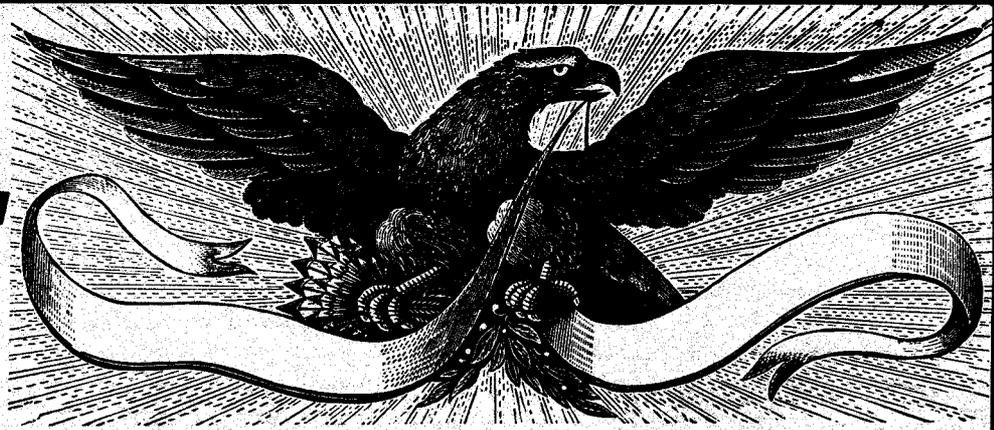


# The Stinking Desert GAZETTE

"Serving SE Utah Since 1986"



Moab, Utah

Vol. 2 **35¢** No. 12

July, 1988



**INCINERATOR TOWN CHANGES NAME**

## Rollers Escape Traps by Notary Sojac

Grand County Pest Control Officer Random Tidbits announced today that Grand County's "Roller Control Program" had failed and that the traps for those wheeled pests have been closed all over town.

Tidbits explained that the county had obtained a combined state/federal grant for the control program, since a major infestation of 'rollers' was predicted to result from either an influx of retirees or installation of a hazardous waste incinerator.

The county applied a method which has worked elsewhere: build ramps instead of curbs at street corners, thus attracting these menaces who love rolling on ramps but dislike curbs.

At the base of the ramps deep pits were dug. Some were left open, while others were filled with a loose mix of sand and gravel in hopes of either miring these roller pests or causing them to lose their equilibrium and suffer a "face plant", which is generally debilitating. The roller traps were left open for some six weeks all over town, but the results were disappointing.

"If any rollers did fall into the traps, they managed to get out again," said Tidbits. "We had to close up the traps because vehicles were breaking axles in them, and we kept finding non-targeted pests, such as pets and small children stuck in the nasty pits."

## Defining "Primitive"

by Jim Stiles

"The white man does not understand the Indian for the reason that he does not understand America. The white man is still troubled with primitive fears..."

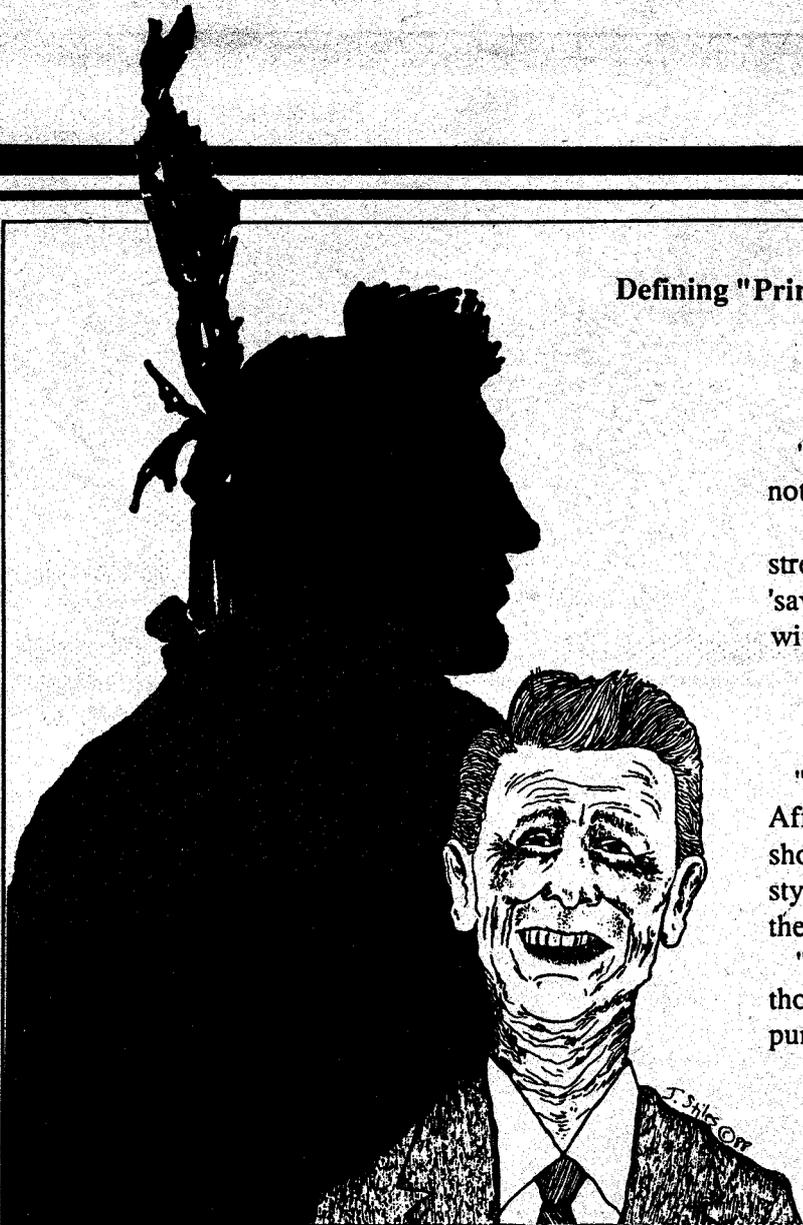
"We did not think of the great open plains, the rolling hills, and winding streams as 'wild.' Only to him was the land 'infested' with 'wild' animals and 'savage' people. To us it was tame. Earth was beautiful and we were surrounded with the blessings of the Great Mystery."

-Luther Standing Bear  
Oglala Sioux Chief

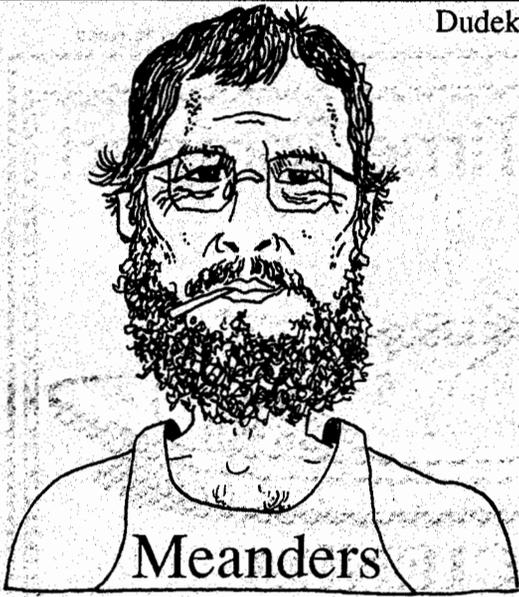
"We set up these reservations (for the Indians) and have a Bureau of Indian Affairs to help take care of them. . . Maybe we made a mistake. Maybe we should not have humored them in wanting to stay in that kind of primitive lifestyle. Maybe we should have said, 'No, come join us. Be citizens along with the rest of us.'

"You'd be surprised. Some of them became very wealthy, because some of those reservations were overlaying great pools of oil. And you can get very rich pumping oil. And so I don't know what their complaint might be."

-Ronald Reagan  
President of the U.S.



Dudek



Meanders

They knew that when government acts with religious motivation, it can and will do any and all kinds of horrible things to people. Anything it decrees is underwritten by the ultimate in moral justification.

That bunch of vital, vigorous and concupiscent rascals, many of whom were agnostic, forged what now stands as the foundation of the world's oldest major government. Those of them who were religious were very liberal. They held religious views similar to my own, and not unlike those expressed in, of all places, Calico Junction. In it was a character, a quick, sly, fancy-dancy gunslinger named Hipshot, my favorite cartoon person. He was best buddies with the sheriff, Rick O'Shea, even though they had some major differences in the areas of religion, morality and ethics.

Anyway, when Sunday rolled around Rick and his girl, and the rest of the town, would gather at the simple but pretty little town church to pay their respects to their maker. But Hipshot would saddle his ornery horse and hightail it to the tall timber.

I wonder what ever happened to the old cartoon strip, Calico Junction. I got to wondering about it the other day while I was thinking about, of all things, organized religion.

I didn't use to think about organized religion very much. I'd given it my best shot early on, and frustrated the best of my spiritual mentors to the point of throwing their hands up in despair at the enormity of the task. Since then I'd been pretty much content with my personal visions of The Great Spirit, and working through levels of insight into the Diamond Sutra. Live and let live; that was my motto. Whatever gets you through the night.

Now, I think about it. I have to. My government has taken it upon itself to enforce the moral and religious ideas of the dominant sect. I've become a brand X citizen. I see Big Brother, and he's sporting a cross.

It didn't start out this way. Contrary to popular belief, our forefathers were not a bunch of white-bearded old men, trusting in Christ, and clucking tongues at the passions of writhing humanity.

They were young, virile, whoring, hard-drinking men whose average age, if you don't count old Benjamin, was 39. Washington kept mistresses in the white house and eagerly anticipated the blossoming of the hemp on his plantation. They trusted in God (The Mystery, not the leader of this or that sect), and in enlightened laws that restricted the vengeful actions of morally self-righteous men.

**The Stinking Desert Gazette**  
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**Moab, UT 84532**

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The final frame would feature Hipshot standing on some lofty crag, the reins in one hand and his hat in the other, surrounded by majestic mountain peaks, and meadows where elk watered at pristine streams, and he'd be saying something like: "Lord, I know you're down there in that church with all my friends, but I find it a mite stuffy for my taste, and I do hope you'll pardon me for saying that you look a lot better to me out here."

To my way of thinking, that's at least as devout as wearing refinement, sitting in orderly rows and repeating someone else's prayers.

Like Hipshot, our forefathers felt a mite stuffy within the confines of religious dogma. They knew tolerance is the only morality in government. We need more of that today.

"Here we go again! America is running true to form, using the same old gag that we should exert 'Moral Leadership' and we like yaps believe it, when as a matter of truth no nation wants any other nation exerting Moral Leadership over 'em, even if they had one.

"If we ever pass out as a great nation, we ought to put on our tombstone: America died from a delusion she had Moral Leadership!

"Say, if we had any morals, we would use 'em ourselves!"

WILL ROGERS  
 June 22, 1931

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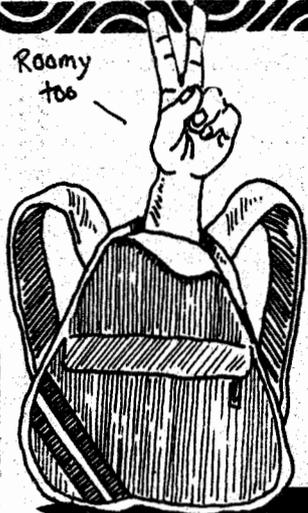
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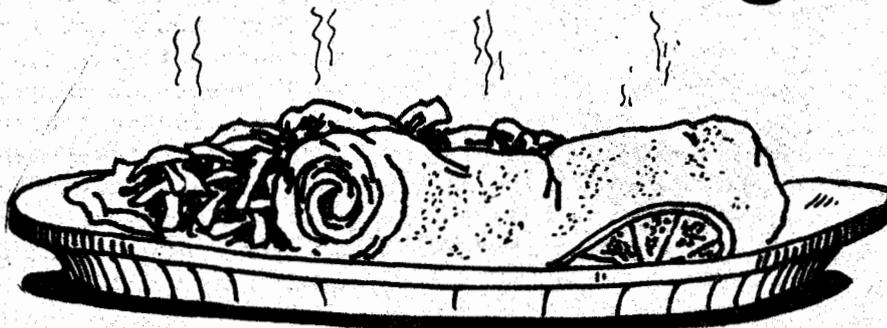


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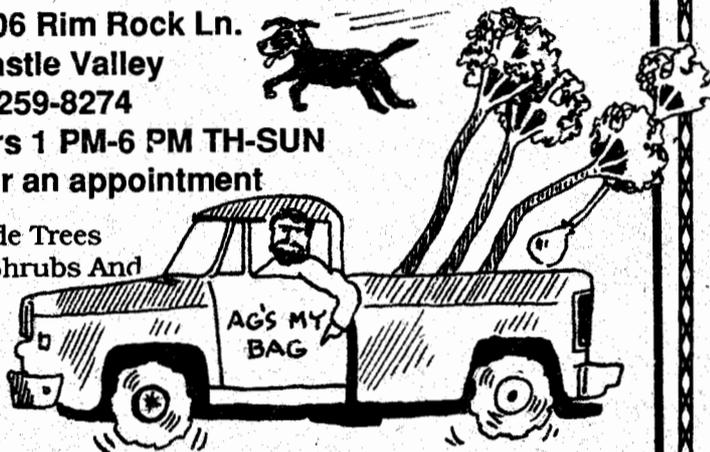
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# HOW TO SURVIVE IN THE NATIONAL PARKS

by Jim Stiles

This is a practical survival guide to the National Parks. The information here is not about how much water to carry on the trail, or what kind of shoes to wear on slickrock, or whether wearing a hat in the desert will save your nose from ending up like Reagan's. Instead, this is written to provide down-to-earth advice on how to co-exist with park rangers. National Park Service rangers, the field rangers that is, the guys who look like they do Real work, who actually break a sweat performing physical labor, the ones who actually know where Navajo Arch is, can be a surley lot. I happen to know that is true, because for many years I was a ranger and at times I was surley. As I recall, I could also be terribly sarcastic. Surley and sarcastic, probably the only weapons a ranger should ever need. But that's another story.

