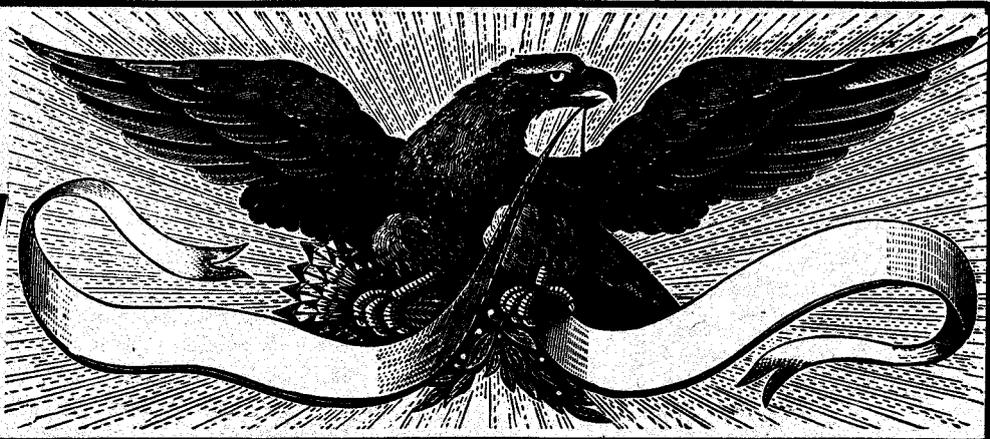


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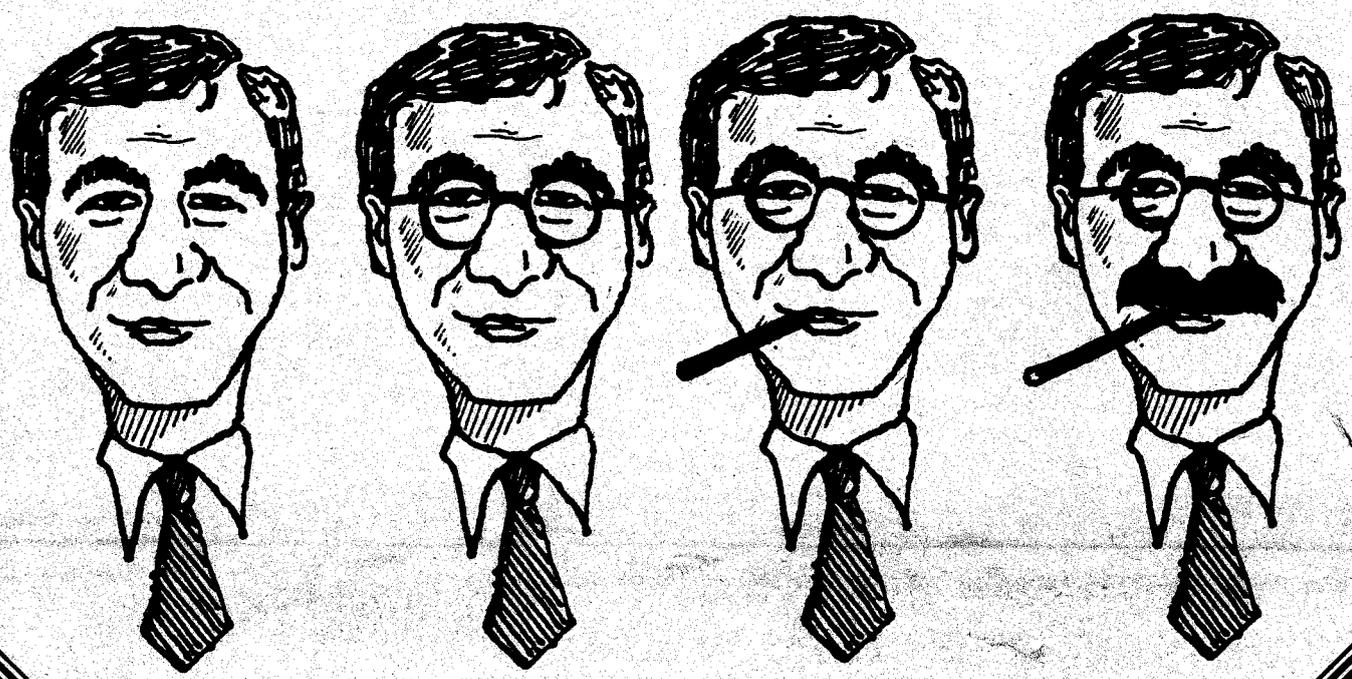
Vol 3 35¢ No. 3

Oct. 1988

Mike Dukakis' Secret Identity

Where have we seen those eyebrows before?

by Nemo Glitz



Non-Subliminal Advertising

Every fan of professional football is aware of the references to scripture that appear regularly between the goalposts of every game. Eager missionaries position themselves in the stands so that their hand-held signs show up as the most prominent feature on the TV screen whenever a team lines up for a placekick. Fans find it hard to avoid staring at the sudden appearance of John 3:11 or Rom 10:4, even at baseball and hockey games.

(THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES, P.13)

To find out more about this recent phenomenon Gazette reporters contacted the Rev. Oral Schiller by telephone at his posh mansion in the Florida Keys.

(FOUNDATIONS OF AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONALISM P.72)

"Yes, we have found this to be a very successful technique," said Rev. Schiller, from a floating mattress in the heated waters of his giant crucifix-shaped pool. "If we can burn the scripture number into the eyes of those armchair spectators for even a few seconds, we get for free what Charmin toilet tissue pays tens of thousands of dollars for during station break."

(PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT, P.202)

"We were also well represented at both political conventions this year," continued Schiller. "We had all the best spots, and our staff of researchers has concluded that we are now more visible than the hundreds of Hare Krishnas hanging out at all the airports."

(THE WISDOM OF LAOTSE, P.77)

Schiller scoffed at the idea that the approach was crass. "The only way we will ever get everyone into line, into the light and out of the darkness of their present ways, is massive media exposure. It's modern evangelism. There's no law against anyone doing it but we thought of it first! Where's the harm in it? It doesn't offend anyone exceptin' maybe a few Jews and Buddhists and such. I don't see anything wrong in the signs," concluded Schiller.

(LETTERS FROM EARTH, P. 13)

Monopoly Museum

The recent grand opening of the Dan O'Laurie Museum in Moab was met with good reviews, although many couldn't decide whether they liked the exterior design.

Gazette reporters contacted the designer of the unusual building, Mr. Frank Lloyd Rong of the firm Mason, Sticke and Bricke, to learn what prompted the unusual design.

"My inspiration came to me as I was playing a game of Monopoly with my kids," said Rong. "I looked at those little buildings, the houses and hotels, and saw a clean simplicity that I longed to duplicate in my work. I tried to visualize a museum sitting there on Marvin Gardens. Presto, it came to me, those featureless sides, the giant cylinders representing columns, and that pointy top. It was a flash of genius. Your museum is the first of many in this style."

Rong hopes that the critics will give his new artistry a chance, and suggests that everyone dig out the old Monopoly board and play a game before viewing the museum for the first time.

Bike Thieves To Be Shot

Local sheriff Roscoe West told reporters last month that he was advocating the death penalty for bike thieves.

Every year a bike or two gets stolen from the hundreds that show up in Moab in late October for the Fat Tire Festival. The thieves are clever, and they know what they're looking for.

"We've had enough of this," exclaimed the sheriff. "Every year some poor Aspenite shows up at my office with a story about how he went out to jump on his brand new Cunningham complete with WTB roller cam brakes and QR hubs and type two forks, and all he finds is a clipped cable.

"In the old west we shot a man for stealing another man's horse, and I figure a bike is the modern equivalent of a horse.

"Any thieves caught redhanded will be shot without trial, and planted in the boot hill outside the Outlaw Saloon as a warning to any future criminals," concluded West.

Dump To Get Perfume Treatment

It's official. Within six months the World's 2nd Most Scenic Dump will be out of dirt. There will be no way to continue the landfill. And burning it has been outlawed.

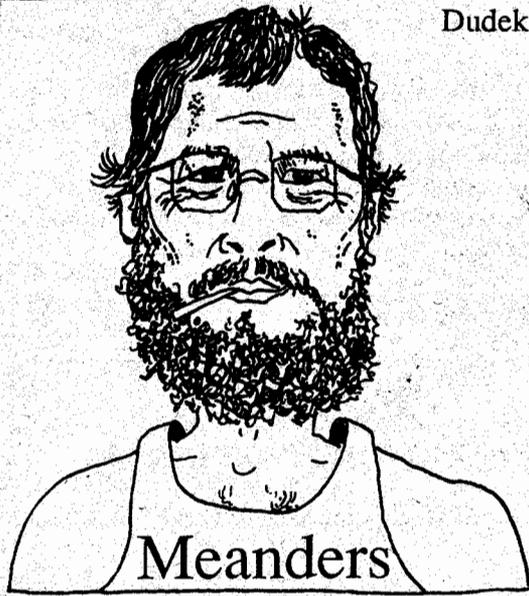
What will happen to the large piles of exposed garbage that get left there every day? For an answer to that question, Gazette reporters contacted Mr. Hi Heven of the City Solid Refuse unit.

"Wellsir, it's true. The dump is up there in the sandstone, and what little dirt there was to cover things with is nearly gone. But we have an adequate plan to deal with this," said Heven.

"We've found a supplier who has a line on 6,439 55 gallon drums of Bay Rum, an antiquated scent men used to use. It has long since gone out of style, and we can have the whole lot for under \$20,000.

"At the end of every day, our pumper truck will just douse the whole mess with 100 gallons of Bay Rum. At that rate, we have enough to last us roughly 10 years," said Heven. "Nobody plans further than that."

Dudek



and a fine stress-relief meditation.

And so, here is the media freak's consensus guide to the upcoming elections. Instead of points, the odds are listed in terms of percentage of the vote.

DUKAKIS versus BUSH for President

Bush is unelectable. He will lose the debates like he did against Geraldine Ferraro four years ago despite the fact that he afterwards claimed, in one of the worst analogies any politician has ever resorted to, that he had "kicked ass" against his female opponent. The press called it a draw, but she beat him decisively by any standard of classical debate.

In 1984 any avoidance of damage by Bush to the Reagan campaign was a victory of sorts, but now he's on his own and he will fail.

He leads heavily in the polls due to a soft support on plain exposure and a substantial undecided segment that hasn't yet scrutinized the Democratic candidate.

The public will come to its senses. The debt that the Reagan/Bush team inflicted will bring debt service (interest) payments to a sum equal to one half of all personal income taxes, a situation Sen. Pat Moynihan referred to as "a transfer of wealth from labor to capital unprecedented in American history." An argument that the Democrats in congress are equally responsible doesn't hold water. To override the Reagan budgets would have required a 2/3 majority, an impossibility in the face of monolithic Republican support for the president.

In fact, it's hard to point to any aspect of the present administration, from foreign policy to the environment, that hasn't been disgraced in some way by bumbling, treachery or scandal. Many Democrats have suggested that Bush

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The elections have been dominating the news lately. Anyone with their eye on the political scene, their hand on the pulse of public opinion and their wetted finger thrust upward into the winds of political change is guessing about the outcome of the various national and local races.

Media freaks have the most elaborate explanations behind their predictions, and when we're wrong we can always defend our sterling lines of reasoning by blaming factors that existed beyond the realm of anyone's awareness.

What is a media freak? A media freak turns on the TV to CNN, tunes the FM receiver to "All Things Considered", opens the daily paper to the op-ed page, and digests all three simultaneously while eating salted peanuts, nursing a cup of coffee with a beer back, and playing with the kitten with the spare hand. To a media freak, this is true contentment and serenity,

should win so that the Republicans will rightly catch the blame for the impending economic gloominess that will result from such reckless fiscal policies. And there is always the possibility that Dukakis is too far ahead of the impending liberal swing certain to follow the excesses of unrestrained conservative policies, and he could wind up a martyr. Maybe, against anybody but Bush.

Neither man is comfortable with his unrestrained persona, as Reagan was until the big screwup. Both are stiff. Bush fears we might find out that he doesn't know himself how he feels, and "Iron Mike" worries about being too much of a bleeding heart liberal in today's political climate.

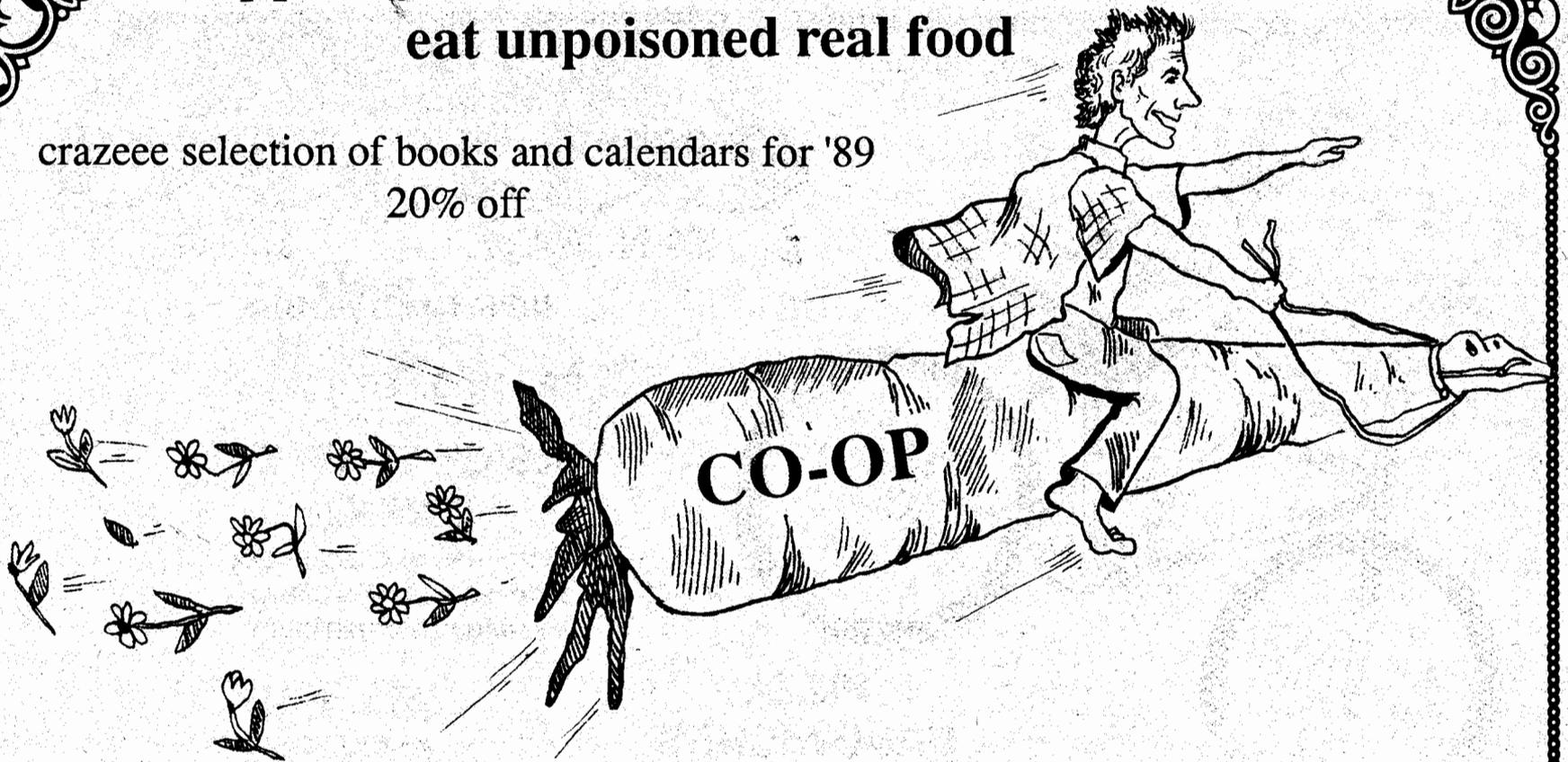
Bottom line: Bush is unelectable.

