

THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE



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25¢

Moab,
Utah



Beautify Cisco

If a local speculator has his way, residents of the picturesque little town of Cisco, 30 miles upriver from Moab, are going to have to move most of their town from its present site to the nearest landfill.

Harold Gaynurd, who spoke at a recent Chamber of Commerce luncheon, lashed out at those people for allowing their town to become, in his words, a "squalid and swinish eyesore and an absolute deterrent to business development".

Gaynurd, a well-known, local entrepreneur, took up his theme after listening to several speeches by Moab businessmen demanding that Moabites clean up their properties to help attract developers to the valley.

"I am in complete agreement with a rigid enforcement of county ordinances, and I think that we had better be ready to do it equally on a county-wide basis", he stated.

"A lot of us own property up there in Cisco. We didn't buy it because we needed it. We don't work that way. We bought it because we expected to make some money on it", said Gaynurd.

"Now, what developer in his right mind is going to invest in Cisco, the way it looks now? There are broken down buildings, old rusty machinery and weeds on every lot! The twelve residents of Cisco are living in the past, thinking they can just live their lives the way they always have and leave us speculators twisting slowly in the desert wind", asserted Gaynurd, in a visible state of agitation.

"I mean, you can't believe the way those people live. They have shabby seat covers in their automobiles, no gravel on their driveways and lime deposits on their swamp cooler pads.

"They've got a pack of dogs that is almost beyond belief! Some of the men don't shave and the women grow hair on their legs! And all of this is within sight of our brand new, fully platted, "Green Highlands River Ranchos", due to go on sale this summer.

"We keep sending them mail-order catalogs, to show them life in the real world. I'll bet I know what they're doing with them, but I won't get into that here.

"We need to teach them the proper usage of herbicide chemicals, the secret to any good-looking piece of property. Hell, it's the perfect place to use it. There isn't even any water table to screw up out there on that God forsaken piece of stinking desert", shouted Gaynurd.

"It wouldn't hurt them to get rid of that junk they store openly on their properties. They don't even line it up straight!

"Their foot-dragging is an infringement on our right to make a lot of money. We are not going to stand still for this!

"Besides, anybody who reads the paper should know about the "trickle-down" theory of economics. Some hard work and sacrifice on their part will enable a few of us to get rich. When we do, we will trickle down on those that made it possible! What could be plainer or more simple than that?", asked Gaynurd.

Gaynurd and his associates have designed an 18 hole, Astroturf golf course for their land near Cisco. They hope to make a killing on golf addicts passing by on nearby I-70.

He pledged to come to each and every C of C luncheon and work hard for an even-handed application of any county clean-up effort that might come to pass.

Rock Injured

Local rock-huggers were concerned last month about a report of unwarranted injury to a local mineral specimen.

In a careless act of violence a local man, Dale Parriott, smashed into the rock while motorcycling at a high rate of speed along one of the numerous local dirt trails.

Black Pantheist church members came out of mourning after it was revealed that the extent of the damage was not as severe as they first surmised.

The good news surfaced after a tough investigation into the matter by church hierarchy.

The inquiry was led by Sister Lodestone, a devout Nun Of The Above, from the Living Rock Monastery and Antacid Rain Institute, in Hoebroken, Arizona.

The investigative team gave the unfortunate rock a thorough medical examination and announced the results - a black tire-tread smudge along the upper face and a slight chip on the lower medial quadrant.

The group announced their intention to post a "rock crossing" sign at the site of the accident.

INSIDE

MID-WINTER CAT TRIP!

see page 6

A Real Honest-to-God Underwear Ad!

Page 4

Said Sister Lodestone: "These rocks have the legal right-of-way! Mr. Parriott testified that the rock had not been there the last time he rode that portion of the trail. This proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that the rocks move of their own free will and should have the complete freedom to do so."

Failure to acknowledge this, she added, could have disastrous consequences.

Parriott remained incapacitated with a broken shoulder and miscellaneous injuries and bruises.



Black Pantheist nun, Sister Lodestone, reassures church members Fern Muller, left and Cynthia Smith that the injured rock is going to be ok.