Millions and millions of mostly well-meaning tourists will descend on the parks this summer. The park rangers, also mostly well-meaning, stand guard to protect the park from the visitors, and the visitors from each other and themselves. This is accomplished by enforcing "Rules and Regulations." This leads to conflict and dispute. Tourists can get very angry at rangers. And rangers thus become surley and sarcastic. It's not a pleasant sight.

These helpful hints are intended to prevent these gnarly confrontations. And by no means am I trying to take a condescending attitude toward tourists. Gosh no. After all, now that I've hung up my Smokey Bear hat for good I am after all, God help me, a tourist myself. Anyway, let's start at the beginning.

APPROACHING THE ENTRANCE STATION: You have just entered the park and you are about to pay your fee. First of all, try not to look like this:



The ranger inside the Box as we used to call it, has probably been breathing exhaust fumes for hours, and is not always in a good mood. It's hard to smile all day and O.D. on carbon monoxide. Be sympathetic. When you pull up to the entrance station, know where you are. This is very important. Although I successfully avoided the Box for years, it finally caught up with me during my last season. Once a car pulled up to the window; I started to hand the driver a

map of the park, but before I could, he shoved his own NPS brochure in my face and asked me to pinpoint his location on the map. I glanced at the map and was momentarily stymied -- there were no recognizable names. Then I turned the brochure over and looked at the other side ...

"Excuse me," I said, "but this is a map of Bryce Canyon."

"Yes, I know," he replied.

"But you're not at Bryce Canyon," I explained.

"I'm not?" He stared blankly at me, just slightly confused but not particularly concerned. Then slowly it all came back to him.

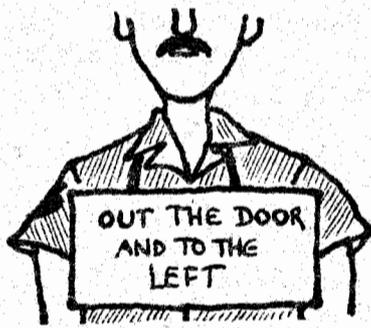
"Wait ... you're right. I was at Bryce Canyon yesterday. Where am I today?"

"This is Arches National Park."

Arches? Really? Well that's fine. Thank you so much You've been a great help. Keep up the good work."

"Anytime."

THE VISITOR CENTER: This is not an original thought, but it deserves to be restated, ... before you ask the question, before the rangers behind the counter level you with one of those scornful glares, ask yourself: Can I find the toilet by myself? Of course you can. And when you find the porcelain throne with no assistance whatsoever, you'll feel good about yourself and the rangers will respect you as well. I once became so weary of giving directions to the bathroom that I finally hung a sign around my neck which said:



All I had to do was point to my sign. However the boss felt that this type of non-verbal communication was somehow inappropriate.

Tourists need a lot of direction. They want directions to the toilet, the campfire circle, the trailhead, the visitor center, the jeep road, the campground, the water faucet, the nearest phone, the nearest town. I believe I understand your apparent helplessness. People get tired of thinking. People have to think everyday. Decisions have to be made, seven days

a week, month after month. And then, finally, vacation time rolls around. And who wants to think while they're on vacation?

Once, a man in an old Cadillac flagged me down near the entrance to the campground.

"How do I get out of here?" he said. He was breathing heavily.

"Just follow the road you're on ... it makes a loop and takes you right back out of the park," I answered.

"No it won't. No it WON'T." He was very upset. "I've been around this loop four times and I can't get out! The man was near hysteria. His mother seated beside him, appeared to be about 110 years old. She was trembling and trying to read the map. She held it against the lens of her glasses, but the map appeared to be upside down.

"But sir," I implored, "All you have to do is--"

"Look," he interrupted, "you're a ranger. You're supposed to help people like me."

I looked at the man and his mother. He was right. "Follow me," I said. I climbed into the patrol car and led them to the road junction.

"Just go thataway," I said.

"I thought that was north," he mumbled.

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The next day, his mother accidentally locked herself in the broom closet at the Arches Visitor Center.

There is another type of tourist, rarer but just as interesting. The educated tourist, the professional tourist spends months preparing for the big trip. He sends for books and brochures and maps on all the places he intends to visit. By the time he arrives, the guy thinks he knows more about his intended destination than the people who live there.

Recently, one of these traveling dilettantes, on his way to Canyonlands and Lake Powell stopped at Ken Sleight's book store. He walked up to Yvonne Renee "Skeeter" Pierson, the store manager, and asked smugly, "What are the latest developments in the Everett Reuss case?" (Everett Reuss, a young wanderer and romantic, vanished in the Escalante Canyons over 50 years ago).

"Well," Skeeter replied, "as far as we know, he's still dead."

The guy looked depressed. Tell the truth and what happens? Maybe she should have recounted the extra-terrestrial UFO theory. Yes, actually Everett was abducted by small reptilian creatures with webbed toes.

**TOURING THE PARK:** Again I have to resort to visual representations. Don't drive around a national park like this:



**CAMPING:** You're driving into the park or into the campground and you see a large sign. It says:

CAMPGROUND FULL  
NO OVERNIGHT PARKING  
NEAREST CAMPING, MOAB 23 MILES

One of the most dangerous things a tourist in a national park can do is not arm-wrestling a rattlesnake, or making love in a cactus patch. No indeed. The most provocative act any tourist can perpetrate in a national park is to walk up to a park ranger after reading that big wooden sign and innocently ask, "Is the campground really full?"

This is very dangerous. Nowadays, with the heavy emphasis on law enforcement, a park ranger might very well draw his weapon (or hers -- sorry Audrey) and

shoot you where you stand. Especially around late August when the ranger has heard the same question asked 150 to 200 times a week since late March. That's about three thousand times -- is it any wonder these rangers' nerves are worn thin.

However, if you want to live dangerously, follow up the first question with: "But we're self-contained; we could move in with that tent -- he doesn't need all that space anyway." Goodluck.

**ILLEGAL CAMPING:** This is a touchy subject. I am by no means encouraging anyone to illegally camp. As I must have said thousands of times, "If we permitted roadside camping, there would be cars and trailers and motorhomes and buses strewn from one end of this park to the other, and you'd be complaining about the trashed out condition of the park, not the lack of campsites." and so on, et cetera.

But there are some among you -- you rogues ... you scoundrels -- who religiously ignore full signs. Have you no respect for "Rules and Regulations"? OK, but please, if you intend to illegally camp, do it with a little style, a little imagination, a little class. Above all, do not do this:



This will make a ranger very surly and sarcastic. He will hold you in contempt. Do not do goofy things like that.

I have a favorite illegal camper; I have nothing but admiration for him, wherever he is. I was running a late patrol one night and came across a Ford Pinto at the Devils Garden trailhead. I shined my obnoxiously bright Mag-lite in the window and spotted a guy wrapped up in a sleeping bag curled up on the front seat. I tried to wake him up, but he wouldn't budge. I banged on the window. Nothing. I rocked the car on its springs. He didn't move.

My God, I thought; he's dead. I ran to my tool box for a lock jock and jimmied the door open, only to find a naked department store mannequin in a polar-guard bag. A Goddamn dummy. The real illegal camper was probably up in the rocks someplace, drinking tequila and enjoying the show. I tipped my hat

to the guy and his dummy. Why couldn't all illegal campers be like that guy?

**EXPLORING THE BACK COUNTRY:** Don't do it. You'll regret it. There are all kinds of dangerous animals out there -- rattlesnakes, scorpions, mountain lions, gnats, red ants. The heat can be deadly. It's better to stay in your car and take snapshots through the windshield.

**CONCLUSIONS:** This has barely scratched the surface. Survival in the national parks in the 80's is a great challenge for both the tourists and rangers. The 1990's are going to be mindboggling. These helpful hints are only a beginning. I'm considering two new videos, tentatively titled -- "How to Drive The Rangers Crazy" and "Fighting Back - The Rangers Get Even." High-tech solutions for the crazy age we live in.

In the meantime, our national parks -- the Jewels of the Nation -- await you, but remember ... be careful out there. When you break a leg doing something goofy, not only have you ruined your vacation; you've created a paperwork nightmare for the hapless park ranger that comes upon you. Creating a feeding frenzy for those redtape types in the Regional Office.

Enjoy yourselves.

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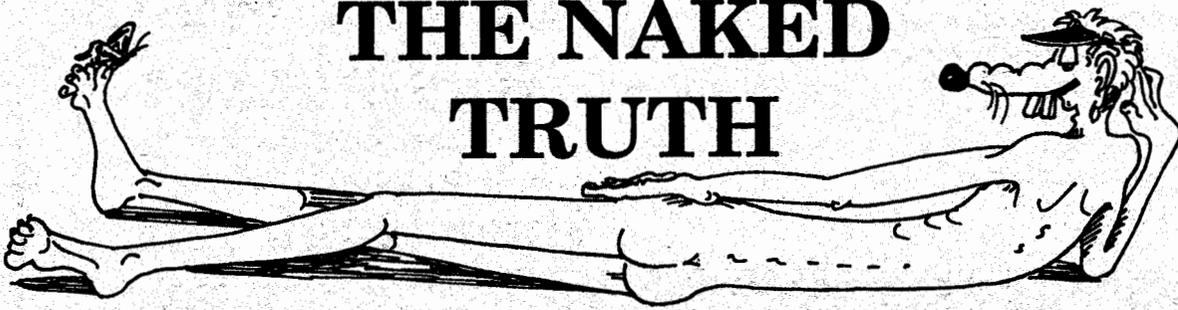
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# THE NAKED TRUTH



## PARK SERVICE FOLLIES

### NPS NABS SACHARIN SNORTER

The government's war on drugs took another strange turn last month, this time at Canyonlands National Park headquarters in downtown Moab.

Alerted that a "white, powdery substance" had been seen on the desk of an employee, law enforcement coordinator Dean Garrett sprang into action.

The Moab Police Department was summoned, and was obliged to interview employees and perform lab tests on the powder to determine if it was an illegal drug. All the tests proved negative.

When asked to comment on the incident, Mr. Garrett stated that "it was a practical joke." He believed that someone had placed the powder on the desk to make it appear that a drug of some type had been left. It's difficult to imagine how anyone might think employees were snorting lines of cocaine in full public view and within sight of the superintendent's desk. It appears a level of paranoia exists that is just as difficult to imagine.

Although the "white powdery substance" was never fully identified, it is probably safe to say that if anyone is snorting anything at HQ, it's only Sweet N' Low.

JS

### ARCHES TO RE-LOCATE TRAIL

It is probably the most beautiful trail in Arches National Park. The Fin Canyon Primitive Trail, a 2.1 mile unimproved footpath from Landscape to Double O Arch, as been used by thousands of hikers in the last 25 years.

Now, Superintendent Paul Guraedy wants to make major changes in the trail. For safety reasons, a good part of the trail will be re-routed, abandoning the most spectacular parts of the route. The trail will swing east at the Fin Canyon drainage, depriving hikers of views of Black Arch and Box Arch. In addition the new trail will

Photo by Norm Shrewsbury / WESTLIGHT

## Calvin Black Has Gone Too Far

Calvin Black, the San Juan Co. Commissioner, has never been a friend of environmentalists (or the environment for that matter). For the last two decades, he has been an advocate of practically anything that would degrade the special beauty of Southern Utah, if there was a dollar to be made from it.

For that reason, he and Ken Sleight have never seen eye to eye on many environmental issues. But last month, Black's differences degenerated into a vicious personal attack against Ken Sleight that echoed all the way to Washington D.C.

The story starts last winter when a Southern Utah tour of the B.L.M. National Advisory Council was scheduled. The itinerary, drawn up by the Moab District office, included a cookout at Ken and Jane Sleight's Pack Creek Ranch. Ten days before the tour, members of the district advisory council met at the Radisson Inn in Price, and Cal Black confronted Gene Nodine, the BLM distric manager. Observers heard Mr. Black accuse Ken Sleight of being a "saboteur." He accused Sleight of "monkeywrenching" equipment in San Juan County, and believed the BLM should have nothing to do with him.

Nodine, to his credit, told Black the schedule would not be changed. And the dinner at Pack Creek was going to take place as planned. Black replied, "We'll see about that."

Within days, the schedule was changed. A hastily arranged side trip to Hovenweep N.M. was going to cause the advisory council to arrive in Moab much too late for dinner, and so Pack Creek had to be dropped. The order came from Assoc. BLM director Roland Robinson in Washington. Sleight and

conservation leaders around the state were furious. Black's personal vendetta now included the enlistment of a government agency to exact punishment on a philosophical foe.

However, the outrage of so many people was felt by Washington and a day later, the BLM reversed itself again. The agency announced that "time would not permit" the Hovenweep trip afterall, and Pack Creek was back on the schedule.

Cal Black boycotted the dinner -- I hope he enjoyed his peanut butter sandwich.

JS

## GOATHEAD CRUSADE

Last month the Gazette included a story about the origin of goatheads. The "nasty little horned buggers," as they were described, were brought here by a circus from Texas in the 1920's.

Now, prominent local citizen Scott Cockayne is calling for a Stamp Out Goatheads campaign and has appointed himself chairman of this noble cause.