Favorite: Dukakis +5%

cont.

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HATCH versus MOSS for Senator

Nowhere but Utah could Hatch win re-election and he will win easily here. This is a state that still loves Garn, the guy who elbowed aside ranks of career astronauts to grab a multi-million ride aboard the shuttle in one of the most unfair and under-handed abuses of power and privilege in our history. Morale at NASA was never the same.

Hatch disgraced himself in the Iran-Contra hearings and the Bork confirmation proceedings, but nothing our senators do is criticized aloud in this state.

Favorite: Hatch +14%

BANGERTER versus WILSON

Norm is still catching hell about the pumps. Everyone forgets about the millions that were being lost in lakeside investments at the time, the flooding of the railway and I-80, the recent flooding of downtown Salt Lake as a psychological factor, and the general anxiety permeating the discussion. He was damned if he did and damned if he didn't.

Bangerter could beat Wilson, except that Merrill Cook is in the race too, and Cook will siphon off about 12% of the vote, 10% of which would have gone to Bangerter.

Favorite: Wilson +6%

BUREAUCRATS versus TAX INITIATIVES

Recent campaigns by Utah educators seemed to place the blame for low teacher's salaries on a cheap and tight-fisted taxpaying public. It was a misdirected criticism. Although Utah teachers rank a low 37th in the scale of pay for teachers throughout the country, Utah taxpayers rank 2nd in per capita funding for education, second

only to Alaska where distances and isolation create expensive logistical problems. The culprit is a regressive tax system in a state characterized by large families, where those with no children pay the most and those with the most children pay the least. But the forces behind reform will never counter the laissez faire momentum of the establishment. The initiatives will go the way of Cook, and our legislators will have carte blanche to raise our taxes to levels that further discourage capital venture and economic expansion.

Favorite: Bureaucrats +11%

CITIZENS versus INCINERATOR

If the decision were a matter of the heart versus the wallet, the wallets would win. But even the incinerator proponents agree that few workers will be employed from Moab (they would be primarily technical people who will opt for Grand Junction).

Nobody really believes that the tank-car river of toxic wastes is going to disappear in the flames, leaving breathable exhausts.

Favorite: Citizens +8%

MULLEN versus ZIMMERMAN

Zimmerman took a chance aligning himself with the incinerator and could go down with that issue. But his broad popularity and ambitious involvement in projects like the Grapegrowers Co-op will help him.

Mullen is widely known for her competent administration at the hospital and, among other things, her sparkling bridge game. Her full-time residency will be seen as a plus.

Favorite: Mullen +0% (Too close to measure)

WALKER versus LAWTON for County Commissioner

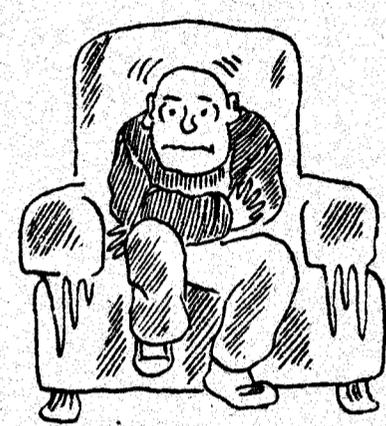
Walker has won a lot of friends with his hard work as commissioner. Lawton has done likewise in the private sector.

After years of devious partisan fighting, the community will chose the candidate closest to the center.

Favorite: Lawton +13%

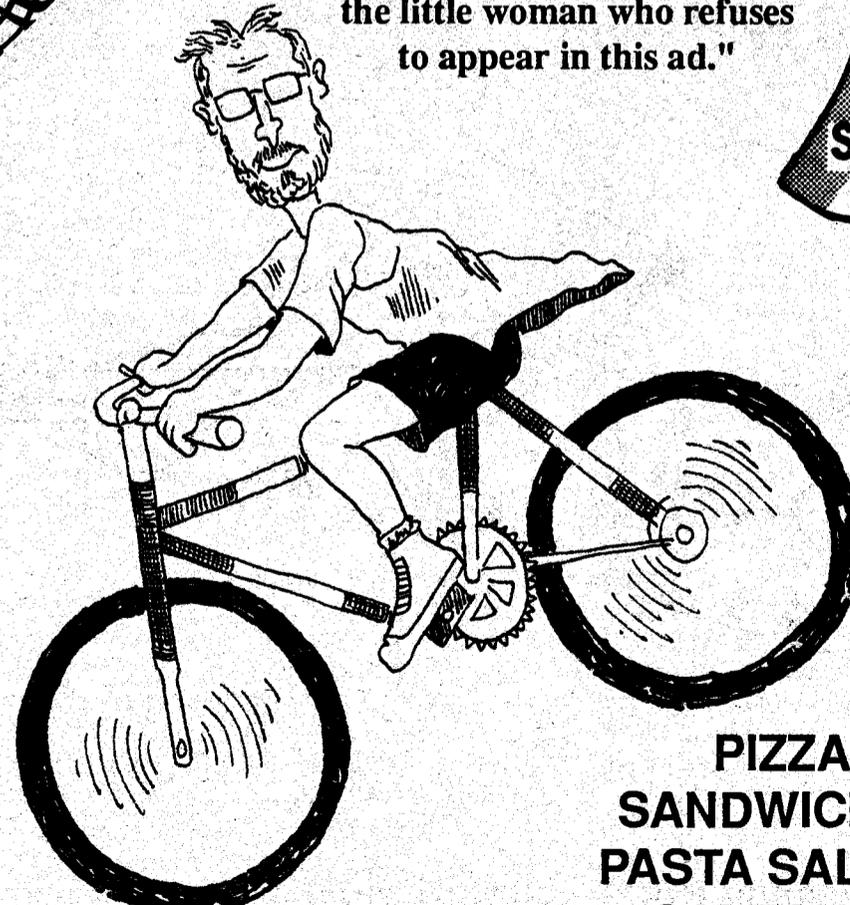
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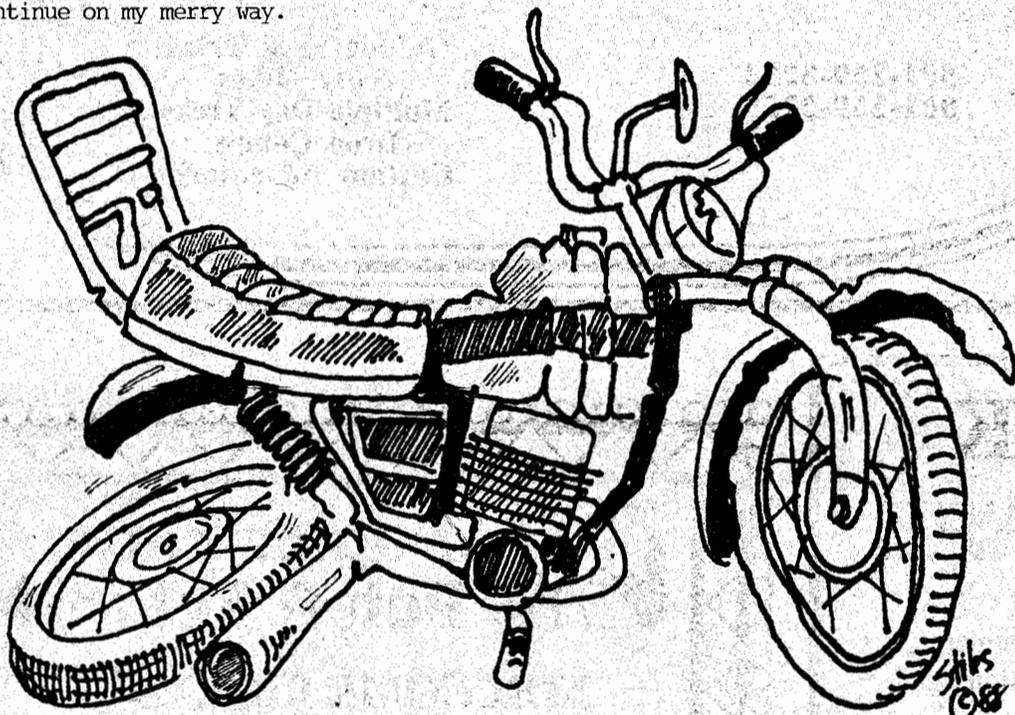
REMEMBERING MY WRECK

By Jim Stiles

I would like to announce that on October 28th, I'll be celebrating the eighteenth anniversary of my motorcycle wreck. It was an absolutely glorious accident, one of these memorable events that stays with people through the rest of their lives.

I had dropped out of college at the height of the Vietnam War, decided to buy a motorcycle and come out West until I got drafted. I left Kentucky on October 1, and got as far as Santa Maria, California. As I approached the corner of Broadway and Williams heading north, a southbound truck turned left, right into my lane.

I remember it all clearly. I didn't even have time to hit the brakes; I plowed directly into his right front bumper at 45 mph. In the split second before we collided, I remember thinking, this is the end of my trip. I actually consciously thought in that millisecond that once this little mishap had played itself out, I would not be able to climb back on my Yamaha and continue on my merry way.



I went flying over the handlebars in a blur, hit something hard (it proved to be the windshield), and then sailed about eighty feet through the air. It was really quite exhilarating. I was face up, staring at the blue sky, but spinning laterally at the same time. I remember thinking, I wonder how long I'll be up here?

I finally hit the asphalt, landing hard on my back. It knocked the wind out of me for a moment, and I recall running my hands over my stomach, convinced that I had to have "sustained internal injuries." But I finally got my breath back, and everything seemed OK. I looked over my shoulder and saw my motorcycle ... it was not OK. It was a mangled mess. The front forks were bent like pretzels, the handlebars twisted, the gas tank crushed.

I got mad. I started to stand up and I believe I said something like, "Where's the bastard who hit me?" When I felt a sharp pain in my left foot and I went right back down again.

I never did see "the guy who hit me." He was unemployed & uninsured, with seven kids and an expired driver's license. He kept his distance. But a kid about my age ran over to assist me. He put a blanket over me because I was starting to shake. But as he covered me with the blanket, and as a crowd began to form, he leaned over and asked a very strange question.

"Are you clean?" he asked.

"Huh?" I replied. I was from Kentucky.

"Are you clean?" he repeated.

Honest to God, I replied, "well, I took a shower this morning if that's what you mean."

"No man," he said, "do you have any drugs on you? The cops'll be here any minute!"

This was after all, California in 1970.

"No, I don't have any drugs, although I think I could use an aspirin," I told him.

I check my watch for the time. My Timex was not running; not anymore. But it had preserved the moment of the crash at 5:16 PM PST. In a minute, I heard the sirens and pretty soon a police cruiser pulled up and I could hear a trooper pushing his way through the crowd. It was once of those classic, car wreck crowds where everyone stops and stands in a big circle around the victim. They all looked a little disappointed though because except for the pain in my foot, I really didn't look or feel that bad. No blood, no gore.

X-rays, he knew I had problems.

"We're going to have to put you to sleep," he said, "to straighten your foot."

Through my shivers, I nodded. But the admitting nurse was squawking that I didn't have any money. Which was untrue - I had 34 dollars, and she said I didn't have any insurance.

But the doctor overruled her.

They rolled me into an operating room, and a nurse jabbed me in each arm with a big syringe. I hate shots. The anesthesiologist came in and inserted another needle in my arm, and hooked it to a tube leading to another syringe. Didn't these people hear me? I hate shots. He told me to start counting backward from one hundred. I saw him inject a fluid into the tube, and in my mind I formed the word. "one hun-----"

Suddenly, it was two hours later and I was lying in a bed with a plaster cast on my left leg that went clear up to my hip. There were several nurses, hovering over, poking me and asking me ridiculous questions, trying to bring me out of my doctor-induced coma.

"And what's your name?"

"Jimm," I mumbled.

"Where are you from?"

"Kentucky."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"Twenty? You look like you're about twelve."

That did it. It was bad enough getting run over by a truck, and hauled off to a hospital where they stuck needles in my arm and giant plaster casts on my leg. But making fun of my baby face. That was going too far.

By the next day, I was feeling better, but they wouldn't let me out of bed, not even to go to the bathroom.

"What am I supposed to do?" I asked.

They brought me a bedpan.

"No way," I said. "I'll wait."

I waited for three days. They threatened me with enemas. But when they finally gave me my crutches, I struggled to the john and had nary a problem. The nurses were impressed.

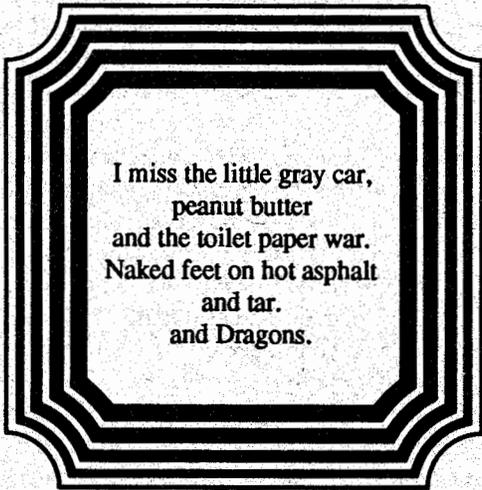
I was at the hospital for five more days. I had a wonderful time, flirting with the nurses and learning how to pop wheelies in a wheelchair. On the last day, Dr. Foultz came in and put a damper on the festivities when he told me my foot was really quite bad, and that I had a 50/50 chance of having it amputated. But I was young and stupid and I didn't believe him, and as it turned out, I was right. I still have that foot, although it always aches a few hours before a rainstorm - a weather foot. And if Foultz hadn't been such a crackerjack surgeon, his own guarded prognosis might have been correct.