Jeep spoken here

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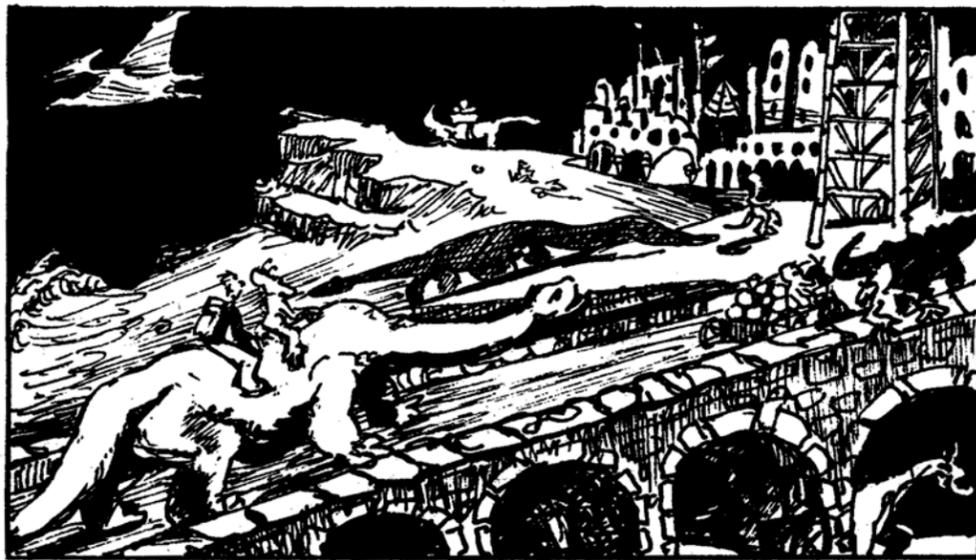
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THE CASTLE VALLEY SLIDE SHOW FESTIVAL!

Beginning Friday, January 30th, and running every Friday night through February 20th, an all-new, original and enjoyable slide show will be presented by Castle Valley residents George Ottinger, Mitchell May, Alice Drogin and Dominic Cappadonna.

All shows begin promptly at 7 PM, at the Mormon Church in Castle Valley. Join them for the fun!

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MOAB LANES

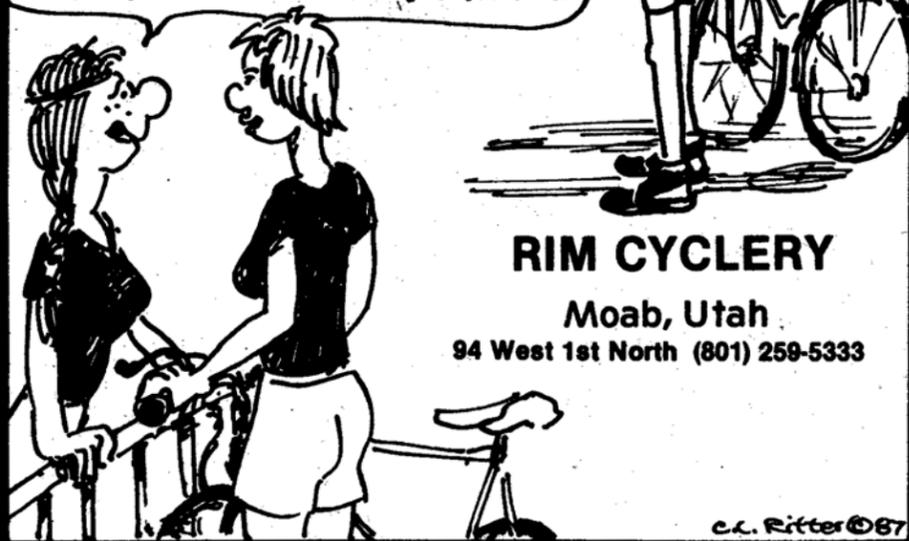
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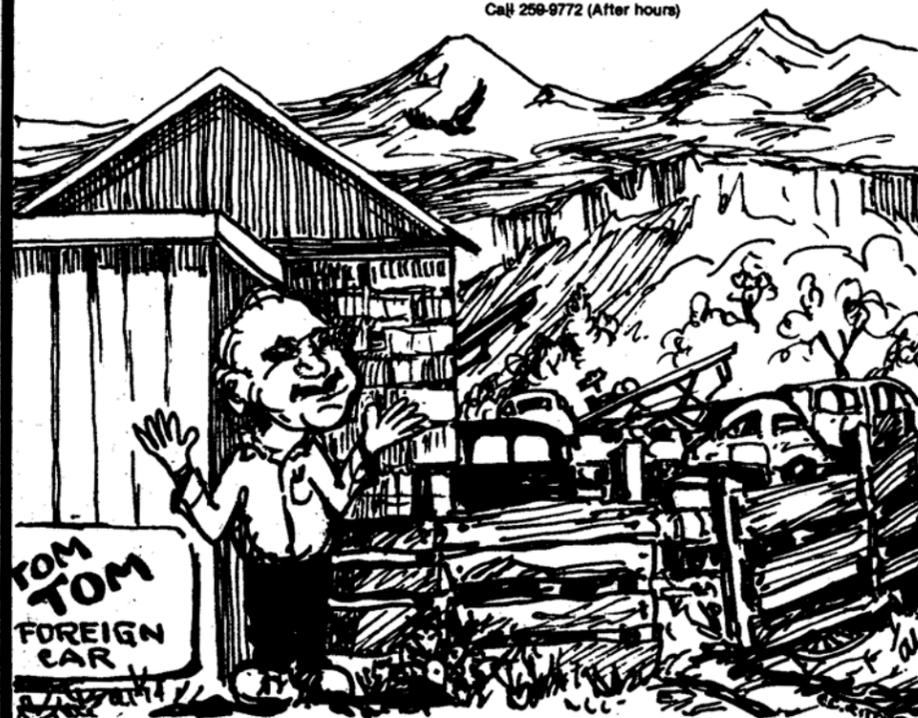
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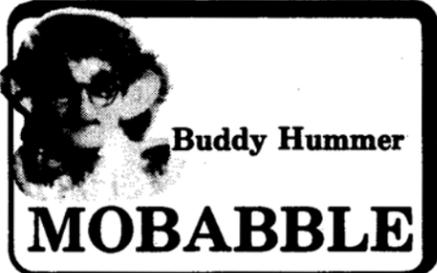
59 South Main - Western Plaza