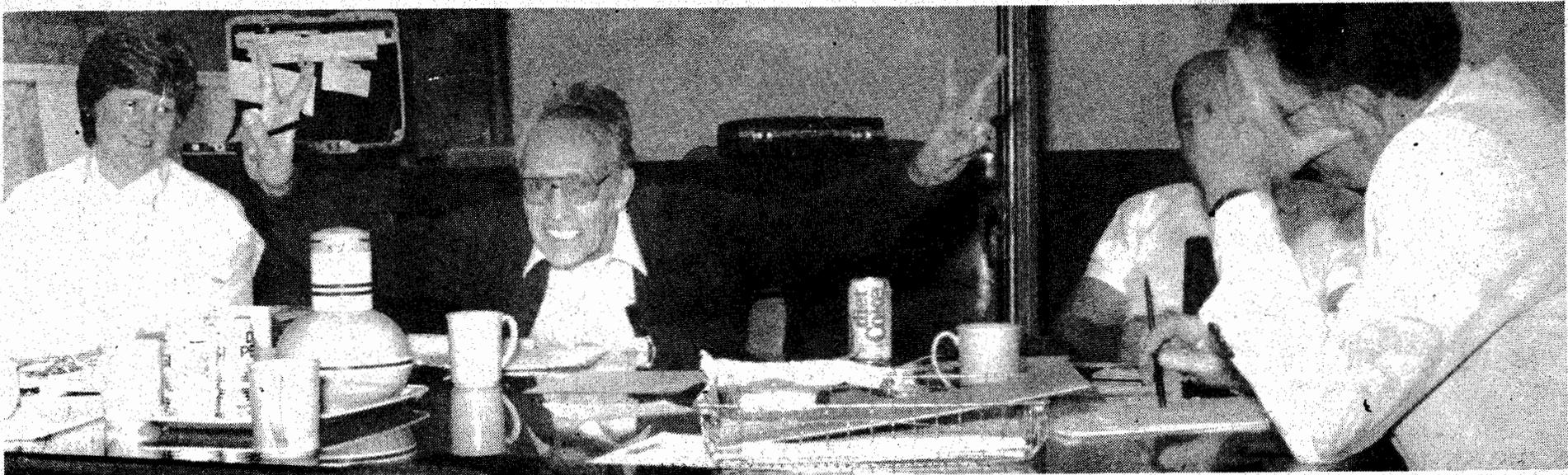
"If everyone went out each day and pulled just 2 or 3 we could rid ourselves of this menace, once and for all." Mr. Cockayne stated.

In an apparently related story in the Times-Independent, the Utah Solid and Hazardous Waste Committee is also concerned about goatheads as well. According to the story, the question was raised as to whether "large bugger zones should be required" around national parks.

We all want to isolate the little buggers as much as possible, but confining them to the perimeters of national parks may not be the best place for them.

JS

## Jimmie Walker Does His Dick Nixon Impersonation



pass through untrampled new areas, which will ultimately be destructive to a lot of native vegetation.

However, there is no bad safety record to warrant such a change. The park has received four or five complaints about the ruggedness of the trail, and last year a hiker was injured; however, that is hardly sufficient reason to raise such alarms.

The park is required to complete an environmental assessment and request public input, before a decision can be made. Inquiries should be addressed to: Paul Guraedy, Unit Mgr, Arches National Park, Moab, UT 84532.

JS

### Airwave Improval

Have you been noticing the peak distortion on your stereo FM receiver lately, especially when you tune it to KUER, FM 90? Well, wait a short while before you consider trading it in on a new one.

In response to inquiries by Gazette reporters, KUER station manager Bunk Robinson revealed that the station has been having trouble with a relay translator near Orangeville. They hope to have the signal cleaned up soon.

Furthermore, Robinson stated that the station is planning to install a second translator for Moab on the west side of town "to cover a large area currently "shaded" by the high cliffs

on the east. Fourth-Easters, Take heart, you have not been forgotten!

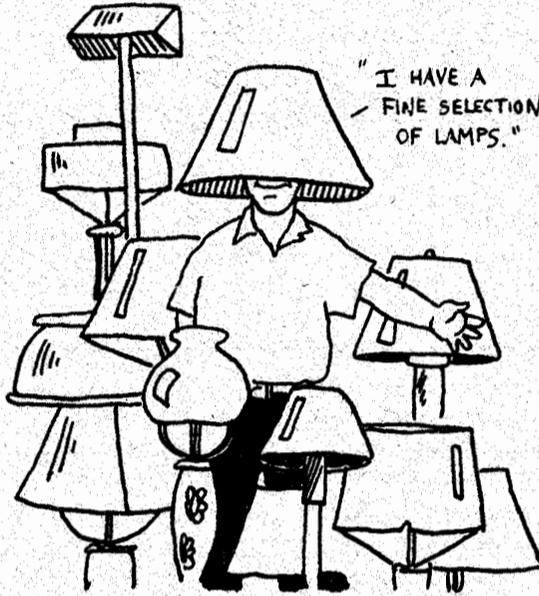
In a related story, Rex Holman has advised the Gazette that plans for an FM station here in Moab are moving ahead. Holman, operating manager here at KCNY AM, said that they hoped to have it on the air by year's end.

RD

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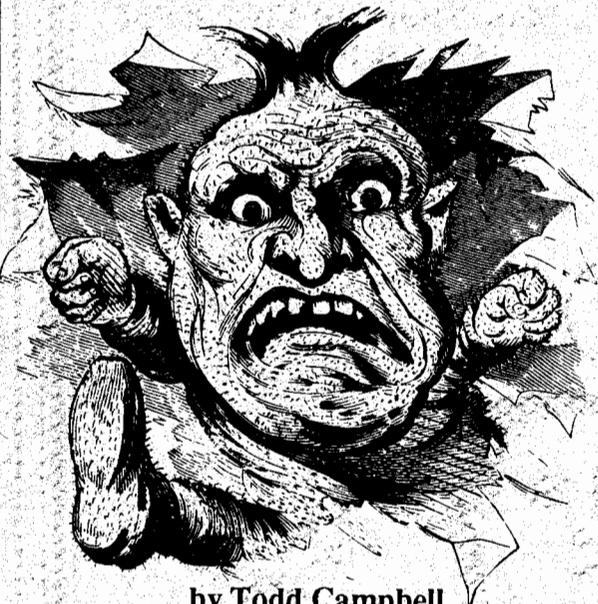


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# Humbuggery

by Todd Campbell



Have you ever noticed that the presence of whining bugs seems always to coincide with the moments that could offer you prime relaxation? A minute coaxed from the relentless wind or irrepressible heat is always a shared one. 'Scout' insects locate you and efficiently transmit your coordinates to the remainder of the colony. And you are soon faced with either the prospect of contributing dutifully to the food chain or running for your life.

It always astounds me that just a few dozen miniscule gnats can outright ruin a "wilderness experience". They guarantee the survival of their species by sheer proliferation. As you are busy chasing gnats out of your ear, other thin-skinned zones are

being ravaged. With little promise of escaping this plight, one's preoccupations tend to fall from the sublime to the petty. Let's face it, a sunset viewed from the inside becomes a happy circumstance.

(Which brings up an interesting, if idle, question: Why does the one bug that gets inside your tent when you enter it always appear to be striving for a way out? Could flying insects in general, be insecure in small numbers? That is, if we called the members of the pack by their respective names, and charged them with distinct atrocities against mankind, do you think we could render them harmless? And, and ... and gaze on triumphantly as, their weakness revealed, they disperse to their shameful broodings?)

Excuse me, nevermind.

Anyhow, the troublesome bugs that home in our beloved canyons are of four varieties: Mosquitos, gnats, deer flies and face flies, sometimes known as crotch flies (if the difference could only be so distinct!) They thrive under differing conditions. Mosquitos linger near decreasing and stagnant waters. Face flies seem to occupy that brief riverside niche that occurs when the water is relatively nonfluctuating, which incidentally, often coincides with the first regular campsite use of the year. Gnats breed in dry sand and are common at this time of year high up on the benchlands away from the rivers. By mid-May, I steer mountain bikers away from the Quite Grim Trail in Canyonlands National Park for this very reason.

And deer flies! Woe be to the bare-legged creek walker. If a gnat or

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mosquito bite feels like a pinprick, and inoculation, then a deer fly's bit (or pierce) is a regular blood test.

see page 9

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The simple precaution of wearing loose fitting long pants will save considerable anguish. Deer flies are slow moving and readily confronted and "disciplined", however their numbers may grow prolific along intermittently flowing washes. Do not be alarmed -- they'll sense it!

As for the gnats, break out the heavy artillery. A fine-mesh wedding veil and the Sickly Sweet Stench of perfumed bath oil can offend and/or deter the gnats sufficiently. And then there's the method employed by a member of an archeological team: Drown 'em. That's right -- suffocate them in an eighth inch of facially applied zinc oxide, (now available in ten non-mutagenic day-glo flavors). Since gnats will crawl down to your scalp, carefully placed head cravats can further discourage them. Do not be fooled by the resulting reduction of noise just because you've stymied the ear canal kamikazes. The gnats are still there. And there, behind your shoulder. Just out of sight. (If you're running the car in a closed garage, a clothespin on the nose isn't going to help much. Do you hear what I'm saying? Do you get the drift?)

Maybe the best line of defense against mosquitos is to just plain avoid them. Various chemical repellants may give you mixed success, but most effective is a stroll away from the trees, where there is insufficient harbor for a mosquito. Heck, if you're somehow unable or not disposed to "evolve" out of the trees. Pluck a

# The MOVIES

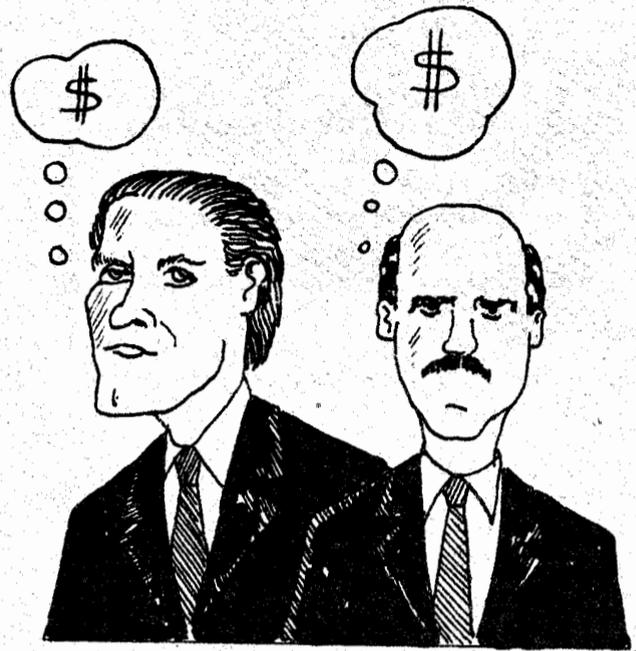


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- Moving
- You Can't Hurry Love
- and...
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reed and take to the water. a mosquito shouldn't be able to recognize your snorkel from any other one!

Face flies are greatly annoying, but rarely if ever do they bite. Your best defense against them is distraction. Focus on something or someone compelling and the waving-off motion will become as natural as whipping it's tail must seem to a cow. Not that a cow concerns itself with such mundane issues.

A good measure of tolerance stands to benefit the summertime visitor to the canyon backcountry. If you should find yourself cussing excessively

under the constant insect barrage, you must consciously take steps to retain you composure, to keep your perspective: You are a temporary visitor to the wildlands. Since most bugs live lives only a day or two long, they must rally to greet you while they can.

If all other repellants fail, as they must, light yourself up a big stinking stogie and cue it up in the corner of your mouth. Even insects have the good sense to avoid a bad influence, so dress the part. Be tolerant until you're angry, angry until you whimper, and there until you're not.

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# DERAILED



Mudpuppy

days If no one claims it, we'll send it to you C.O.D."

When I explained that I'd be happy to give it up anytime to the rightful owner, but would like to use it to warm the shivers of wet cold people out in the field until it's claimed, they threatened to prosecute me!

They also threatened (Then later denied it) to do something nasty like jerk the commercial park use permit from the company I did the trip for! (I was just a fill-in on the trip)

Well, after a long discussion with By-The-Book Park Superintendent Hard-nose Wickware I've finally come to see things their way.

The raincoat is now government

property (Hope it's a dry Summer!) and I've reformed to a black and white tour guide who is able to work with black and white Government Park Officials and Policies.

Just to show my appreciation for the valuable lesson they taught me, I've cleaned out my trunk full of items I've found this year in the National Park. I'm headed down tomorrow to fill out all the proper forms on three hub-caps, two oily rags, five sacks of trash, six broken bungee cords, forty cigarette butts, a condom and two wrinkled up Park Service citations.

Although I really want them all back, I just couldn't sleep knowing

## "Render to the Park What is rightfully theirs."

A raincoat popped into my life last month at the most opportune moment. It appeared during the lightning before five days of rain out on a White Rim Trail and Canyonlands mountainbiking trip. I found it on the side of the road.

It's always nice when life gives you what you need just in the nick of time! I gave the coat to someone who didn't have one and it saved the trip.

Hoping to keep my karma good for future finds, I later called the park service like a good guy to see if anyone had reported it missing.

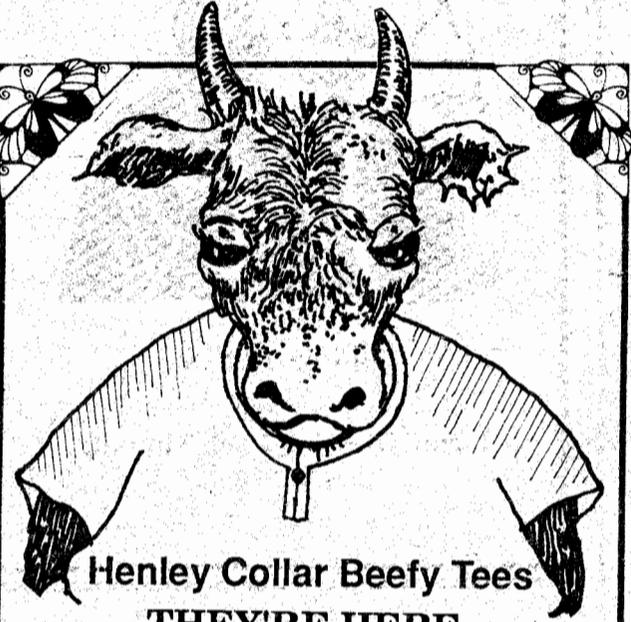
Luckily no one was looking for it. "Hurrah!" I thought, "A new raincoat to help save another soggy trip sometime!" Being a professional guide means having lots of extras for those who come without.