Uncle Chuck and Aunt Minetta, some relatives from Canoga Park that I didn't know I had, drove up to pick me up and put me on a plane. I flew back to Kentucky where I reveled in my agony among all the sorority girls whose maternal instincts were stimulated by my helpless condition.

I somehow recovered, but not enough to pass my draft physical, which was just a shame.

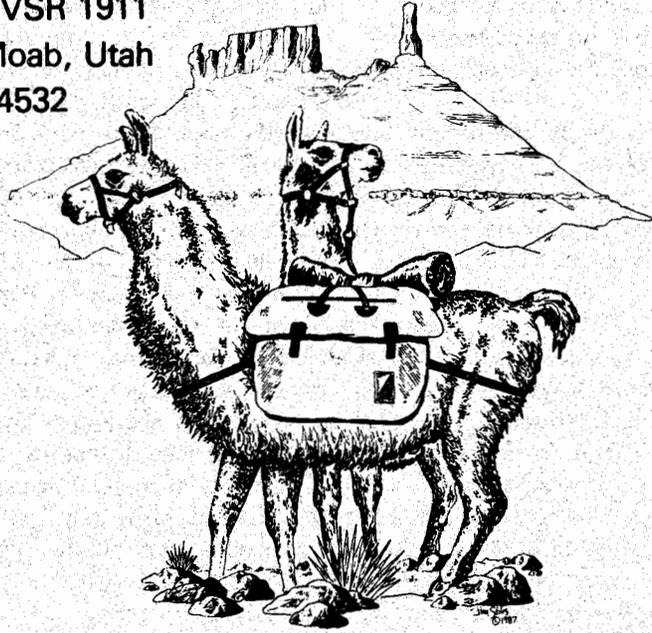
And now 18 years later, it's just a fool-hardy chapter in a foolish life. But what a life it's been, and what a glorious wreck it was. It must have been a wonderful wreck... why else would I be celebrating it?



I miss the little gray car,
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RED ROCK BIKE SHOPPE

On election day, a referendum on the toxic waste incinerator will be held in Grand County. A New York corporation has decided Moab is just the place to dump their poisons.

The eagles will die, but that doesn't mean much on Park Avenue.

There will be toxic spills on highway 191, Main St., but that doesn't phase executives on Wall St.

Moab will develop a reputation as the place to leave your noxious poisons, but that doesn't bother people who fly to the Bahamas or the south of France for vacations.

But it does matter to us. It's bad business to let N.Y. corporations give us the business. Vote against the toxic incinerator.

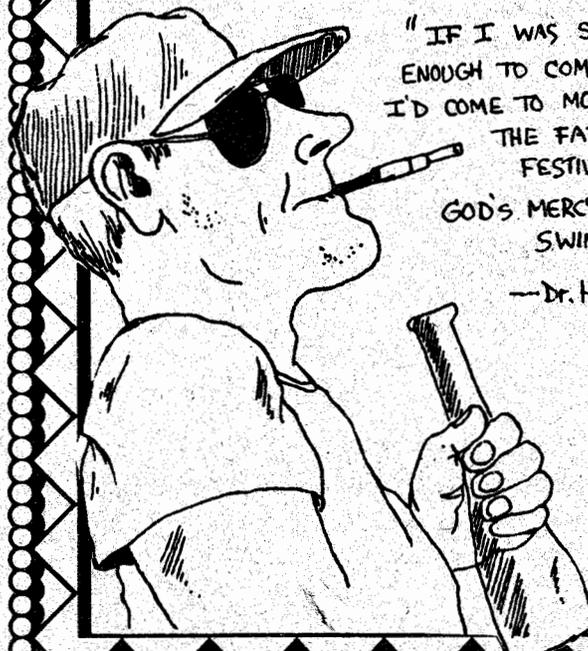
A message from Red Rock Bike Shoppe

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Poplar Place Pub & Eatery

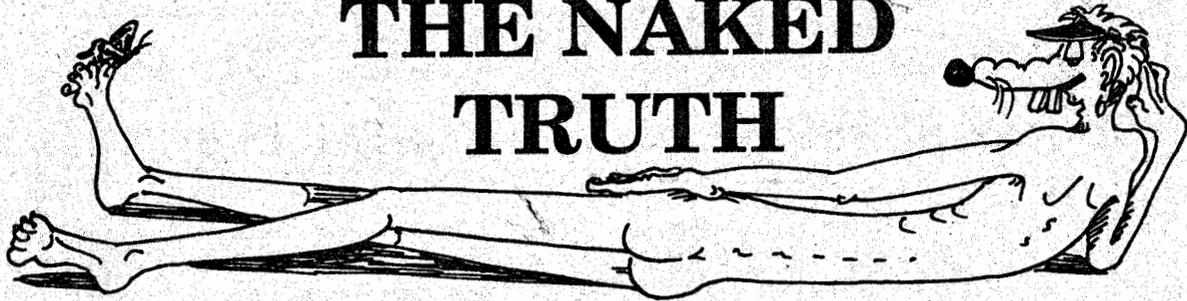
WELCOME BIKERS HALLOWEEN COSTUME PARTY



"IF I WAS STUPID ENOUGH TO COME TO UTAH, I'D COME TO MOAB FOR THE FAT TIRE FESTIVAL. GOD'S MERCY ON YOU, SWINE."

—Dr. Hunter S. Thompson

THE NAKED TRUTH



Lynndyl fights toxic burning

On Thursday, September 1, Rep. Joseph Moody and Sen. Cary Peterson of Millard County invited a who's-who of state natural resources and public health officials to a forum on the Rollins commercial hazardous waste incinerator which has applied for a permit to build in Lynndyl. The meeting in Delta was attended by between 650-750 people; the high school auditorium only holds 550. In addition to the overflow crowd, there were pickets outside. The crowd was overwhelmingly against the incinerator. A principal concern voiced by citizens is that the Lynndyl site is right next to a major aquifer recharge zone. The draft state siting criteria provide that hazardous waste facilities not be sited in aquifer recharge zones.

The audience refused to accept bureaucratic double-talk, and soon drove home the point that the state laws authorizing the development of siting criteria and governing the hazardous waste incinerator permitting process were in contradiction. Officials were reportedly driven to concede that, under current law, they would be obliged to approve the Rollins permit which is now in process before the state siting criteria were adopted, even though the Rollins site obviously violates the recommended state siting criteria. Tempers boiled. We are told that the citizens indicated to their representatives that they could either fix this bureaucratic snafu and make Rollins subject to state siting criteria, or else. From the temper of the crowd, and various mutterings, the "or else" apparently embraced any means necessary to keep Rollins off the domestic and agricultural water supply. If George Hayduke had been there running for Millard County Commissioner, it sounds like he could have been elected.

cont.

Nik's Case Dismissed

As we reported in last month's issue, local artist Nik Hougen was arrested and briefly jailed for non-payment of a fine for a life jacket violation in 1987.

In that year numerous local boatmen and boathags received citations for technical violations when they let their passengers slip momentarily out of the device to change into dry clothes, or removed their own a step too soon as they pulled their boats to shore at the takeout. An overzealous ranger spied on the daily river traffic with a spotting scope from hidden vantage points in the tamarisk along the shore. He has since been transferred.

Nik raised the \$95 bail and vowed to fight the \$45 fine plus contempt charges "all the way to the Supreme Court."

It may not be necessary. Late last month Nik received a letter from the District Court which dismissed without prejudice the case against him.

RD

DEA On The Job

An airplane belonging to Redtail Aviation encountered engine trouble last month and was forced to make an emergency landing on a dirt road in Glade Park, Colorado.

There were a few tense moments as the plane maneuvered for the landing and clipped some wires coming in. Fortunately the landing was accomplished safely and there were no injuries.

Before the prop stopped turning a vehicle appeared. It was the DEA, complete with drug-sniffing dog.

The plane and passengers were thoroughly sniffed before the pilot could convince the agents that he had indeed encountered a real emergency.

RD

Moab's Not Alone

A moratorium has been placed by the State of Utah on the issuing of permits for hazardous waste incinerators while the state finalizes the official siting criteria, most likely in January. Until then, all permits are on hold.

The proposed regulations could nullify the Cisco site if the final draft includes a ban on development of an incinerator near a national park, or where there is a potential conflict with an endangered species like the bald eagles that nest nearby along the Colorado River.

RD

KUER-FM Adds Programming

If you have even a slight interest in auto mechanics, or maybe just a strong desire to learn enough to avoid being ripped off at the garage, tune in to KUER-FM at 10 AM on Saturday mornings.

Tom and Ray Magliozzi host a call-in show about automotive troubles that will entertain anyone who simply owns a car. These guys are funnier than Garrison Keeler.

Click and Clack, the Tappet Brothers, are self-proclaimed bozos who state that "doing a national show on cars is better than doing one on brains, because at least everybody has a car."

Listeners to public radio will also be glad to hear that the excellent news program, "All Things Considered," has expanded their air-time. The program is now on for three hours in the afternoon, from 4 to 7 each weekday. Plus, the show will air for an hour on Saturday at 4 and on Sunday at 5.

RD

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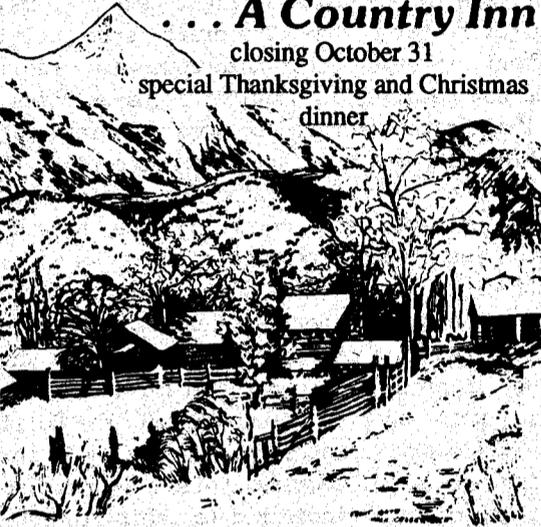
The next day, Moody and Peterson were in Governor Bangerter's office, reportedly lobbying for a bill putting a moratorium on incinerator permitting until the siting criteria are adopted, and making any permits in process subject to those siting criteria. The Governor submitted such a bill to the special session of the Utah Legislature the following week.

Citizens from Millard County called Moab for help, and got an "instant referendum kit" and other materials from Grand County activists. At last report, an ordinance re-zoning the Rollins site for a hazardous industry will be challenged by referendum.

LC

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MOVIE NEWS

GOOD DAY, SUNSHINE

The name Sunshine Parker may not be a household word in Moab, Utah yet, but it should be, and probably will be. A few years ago MGM released a film called "Cannery Row," based on John Steinbeck's novel. The movie starred Nick Nolte and Debra Winger, but it had a remarkable cast of supporting players, including the role of "The Seer." It was a pivotal part in the film, and it was played by Sunshine Parker.

Cannery Row died quietly at the box office, but has been gaining praise and an almost cult following since it was released on video tape. I have a copy of it myself, and used to imitate the Seer's lines when he described the social behavior of octopi -- "very moody, very tight lipped ... doesn't take much to upset 'em." Of course I always used the line to describe the staff of The Slinking Dessert Glace, but that's another story.

Anyway, there is a point to this story, and I'm getting to it now. A couple days ago, Norm Shrewsbury and I were cruising Main St. in my little blue car, when I caught a glimpse of this bearded man crossing at the light in front of Gamble's. I pulled over and yelled, "Aren't you Sunshine Parker?" and startled the poor man half to death. But it was Sunshine Parker. He's in Moab for the vampire western which is currently providing gainful employment for about half of Grand County.

The Gazette wants to welcome Sunshine Parker to Moab. He is an excellent actor and whatever role he's currently playing, his presence is going to make this latest "filmed in Moab" film infinitely better.

JS

A STAR IS BORN

These kids of today. Here I am, struggling away to make ends meet, and this eight year old kid with no prior acting experience, lands a major role in a motion picture. Sure ... she's cute, and talented, and incredibly poised, and not at all phased by her own Rising Star. But hey. I'm cute too, and no Hollywood producers are banging my door down.

OK, I'm not as cute as Vanessa Pierson of Moab, Utah. Vanessa is the daughter of Dale and Skeeter Pierson, and recently she was hired for "Sundown Vampires In Retreat" in a major speaking part. She wasn't too thrilled about having to dye her blonde hair dark brown, but when her sister advised here she looked like Joan Jett, Vanessa decided that maybe being a brunette wasn't all that bad after all.

In spite of having her own hairdresser, and her name and star emblazoned in red on her dressing room door, fame has not gone to Vanessa's head. She's advised her Mother that if all this success means moving to Hollywood, they can forget it. She still wants to be a veterinarian.

Ironically, the night before her "big break," Vanessa was trying to figure a way how an 8 year old could save enough money to buy a video camera. Her Mother thought it would take years; as it's turned out, she'll have enough to pay for the camera and her college education to boot.

Uh ... Vanessa. Could you lend me five bucks till Friday?

JS

BELLY DANCERS OF THE WESTERN SLOPE

The other day, I accompanied Jim Mattingly of Coyote Productions to Locomotive Rock near Professor Valley. There, I witnessed a spectacle that still leaves me awestruck. The Shriners were here to revel and party and induct some new members, and I'd have to say these guys know how to have a good time.

First of all, they wear some pretty unusual costumes. I felt like I was surrounded by a group of White Iranians, but when I asked them when they intended to release Terry Andersen and the rest of the Beirut hostages, Mattingly pulled me aside and suggested I shut up. After all, he was here on business, recording this gala event for the Shriners' posterity (not posterior).

The highlight of the ceremony, the part that made all the Shriners rise up in their seats, was no doubt a brilliant performance by a group of belly dancers from Grand Junction called The Sultan's Pride Middle Eastern Dance Troupe. They were preceded by a male belly dancer from Salt Lake City who claimed to be known throughout the inter-mountain West as Sheik Ben Dover. But he fared poorly, when compared to Badra, Mishala and Chakira. When I interviewed these women, I was unable to obtain either their real names or personal phone numbers and Badra threatened to hit me over the head with a shepherd's staff.

But the group is "available for parties, bellygrams, conventions, and benefits." Anyone interested in Middle Eastern dance (and I'm

particularly interested in this bellygram concept) should call their business number in Grand Junction at (303) 434-4608.

JS

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A Study In Paranoia

Strange Times in the National Park Service

by Jim Stiles

It had the look and feel of a military intelligence de-briefing. The employee sat alone in a chair in the office of his supervisor. His boss was concerned - someone within the agency was leaking information to the outside. There was an informant in their midst. A mole had burrowed deep within the agency and was smuggling memos and documents. At least this is what the supervisor believed, and he was convinced the employee in his office knew who it was.

"Give me a name," the supervisor requested, but the employee would not respond. Of course he couldn't respond if he wanted to, simply because he didn't know. But the supervisor persisted.