GOV. REGULATIONS

SMALL MINER

C.C. RITTER © 87

"I don't think it will hold much longer."



According to a recent article in the The Christian Science Monitor, Jan 16, 1987, Southeastern Utah is one of the two "least tamed" areas left in the USA. (The other being in Alaska.) Makes you shiver, doesn't it, to know that you're part of something so special? Makes you want to haul a few extra junk cars into the front yard just to prove how untamed you are.

I guess a sleazy gossip columnist like me shouldn't say anything about the Clean-up Moab Campaign. After all, I have a financial interest in keeping Moab dirty. However, I will point out that "cleanliness" is often just an illusion.

Take Gloria Harris' dazzling white 1984 Thunderbird, for example. That car looks so sleek and clean and cool under the desert sun. But, it's just an illusion. Gloria confided to me that she's never washed the car! (White cars don't show the dirt, she confessed.) Yucko! Gag me with a mudpuppy.

And then there's Dennis, owner and operator of the local camera store. Dennis comes to work early every morning so he can mess up the place a bit, tossing junk mail and crumpled Coke cans around the room. But it's just an illusion. Dennis likes to cultivate the crazed-genius image, but underneath he's a very neat, clean person. Any camera lens in his place would be clean enough to eat a pizza off of.

Yep, things are getting tighter than a bull's ass during fly season. (That's a quote from Deuce.) Speaking of cowboys, did you hear about A. C. Ekker catching a mountainman robbing his place out at Robber's Roost? Things can get mean and lean out west in the winter.

But nobody wants to give in to a little hardship. As Forrest Brown, former President of the Points and

Pebbles Club says: "I'm not broke, but I sure am badly bent".

Some people get bent pretty bad. There's the case of poor Lucy Wallingford. Lucy is an artist who used to do wild and creative things like making a paper cast of a 250 foot length of Castle Creek. But then she got a color TV. Nowadays when friends call she's always too busy watching TV. She has to ask friends to go to the store for her because she can't get away long enough to buy the new TV Guide. Her favorite program? I Love Lucy.

Out in Castle Valley they're having a Slide Show Festival every Friday night. They get together to watch each other's slides. The first two programs will be: "Windows To The Infinite" and "Galapagos Islands Lost In Time".

If watching TV and home slideshows sounds boring, consider how Barry Miller entertains himself. He likes to catch free-floating spider webs. If you sit in one place and watch the empty space around you for long enough, a strand of spider web will eventually float by. It's real Zen if you can catch it.

Other Moabberations: Tom Lancer, senior at Grand County High School and son of Don and Chris Kauhi, has a bigger mouth than Buddy Hummer. He's winning medals in state-wide debate contests.

Roanne Flores has run away with a guy in a gold-plated truck. Roanne's so short she can dance in the sleeper while the truck wheels its way across the U.S. of A.

Serena Supplee, who hasn't shown up for one single party all year, has managed to produce 105 paintings during her hermitage.

Joy Ungricht and Alex Klokkee are setting sail in the Gulf of California this month. They built their ocean-going dory, The Canyon Wren, in Moab this winter and are planning to launch it at Mulege Bay. It takes a lot of character not to feel envious.

But as Tom Arnold, Volkswagen Guru, said: "You can't help but smile knowing that you live in a town where most of the people are here because they want to be".