But the park service quickly slapped me down and taught me a valuable lesson about lost and found. "You See Young Man," they said, "that raincoat is now officially Government property. You Must and Will fill out the appropriate paperwork and then in Sixty

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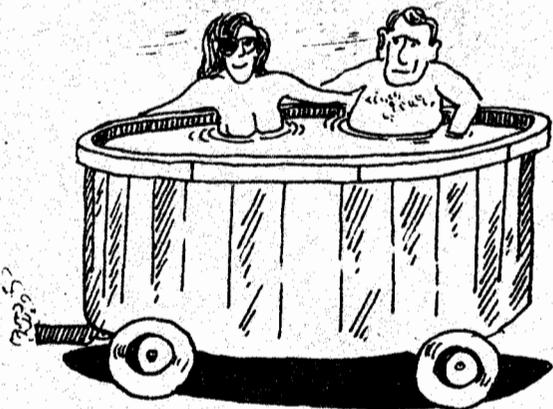
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that those things were all officially Government Property! After all, I am an honest person.

I do hope my upstanding citizenry has set an example that my fellow cohorts in the guide business will hasten to follow!

# Notes from the Risky Road Expedition Diary

by Steamboat Willie

AUGUST/1980 - We've got five different trips departing from the office today! Trips going every which way! There must be 120 people milling around the office all caked up in sun-block and wearing goofy hats, lugging around cases of beer. They're each ready for their great adventure on the river! I see one woman in high-heel shoes. I should really go over there and mention something about that to her ...

I'm to take the trip that's leaving for Cataract Canyon from Mineral Bottom. But not the raft of course, I'm driving the bus. I already told you about my river experiences. No, I'll gladly play Ralph Kramdem anyday! Hell, the bus ride down to the bottom of Mineral Canyon with a J-rig in tow is almost more exciting than the rapids!!!

There's a German couple asking me all kinds of questions on the way to the put-in. They seem very unprepared for a week on the river. The questions they are asking should have been answered in our brochure a long time ago when they signed up for this trip. Hardy souls though, they don't seem to be carrying much gear. Not even a

tent!  
I'm trying to negotiate the treacherous curves down Mineral and the Germans are asking me when will we be able to see Fisher Towers? I tell them we are not going to see them today. These folks speak better English than I do but they sure seemed to be confused.

I ask them if they're prepared for some big water and they say NO! They heard the rapids were 'very tiny'. I tell them the run-off has been good this year and there still should be some twenty foot waves out there! They look at me with horrified expressions and start babbling to each other in German.

We reach the put-in at 11 AM and I'm very happy with the way I gently nudged the bus and trailer down the precarious slopes of The Mineral Canyon Road. (Although Dean chose to walk down instead of ride with me!) We start unloading gear and hauling them over to the J-Rigs. The Germans say they don't have any gear!

I tell them they should have at least brought a hat and some sun-screen. Five days is an awful long time to be out on the river with no protection. "FIVE DAYS!!!" they both exclaim, "ISN'T THIS THE ONE DAY TRIP???"

How was I to know they got on the wrong bus ... Anyway, we took them on a daily raft trip that next morning and they were quite happy. Not so for the people who were supposed to go on The Cataract Trip and hopped aboard the 1/2 day raft trip bus with 6 duffle bags and 10 cases of Lowenbrau...

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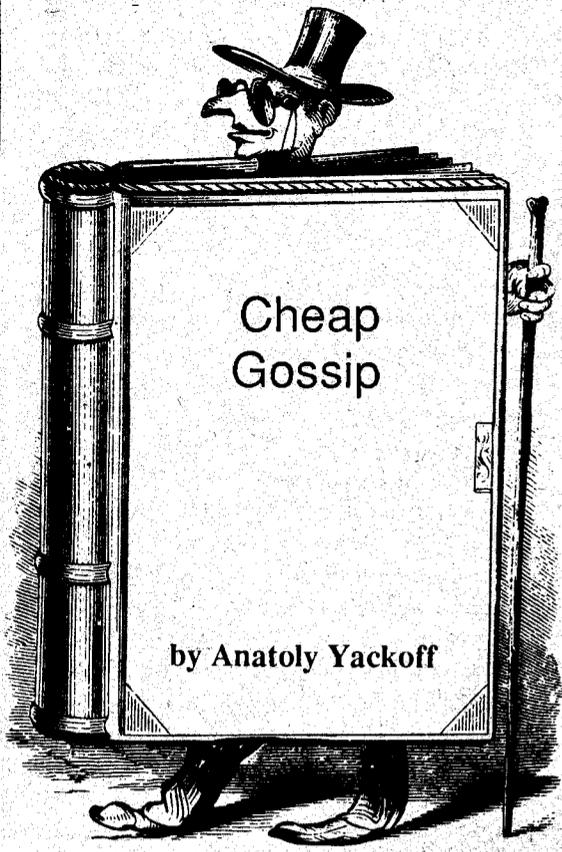
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Persons mentioned in this column are fictitious residents of the fictitious town of Moab. Any resemblance to real persons in a real town of Moab, should there be one, is completely unintended and coincidental.

Former Moabite Doris "Fingers" Flagrante, currently of the U.S. Army, was recently promoted to the rank of Lt. Colonel for her work in Personnel Management. Doris, a professionally trained physical therapist who lived and worked here in Moab (ah, fond memories!) before entering the Army, has created an application of therapeutic massage principles to help enlisted personnel cope with the unique stresses of Army life. Field trials at selected posts have proven her system 98.6% effective in reducing symptoms of stress, resulting in improved job efficiency and a dramatic reduction in absenteeism due to minor illness, alcoholism, etc. "Using my civilian training to help improve life in the Service is very rewarding," Doris stated. "Every army in the world would be a lot better off if commanding officers would arrange to have their privates massaged on a regular basis."

In a determined effort to disprove rumors that he has no sense of humor, local innkeeper P. Richard "Rick" Thornbush told the following jokes at last month's luncheon of the County Restauranteurs and Publicans:

Patron: Waiter, there's a fly in my soup.

Waiter: There's no charge for the extra protein, sir.

Patron: What is this fly in my soup?

Waiter: Looks like a #6 Royal Coachman, sir.

Patron: Waiter, what's this fly doing in my soup?

Waiter: The Backstroke, sir.

Patron: Waiter! There's a dead fly in my soup.

Waiter: Sorry, sir; we ran out of live ones this morning.

Patron: Why is there a fly in my soup?

Waiter: It's a tradition here in Moab.

And they said humor was dead here!!

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Sister Sweetcakes Congusto, Moab's own Non-Denominational Nun, will favor us with a free performance next month at St. Chianti Ecumenical Bingo and Espresso House for the Courageously Feeble. The good Sister, readers may recall, was formerly known as Titania Colbalt, the Daddy-O-Active Stripper before achieving a religious vocation. The performance will be preceded by a reading of the famous Robert Browning poem, "The Bishop Orders His Tomb at St. Prophyllaxis" by Father Fosco Tatterfall, Head Groundskeeper at St. Chianti. Donations at the door.

Was Ronald Reagan an astrologer in a former life? Was that why Nancy was so attracted to him so long ago?? NONSENSE, thunders Moab's own stargazer, Flenser Moonguy. A careful study of the President's astrological attributes has clearly shown Moonguy that the President is still living his first life. This may be a genetic mutation, the seer warned, pointing out that the President's father, Alzheimer Reagan, was in the habit of exposing himself nude during solar eclipses. It is also little known that the President himself received large doses of solar radiation while a postulant for 6 years at Moab's now-defunct Temple of Kali after seeing the movie "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" 38 times in a period of one week. Exposure to high-intensity solar rays has been scientifically proven to cause genetic changes in lower forms of life, Flenser reminded us, "or maybe he just eats a lot of Velveeta."

Despite massive funding and a determined search for qualified personnel, Conductor Lorenzo d'Medici Schwartz has been unable to organize a Moab Symphony Orchestra. "There are plenty of people who can blow their own horn, but Moab will never hit the big time until you have more sax and violins," he said. "Even Dannon yogurt has more live culture than Moab." Sad, but true, Maestro. Maybe next year.

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# STROKES and POKES

Bobby Bloato



I was stuck in a time machine. The controls were jammed. Fleeting days were strobing past like flickering bands of light.

Before I knew it, Spring was gone and the days were already getting shorter. My dog looked older. I was excessively interested in TV weather reports, all three of them. I was doing everything wrong. I was even making lists.

I missed the rythm, where every move is precisely at the right speed, right down to washing the hands, spreading the mayonaise, and eating the meal.

It was time to go, breathe some bigger air, and visit with Nik Hogan.

Nik was, of course, co-founder of this noble paper and an inspiration to us all before he left last year to dabble in the cattle business over in Oregon. I hadn't seen him since last fall, and I found myself kinda missing the old samadhi-man. I was in need of a little fix of the here and now, to readjust my psychic cruise control and shake this perilous state of constant acceleration.

Nik, as you may know, got his name from the rough little indian dwelling he used to hang out in over near Lesbian Valley, in Hanky Panky Canyon. Many's the time I'd journey out there to experience the awesome, powerful radiance of his completely natural and undiluted aura, and learn more about the reality of total wilderness immersion. A lazy evening, a cup of the vile fluid he called coffee, some cosmic conversation; those were all I needed to get back into the flow of reality, the effortless center of the current.

I knew his wilderness sanctuary couldn't last, though, the day I found myself accompanying the KSL TV news team on a jeep trip to go interview him.

Hermits were really big a few years ago, and Nik had captured a 12.2 media rating and a 16% market share, including a four page spread in Life. It seemed to me that Nik had finally found a promising career. Professional hermit. There was talk of hiring a manager.

But as I guided Dick Bingham and

his cameraman Bob out to the hovel, I wrestled with some grave misgivings about compromising Nik's spiritual life, just for a few minutes on Prime Time Access.

see page 15

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However, I knew it was undoubtedly a good career move for any aspiring hermit. I knew I had to go through with it. There was only one thing to do; get their minds right for a great interview.

Now, I'll admit that the only thing that ever separated me from being a world-class guide is a terrible sense of direction ..... a small thing, but greatly overblown by those picky city tourists who expect it of a wilderness guide.

I never had too much trouble on the river. The current is a dead giveaway. But overland, I've made a few wrong turns. I once turned the wrong way at the top of Elephant Hill and found an unknown route down the southeast face that finally brought us down a fin and into the back side of Squaw Flat Camp Site #11, where my path was finally blocked by a Winnebago and a rude family from Wauwatosa, Wisconsin.

However, previous creative bumbling had prepared me well for the devious plan I was hatching - a convincing act of pretending not to know where I was as we searched for Nik's place. When I was through, KSL-TV would be totally impressed with the dimensions and the ruggedness of his chosen land.

It worked like a charm. To this day both men remain convinced that I'd gotten lost. Ha! That's exactly what I wanted them to think.

I directed us to every dead end road in the area. We took wheel tracks that petered out in the pinions or at the edges of vertical cliffs. We visited one obscure mining claim after another. We visited power transformers and crumbling cattle pens. We visited with a steer, who looked at us like he didn't even know what we were.

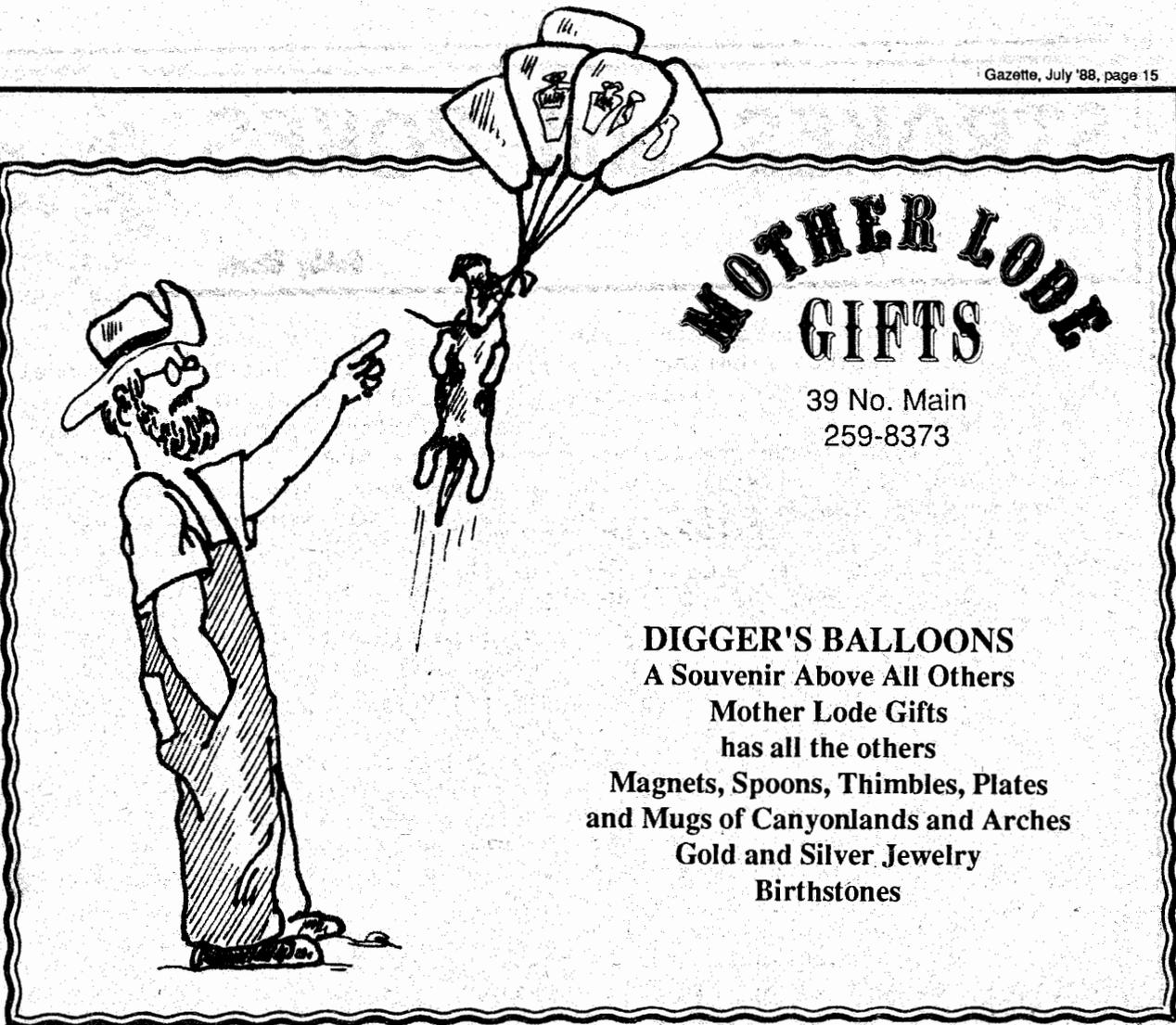
We visited pipeline pressure relief valve blowoff standpipes, stock tanks, and abandoned tailing piles. I kept it up all morning until I knew that their cup was empty and ready for the wisdom of the venerable master. When the time was right, I 'found' Nik's place.