Was this the Central Intelligence Agency, trying to root out a Russian spy? Was this a serious breach of national security? No indeed, this was the Chief Ranger at Canyonlands National Park, trying to find out who had given a memo on tamarisk to The Stinking Desert Gazette.

Meanwhile at Arches National Park, the unit manager advised his employees, don't talk to anyone about park operations. At a hastily called meeting of maintenance employees, they were told that what happens at the park, stays at the park. What caused this outburst of concern over news leaks?

Air conditioning. Seven years ago, in an effort to make the visitor center more energy efficient, the Park Service removed its refrigerated air conditioning system and installed swamp coolers. Now, the Park Service planned to scrap the swamp coolers and spend thousands of dollars to install a new refrigerated system. So I called the park and spoke to the Unit Manager; Paul Guraedy explained that the park computers were malfunctioning due to fluctuations in humidity and heat and that the swamp coolers were barely keeping the temperature at 90 degrees. So, he felt, the new air conditioning system was justified. It was in part at least, a fair response.

I had called, because I was concerned that the park was once again finding ways to waste money with one hand while scrimping & pinching it with the other. But Arches' paranoid response to my inquiry was to me alot more unsettling than my initial concern over the cooling system. What is the problem out there?

These are strange times for the National Park Service. Once considered the only agency



in the Federal government with a shred of integrity, the Park Service nowadays seems to be suffering from an identity crisis. Its mission is unclear & its purpose vague. In my last couple seasons, I was increasingly appalled by the Park's rigid, inflexible adherence to rules and regulations, its mindless addiction to paperwork, and its growing, heavy-minded approach to law enforcement. But what did exist then, which now seems to have vanished, is a candor and an openness that today would not be tolerated, much less appreciated. Constructive criticism was considered a resource, not a threat. From the Chief Ranger at Arches, to the Superintendent of the Canyonlands Complex, the door was always open. Although I sometimes thought I detected a noticeable cringe when they saw me coming, they listened.

The new administration has turned away from such openness. At a recent staff meeting, the superintendent reminded his lieutenants that they must be "team players." Once the boss makes a decision, the rest of the team (or "the peanut gallery," as they were referred to) must support it without question. Unfortunately, blind loyalty is being demanded in a national park.

But not only is criticism unwelcome, even constructive input is undesirable because it might contradict a policy that has already been established in the minds of management. The

fact that as a result, NPS employees have given the Gazette information about park operations, is not an act of treason or disloyalty -- it is an act of frustration.

And that frustration is not limited to a single "informant" as the Park Service would like to think. The managers at Arches and Canyonlands would be amazed if they knew how disillusioned a large majority of their employees are. I know, because I've talked to many of them. Unfortunately, their supervisors haven't, and that is the problem.

As for the stories that the Gazette has printed about the goings-on at Arches and Canyonlands National Parks, they have hardly involved national security or exposed top secret documents. These have been stories that should be public information. Sometimes those articles have reflected the paranoid attitude that is the core of this story, such as the cocaine incident a couple months ago, when the former chief ranger detected "a white powdery substance" on the desk of an NPS employee. The police were called, the substance was analyzed, and one poor employee had to open her mouth and stick out her tongue, so the Chief Ranger could examine it for purple powder residue. The substance turned out to be something other than a dangerous drug.

The most prevalent, ongoing story has involved the tamarisk issue - a plan to burn and treat tamarisk near a spring at Arches. The NPS has been particularly outraged that excerpts of memos which discuss and at times criticize the proposal have been printed in the Gazette. But the simple fact is, they are public information and available through The Freedom of Information Act. Afterall, we're not trying to find the key to nuclear fission, were talking tamarisk and air conditioners.

The bottom line is this: any government agency that doesn't have to concern itself with Russian spies and nuclear secrets should be an open book. Any proposal that the National Park Service makes, any policy it adopts should be available to any citizen who wants to know about it. And any government agency that is afraid to be scrutinized by the public had better take a long, hard look at itself. Because if it feels a decision won't withstand public scrutiny, maybe there is something wrong with the decision.

.....

'HACKING' STOPPED BY DINOSAUR N.M.

I had never heard of the term "hacking" until just recently; it applies to a very controversial resource management program practiced by several Federal land management agencies, including The National Park Service.

In an effort to bolster the population of peregrine falcons, an endangered raptor, the NPS and others have attempted to create artificial nesting areas or eyries for peregrine nestlings obtained elsewhere. Placed in a native environment, the young falcons are taken care of on a continuous basis by resource management staff.

But at Dinosaur National Monument near

Vernal, The Park Service for awhile was engaged in a program that was so controversial it has now been stopped. Both great horned owls and golden eagles prey on young falcon nestlings. To protect the peregrines, NPS rangers were using rifles to shoot and kill any owls or eagles that threatened the nest. This was occurring within the boundaries of The National Monument, where the discharge of any weapon by a park visitor is illegal and the killing of a raptor such as a golden eagle could result in major fines and even imprisonment.

According to Chief Ranger Nick Eason, the controversial shootings were discontinued two

or three years ago. Unfortunately, there are still proponents of the idea within the NPS, as well as other agencies like the BLM who are pushing for its resumption.

JS



Siting And Incinerator For Fun And Profit

By Lance Christie

Last month, I reviewed why the rural West, and Utah in particular, has been the target of so many attempts to site commercial hazardous waste incinerators. Although federal and Utah state regulations don't deal with the emissions from incinerators which are of principal concern today, I said the various problems associated with accepting a commercial hazardous waste incinerator into one's neighborhood could be solved. I think that Tooele County, Utah, has solved them, as does the Tooele County Corporation and Utah Solid and Hazardous Waste Committee members I have spoken to. However, there are three critical differences between Tooele County and Grand County which I believe prevents Grant County from installing Tooele County's admirable scheme for siting and regulating incinerators.

Tooele County charges companies an "impact mitigation fee" which is payable quarterly. The fee is used to support the extra county emergency response staff and equipment entailed by the hazardous waste facility being sited in the county. If the county encounters any violations of its permit, including failure to pay the fee, the incinerator company gets a "Notice to Show Cause" why their permit should not be cancelled. If the violation of permit is not corrected, the permit is cancelled, and the facility is shut down. According to the Director of the Tooele County Department of Development, Joe Urbanik, who is also the Chairman of the Utah Solid and Hazardous Waste Committee, there is a "...tremendous regulatory void at the federal and state levels, particularly in Utah." Tooele County fills much of that void through this regulatory scheme.

Tooele County does not concern itself with toxic incinerator emissions. According to Urbanik, they assume any commercial hazardous waste incinerator will spew forth toxics by the ton. No problem. The county has created a Hazardous Industry Zone "in an ideal geophysi-

cal environment." The groundwater in the zone is already hopelessly polluted, with the prevailing wind pushing the toxic air plume to settle out into a dead salt sea basin. You can't kill it if it is dead already, and the toxins can't go anywhere that supports life -- that's the theory, anyway.

The first major difference between Tooele and Grand Counties is that Grand County doesn't have a dead salt sea basin to site in. The Mancos Shale around Cisco might look like a close second, but there is a very important difference. From Cisco, the prevailing wind would carry the toxic air plume up the Grand valley, losing particles as it goes until what's left gets washed out as the air is lifted up the west slope of the Rockies just east of Grand Junction. This plume deposition path is the immediate watershed of the Colorado as it is coming back -- guess where! Since heavy metals and dioxins/furans are particularly prone to bio-accumulate in aquatic food chains, and Colorado River fishermen have ambitions to be at the top of the river's food chain, this seems relevant, somehow.

The second major difference between Tooele and Grand Counties is that Tooele County has been a hazardous waste sacrifice area for years, while Grand County is more of a giant destination resort where, we proudly claim, even the City Dump has better scenery than most National Parks. Tooele is blessed with such wonders as the Vitro tailings, Magna mine, Tooele Army nerve gas depot, Dugway proving grounds, and the Grass Mountain Hazardous Waste Landfill. As Sam Taylor says, "When I think of Tooele County I think of a barbed wire fence with a skull and crossbones on it." However, having found themselves with a plentitude of lemons, the good citizens of Tooele are working to make lemonade.

The third major difference between Tooele and Grand Counties is in the number of citizens, the tax base, and the resulting capacity of county government to cope with hazardous industry siting and regulation. I can sum it up by asking you to imagine what would happen if Grand County adopted Tooele County's ordinances regarding hazardous industry. Who would read the "Environmental Impact Statement and Impact Mitigation Plan?" Jimmy Walker? Georgia Hamblin

of the Health Board? Tooele County has the money to staff a department with experts on the subject of hazardous industry. They can intelligently review plans on an industry that isn't sited and paying taxes yet, and monitor one that is operating to see it meets its permit requirements. We don't.

I suggest we need to go for "footloose" industries, as DeWitt John, Senior Economist for the National Governors' Association, calls them. These are industries like Gunstuff, Hercules Saddle Tree, Trail Covers, and Petra Computers which are not tied to specific natural resources, do not need to be near markets and function by using UPS and other common carriers. They moved here because Moab is the best place in the world to live if you become addicted to canyon country, which I and the owners of these companies are.

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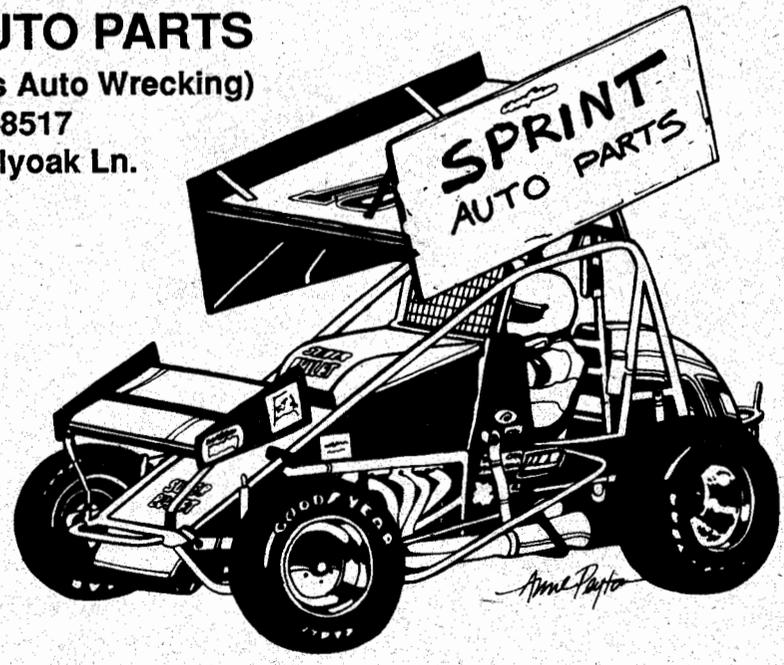
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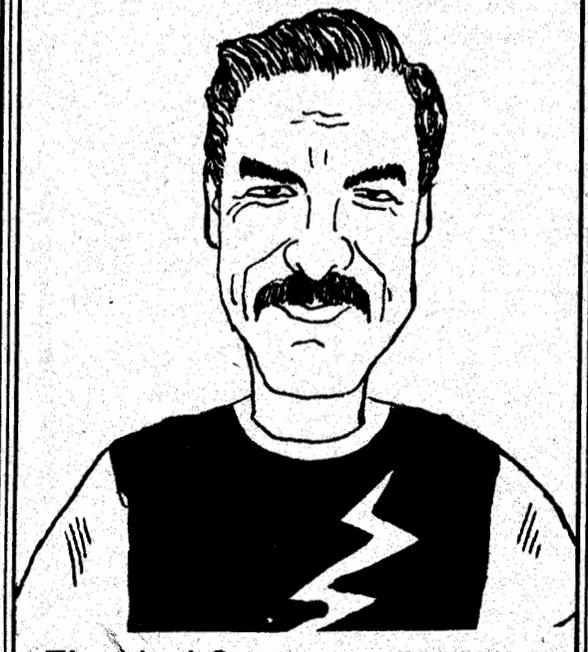


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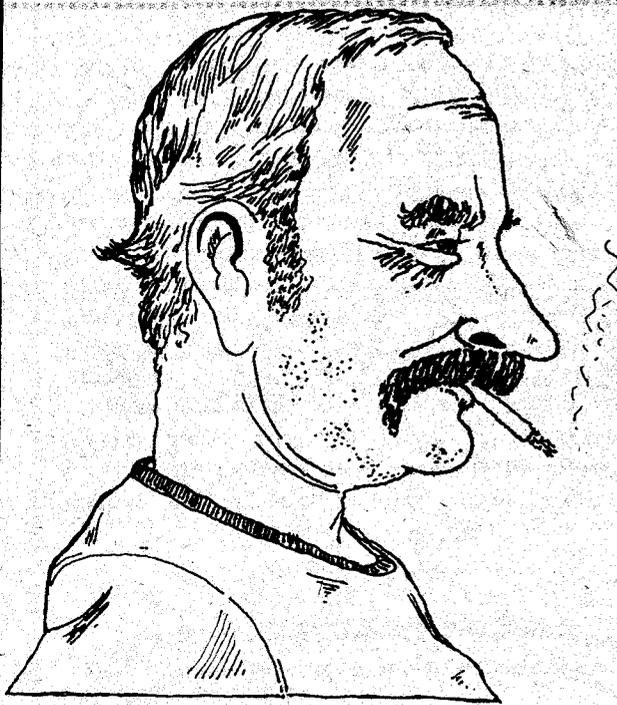
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Izzie Kiddin

(BOULDER/1977) I'm tending bar at a place called "Funky Butts." Now, I know what you're thinking but can assure you it is NOT that kind of bar. You see, the owner of the establishment is a rather rotund fellow who, when viewed from the rear, did tend to remind one of scenes from "Elephant Walk." Hence the name of the bar and it's rear-end pachyderm logo.

It's just a 3.2 bar on the hill. We don't have much in the way of food except my famous chili. It's available in three different styles: mild, spicy, and JESUS CHRIST!!! Most of the patrons here are well over twenty-one. They could be downtown doing some serious drinking if they wanted to, but I guess they like the unpretentious and friendly confines of Funkys.

We have live music nightly. To hell with the disco craze that's sweeping this town! We are staying with REAL music. We even have open stage night every Tuesday. Anyone with a little guts and talent is welcome to get up on stage and do their thing. We've seen and heard some amazing performances here from people you'd least expect it from. I book the band I sing with: THE PAUL TURNER GESTALT PSYCHOLOGY BLUES-BAND, on the weekends. It's nice when you have a band and a bar to book them in.