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WHITEWATER, WHITE CANYONS.

by Robert Dudek

An icy wind is howling against the house, and a bitter morning rain threatens to turn into snow. The forecast calls for more of the same, but colder.

It's the first week in January and the weather is typically frigid. You've got a week off and you're wondering what to do with it.

Repair the tub enclosure. Sit by the woodstove and watch Irangate on Channel 14. Paint the bedroom. Read that book you've been meaning to get to. Brew some beer. Write some over-due letters. Take up stained glass. Blow up the boats and run Cataract Canyon.

What? Come on. Maybe some cross-country skiing up on the flanks of the La Sals. Maybe a hike up Courthouse Wash. Maybe even a fast dash in the buff from the house to Jeff's traveling hot tub. But Cataract Canyon?

Ken DeVore liked the idea. So did Michael Hawk, Don Kauhi, Pat Welch and Chris Oram. And so, last January 5th, the five of them rigged out and put on the Colorado River to be the first river party of the year to run Cat.

What was it like? Said Hawk: "It was just like a summer trip, but a lot colder." Nicely understated. He can say that. He skinny-dipped in the 32½ degree water! But, let's start at the beginning.

They put on the Colorado River at the Potash ramp, 18 miles south of Moab, and 96 miles from their take-out point, Hite Marina on Lake Powell.

It was a grey Monday morning, January 5th, and the cold wind was blowing the river up into spray-swept wind-waves, two to three feet high.

The air temperature was in the 30's, and the water was but a smidgeon above the freezing point.

They launched two Havasu rafts, 18 feet in length, rigged with kicker motors for the flat water and rowing frames for the rapids. Ken and Mike would do the rowing.

How do you dress for a Cataract Trip in the snow? Between yourself, your friends, and Rim Cyclery, you put together a wardrobe that will probably be more carefully thought out than any other you have ever assembled.

Polyprope underwear, wet suits, coveralls, Sorrels, wool, rain gear - everything selected to cover all the contingencies.

Supplies included a standard "kitchen" and a quick-meal menu. A cooler was necessary for the beer. To keep it "warm". The rap was that they put a hot water bottle in with the beer to keep it from freezing!

Anyway, the list was checked, the lines cast off and away they went into, well, whatever what was in store for them for the next six days.

The weather was nasty and getting worse. While gassing their vehicles at the Maverick earlier that morning, Jim Sarten stopped to pay a visit. A local tour operator and river maniac, Sarten saw their boats and pulled in just to remind them how crazy they were, how much he loved crazy people, and that the storm moving in stretched all the way from Canada to Las Vegas.

Thanks, Jim. But hey, suffering builds character, right? Adversity challenges the mind and body? All right. But their real reason for going is simpler. They merely want to find out if they can do it. A bonus: the terrible beauty of Cataract in winter.

The first day was a motor grind against the wind and whitecaps. With the boats so lightly loaded, windflips were not out of the question. No super gusts materialized.

Tough to stay warm when you're not rowing, with rain and spray coming over the bow. Dead Horse Point loomed two thousand feet overhead like a phantom ship in the mist. Grit the teeth, take a pull from the bottle, joke it off. Fantasize life on land,

where you're free to move around and get warm.

Land was the mouth of Lathrop Canyon, 25 miles downstream, first night's camp. Dinner, drinks, and a warm bed. Wind and rain in advance of the cold front lashed the tents all night at Lathrop, whose 4WD jeep road offers the last chance to take out before Hite.

Day two. Twenty-four miles against the chilly wind and they arrive at the confluence, the meeting of the Colorado with the end of the Green River, the two of them about equal in size and stature. Tilted beds of Permian shales tower 1400 feet high where the rivers merge, like massive walls whose foundations have shifted. Which is precisely what happened. The underlying Paradox Formation, ("salt" beds made unstable by the river's incision and groundwater dissolution and weakened by nearby graben faults), was squashed and "squeezed" by the overlying formations. Massive blocks sank here, arose over there. The salts even found fissures and pushed to the surface, as at the mouth of Lower Red Lake Canyon, across from Spanish Bottom, 3½ miles below the confluence.

Geology Shmeeology. At Spanish Bottom one hears the roar of Rapid Number One, Brown Betty, the first of 26 that thrash the now-doubled flow of the river for the next eleven miles.