When Bob finally brought the rented jeep to a stop in front of Nik's hut - on a quarter tank of gas, the radiator overheated and air hissing slowly from a dented rim - they were finally somewhere, anywhere; and it looked like paradise.

They did a great report. Even the muddy little pothole where Nik got his water looked like a pristine slickrock spring. I've always been more than a little proud of the part I played in that video. But, I digress.

Eventually, the area got much too crowded, the people too demanding, and his finances stretched too thin. At least, that's one way of summing it up. His hermit career had to be put on hold for a few years, and he left to pursue other avenues of existence.

But there I was once again, in Nevada this time, looking for Nik. In my pocket was a letter not three weeks old pinpointing his location in the Ruby Valley, and it sounded fairly permanent. I'd just finished putting together another Falcon, a '61, and it needed a road test, so I thought I'd catch an easy visit with Nik. Uh-huh.



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The owner of the ranch where he'd holed up said Nik received a dispatch in the mail and left the next day with his string to walk to Moab. He'd taken the cross-country route through the Wildlife Refuge, and I could probably catch him in Cherry Creek. He had a six day lead.

I drove the long way around and up to the almost abandoned, old silver mining settlement that once numbered 6,000 people; now 11. It looked empty. I spotted some horses and a lady named Leslie, who'd seen Nik just four days ago, on his way either to the old Pony Express Trail toward Ibapah and the Goshute Indian Reservation on the Utah line, or south toward Baker. He wasn't sure yet which route he would take.

I pressed on to the little oasis at Schnelbourne's. The bartender told me that when he was up in the foothills moving his sheep he saw a man with a string heading east near the Old Pony Express Trail. Two days ago.

I was elated. Two days. I'll catch him by tonight.

I turned off the pavement and started climbing. Up and down, down and up, on dusty dirt roads that seemed to fork off in all directions, I criss-crossed the Trail every chance I could. I drove for hours in the dirt and unrelenting heat, checking for tracks and doubling back; pressing on. Through long deserted valleys and over low ranges and ridges, row after row, I drove until, late in the day, I was low on gas with still a hundred miles to go to pavement and services. His tracks were gone, and I had to turn back.

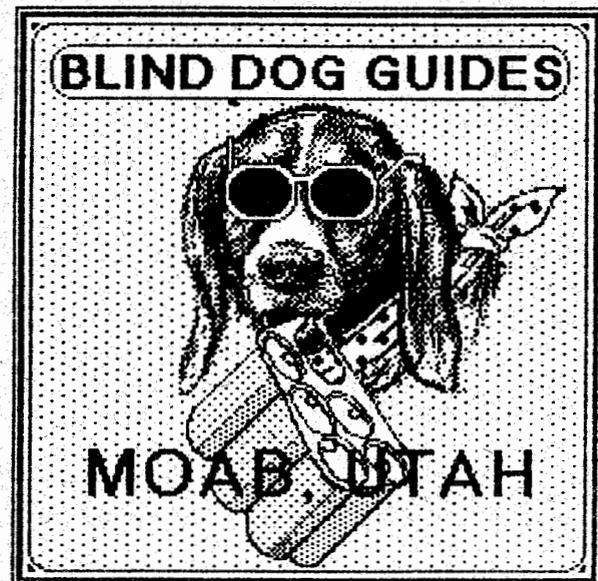
I was burned out, grumpy, hot and tired. I didn't want to drive and I didn't want to stay. I had barely enough gas to get back, no beer, and hot water to drink. And tuna and crackers for dinner. It was about then that I saw the sign: Rock Spring.

I turned and made my way up the slope and suddenly there it was before me, in the middle of the stinking desert, an olympic-size pool of clear water. I parked the car, stripped and dove in. It was cold, like well water, and sparkling good to drink. I swam until I was clean, and well-chilled.

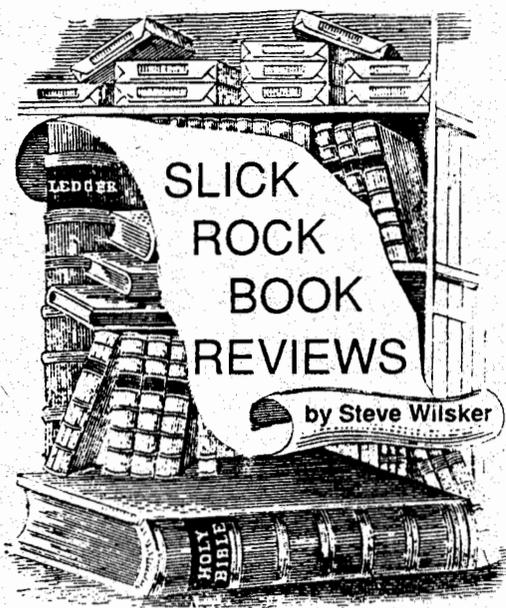
Later, sitting on the bank enjoying a leisurely smoke, I saw what a beautiful camp I had stumbled across. The view was panoramic, across rows of ridges and mountain ranges made purple by the purple haze of day's end. The sunset was reddening as I sipped on our bottle of wine, and I wondered if he might be just beyond the next bend, bedding down with his string, or perhaps just over that next mountain, plotting his route, step by step, for the next several hundred miles.

A warm downslope breeze felt cool against my wet hair. I felt so good. I thought about some food and it sounded delicious. I took another pull of chablis, and admired the deepening colors. I was relaxed, and there was a subtle magic in the air. I'd come far enough. I'd found Nik.

**BLIND DOG GUIDES**



**MOAB, UTAH**



Before the settlers were the explorers. Only a very few of them were part of organized scientific or government expeditions. Most of them were adventurers, and came West for their own sake. Hunters, trappers, Mountain Men, they were and are the stuff of legend, the only myth of America that has been completely and devotedly accepted. The following books include works of fiction, not only for their entertainment value, but for the tenor of experience sometimes missing from serious histories.

The Fist In The Wilderness,  
by David Lavender

A large part of America is within the boundaries of the United States because of John Jacob Astor's quarter-century struggle with the British fur trade in the Northwest Territories. Beginning just 4 years after the Lewis & Clark expedition first probed the wealth of opportunities in the Far West, Astor's American Fur Company used courage, greed, whisky and diplomacy to supplant the energetic and determined British effort to rule that splendid land. Lavender is first and last a historian, and his chronicle is heavily detailed; the sense of romance and excitement that characterizes his other works only rarely breaks through, but his sense of irony and humor is always present. For the seriously interested, this is a superb one-volume history of the fur trade and the era.

This Reckless Breed of Men,  
by Robert Glass Cleland

Cleland's history is of the fur trappers of the Southwest, an area he defined as the area from the Columbia River south to Mexico and from Jackson Hole and Taos west to the Pacific Ocean. This is a fine summary of an enormous amount of historical material. In order to make his book as readable as it is, details of biography and individual efforts are often glossed over. Cleland certainly hits the high points, though. Prominently featured are Jedediah Smith, James Pattie, Joseph Reddeford Walker, with appropriate mention of Ewing Young, Captain Bonneville and others. This is

the saga of a time and place when History bends readily to the deeds of the individual, and is one of those books with the power to involve the reader and make him wish he'd been there. It also can motivate the reader to pursue the works of historians who were inspired by this book, especially LeRoy F. Jafen, David J. Weber and Janet S. LeCompte.

Jedediah Smith and the Opening of the West, by Dale L. Morgan

The life of Jedediah Stron Smith almost defies belief. To quote Morgan, "During his eight years in the West Jedediah Smith made the effective discovery of South Pass; he was the first man to reach California overland from the American frontier, the first to cross the Sierra Nevada, the first to travel the length and width of the Great Basin, the first to reach Oregon by a journey up the California coast." A member of the famed Ashley expedition of 1822, he knew William Sublette, James Bridger, Mike Fink, Hugh Glass and Jim Beckwourth. Although he never saw his thirty-fourth year, older men called him "Mister Smith". Morgan's descriptions are well-calculated to breed excitement and admiration for his hero, but he never forgets that he is a historian -- the details are vivid and well-documented. This is an excellent book about a most remarkable man and his place in making our history.

Lord Grizzly, by Frederick Manfred

Although Hugh Glass was a historical character, this is a novel, and a very good one. Based on the actual incident that made Glass famous, it is also a wonderful insight into the temper and style of a Mountain Man's heart. As a catalogue of simple, almost biblical virtues, the book is impressive; as a

novel it is simply wonderful. It was also the inspiration for a somewhat digressive motion picture entitled, "Man in the Wilderness."

Jim Bridger, by Stanley Vestal

Joe Meek, by Stanley Vestal

Certainly there were other Mountain Men of great repute, but these two seem to characterize the determination, humanity and sense of adventure that were the hallmarks of that singular group. Their lives were robust and dealt in peaceful valleys and wild battles, tall mountains and taller tales. They were "indifferent to some of the commandments" but managed to do considerable service to their country and to have some good times while doing it. The discoverer of the Great Salt Lake (Bridger) died blind and broke: only his family attended his funeral. The scout and practical joker, town founder and U.S. Marshal for Oregon (Meek) died well-loved, with over four hundred neighbors and friends at the graveside. But reading about them and what they did, it is difficult to imagine a world without those hardy spirits. Vestal does a fine job of making them live again.

Readers interested in more romantic fare can find it in Vardis Fisher's Mountain Man, sometimes issued with the note that it was the source for the movie "Jeremiah Johnson." Drawn from several historical figures and based on the author's own treks in the country he describes, this is the romance of the Mountain Man drawn larger-than-life. But make no mistake -- Fisher is a superb writer who make his characters very real and human behind their semi-mythological nature. Somehow Fisher transmits a great sense of loss at the way things are compared with they way they were.

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Izzie Kiddin

## The Disco Kid

WINTER/1983. Here I am residing at The Risky Road River Cabin preparing to decline into my annual off-season unemployment and generic noodles as I await the first robin of Spring and yardwork. The boss is telling me I cannot have the cabin rent-free this winter. He says it's been a poor season. He says he needs help. He says he needs \$150.00 a month rent!

This poses a problem to my annual apathy as I am only drawing \$60.00 a week from the government. I decide I should look for a roommate to help defray this sudden increase in living expenses. My little voice inside of me is hollering: THIS IS NOT WHAT YOU SHOULD DO !!!!

I've never gone in for roommates much. I still have nightmares about those wild-eyed hooligans I roomed with on Pennsylvania Avenue in Boulder who majored in Philosophy and Peyote Worship. I prefer my own company, but it was obvious that this winter I would have to make an exception.

I thought Bobbie J. was a good dude. We had hiked and backpacked a few times and found his company to be in accordance with my own rather laid back style. Bobbie J. was our 'kind of' mechanic at the river company. I say 'kind of', because none of us seriously thought that Bobbie J. knew all that much about mechanics. I can still see that trailer tire careening down the yellow line of Highway 128 heading right towards that oncoming Pinto and I'm thinking; 'No, Bobbie J. doesn't know all that much about mechanics...'

I thought something was definitely wrong when he started to spray paint the room I had rented to him a sensual night - glo blue. Next came the hugest waterbed I had ever seen! It hardly fit into the room! You could hold a Greek Orgy in it! One could get lost in there! Next, some potted false aralias, a few very sexually suggestive posters, his stereo and that awful Stevie Nicks album I've come to detest so much.

Within a matter of twelve hours, Bobbie J. had managed to turn The Risky Road Life Jacket Room into a pleasuredome! Now, all of the time I'm thinking that this is NOT the Bobbie J. I had known. I knew he was originally from Salt Lake, but what did he plan to do with this set-up here in Moab??? Cruise down to The Westerner Grill and check out the nightly action???

Stevie Nicks is driving me up the wall! Bobbie J. has been playing that same record constantly for two weeks now. It wouldn't be so bad if you could make out what she is saying, but she always sounds like something is stuck in her throat. You keep checking the stylus to see if there's any lint under there, but no, that's just how she sounds ... I hate it.

Bobbie J. has this hot rod that roars in and out of here at all odd hours of the night. When the car idles in front of the cabin, the ashtrays vibrate off the end tables! It's a souped-up old Ford with the words BLACK MAGIC stenciled on the sides. That should have told me something long ago. I don't think it has any mufflers. Bobbie J. hasn't learned that part yet ...

At unearthly hours of the night, BLACK MAGIC would roar into the cabin parking lot, and a few moments later, caterwauling would start in that blue room. High pitched wails of some damsel confiscated from Woody's would be heard for the remainder of the night. At times, the whole cabin would shake and I'd fear that if that waterbed ever went, I'd be the first person ever to drown in a river rafting OFFICE!

After two months of sleepless peril, horrid music, hot rods, wild women, my

winter hibernation of peaceful serenity had been demolished by this disco kid. When he first moved in, Bobbie J. gave me an extra set of car keys in case of emergency. There's been many a sleepless night when I almost snuck out, got into old BLACK MAGIC, drove it down to the Moab Dock, put the hot rod in neutral, eased on out and watched the whole manic machine slowly roll into the murky waters of the Colorado.

Dreams, foolish dreams. I'm not capable of revenge. I did ask him to leave and find another place, but felt like such an ass afterwards, I gave him a loan of \$175.00 to help him relocate! He actually never did look too hard to find another place to live and after another two weeks of horror, I moved out first instead! In a way, Bobbie J. gave me the momentum I needed to make a change. I was tiring of the river business after eight years, so he and Stevie Nicks actually helped me make my move, even if it was temporarily to The Adultery Acres Motel for the rest of the the winter.