Although music is a big part of Funky Butts survival, it's the people that come here that help create the atmosphere. Special people. The gathering of the gifted ... and the unique. I've traveled many places, but Boulder remains the only place I know of that can attract these kind of people. Let me introduce you to some of them

Telly is over there in the far corner, that tall, elderly and long-haired gent. He is a walking American Folk Song Encyclopedia. A grand performer! As rational and gentle as any human you'd want the pleasure of knowing. Until Spring comes

That particular season triggers something in Telly and overnight he transforms himself into a raving lunatic who rambles on about spirits, demons and Joan Baez. He played THE NIGHT THEY BURNED OLD DIXE DOWN so incessantly on our jukebox, I ripped that record out of there and gave it to him! I still cringe when I hear that tune! Telly will continue in this manic state until he realizes he is putting himself and others in danger. Then he will calmly admit

himself to the State Hospital, where they have a waiting bed for him every Spring. In a matter of a few weeks, Telly will be back sane as ever. Good for another ten months.

There's Clay carrying on a discussion about the "state of being" with an attentive few. He is on his way to a Masters in Philosophy. You'd never know it by the assortment of psychedelica he keeps in his frig. He's into Carlos Casteneda books this year. Why, he even traveled all the way to Southeastern Utah to bring back some poisonous plants that Carlos said would bring "pure enlightenment!" I think Clay was in the hospital for about two weeks

Teo is at his usual place at the bar. He's a retired pit boss from Vegas. He drinks for a profession now. He will sit at that same stool every night and tell me the exact same story.

Cowboy Willie is in the back. He looks, dresses and acts the part, but I doubt this soft-spoken, peach-fuzzed youth has ever been on a horse or been west of Boulder. The story goes that he once shot a man dead in cold blood over a glass of beer, but upon meeting Will, you'd be hard-pressed to believe the legend. I usually find him passed out under the pool table at closing time where I'll let him sleep it off until coffee is on in the morning.

Del is by the jukebox. He's a retired campus cook who now sits by himself near the music machine. Plug in a quarter and this sorry-looking old man will rise and do the shimmy for you. The crowd is forever egging him on to new heights and dance steps. Del thinks the crowd is with him. He doesn't realize they are laughing at him. Someone one of these days will sit



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I've been listening to this Vegas Story for two years now and it never changes. You want to cure an alcoholic? I say make him a bartender for a while and let him listen to the alkies rap. It's a sobering experience. Teo will continue on ad infinitum until he gets so plowed he will fall off the barstool, hit his head on the hardwood floor and I call a cab to take him home. Lately, I've got so good at predicting when he will take the big dive, the cab will be idling outside the bar as Teo plummets to the floor.

with Del and find out what a glorious storyteller I know him to be. Until that time, Del will just dance.

Marty is cruising the joint again. A runaway from a busted home in Florida. I gave him his first job washing dishes. Sometimes he crashed on the stage when he has no other place to go. He keeps telling me he is worried his parents will kidnap him back to Gainesville. I was perplexed as to why this twenty-one year old would be so concerned, until one day I found his wallet in the kitchen and found him to be only

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sixteen! I never mentioned this fact to him. Hell, he shouldn't have been in the bar in the first place! I could have gotten popped! But, I keep my secret and tell everyone he's twenty-one. Everyone ... deserves a chance to make it.

Where are the women? Oh, over on your right in that long dress is SM Booth, the lady poet. I keep her well supplied with napkins so she can scrawl out her next masterpiece. And she is quite good. Marcia is sitting with her, her everpresent cup of coffee in front of her. Marcia is not quite right and she will admit that to you. But she says she is getting help and one day hopes to do good things. I believe she will. Amanda just strolled in with a new boyfriend and there goes Clay after her. Amanda is Clay's sister and he is ever watching out for her. Amanda says he is just trying to run her life. Clay responds that he just doesn't want his sister going out with "undesireables." This one turns out to be OK though, as Clay notices he is carrying a book by Baba Ram Dass. They all sit at a table to "be here now!"

There's a crowd around Big John again. He's probably the greatest storyteller I know of. He can keep you captivated for hours with humorous stories from his travels. He's got BA's and MD's up the keister, taught for a while in South Carolina. He's washing dishes now. Just got fed-up with the system, it's limitations, it's faculty. Now he works for the Greeks by day and weaves his wonderous tales at night here.

Kev just strolled in. My partner, my shadow. One of the most aware individuals I know. The only thing he hasn't quite grasped yet, is "how

to have fun." As intellectual as all get out, he can talk to Clay about the ramifications of Wittgenstein for hours, but he hasn't learned how to smile yet. I'm working on that though. There's a beautiful human being locked inside there somewhere. And I'm going to find him.

Biker Tim just squealed up. He's an outwardly tough looking and talking dude but he really is a softie inside. Does nothing but listen to Judas Priest and ride, ride, ride that white line of the free, free highway. Says he's getting married in the fall. He's only eighteen. I tell him young marriages don't often work out. He says he'll prove that wrong. His bride-to-be on her bike parks beside him and when I see the look of love come over this "bad dude," I have a good feeling it will work out fine. I wish them well.

The wookiee is here. He always tries to start a fight with someone. A huge, lumberjack of a man. Will punch your lights out for telling him it's his turn to buy the next round. He's literally demolished the three pinball games we have downstairs. The repairman is threatening not to fix them anymore. Seems if the Wookiee doesn't win a free game, that machine is in for a world of hurt! He works hard on the drill rig and plays hard when he has a break from the field. Whenever he receives visiting rights from his 10 year old daughter, the change in his character is something to witness and cherish. At heart, he is a good man.

Wild Steve is shouting to Kev about his next scheme. Wild Steve has some pretty far-fetched ideas about making money. He has lost his shirt on just about every sure-fire plan he has come

up with, but that doesn't stop him. He says SUCCESS, real success - is going from one failure to the next - with relish! I admire his ambition. He's trying. We tried his liver and marshmallow recipe once here at the bar. It was not a huge success ...

Sarah and Tommy just walked in. They represent the gay folks on campus. You see, EVERYONE is welcome here at Funky Butts. The rest of the bars are nothing more than plastic-coated meat-racks for the horny and the shallow minded. Here, there are real people with real feelings and problems.

Of course, while I'm telling you this, it's with the realization that Funkys is on borrowed time. The landlord wants to turn upstairs into one-room apartments for the college kids and he says a bar below will not be conducive to leasing them. I try and reason with him. "Where will these people go if this place should ever close? What will become of them?" It could spell disaster for some. For most, this is the one place they can visit ... and not be alone. I love these people! I'm responsible for them!

God forbid that we should be thrown out into the cruel and plastic world, for something as un-needed as say, another bookstore!

...(And in 1978, that is exactly what happened...)

THIS ARTICLE DEDICATED TO THE MEMORIES OF:
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STARSCAM

Your
Horoscope
by
Rama Lama
Ding Dong

NOTE TO READERS: It was reported in this paper that Rama Lama's disappearance for the summer was due to her undergoing treatment at the Betty Ford Center. This is vile and dreadful calumny. Rama Lama is fond of all her vices and doesn't plan to give up any of them.

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)

Many are called, a few are chosen, and some just sit there in a lump. You know which you are. Your apathetic Libra nature makes you too lazy to get out of the way of moving glaciers. Whereas most homo sapiens are related to primates, your closest living relative is the three-toed sloth.

Since you vacillate in the slightest breeze, you would make a good politician. Too bad you never got around to filing your candidacy - this could have been a good month for you. As it is, you would have voted for the wrong person anyway.

On the good side, you are very creative. You create good feelings wherever you go because people can compare themselves to you and feel much better. This is why your friends like you. Be prepared to gain many new friends this month.

SCORPIO: You are looking at a very dull winter ahead. Try sex via Brownian motion.

SAGITTARIUS: No matter where you go, there you are. Except this month.

CAPRICORN: A special astral warning for you: If you're still doing what you have been doing, stop doing it.

AQUARIUS: Air is your element. Jump off Dead Horse Point and flap your arms very hard. See what happens.

PISCES: Send \$11.98 to Rama Lama and she will tell you how to get rich quick.

ARIES: Aliens will visit you this month. You won't notice.

TAURUS: Beware of newts in your bathtub.

GEMINI: Double your pleasure, double your fun: use both hands.

CANCER: You will be asked to star in a movie about river running vampires. Go for it, it could be your big break.

LEO: Bad news: your skin is starting to shrink.

VIRGO: There is such a thing as being too laid back.

(Ed. Note: Rama Lama Ding Dong, who sometimes passes herself off as a writer of fiction by the name of Michaelene Pendleton, recently had a story accepted by OMNI MAGAZINE. It will appear early next year.)

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Dudek

FIREWOOD

A Moab band keeps the faith in traditional American Music.

Moab's very own bluegrass band played a neat date late last month when they entertained the folks at the Fruita Fall Festival Sept. 24 & 25 in Colorado. FIREWOOD opened the shindig, sharing the stage with THE BLUEGRASS PATRIOTS from Fort Collins and the group, FRONT RANGE, from Denver - good company, indeed.

FIREWOOD is keeping the great tradition of bluegrass music alive here in the Canyonlands with their own, distinctive version of the form that really gets 'em up and dancing. It's bluegrass with an accordion. Sort of a canyongrass. It's hot stuff. And it's beginning to get noticed by bluegrass aficionados outside Moab.

It survives everything, this wonderful music called bluegrass. Developed in the 1930's by Bill Monroe and his Bluegrass Boys and further popularized by the famous Earl Scruggs, the term refers to an intense, hard-driving, style of acoustical country music. It's roots go back much further than that, indeed, back to rural America of the 1800's.

The distinctive, ringing sound of bluegrass music is a product of the instruments developed in rustic, early America. The guitar was borrowed from the Spanish, beefed up, and strung with wire strings. The banjo originated in the Black culture as a strummed, rhythm instrument but with the addition of a fifth string and a distinctive, "finger-style" method of playing it became an essential ingredient of bluegrass. The mandolin is a naturally high-pitched and rapidly played instrument that needed little adaption to fit in perfectly with the fast, metallic sound.

Many of today's pickers were turned on by the hybrid play of Dave Guard of THE KINGSTON TRIO who frailed and three-fingered traditional folk songs into the mainstream of public consciousness. The music became hip, collegiate, and respectable. It leaped from the domaine of obscure record collections owned by intellectual audiophile purists, and into the popular musical markets. The way was paved for the country style of Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs, the purer sound of THE DILLARDS, and indeed the whole folk music explosion of the sixties.

The beat goes on. Folk music gave way to folk-rock mutations and all but disappeared,

while bluegrass is still very popular today. Its upbeat, exciting sound cuts across musical tastes and generation gaps. The pure tones of exquisite hardwoods, animal skins and finely-drawn wire need no gimmicks to create appeal. It's the music of the people. And it's alive and well in Moab, in the hearts of the five musicians who call themselves FIREWOOD.

FIREWOOD features Don Davis on mandolin, Mike Toninelli on the accordion, Mary Rogers on guitar, Alan Niles on electric bass, and Mark Doherty on 5-string banjo. The group was formed in the summer of 1985 but its members collectively represent decades of musical experience.

Don needs little introduction in this town. Don was part of the most durable local band in recent memory, THE SUNDUSTERS (1971-1984), a swinging group that specialized in pop and western music. He played with Annette Kearl in a classical music duo they called "Beauty And The Beast." He presently moonlights with a rock group called REMNANTS, a hot dance band that can be found most weekends working out at one of the local watering holes. In addition to the mandolin, Don plays the 4-string banjo and the guitar.

Mike, or "Squeezer" as many know him, brings a different slant to the group with his 'keyboard concertina'. The lush accordion sound, nicely blended with the rhythms of the stringed instruments, gives this group a distinctive sound and a little more versatility for the other kinds of music the group gets into like western standards, polkas, folk, etc. Squeezer is well-known around Moab for his tireless contributions of his music and his time to any worthy cause or needy organization.

Mary is another popular local musician best known for her 13 years as lead vocalist and guitarist for THE SUNDUSTERS. Mary also plays with the Old Time Fiddlers, a local group dedicated to preserving country fiddle music. She brings a vast background of material and sweet vocalizations to the group and blends in those essential high harmonies.

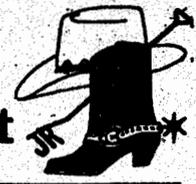
Alan plays a plugged-in bass, but his partners forgive him for it. A stand-up bass is no easy item to lug around. Besides, it's the instrument he's played all his life in groups

like THE T & A EXPRESS, ROCKIN' HORSE, TOLL ROAD and others, doing everything from rock to jazz to country western. When he slips out of his FIREWOOD shirt, Alan markets a unique kind of guitar shoulder strap he invented, ITZACINCH Guitar Straps, that are more comfortable than anything anyone's ever come up with yet.

Mark is a versatile banjo artist who plays beautiful guitar as well. He's played duet dates locally with MOENKOPI and JACKALOPE, and does a single at local supper clubs, mostly the Pack Creek Inn. His banjo work with FIREWOOD is top-rate, adding the essential runs and frills so distinctive of bluegrass music. Readers of the Gazette know him as Mudpuppy, the fat-tired author of the column, "Derailed".

FIREWOOD has played the Hideout, the Poplar Place, The Barn for Fat Tire Week, grand openings, jams, political get-to-togethers, the 2nd Annual Gazette Birthday Party, Tex's Giant Jet Boat christening, countless Christmas parties, the Alcoholics Anonymous, on top of Tex's fireplace for fam trips for travel agents (you have to see Tex's fireplace to know that this is no misprint), and numerous other affairs like art festivals, CFI's Fall Roundup Auction, etc.

What's in the future for FIREWOOD? Like Alan says, "What's left after you've played Fruita?" Seriously, this band could play just about anywhere. They have a lengthy repertoire of polished material and an obvious joy and enthusiasm for their music. What else is there? Oh, yea, money. FIREWOOD's been riding for short pay out of a pure love for the music, the true music of our history and our people. They'll keep on keepin' on. They are Moab's custodian of traditional American music. And music-loving Moabites are fortunate indeed to have a group of this quality.



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DERAILED



Mudpuppy

Let me guess, you were going to get up early this morning here in Mountainbiking Mecca on the first day of Mountainbiking month and ride 40 hard fast miles.

The problem is, today you feel like a rattlesnake in a November snowstorm suffering from old age and a hangover. And it's cold outside the sleeping bag! And the sun's not up yet!

Relax, it's all right. I feel that way frequently myself. It's a great time to let the cyclists who are feeling macho today go hammering their bikes and bodies while you go find a nice sunny rock, rest, recover, and enjoy the peaceful out of doors. Maybe read a copy of the Gazette & listen to a few stories!

Some of my finest moments are had when all I feel like doing is bicycling far enough out of town to park it for the day with a book, some wine, and a great view. It usually takes about twenty minutes to find a new "perfect spot" where I can melt into a piece of sandstone and watch the world go by.

Lots of wonderful things can be seen while watching. Along with the usual assortment of eagles, hawks, snakes, deer, fox, rabbits, and lizards I get a rare treat of people-watching from time to time.