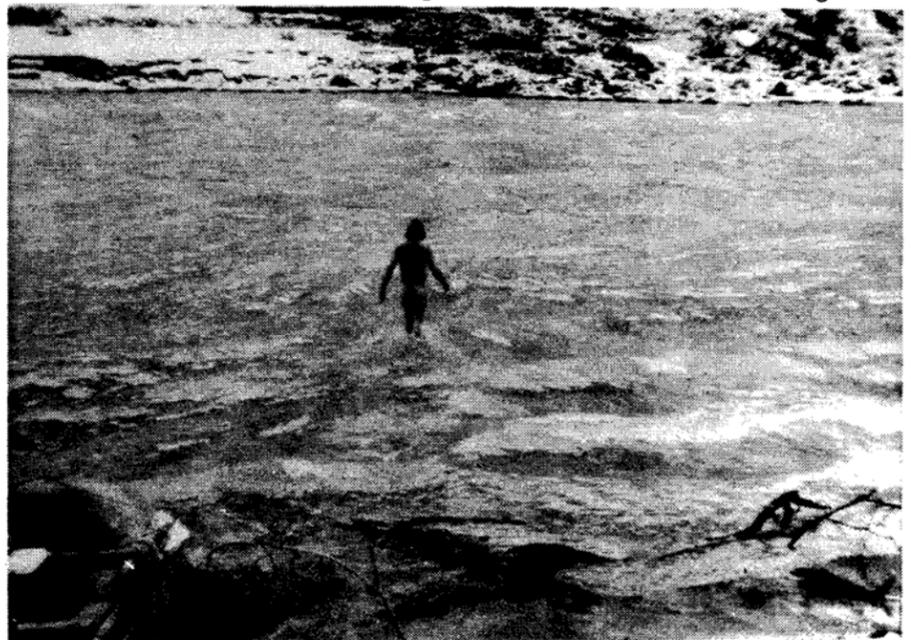
Spanish Bottom. Rig for a flip. Break out the oars. Adjust the wardrobe to accommodate a Polar Bear swim. Shove off. Good luck.

A short half mile and they're sucked into the chute of Rapid One. Then Number Two. Ken doesn't take it for granted like he did that hot spring day when the river was swollen and it jumped up and slapped him upside the head. He swam out, a wiser man.

Not this day, in the wind and rain and frigid winter water. All runs were precise. Five runs, 2 miles, and they eddied out for camp on the beach below Number Five, home for the next three days. Plentiful driftwood for cooking and warmth. The trail head to the Doll House. A safe haven. The rain that night seemed less threatening.



The Canyon with a fresh coat of snow.



Hawk joins the "Polar Bear" Club.

(Cont. P. 7)

Wednesday morning. After a hearty breakfast they started their hike up into the Doll House. The weather was grey and cold, perfect for a 1400 foot ascent from the river to the canyon's rim.

They made their way up that magnificent trail, that trip through time and the fossil-encrusted slabs of Permian limestone, 260 million years old. At the top, a fantasyland of geologic forms and shapes, red and white striped, wierd and unreal, especially in winter. The Doll House is normally a quiet place, reachable by a tortuous jeep trail in good weather. On January 7th, they had it all to themselves.

By now, a light snow was falling, and the gigantic gorge below them was veiled in a cold and ghostly mist.

Their cameras were undependable due to frost in the shutter, and they recorded those frigid scenes in a special part of their memory, that part down deep in the heart. They made the rounds, as it were, and then made their descent back down to camp.

That night, it began to snow in earnest.

They awoke the next morning to a scene that the pictures on these pages do not adequately portray, Cataract Canyon after a snowstorm.

It was beautiful for two reasons. Number one, it was a pretty sight to see. Number two, the snow had stopped!

It was the last layover day and they made the most of it, relaxing around the fire.

Hawk got to feeling a little sleepy and decided to refresh himself with a dip in the river. He stripped and dove in. Although the swim was brief, he had time to check the water temperature with his thermometer. How cold was it. Very, very short, said Hawk. Nobody argued with that.

It was the last laid-back day, the calm before the storm. The next day they would run the heavy water, rapids with names like Capsize, Mile Long, The Big Drops, and Satan's Gut. The excitement was building again.



Sweep the boat, and bring hot water to thaw the valves so it can be pumped up again.

Friday morning. The day of truth dawned clear and bitter cold. The two boats left the beach and headed out into the icy current. Ken looked back at the beach and made a mental note to himself. Next spring, don't plan on finding any firewood at Number Five until after the runoff has had time to replenish the supply!

The air temperature was 22 degrees. An oar lifted from the water was soon glazed with a sheath of ice. The eddies were choked with ice, thin shelves that poked out into the river. Ice coated all the rocks where water has washed clear the layer of snow. It was an unusual scene.

Into the rapids they rowed, their boats smashing into those notorious waves that seemed harder, more unyielding than usual. Icy waves broke over the bow, and the swampers kept themselves busy bailing, or tonging, as they referred to it later. The oarsmen stayed comfortably warm - too warm really - as they worked to avoid the danger and the dreaded slamdunk.

