HISTORIC HOME FOR SALE

The home of Ken and Jane Sleight at Pack Creek Ranch, was the restaurant, and the Creekside Duplex are the last of the old ranch buildings being offered by the Sleight's. This home is special and one of a kind. This is a house for people who like to entertain.

There are two front doors, one with tile, we use as a mud room. The other front door enters into the living and dining room where there is a fireplace and ample room for dinning, conversation, games and relaxing. Just outside of this room is the covered patio that is the perfect place for summer dinners and morning coffee. The trees, the sound of running water from the creek and privacy make it possible for one to sit and sip coffee, in the morning sun while watching the humming birds feed, in total privacy. It can also be used as a car port with room to spare for the other uses.

The kitchen is commercial: stove with two ovens, six burners, a grill and a broiler, a dishwasher that washes a rack of dishes in 3.5 minutes, a walk-in refrigerator and large pantry. A small greenhouse is connected to the pantry.

The breakfast room has a tremendous amount of storage and a garden window that looks out on the trees and the creek.

The room that was the office is now the "queen's" bathing chamber. A large soaking tub makes tired muscles and creaky joints settle down very nicely. There are two "powder rooms". One has a sink, toilet and large shower the other has a sink and toilet.

There is a "butler's pantry" between the kitchen and the dining room and a small office.

This is a one bedroom house. The bed room is large, has a fireplace and lots of closet space.

There is a room off the living room that is for storage, a utility room off of the breakfast room, in addition to kitchen cabinets, cabinets in the "butler's pantry" and under the buffet in the dinning area.

We are not selling this house because it is less than we want but because it is more than we need. We love Pack Creek and we want to stay but we need less house than we have.

This property is in a planned unit development that consists of fifteen acres. There are horse facilities, pastures, an apple orchard, bath house with sauna and hot tub, showers and toilets and a swimming pool.

For a complete view of these properties please go to

www.packcreekranch.org.

The Creekside cabin is adjacent to our house and would make a nice guest accommodation and/or rental.

Contact Moab Realty at (435) 259-7870.









PAID ADVERTISEMENT

THE LAST

ABBEY

Abbey "DESERT MUSIC" (working title) Author's Introduction I am not a naturalist. I never was and never will be a naturalist. - don't want to be a maturalist. I'm not even sure what a naturalist is except that I'm not one. I'm not even an amateur naturalist. The only Latin I know is omnia vincit amor -- and in vino warkens vanitag. Until recently I thought that cave canum meant "beware the came." I never studied botany or zoology or ecology or science.
any other branch of natural Actions True; like most World War II veterans I went to college but only because that seemed easier than working. While in school I majored in philosophy, not biology, and my intellectual heroes were Democritus (who died laughing -- laughing at Plato), and Bertrand Russell, who died fighting, and Lao-Tse who wrote bestselling
one small book, and Beethoven, who will never die. The
politics-subject of my Master's thesis was the morality of violence. The only things I studied with concentrated intensity were my professors and the cheerleaders. I failed journalism, seasonal not once but twice. During my long but erratic career with the National Park Service I was employed not as a naturalist but as a ranger and sometimes as a fire lookout; the latter

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DESERT MUSIC

ESSAYS & ASSAYS 1969-1976

by Edward Abbey

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we breether belongs to everyone — and to me one

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The Journey Home
Some Words in Defense of the American West

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Abbey's Manuscript for 'The Journey Home'

EDWARD ABBEY'S collection of essays was originally to be called "Desert Music." Ed was always trying to help out young artists and writers and based on a single cartoon I'd given him the previous winter, he put in a good word for me with his publishers in New York.

E.P Dutton hired me to draw 26 chapter illustrations and the cover and to my surprise, they sent me a first generation copy of Abbey's manuscript, complete with his edits and margin comments.

Later, he proposed that the book be called "Revelations," but when it finally went to press in the spring of 1977, Abbey's book had become "The Journey Home."

make sense of private experience by exploring the sonnections and contradictions between wildness, wilderness and sunter forman community, between civilisation and human freedom.

If certain ideas and emotions are expressed herein with what seems like an extreme intransigence, it is not merely because I love an argument tehemphasedul and wish to provoke (though I do), but because I am really am an extremist, one who lives and loves by choice far out on the very verge of things, where on the edge of the abyss, where one world falls off into the depths of another. That's the way I

Mit Hile, Arizons

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