One day I was lying peacefully in the shade of a Juniper when a group of women Mountainbikers stopped on the road nearby. Before I could step out and say Hi they started into a discourse on the philosophy, beauty, and purpose of Phallic Sandstone Pinnacles.

After their giggling departure (I just couldn't bring myself to interrupt!), I walked out to gaze at the rock in question. I gained some insight to feminine nature that I know isn't in any of the books!

But the most interesting siesta encounter

happened to me while studying ant colonies out on the Potash to Schafer Road. I was planning to do a 38 mile loop, got five miles into the ride when my body simply said, "No Way, you're not going to do this to me today!"

So I shrugged off the ride, parked the bike, ate part of my lunch, and started exploring some of the Moenkopi formations along the side of the road. After following a trail of ants for about ten minutes I heard a groan from up in the rocks.

Curiously (And Cautiously) I proceeded up to find a scroungie-looking guy sitting in his blanket beside a beat up old mountainbike rubbing the sleep out of this eyes. No tracks into his campsite meant that he'd carried the bike and swept his footsteps.

"Hidin' out?" I asked from a safe distance.

He wrinkled his grease stained nose, sizing me up, and said in a Southern drawl, "Trade ya a great story for some food and water!"

I was hooked. I went back & portaged my bike up the hill (Don't like to leave tracks myself!) and sat down to listen while he polished off the rest of my lunch and water.

"I'm from Loosianna," he began, "and my Uncle Juan, least that's what my ma said his name was, came for a visit a while back & found out I was runnin moonshine with this here ole bicycle." He affectionately gestured towards his beat up High Sierra complete with homemade panniers and portage strap.

"So Juan gives me five hunderd bucks and says he'll give me five hunderd mo' if I'll bicycle out to his place in Utah and do a job for him, says nobody's gonna get hurt, jus' scart a bit."

"So I biked out here, always wanted to go cross-country style, and he takes me out in that canyon down by Escalante and says what he wants done to these particular four bulldozers."

This was getting interesting, so I dug into my belt pack for some spare dried fruit, he'd already cleaned up the crumbs from lunch.

"Then Juan says nothin's gonna happen 'cause he'll know what dozers I put sugar in, an all that's gonna happen is they'll get rid of this troublemaker for a while who's been keepin this road from bein' built."

"He made me camp out and meet him out of town, and said that the other five hunderd would be stashed under a big rock down by the Notom Turnoff and I could git it on my way outta town. Said he'd buy me a bus ticket back to visit longer next year if I did a good job & nobody saw nothin."

Then the guy started shaking his head, with some difficulty I remained silent, waiting.

"Well man, I just couldn't do it. After I camped out there for four days with the coyotes waitin for the red rag to be left in the right place (that was my signal) I got to likin' that canyon a helluva lot!"

"So you know what I did?"

I started to smile, offering my last dried pear.

"I poured that sugar down all the other big yella monsters and managed to git four of 'em started, then I ran like gaitor bait!"

"I could hear some pretty awful things a grindin away just before I went out of earshot!"

"So after I found the rock and the money I took this crazy side road to it's end & then started hikin' forever 'till I found this road and here I am!"

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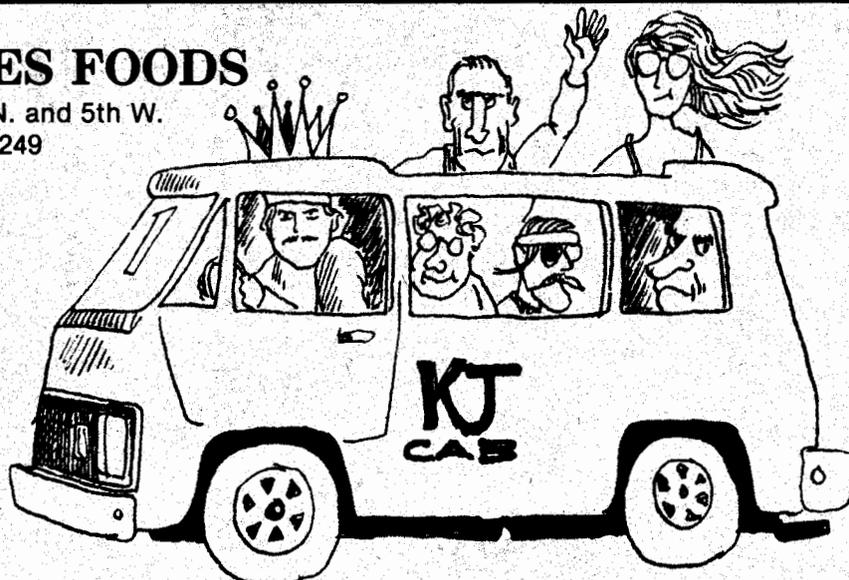
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He showed me his map, a standard Utah State Highway map.

"You got Here with This?" I exclaimed.

"Yep, that's the only map Uncle Juan gave me! I figured if I went somewhere not on his map he'd never find me."

I looked again at the guys' homemade portage strap, panniers, and loaded bicycle and whistled. Then I gave him my Canyon Country guide book and directed him via back road to Green River, Helper, and the first friendly Eastbound Freight Train.

When we finally parted I said, My friend, Hayduke would be proud of you!"

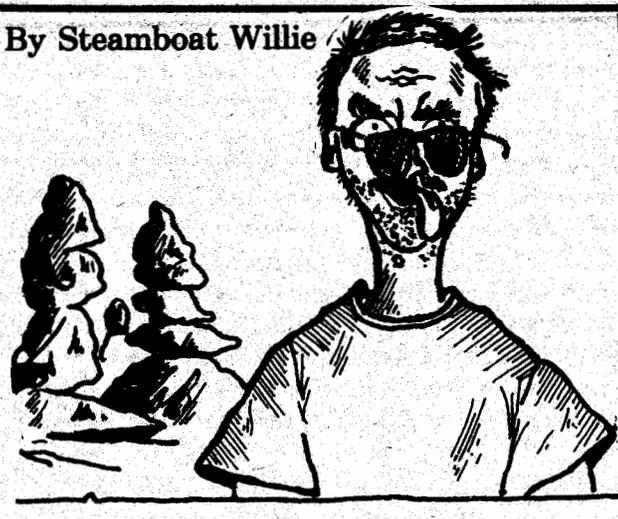
"Who's Hayduke?" he asked.

"Ask old Uncle Juan next time you call him from some obscure pay phone somewhere, he'll tell you!"

While finishing my leisure five mile ride back to the car I added up all the wild and crazy Mountainbiking adventures of my career. This guy had be beat, but he taught me a few things ...

.....

By Steamboat Willie



Notes from the Risky Road Expedition Diary

August/1984 - Wow! We've got forty people on the daily today! It's about time we got a large group. Mostly senior citizens, but they're usually the most fun! Arrow is in charge of this trip. He came in early and got everything ready. He forgot to pack the lunch last time out and there was almost a riot at Sandy Beach that afternoon, so today I made sure the lunch was on the bus.

The folks show up in a cheerful mood and we go out to greet them looking very professional. That is, except for Lorraine who is constantly playing around with something called a hackysack! (Little did I know that she would be ultimately responsible for starting a world-wide fad!).

We board everybody on the bus for the ride up river. I double check to make sure the lunch is still on the bus. Tim's driving and we nod off to sleep while he goes into his dinosaur

gizzard stone rap. Forty-five minutes later, at the put-in, he is still raving about those gizzard stones. He must have got that story from Ottinger

We unload the rafts as quickly as possible. We always try to look good out there at the put-in. Other companies are tying knots, fiddling with life jackets, etc. Not us. We are looking great today and we have the passengers loaded in the rafts in less than two minutes!

Arrow saunters up to me and is asking me where are the oars??? I try to remain calm, but know where the oars are ... back at the office! I was so concerned about getting the lunch on board, I had forgotten all about the oars! Arrow returns to the forty puzzled looking folks and starts into his old soft shoe routine. This is my cue to high-tail it back to the office and get those oars! It's a fifty mile round trip drive, so even pushing it a little will still take me over an hour! The folks are going to start getting perturbed any moment now.

An eternity seems to pass by as I gather up the oars and return to the put-in as quickly and as safely as I can. I've got about three different apologies all prepared for the passengers but forget about these when I hear wild laughter coming from the put-in. It sounds like there's a party going on down there!

I round the bend and see forty senior citizens all jumping up and down and hopping around! It takes me a second to figure out just what the heck is going on and finally realize that Lorraine has been teaching them how to play hackysack! They were ... having a ball!

I still cannot comprehend the interest in such an odd sport, but just the same, from that day on, I made sure each boatman had four hackysacks in their ammo boxes, just in case we forget to take something else!

.....

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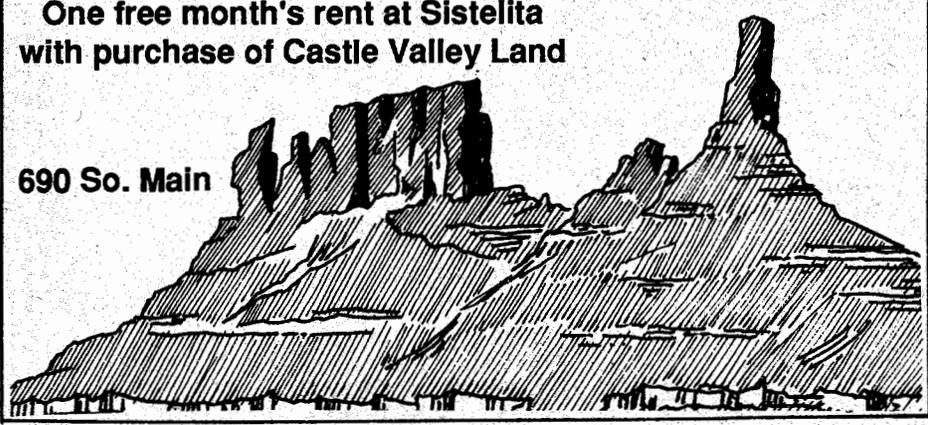


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HELTER-SKELTER

By Eve Norton

Pop had a duct tape Jones

I had to chuckle over Steamboat Willie's column last month about duct tape. My Father could have shown him a new application or two.

My Father was born into a family that you might say was sort of a Flea Market cult. There was an entire section of my Grandfather's house that looked exactly like a flea market. There were shelves full of ugly salt & pepper shakers, ugly figurines and generally useless and silly stuff. I mean, he bought broken blenders, mixers and, radios for 25¢ apiece thinking he would fix them himself. For 25¢ he could take a chance to have 37 almost-like-new 8 track tape players.

When my Grandfather died, my Father inherited 9 rolling pins, 13 baseball bats (Pop gave me one -- for protection), tons of incredible kitsch-type items (an Indian squatting, until you picked it up & his weenie popped out), and boxes of stuff, probably bought sight unseen, including gobs of duct tape.

In all fairness to my Grandfather, I think my Father's lust for duct tape was a result of many different factors, but I think it's just some weird male thing that I'll never quite fathom.

I'm sure Pop had experimented with all kinds of inferior tapes in his search for the ultimate tape. Believe me, when they finally

invented duct tape, he couldn't get enough of it. He taped up the car seat of my '75 Chevy Caprice when it had become a bit shabby-looking and for 4 months I had streaks of gunk on the backs of all my shirts where the duct tape had melted off in the heat of the day. Thanks, Pop.

He used to drive an old coal-burning Mercedes way back when and one day he backed into a semi-tractor trailer rig; he punched a perfectly round hole in his trunk, right next to the little star. He fixed it with duct tape.

There was the time he was taking me to the Albuquerque airport, and as we were pulling out of the driveway, I felt his truck drive over something. It was one of my suitcases, and it was torn rather noticeably. Not to worry, in a flash he had it all patched up, cross-crossed with wide silver duct tape. When we got to the airport, I tried to hide my suitcase with my coat.

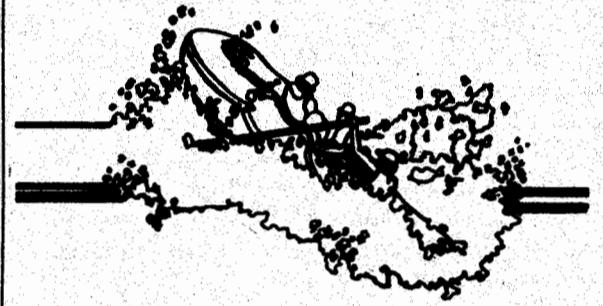
My Father is a successful art dealer in Santa Fe, New Mexico. He still goes to the flea market (which is in the Santa Fe Opera's parking lot, in case anyone is interested) and brings home lots of goodies like a huge box of 8 track tapes (ah, Grandpa, you'd be proud to know your son found a use for one of your 8 track tape players) and a 1907 New York Yankee's baseball outfit. He wore it out to lunch with my friend and I later that same day.

Pop is a whiz at making his initials out of bits of cut-up duct tape to add that personal touch to an expensive briefcase.

I must admit some of his love for duct tape has rubbed off on me (not just my shirts). I use it now and then when I'm too lazy to hem up a skirt.

Well, Pop, when you die (which I hope will

The River List



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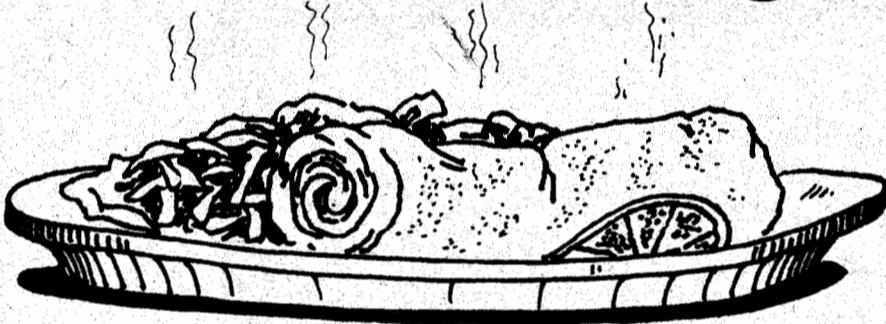
259-6429

not be for many, many years), I know how you'll want to leave this fair planet -- wrapped up as a duct tape mummy.

"Duct tape is a many splendored thing."

.....

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ON SERVICE

by Skye

This is America. The home of the free. Where any individual, regardless of his social background, can become gainfully self-employed and turn some household hobby into a highly profitable business. There are hundreds of ads for every kind of service in our local papers, proving the fact that The Pursuit of the American Dream is still a vital cornerstone of our society.

So why aren't some of these people out there working???

How many times have you answered an ad by phone, set up a date and time for that individual to come out and give you an estimate on a job and that is the last time you ever see or hear from them again? It's as if they've vanished off the face of the earth! What's going on here? Do these people just have their names in our papers because they like to see their signatures in print? Are they really well-off and are just doing this as a flight of fancy? Is this some kind of personal joke??? I am not amused. **WHAT I WANT ... IS SOME SERVICE!!!**

"I'm sorry, but the item you have ordered has been discontinued."