Soon, they arrived at the Big Drops, where the canyon has saved the best for last.

How many people have looked up at a layer of snow on the marker rock in Big Drop Two? No time to savor the sight, though. After you kiss the left side of that rock you pull right or go over the ledge. They pulled right.

Finally, Big Drop Three, Satan's Gut. A euphemism. A nasty barrier of rocks and keeper holes and boiling cataracts where all one can do is choose the lesser of the available evils that confront you, depending on where you were spit out of the previous rapid.

No problem. Years of experience handily increased their chances of getting through the icy maelstrom. It paid off that day, and both boats plunged through the vicious holes and tailwaves safely upright. The tension lifted, the cheers went up. The canyon had been kind.

A hearty celebration was held at their overnight camp on the beach at 10¢ Rapid, the end of the whitewater and the beginning of Lake Powell.

The rest of the trip was routine. The last day involved motoring twenty miles of the lake to Hite.

Interestingly, this part of the journey turned out to be the coldest. Frigid winter wind and the almost constant shade of the deep gorge made for a bone-chilling ride out to their waiting vehicles.

Making land at the ramp at Hite after a Cat Trip is always slightly anticlimactic. This time was a little better. It meant getting out of the rafts and getting warm again.

Pam DeVore was there waiting for them with the shuttle vehicles, hot coffee, and everyone's congratulations for not dying in the canyon.

All that remained was to derig the trip, load it all up, drive to Ray's in Green River, and kick back with a burger and a brew before continuing on home to Moab.

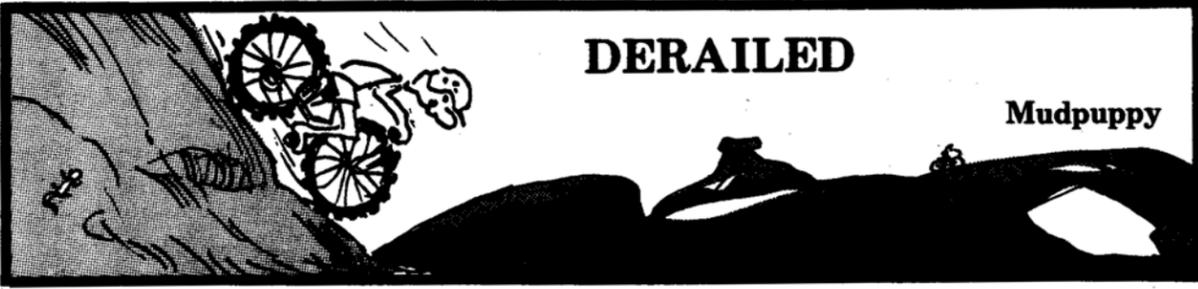
I hope that some record of the trip was duly recorded on the wall at Ray's. It wasn't Mt. Everest. But it was, as John Madden might say, the "real deal". And it was done.



Devore slips into some ultra-warm protection does this month's underwear display.

DERAILED

Mudpuppy



Two winterized hard-core outdoorsies meet in the pre-dawn frost for a February outing. They are clad in woolies, ski hats, gloves, scarves, sweaters . . . and bicycling helmets. "Good God", someone scraping snow and ice from a ski rack says. "Those crazy guys are going mountain biking!"

The cyclists ride off into the snowy morning, heading downriver on squeaky streets towards white blanketed, red dirt roads; beauty, peace, silence and inner sanctum. Apart from each other, the nearest human voice will be saying something like: "This is your pilot speaking. It looks pretty miserable down there, but in a little over an hour we'll be arriving in sunny, 73 degree San Diego".

Snow on the plateau. Snow all over the high, medium, and even low desert. If Betsy Ross had ridden horseback into the Moab Valley on a February day we might have a Red, White and Blue the Earth First folks would be proud of. Red rocks, white snow, and blue sky. The desert has its own brand of patriotism.

The Utah license plates are red, white and blue, but with a picture of a downhill skier? We hikers, bicyclists, climbers, rafters and cross country skiers are seriously considering obtaining Colorado plates! How about a picture of a can of cheap beer? Anything but a symbol of that expensive, high class, decadent, esoteric and irresponsibly lawsuit-laden sport of downhill skiing!

I digress though, and in doing so realize that pictures of hikers and arches on the license plates driving all over the country would give us

away! Let them think that Utah is all skiing, and we'll enjoy bicycling in the canyons on peaceful, quiet, snowy days that are packed full of scenery that would make the Wilderness Calendar photographers melt through the ice in shuddering, agitated excitement.