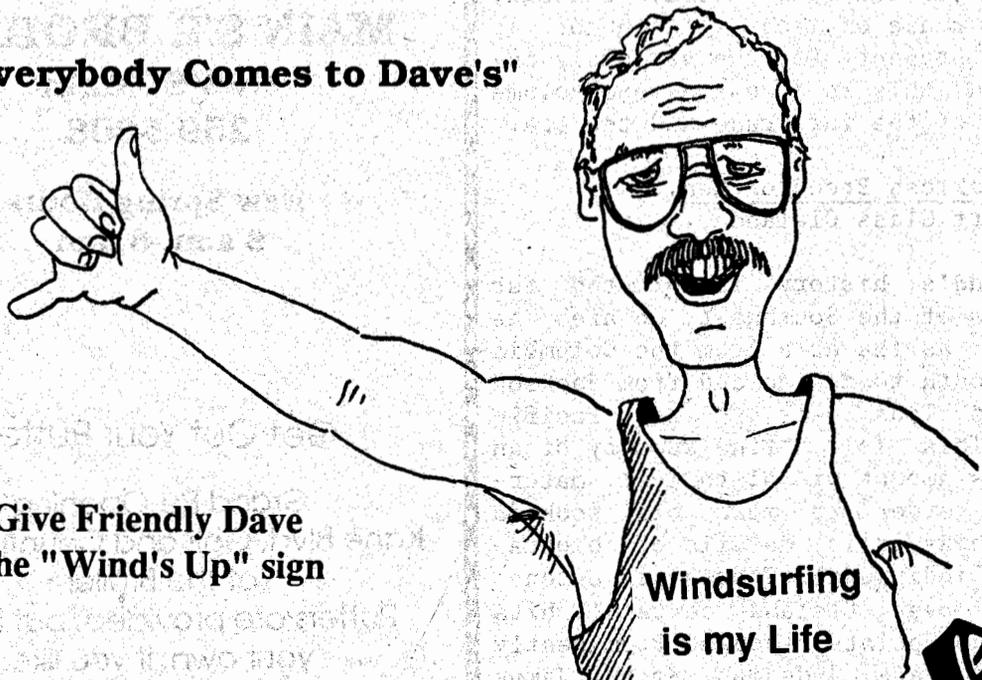
Bobbie J. stayed on in the cabin till the boss threw him out in February. The river boss never did get much rent money out of Bobbie J. so he kept a ratty old couch of his in escrow. It's still in the cabin. Bobbie J. took his Stevie Nicks record and his false aralias and moved to Albuquerque. I haven't heard from him in five years now. I do hope he's doing fine. No hard feelings ... I hope I get the chance to run into him one of these days and ask him how his mechanics are coming along? How is he treating life? How's his women? Besides ... he still owes me \$175.00 and I've still got that extra set of car keys. (heh heh)

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# THE BARD'S NARDS POETRY CORNER

Baker, Nevada 1988

by Dudek

Baker, Nevada,  
"sixty people on a good day",  
is the clump of trees  
that breaks  
the broad alluvial plain  
east of the Humboldt Range  
on Nevada State Highway 73.

The town doesn't spread out very far  
from its cultural center, the cafe and  
bar, but fades a few blocks away into  
flint pebble desert,  
dead machinery, tires,  
fallen wire from old fences, and  
cars on their backs  
like dead beetles, laying wheels up  
and rusted down to the door handles  
into cactus fields.

You might be driving, in the cool  
morning, and pouring coffee with one  
hand, or folding the map or brushing  
the crumbs of a cinnamon roll  
from your lap as you near the turn,  
gearing down, checking the sign  
"GREAT BASIN NATIONAL PARK - 5 MILES"  
at the north end of town.  
You might not turn,  
and you might go to Baker.

A stranger might wonder where to go in  
the morning at ten to eight,  
with no one in sight but the brief  
flash of movement in the window behind  
the CLOSED sign  
of the  
Outlaw  
bar and restaurant.

A stranger might wander through town,  
a ten minute stroll,  
and might admire  
The man crouched behind the machine  
gun blazing away at the sky,  
an artwork of welded metal;  
The classical greek statue in another  
yard, a giant male nude  
in white marble;  
And other eccentricities of the  
picturesque variety.

But the town should be seen in mid-  
afternoon, with the sun bearing down  
on the glaring  
desert floor surrounding town, and  
townsfolk and tourist laying low  
inside the tree-shaded Hitchin' Post  
saloon, with  
a fly banging and buzzing against a  
window screen, a bottle of beer,  
and a baseball game playing low  
on the bar TV.

Or at the Outlaw,  
talking with a fur trapper  
about the new national park.  
Something big coming down,  
said Bill, developers comin' in  
to make something of the town.

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Some good, some bad in it,  
like the micron gold fever, an even  
bigger issue in Nevada.  
"Pretty soon we'll have us some of  
those golden arches,"  
said the lady with a laugh  
as she slid my burger  
down the bar.  
"I don't know, said another,  
"with all these new tourists life  
gets less real,  
more cinematic."

Meanwhile,  
On the mountain, above the tree line,  
Wizened pines that broke their seed  
when the remains of Egyptian kings  
were being wrapped  
and sealed in pyramids  
still feel the seasons flow  
through the cirque on Wheeler Peak;  
and generations could pass by in  
Baker far below,  
and city halls and shops and schools  
and city parks and shining malls  
could arrive and flourish, and die,  
and erode away into sand,  
while a bristlecone pine muses over  
an interesting weather pattern,  
ventures a new sprig of growth,  
or recalls a stressful moment  
in it's youth.

Above them the ancient peak, grey-  
blue, snow-streaked,  
awaits the soft caress of the mythical  
white bird

that records the passage of time;  
that appears and strokes the  
hardened stone with feathered wing  
once  
every one thousand years;  
until  
the mountain is completely  
worn away,  
marking one day  
in eternity.

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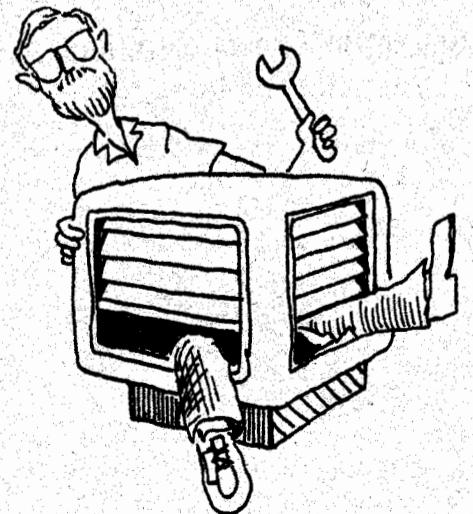
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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## Rockpecker Sighted

Dear Robert Dudek:

As the journal of record for the region I am enclosing a report, taken from my field notes, of a rare species of bird encountered on a recent trip to Havasu Canyon

"6/1/88. As it gets darker I hear a hollow jack hammering. The rock peckers are back. The first time people hear it, they think it's a bighorn ram in heat. But those who know a little nature lore insist it's a canyon tree frog. Ever see a frog in a tree on the bottom of the canyon? Neither have I. What they hear is actually a flock of rock peckers. They're elusive, I'll admit, but their sign is everywhere. They're busy little bastards. Just look at any piece of travertine, it's full of holes. They're after the insects encased in the calcium precipitates.

Farther down canyon are large cavities high on the rock walls. Some people have mistaken these for mine shafts. It's easy to confuse the two. But these were made by an extinct species of rock pecker known in the literature as Paleo petropeckerus. They were active during the late Pleistocene until the arrival of Early Man with his big-game lithic assem-

blage. These hunters effectively reversed the pecking order by packing bigger peckers."

All the best,

Natty Bumpo

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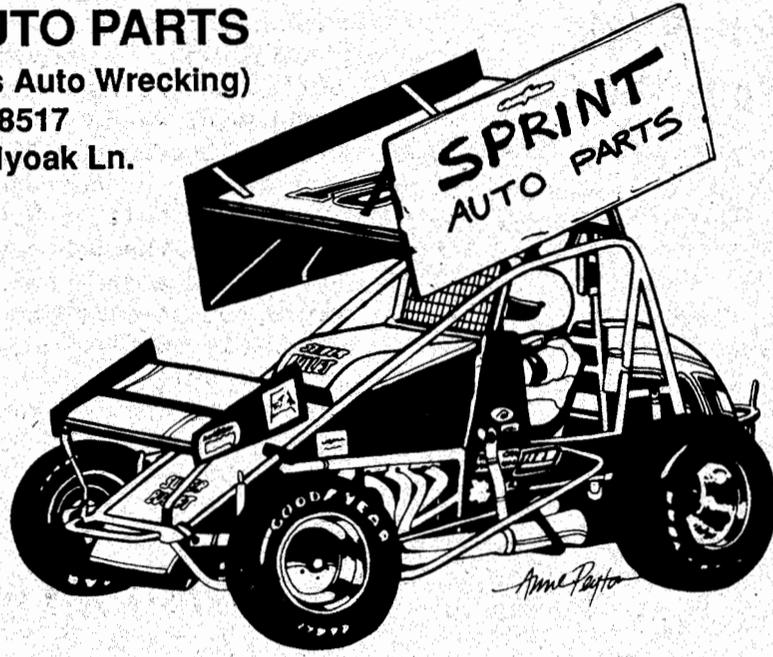
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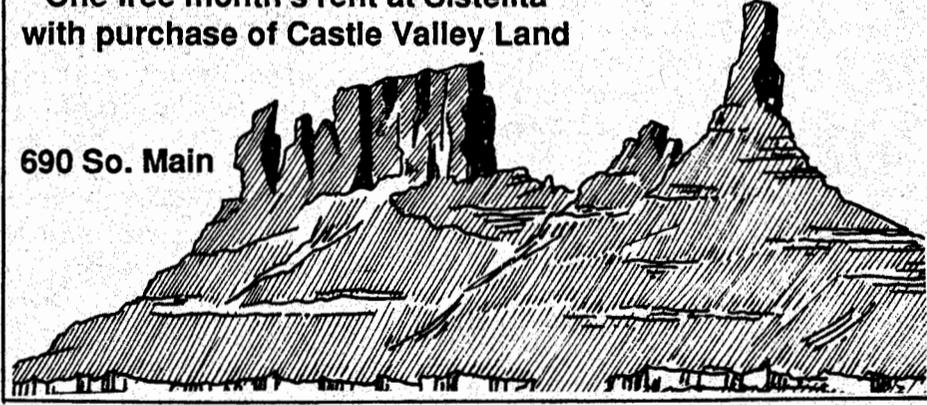
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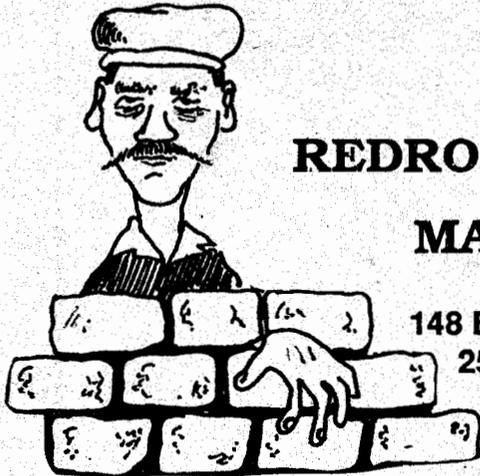


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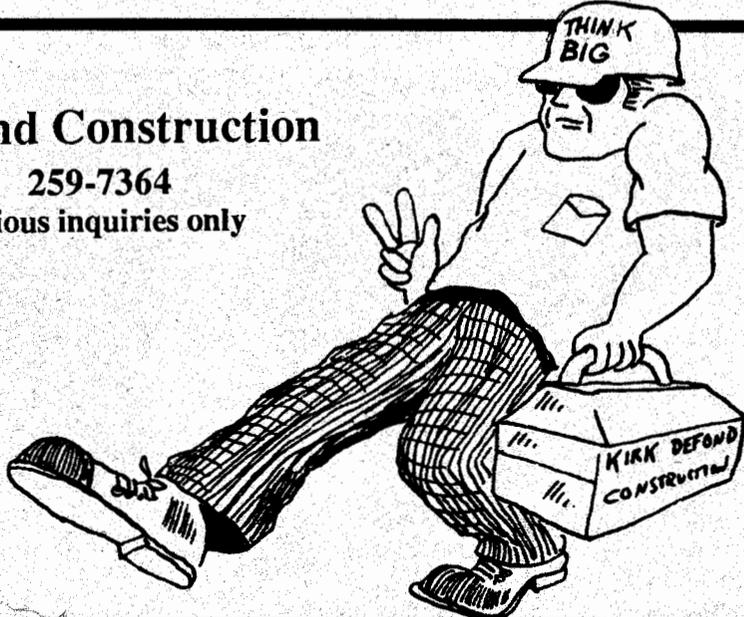
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# YESTERDAY

## Looking Back At Southern Utah

edited by Jim Stiles

Fifty years ago, the United States was struggling through one of the most difficult decades in its history. The Great Depression had decimated the country's economy, shutting down factories and businesses, leaving a full quarter of the work force unemployed. When Franklin Roosevelt inherited this bleak scene in 1933, he set out to put people back to work. His New Deal established dozens of agencies to provide jobs for the jobless. The Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) put youths to work on forestry and erosion projects. The Civil Works Administration (CWA), The Works Progress Administration (WPA) and the Public Works Administration (PWA) created over 30,000 New Deal projects, building bridges, dams, postoffices, waterworks railroad stations and airports.

Within the WPA, Roosevelt's Administrator Harry Hopkins set up a program to aid unemployed writers, artists and photographers. Their contributions were fantastic and included hundreds of murals and paintings that still grace public buildings today and a poignant photographic documentary of a grim, and yet oddly heroic decade.