"I'm sorry, but that particular item is on back-order. Could you check back with us, say possibly next November?"

"Geez, I'm sorry, but ... I'M THE ONLY ONE HERE!"

"Sorry, I couldn't make it as planned. I had an accordion engagement."

"It's just a minor problem. These things happen."

"I know, I promised it to you over two weeks ago, but we've been so short-handed."

Oftimes, you do not even get a reply. As consumers in a small town, this repeated disregard for satisfaction and service on the part of some of our local businesses has been so abused, we've more or less come to take it in stride and say, "Well, it's Moab." I'd like to put a stop to that kind of hopeless attitude. If these people are advertising to perform a service that is efficient and knowledgeable, then we should expect and demand nothing less than that.

If a business is NOT in the business of providing that, then it is our DUTY to forwarn the rest of the consumers about a particular service we have had trouble with. There really is no one individual or legal help to complain to in this town, so we must do it ourselves. It is quite a shame when I greet hundreds of visitors daily in my business and I'm afraid to recommend a mechanic to them! The last one I recommended, that visitor called me personally from Monticello, just to inform me that's how far he got before he had to have service again on his vehicle for the exact same problem he thought he had corrected in M:oab.

So, it's a sad state of affairs we find ourselves in as a tourist town. We still are not acting like one. There is this lax atmosphere as far as services go that must change, if we

are to exceed as a destination stop for the American and European visitor.

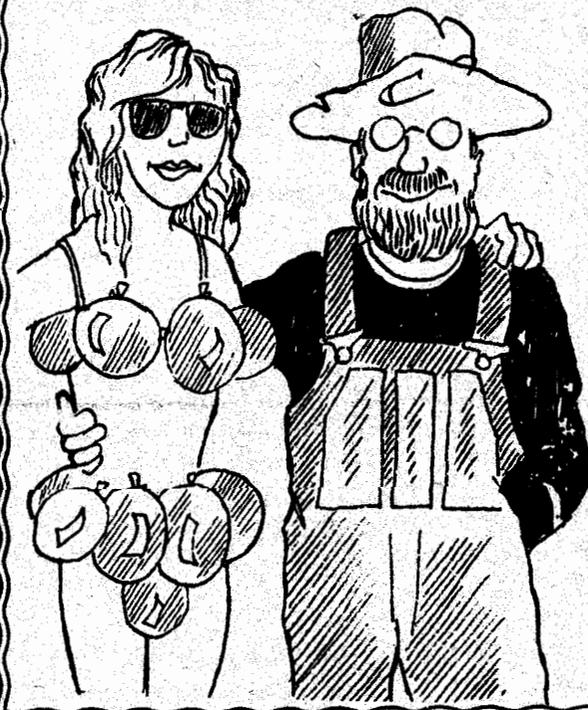
And the first place we have got to start, is to deal with all the businesses we cannot count on, the businesses that do not have the proper knowledge in their perspective fields, the businesses you cannot trust. Even if it's only by the primitive "word of mouth", we must holler and holler loudly to weed out these businesses that do not provide satisfaction.

Maybe, someday in the future, this publication will allow me to start a "Local Consumer Report" column. This column would finally praise all of the people in business who have always been there for us over the years. There are many local services that provide our community, as well as our visitors with competent and professional expertise. This column would also expose the unreliable, the unprofessional

and the rest of the rip-offs to such an extent, that they would best serve their community by fleeing from this town as quickly as they could.

Until then, talk to others, get references and ask questions. Otherwise, we will always be taking a risk with every ad that catches our eye. Service and Satisfaction. Don't settle for anything less than that.

.....



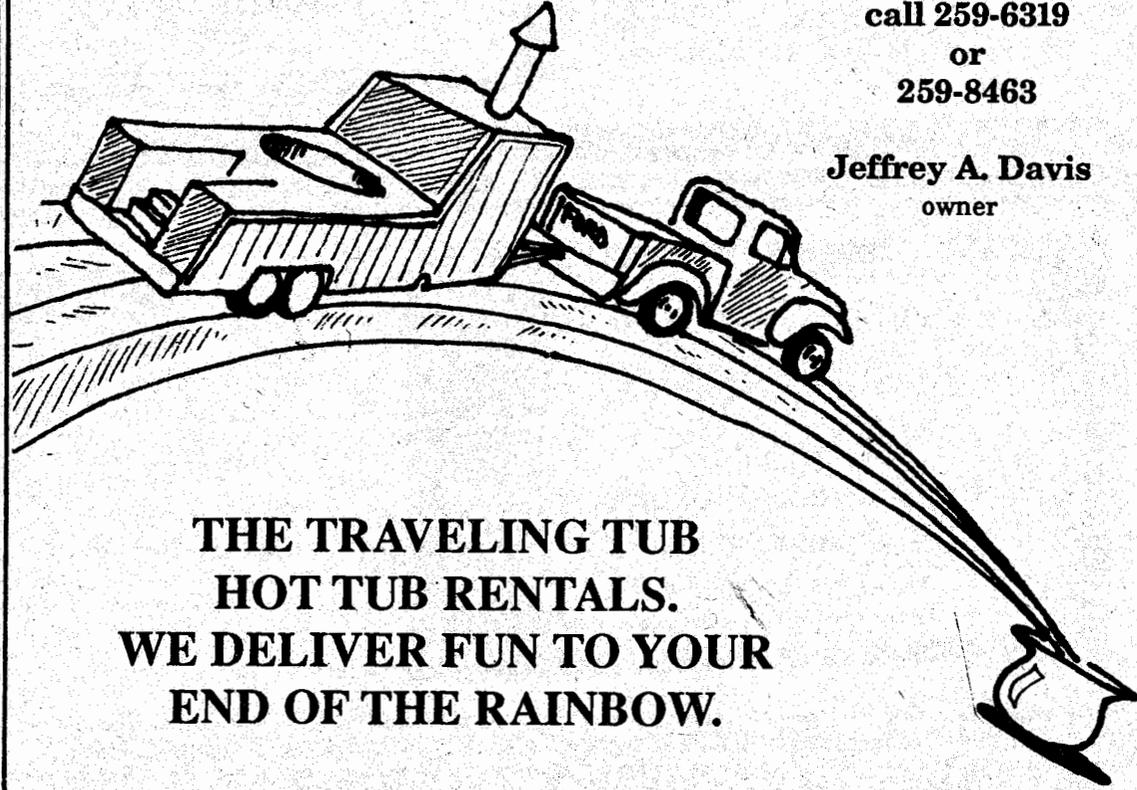
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OLD NEWS

Condensed by
Dale and Yvonne Pierson

October 9, 1908

"Moab town goes dry - Trustees at Monday's meeting decide that saloons are an unnecessary evil. That touching little ballad "Nobody Knows How Dry I Am" will be on order in our town in a few weeks. At the meeting of the town board Monday evening, the retail liquor licenses were raised from \$500 to \$2,000 per year. This action means that there will be no more liquor licenses taken out in Moab after about thirty days. The Marshal was directed to notify the merchants that the law prohibiting the sale of tobacco to persons under eighteen would be enforced hereafter."

"Professor Cummings and party find great deal of interesting material in San Juan. - Professor Cummings & Neal Judd passed through Moab Tuesday on their return to Salt Lake City after a 12 week trip to San Juan County in the interest of The American Society of Archaeology. Lockhart of Salt Lake became so infatuated with the work he decided to stay there for the year. He will teach a couple of children of Mr. Wetherell and will spend considerable time in exploration at the Ojalto or "moonlight" trading post. Professor Cummings was well satisfied with the trip and expects to return to San Juan County next year.

Two weeks were spent in side canyons of Montezuma Canyon, making maps & locating a ruin for exploration. The party decided to excavate a large ruin at the head of Ruin Canyon on Alkali Ridge. A permanent camp was established at Cave Spring and five and one half weeks were spent in excavating a portion of the ruin and opening up three kivas or ceremonial chambers. The ruins contained 41 kivas. The kivas are made as nearly round as possible. The ones in this ruin were about twelve feet in diameter and were six feet high.

The burial mound of this ruin was opened up and although pottery hunters had dug in the ruin before, considerable material was found. From the building, they obtained a good many bone and stone implements and some pottery. From the burial mound 28 skeletons and parts of skeletons and 50 pieces of pottery were obtained.

The most important part of the work was the study of the structure of the buildings in other parts of the San Juan drainage. It was found that though the ruins are similar, that the ruin excavated was very ancient and belongs among the oldest ruins of this region. It is evident, according to Professor Cummings'

view that on the mesas and in the canyons off the Montezuma there once lived a very extensive population. They built strong fortifications on the rim rocks around the heads of canyons and built dwellings, the ruins of which cover acres & acres of ground.

A kiva was uncovered at Cold Spring Cave in Butler Wash, with the object of comparing the structure of the ceremonial chambers in caves with those of the Pueblos on the mesas. The structure was very similar, which goes to help prove that the people who occupied the caves were the same as those who built large pueblos on the mesas. From the fact that there were in one ruin as many as 41 ceremonial chambers, which are supposed to have been used for holding council and religious meetings, it is evident that a large number of clans occupied one pueblo.

The exploration work of the trip was under the direction of The American Society of Archaeology and was under the supervision of Prof. E.L. Hewett, of Washington D.C., a director of the society, who was with the party a few days of Alkali Ridge. Messrs. Kidder, De Fritch and Parsons of Harvard were also with the Salt Lake party in the Montezuma County.

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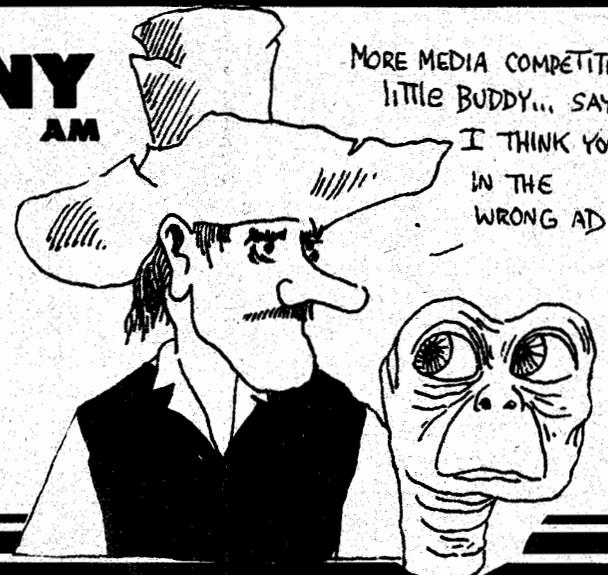
- Aria
- Bad Dreams
- Two Moon Jct.
- Critters II
- Little Nikita
- Cinderella
- Rambo III
- Shakedown
- Bright Lights, City Limits
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IN THE
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Besides the work above mentioned, Professor Cummings and party made an exploring trip into the Kayenta group of canyons on the edge of Arizona. This country is said to be virgin territory for the archaeologist. A trip was made to Monumental Valley south of the San Juan River."

October, 1928

As the month of October began, the town of Moab mourned the death of one of her most famous sons, Lt. John J. Williams, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. J.W. Williams. Lt. Williams, an Army AirCorps pilot of nationwide reknown, was killed September 11th while competing in The National Air Races at Mines Field, Los Angeles, California. Williams, considered one of the four best American acrobatic pilots, was flying upside down at 100 ft. at approximately 150 mph when his plane experienced engine failure. He was buried Sept. 17th in California, with Col.

Charles A. Lindburg leading an aerial acrobatic salute to the dead flier. The Oct. 4th issue of the Times-Independent was filled with messages of condolence from across the nation to Dr. and Mrs. Williams.

The Grand County Fair opened Oct. 4th in Moab and was extremely successful. An estimated 5,000 people were in attendance at the fair which featured along with the usual livestock and produce exhibits; horse racing, rodeo events, wrestling, boxing and a football game between "Moab High School" and the Wasatch Academy of Mt. Pleasant.

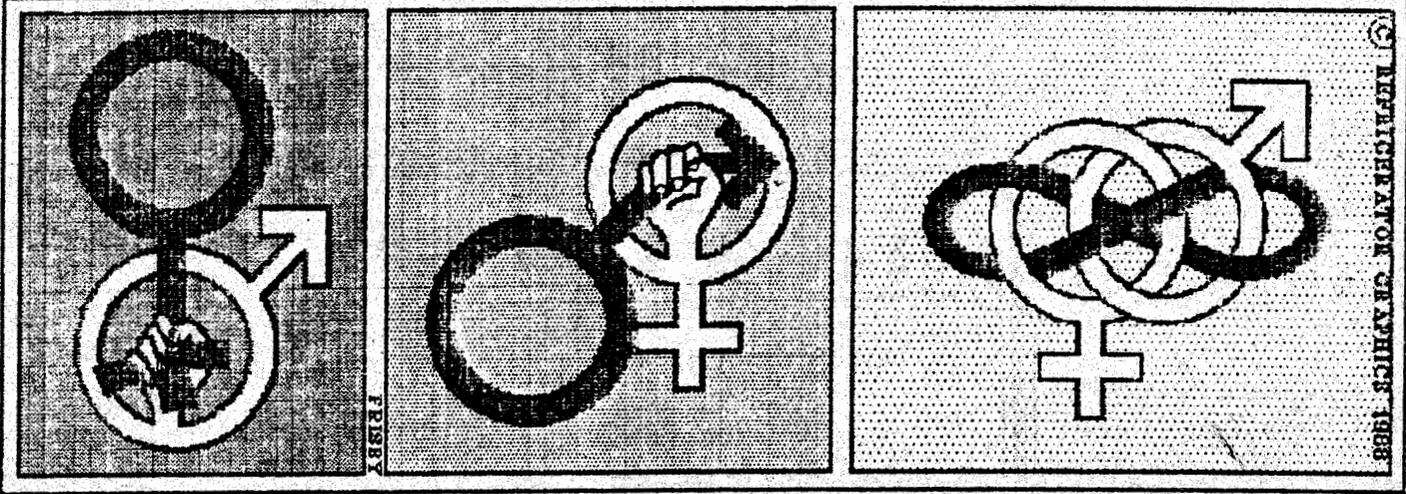
The only untoward event during fair week was the writing of a "forged" check and subsequent arrest of one Frank Cooper, 22, of Vendale, South Dakota. Mr. Cooper had fled Moab but was arrested in Green River, Utah and returned to the Grand County Jail.

A half page article in the Oct. 4, 1928 issue of the Times forecasted the future as we now know it with the headline: "Going To The

Movies While Sitting At Home." The article went on to describe the first successful demonstration of "Radio Movies" conducted at a Western Electric Television Laboratory in East Pittsburgh, PA.

The byline of the High School news reporter was Faun McConkie.