The two bicyclists, members of Moab's newly founded "Creative Youth Retirement Campaign", ride on in search of the ultimate sandrock snowsky canyon contrast that can be found somewhere in the cold still silence of the low angled Winter sun. Expenses for the day: \$2.50 for food, 50¢ for wine.

A few other daring souls, desert rat cross country hikers, Winter wetsuit rafters (all kindred spirits) explore the season's solitude going out on what most people would call "dangerous and risky expeditions".

Actually the people living dangerously are the ones driving from Denver to Salt Lake wearing polyester, penny loafers and nylon driving gloves, and riding in heated cars with no matches, blankets, sleeping bags, food or even a wool hat. I'd rather be walking across the river on an ice bridge!

So, as the steering wheel huggers, couch potatoes, and migrating furnace turner-uppers make it through "just another cold Winter", we bikers and hikers enjoy the time of the year in Moab that will always be nice and quiet. Well, quiet if us outdoor folk have anything to say in the matter.

It seems that there is a conspiracy afoot to scandalize and capitalize on the one remaining untouched season in the desert. Someone is actually committing the

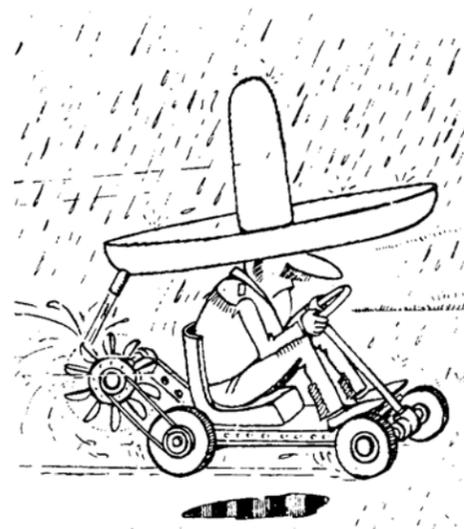
heinous crime of pushing a Fourth season of tourism on us. Our sanity hangs on the precipice like an icicle in the mourning sun.

We of the CY Retirement faction are working hard, though, on refreezing the icicle of sanity to the cliff. Didn't I tell you? It's miserable out there! Frozen toes, runny nose, blue fingers, wet feet!

Don't bother trying a Winter trip here. Why, you'll catch a cold, stick your 4WD, fall on the ice, get mud on your skis, and be led astray by bike tracks that appear to go Nowhere!

Worst of all, you'll stay awake all night dreaming about that virgin powder snow waiting just one lift ride away up in ultimate Alta! They didn't put a skier on those ole Utah plates for nothing you know!

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BACKWATER



C.C. RITTER ©87

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1450 AM

Winter Program Schedule

6:00 a.m.		Sign on
7:30 a.m.	Local news	
8:00 a.m.	Canyon Radio Auction	
10:30 a.m.	Local news brief	
11:00 a.m.	Trading Post with Christy Robbins	
12:00 noon	Paul Harvey noon news	
12:15-1:00 p.m.	Information hour	
2:05-2:25 p.m.	Sounding Board with Christy Robbins	
5:00-5:30 p.m.	KCNY evening news with	
6:00 p.m.		Sign off



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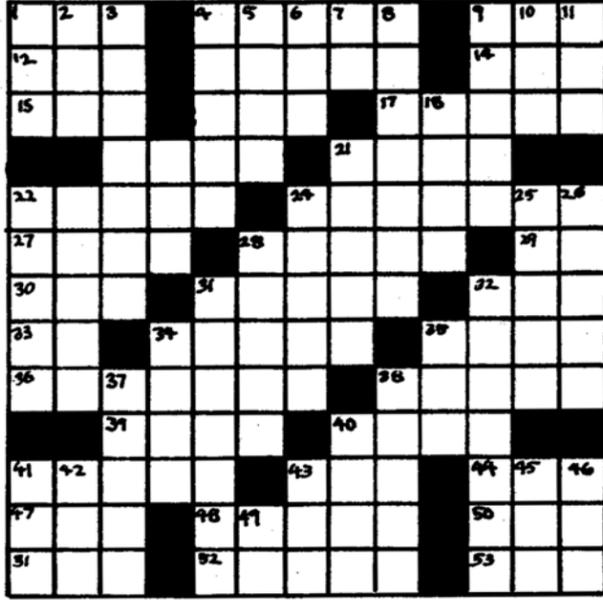
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Moab Crossword

