fell off a fin.
I tumbled into a giant pothole
I couldn't get out of
While my love looked for rocks to throw in.

"Oh my darlin' why'd you push me?"
I cried out in anguish
As she gleefully rolled down a few.
"You introduced me to your best friend
While we were out hiking,
And I like him better than you!"

Now I'm spending my nights
Out on Poison Spider Mesa
Where the scorpions and the lizards all dance.
I'm still down there in that pothole
Under boulders my love rolled
Not believing in taking a chance.

If your lover wants to take you
Out to Poison Spider Mesa
The domes and the fine fins to see,
Don't let her get behind you
Above a deep pothole
Or you'll end up rotting like me.

Lance and LaRue Christie

Adieu, Dewey

(Editor: The historic Dewey Bridge, a cable
suspension span over the Colorado River, was
decommissioned this summer and replaced with
a new concrete structure capable of carrying
wider and heavier loads. The picturesque but
creaky old bridge was like an old friend to
all of us, and will be missed.)

Oh Great Northern Barrier
Splendid erector-set structure
Creaking and groaning through life;
Unique, simple, functional,
Protector of river-road inhabitants
From heavy traffic, truck noise, "Run-a-muckas",
How we mourn your retirement!

Our last crossing
(Our first on New Dewey)
Was in mid-july,
Headed north to S.L.C.
Looking over our shoulders, eyes wide,
We turned, and returned
To cross Old Dewey one last time;
Back, and back again,
Until the parting ceremony was complete.

At night, on the return trip,
We sped across the boring, sterile bridge,
Unaware that underneath us
Ran the mighty Colorado,
"River of the West",
Of which adventurers, trappers, cowboys,
Ranchers, miners, river runners,
Speak in awed tones.

No longer will we make tracks
On your snowy surface
At midnight, by the moon.
No longer will your squeaks and moans
Be "music to our ears".
Your mundane and bland counterpart
Must serve the purpose,
Oh, woe is us, Dewey;
Adieu

Mike and Millie Omana

CLASSIFIED ADS


STINKY ADS GET RESULTS

IF YOUR WHITES HAVE LOST THEIR WHITES, LET ME COLOR THEM
PURPLE, OR TURQUOISE, OR FUSCIA, OR CORAL, OR.....
CUSTOM DESIGN DYE WORK. Call Mo, 259-8819

28 MM Wide angle lens for Olympus OM mount. Less than a
year old, used very little, and in like-new condition.
Make an offer. Call Bob, 259-6857

CHRISTMAS ORDERS FOR UNIQUE T-SHIRTS ARE BEING TAKEN.
ONE-OF-A-KIND BATIKS FROM CACTUS FLOWER, LOTS OF STYLES
AT REASONABLE PRICES. 259-8819

Black velvet paintings for sale, reduced 20% this week.
Harry's Boutique and Tire Downtown



Antiques

POTTERY - FURNITURE
SILVER - GLASS

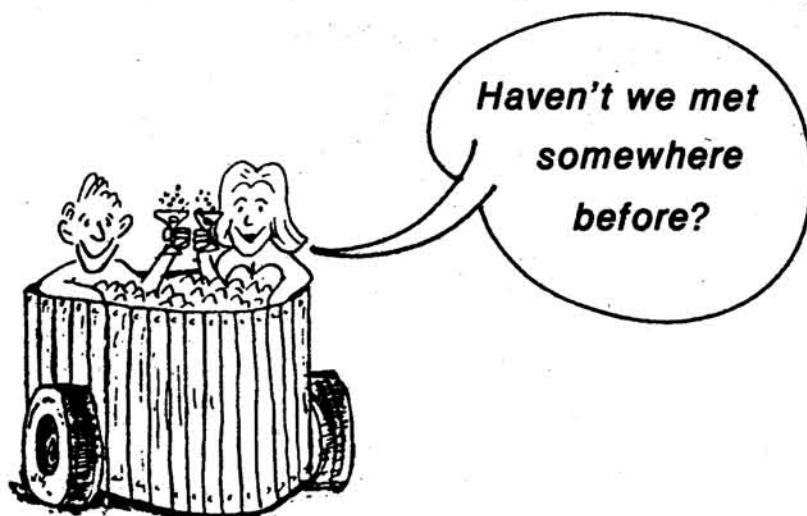
"Good Ole' Days"

ANTIQUES AND COLLECTIBLES
BUY - SELL - TRADE

LEONA CUNNINGHAM

20 WEST 1ST NORTH
MOAB, UTAH 84532
PH. 801-259-8344

SUMMER BURNOUT I, II, III SERENA'S & JANET'S BIRTHDAYS
DEGLAS' PORKOUT TRADEWINDS TIDALWAVE
CRESTO'S THANKSGIVING DUDEK'S CHRISTMAS PARTY
PLUMBS PARTY SUMMER SOLSTICE I



Continue The Tradition
The Perfect Touch
for any party
'The Traveling Tub'
Hot Tub Rental
259-8463



Photographer Linda Powell thought she had a picture of a punk rocker. It turned out that this poor lad had taken too active a part in an electrical experiment during science class.

Stinking subscriptions make fragrant Christmas gifts

Subscription form

Yes, I believe the rocks are
alive! Enclosed is \$9.00 for
the next 12 issues.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE
BOX F
MOAB, UTAH 84532

Affix Postage Here

TO:

FIRST CLASS

STINKING DESERT GAZETTE

Copyright 1986

All Rights Reserved

Robert Dudek - Managing Editor

Nik Hougen - Art and Design

Lola Nunley - Advertising

The Gazette welcomes contributors.
Special thanks to Lee Goodman, Dave
Everist, Michaelene Pendleton, Craig
Rayle, Linda Powell and Melody
Taylor for help with this issue.