Perhaps most impressive was the Federal Writers Project. Coordinating efforts in the forty-eight states, the Project produced one of the most comprehensive travel guides ever assembled. Each hardbound book explored its own particular state, its history, natural setting, industry, its cities. And it provided an automotive mile by mile guide to the entire state.

At the time of their publication in 1940, the books provided up-to-date information on the states. Today, they are nostalgic reminders of a slower, quieter time, before jets, and interstates and cable TV. Southern Utah was one of the most isolated sections of America. In the next few months, we'd like to reproduce parts of the Utah Guide, starting this month with a tour from Crescent Junction to Moab.

A lot has changed.

Crescent Junction—Moab—Monticello—(Cortez, Colo.); US 160. Crescent Junction to Colorado Line, 105.5 m.

Oil-surfaced road between Crescent Junction and a point 12 miles north of Monticello; elsewhere gravel-surfaced. Open all seasons; occasional snowdrifts in winter. Accommodations and service stations at Moab and Monticello only.

US 160 runs through a country in which shades of red permeate almost everything—plains, deserts, hills, cliffs, canyons. Only the greenness surrounding the La Sal and Abajo Mountains challenges the dominance of this color, and near these mountains are the only settlements. The country is crossed by the Colorado River, but water is scarce in most areas, and the land is devoted almost exclusively to the grazing of cattle and sheep.

US 160 branches south from US 6-50 at CRESCENT JUNCTION, 0 m. (4,778 alt.) (see Tour 7a).

For fifteen miles the highway follows an almost straight course over a broad, brush-covered plain. Low table-topped ridges of red, yellow, and gray are scattered over the area, but the distant Henry Mountains (R), 80 miles southwest, and the nearer La Sal Mountains (L), 35 miles southeast, loom high above the intervening landscape.

At 1.5 m. is an OIL WELL (R), one of several being drilled (1940) at widely separated points in southeastern Utah. The State has not yet produced fluid oil in commercial quantities.

At 10.5 m. is a view (L) across six miles of thinly-vegetated plain to a long red and yellow ridge fronting the DEVILS GARDEN (see Arches National Monument).

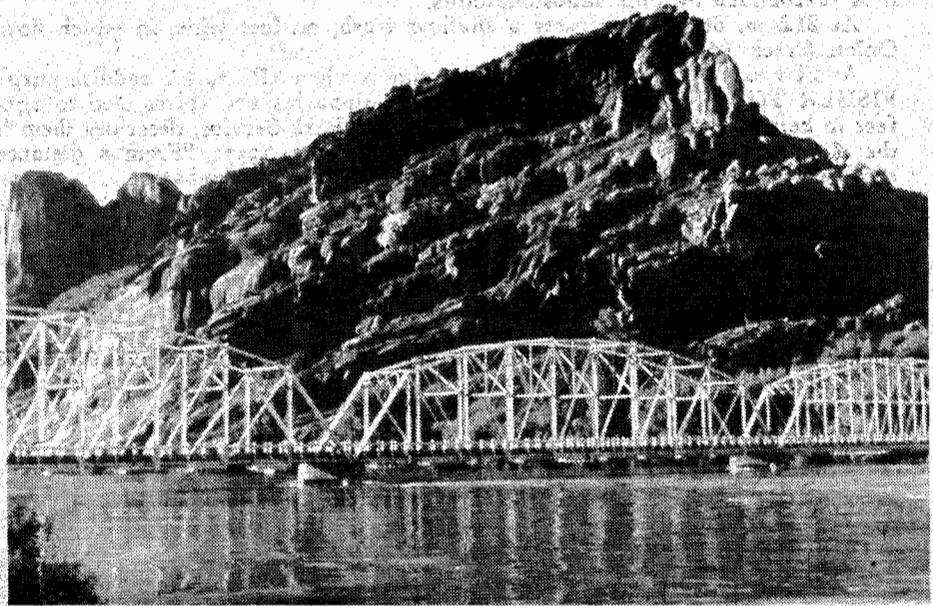
For several miles US 160 winds through a series of eroded red hills. Everything is red. Even the scattered growths of cedar are powdered with red dust.

At 19.9 m. is the junction with State 93 (see Arches National Monument).

On US 160, at 20.2 m., is a view (L), across six miles of red desert, of two natural arches called The Windows (see Arches National Monument).

At the JUMPING-OFF PLACE, 23.9 m., early settlers of Moab experienced great difficulty in lowering their wagons into Moab Canyon. A dugway eases the descent for present-day motorists. Oliver B. Huntington, who kept the official journal of the Mormon Elk Mountain Mission (see below), wrote in 1855: "Most of the teams were near giving out when they came to the canyon descent leading to the Grand River. . . . The 'jumping-off place' is a perpendicular ledge . . . down which Wm. Huntington and Jackson Stewart, the year previous, let five wagons with their loads by ropes, taking their wagons to pieces. The knowledge of this induced President Billings to take a company of twelve horsemen in the morning and move rapidly to the canyon . . . and at the 'jump-off' they worked a road over a point of the mountain covered with very large rocks; in half a day they completed a very passable road. . . . By doubling teams up and all the men that could be spared to steady the wagons down we got all our wagons down safely about nine o'clock at night."

MOAB CANYON is a beautiful and rugged gorge, four miles long, between towering cliffs and jagged mountain walls, gorgeously colored with orange and black, white and gray, red and purple, and numerous other tints and shades. Oliver Huntington described the canyon as "narrow, crooked, and rough with rocks."



US 160 crosses the COLORADO RIVER, 29.4 m., over a long steel bridge, completed in 1912, which replaced ferryboats operated here since 1881. The Elk Mountain Mission party spent four days crossing the river in 1855, and Huntington wrote in the official journal: "President Billings, with five others, crossed the river with horses. . . . The remainder of the company was left under the charge of Jos. Rawlins, getting cattle over the river. Some Indians were about but appeared friendly, although the day before an arrow was found sticking in Brother Ivie's ox about an inch. This arrow was shot by a small boy, whose father apologized and made the excuse that his son could not shoot straight."

Norman Taylor operated the first ferry, a 28-foot boat not large enough to transport wagons without taking them apart. This was replaced two or three years later by a larger boat on which loaded wagons could be carried. The fare for each wagon was \$2.50 until 1897, when Grand County purchased the ferry and reduced the charge to fifty cents. Faun McConkie Tanner says, in her *History of Moab* (1934), "It used to be said of this town, 'Moab is the only town in Utah to which admission is charged. In fact, it costs quite as much for an exit fee as for entrance.'"

At 29.5 m. is the junction with State 128.

Left on State 128, an improved dirt road, is a scenic canyon drive not recommended for squeamish drivers or timid passengers (road impassable in winter and during spring floods; inquire at Moab or Cisco). Between the junction with US 160 and that with the Castleon Road, State 128 parallels the turbulent and treacherous COLORADO RIVER, 150 to 200 yards wide, as it flows through a canyon of red sandstone. Much of the way the road climbs and dips along a narrow winding dugway overlooking the river; in other places the canyon walls pinch together and massive cliffs, towering to a height of 1,500 feet, crowd the road to the river's edge. The Colorado River originates near the Continental Divide in Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado. Its largest tributary—larger than the Colorado itself—is the Wyoming-born Green River (see Tour 7a), which joins the Colorado 65 miles southwest of Moab.

Almost without exception, explorations of the Colorado River by boat have started at some point on the Green. In 1889, however, Frank M. Brown

led a party down the upper Colorado River to make a preliminary survey for a "water-level" railroad route from Colorado to California. The party set out from Grand Junction, Colorado, and reached the confluence of the Colorado and the Green without mishaps. Below the junction, Brown was swept to his death in the Soap Creek Rapids. The reorganized party continued to Needles, California, reporting the route impractical because of periodic floods.

**NIGGER BILL CANYON (R)**, 3.2 m., was named for William Granstaff, a mulatto who came to Moab Valley in 1877. He departed hurriedly through this canyon in 1881, when some of the white settlers charged him with contributing to Indian troubles by selling whisky. "The men are gathering up guns to hunt Indians," he said, as he saddled his horse, "but I think maybe I'm the Indian they're after."

At 16.2 m. is the junction with the Castleton Road; R. on this dirt road, through a maze of red hills, into **CASTLE VALLEY**, 2 m. At 5 m. (L) is the red sandstone **PRIEST AND NUNS**, which, at 5.4 m. becomes **CASTLE ROCK**, a tall slender shaft on a conical base.

**CASTLETON**, 9.4 m. (6,750 alt.) is a cluster of weathered log houses occupied in summer by bachelor sheepherders who graze their flocks in the La Sal Mountains. At Castleton is the northern terminus of the La Sal Mountain Road (see below).

At 20.5 m. is the junction with the Onion Creek Road; R. here on a poor dirt road (not recommended for motor travel). At 1 m. the road reaches **ONION CREEK** (poisonous water; contains arsenic), a small, deceitfully clear stream of water. Sheepherders, driving their flocks through this region, lose many sheep from drinking this water. For nine miles the route is along the gravel bed of this stream, winding between red sandstone bluffs; the clear water, splashing on fenders or windshields, leaves albuminous splotches. The **TOTEM POLE**, 5 m., is a tall pinnacle on the edge of a cliff. At **THE NARROWS**, 6 m., the gorge is squeezed to a width of 10 feet by sandstone walls 400 feet high. For a mile the passageway twists between these walls, permitting a view of only a few feet forward or backward. **GAUDY GARDEN**, 8 m., is a conglomeration of fantastic formations and bizarre colors. The road winds through a succession of shale hills—yellow, brown, gray, green, and purple, against a background of red towers. **FISHER VALLEY**, 14 m., locally known as "Forbidden Valley" because of its inaccessibility, is a green farmland at the base of the La Sal Mountains. Three miles wide and eight miles long, it is surrounded by pink sandstone cliffs.

At 21.5 m. State 128 crosses a shallow wash, 20 feet wide, in which flows **Onion Creek** (poisonous).

At 24.3 m. the canyon widens, permitting a view (R) to the reddish-purple **FISHER TOWERS**, a remarkable group of pinnacles and spires, 800 to 1,700 feet in height. Merel S. Sager, of the National Park Service, describes them in the *American Planning and Civic Annual* for June, 1937: "From a distance, these red sandstone formations suggest the skyline of Manhattan. . . . Some have dominant, unbroken vertical lines of the modern skyscraper, while others resemble Gothic cathedrals with delicate carvings. They are different and distinct in a region where red sandstone pinnacles are common." North of this point State 128 parallels the Colorado River (L) through a steep-walled canyon so deep that the stream and the road are in almost perpetual shadow.

**DEWEY**, 31.3 m., is a tiny settlement of five or six log houses at the confluence of the Colorado and Dolores rivers. At Dewey, State 128 crosses a cable suspension bridge over the eddying Colorado River, here approximately 150 yards wide.

At 42.4 m. is the junction with US 63



**MOAB**, 31.9 m. (4,042 alt., 883 pop.), seat of Grand County, is the commercial center of an extensive sheep and cattle country, and since 1930 has achieved importance as a point of departure for scenic attractions in southeastern Utah. Though isolated it has a small business district, selling everything from hay and gasoline to malted milk and liquor—the only "legal" liquor in the county. Squat red adobe houses stand neighbor to more pretentious firebrick houses. In the evening neon lights illuminate the business district, but after midnight, except on Saturdays, the town does a complete "blackout."

Moab has green trees, green lawns, green fields, but even this greenness comes from red soil. The town is on the Colorado River, which has an average annual flow of more than six million acre-feet, but gets its water from Mill Creek and Pack Creek, small streams flowing out of the La Sal Mountains. The Colorado's water-level fluctuates so greatly that any attempt by Moab farmers to divert its water would be an invitation for the river to flood the town. As a matter of historical record, in 1884 the river rose so high that,

without benefit of diversion canals, it flooded the lower end of the valley.

The first attempt to settle Moab Valley came in 1855, with establishment of a mission in the Elk Mountains (now the La Sals). Advance preparations were made in 1854, when five wagon-loads of provisions were cached in the valley. The following spring, the Church called forty-one men to establish the mission. The group left Great Salt Lake City in May, taking with them fifteen wagons, thirteen horses, sixty-five oxen, sixteen cows, two bulls, one calf, two pigs, twelve chickens, four dogs, flour, wheat, oats, corn, potatoes, peas, five plows, twenty-two axes, and other tools.

The company reached the Colorado River in mid-June, and found the valley "abounding with the largest sage-wood any of us had ever seen, which we took as an indication of good farming land. . . . About the center of the valley we came to the lands cultivated by the Indians. . . . Loose soil and rubbish was piled in ridges, forming dams, by which the land was flooded in small quantities." Soon "all hands were busily engaged in grubbing brush, plowing land, building a dam . . . but the dam being in sandy land, it broke away . . . and ruined the site, which obliged us to go a mile farther up the creek and take water from a beaver dam."

By mid-July the men had planted crops and built a stone fort. They held friendly meetings with the Indians, converted and baptized some of them.

During late September, in a sudden series of attacks, Indians killed three of the Mormons and set fire to haystacks and log fences. The missionaries abandoned the fort the next morning "without eating breakfast." They departed so hurriedly that water was left running in the irrigation canal from Mill Creek. Water continued to run through this ditch, year after year, until eventually it carved an arroyo twenty-five feet deep.

The next settlers were probably two brothers, George and Silas Green, who brought 400 cattle into the valley about 1875. They were apparently killed by Indians. In the summer of 1877 two prospectors, William "Nigger Bill" Granstaff, a mulatto, and a French-Canadian known only as "Frenchie" took possession of the fort, and laid claim to the valley. In 1878 A. G. Wilson made a trade with "Frenchie" for his land, but when he returned with his family the following spring the Frenchman had traded the same land to Walter Moore, and had left the valley. The mulatto, however, remained until 1881. In that year the settlers had their last trouble with the Indians. A band of Paiutes and Navahos from Colorado came into the La Sal Mountains, killing and plundering settlers who grazed their cattle there. After a running fight in which ten whites and twenty-seven Indians were killed, the Indians were driven back to their reservation. During this trouble "Nigger Bill," accused of selling whisky to the Indians, fled into Colorado by way of Nigger Bill Canyon (see above).

A post office was established in 1879, and a committee chose the Biblical name Moab for the town. Grand County was created in 1890, and Moab was named the county seat. The population of the county in 1940 was approximately 2,000, most of whom derived their livelihood from sheep and cattle. The Grand County Fair, a three-day festival held in October, includes a rodeo and livestock show. Supervisory offices of the La Sal National Forest are at Moab.

The **OLD IRRIGATION CANAL ARROYO**, 50 to 300 yards west of US 160 through Moab, is the channel carved by the irrigation stream left running when Indians drove Mormon missionaries from the valley in 1855.

The **BIG COTTONWOOD TREE**, northwestern Moab, is the largest known tree in Utah. Its trunk is 8.2 feet in diameter. Planted about 1880 by L. B. Bartlett, it now stands in the middle of a road; sheer size saves it from removal.

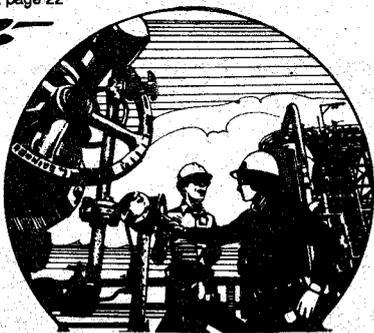
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## A Grand Burning Issue

Lance Christie

In which the author analyzes the psychological and physical effects of toxic waste incineration.

In observing people's opinion about the hazardous waste incinerator in Cisco, there seem to be three issue clusters among those who oppose or have grave doubts about the incinerator complex, but only one recognizable body of opinion among its proponents.

The incinerator's supporters seem most numerous among families who remember first hand the mining boom days when a Grand High School graduate could immediately get a job for about \$30,000 per year, and after a couple of years be making as much as \$50,000, usually as an equipment operator. Mines, the Atlas Mill, and associated suppliers and transportation companies carried the bulk of the county property tax burden. Children and grandchildren could stay in the community and enjoy a standard of living equivalent to what could be achieved in large cities at the time. Then this bubble burst. Many, including the three incumbent county commissioners, have sought to find a way to revive high-paying industrial employment in the area. The uranium industry dealt with a toxic substance, yet was experienced as benign. Many of those working in it felt that governmental regulation, e.g., of mine safety, was excessively rigorous.

Thus, among proponents the hazardous waste incinerator fits right into the mental set left by the uranium industry. Proponents appear to think that the incinerator will offer high-paying jobs which locals can fill, will carry a heavy part of the property tax burden, and like uranium is actually safe and probably over-regulated by government despite a lot of (hysterical) worries on the part of "environmentalists" and ignorant people the tree huggers have got worked up. Tourism co-existed with the uranium mining and milling industry and will co-exist with the incinerator, say the proponents.

Some of these generalizations from the uranium industry experience are partly true, and some are not true of the incinerator industry (see below).

The three areas of concern among incinerator opponents are not mutually exclusive. Most opponents (or the dubious) have all three in mind. Groups are defined by which concern area is in the foreground for the individual.

The largest group I see is defined by a concern over "economic foreclosure," most often by business people. They worry that the presence of a hazardous waste incinerator is anathema to a community marketing image which can entice capital investment by small manufacturers; health, fitness, recreation and retirement developers. The terms "clean air," "quality of life," "four-season outdoor recreation," are prominent in discussions.

Incinerator impact is seen as different on what I will call "transient tourism," "destination tourism," and business unrelated to tourism. An example of a "transient tourist" is a chap in Salt Lake who decides to load his mountain bike/jeep/boat/boots/ and drive to Moab. He makes a pit stop at a gas station and grocery store on his way through town, camps on public land, and tours. Transient tourists don't make us rich, and I don't think they would know or care that an incinerator was in Cisco unless they encountered lung-burning, visible pollution which is very unlikely. "Destination tourism" brings people to stay in Moab while they pay money to participate in organized activities in or around the town. Tag-A-Long Tours, Pack Creek Ranch, and the proposed Athletic Training Center are examples of destination enterprises. Destination enterprises and small manufacturing concerns will choose Moab to invest in only because the principals want to move and live here more than in other locations. Retirement developers have to sell the community as a more desirable place to reside than other places the retiree is considering.

The prediction is that investment in new businesses that depend on attracting people to live in Moab would be the most discouraged by an incinerator, existing destination tourist enterprises and small manufacturing would suffer some loss, but transient tourism traffic would be reduced only in the event of media coverage of a toxic accident which would make people apprehensive about visiting the area.

It is impossible to prove in advance whether an incinerator would actually have this effect on business development. Chamber of Commerce surveys show that two-thirds or more of the respondents in Mesa and Grand Counties think it would. Businesspeople probably have a good grasp of the effect marketing image has on business, and that is the issue.

The second body of concern is over health and safety issues: the concern that the incinerator will poison people, either routinely through the cumulative impact of pollutants in its outgas discharges, or from releases of toxics by accidents. I observe that those with this primary concern tend to be family-oriented people, and are predominately female. There is a sizeable contingent of conservative grandmothers in this group. Few of the health and safety people are members of environmental organizations or would identify themselves as environmentalists, although in other states clean air is considered an environmental issue.

Is this concern the result of hysteria and misinformation, or are the intuitions of these people on target? In the following summary of the technical literature, I will demonstrate that large volumes of toxic discharges are inevitable from routine operation of a commercial hazardous waste incinerator of the rotary kiln design, no matter how competent and well-motivated the operators are, because of the contents and character of the waste stream coming from the generators of the waste and the engineering trade-offs inherent in incinerator design and operation.

The third body of concern focuses on the way the County Commission has handled the incinerator issue. This group is typified by long-time residents. The handling of the issue by the CC is viewed as ranging from arrogantly inept to crooked. Many people in this group seem to enjoy speculating among themselves what the commissioners are getting paid under the table for flacking for CoWest so diligently, are very suspicious of CoWest and Catalyst's competence, but don't seem to oppose the idea of a hazardous waste incinerator built and operated by a reputable company with a track record of successful incinerator operation. This group seems small compared to the first two.

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I have been surveying the professional literature on hazardous waste management and incineration. I will write articles which expand on the following and related points, here summarized:

1. The current market for commercial hazardous waste incineration is largely the result of amendments to the federal Resource Conservation and Recovery Act of 1976. The Act's intent was to apply pressure towards either reducing the generation of hazardous wastes, or recycling them into chemical assets. By extending stringent requirements for hazardous waste disposal to "small" waste generators, and discouraging landfills as a means of disposal, the Act deliberately put pressure on waste producers to do something different. Unfortunately, given the intent of the legislation, incinerator entrepreneurs have moved more quickly and profitably to relieve generators of their wastes than has recycling or installing revisions in industrial processes to stop generating toxic wastes.

2. Utah has been targeted by six different incinerator companies who are trying to site incinerators here because: (a) the state has both the lowest tipping fees for disposing of wastes and the lowest air quality standards of any Western state; (b) since tipping fees support regulatory agencies, this tells the prospective company that Utah has little capacity to monitor incinerator operations; (c) the air quality in most areas of Utah is much higher than the criterion level below which it cannot be degraded under law, which means companies can put a lot of pollutants into the air without being fined or shut down by a regulatory agency, given agencies have the money and manpower to be watching what incinerators are doing. This also makes getting operating permits relatively easy and certain.

3. Cisco CoVentures, consisting of CoWest and Catalyst Waste-to-Energy, are using a generic "menu" of all hazardous waste types as their permit and design criterion. The only incinerator design option that will handle solids, liquid solvents, and slurries is the rotary kiln design, which is what they have said they are planning to build. The rotary kiln design will use spent, contaminated solvents as the fuel source for heating the kiln, in which solids and slurries will be volatilized by the heat. The resulting gases are then burned in a secondary combustion chamber. The outgas stream goes through various cooling and scrubbing chambers which are designed to capture "criterion" pollutants - the ones that are monitored under the operating permit and restricted in terms of how much one can release into the air. The criterion pollutants are oxides of nitrogen, particulate matter, and acid gases including oxides of sulfur.

4. The waste stream representing the market for the Cisco commercial incinerator is produced by numerous small generators within the market area. Mr. Norris of CoWest correctly stated this is the incinerator's market. Wastes are collected and combined by commercial collectors, who take these wastes to disposal facilities. According to my consulting chemists, the literature identifies over a million different compounds present in the solvent-based portion of the waste stream alone. Even with separation of major types per the menu of wastes, one has tremendous variation in heat content, dissolved solids, and chemical composition of contaminants in the waste solvents presented for disposition.

5. Because of variations in heat content, the heat and pressure of the burn in the kiln resulting from burning solvent-based waste as fuel will vary considerably and unpredictably. The seals on the rotating ends of the kiln are inherently weak, and pressure variations cause a phenomenon called "puffing" which pushes unburned toxic gases out of the kiln. To reduce puffing, kiln designs use negative pressure; a partial vacuum is created by fans at the end of the outgas stream. One then runs into a Catch 22. The more negative pressure one puts on the system, the less gas you lose from puffing, but the more likely you are to suck gases out of the secondary combustion chamber before combustion has reduced them to simple, harmless compounds. Mr. Hayes, the CoWest engineer, confirmed their design would use negative pressure. However, the best one can achieve is to minimize emissions of unburned gases, either from the kiln seals or the secondary combustion chamber. The more variable the heat content of the fuel, the more unreduced gases you will emit one place or the other.

6. Because of the vast number of chemical compounds present in the waste stream from small generators, a fairly large quantity of "non-criteria pollutants" will be present in the out gas stream, no matter how efficiently and constantly the incinerator is running. According to the literature, no equipment for detecting and measuring many of these compounds currently exists, even if there were a legal requirement to monitor them, which there is not. Non-criteria emissions typically include dioxins, furans, volatilized metals, chlorinated compounds, and polynuclear aromatic hydrocarbons, all of which are quite toxic at low concentrations. Some of these non-criteria pollutants will be captured by the equipment designed to capture criteria pollutants, e.g., heavy metals with the particulates. Several classes of compound require chemistry very different from the criterion pollutants to be captured, and pass blithely through the criterion pollutant control equipment. The engineering problem is like a Chinese

menu: you can choose to capture compounds from class A or class B, but not both. To the extent certain chemical classes of non-criterion pollutant go into the incinerator in the waste stream, they will come out the chimney.

The insoluble engineering problem is due to the great diversity in chemical content of commercial incinerator waste stream. If you are burning one class of compound, e.g., nerve gas at the Tooele Army Depot, you can design a small machine which burns a consistent fuel like methane (natural gas) to produce constant heat, build a vertical vortex incinerator which gives you excellent control of time, temperature, and turbulence to produce complete combustion of the input waste gas, and then design your air pollution control equipment to capture the compounds you know are in the outgas stream. Alas, with a commercial "generic" incinerator you have variables instead of constants to work with.

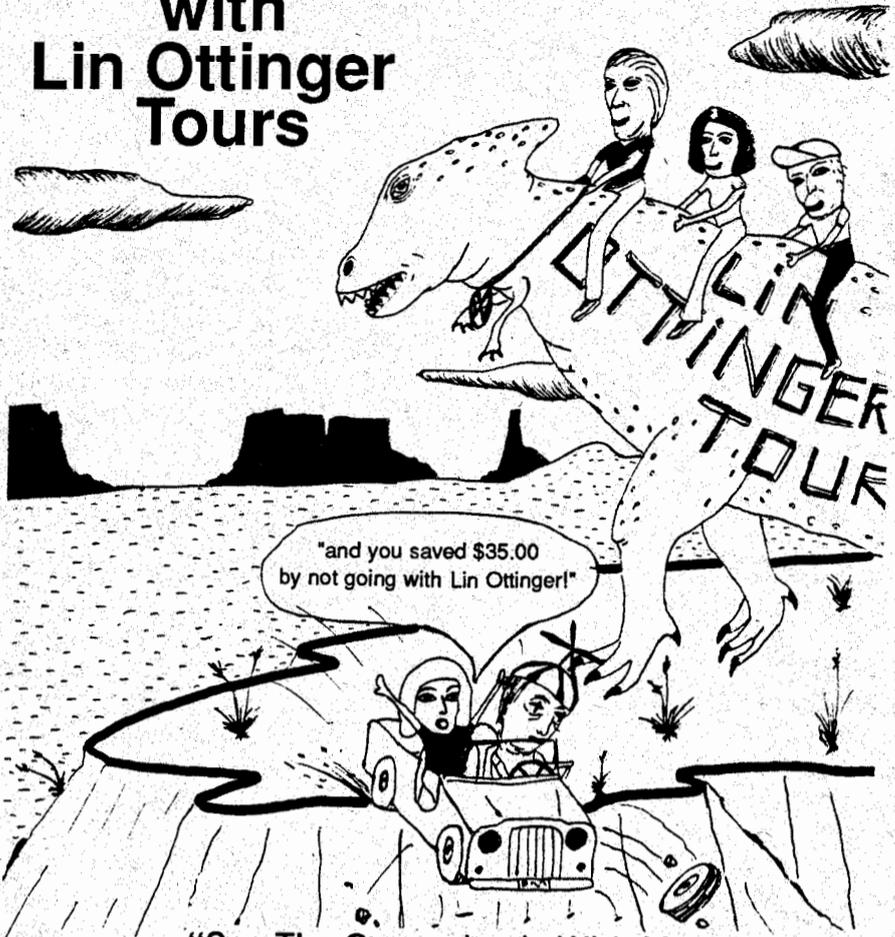
I conclude that a commercial hazardous waste incinerator must inevitably introduce a significant toxic pollutant load into the air of this area, no matter who builds and runs one. What actual health effects this would have, nobody knows for certain. Those that feel our high air quality is a resource that can be marketed in a more profitable, sustainable way, or is a heritage we are obliged morally to protect, are advised to vote against the incinerator on the referendum and initiative Nov 8th. Those that feel that the incinerator is our best or only hope of exchanging that air quality for tax money and jobs are advised to vote for the incinerator on Nov 8th.

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