by Chris Kauhi

ACROSS

1. Grand County H.S. Cheer
4. Nelson house veneer
9. Figure next year's property tax
12. Woman's name
13. _____ mesa
14. Roscoe's advice to Foodtown shoppers
15. Woody's bartender's tool
16. Colo. River Fisher's need
19. Two of a kind; ie, Dudek & Hougen
21. Get out of town
22. To cause or allow accidentally or unintentionally to fall, flow, or run out so as to be lost or wasted.
24. Temp. on July 4th in Arches
27. Dr. Munsey's prescription
28. Birthday gifts to Grand Co. jail inmates
29. Moab Rock Shop owner (Init.)
30. Moab official Pene
31. Moab's employment picture (shade of)
32. Narcotic shrub
33. Indefinite article
34. Ken's and Don's
35. KCNY fare
36. Singer who gets the most from Courthouse Wash echoes
38. City Market vehicles
39. Aardvark delicacy
40. Written/spoken unit of opinion
41. Turkish crowd
43. Computer term
44. Late newsman Erbes
47. Exist



48. Moab's revenue deficit solution
50. Member of BPOE
51. TR's bear (for short)
52. Tequila minis
53. Owner of Green River tavern

DOWN

1. Moab _____ Trail
2. Bustling excitement
3. Goes with everafter
4. Jeep Safari month
5. Room entrance
6. Age of Moab's Scenic Dump
7. Opposite of AB
8. Japanese President is _____
9. Colo. River's August condition
10. Familiar L'Rae barstool sight
11. Indian's extracted color compound
18. Tubs for raw whiskey
20. "____ for one...."
21. Cod's relatives
22. Moab bloodsucker's nemesis
23. Instrumental hinge
24. One who flees to the Maze to avoid Jim Nyland
25. Slope
26. Carries
28. Description of local bar clocks
31. Stumbles
32. Russian mercenary in Afghanistan
34. Verb meaning to loan
35. Moab street goo
37. Challenged
38. Doesn't go but _____
40. Law enforcer Alan
41. Head topper in the Needles in Jan.
42. Moab native mineral
43. _____ Algom
45. Highnote
46. Familiar blue Moab sight
49. Word orchestrated by Dr. Mayberry's tongue depressor

CORRECTION

In our January issue, the name of Moab's first postmaster should have been William A. Peirce, not Pierce. We apologize for the error.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor:

I first visited Moab about five years ago when my siblings introduced me to the incredible wonders of the red, pink, purple, grey, buff and many other-colored desert rock formations. I was awed by the arches and imaginative sandstone sculptures, especially the extraordinary and beautiful phallic symbols in Arches Nat'l Park!

I found that some people are really embarrassed by the phallics, nipples, and other formations that openly represent a joyful and real nature of life! The rocks indeed do have a consciousness and awareness. They know!!

It is humanity which is unaware of the rock's reality, and their innate wisdom. Sensuousness is not sinful - the rocks prove this to us in bigger than life detail! The rocks show us and teach us sincere desire, appreciation, and openness of living with happy, fulfilling, earthly freedom. My toast - "To Life and Love". The rocks know where it's at!

Mother of Mudpuppy
Formerly of Boulder, CO

Dear M.O.M.;

I think I love you.

Editor

Dear Stinking Staff:

A copy of your Gazette reached me in Tucson, AZ (Dec. 1986). The one featuring partially clad men and women. How sleazy, low class, and desperate! Can't you attract subscribers with the real MEAT of your articles? I feel degraded, cheap and easy. (Did I mention humiliated?) Therefore, I have no option except to enclose my 9 bucks for a year's subscription.

Yes! I believe the rocks are alive!

Sarah Martin

PS: More naked men, and plain brown wrappers, please.

My Dear Ms. Martin:

I hope this issue doesn't disappoint you. We had a full frontal view for publication, but the ice-cold water ruined all the detail.

Editor

Editor:

.....rocks and water are the basic elements of life and the substance of my bones and flesh . . .

A Lady Of The Canyons

Editor:

Start my subscription with the next issue. My vote for best ad is Toninelli's Painting and Decorating. Thanks for the amusing paper.

Kevin McClure
Flagstaff, AZ

Hello Robert:

I read in the Tribune that Pete Parry is retiring from the Park Service.

I'm sure you know Pete on your own, but if not I have to tell you - he was a hell of a lot of help on the "Dump" issue. He saved our asses a couple of times and he was a good Director of Canyonlands.

I for one would really like to see some sort of real tribute given to him in the paper. He deserves a lot of credit. He was quiet but effective. I hate to see him go because God knows who they will replace him with.

Melody

Melody:

We like him too. His solution to the Park Service's most vexing problem, outlined in his letter to the editor in the last issue, was a great example of his leadership and courage.

Robert



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