During the week of Oct. 11th, Frank Cooper broke jail, and enjoyed three days of liberty prior to being again arrested in La Sal, and returned to the Grand County Jail. Following his return, Grand County Sheriff O.C. Miller placed a "big padlock" on his cell door. However, much to Sheriff Miller's dismay, the morning of Oct. 25th found Cooper's cell once again empty. Cooper had picked the locks and "to show his contempt [for the 'big padlock'] ...took it ...with him." Sheriff Miller voiced his hopes that Cooper would be "rounded up by the end of the week," however, a check of the Nov 1st T.I. turns up no word of Cooper's capture.



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WE MIGHT LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER

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259-5333

THE BARD'S NARDS

SOME POETRY WAS IMPROPERLY CREDITED IN THE LAST ISSUE (SEPTEMBER) WHEN THE EDITOR LET DROP FOR A MOMENT HIS SAMURAI-LIKE AWARENESS AND WENT INTO A DREAM STATE AT THE EDITING TABLE, WHICH WOULD HAVE BEEN OK EXCEPT THAT HIS AUTO-PILOT ALSO MALFUNCTIONED.

ALL THE POEMS WITHOUT AUTHORS WILL BE RUN AGAIN WITH PROPER CREDIT.

AUTUMN

By Alexander Skye

autumn speaks like a whisper
and gently it carries you away
you turn-round and you feel so much older
when thinking about your yesterdays

and the leaves fall like memories
down at your feet
and you think of the people that you knew
you wish you could return there to say
'I love you' or at least
'I'm sorry for all the colors that I put you thru'
autumn -- every leaf I see
reminds me of a soul that I loved so
autumn -- then your winds take them away from me
to places I can't go

I count the rings round my soul
and watch the seasons go swiftly by
and just when -- for a moment
I'm not looking
autumn enters with a sigh

DRIFTWOOD

Mark Doherty

Bleached and smooth the old driftwood
Curves 'round the rocks and sand
Tossed and torn river worn
Carved by the water's hands.

Dwelling once within a tree
In wooded mountains high
Only to lie upon the stones
Of a river passing by.

I read in you a history
And see the flowing miles
As you die so gracefully
Within my evening fire.

With the smoke I rise with you
Curling softly in the night
To rest above your mountain home
And fade within starlight.

Your sister hangs upon a wall
To hold a weaving down,
Your brother holds the garden soil
Upon the hilly ground.

Your father lies scattered on ocean shores
Your mother among the trees
As you rise above them all
Woodsmoke drifting on the breeze.

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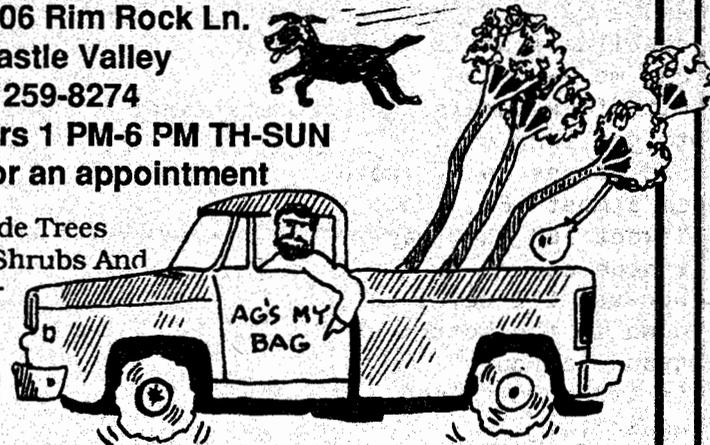


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POETRY CORNER

MY 15th SUMMER

By Mercy Aiken

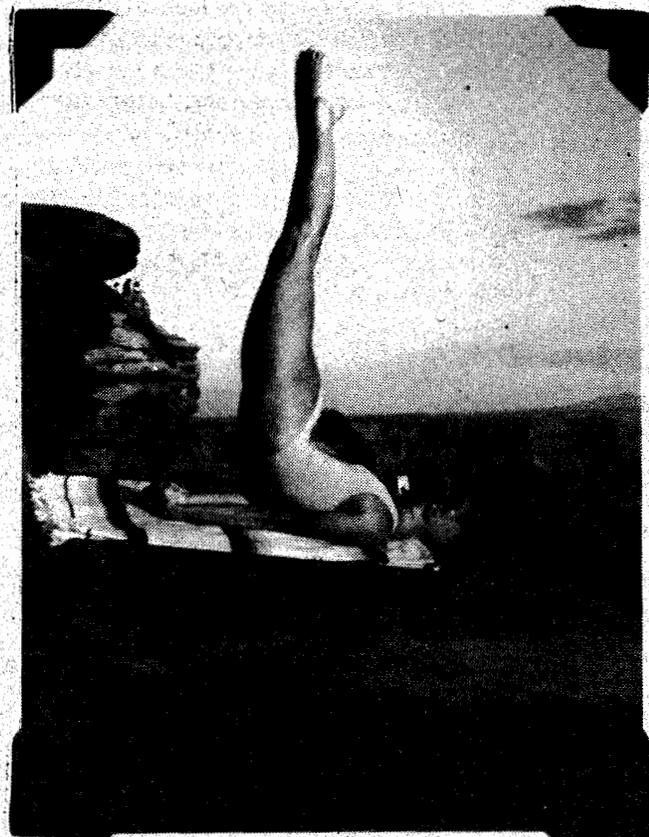
scabs on my knee
 that crack when i bend
 and trickling water
 the creek
 the "rock"
 the "lake"
 the "split rock"
 the "explorers paradise pool"
 manzanita creek
 where tadpoles and frogs abound
 and breezes that smell hot!
 grasshoppers and boxelders bugs
 sacred daturas
 and mallows
 the hot cement heliport
 and green vines around the porch
 sandstone rocks that gleam
 like sugar in the sun
 so i lick them
 a ping pong table thats broken
 and a bent hula hoop
 splinters
 and broken toes
 a parched garden
 with stubby plants
 cause the deer got in
 green prickly grass
 and a rusty lawn mower from the 40's
 its been down here forever
 van morrison on the outside speakers
 "tore down a la rimbaud
 you know its hard sometimes"
 shirley in a beat up t-shirt
 beside me on the porch swing
 and a ratty looking squirrel
 nibbling a stale bread crust
 and me --
 with fingernails that are starting
 to get long
 and braces on my teeth
 im almost 16
 "sweet 16" they say
 i hope so
 because ill never be 15
 down in the bottom of the
 grand canyon
 in the summertime
 again ...

A DUSKY NIGHT

by Mercy Aiken

on a dusky twilight
 lavender night
 your long dark hair did shine
 but i did not see
 through the tears in my eyes
 for the ring -- it never was mine.
 on the wind i danced
 to the pond in the valley
 through the walls of ragged design
 did i ever think
 i could truly drink
 from the waters that never were mine?
 my laughter sounded hollow
 as i gazed at the stars
 for there could never be such a crime
 as the flower filled days
 and the magical nights
 that i so easily thought were mine
 through the wide wide world
 i now shall wander
 for i stepped over the line
 i know its true.
 i mistook you
 for something i thought could be mine

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AND ON OCTOBER 17, A FORUM IS SCHEDULED TO BE HELD IN STAR HALL ON THE POTENTIAL EFFECTS OF A HAZARDOUS WASTE INCINERATOR IN OUR COMMUNITY.

THE FORUM FEATURES DR. PAUL CONNETT, A MEMBER OF THE ADVISORY PANEL TO THE OTA, THE OFFICE OF TECHNOLOGICAL ASSESSMENT IN WASHINGTON, FOR THEIR STUDY OF SOLID WASTE MANAGEMENT IN THE USA. A PHD IN CHEMISTRY, DR. CONNETT IS ALSO THE NATIONAL COORDINATOR OF WORK ON WASTE. THAT'S OCTOBER 17, IN STAR HALL.

**VOTE "FOR"
 TO BAN THE BURN**

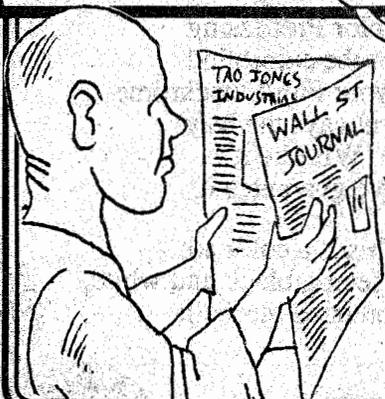
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Gentlemen:

It was most inspiring to read Edward Abbey's open letter to the wild, wanted, women of Moab. As with most of Edward's utterances, this seemingly shallow and obnoxious puddle of words contains deep and sublime truths if one but fishes for them with extensive meditation.

It is now obvious to me that what the world needs in order to save itself from itself are legions of little Edwards. It is not enough for the true men of Moab to endeavor in every way to be like Edward Abbey. The true philosophical superiority of Edward lies in his genetic makeup. The revolutionary genes contained in his sacred sperm need to be spread far and wide. The women he mentions in his open letter are demonstrating true revolutionary fervor by throwing themselves in his path. Edward does, because of his excessive modesty, misrepresent the truth of the sperm bank incident. I happen to know for a fact that this sperm bank as well as several others have been offering increasingly vast sums of money for a vial or two of Edward's divine semen. He, however, has been holding out hoping for the offers to reach astronomical proportions. He had better accept one of the offers soon before his testicles become as sterile as his writing. If such a catastrophic event should occur however, I hope to do my bit to make up for the lack of his salvation bringing sperm. I have already written a book - soon to be published entitled The Imitation of Edward Abbey which should contribute significantly to the betterment of the planet. This book will make it easier for all the would-be Edward Abbeys lurking in obscure corners of the west to emerge from the darkness and dazzle the world with the divine light of the master.

Sincerely,

B.B. Ubiquitous
Monticello, UT

Dear Bob:

Your newspaper stinks! Please enter subscriptions for Elliot Dillon and me. I will use a noseplug. Elliot, who is a dog, will not; he actually prefers a stinking newspaper.

Warmest personal regards.

Sincerely,

J. Thomas Beckett
New York, NY

S.D.G.:

I was browsing at the Moab Midden Scenic Dump the other day and buried my nose in a discarded issue of the S.D.G. when I was nearly arrested for unauthorized recycling of the resources of our planet. If we consider that our attitude towards the Earth and it's resources reflects our acceptance as material manifestations of spirituality (i.e. being), now, rather than disregarding the present for a possible flowering after death (heaven), then the Neo-Nazi attitudes of oppression developing from consumer politics emphasizes that there is integrity in truth.

Taking life for granted makes falseness and delusion acceptable. Maintaining an attitude of awe makes the entire process a gift. Thanks to the Stinking Desert Gazette staff for "crying in the wilderness."

Love,

Dave the Baptist
Moab, UT

FAT TIRE FESTIVAL

MOAB, UTAH OCTOBER 25-30

Join us in Moab, the Mountain Bike Mecca of the West, as we celebrate the Canyonlands Fat Tire Festival. From mellow pedals to gonzo abuse, we can show you the rides of your lives.

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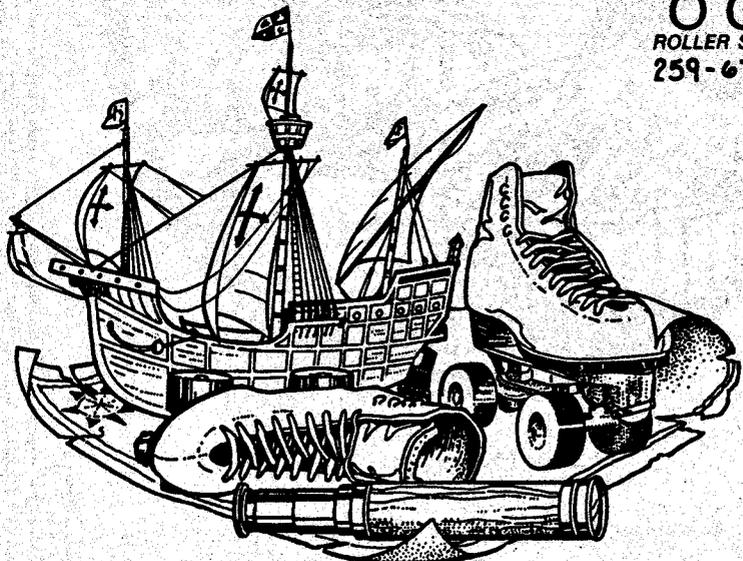
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LEDITORS

Dear Bob:

The long drive back to Calgary after our hiking trip from Moab was made much more enjoyable thanks to the SDG.

We are looking forward to our next annual visit to Moab!

Sincerely,

Janice Eisenhauer
Calgary, Alberta, CANADA

polaroid photography by Terry Knouff



"He's a Man Ray kind of guy." 259-8108

The Stinking Desert Gazette is Great!

Greg Rinala
Coldspring, TX



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Throughout The Week On Loan From Crested Butte,

THE MOUNTAIN BIKING HALL OF FAME EXHIBIT will be on display at the Hollywood Stuntman's Hall of Fame. (donations at the door)

"FIREWOOD" acoustic music at 7:30 PM nightly at the Barn (food and drink available)

THE CANYON'S EDGE: Tu, Th, Fr, evening at 7PM, 8:15 PM, 9 PM

AT STAR HALL

in conjunction with the CANYONLANDS ART COUNCIL
WED., OCTOBER 26, 7PM

The Anasazi Culture by Julie Howard, BLM Archaeologist, followed immediately by Chamber music by Jensen/Woodbury duo Guitar and Ricklin Nobis, harpsicord.

THURS., OCTOBER 27 7 PM

Folk Singer Harden Davis, guitar, mandolin, banjo, etc.
(8:30 PM) slides of Max Irish, Lin Ottinger, Todd Campbell,
bike trekking through Tibet

FRI., OCTOBER 28 7:30 PM

Jazz with the Jarman Kingston Quartet; mandolin, guitar, bass, saxophone

FRIDAY, OCT. 28, 9:30 PM: The world premier of NIGHTMARE AT NOON. Reception with the cast of Hollywood Stuntman's Hall of Fame. (fundraiser for Moab Film Commission)

SATURDAY, OCT. 29, 9 AM: A parade ride through and arond Moab for everyone witha bike.

9:15-11 AM: Pancake Breakfast-trails, riding demonstration at Rotary Park (4 and 3.50 Lion's Club for breakfast)

10 AM-Noon: OFFICIAL BICYCLE POLO CHAMPIONSHIP FINALS

11 AM-4PM: POKER RUN

8 PM: Halloween party. Live music, prizes including, Klein, Fischer, Ibis, Breezer Bikes and frames given for best costumes. (admission only with Canyonlands FTF registration)

All the activities listed above are included in the one time registration fee of the CANYONLANDS FAT TIRE FESTIVAL except where noted.

\$30 week / \$20 weekend

For more information contact Canyon Country Cyclists
259-5333

Contributors:

