



WEEKLY ZEPHYR

NEWS

April 1, 2014

75 cents

INSIDE: MOAB "PROGRESSIVES" OUTRAGED!

"He's not one of us!" they cry.

"And he even likes Mormons!"

OBAMA DECLARES NATIONAL ZEPHYR DAY!

White House Ceremony Honors 'Fit Causing' Cyber-Rag



"Thanks Barry,
but I still don't
like your drones."

"25 YEARS!"
exclaims President
"You outlasted
the bastards."

April/May 2014 Volume 26 Number 1

CELEBRATING 25 YEARS



TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

by Jim Stiles

cczephyr@gmail.com

THE ZEPHYR at 25...A SUMMARY

Trying to sum up the past 25 years, you'd think the logical opening here would be, 'I don't know where to begin.' The truth is, once you wade through this issue, you might ask yourself, 'Does he know how to stop?' A few months ago, realizing that, against all odds, we were going to reach our 25th anniversary still standing, I played with the idea of writing a personal no-holds-barred, behind-the-scenes history, as I've seen it, of this publication's past quarter century. The effort has probably been more for me than for you, a cathartic experience in many ways; I wanted to jot down my memories, review the old print Zephyrs, and, for better or worse, reminisce a bit. It's been so long ago since the first issue went to press, I needed to clear my own head and separate my perceptions, all these years later, from the facts.

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The time spent thumbing through 158 copies of the old Zephyr, and scrolling through the last 30 online Zs, has been like riding a roller coaster on a wobbly track. We've enjoyed good times and weathered bad times and dealt with everything in between. Sometimes it has felt as if we were about to come off the rails, but here we are, intact and still smiling.

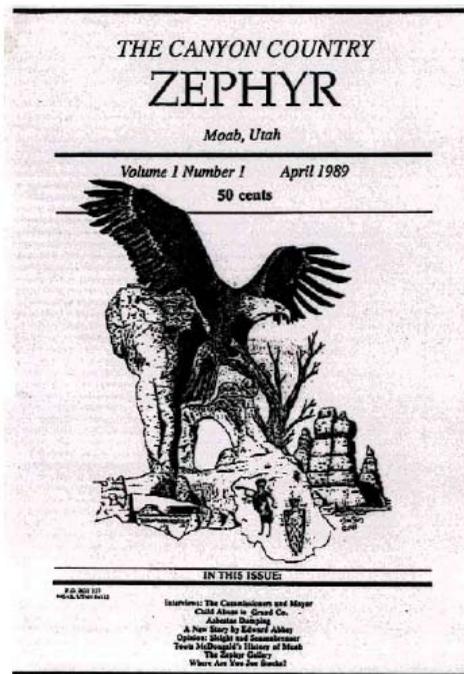
After gathering up and digesting all that information and adding my own memories to the mix, I started scribbling. My plan was to write one long "Zephyr Chronicles" and include it all in this 25th anniversary issue. But the words kept coming...and coming...and...

I could not torture my readers with this kind of longwindedness...at least not all at once. I realized the story needed to be serialized. And so, for the next five or six issues, if you're interested, you'll be able to read how this little publication got from there to here and, hopefully, I can explain, from my perspective at least, the 'whys' and the 'how comes' as well. And maybe even the 'what the ...?' too. It may still put you to sleep, but it will take longer to get you to slumberland.

In compiling this history, I've included excerpts from long ago essays and editorials, comments from readers, and when necessary, I refer to email correspondence, but have avoided any references to our personal lives. Sometimes those correspondences

did get personal, on both sides, and avoiding mention of them entirely is impossible. When it's all said and scribbled and posted over the next few months, you may want to give the 'Zephyr Chronicles' a new title, like:

'EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT THE ZEPHYR BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK,' or more likely... 'EVERYTHING THAT ANYBODY MIGHT OR MIGHT NOT WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE ZEPHYR BUT WERE TOLD ANYWAY.'



The beauty of it is, you don't have to read it. But for those interested parties, it will all be there, in several installments, and starting elsewhere in this issue. However, in deference to the Twitter World within which we reside, I offer a very abbreviated summary...

The idea to start an alternative monthly publication came in the wake of the November 1988 local election when Grand County citizens voted overwhelmingly to oppose a toxic waste incinerator near Cisco, forty miles upstream from Moab. The two incumbent commissioners who conceived of and supported the incinerator were defeated, though not by candidates who would in any way be described as "New Moabites."

What impressed me about the election was the diversity of the people who opposed the incinerator. It would hardly fit the profile of 2014 Progressive Moab. The vote was not framed in a Right Wing vs Left Wing way, nor was the conversation as much about 'environmental impacts' as it was about preventing the degradation of our way of life. The vote had a very common sense

appeal to it.

And so I had this idea to start a newspaper, with all views presented and the hope that all of us could create something different in Moab. (Read my first 'Page Two' editorial elsewhere in this issue.) Had it just been us Remnant Moabites calling the shots, we might have even succeeded. But within a few years, as the recreation/amenities economy was pushed fast and hard by out of town investors and as all the empty homes were bought up by absentee landlords, the town began to change.

For years, my environmentalist friends were just as worried about the tourist boom as I was—they were at times my only allies, and I still held out hope that we could at least moderate the takeover. But by 2000, resistance from the grassroots greens, even in Moab, was gone. It happened with such subtlety, I was unaware of the attitude shift for much longer than I should have been. For years, we argued quietly, behind the scenes, me hoping they'd confront the impacts that our recreation economy was creating, them hoping I'd stop arguing and re-join the fold.

Finally in 2001, The Zephyr went public, with the April/May issue called, "It's Time to Look in the Mirror...When will environmentalists acknowledge their own contribution to the destruction of the wilderness they claim to love and want to protect?"

The issue was well-received by practically everyone but Utah environmentalists. As SUWA board member Bill Hedden was to tell me years later, "People tried to politely look the other way when you decided to circle the wagons and fire inward." That was the way he and others saw it and I was profoundly disappointed. I didn't think any of us was above scrutiny, which was why I included my own hypocrisies and contradictions in the 'Mirror' issue. But the rift was finally out in the open and there it has remained to this day.

Since then, The Zephyr has tried to cover the stories that no one else will, whether it's the continuing and ever-growing impacts from the amenities/recreation economy, or the influence of the mega-rich on mainstream environmentalism, or, just this month, the unexpected rise of a plan to raise the defunct Book Cliffs Highway from the grave. Or the bigger issues—like drones and war and greed and over-consumption and over-population, or the sham and farce of 'alternative energy,' or the shame of intolerance and racism. If we don't cover oil and gas impacts and ATV abuse as fully as some wish we would, it's only because they're being reported just about everywhere else in the mainstream 'green' media and we hate to be redundant.

I've loved and hated this paper, for 25 years. ..I once threatened to quit and move to Funafuti, a remote island in the South Pacific, but I lost that option as climate change threatened to drown my little would-be paradise.

Having said that, I'd be delighted if there were a media source out there who would finally pick up the wreck-reaction story. Or deal with what I once called "the rich weasel factor in the New West." I do feel a bit redundant in that regard. Frankly we're tired of carrying the load. But as you'll see, in the issues to come, there's a reason why nobody wants to touch it. As always, it has to do with money.

I've loved and hated this paper, for 25 years. I uprooted myself from Moab and went south to Monticello a decade ago. I once threatened to quit and move to Funafuti, a remote island in the South Pacific, but I lost that option as climate change threatened to drown my little would-be paradise. I once moved to Australia, thinking I could somehow run The Zephyr from there. I came back, tail between my legs, mortified at my own stupidity, but glad to be home. And now, happily married and partnered up with Tonya, who shares Zephyr duties and makes my life so much better in so many ways, I now wonder if maybe we'll even make it to 50. If we do, you'll be the first to know.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT ED ABBEY, WILDERNESS & GUERRILLA HAVENS

I'm not sure what else can be said about Edward Abbey after all these years. God knows I've said plenty and have often tried

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since 1989

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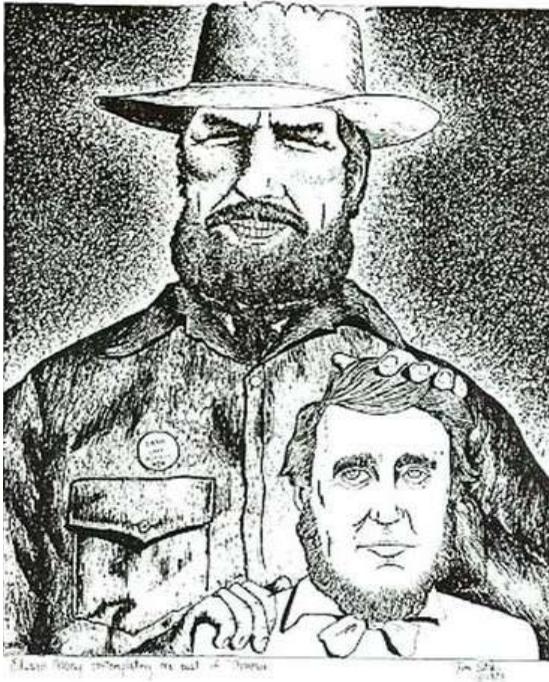
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to speculate 'What Cactus Ed would've done,' as we race through the second decade of the 21st Century. What concerns me, I admit, is the inability of so many latter day Abbeyphiles to consider how he might react to the world we face today, had he lived to see it. For so many, not only is Abbey frozen in 1989, the issues are as well. To suggest that he would have turned a blind eye to changes even Ed might not have expected a quarter century ago does him an injustice.

Many of the issues he felt so passionately about seem, at first glance, to have changed little since he left us in 1989. Consider 'wilderness.' It's been a half century since Abbey first wrote so passionately and eloquently about the subject. He once selflessly suggested, "We need wilderness whether or not we ever set foot in it."

In 'Desert Solitaire,' Abbey also offered this unique proposal: "The wilderness should be preserved for political reasons. We may need it someday...as a refuge from authoritarian government, from political oppression. The Grand Canyon...may be required to function as a base for guerrilla warfare against tyranny."



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Whether the revolutionary guerrillas could find common ground with BASE jumpers, mountain bikes, 'adventure companies,' and Corona Arch Swingers is debatable. The "excessive industrialism" he feared has been more insidious than even he imagined, despite his own early warnings about "industrial tourism." His notion of wilderness would perplex most 21st century wilderness advocates who insist that its commercial exploitation via a "tourist/amenities" economy will generate untold revenues for the Rural West.

It is certain that, twenty-five years after Abbey left us, saving wilderness for its solitude, remoteness, and as a base camp for revolutionary warfare, is not high on anyone's agenda.

Abbey lived in Moab for many years, but in 1980 he decided to make a move to Arizona. In early May I drove out to say goodbye and found him alone, wresting a piano into a U-Haul truck. I offered a hand and we spent the rest of the day grappling with the remainder of his furniture. Almost everything fit, but he eyed a long pile of heavy lumber and complained, "I guess I'll have to leave all that behind."

"What's it for?" I asked.

Abbey grinned, "To build my adobe houseboat on Lake Powell. Remember? I don't make everything up."

Afterwards, Abbey invited me to join him for dinner at the old Sundowner. We ordered a red wine and big Porter House steaks and talked about Moab's future. Recently, uranium prices had plummeted and the nearby Atlas Mill was shutting down. What would happen to Moab next? Neither of us had a clue.

The wine came. But the waitress had placed the bottle in a bucket of ice cubes. Quietly he moaned, "For Christ's sake, typical Moab. Don't they know you DON'T chill a red?" As we sipped our icy drinks, Abbey softened, "I can live with an icy red. But leave our canyons alone, eh Stiles?"

Barely a year before he died, Abbey spent his last summer in Moab. I took him to the Sand Flats one day to see the re-discovered "Slickrock Bike Trail." Moab was on the verge of being transformed—transmogrified is more like it—into the "Mountain Bicycle Capital of the World." But Ed, at first, came to the bikers' defense.

"I like bikes," he complained. "You're more negative than I am!"

"Well, " I defended myself. "Have a look first."

We drove his old Ford truck up the switchbacks above town and saw the hordes of pedaling recreationists who had made the Moab Pilgrimage. We watched the crowds overflow the parking lot as the bikes fanned out, like a thousand spiders, over the vast sandstone expanse; Abbey noted some of the cars and license plates—lots of BMWs and Saabs and Audis. Many California plates...Marin County.

Ed shook his head. "I had no idea." And he flashed back to our conversation of almost a decade earlier.

"One thing's for certain, " Ed sighed. "When these people drink a red, they'll know not to chill it."

Abbey thought of bikes as a way to replace cars, not feet. This was something new. We crept down the switchbacks in silence. The next day Ed drove south in that battered Ford F-150 of his, back to Tucson. He never got back to Moab.

Twenty-five years after his death, Abbey's 'wilderness,' has lost some of its poetry; it was, in fact, Cactus Ed who once swore that the movement "needed more poets and fewer lawyers." Today, the canyon country is fought over by two opposing forces—one wants to exploit its energy resources; the other half wants to exploit its beauty for tourism dollars. Now Abbey's option—just leave it like it was—is but a quaint reminder of a time that never existed.

His last glimpse of the slickrock was our first glance of a future we never imagined. When Ed said, "What our perishing republic needs is something different...something entirely different," I don't think this is the future he had in mind.

**THE BOOK CLIFFS ZOMBIE HIGHWAY
A Bad Idea Rises From the Dead**

In the very first Zephyr, I wrote a long article about a road building proposal that would be debated for years. In late 1989, the lame duck Grand County Commissioners created a self-funded, autonomous special service road district, with the specific goal of building a multi-million dollar, modern, paved highway that would connect Grand County and Moab in the south with Uintah County and Vernal to the north. They called it the 'Book Cliffs Highway.' Its purpose was to provide better access for oil and gas development, but the highway was also pitched as a tourist road that would increase recreational traffic and shorten the travel distances.

Elsewhere in this issue you can read a narrative of the battle to stop the road. Opposition was light in the beginning, but by 1992, those of us who opposed the road began to gain some traction. Eventually, a change of government in Grand County and a negative environmental impact statement by the BLM killed the idea. We thought it was dead for good.

But last week, word came that the Grand County governing body is again pursuing the idea, via a letter to their council-counterparts in Uintah County. The proposed alignment is different this time; instead of following existing dirt and gravel roads on the far eastern end of Grand County, as the plan suggested in 1989, the council wants to create a new 'transportation corridor' through Segó Canyon, north from Thompson Springs and I-70.

Uintah County is flush with money these days. Oil and gas development has boomed in recent years; it has transformed the area and dramatically increased, for better or worse, its population and its tax base. The boom has also put incredible strains on its citizens and its infrastructure. I will always argue that these booms eventually cause more harm than good, but trying to get any politician to admit that, be they from the Left or the Right, is almost impossible. Grand County's current administration wants some of that boom to come its way.

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In a letter to the Uintah Council and approved unanimously by the Grand County Council, chairman Lynn Jackson wrote, "In the spirit of cooperation envisioned by the newly formed Seven County Eastern Utah Economic Development Coalition, and a desire for closer coordination with our adjacent county neighbors, Grand County would like to advise you of a concept we are considering in regard to enhancing access and transportation systems in northern Grand County. We suggest such potential access enhancements could also be of interest to Uintah County."

But the route the county proposes, through Segó Canyon is—or should be--- a dead end for future development and has been for decades, thanks to the Ute Indians. Jackson explains, "In the mid-1980's the Northern Ute Tribe placed a gate across the route

on their boundary to guard against trespass onto their lands by unauthorized hunters and fishermen. Prior to closure this road continued for another 7-8 miles on SITLA lands to an old gas well location."

Indeed. After a century of seeing their lands defiled and taken away, the Utes said ENOUGH. The gate has been in place for more than three decades. Now Grand County proposes a way around this. The letter continues, "(We) would like to investigate the feasibility of improving transportation in this area between the SITLA block and the I-70/railway corridor, and perhaps additional routes between our counties."

What they propose is a bypass of sorts. The letter calls for joint feasibility studies that would consider, "upgrading and paving the existing Class B Grand County Segó Canyon route to handle vehicle and truck traffic, and would also look at potential for pipelines. They would also analyze extending this road system through the SITLA land block to connect with existing northern Grand and southern Uintah County road systems." This linking of north and south would require the construction of a road along an entirely new alignment, a task even more daunting than the 1989 proposal.

Of course, the plan touts the benefits of this 'transportation corridor,' as it moves forward to sell the idea to the public. It argues that Grand County residents "could receive substantial economic gain through development on lands in northern Grand County and the Uintah basin, with minimal adverse impacts other than a road,," by opening access to currently inaccessible SITLA lands, and even tries to link the project to a boost in tourism, claiming it would "provide additional commercial exchange between Grand County and the Uintah Basin of all forms, particularly recreation and tourism." That sounds so much like 1989, all over again.

This is all very, very early. I only learned about it a few days ago and the letter itself is just a feeler of sorts, to see if there is a mutual interest in Uintah County. But questions arise..

Blazing a new road altogether, circumventing the Utes land and connecting north and south, would be a serious undertaking. It would also split in half a vast roadless area. If there was ever a parcel of land worthy of wilderness designation, it's this. But specifically, how many miles of new road would be constructed? And how drastically would the existing road be 're-aligned'?

Second, if this road were built and all the economic advantages came with it, what would Grand County do with the money? I mean, what's the point? What is it that Grand County lacks that all this infusion of money would provide? Why do politicians always think that increasing the tax base is a good thing? Do proponents realize how it could transform the area? I'm sure Grand County residents would specifically like to know how the revenues could be used and still allow the county to maintain a semblance of its rural self.

When SITLA first announced the Anadarko lease of more than 100,000 acres, the very state land block Grand County is so eager to exploit, Utah sportsmen were furious. And what about the adjacent Uintah and Ouray Indian Reservation? As noted, the Utes have long considered their land sacred. Have they been consulted by Grand County officials?

The letter from Grand County says, "Indications are that funding to build and maintain this road could come from developers, not Grand County residents." But if the oil and gas people can easily transport their product north via existing paved roads, why would they want to pay to build a new road via Segó Canyon to I-70, and submit to fees, so they can go south instead? I can't see this kind of benevolence from the oil industry. Have they actually expressed an interest in this?

And finally, Jackson's letter notes that, "Under provisions that could be placed in the Bishop public lands legislation bill, Grand County would be given RS 2477 ownership of the Class B County road in Segó Canyon, along with required widths to accommodate upgrade."

Is this a trade-off that environmentalists are willing to make? Elsewhere in this issue, Ashley Korenblat of the Utah Outdoor Business Network, offers her support for the Bishop Land Initiative. Is THIS what she and others have in mind? To sacrifice untouched parts of northern Grand County in exchange for recreation-rich lands, protected for their tourist revenues, elsewhere?

Like I said, we stand at the very beginning of this process. But it could be a long and difficult fight, for everyone involved.

A SHORT COMMENT ON ASHLEY KORENBLAT'S 'REPLY' TO THE 'BORG' STORY

Last issue, I wrote a long essay called "Moab is Assimilated. Bike Borg Moves South...Is Resistance Futile in San Juan County?" The essay included long quotes from Ashley Korenblat's presentation to the San Juan County Commission last June. After the story was posted, Ms. Korenblat asked for the chance to reply. We offered her 1500 words and she used 750. But her comments only addressed her support for the Bishop Land Initiative and never addressed anything from the Borg story, and specifically my concerns that the kind of recreation/tourist growth she imagines for San Juan County would do little to address the economic needs of the county's current population. Though some of her peers in the recreation industry took issue with us, suggesting I'd given Korenblat "a bum rap," I was pleased to see she apparently had no quarrel with any of the specifics of the Borg story.



WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT 'MR. ZEPHYR'

Well, it's the 25 year anniversary of the Zephyr, and it's been difficult for me to think of something to write this issue. I feel unqualified, as you might imagine, to write about the long history of the paper, since I've only been on board the past five years. And I have little to contribute on the topic of the history of environmentalism, or Southeast Utah, or Edward Abbey. When Jim and I first met, nearly five years ago, I was completely unaware of his paper. Though I had grown up on the fringes of what one might call "The West," in South Dakota, I was living on the East Coast at that time. The Southwest was a place I had driven through, on half a dozen family trips, on the way to visit relatives in California, and the area held no particular fascination for me. I didn't even think of myself as an environmentalist, except in the most vague sense.

It's quite a coup, really, that I ended up Co-Publisher of a paper born in Moab, Utah and primarily concerned with the history and the environmentalist movement of the Desert Southwest. You, dear reader, could quite understandably believe that I have no right to have taken this role, running the paper alongside Jim, with so few relevant qualifications. I wouldn't argue with you. So perhaps the only subject for me to speak on authoritatively, on this 25th anniversary, is the subject I know best—my husband, Jim, and the reasons why I jumped ship on my old life in order to join with him and his paper.

When I first came on board, I went through an understandable catch-up period, during which I read Jim's book, saw the Brave New West documentary, perused the paper's archives, and Googled every article about Jim I could find. Thanks to my extensive researching, and Jim's stories, I got a pretty decent handle on the history of the first 20 years of the paper. I learned quite a bit about the history of Moab too, both recent and distant. I learned hundreds of names of past and current contributors, advertisers, and friends met along the road. I learned enough to recognize exactly what made the Zephyr so special—that lovely combination of humor and the earnest pursuit of the facts.

And, of course, I soon figured out that Jim has a reputation for being "grumpy." One of the first articles I read about him, in fact, was titled "Canyon Country Curmudgeon." And I've read angry emails from folks who believe that



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Jim is "mean-spirited" in his criticisms of environmentalist groups. I suppose it's an easy rationalization for an environmentalist (who is quite accustomed to thinking him or herself above the moral fray,) to construe any criticism as "meanness." It's the same story as when some Democrats think it's "mean" to criticize President Obama for behaving just like his predecessor. When you believe yourself to be morally superior, and then are presented with facts to suggest you aren't, what can you do? To acknowledge the facts is to shatter your sense of self-righteousness. Facts can't be argued away. But you can certainly go after the person presenting them. He's being "mean." She's "attacking" you. Surely, their arguments are just manifestations of their own "anger issues."

But I have never once witnessed Jim attacking anyone personally in his articles. I've never seen him print a malicious description of any person, no matter what that person has said about him. What Jim likes are facts. Numbers. Dates. Accurate quotations. He's like President Truman, who, when a crowd member

yelled, "Give 'em Hell, Harry!" replied, "I don't give them Hell. I just tell the truth about them and they think it's Hell."

Of course, there are drawbacks to marrying a man who can quote you back to you verbatim. It's an unfair advantage in a disagreement, that's for sure. Or it would be, if my memory for dialogue weren't even sharper.

It never ceases to amuse me that people assume Jim's hard and fast dedication to the truth must translate into a "grumpy" personality. And, yet, people seem to assume that I'm really friendly. I understand the latter part to an extent--after all, I'm a soft-spoken blonde woman who's been socialized South Dakota-style to smile even when I'm uncomfortable. But I'm definitely not the more sociable member of our family.

I guess I would describe myself as "quiet." When I'm on my own, I don't go out of my way to speak to people. I can spend an entire day running errands

without any conversation beyond "Hi," and "thank you," and "have a good day." And I enjoy the silence. On my own, I'm the sort of person who chooses self-checkout aisles.

With Jim in tow, running errands is a much more social experience. He is far more likely that I am to find out that the sales clerk doesn't like the cold weather. That the hotel manager has an allergy to peanuts and is dreading the road construction on her street; that the waiter wishes he could have a dog in his apartment.

You might think this would be a terrible clash in personalities—one person shy, the other outgoing—but as time passes, I've found that I appreciate being drawn into Jim's conversations.

Just last week, for example, we were visiting our nearest city, looking to find a few items we can't buy closer to home. We'd come through town once a month or so for nearly four years, but never had made time to visit the art museum. This time, we stopped to check it out. The collection was impressive for a small museum, and so we stopped into the gift shop to see if we could find a poster of any of our favorites. We found one we liked, of a less well-known Edward Hopper painting, and purchased it at the counter. As an older gentleman rang up our purchase, I nudged Jim. "Looks like he has your taste in books," I murmured and pointed to Doris Ke-

arns Goodwin's latest, which lay bookmarked next to the register.

That was all it took. We spent nearly an hour in the gift shop, talking with the fascinating man about Theodore Roosevelt and labor unions and the death of manufacturing in America. The man at the museum spoke about his grandfather, a Union leader in Youngstown, Ohio. He himself had worked in the leather tanning factory as a young man. Leaving out a great chunk of the story, he moved on to tell us how he'd been a professor at the local university for over thirty years, and a member of the Symphony for nearly as long. This job, working at the art museum, was his retirement, and he seemed to take pleasure in watching the class of first graders gathering for their tour outside his shop window.

In short, he was absolutely charming. And I never would have heard his story, had I entered the shop on my own.

I have a million examples of this, and most are just tiny things—a shared joke in a hardware store, a family history from a restaurant owner, a philosophy of hard living from an electrician. Later that same day, as we were heading home, we spent another hour in conversation with the owner of an antique store, who was bewildered at the number of family photos people had sloughed off on him at estate sales. “Even baby photos,” he sighed, more than once. “Wouldn’t you want your family’s baby photos?” And he pulled out his favorite, a toddler wearing an indecorously cockeyed facial expression and kicking up one confused leg, from behind a row of framed portraits.

Jim likes meeting people. He likes stories. Of course, there are certain types of people Jim doesn’t like—people who enjoy wielding power, people who are obsessed with profit, and chiefly, people who chase power and/or profit, but who present themselves as paragons of virtue. What frustrates Jim the most is

What frustrates Jim the most is hypocrisy. He’s wrestled with the topic for years. If anything, his fateful split from the Mainstream Greens in 2001’s “It’s Time to Look in the Mirror” arose from a realization that he along with the other Moab Greens were moving in a direction that would betray their own ideals.

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Of course, the friendships sting more than the lost money. In this way, I’m afraid Jim is a tragic optimist. I say optimist because, if he didn’t still believe that people are fundamentally trustworthy—that they mean what they say, and that they will choose kindness and honesty over their own gain, then he wouldn’t so often put himself in a position to be disappointed. Tragic, from my perspective, because people are so often disappointing.

Again, most people wouldn’t suspect that I’m the cynic of our marriage. I’m the one who says, “Well, we’ll see,” and “Make sure you get that in writing,” and “We should probably have a backup plan for when that falls through.” I expect our computers to be glitchy and unreliable. I expect the contractor to forget to send the estimate on fixing the roof; I expect a telemarketer to call during dinner, and a friend to spill a secret. I expect that people will be selfish—not evil, mind you, but forgetful and preoccupied. When those expectations pan out, I’m not surprised, and so I stay fairly calm. And when people are unexpectedly kind or thoughtful, I enjoy being pleasantly surprised.

It is cynicism, pure and simple. I don’t claim it as a virtue. If anything, I wish that I could be more like Jim. It would be a better world, certainly, if we all anticipated more of each other. To my eyes, the message of the Zephyr, more than anything is, “We can do better than this.” And nothing pleases Jim as much as someone living up to their best intentions. The greatest joy of living in our small town, in fact, is seeing how often Jim is delighted by the kindness of our rural neighbors.

For instance, just this week, a farmhouse burned down outside our town. The tragedy made the weekly paper, four days after the fire, but by that time the small town network was already in full swing. Within hours of the disaster, dozens of people were arranging food, clothing, and babysitting for the family. Donations piled up in the local churches. Local restaurants held fundraisers.

The Zephyr may not have a place at the party—amongst the noise of modern life, the TV jingles and flashy internet promotions, clanging out messages of narcissism and self-gratification. It will probably always be a fringe paper, for people who don’t confuse dissent with disloyalty, or packaged recreation with solitary exploration.

Jim and I agreed, for once, that people could be truly remarkable in their generosity. And that rural people, in particular, can be remarkable in their perseverance. He pulled me over to his computer the other day to show me a status update from the family, posted just after their home had burnt to the ground. “The house is gone,” it read. “We are here and God is good.”

“I wish I could be like that,” Jim said. And I agreed. Sometimes people are just amazing.

This is what I can tell you about the Zephyr: I’ve never read a less grumpy paper. And I’ve never known a less grumpy person than Jim. Frustrated, yes. But, for 25 years, Jim has spotlighted the most colorful characters and storytellers, the most earnest explorers and historians, that the Southwest has produced. He has befriended miners and painters, rednecks and hippies, because, to him, everyone who tries to live with integrity is worthy of being heard. It’s the most admirable philosophy I’ve ever encountered, and it’s the reason I signed on, for both the paper and the husband.

The Zephyr may not have a place at the party—amongst the noise of modern life, the TV jingles and flashy internet promotions, clanging out messages of narcissism and self-gratification. It will probably always be a fringe paper, for people who don’t confuse dissent with disloyalty, or packaged recreation with solitary exploration. But that doesn’t mean we’re grumpy. We’re still here, after all. And we’re still clinging hopelessly to those things worth saving.



TONYA STILES is the co-publisher of the Canyon Country Zephyr.

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The First 'PAGE TWO'

MARCH 14, 1989

Jim Stiles



This is the first issue of the Canyon Country Zephyr, a monthly publication of news, opinion, information, and entertainment for Grand County and southern Utah. According to Webster's Dictionary, a "zephyr" is defined as "any warm, western breeze." As it applies to this newspaper, the definition may vary. To some, The Zephyr will represent a breath of fresh air; to others, it may sound like a lot of hot wind. At one time or another, I hope that every reader will reach both conclusions...we're not here to cater to and patronize any one constituency, or anger and provoke

another. But we would like to stimulate intelligent discussion of the issues that concern the citizens of this county.

I've lived in Moab for most of my "adult life," (whatever that means,) and I guess I wouldn't live anywhere else. What brought me here was the sheer beauty of the place. I came from Kentucky, where everything is green and lush and soggy. How I survived for twenty-odd years in that closed-in land of no vistas is beyond me. I need wide openness to survive, and I think a lot of you are the same way. The vast landscape, the limitless blue (clean) skies, and of course, our unique red rock are vital to our lives and make it all worthwhile.

But I have to admit, the people who live in this corner of the Colorado Plateau are as diverse as the land they inhabit. From the first time I sat down at the Westerner Grill for a cup of coffee, I realized there were as many opinions in this town as there are inhabitants. That's why there's never a lack of subject matter for stimulating conversation. And that's the way it should be, and hopefully, always will be. Who would want to live in a community where everybody looked and acted and thought the same? I'm falling asleep just thinking about it. Terminal boredom.

The Zephyr wants to reflect the diversity of both Grand County's land and people, hopefully in a positive and constructive manner. This newspaper is determined to objectively tell its readers the stories and events that are affecting Southern Utah. But we will also express opinions which in your eyes may or may not be correct. I may find myself disagreeing with commentaries within these pages. If The Zephyr hopes to present a balanced view of the life here, it has to present more than one point of view.

Regular columnists Ken Sleight and John Sensenbrenner will share their thoughts, ruminations and celebrations each month, and I can almost guarantee that each of us will find some part of their wit and wisdom with which to disagree. I have been trying to coax former long-time resident Joe Stocks to make a contribution to this paper; Joe and I have, over the years, rarely agreed on anything. But I've learned to appreciate his opinion and think he is sorely needed here.

If anyone can get Joe Stocks to put pen to paper, it may be author, environmentalist and well-known troublemaker Ed Abbey. Mr. Abbey will hopefully become a dedicated, if irregular, contributor to The Zephyr. This month's entry, "Hard Times in Santa Fe," appears for the first time in any English-speaking periodical...figure that one out. There is a message for Moab and its future when Abbey warns that once quaint and quiet Santa Fe has come to resemble any other town "where the blight of our techno-industrial age has laid down its heavy hand."

Joe Stocks, are you listening?

All this opinion and commentary won't be worth the paper it's printed on without the participation and feedback of the readers. If you disagree with The Zephyr, don't sit there and grumble. Let us know. Tell us why we're wrong. In future issues, a "Zephyr feedback" section will be available for readers to express their opinion. Only through an exchange of ideas and information can anyone hope to learn anything.

In order to learn and grow, that information has to be available. In our society, we

have to trust our government enough to let it act on our behalf. We could hardly put every minute decision to a public vote. But, at the same time, government must have enough faith in itself and its own good judgment to share those decisions with the public it serves. And it must be ready to respond with an open mind when that public disagrees with those decisions.

The Zephyr hopes it can help provide that information in a number of ways. Each month, the Grand County Commission and the Moab City Mayor have agreed to sit down with this paper in an interview-type format and discuss the month's activities, the government's decisions, and its plans for the future. To be successful, we need your help.

All this opinion and commentary won't be worth the paper it's printed on without the participation and feedback of the readers. If you disagree with The Zephyr, don't sit there and grumble. Let us know. Tell us why we're wrong...Only through an exchange of ideas and information can anyone hope to learn anything.

If you have a legitimate question, complaint, or concern for either the commission or the Mayor, write it down and send it to The Zephyr, P.O. Box 327, Moab Utah 84532.

Hopefully, these interviews can allow the public to feel closer to their elected officials, and will provide the commission and the Mayor an opportunity to respond directly to their constituents. If we've learned anything from the local history of our recent past, it is that communication between the government and the people is absolutely vital for the democratic process to effectively work.

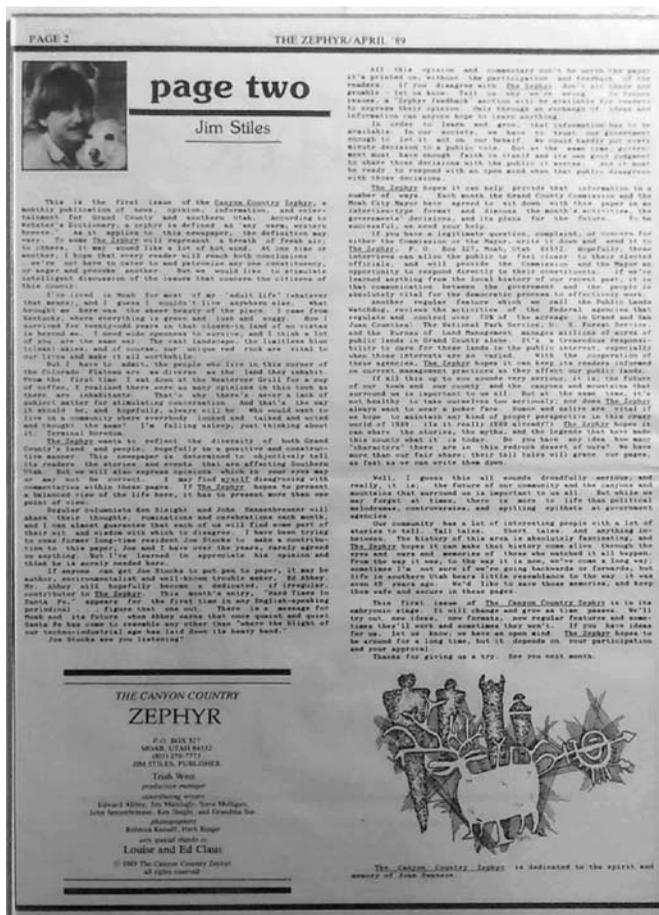
Another regular feature which we call the "Public Lands Watchdog," reviews the activities of the Federal agencies that regulate and control over 70% of the acreage in Grand and San Juan Counties. The National Park Service, U.S. Forest Service, and the Bureau of Land Management manage millions of acres of public lands in Grand County alone. It's a tremendous responsibility to care for these lands in the public interest, especially when those interests are so varied. With the cooperation of these agencies, The Zephyr hopes it can keep its readers informed on current management practices as they affect our public lands.

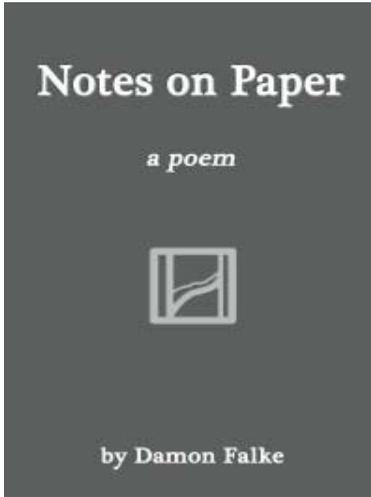
If all this up to now sounds very serious, it is; the future of our town and our county and the canyons and mountains that surround us is important to us all. But, at the same time, it's not healthy to take ourselves too seriously; nor does The Zephyr always want to wear a poker face. Humor and satire are vital if we hope to maintain any kind of proper perspective in this crazy world of 1989. (Is it really 1989 already?) After all, there is more to life than political melodramas, controversies, and spitting epithets at government agencies.

The Zephyr hopes it can share the stories, the myths, and the legends that have made this county what it is today. Our community has a lot of interesting people with a lot of stories to tell. Tall tales. Short tales. And anything in-between. The history of this area is absolutely fascinating, and The Zephyr hopes it can make that history come alive through the eyes and ears and memories of those who watched it all happen. From the way it was to the way it is now, we've come a long way; sometimes I'm not sure if we're going backwards or forwards, but life in southern Utah bears little resemblance to the way it was even 40 years ago. We'd like to save those memories, and keep them safe and secure in these pages.

This first issue of The Canyon Country Zephyr is in its embryonic stage. It will change and grow as time passes. We'll try out new ideas, new formats, new regular features and sometimes they'll work and sometimes they won't. If you have ideas for us, let us know; we have an open mind. The Zephyr hopes to be around for a long time, but it depends on your participation and your approval.

Thanks for giving us a try. See you next month.





In Notes on Paper, Falke walks us through the landscape of one man's mind, which contains both his past and an awareness of our common future. From within private memories the narrator reaches out to us with 'we' and 'you', and each spare line invokes the hope that we, like him, are worthy of return to our most longed for places. And if to return is not our fate,

and really it never can be, the narrator bids us survey our own memories, taking time in the present for the winds, and the words, that move the world.

NOTES ON PAPER
DAMON FALKE

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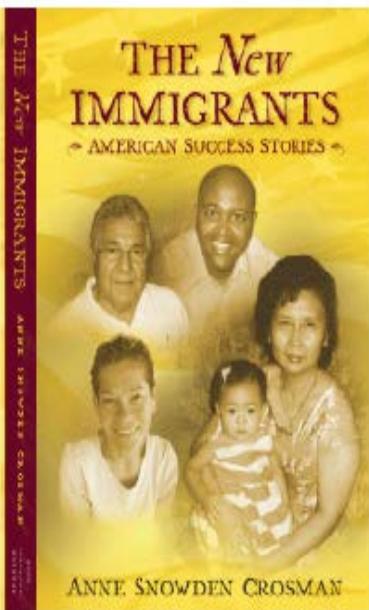
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New from...
ANNE SNOWDEN CROSMAN

THE NEW IMMIGRANTS

American Success Stories

A new wave of pioneering immigrants has rushed headlong into Arizona the last forty years. Mexican entrepreneurs, Asian market and restaurant owners, Indian software engineers, European winemakers, and African community leaders, have all thrived in a rich atmosphere of business opportunity.

Anne Snowden Crosman interviewed hundreds of immigrants, from Flagstaff and the Verde Valley to Phoenix and Tucson. To each, she asked the question, "What is your secret of survival and success?"

They all answered, "Hope, hard work, persistence, and determination." "And why did you come to America?" she asked.

In unison, they replied, "For the happiness to live in a free country."

Anne Snowden Crosman, an Arizonan and world citizen, writes about people and social issues. She is the author of *Young At Heart: Aging Gracefully With Attitude*, winner of the Benjamin Franklin Award. She has been afternoon host of *All Things Considered* at KNAU, Arizona Public Radio in Flagstaff, and a CBS and NBC Radio Network correspondent in American and abroad. She lives in Sedona, Arizona, where she teaches memoir-writing at the Osher Lifelong Learning Institute and volunteers for the Humane Society. She has established a foundation to help send young people to college.



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THE ZEPHYR CHRONICLES...PT 1

BEGINNINGS...1988-1996

JIM STILES

Here's how far we've come.

Shortly after The Zephyr's first issue appeared on newsstands, in mid-March 1989, I was at the old Main Street Broiler, eating one of Debbie Rappe's wonderful cheeseburgers and overheard a spirited conversation at an adjacent table. "This smart ass kid thinks he can just start a newspaper and then tell us how to live! His 'Zephyr' garbage won't last three months." His friend nodded, "I hear he's one of those environmental weirdos."

Jump ahead—way ahead—to the day last year when I found this post on our web site; it was in response to a story on extreme sports. "It's this geriatric community of do-nothings," young Seth complained, "that wants to sit by and look at rock that is getting butt-hurt...It's so sad watching you get old and bitter."

From smart ass kid to old and bitter. Seems like only yesterday.



Back in 1990, when somebody asked Grand County Commissioner Jimmie Walker what he thought of the new publication, Walker grinned and said, "I can sum up The Zephyr in one word... SHIT." And in 2012, Grand County Councilman Chris Baird described The Zephyr like this: "You are like a flesh-eating cannibal...But vultures will be vultures."

On the other hand...

Almost a quarter century ago, one reader had this to say about our new publication: "Stiles is an aggressive perpetrator of knowledge, a passionate defender of kindness and common sense, and has a splendid sense of humor...The Canyon Country Zephyr might be the best local newspaper in the country." But a local realtor disapproved: "Stiles wants to return to the good old days of Ed Abbey and economic depression. He has a closed mind when it comes to progress."

In 2013, one reader left this comment: "Stiles is a fount of unending negativity. I can't believe it hasn't killed him yet." But another reader expressed a different sentiment: "Thanks for your eloquent writing." And she thanked me for "the much-needed voice of the CCZ."

In 25 years The Zephyr has traveled the spectrum, from "one word...shit" and "flesh-eating cannibal" to "perpetrator of knowledge" and "a much needed voice." No wonder I feel a bit schizoid at times. I never know whether to bask in the love or jump off a cliff. Fortunately, most of the time, I've chosen to do neither. One thing is for certain, as we enter the 26th year of life, very few people who read The Zephyr are ambivalent about it. And though this rollercoaster has almost broken me a couple of times, it's a journey I'm grateful to have been a part of. It's been quite a ride.

In 25 years The Zephyr has traveled the spectrum, from "one word...shit" and "flesh-eating cannibal" to "perpetrator of knowledge" and "a much needed voice." No wonder I feel a bit schizoid at times. I never know whether to bask in the love or jump off a cliff.

BEGINNINGS...1988-1996

In the waning days of 1988, Moab was a different kind of place; so was the world. I was months way from publishing the first issue of a new publication I had recently decided to call, "The Canyon Country Zephyr." I'd kicked a few less memorable names around, including "The Slickrock Journal" and "The Moab Monthly." But driving along Mill Creek Drive, near Emmitt's K-D Second hand Store, 'Zephyr' popped into my head. It stuck.

I had recently been writing and cartooning for Bob Dudek's irreverent monthly, "The Stinking Desert Gazette." The Gazette had been around for a couple years and Bob had offered me work when his cartoonist Nik Hougan briefly moved north to run the family's farm in Idaho. I needed the money and was intrigued with the idea of being part of a newspaper. I had earlier quit my seasonal ranger job at Arches National Park, after the death of a co-worker and very close friend. Though the details of that tragedy are not suited for this story, its sordid and ugly aftermath would affect me and this publication for years. Later in this narrative, I'll explain how.

The Gazette was my introduction to newspaper production, 1988-style, and I enjoyed it. My role there grew and soon I was submitting stories and essays as well. I liked Bob and the gang who had been a part of the SDG since its inception, but Dudek and I were

not a good fit. I think Bob enjoyed exploring the absurdity of Moab more than me, even then, and he avoided embracing the hard news stories. He once told me he wanted the SDG to become the "MAD Magazine of the Desert," and I think he could have succeeded. Meanwhile I kept trying to slip serious stories about Moab politics into Dudek's off-beat, funky rag. He always printed them and was consistently patient with my aberrations. But ultimately, for me, it didn't work, so I gave my notice in September 1988.

My first thought was to pursue a reporter/cartoonist job with an environmental magazine like 'High Country News,' but opportunities then were far and few. I was even offered a seasonal job with the Park Service in Alaska by an old ranger buddy. But in November, when Grand County citizens voted to stop a toxic waste incinerator, it occurred to me that Moab could use another news voice, besides the weekly "Times-Independent," Grand County's newspaper 'of record' since 1896.

Link to: "When Moab Had a Pulse"

<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/oldzephyr/archives/toxicincinerator.html>

Link to: "The Calm Before the Swarm...parts 1-3"

<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/2011/12/01/the-calm-before-the-swarm-by-jim-stiles/>

<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/2012/02/01/the-calm-before-the-swarm-2-the-joy-of-being-poor-gets-run-over-by-a-bicycle-by-jim-stiles/>

<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/2012/04/01/the-calm-before-the-swarm-3-by-jim-stiles/>

The town was in dire straits; the uranium industry had collapsed, hundreds of jobs had been lost, and a quarter of Moab's homes were empty and for sale. Moab's 'survivor's were trying to figure out ways to keep their heads above water. Oddly though, because we were all in such a bad way, there was also a spirit of community and togetherness. It was that feeling that convinced me a monthly alternative could make it, as long as I kept it simple and my 'business plan' cheap.

And it was also my hope that it could be a gathering place for divergent ideas. From issue one, I was determined to offer all points of view. Not only would I welcome constructive criticism, I would seek out different viewpoints as well. I found Raquel Shumway, and later Jane S Jones, to represent the Western Alliance of Land Users to counter the monthly contributions of the Sierra Club and Lance Christie. The 'debates' that were waged in this publication 25 years ago still make for interesting reading. My hope was that we could at least remove the demons from the debate. We didn't have to hate each other if we shared different philosophies. I know that's an idealistic and maybe even simplistic approach. I know also that sometimes different values are irreconcilable. But if there was common ground to be found, I hoped it might be in The Zephyr.

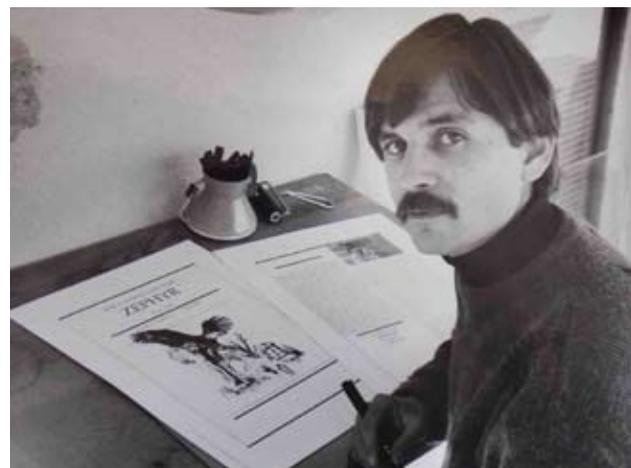
I hit the streets in January 1989, looking for advertisers and did better than I'd expected. Still, at \$18 for an eighth-page ad and \$31 for a quarter, including art work, few could refuse. And when possible, we bartered...trade-outs were big in Moab in 1989. Even preferred. A few years later, Bill Hedden would note that Moab had been, "a hard place to get rich but a good place to be poor." He was exactly right.

I also managed to convince almost a hundred friends to buy a \$10 yearly subscription. I found a good printer in Cortez, Colorado. Larry Hausman, the head press man, explained the process and he looked over some of my dummy cut and paste pages. Now all I had to do was put together a newspaper.

**APPROACHING VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1...
MARCH 14, 1989 & ED ABBEY**

In early 1989, Moab was still buzzing from the November election. Grand County citizens had approved a measure to stop a toxic waste incinerator and had thrown two of its incumbent commissioners (and incinerator proponents) out of office. But the vote against toxic waste had crossed demographic lines; an interesting and diverse groups

of Moabites had united to change Moab's future. At the time, it felt like a new beginning for Moab. I figured, what better way to keep this spirit alive than to create an ongoing dialogue with the new commissioners. I contacted incumbent Dave Knutson and newly elected commissioners Fern Mullen and Merv Lawton. All were agreeable to a monthly sit-down with The Zephyr, on tape, to discuss current issues. Later Mayor Tom Stocks also agreed to a spontaneous monthly, on the record interview.



In December, Ed Abbey made what would be his last trip to Moab. While he signed copies of "Fool's Progress" at Ken Sleight's book store, I told him about the proposed Zephyr. Abbey was delighted and later, as we sat in my VW Squareback, sipping beers,

he offered to send something for the first issue. "I want to put an original story in your Zephyr," he said. "Maybe I can become one of your regular correspondents."

I'd already circled the first 'press day' on my calendar and so I told Ed, "March 14 is what we're hoping for."

Abbey replied, "I'll get you something before then." We shook hands in the cold December darkness and I watched him amble away in his long, loping walk. I figured I'd see him next Spring.

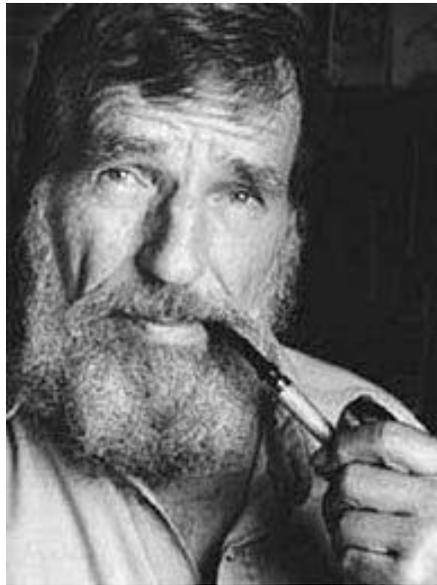
Trying to put a newspaper together posed a problem. I didn't have a computer and I didn't know how to type (I'm still awful slow). To say this was a shoe-string operation, even then, would be an understatement. But my friend, attorney Bill Bengé, proposed that I use his computer and his secretary Trish West moonlighted as my transcriber. Beginning with the first issue and for three years, everything I wrote was hand-scribbled on yellow legal pads and left to Trish to interpret. Even long interviews with the politicians were hand-transcribed by me and passed to Trish.

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We were also in need of a printer and Trish's uncle, CPA Ed Claus, graciously allowed the use of his when we were ready to lay out pages. His printer had one postscript font—helvetica bold—and so for three years we used this thick bold eight point type for stories and essays and interviews. I hand-scribbled the headline type and ad copy too, with size and font instructions, and took it to the Printing Place, where Larry and Marge Fleenor punched out the copy on a photographic 'Compu-graphic' machine. From there it was all cut and paste. More precisely, the entire paper was held together with hot wax. My hand-held hand waxer would serve me well for the next 17 years.

In 1989, emails didn't exist. No cell phones. We depended on 5 1/4 inch floppy disks (they really were floppy) to print some stories, but most of them had to be re-typed. It was a long process.

With my first deadline fast-approaching, I began to write and gather stories. The first issue included interviews with both the commissioners and the mayor. We ran original stories about asbestos-dumping in Grand County and a report on local child abuse. I wrote a piece about my next door neighbor called, "Toots McDougald's History of Moab," and featured local artist Kathy Cooney on our first "Zephyr Gallery" page. Ken Sleight and John Sensenbrenner (the owner of Milt's 'Stop n' Eat' in the 80s and 90s) offered opinion and analysis from the Left and Right. Even my mother got into the act with "Grandma Sue's Country Kitchen and her recipe for Mock Turtle Soup."



I got back to Moab after 2 PM and had just unloaded the first box when a friend of mine, Jean Akin pulled up to the curb. "Did you hear about Ed Abbey?" she asked. I shook my head. Jean said, "Edward Abbey died this morning."

Abbey's story arrived in mid-February, and with a note from Ed. He had sent me a never-before-published essay called, "Hard Times in Santa Fe," but he hadn't written it exclusively for The Zephyr. He'd been busy finishing his sequel to 'The Monkey Wrench Gang' and was trying to beat a deadline. We would learn soon that the deadline was for more than his latest novel.

A couple days before I carried the layout boards to Cortez, I'd heard a rumor that Abbey was ill. The same rumor had hovered over us for years, in fact, but Abbey had always kept his health issues private. In January I called the Abbeyes and learned he'd had "an episode," but was on the mend. So at 5 AM on March 14, 1989, I packed the layouts and my check book into my 1963 Volvo and drove the 120 miles to Cortez News. It took about five hours to produce Volume 1 Number 1. I worried about typos and scrambled layouts, knowing that once it rolled off the presses there wasn't a damn thing I could do to fix them. By noon, The 2000 Zephyrs were printed, boxed and loaded into my Volvo.

The trunk and back seat and passenger seat were stacked to the ceiling. I barely had room to sit.

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I couldn't believe it. I was absolutely paralyzed. That afternoon, my great friends, the Knouff family—Becky, Kate, Terry and Tim--- helped get the first issue on the newsstands. I headed out to Pack Creek Ranch to spend the evening with my buddy, and one of Abbey's best pals, Ken Sleight. A few days later, Bengé and I drove down to Tucson for the private memorial service. Bill had been Abbey's attorney when he lived in Moab and had, in fact, written much of the last chapter of 'The Monkey Wrench Gang,' after they finally got caught. Abbey was a writer not a lawyer, and Bill helped fill in the blanks on courtroom procedure and the rule of law. We gathered at Saguaro NM west of town. It's a blur now. It was a hard day.

Later, Bengé and I made the long 17 hour drive home. Two days later, I had to put my 15 year old dog to sleep. I was ready for that week to be over.

In late May, a larger public memorial service was organized by Ken Sleight, Ken Sanders, Terry Tempest Williams and me. My job was to find a site for the event. I inquired about a location at Arches but when I was hit with permit applications and fees and a requirement to provide port-a-potties, I decided Abbey would prefer a different venue. I finally picked a site on the mesa above Arches but outside the park. To get there, everyone had to drive the old abandoned road to the top of the canyon and then walk the last mile. In the early hours before the service, I couldn't sleep and so I drove up Moab Canyon at three in the morning to watch the night sky. All through the night, a slow but steady stream of car lights climbed the old road. Mourners came from all over the West, from all over the country. By the time the service began, a thousand people had come to say goodbye to Edward Abbey.

Ken Sleight was there. Doug Peacock. Dave Foreman. Terry Tempest Williams. Perhaps Abbey's best friend, John DePuy, was too moved to speak. Later in the afternoon, I took Foreman to my favorite spot at Arches—Abbey's Arch, the rock span Ed had found in 1956 and that I had re-discovered 20 years later. Less than a week after our hike, Foreman and other Earth Firsters! were arrested in a government sting operation.

A decade later, Abbey's Arch would become (for a while!) a popular destination for a commercial canyoneering company and the old abandoned roadway up Moab canyon was converted to a paved bike path. All of that, however, resided in the future. In 1989, I had no idea what was coming...

THE BOOK CLIFFS HIGHWAY

In the early 1990s, one story dominated Grand County news. When the incumbent commissioners were defeated in November 1988, they still had a couple months to serve. In that time as lame duck officials, they created the "Grand County Roads Special Service District." It was to be an independent government entity, funded by state mineral lease monies. They were, in effect, autonomous. And their stated goal was to build a multi-million dollar road over the Book Cliffs. Its real purpose was to provide better access for oil and gas development, but to make it more sell-able, they pushed the road as a new paved state highway that would dramatically increase tourism to Grand County.

Opposition to the highway was insignificant when The Zephyr first started reporting the story, but over the next four years, concerns that the mineral lease funds could be better spent began to take its toll on the highway's popularity. It became a regular theme in The Zephyr, as I reported the 'progress' of the project. Exclusively using mineral lease funds for the highway meant that money couldn't be used for anything else. While the road board insisted it could ONLY be used for roads, a close reading of the law proved otherwise.



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And yet, during that same period, I got to know and like one of its strongest and most honest supporters, Commissioner David Knutson. Knutson was the youngest member of the commission and his father Ollie was on the road board, so you wouldn't think Dave and I would have found much in common. And yet we hit it off, despite our differences. The Knutsons ran an oil well maintenance company and wanted to see the roads in the Book Cliffs improved. It seemed like a conflict of interest to me; clearly they looked at it differently. Our disagreement on the issues made for some long and interesting arguments. The Knutsons frequently hauled water for the Park Service to the Hans Flat ranger station and residences at the Maze District of Canyonlands. I once rode along with Dave, four hours out, four hours back. We never stopped talking except to unload the water.

But it was the first time I realized how difficult it would be to play the role of journalist with people that I liked. A big city reporter can bury himself in anonymity and never have to face the people he scrutinizes. A small town journalist lacks that comfortable

next page...

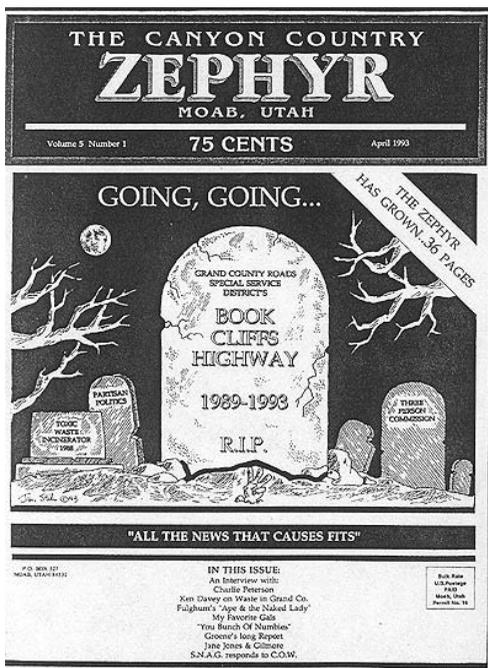
THE ZEPHYR CHRONICLES PART 1 CONTINUED

distance. He has to face his topics. That's how it was with David. In the 1990 county elections, David faced opponent Dave Bierscheid, another longtime Moabite and also a good guy. Bierscheid also opposed the highway, so naturally my vote went with him. On election night, Knutson won handily and the returns were interpreted to mean a clear victory for the Book Cliffs Highway as well. But when he asked me who I'd voted for and I told him 'the other guy,' I sensed that I'd really hurt his feelings—that I'd somehow betrayed our friendship. And as strongly as I opposed the highway, I felt bad as well. Had it not been for the highway issue, I might have voted differently.

In the aftermath of the election, Knutson and the other winner, Manuel Torres, took their victory as an absolute mandate. Some, including me, thought they'd allowed the win to go to their heads, and my friendship with Dave cooled. The Zephyr interviews ended and, in the next two years, as local opposition grew, David and Manuel became more intractable.

My greatest frustration was the commission's continued support of the Book Cliffs Highway. The Road District board continued to push forward and it began to have an inevitability about it, even as more and more people doubted that the project could be constructed for the price they were claiming. Still David Knutson was convinced he'd prevail and laughed at his adversaries. He reminded opponents that the Utah constitution offered no recourse if you didn't like an elected official. There was no recall process, no impeachment protocol. "All you can do," he said, "is shoot us." But, as it turned out, he was wrong.

Somebody, I don't recall who, gave the Utah State Code a close read and discovered a loophole. It was true that the state offered no process for removing a person from office. What the counties' citizens could do was change their entire form of government. The idea was stunning; it required the collection of signatures on a petition to force such a change. But once the movement gained momentum, it seemed impossible to stop.



Finally, in late 1992, a BLM public hearing on the highway was held in Moab. One statement after another, from voices as diverse as oil companies, environmentalists, and sportsmen, spoke in adamant opposition. Eventually, even Sam Taylor would withdraw his support.

What few remember though is why the referendum was really initiated and what the driving force behind it was. It was not the Book Cliffs Highway. Before 1990, all counties in Utah were composed of three commissioners. Two of them were elected to four year terms but one commissioner term lasted only two years. In that way, two of the three commission seats, and the balance of power, were up for election every two years. No one could ever hold absolute power for longer than that without approval of the voters. But the state legislature changed that in 1990, making the length of all three seats four years. So when Knutson and Torres won, there would no longer be the option of waiting just two years to vote again.

As to motive, while opposition to the road grew, it was the commission's decision to appoint a friend as head of the Grand County tourist office that actually pushed many of the edge—but not me. It was a strange irony that the 'change of government' vote had nothing to do with the highway; it was about appointing Robbie Swazey. Some thought she would be ineffective in that position, which would have delighted me, and as the growing number of 'New Moabites' clamored for more professional tourist promotion, I found myself once again at odds with my own priorities—do I want the Book Cliffs road stopped? But at what cost?

I was surprised as voices of opposition to the Book Cliffs Highway grew. In 1989, virtually nobody seemed interested in stopping this project. At a public informational meeting, proponents easily swayed most of the audience and when Times-Independent editor Sam Taylor gave the highway his blessing, it almost felt like a done deal. But in the next four years, as the costs grew and as ethical questions arose, more people in Grand County began to question its feasibility.

Finally, in late 1992, a BLM public hearing on the highway was held in Moab. One statement after another, from voices as diverse as oil companies, environmentalists, and sportsmen, spoke in adamant opposition. Eventually, even Sam Taylor would withdraw his support.

In November, the referendum prevailed. The 'old government' lost their jobs and in

February, a special election created the first seven-person "Grand County Council." It was supposed to be the beginning of a new era, and for a while it was. The following spring, the new council voted to dissolve the Special Roads Service District and re-allocated its funding to other county service districts that could use a revenue boost. It was--we thought--the end, once and for all, of the Book Cliffs Highway.

'OLD WEST & 'NEW WEST'---LOCKING HORNS in MOAB

Those first seven years, when we put out a paper every four weeks, were the hardest I've ever worked and were the most gratifying. I spent a week out of every month walking Moab's streets, talking to advertisers and whoever else I bumped into...actually, I can't say I always walked. Once my buddy Anthony from Poison Spider caught me driving from the post office to Back of Beyond Books, a distance of 50 feet. Actually I'd forgotten I was supposed to visit the book store and swerved at the last moment to park. But I admit...it looked BAD. Later the Poison Spider people gave me my own vintage one-speed Schwinn bike with a coaster brake.



Later the Poison Spider people gave me my own vintage one-speed Schwinn bike with a coaster brake.

The monthly interviews were difficult but productive. I enjoyed the meetings and the conversations, but who wants to listen to politicians twice? That was what I had to do, of course, to transcribe them. The interviews lasted 45 minutes; the transcriptions five times that long.

I met many new interesting people who would write for The Zephyr, like Jack Campbell and Jane S. Jones and Rachel Shumway and Lance Christie. Even the ultra-capitalist Hank Rutter found a place in The Z. And in 1991, a fellow named Scott Groene introduced himself. He was the new SUWA (Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance) staff attorney and asked if he could contribute articles to the "canyon country watchdog" page. As you'll read elsewhere in this narrative, Groene and I became friends and shared very similar concerns for southeast Utah, at least back then.

When we finally got computers in 1992 and I was trying to learn how to use the evil contraption, it was usually Groene who calmed me down when I couldn't get a file to open and I thought I was on the precipice of the End of the World. "Calm down," he'd say. "Hit Control D...better now"

If Scott and I had one difference of opinion, it was my un-shared fondness for at least aspects of the Old West...AND 'Old Westerners.' In July 1989, I'd written about wilderness and the rural west:

'For instance, how could anyone dislike Lilly Mae Norlander? I don't care if she is against wilderness. She'll never be an enemy of mine.'

from 1991 Zephyr essay

"I support wilderness in Grand County and Southeast Utah and that declaration alone can get a guy on more residents' 'enemies list' than anything else I can think of. There is no group more vehemently opposed to wilderness than the Western Association of Land Users. They oppose wilderness at all costs....With a few exceptions, WALU has no use for the likes of me.

"There was a time for me when the feeling was quite mutual. I regarded the anti-wilderness crowd scornfully. I had no use whatsoever for Ray Tibbetts who led the wilderness protest parade on July 4, 1980. Issues to me were very well-defined...very black and white. I was right and they were wrong.

"But during many of those years, I worked at Arches, lived at the park and really didn't know the people who lived and worked in this town. All that changed six years ago when I turned in my badge and bought a house and eventually started this paper.

"And what I discovered, as I set up interviews, and researched stories, and walked Main Street looking for advertisers, was that many of the "enemies" I'd regarded warily all these years were (gasp!) kind, decent, honest people just trying to get by in this world. They were likewise shocked to see that I had no horns beneath my fedora either. I realized that they too long for quiet Sunday afternoons on Main Street.

"Since then, I've had to take another look at WALU, not for their political or environmental philosophy, but for who they are. For instance, how could anyone dislike Lilly Mae Norlander? I don't care if she is against wilderness. She'll never be an enemy of mine. Or Ray Tibbetts. We still don't agree on development and wilderness, but we can

talk for hours about the country we both love.”

In 1993, I wrote my first editorial that openly questioned the wisdom of a “New West.” I called it ‘New West Blues,’ and it resonated enough with editor Betsy Marston at ‘High Country News’ that she asked if HCN could re-print it. In the essay I wrote:

“This is not just another complaint about our changing town— the New Moab. What’s happening here is happening elsewhere. And what’s coming may be bigger than even we doomsayers would dare predict. Barring a miracle, we are about to enter a new phase, the last phase, in the taming of the West. When it’s over it won’t be “the West” anymore. We all know “how the West was won.” What we are about to see is “how the West was done.” To use a recently popular expression, pretty soon, you can stick a fork in it. And all of us, no matter how much we love the country bear responsibility.’

For the first time, after wading through the hordes of tourists, I noted, “we came around a corner and saw local rancher Don Holyoak with a couple dozen cows. Smelly, stupid, fly-ridden cows...’stinking bovines,’ Abbey used to call them...I was glad to see them.”



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Many shared my conflicted feelings; others were not amused. My environmentalist friends loathed public lands ranching and the rural lifestyle, in general. It was a subject that Groene and I avoided most of the time.

Link to NEW WEST BLUES: <http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/2013/12/02/new-west-blues-by-jim-stiles/>

I never changed in that regard; nor did Scott. He saw rural westerners as an impediment to his designated goal—to create a vast Congressionally-mandated wilderness for southern Utah, and in that regard, he was probably right. Early on, I could see a strategy just beginning to form in the minds of ‘progressive’ environmentalists in Utah—if you could change the demographics of these rural towns, you can change the attitudes. If you can create a new community that supports wilderness legislation, you can get the votes to do it. From a political and strategic standpoint, it was a completely logical, even brilliant idea.



“You know what bothers me? It’s that what we really want is for all these ‘anti-wilderness’ types to leave. To give up their own towns.”

Still it bothered me. One day, after talking to Lilly Mae, I expressed my worries to Scott.

“You know what bothers me? It’s that what we really want is for all these ‘anti-wilderness’ types to leave. To give up their own towns.”

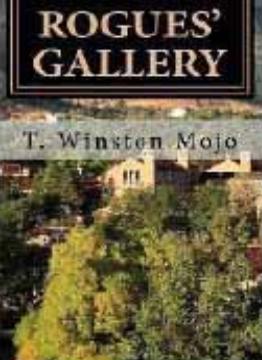
Groene stared out the window at the hummingbird nest that had been constructed on a nearby tree branch. Watching the young hummers was often preferable to arguing.

“The thing is,” I continued, “These are nice people, even if they don’t agree with us.”

Groene looked at me like I was Donald Duck. “What’s ‘nice’ got to do with anything? Our job is to create wilderness.”

“New Moab,” in my heart of hearts, was already an inevitability. For Scott and me,

next page...



ROGUES' GALLERY

My 27 years at Rocky Mountain University...

T. WINSTON MOJO

In the tradition of literary bureaucrats Kafka, Bukowski and Miller, T. Winston Mojo takes the reader on a journey into the abyss of institutional smallness. Everybody knows that politics at the university are so vicious because the stakes are so small. Mojo's real-life gauntlet of villains at Rocky Mountain University in Big Rock, Colorado, is an exploration into just how small those stakes can be.



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LIFETIME BACKBONE MEMBER

LANETTE SMITH
Basalt, CO

THE ZEPHYR CHRONICLES

PART 1 CONTINUED

our views would both remain intractable when it came to the fate of the Rural West. And that hummingbird nest? A few years later, as the tourist economy boomed, the tree outside Groene's SUWA office window was chopped down and another curio shop filled the space where the tree and the little park beneath it had resided.

THE REST OF THE STORIES..

There was always more to The Zephyr than 'environmental issues.' especially in the early years when we were a monthly and so closely tied to the community. I realized that, as small as our little rag was, it could make a difference from time to time.

One day in late 1989, as I prepared to put the finishing touches on the last issue of the year, I received an anonymous note. It was regarding the "First Baby of the Year" contest, a tradition that survives today. But back then the rules were a little different. The note advised me to look in the lower left hand corner of the ad which ran in the local weekly. The type was so small I almost had to squint. It said: "Winning Baby Must be Legitimate." Here is, in part, how I responded in the next issue:

Leonardo da Vinci was a great artist, inventor and a genius. Sarah Bernhardt was a great actress. Alexander Hamilton was the first U.S. Secretary of the Treasury. What does this diverse group of people have in common? Their parents were not married when they were born. To use the antiquated vernacular, they are "illegitimate."

If they were born in Moab, and if their birthdays fell close to the first of the year, all of them would be disqualified from the First Baby of the Year Contest, sponsored by almost two dozen Moab merchants. Each year, these sponsors award a variety of presents to the baby and the parents of the newborn. But the contest rules are explicit. The fine print reads: "Winning Baby must be legitimate."

I'm by no means disparaging the institution of marriage, but doesn't a new mother without a husband already have an enormous responsibility to bear alone? ...I wish the sponsors could re-evaluate their position and take another hard look at the rules... If it happens again this year (it has occurred in the past) and the baby is disqualified, The Zephyr and a group of local merchants including: Pack Creek Ranch, Main St. Broiler, Moab Mercantile, Hogan Trading Co., Dave's Corner Market, Four Corners Design, Rim Cyclery, The Movies and Moab Community Co-op will match the prizes intended for the baby. This is the time of year for compassion and generosity, not narrowmindedness.

The sponsors of the event backed off, removed the stipulation and when the first baby of 1990 was born, she was the beautiful daughter of a working single mother. Sometimes, there is justice in this world.

There were other small victories. When we heard that the Moab Fire Department planned to expand its facilities on First East and cut down a 60 year old pecan tree, we came to the defense of the tree. The local ornithologist spoke up as well, saying the tree was vital to migrating raptors. And again, reason prevailed. The tree was spared. It's still there.

But more than anything else, the monthly interviews with the county commission and the city council were our greatest service to the community. Imagine every four weeks, being able to hold your elected officials' feet to the fire. We had our ups and downs, of course, and as I've mentioned, for a while county government became a bit aloof for my taste. But most of the time, there was a good rapport between The Zephyr and government when it came to open access, whether we agreed with each other or not.



ing decades later.'

Over the years, he'd visit me at Arches and then in Moab and we became like father and son. Then he started sharing his vast collection of Kodachrome images, thousands of photos taken over the past 50 years, and predominantly of the American West. When I started The Zephyr, it occurred to me I had an opportunity to share these images. For the past 25 years, there has rarely been an issue that didn't include "Herb Ringer's American West."

WHAT ELSE...

People came and went over the years. The writer Robert Fulghum, author of the best-selling book "Everything I Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten," befriended The Zephyr for a while. He'd built a home at Pack Creek Ranch in the early 90s and took an interest in our struggling little rag.

At the time, I was still without a computer and when Fulghum heard of our predica-

ment, he immediately provided us with the funds to buy one, and a postscript printer as well. It was a great help and, for a while, Fulghum even signed on as a Zephyr columnist.

Perhaps the most enduring Zephyr writer (besides myself) was the inimitable Ken Davey. Ken came to Moab in the late 80s with his future wife Julie Fox. Ken established himself early-on as an irascible and cranky contributor, but rarely inaccurate. He was also my next day neighbor and we shared what can only be described as one of the most candid friendships I've ever known. Ken's columns not only informed the public and made people think, his acerbic wit diverted attention away from my rants and onto his, giving me a much needed break from whoever it was we'd offended most recently. Ken also wrote for the local weekly and the local television station, "Channel 6." I can lay claim to the fact that I named Ken the "Dean of the Moab Press Corps."



for years and he contributed untold numbers of morphs for our "Lame Alien Swimsuit Issues." It was such a great relief to sometimes escape the seriousness of the day and lose ourselves in Dan's great works of art. (And of course the cover of this issue is from Dan as well).

I surprised a lot of my old uranium miner friends when I helped initiate a plan to honor Moab's most famous citizen, the "Uranium King" himself, Charlie Steen. I've written extensively about Steen over the years and his son Mark, wrote an excellent history of his father in The Z years ago, but to remind you, Charlie Steen was a geologist from Texas who came to Utah convinced he could find uranium where it wasn't supposed to exist. Other geologists and government "experts" thought he was crazy, but Steen persevered. He was down to his last dollar and his last bit when he found the Mother Lode. He became an instant millionaire and a national figure. His fortunes rose and fell, he built a magnificent home on the cliffs north of town, then moved away, lost almost everything.

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One evening in early 1992, I was having dinner with Fulghum and his wife Lynn, Robert asked me why all the churches in Moab were in along the same street. I explained that Steen had donated that property to the churches back in the late 50s. A discussion about Steen's influence on Moab ensued and we both wondered where he was now. Fulghum said, "Wouldn't it be something to bring Charlie back to Moab?"

And I remembered that his Discovery Day was sometime in July 1952---this summer would mark the 40th anniversary. So I took the idea to City Councilman Dave Sakrison who loved the idea. He took it to the Mayor and Council and they loved it too. Later that year Charlie Steen came back to Moab. A dinner honoring him filled the Elks Lodge; friends came from all over the country to pay tribute. It was a very moving evening for everyone there.

During the dinner, the 'master of ceremony' Dave May mentioned the long list of people who had been involved in proposing and planning this event. When Dave mentioned me, every ex-miner in the room turned to me in shock, as if to say, 'YOU? You treehugger? You want to honor Charlie Steen?' My old buddy Neldon Lemon, with whom I'd spent many an hour arguing politics and the environment while munching burgers at the old Westerner Grill, came up to me afterwards. "Stiles," he said laughing, "I don't think I'll EVER figure you out." It was a good night.

The next day, Moab honored Charlie with a parade. Someone had found the original jeep that Charlie had used back in '52. Most of the town turned out. Later, we held a huge picnic for Charlie at the City Park and Mayor Tom Stocks proclaimed it 'Charlie Steen Day.' he also named the recently built park pavilion the "Charlie Steen Pavilion," but to this day, I don't know if the city of Moab ever installed a plaque.

But if some of Moab's miners softened their view of me a bit, there were a few women

in town who wanted to kill me.

When I started The Zephyr, I had created the 'cartoon ad' for almost all of my business supporters. It personalized their advertisements and they were funny and I didn't charge much. Everything was going swimmingly until I took a shot at drawing a woman. I believe it was Jane Dillon, then employed at Tag-a-Long Tours, who became my first... well... victim. Now keep in mind that I am a CARTOONIST, not a portrait painter. A cartoonist tends to exaggerate features while capturing the essence of the individual.



What can I say...Jane had/had a winning smile and when I tooned her she was smiling winningly. The result was a bit more toothy than Reality and way more toothy than she would have preferred. She did not believe I had "captured her essence." I would pay the price for years to come.

The Moab women were furious. How could I have savaged Jane in this way? What kind of a jerk was I? I tried to explain that it wasn't my intention to insult anyone. "Think about," I pleaded. "Advertisers are PAYING me to toon them. Why would I deliberately insult them? It would make no sense." But it was too late. Begging for forgiveness was ineffective. I decided that the only thing I could

do, to coin a phrase from Annie Oakley, was to "get back on the horse."

I started drawing Moab's most celebrated women, featuring them in full page features, but when I got too whimsical and titled the cartoons, "My Favorite Gals," I got them all stirred up again. So I changed it to "Moab's Power Babes." That didn't help much either.

It would take years for me to overcome the bad reputation I'd unwittingly earned for myself. I stayed away from cartooning and offered renderings instead. Exaggerating facial features was no longer an option. Eventually the Women of Moab forgave me. Note however that all these years later, I have still not cartooned my wife. I have grown wiser in at least one respect.

1995...APPROACHING TERMINAL BURNOUT

In addition to a growing fear of cartooning women, I was starting to show serious signs of burnout. The Zephyr had been, from day one, a one-man show in most respects. I had some great writers and for years, some typing assistance, but otherwise, I did it

myself. We printed a paper every four weeks. I'd spend a week walking the streets and talking to advertisers and collecting ad copy, a week gathering stories and conducting interviews, a week writing most of the stories and transcribing interviews, and a week putting it all together (cut and paste style), including those cartoon ads. When we were ready to go to press, I loaded the layout boards into my 1963 Volvo at daybreak and drove to Cortez, Colorado. I was usually back by late afternoon.

In the early days, we only printed 2000 copies and I would spend the rest of the afternoon delivering them to the 25 or 30 businesses where The Z was distributed. The next day, I'd print out the labels on an antique label printer used during the administration of John Quincy Adams and haul the bundles to the post office.

I got to rest for four days and then I'd re-start the process. I did most of this for seven years, though I did get some relief from a few kind souls who took pity and helped out with distribution and the subs. Still I knew I couldn't keep up this pace forever.

Also, in my heart of hearts, I think I knew that Moab was already committed to a direction and future I wasn't particularly fond of. It was relatively easy to oppose something monolithically large like a multi-million highway or a toxic incinerator. But how do you slow the insidious growth of tourism? And again, to repeat an old mantra, I didn't want to stop tourism, I just didn't want it to dominate the economy. Nor did I want the town to be transformed by out-of-town investors. I didn't like the idea of a "New Moab." I liked Moab the way it was—a nice mix of the old and the new. Again, as Bill Hedden had said, Moab was "a hard place to get rich, but a good place to be poor."

We had a new form of government and a new county council that was supposed to be "progressive," and it was in most respects. But none of them really wanted to oppose the Slow-Moving Juggernaut of an amenities economy and I wasn't sure my monthly warnings about the threat made any difference. My friends who had once loathed the changes brought by runaway tourism were beginning to have second thoughts. Unfortunately I wasn't. But maybe it was time for me to step and back, re-think The Zephyr, and try something different. Enjoying myself and doing something productive and worthwhile was a lot more important to me than making a lot of money.

I began to consider a publication that was broader in scope, that still focused on environmental, political issues of the Colorado Plateau, as well as its history, but could interest a wider readership. To do that I needed to dramatically boost circulation, but it cost money. I knew my advertisers would never tolerate a doubled ad rate, so I proposed a major change—The zephyr would increase its circulation from 2000 to 15,000, but we'd go from a monthly to a bi-monthly schedule. Ad rates would stay affordable and we'd reach a much wider readership, from Moab to Grand Junction to Salt lake City. It would be a gamble to see what happened next.

NEXT TIME: (1996-2001) The Zephyr goes bi-monthly.

NEW BACKBONE MEMBERS for December 2013/January 2014

Michael Yates
Boulder, CO



Scott Grunder
Boise ID



Chris Carrier
Paonia, CO



Becky Morton
Oakland, CA



Sara Melnicoff
Moab, UT



ALSO..The Un-Tooned New Backboners...

Barbara Brown
Idaho Falls, ID

Keith Harger
Jackson, WY

Garrett Wilson
Sandy, UT

William Dunlap
Lake Oswego, OR

AND THANKS TO THESE FRIENDS AS WELL...

Lewis Downey
Salt Lake City, UT

Julie Zych
Milwaukee, WI

David Wegner
Alexandria, VA

Izzy Nelson
Moab UT

Michael Bloomberg
Fenton, MO

Lynn Curt
Salt Lake City, UT

Linda Jalbert
GRAND CANYON, AZ

Andrew McGregor
Glenwood Springs, CO

AmeriCandy Co, Inc
Louisville, KY

Catherine Lutz
Aspen, CO

Kelly Rowell
Flagstaff, AZ

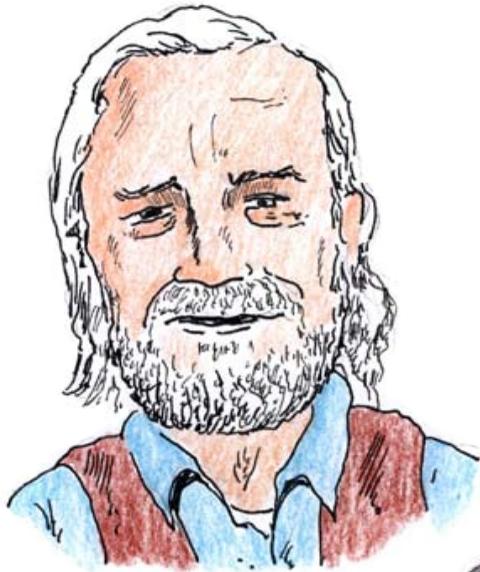
Pamilla Bina
St. George, UT

Patrick Flynn
Paradox, CO

Rand Hirschi
Salt Lake City, UT

new BACKBONE MEMBERS for April/May 2014

Bernard Cole Flagstaff AZ



Tim Steckline
Spearfish SD



Richard Ingebretsen
Salt Lake City, UT



Hope Benedict Salmon, ID

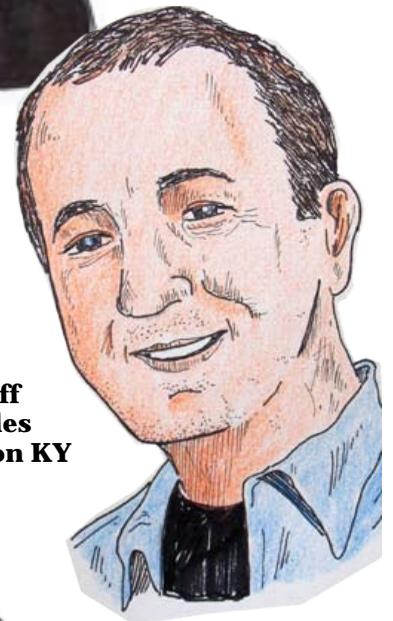
Tim Conrad
Ogden, UT



Bill Stokes
Saint Petersburg, FL

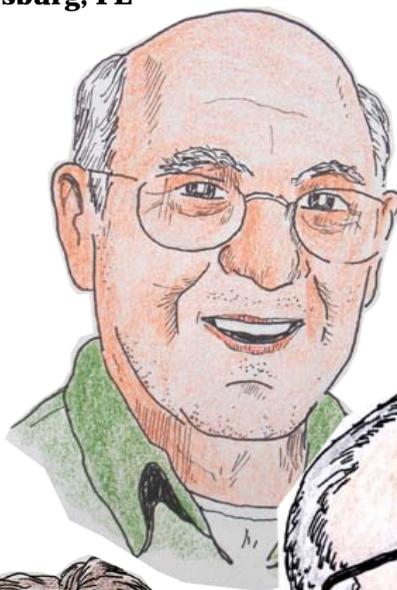


Jim Case
Flagstaff, AZ

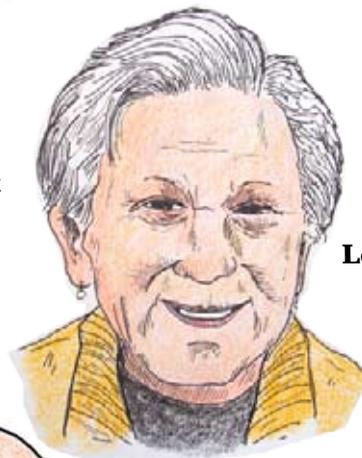


Jeff Stiles Stanton KY

And thanks to
UN-TOONED
Bill Gassaway
Burns, TN



Al Cornett Slade
KY



Sue Stiles
Lexington
KY

THANKS ALSO TO

Omar Tatum
AmeriCandy Co,
Louisville, KY

Kathleen Raffoul
Houston, TX

Justin Bendell
Albuquerque, NM

John Feeney
Boulder, CO

Karen Kennedy
Marlborough, MA

catherine shank
Moab, UT

Rex Peters
Cottonwood, AZ

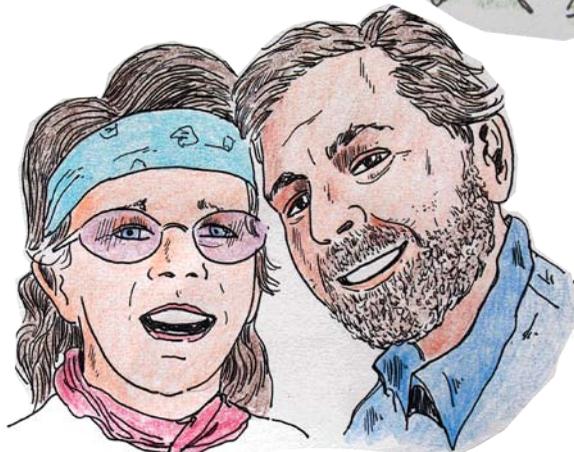
Julie Zych
milwaukee, WI

John O'Hara
Berlin NJ

Wes Shook
Bluff UT

Lewis Downey
Salt Lake City, UT

Dale Lee
Sandy, UT



Lisa Braddock & Mark Straka
Smiling Dogs Acres, IL



Mike Marooney
'on the road'



Steve Jones
Chicago IL

BACKBONE #2

April/May 2014

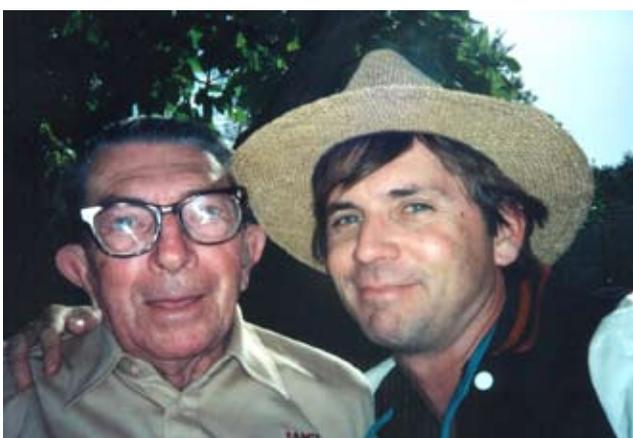


MOAB
June 1950

**CORONA
ARCH**
Summer 1960

“They will never be able to see what we saw. They will never feel what we felt. They will never learn what we know.”

Edward Abbey



HERB RINGER came West from his home in New Jersey in 1939. Camera in hand, Herb captured the American West, from the Canadian Border to the Rio Grande and from the Big Sur coast to the High Plains.

We believe Herb's collection of Life in the West is one of the finest. His work has been published in The Zephyr for 20 years. I am pleased finally, to offer Herb's photographs in color. We are also building a new 'album' of his work, elsewhere on this site.

My dear friend died on December 11, 1998...JS

'HARD TIMES IN SANTA FE'

The Last Original Story...Published March 14, 1989

By EDWARD ABBEY

The Chamber of Commerce calls it "The City Different." Different from what? Different from the typical American city, the chamber means. But more and more Santa Fe comes to resemble every other city, and not only American cities in general, but any town where the blight of our techno-industrial age has laid down its heavy hand.

The core of Santa Fe has been well preserved, a museum piece of adobe palaces and mansions of mud. Height restrictions have saved the city—so far—from the usual plague of glass-walled skyscrapers and mainframe metal boxes thirty stories high. But outside of the traditional city, the inner city, the pretty city, the approaches are much the same as anywhere else: strips of commercial sleaze and shopping mall slums lining every highway for miles to the north and south. East and northeast of the arteries of business are the new residential areas, the middle-class or "Anglo" quarter, a neat and tidy reservation filled with overpriced villas of cinderblock, plasterboard, wallboard, tarpaper and chickenwire, the corners rounded and the surfaces sprayed with light brown stucco to give each structure the contemporary Santa Fe look. That is, the simulation of genuine fake adobe. The authentic imitation. Good enough for the forty thousand newcomers from Elsewhere, USA and Europe, who have poured into Santa Fe since the end of World War Two. Nobody seems to mind. Prosperity is irrefutable.

Not everyone shares in the new abundance. On the west and south of the city (where the poor always seem to find themselves) live the original inhabitants of this City Different, the native Mexican-Americans, that mestizo mixture of Indian and Spanish who never quite succeed in adapting, who never quite catch up. They brood among their flat-roof slums and junked automobiles, surviving on part-time employment and full-time welfare, breeding too many babies, training too many criminals, dreaming too many bitter dreams.

Indifference on the white people's side, envy and hate on the other. Someday soon the lovely old town of Holy Faith will explode in class warfare, a warfare made even uglier by cultural incompatibility and the racial divide.

Polite people do not talk about such matters. Strolling about the icy streets last November, I too preferred to think of sweeter things. The volcano will erupt soon enough; why spoil the present? Enjoy, enjoy, they cried in Pompeii, unto and into the Latter Days.

The house belonged then to a friend of mine, the great Southwestern landscape painter John De Puy. "Debris," as we called him, had fled the winter, pursuing a woman to Switzerland, Greece, Crete. He left me and another friend, a Yogi fakir from New Jersey named Frank Wohlfarth, in change of his fifteen-room palacio.

A serious mistake. John knew better. But love had deranged his mind.

Down the narrow street called Palace Avenue I passed the high adobe wall of the house where I once lived, for one frigid winter, during my youthful Bohemian days, the carefree 60s. The house belonged then to a friend of mine, the great Southwestern landscape painter John De Puy. "Debris," as we called him, had fled the winter, pursuing a woman to Switzerland, Greece, Crete. He left me and another friend, a Yogi fakir from New Jersey named Frank Wohlfarth, in change of his fifteen-room palacio.

A serious mistake. John knew better. But love had deranged his mind.

Frank and I cleaned out the pantry and emptied the freezer the first week. Ate everything available, the canned goods, the frozen meats, the dried pastas, the last jar of peanut butter, the final box of cornflakes, the ultimate tin of smoked baby clams. We consulted our finances and each discovered that the other was

broke, penniless, bankrupt. Neither of us had a job or any intention of finding a job. I was a writer, not a bloody employee. Frank was a mystic.

We did not panic, not even when the gas company shut off the gas, the power company turned off the electricity, the city cut off the water. We would do as artists always do—live by our wits.

Frank lit a joss stick, assumed the lotus posture, closed his eyes and subsided into a stupor of deep meditation, reducing his metabolism to that of a hibernating lizard. In that elemental state he could survive for weeks, living off body fat and bliss.

My response was different: I pawned the household furnishings piece by piece.

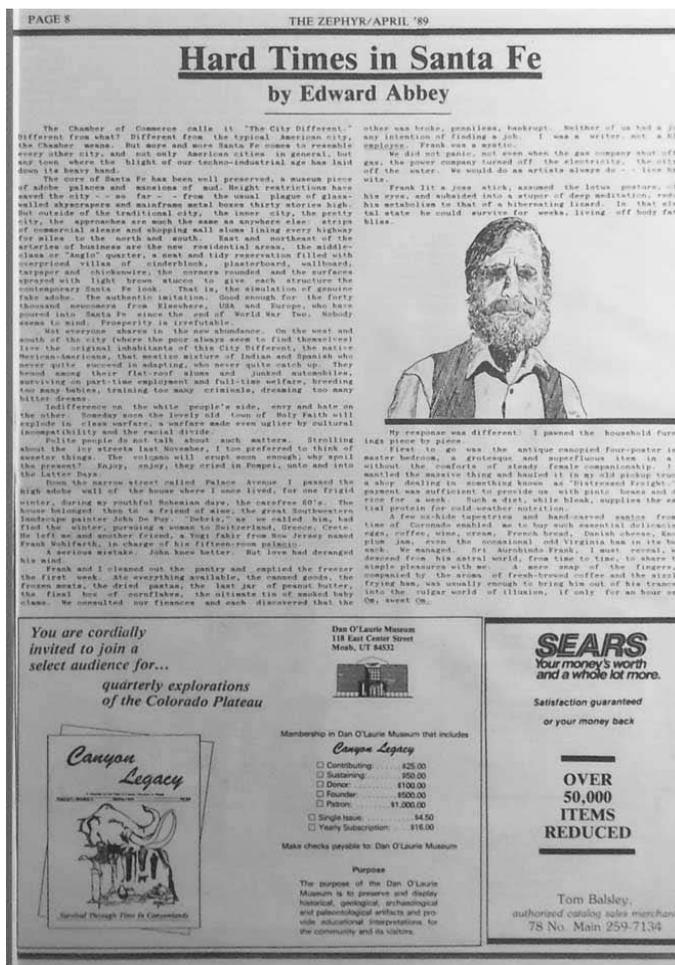
First to go was the antique canopied four-poster in the master bedroom, a grotesque and superfluous item in a home without the comforts of steady female companionship. I dismantled the massive thing and hauled it in my old pickup truck to a shop dealing in something known as "Distressed Freight." My payment was sufficient to provide us with pinto beans and dried rice for a week. Such a diet, while bleak, supplies the essential protein for cold-weather nutrition.

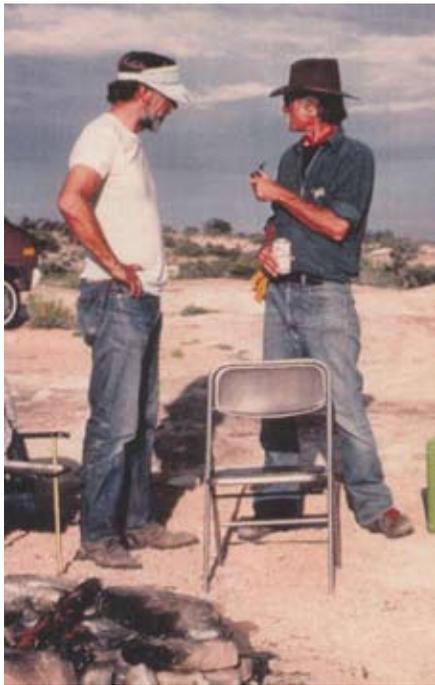
A few ox-hide tapestries and hand-carved santos from the time of Coronado enabled me to buy such essential delicacies as eggs, coffee, wine, cream, French bread, Danish cheese, Knott's plum jam, even the occasional odd Virginia ham in its burlap sack. We managed. Sri Aurobindo Frank, I must reveal, would descend from his astral world, from time to time, to share these simple pleasures with me. A mere snap of the fingers, accompanied by the aroma of fresh-brewed coffee and the sizzle of frying ham, was usually enough to bring him out of his trance and into the vulgar world of illusion, if only for an hour or so. Om, sweet Om.

The nights were long though, and the high mountain freeze sank deeper and deeper into our adobe walls, forcing us to close off most of the house and retreat, room by room, to the shelter of the main salon, where a fire of broken kitchen chairs, or splintered tongue-in-groove flooring from an unused back room, was always blazing cheerily in the huge though inefficient fireplace. We endured. The books disappeared. Then the drapes. Then the obscure old paintings in their gilded frames, the oaken table and chairs from the unneeded dining room,

the chief kitchen appliances, gas range, freezer, hot water heater, refrigerator—none of them of much use to us in those long months when the temperature never rose above 32 degrees Fahrenheit. The house acquired an austere, bare look appropriate to its monkish inhabitants, an ascetic and medieval ambience, nicely improving the general décor. No one objected. Nobody complained. Our peace remained undisturbed. Frigid December because frozen January, gelid and unrelenting February. I scribbled my stories. Frank contemplated eternity. Herman Rednick covered the bare white walls with his lurid murals of erotic and profane love.

Rednick? He had appeared at midnight on New Year's Eve, announcing himself with a thunderous barrage of blows on the front door. I opened the door. This total stranger stood there, a silly grin on his drunken face. "I'm an artist too," he explained, then buckled to his knees and flopped inside. A blizzard





whirled behind him. I dragged him into the house; he stayed for three months.

In late March came the warning telegram from Crete:

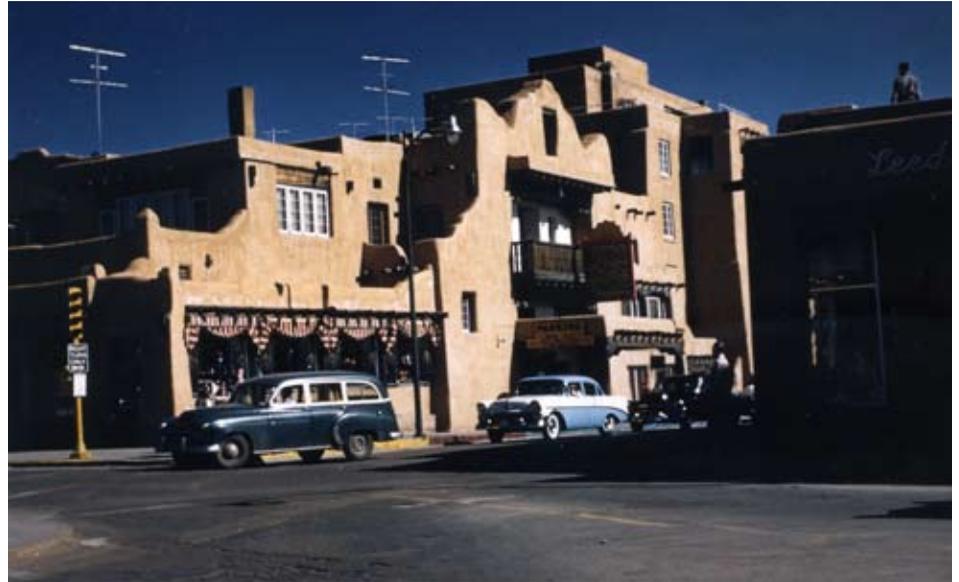
*ED: DIVORCED AGAIN.
BARBONS APPROACHING SANTA FE. HOUSE FOR SALE. TIDY UP QUICK PLEASE. URGENT.*

JOHN.

Barbons? Yes, the parents of John's Swiss wife, the actual owners of our magnificent adobe estate, were coming to salvage the debris of an impossible marriage. Heirs to a merchant's fortune, they deplored waste, though a continent away.

Twenty years later my friend John De Puy and I are still good friends. Frank disappeared into India, Rednick into New York, but Debris and I remain, as always, here, now.

Santa Fe also remains where it has been, frozen in its warp of time, surrounded by the besieging armies of 20th Century madness. Just as the old adobe mansion on Palace Avenue survived my earnest care, so will the ancient mud city of the Holy Faith outlast these transient, temporal, illusory barbarians of today.



**In late March came the warning telegram from Crete:
ED: DIVORCED AGAIN.
BARBONS APPROACHING SANTA FE. HOUSE FOR SALE. TIDY UP QUICK PLEASE. URGENT.
JOHN.**

I impounded Rednick's brushes, aroused the Yogi from his dogmatic slumbers. We threw our few belongings into my antique Chevrolet pickup, hacked the ice from the windshield, thawed the motor over a low fire, and made a clean escape to Mexico one day before the vengeful Swiss arrived.

MATT ROBERTS
Austin TX

THE BACKBONE for OCT/NOV 2013



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POINTBLANK: A Reply to Last Issue's 'Bike Borg' Story
The Bishop Public Lands Initiative, Local Control and Shared Values
 Ashley Korenblat

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Feb/Mar issue included an essay called, "Moab is Assimilated: Bike Borg Moves South...Is Resistance Futile in San Juan County?" Ashley Korenblat, of the Utah Outdoor Business Network, asked for an opportunity to reply. Here is her guest editorial...JS

In 2013 I attended a San Juan County Commission meeting to talk with the commissioners about how the proposed public lands bill being considered by Congressman Bishop would affect the recreation economy of the region.

I am an outfitter and have lived in Grand County for 18 years. My company, Western Spirit Cycling runs multi-day bicycle trips on the public lands throughout the county, and is headquartered in Moab. I have served as the President of the International Mountain Bicycling Association (IMBA) and am now working with Public Land Solutions, a non-profit that works with government, businesses and other public land stakeholders on issues that affect gateway communities.

Congressman Bishop has begun the challenging process of crafting a public lands bill that would set the stage for the future of public land management in Eastern Utah. The work I did for IMBA included studying 30 similar federal land bills around the country.

While each bill involved entirely different specifics, they all included a great deal of blood, sweat, and tears on the part of locals such as hunters, loggers, conservationists, skiers, miners, firefighters, and climbers—to name just a few, as well as hundreds of thousands of dollars spent by national advocacy organizations that represent diverse stakeholders.

In some places people met for years to sort out all the issues and find ways to meet everyone's needs going forward. And even though mountain bicycles are prohibited in federally designated wilderness areas, IMBA endorsed 28 of those 30 bills. You might wonder why we would support something that prohibits our use, and the answer is that the mountain bike community depends on public land in its natural state. A big part of mountain biking is being outside in the great outdoors.

But of course we use metal and oil and all kinds of resources to make the bikes themselves. The bills we support optimize the public lands. These bills sorted out who was going to do what where. They protected large amounts of natural places, while allowing for timber, mining, and oil and gas. They also resolved decades old debates that have tied everyone's hands for years.

Most importantly, these legislative efforts all involved broad local support. The locals have used the legislative process to make their voices heard. They have worked with their neighbors to compromise, to zone, to plan balanced futures that don't lock up all the land, but don't use it all up either.

Yes the land is still owned by the federal government and yes it is federal legislation, but the people that wrote these bills have embraced their federal land and are making progress managing it for their future. We have that same opportunity right now in all of Eastern Utah. Winston Churchill once said, "Democracy is the worst form of government, except for all the others." Writing legislation can be frustrating and terribly inefficient. We are guaranteed lots of challenging meetings, where people in circles, but in the end these public land bills are the best way to plan for the lands we all share.

And speaking of sharing, I think it is time to move beyond the concept of shared values. In the sound bite world we live in, we have all been reduced to one-sentence mission statements declaring our values, both in our own eyes and those of others, and we rarely bother to talk to those that don't share our values.

I am an outfitter and have lived in Grand County for 18 years. My company, Western Spirit Cycling runs multi-day bicycle trips on the public lands... I have served as the President of the International Mountain Bicycling Association (IMBA) and am now working with Public Land Solutions, a non-profit that works with government, businesses and other public land stakeholders on issues that affect gateway communities.

Whether the label on your forehead says "save the earth," "reduce government spending," or "cling hopelessly to the Ed Abbey era"—it is time to start talking to people who don't share your values. I don't think the people who are for smaller government want their children to breathe bad air, anymore than I think the people who want to save the earth, want to give up all the modern conveniences of cars and cell phones. And by the way in *Desert Solitaire*, Mr. Abbey says: "Let our people travel light and free on their bicycles— nothing on the back but a shirt, nothing tied to the bike but a slicker in case of rain."

Everything we do on this earth is a compromise, and living in a democracy is probably the most important. It is time for us to stop judging each other, and instead sit down and look at the maps. We own this land together and this is our chance to plan for its future.



Ashley has spent the last 15 years at Western Spirit Cycling, an outfitter based in Moab, Utah who runs multi-day trips throughout the US, and is one of the largest holders of recreational permits on the public lands system. Ashley was inducted into the Mountain Bike Hall of Fame in 2003. She was appointed to the Utah BLM Resource Advisory Council for two terms, as well as the Outdoor Recreation Economic Ecosystem Taskforce created by Utah Governor Jon Huntsman. Ashley created IMBA's Public Lands Initiative and has testified before Congress on the recreation economy. She recently served on The Western Governor's Association's Get Out West Committee.



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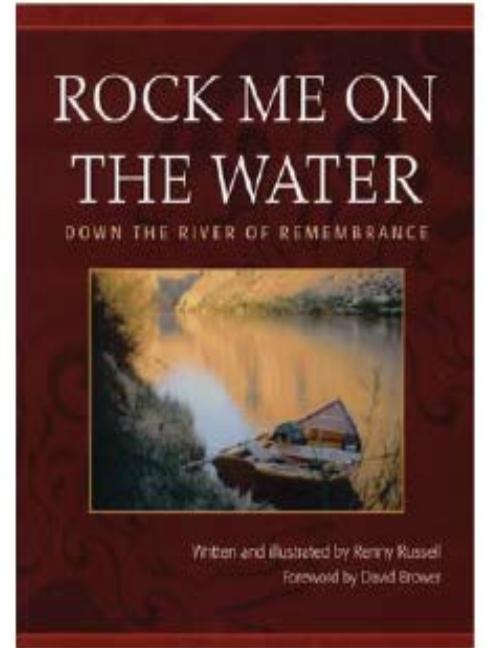


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Robert Redford

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From Renny Russell,
 the author of...



NEW BACKBONE MEMBER for February-March 2014

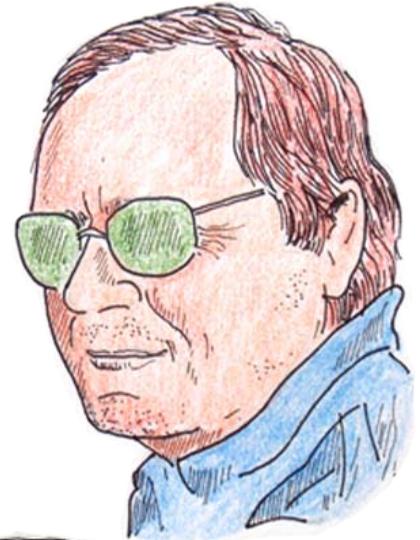
Michael
 Cohen
 RENO,
 NV



Terry Weiner
 San Diego, CA



Craig Goodknight
 Grand Jct, CO



Scott
 Thompson
 Beckley, WV

Beau MacGregor
 Seattle, WA



Toni McConnel
 Flagstaff, AZ



Lynn Jackson
 Moab, UT



Judy Fitzgerald
 Kirup, Western Australia
 AUSTRALIA

AND THANKS TO:
 Laurie Schmidt
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Doug Varn
 Oak Park, IL

Curtis Oberhansly
 Boulder, UT

Patrick O'Driscoll
 Denver, CO

Marilyn Hempel
 Redlands, CA

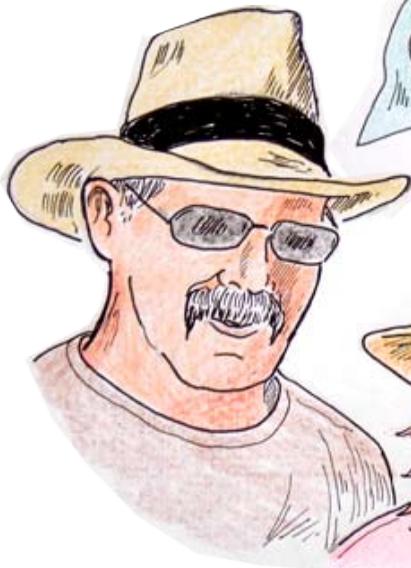
Eric Probasco
 Mount Pleasant, UT

Dennis Brown
 Telluride, CO

Greg Gnesios
 Grand Junction, CO

**ALSO NEW BUT UN-TOONED
 BACKBONE MEMBERS...**

Eileen Caryl 4nwood Springs, CO
 Fred Kahrl Woolwich, ME
 Rusty Wheaton Moab, UT



Karilyn & John Brodell
 Jackson WY



Why Jim Stiles Isn't Normal:

A Story That MUST Be Told

By Scott Thompson

You should know that I'm a relative newcomer to *The Canyon Country Zephyr*. For me it started when Jim Stiles published several of my letters beginning in 2007, including one in which I more or less accused him of being crazy. But I didn't write my first story until late in 2008.



At the time I was researching and writing that story Jim had recently published "The Greening of Wilderne\$\$...Part 2" in the *Zephyr*. And was getting hammered in all four directions for it by the mainstream greens, because he'd pointed out in scrupulous detail their hypocrisy in taking fistfuls of money from wealthy donors with business interests that were antithetical to the heart of the environmental mission. Their overall response strategy, because they couldn't criticize the substance of what he said, was to attack him on a personal level. Undeterred, Jim responded with energy, determination, and humor. The take-away message (for those with a plugged in pre-frontal cortex to process it with) is that when it comes to wads of money, political liberals – maybe I should say neo-liberals - are as inclined toward hypocrisy and scape-goating as anybody else in politics.

An eerie parallel to this, on a smaller scale, had been going on in my own life.

You should know that I'm a relative newcomer to The Canyon Country Zephyr. For me it started when Jim Stiles published several of my letters beginning in 2007, including one in which I more or less accused him of being crazy.

In early 2007 I had, for 17 years, been a devoted alcohol and drug counselor, and for the previous four years had been editor of *Professional Contact*, the quarterly publication of the West Virginia Association for Addiction Professionals (WVAADC). We had a strong state association going and were garnering praise and recognition from our parent organization, the National Association for Addiction Professionals (NAADAC). They saw *Professional Contact* as exemplary.

And then it happened. NAADAC accepted two "unrestricted educational grants" from pharmaceutical companies in an amount equal to over 83% of the total dues it received from its own membership that year. The purpose of the larger grant, much larger by far, was to finance a series of workshops nationwide to instruct alcohol and drug counselors on how to get their clients to take certain brand name pharmaceutical medications as part of their treatment in getting clean and sober - one of which was manufactured, lo and behold, by the company that funded the larger grant.

The pretense involved in this exercise was that NAADAC was in a unique position to present "unbiased information" in these workshops. Despite research available at the time (hint: this is the punch line) demonstrating that where a pharmaceutical company funds medical education, the workshop is likely to be biased in favor of the company's brand name medication.

This nutso situation presented an exact parallel, except on a smaller scale as I said, to mainstream environmental organizations taking wads of corporate cash while pretending to maintain their idealism and objectivity in protecting wild lands and ecosystems.

Compared to Stiles, though, I got off easy. In response to my professionally worded this-is-bullshit letter to the NAADAC President, Executive Director, all the Board members, and all the state-level associations, I only received a scornful, pissed off e-mail from NAADAC's President, a few polite, empty responses from some of NAADAC's other leaders, and of course the massive silent treatment (one alcohol and drug counselor in North Carolina did e-mail to tell me I was right on). By contrast, Stiles was publicly attacked and denigrated on a personal level: I suspect to satisfy the ire of certain donors or members who were asking questions.

The take-away message (for those with a plugged in pre-frontal cortex to process it with) is that when it comes to wads of money, political liberals – maybe I should say neo-liberals - are as inclined toward hypocrisy and scape-goating as anybody else in politics. An eerie parallel to this, on a smaller scale, had been going on in my own life.

Jim's fortitude in handling this situation made a deep impression on me. Sixty years old at the time, I was all too familiar with the way otherwise decent, competent professionals habitually turn a blind eye to hypocrisy and injustice when confronting it would mean taking on a truly powerful individual or organization. Once I told a psychiatrist whom I had greatly respected that the practice of pharmaceutical companies buying behavioral health professionals lunches in order to hawk more of their pills was bribery. His response? "Now Scott, you don't want to be known as a trouble maker." That's what I mean.

This psychiatrist was a normal person. Unfortunately.

So it was easy for me to see, in reading "The Greening of Wilderne\$\$...Part 2" and then watching how Jim responded to the flak he got for writing it, that he is anything but a normal person. Exactly because he has the strange and fortunate proclivity to stick up for what he believes almost regardless of what happens. And because he's set the tone, the *Zephyr* is like this, too.

While adapting to the norms of the mainstream may open up financial and social opportunities for people, it can also imply embracing, or at least tolerating, behaviors and ideas that many a perceptive junior high school student - and I've done counseling with more than a few - can see are mean-spirited and absurd. And that's what nutso is: an absurd notion or set of circumstances bolstered by narrow self-interest and backed up by social and financial pressure; usually a lot of it.

Flattening nutso notions is a priority at the *Zephyr*, particularly where they endanger the wildness of the land. We can do this because as writers we have no investment in being normal and because somebody needs to do it and because we aren't being muzzled by advertisers or wealthy donors and because we're not shy about pissing people off.

A primary example of grist for our mill is denial of climate change, which may be the most catastrophic example of nutso camouflaging as normal ever. Consider this: even though 97% of

the credible scientists have long been convinced that humans are causing climate change, and have repeatedly, repeatedly, repeatedly said so, more than half of Americans still deny it. If you look into our archives a bit you'll see that from early on we've been ardently covering this issue. As opposed to the typical half-hearted coverage in the mainstream media.

Finally, because it so often includes creativity and humor, I think crazy is normally a good thing.

Why I Happily Share My Husband, Scott, with the Z

By Gail Kinsey

I am Gail Kinsey, married to Scott Thompson for over 20 great years and his willing partner in our collection of travels to the sacred lands of the American West. Before we made our relationship legal in October, 1992, we had already taken our 'honeymoon' trip backpacking through the Gila Wilderness Area in New Mexico; a memorable and interesting test of how well we would get along in my small dome tent, proving our endurance with heavy backpacks, starting our early morning hikes while our breath was a mist of freezing fog and ending each day tired and happily shedding layers of clothes as the bright sunshine and clear blue skies filled our view from high mesa trails. I'm excited to report that we

passed that test and it has only gotten better and more amazing.

Since then planning and exploring new, and sometimes revisited, favorite places out there has helped us create a solid foundation of shared reverence for our earth and the fragile environment.

The CC Zephyr provides an outlet for Scott's thoughtful reflections about not only his passion for his connection to the high country desert but also an important connection to like-minded

The CC Zephyr provides an outlet for Scott's thoughtful reflections about not only his passion for his connection to the high country desert but also an important connection to like-minded people

—Jim, Tonya and Doug—

who share his views and concerns for the future of the land. They are like cosmic BFFs who have yet to meet face to face.

people—Jim, Tonya and Doug—who share his views and concerns for the future of the land. They are like cosmic BFFs who have yet to meet face to face. The Z allows Scott to be honest and openly express his love for the land in the style of Ed Abbey whom he greatly admired. Although we have a tight little circle of aging hippie, peacenik friends in our meditation group and often talk about climate change and the sad desecration of our own beau-

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Scott & Gail Thompson

(continued)

tiful WV mountains by MTR, and the newest rapist, fracking, I believe he feels more validated and supported by being part of the Z where others truly understand what is going on and are also writing about it.

A side note: we are blessed to look out the windows of our modest home and see the unspoiled mountains of southern WV and to hike the nearby hills where we had our first date. And I remember sitting on a picnic table talking and getting to know each other and looking at his photos of the Colorado Rockies and hearing the longing in his voice. I believe we bloom where we are planted and we have created a life for ourselves and done that here, but I also believe that our roots and seeds can be in several places. Seeking out and learning from Native Americans on each of our many trips West has enriched those adventures and I enjoy how Scott also weaves their message into his stories for the Z.

So I hope the Canyon Country Zephyr continues its important mission for another 25 years (and beyond!) so my dear Scott will have a vehicle to share more of his thoughts and insights about our past, present and future. And may we pray for Mother Earth...



Scott & Gail Thompson

SCOTT THOMPSON is a regular contributor to The Zephyr.

He lives in Beckley, WV.



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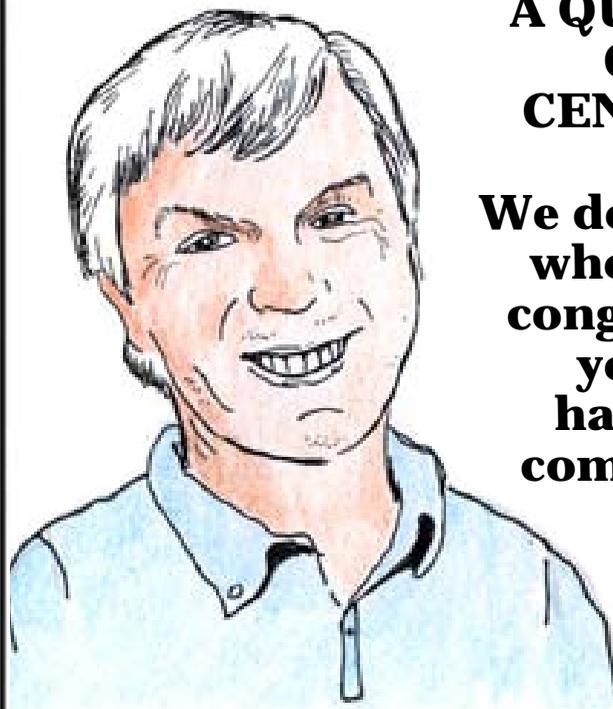
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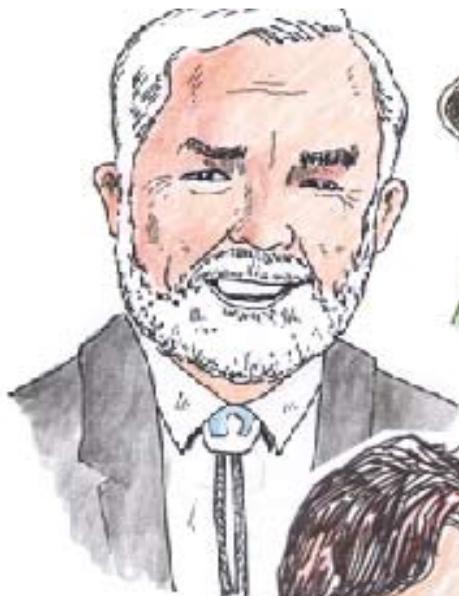


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#2

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Alan Joslyn
Highlands Ranch, CO



Brian Gatlin
Grand Canyon, AZ

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Anchorage, AK



Rachel White
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Jennifer Speers
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26



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from the 1991 Zephyr Archives. An Interview with:
CHRISTY ROBBINS (WILLIAMS DUNTON)
 Moab City Councilperson

This is the second in a series of Zephyr Interviews, that we have pulled from our archives and re-posted. We offer these interviews as a way of measuring the changes that Moab and Southeast Utah have experienced in the 25 years since The Zephyr's 'birth' in 1989. How did its leaders view the future back then and how did they plan to face the challenges and changes that lay ahead? Ken Davey conducted this interview with City Councilperson Christine Robbins (now Williams Dunton). Christy is now Program Director at KZMU Public Radio. Ken is Grand County's economic development coordinator.

Zephyr: What are the major things that have been going on in the city this winter?

Christie: Every time I come back into town and see a Minit Lube coming up right next to Wanda's Doll House, and who knows what kind of development rumors, like a six-story hotel happening, I see that Moab is changing very rapidly, and it's scary. And I think about what my responsibility is, to see that if it happens, it happens right.

Zephyr: What exactly scares you?

Christie: That we may not have the infrastructure to control it, to direct it in the way the majority of Moabites would like to have it change.

Zephyr: There are a number of businesses in town that have the perception that the city government is anti-business. Is that accurate?

Christie: Personally, I wouldn't classify myself as anti-business, or any other council person. What I know of them, we are just coming from the same basic premise that you want to go slow. Not say, here's the blank check, do what you will.

The little control that we have had has given results, but they aren't entirely satisfactory. I look at Main Street and I think about the kind of development we would have liked to have seen, and I'm not that satisfied. There are things I would have changed, that I might have if I could have had a little bit more foresight in passing some ordinances.

Zephyr: What ordinances does the city need now?

Christie: Some of the ordinances we are working on. I think the bed and breakfast one, while certainly a step in the right direction, was not a totally workable document, because of the short term rental situation in town. We don't have a lot of bed and breakfasts, but we do have a lot of short term rentals. So we need to have something that addresses that. And also the signage ordinance, and an overall building ordinance, perhaps a height restriction on buildings. Things that are going to take into account the kind of change we never could foresee, and never had to deal with 5 or 10 years ago.

Zephyr: But if someone came in and built a six-story hotel...

Christie: I would freak out.

Zephyr: But wouldn't that provide a number of jobs, and probably better paying jobs than working in small motels?

Christie: Yes, but it would be very strange. There would be people that I know who

There's something else I want to say about planning in Moab. There's something I've really grown to like, and that's the funk factor...If Moab were any prettier, only the rich and bloated would live here.

I want Moab to be a place where the property values are not too high for people to be able to afford a cheap, sweet little rental, to be able to enjoy Moab and go out to do the things they enjoy doing here.

would be dressed as waiters, and you would have to call them a concierge. It would be a strange change to make.

Zephyr: Are you a big fan of the sign ordinance?

Christie: No. In general I'm not a big fan of any ordinance. They are dry and controlling and mean-spirited little units, but a necessary evil. And the sign ordinance is one that is going to have a big impact. I've always felt that Main Street as a first impression could be radically changed for the better by having some kind of common consensus on the part of the people of Moab about what they would like that image to say.

Zephyr: When has there ever been a common consensus among the people of Moab?

Christie: Well, that's a good question. Never, that I can recall. But I think on this one you can tell that there's more consensus than on other ones. The sign committee is composed of an even representation, and it came together. If you can take that as an indication, at least there's been some consensus.

Zephyr: One aspect of the sign ordinance is a provision allowing some form of compensation to sign owners who have to alter or remove a sign if it isn't in compliance.

Christie: I can only give you my personal opinion as far as that's concerned. And it's coming as a taxpayer. There's something that rubs me the wrong way about having to subsidize a merchant's advertising. Whether or not I was on the city council, if I heard

about that, I would say, "You mean I'm going to have to pay that guy for a brand new sign when he's had that sign I thought was ugly for 22 years?" I would think that's pretty lame.

There's something else I want to say about planning in Moab. There's something I've really grown to like, and that's the funk factor. The fact that everything isn't perfectly balanced and perfectly aesthetic, and perfectly earth-toned, what some people envision in a well-planned entity. I've really grown to appreciate the variety of it. If Moab were any prettier, only the rich and bloated would live here. I want Moab to be a place where the property values are not too high for people to be able to afford a cheap, sweet little rental, to be able to enjoy Moab and go out to do the things they enjoy doing here.

Zephyr: So isn't that a contradiction of what you were saying earlier?

Christie: Yes, It's totally hypocritical. That's why I wanted to bring it up, to show that things don't always turn out the way you plan them. On one hand I can see the value of wanting to bring things into compliance, and on the other hand, maybe what we have



Zephyr: But if someone came in and built a six-story hotel...

Christie: I would freak out.

is just fine, thank you. And you don't realize until you've gotten your big, controlling fingers in there just what havoc you've wrought.

Zephyr: Differences over building inspection, police services, now arguments over how much the city should pay Grand County to hold prisoners in the jail. Why can't the city and county work things out?

Christie: That's been something I wondered myself before I got into the political realm of things. I was working at the radio station when Tom Stocks was getting himself elected. And it was worse then, it seems to me. There was a lot more name-calling, and not a lot of finesse, of negotiating. Now, maybe the same thing is happening under a veneer of negotiation, but I do sense at least the issues are coming out, what needs to be solved.

One of the difficulties is the nature of the county itself. For me, it's an issue of double taxation. And that things are expected of the city that I believe belong in the county's hands.

Zephyr: Give an example of double taxation.

Christie: There are a lot of them. Take the jail issue. I pay as a county person and as a city resident. It just seems clear that the city people are being stuck with the same bill twice. But the county comes back and says, look, the county is broke, and the reason Moab residents are paying for it is they are using it the most.

I think in terms of actually getting along, we're doing better. But in terms of solving the issues, we don't seem a lot closer than before.

Zephyr: Another issue being raised is the management of the Moab Dump. What's your view?

Christie: I look at it from an environmental standpoint. In terms of the city and county getting along, it's a matter of paying for it. We're at a point now that a little bit of foresight, 5 years down the road we could save a ton of money by getting a recycling project together. And putting some money, say \$30,000, into getting a good seeding of a recycling program county-wide, would cut the cost of the landfill question.

Zephyr: The council approved a sublease agreement between Canyonlands Field Institute and the Stuntman's Hall of Fame. It was a split vote, with some objections about off-street parking, and the fact that while the Hall of Fame gets \$285 a month from the deal, the city, which owns the building, only gets \$15 per month.

Christie: It was an issue that had gone on for a couple of months, and no consensus could be reached. CFI was in a time crunch, and the lease is for about 6 months, just

because there is no other suitable place to show the Canyon's Edge right now. As a CFI employee, I was glad they went ahead, because it would have put me in a crunch. That's why I didn't vote. But I was in favor of the sublease. I agree about the issue of off-street parking. Also, about the aesthetic non-value of the stunt stuff on the side of the building. But in this case, two struggling, non-profit organizations can mutually benefit from a city-owned building and survive a little longer than they could otherwise.

I'm the manager of the Canyon's Edge, and even though there is no money benefit either way for me, because I manage the show, I'll be the one coordinating with John Hagner for retail space. It smacked of conflict of interest and I stayed out of it.

Tom Stocks didn't want to be in the position of voting, and I was delighted that he was. It's only happened a couple of times, and it really makes his feelings on an issue clear. In fact, everyone on the council secretly delights in Tom having to vote.

Zephyr: When did you first get on the council?

Christie: When I was pregnant with Cody, in 1987. I was appointed. It was down to me and Clayton Allred. It was a split vote, and Tom pulled my name out of a hat. I went on the following fall to run against Clayton and some others, and I won.

Zephyr: What do you think of Mayor Tom Stocks?

Christie: Boy, he's changed a lot. I remember when I worked at the radio station, he was my nemesis, I thought certainly this guy would never get elected, he's far too bombastic. But he has done a fine job. How he struck me 8 years ago and now, I would say, yes, he has had the best interest of Moab at heart. He is well suited, personality speaking, to being a politician. I don't know what he will have to call himself when he answers the phone if he's not mayor. He's Mayor Tom, that's his personality.

Zephyr: What about the council members? Bill McDougald?

Christie: I think Bill is an excellent city council member. Many's the time I'm grateful he's there, both for his historical viewpoint and for the comic relief. Because he says some things that are so typically Bill, not realizing how hilarious they are. I don't know how to explain it, you have to hear it to understand. He's a quantum equation unto himself.

Zephyr: How about Dave Bierschied?

Christie: He surprises me often. I don't know what always influences his decisions. He's strong on the council, does a lot of homework on the issues. That takes dedication, he puts in a lot of time at city hall, and that wins him some respect from me, because it takes a lot of stamina to spend time up there.

Zephyr: Terry Warner.

Christie: At first glance you would assume that Terry and I would disagree a lot, but it's gratifying to feel like you are understood, and understand the other person's position. There have been those moments, although Terry and I disagree frequently. That's one of the best things about being on a council that's a little bit larger. And that's one of the reasons I think the county commission should be bigger. It allows a broader representation. And it's surprising what can happen when a little discussion occurs.

I've been described as a liberal feminist. I don't like to be stereotyped, but I think there is a contingent of people who are not necessarily served by the male old guard. So whatever that isn't, perhaps I am.

Terry and I both have been charged with not being around an awful lot. But I think that when we're there it counts.

Zephyr: And Dave Sakrison.

Christie: I think Dave is great, and I was really glad when he decided to run for city council. I felt I was being represented there. He's another on who surprises me with his decisions. I don't always agree. Sometimes, at certain points, all of them really make me mad. But I'm sure they feel the same way about me.

Zephyr: And you?

Christie: I've been described as a liberal feminist. I don't like to be stereotyped, but

I think there is a contingent of people who are not necessarily served by the male old guard. So whatever that isn't, perhaps I am.

Zephyr: What have been the biggest changes you've seen here in the last five years?

Christie: There have been shifts in the political spectrum, from right to left, and left to right. Especially in the county. Things have had a shift back to the right that I think is going to have an impact. From where I stand, it's a little bit of a narrower political view. In a community with as wide a variety of issues as Moab has, it could be detrimental.

There are some statewide issues filtering down, with taxes and property values, coupled with the rise in tourism, that may result in increased property values and the resale of houses. The difficulty of renting places may change the personality of the town forever. And make it so "rental trash" can't live here, and it will only be the rich and bloated. And that's when I leave.

I hope Moab retains a bit of its funk factor. Not to say I don't hope that it makes changes, but I think it would be better for Moab to retain its funkiness. Every desert oddball the place seems to attract, I hope it continues to.

Zephyr: Isn't the "funk factor" one of the things responsible for what many people consider the inadequate social infrastructure, the poor education, health care, and other services?

Christie: That's what you get when you use slang, you risk being misunderstood. Money is the thing. When you have a lack of money sometimes, it's great. You don't have

I hope Moab retains a bit of its funk factor. Not to say I don't hope that it makes changes, but I think it would be better for Moab to retain its funkiness. Every desert oddball the place seems to attract, I hope it continues to.

certain things. You don't have women walking around in \$12,000 coats, skiing down slopes, and making you feel like a peon.

Zephyr: But a community that has women walking around in \$12,000 coats usually also has a tax base that can buy schoolbooks for the kids.

Christie: Exactly. I think that's one of the statewide issues that are trickling down. Moab is feeling the effect of a totally inadequate, antediluvian attitude about education in the state, and Moab is the last kid in line. Having a lot more money in Moab would give us those things, but I'm not sure that's a trade I'm willing to make.

Zephyr: What's your political future?

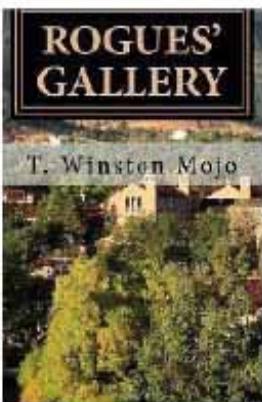
Christie: I just recently decided not to run again. Because of issues behind custody, it would be irresponsible of me to run for office when I may have to leave the community for a period of time right after that.

Plus, 5 years is doing good for being in office, and I don't think there should be any such thing as career politicians.

It's no big secret that I've gone through an enormous amount of change on a personal

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ROGUES' GALLERY

My 27 years at Rocky Mountain University...

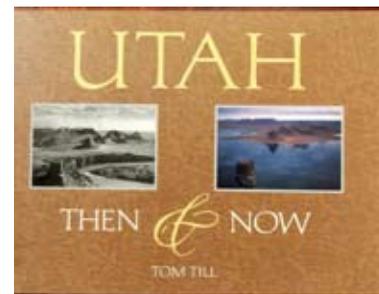
T. WINSTON MOJO

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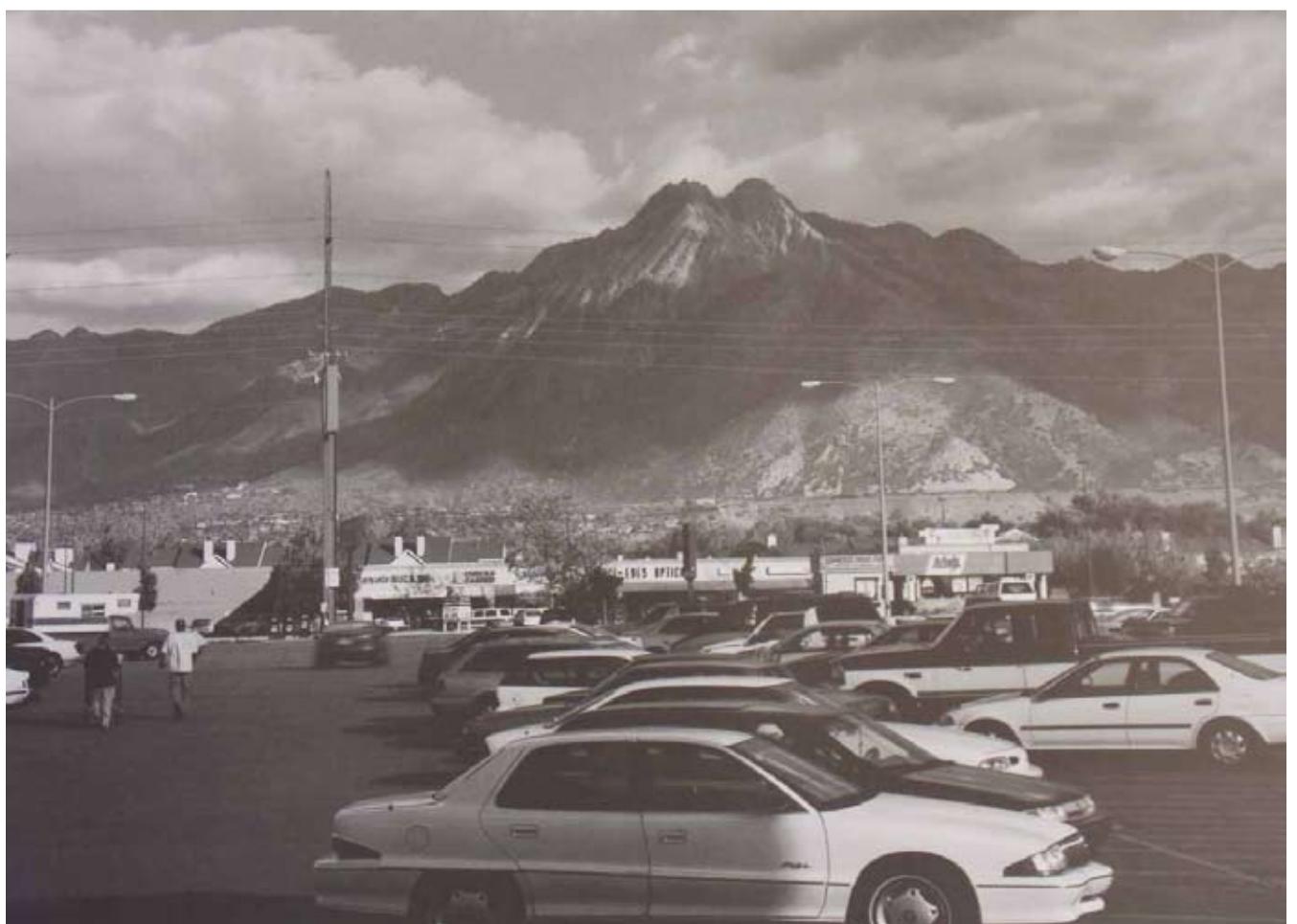
from TOM TILL “THEN & NOW”



Mt. Olympus
1930s

This is one of many images from the Utah State Historical Society collection that shows a virtually deserted Salt Lake Valley. Several of the photographs did not work the way I wanted, nor could I find their locations. After months of searching, I finally found one scene by William Henry Jackson taken near what is now the Salt Lake City airport. That image is particularly striking because it shows only a few horses with the Wasatch Range in the distance. Sadly, deadline pressures and bad weather prevented me from rephotographing that scene and including it here.

Mt. Olympus
*60 years later,
viewed from
Murray, Utah*



THE ZEPHYR is honored to present selected images from TOM TILL's remarkable book,
“THEN & NOW.”

<http://tomtillphotography.com>

THE BACKBONE

for August/September 2013...#3



LISA KILLEN
Springdale, UT



LAUREL WRIGHT-FEIGHERY
SLC, UT



GARY MEEKS
Price, UT



CLARK PHELPS
Midvale, UT



MICHAEL KOSSOW
Taylorsville, CA



GREG CAUDILL
Louisville, KY

THANKS ALSO TO...

LEWIS DOWNEY
SLC, UT

ROGER MURPHY
SLC, UT

TY MARKHAM
Torrey, UT

JULIE ZYCH
Milwaukee WI

KEVIN FLICKER
New Ashford MA

DENNIS BROWN
Telluride CO

RUTH FREAR
Waukegan IL

HUGH YOUNG
Pittsburgh PA

ARTHUR PAOLINI
Niwot, CO

OMAR & ANN TATUM
Louisville KY

JOHN GOULD
Albuquerque NM

BARBIE DALE
Austin, NV



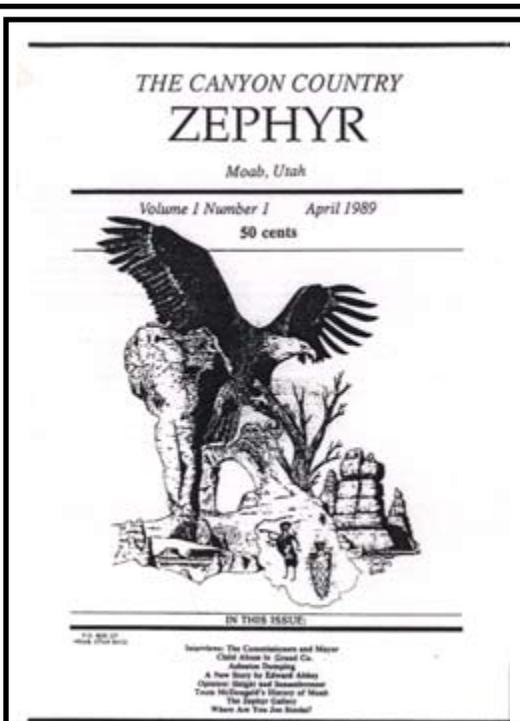
RICHARD QUIST
Cottonwood Heights, UT



ERIC TEMPLE
N. Ogden UT



JOHN GRAHAM
Moab, UT



The first issue of THE CANYON COUNTRY ZEPHYR went to press on March 14, 1989. It contained Ed Abbey's last original story.

We have a small cache of that first issue available for purchase.

\$55 including postage.

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MONTICELLO, UT 84535

Thanks to our webmaster:

RICK RICHARDSON

who, each issue, manages to move The Zephyr into cyber-space, without causing the editor to have a nervous breakdown.



THE GREAT FACES of MOAB 1989-1995



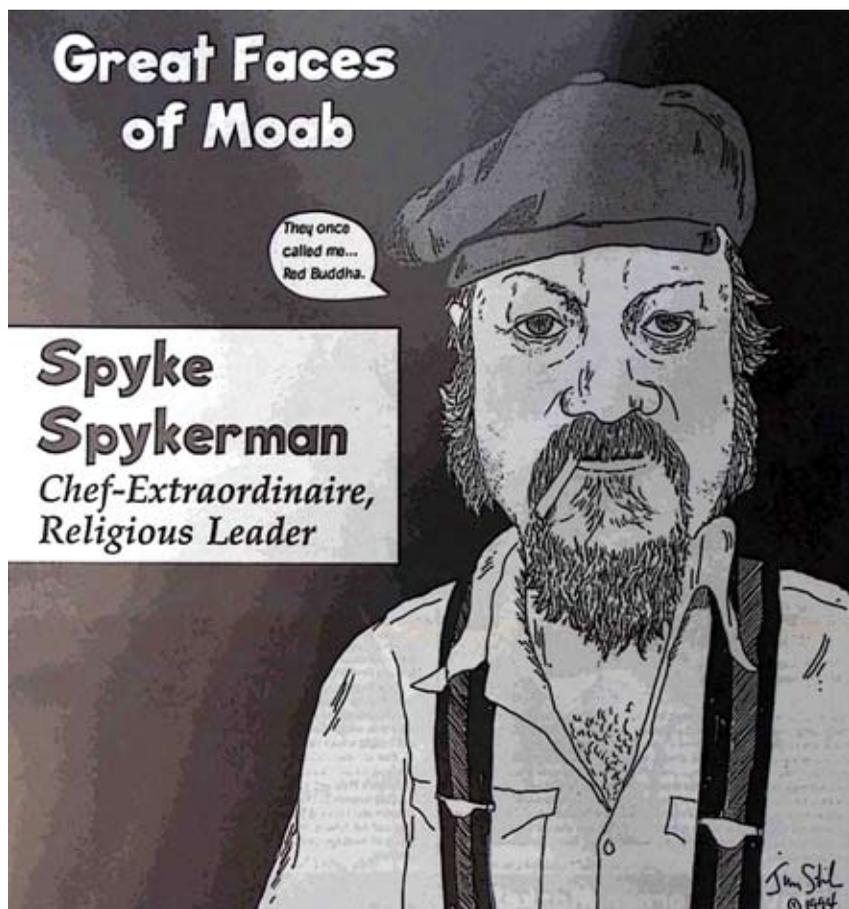
Great Faces of Moab
Dave Baker



Great Faces of Moab
Jimmie Walker



Great Faces of Moab
monty risenhoover
-a real cowboy poet-

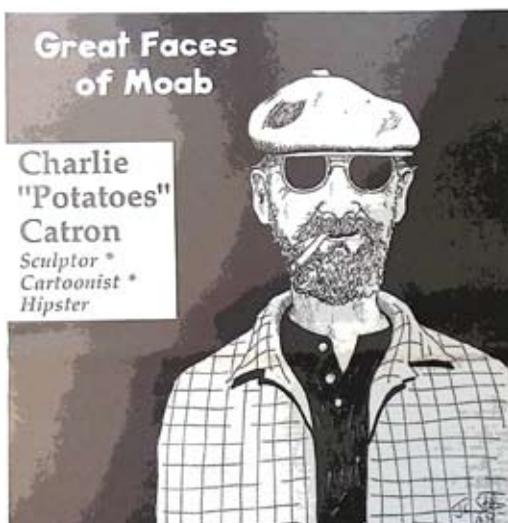


Great Faces of Moab

Spyke Spykerman
Chef-Extraordinaire,
Religious Leader

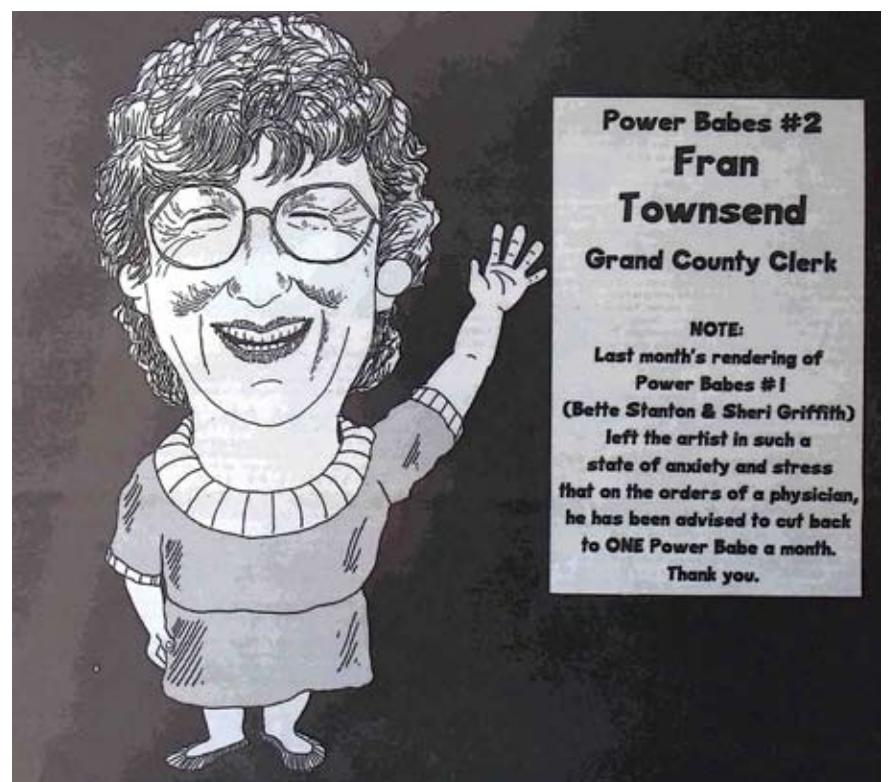


Great Faces of Moab
MARTIN HAMAKER



Great Faces of Moab

Charlie "Potatoes" Catron
Sculptor *
Cartoonist *
Hipster

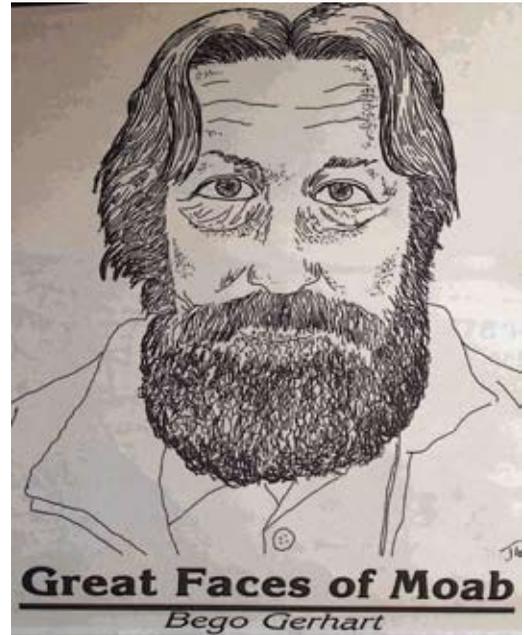


Power Babes #2
Fran Townsend
Grand County Clerk

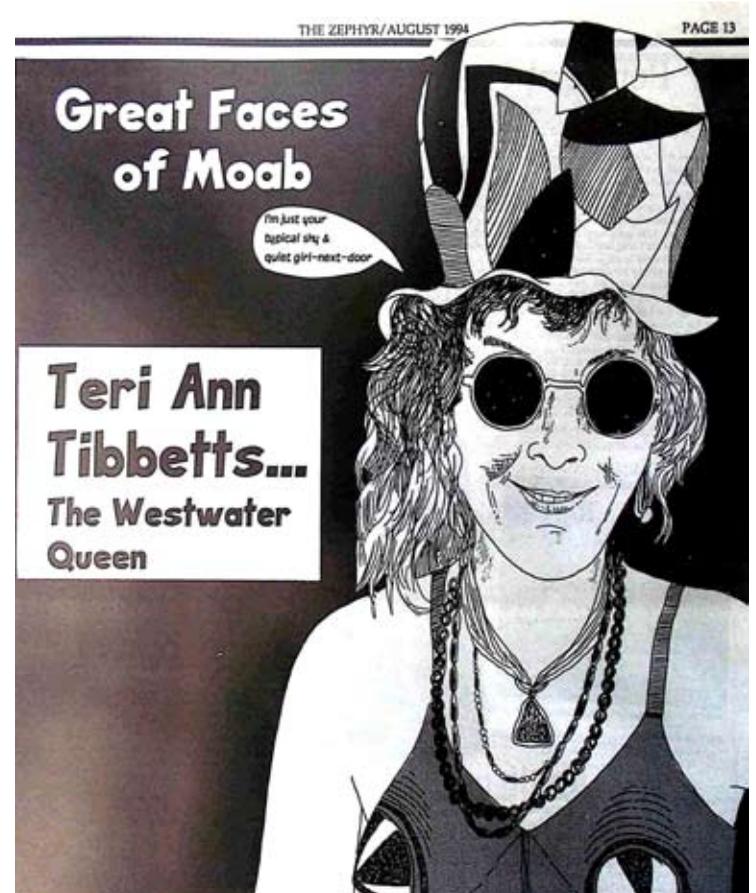
NOTE:
Last month's rendering of Power Babes #1 (Bette Stanton & Sheri Griffith) left the artist in such a state of anxiety and stress that on the orders of a physician, he has been advised to cut back to ONE Power Babe a month. Thank you.



Great Faces of Moab
Carl Rappe



Great Faces of Moab
Bego Gerhart



Great Faces of Moab

Teri Ann Tibbetts...
The Westwater Queen



Power Babes #1:
Bette Stanton & Sheri Griffith



Power Babes #5
Karla VanderZanden
Director, Canyonlands Field Institute



A NEW 'TWISTED TABLOID' FROM DAN O'CONNOR

WEEKLY ZEPHYR

NEWS

April 1, 2014

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INSIDE: MOAB "PROGRESSIVES" OUTRAGED!
"He's not one of us!" they cry.
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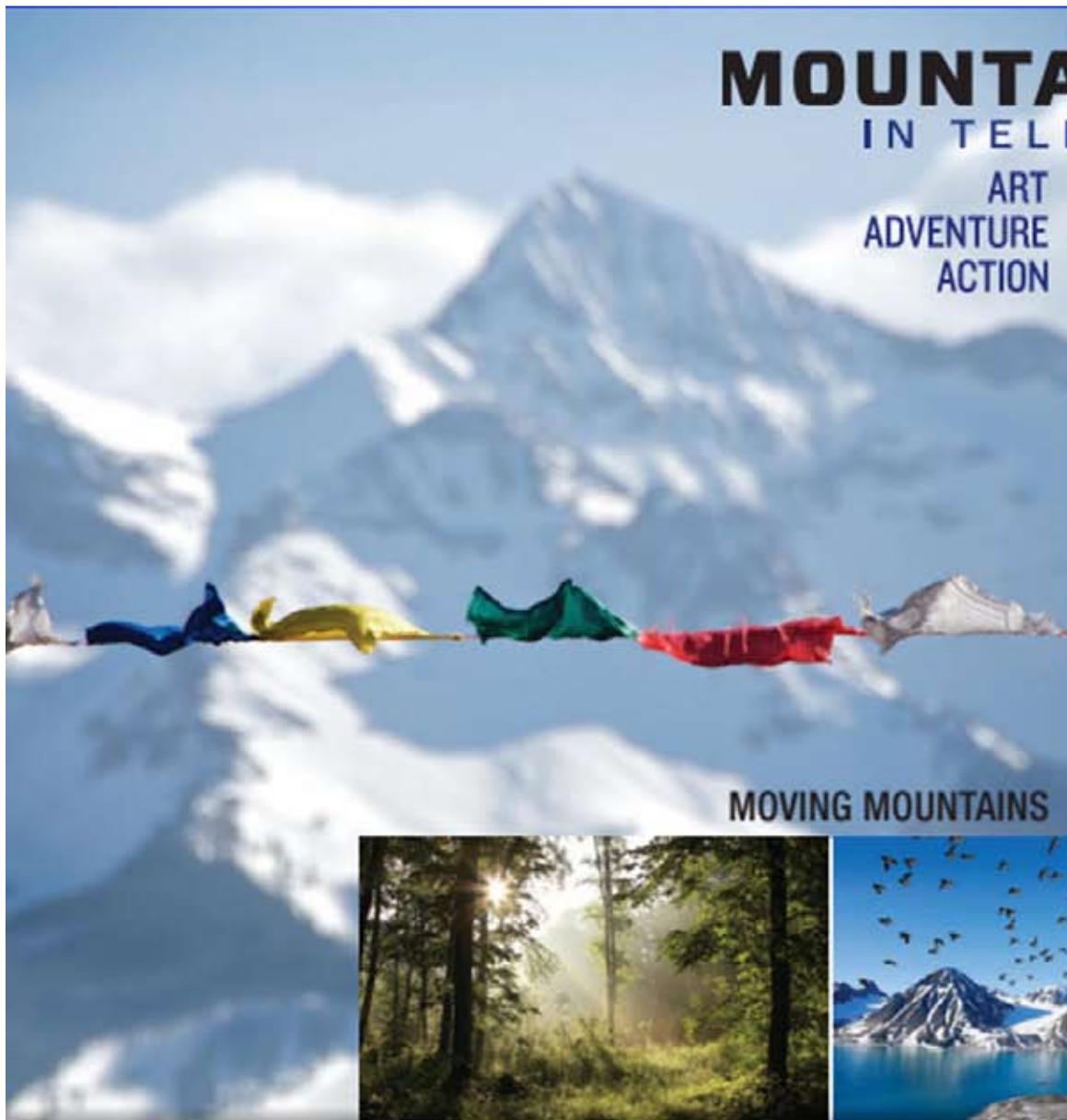
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LIFETIME
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**TERRY
HEARD**

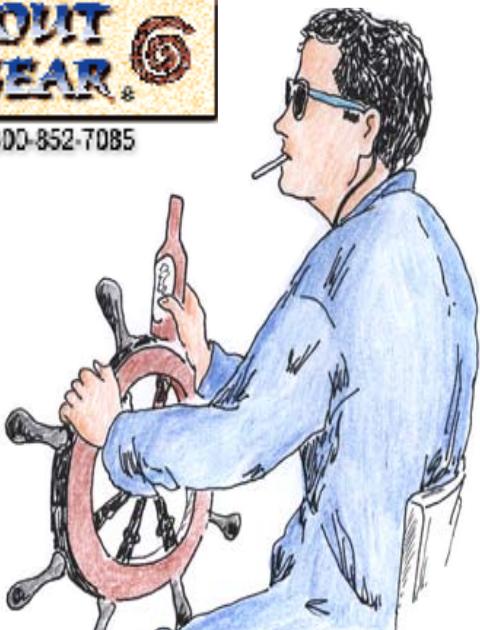
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MEMBER

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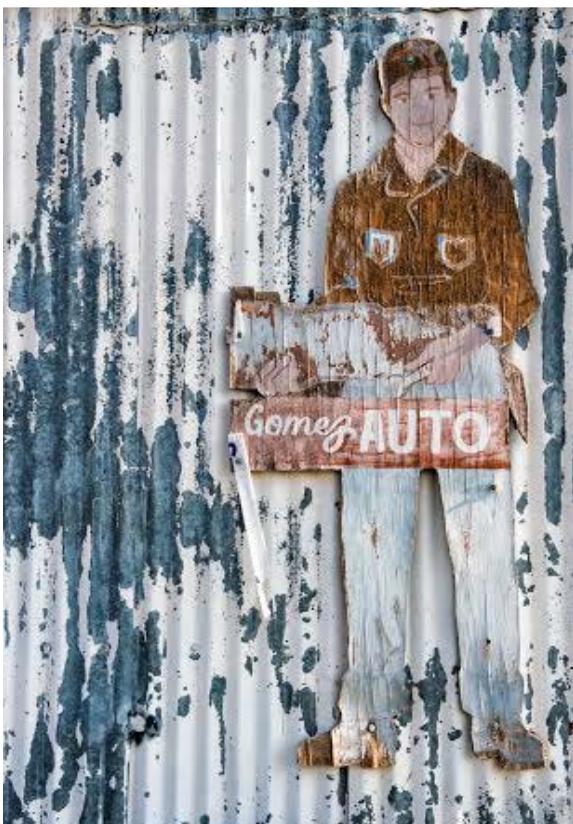
VLACHOS' VIEWS

America through the lens of PAUL VLACHOS



Near Coaldale, Nevada - 2010.

At the intersection of US Federal Routes 6 and 95, there's a deserted truck stop that contains an abandoned motel and casino, as well. The motel is now covered with a mixture of satanic and Christian graffiti that changes from year to year. It looks like bad things have happened in the abandoned rooms and it's not a place I'd want to stop at night. About half a mile from Coaldale is a tiny spur of asphalt that cuts up a hill into the sage. Perhaps it led to a gravel pile left over from road construction. Perhaps it was an aborted spur to a mine. I don't know. What IS clear, though, is that it was used, probably more than once, by the local road crews for painting practice. Maybe they were just aligning their machines. Maybe they were breaking in a new machine operator. Maybe somebody was just having fun, but there it is. Don't cross the double line.



Fort Stockton, Texas - 2012

I don't think Gomez Auto is still in business, but I could be wrong. I'm always passing through Fort Stockton on a Sunday. I took this photo on a Sunday, after I had finally found a room the previous night. Saturday is never a good night to find a motel on the road, even in Fort Stockton. I had found one, though, and then had gotten up the next day and drove around. It felt like I was the only other person awake that morning. It was also a Sunday, back in 1998, when I broke down in Fort Stockton in my old Jeep Wagoneer and had to wait a day for a new part. It's another one of those crossroads towns that I pass through over and over, on my way out west or back east. There is no Starbucks in Fort Stockton - not a whole lot of local coffee options, either, and when I inevitably found myself getting coffee at the McDonalds the last time I was there, I asked them about it. The woman behind the counter had a unified theory as to why there was no Starbucks. It involved local politicians and business owners, a plot, a plan and a nefarious agenda. I listened politely, got my coffee and headed out the door, where Meghan was waiting with Elko and the van.



Northern Arizona - 2012

I love finding fragments of Road Trip America, tourist signage from more innocent days. Well, maybe "more innocent" is not quite true, but how about "less cynical" days? Either way, if the crumbling paint and fading plywood weren't enough to signal its age, "Indian Village" ought to clue in anybody that this sign originated before the 1970's, if not much earlier. Even more solid proof, though, is the hawking of actual film. Does anybody buy film anymore? Do people buy color slides of landmarks to take home and put in their slide projectors? Imagine who thought process behind that one. "Maybe they don't want to carry a camera. Let's shoot some slides, develop them, and then sell them to the tourists!" we are an industrious people, aren't we? My favorite part of this sign, though, is "Place Mats." I'd like to know who was lured off of Route 66 or I-40 to buy place mats.

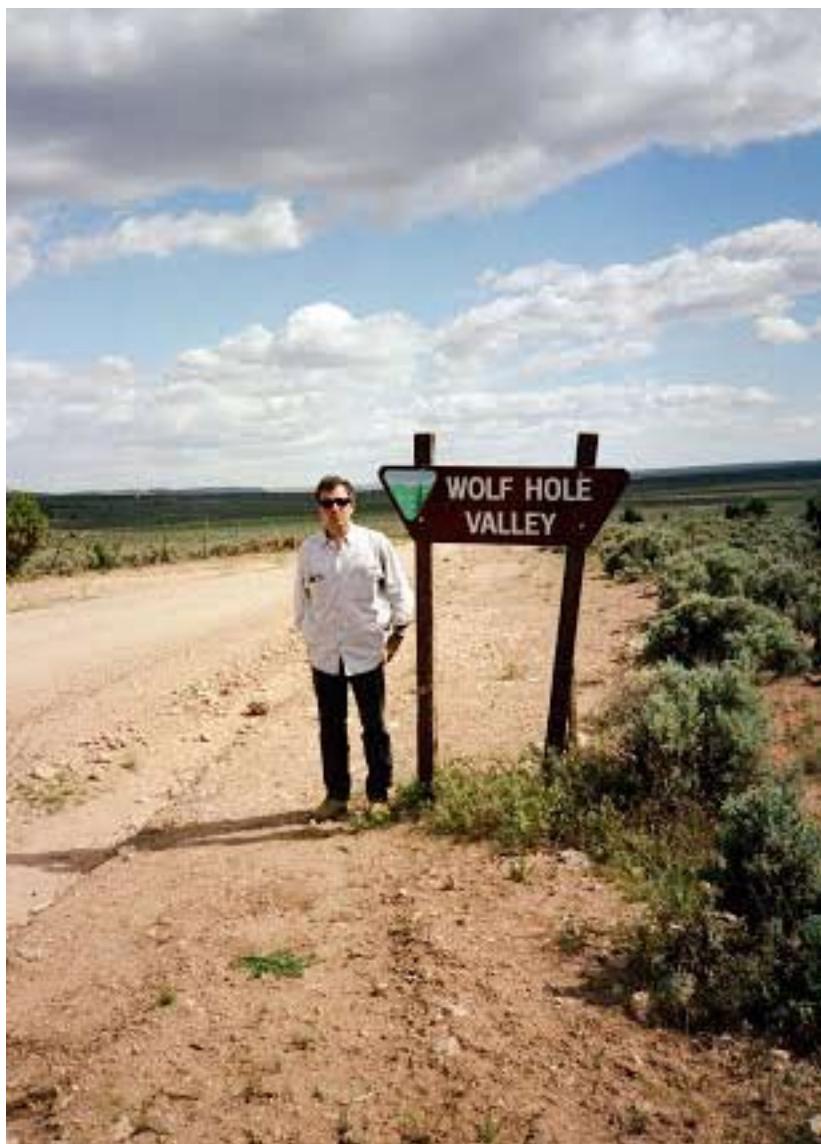


Southern New Mexico - 2012

This is south of Vaughn and north of Alamogordo. If I thought about it for a while, I could probably pinpoint it more closely, but that's close enough for now. There's a chance that, if you lived in this little ranch house back in 1945, and were looking north by northwest, you might have seen the flash of light in the night sky that signaled the dawn of the Atomic Age, when they detonated the first bomb at Trinity Site, in the Jornada del Muerto. Either way, you still had to wake up early the next morning and tend to your duties. My guess is the stock tank and windmill were there then, older versions, probably, but still there. Not sure about the tree, but it be older than it looks from here. I took this shot while heading slowly south, with that growing sadness I feel each time I have to drive back east. It's always good to get home, but it gets harder each time to leave the West behind.

The Arizona Strip - 1998

This may not be such an impressive photograph, but I'm ending with this one to remind myself of how much Edward Abbey has changed my life. In honor of the mighty Canyon Country Zephyr, Mr Abbey, Jim and Tonya, and everybody I have spoken a few words with along the way on the Great American Road, I'd like to say "thank you." I took this on my way to Tuweep, on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon.

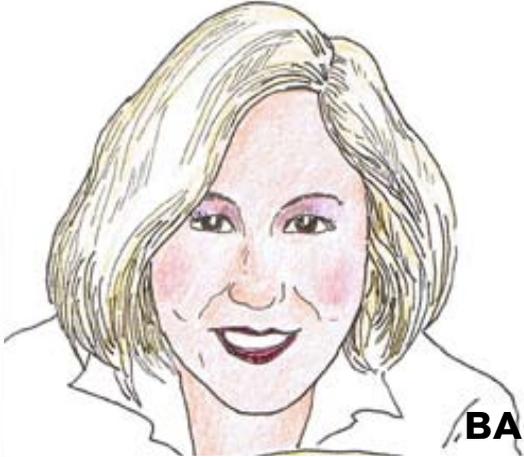


To see more images and commentary, check out the WordPress version of The Zephyr...



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A SAMPLING OF THE CARTOON ADS..1989-1995

THE ZEPHYR has always been noted for its 'cartoon ads,' which Stiles initiated with the first issue. We believe we may be the only publication in America where readers consistently looked at the ads first, before they read the articles. Here is a small sampling from the first seven years.

STILES PAYS THE PRICE FOR HIS ANTI-BICYCLE STORIES

3. Every time you see a bicycle, we should be there at the state.

94 W. 1st No. 259-5333

78 SOUTH MAIN ST. MOAB, UTAH 84532

COWBOY TRADING CO.

Welcoming our European visitors. Take home that classic look of the Old West. You can be the only cowboy or cowgirl on your street back home.

THE ZEPHYR/APRIL 1995 PAGE 37

Dave's Corner Market Cartoon Ad

4th East & Mill Creek Drive 259-6999

I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED... WHAT LIES BEYOND THIS AD BORDER?

I HAVE TO KNOW.

IS THIS WHAT HELLS MEANS BY THE EXISTENTIAL VOID?

94 West 1st North • Moab, Utah 84532 (1 block west of Main Street)

APRIL 12, 1993
Robin Groff & Stiles try to kill each other

The Sand Flats are famous! It's the best of Moab! as we know it!

Limit Limit! I demand EMPIRICAL DATA!

Tom Till photography

If Stiles' "relentless bashing of tourism" had any effect, I'd take out a bigger ad.

GENTLEMEN, START YOUR ENGINES.

Lin Ottinger's TOURS & ROCK SHOP

Dinosaur bone • Fossils • Minerals • Gems

600 N. Main St. 259-7312

LIN'S TOURS WILL START ON APRIL 15.

PAGE 12 THE ZEPHYR/AUGUST 1993

Michael Marooney's DOS AMIGOS

MEXICAN RESTAURANT • CANTINA

56 East 300 South • 259-7903

Featuring Moab's One & Only: NUDE PATIO DINING

MAROONEY ARRESTED BY MOAB VICE SQUAD!

Citizens DEMAND his release

Thanks for the catcher's mitt.

Poplar Place Pub & Eatery

100 North and Main St.

Moab's Legendary Dining & Drinking Establishment

I don't feel like doing an ad... But please stop by anyway. WE'RE OPEN.

We do orders to go 259-6018

You ARE A NARLY DUDE

re-elect **KNUTSON**

"a narly kind of dude"

Republican for Grand County Commission — November 6 —

conceived, spelled & paid for by the "narly" dude himself

Nelson's Heating & Refrigeration

serving Moab since 1962

1075 Bowling Alley Lane 259-5625

ANOTHER SWAMP COOLER EMERGENCY AND IZZY'S ON THE MOVE.

FAT CITY SMOKEHOUSE

TEXAS STYLE PIT BBQ

EVERYBODY'S COMING TO FAT CITY

WELCOME BIKERS

GENUINE WOOD PIT BARBEQUE we only cook with wood

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THE ULTIMATE BAR-B-QUE

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Smoothies Milkshakes Sodas & Floats Espresso Drinks Fresh Carrot Juice

Corner of Main & Kane 259-8268

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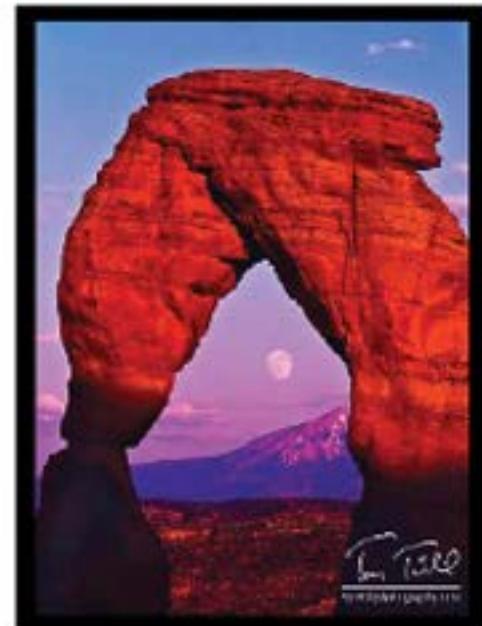


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From the 1991 Zephyr Archives

THE DREAM of OIL

B.J. Eardley

EDITOR'S NOTE: Recently the threat (or promise, depending on your point of view) of new oil and gas development in the area of Big Flat in Grand County has once again aroused local passions, for and against this renewed effort to exploit the area's energy resources.

This isn't the first time the issue has been debated in Moab. In 1991, Big Flat was in the news and writer B.J. Eardley wrote this essay for The Zephyr. The more things change, the more they stay the same...JS

The possibility that drilling activities on the Big Flat area west of Moab will demonstrate a sustained oil production has precipitated a mixed reaction in the Moab community. To some, an oil boom in Moab means more jobs, increased royalties, higher lease and rental payments and the additional benefit of diversifying Grand County's economic base. For others, the optimistic hopes are shadowed by potential impacts on wildlife, recreational use and public safety. While both commercial drilling companies and horizontal drilling technique has many specialists optimistic. The technique, which has not previously been used in the area, exposes a larger area of rock to the drilling operation, increasing chances for success.

Taking a position that has angered some citizens, the BLM has indicated that it is waiting to call for a new Environmental Impact Statement until the long-term economic viability of the drilling project is ascertained. Previous oil and gas exploration in the area has met with numerous problems.

That the new drilling technique could mean a major drilling operation in the area, however, has spurred the Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance and the Utah Chapter of the Sierra Club to file an appeal with the BLM's state office to prevent them from granting additional well drilling permits. Legal action seems almost assured if the BLM issues more permits without preparing a new EIS. While Columbia Gas Company, who has been successfully pumping 700 barrels of oil per day from their Big Flat well, maintains that they are aware of the environmental sensitivity of the area, wildlife managers and recreationists are skeptical.

The question of public land management hinges once again on the question of conflicting use. "The opportunity," says Brad Palmer, BLM's Grand Resource Area Manager, "is to show that oil and gas development, if done in a sound manner, can co-exist with other multiple uses."

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To some, an oil boom in Moab means more jobs...

For others, the optimistic hopes are shadowed by potential impacts on wildlife and recreation...

BJ Eardley, 1991

Grand County has dreamed of an oil boom before, but it was a dream that was unclouded with the question of conflicting use. Perhaps no story was more exciting or received more state-wide attention than the development of the John L. Shafer No.1 on the Big Six Dome 18 miles downstream from Moab.

The year was 1925. Like Big Flat, the Big Six offered the hope of locating a commercial well of oil in the thick shale beds of the Pennsylvanian Paradox Fold and Fault Belt. Folds and faults formed by movement of underlying salt are typical traps for oil and gas in Grand County. Most traps were formed when sandstone or fractured limestone was overlain by an impervious seal of shale. Isolation and transportation difficulties, however, were a deterrent to oil exploration in the rugged area of Grand County.

Attempts to drill on the Big Six Dome had begun five years earlier by the locally owned Big Six Oil Co., but drillers had encountered a number of problems and the project finally ran out of money. By 1925, the price of crude was going up almost daily and the Big Six Co. decided it was time to search for a larger company to absorb the huge expense of drilling. Enter the Midwest Exploration Company. The company was intrigued with the Big Six area and what geologists declared to be one of the most perfect oil domes in the U.S. Faced with the growing scarcity and equally growing dependence on oil, Midwest formed a company to concentrate on oil development along the Colorado River.

In January of 1925, Midwest contracted with the Moab Garage Company to ship 200 tons of drilling equipment from Thompson to the John L. Shafer No. 1 site at the apex of the Big Six Dome. The equipment was to travel by truck to Moab and then by barge to the well site on the river. The Moab Garage Co., which had already begun using the Colorado River as a transportation corridor, built a power barge with an 8 ft. paddle wheel that could be used to move equipment down river to the well site.

Ice flows prevented the 15 ft. by 45 ft. barge from transporting any equipment until early March, but the icebound river didn't freeze the anticipation of locals. "If oil is obtained at the midwest well," said Grand Valley Times editor L.L. Taylor, "the rush to this section by oil people will rival any similar occurrence in the history of the west. The river domes are said to be the last great unexplored structures of the west. If they contain oil, nothing in the world will prevent a real stampede to Moab."

On March 5, the first boat load of drilling equipment slipped down the river. The Colorado was at its lowest point in recorded history, giving the boat with its 12 ton cargo a true test. To the delight of area navigators, the boat passed with only a few minor setbacks. Traveling from 3 to 8 miles an hour, Moab Garage's

barge continued its daily runs of equipment: railroad tiles for the 800 foot track that would connect the rig with the unloading pier; construction material for the 90 foot derrick which would be erected 75 feet from the banks of the Colorado River; and an expanse of supplies that would give Frank Shafer No. 1 the reputation of being the best equipped oil camp in the state. By the end of the month the only oil camp in the country to be reached by water had begun to take shape.

As Moab waited, anticipated, and conjectured, the success of the Moab Garage's barge confirmed the recreational potential of the Colorado River. Commercial ventures on the river had been attempted before, but they had all met with failure. The reliability of the power barge soon inspired many locals to charter the craft for pleasure excursions when it was not in use handling freight for the oil rig. It was

also speculated that tourists, once they became aware of the option for river excursions, would covet an opportunity to enjoy the magnificent scenery of the canyon of the Colorado. "The successful operation of the power barge...marks a new era in the history of Moab," said the Grand Valley Times.. "The feasibility of operating a craft of this size on the river is proven, and hereafter boat trips down the Colorado River canyon, heretofore impossible except in small motor launches, will be every day occurrences. Regardless of the outcome of the oil explorations, the navigation of the Colorado in the future is assured."

Each subsequent week, the Grand Valley Times offered front page coverage of the progress of Midwest's Shafer No. 1, along with other oil activity around the county. Readers heard of the Crescent Eagle near Thompson and the Cisco No. 1 when the well blew and the gas was ignited by lightning. Bidding for royalties on Big Six reached new highs when as much as \$4200 was paid for a 1% royalty on three 640 acre tracts. Watchful eyes turned to southeastern Utah. In Salt Lake City, a local candy company introduced a candy bar called the "Big Six," named for the dome where Utah's oil future momentarily rested.

As drilling continued, officers from the Geologic Survey commented on the deposits of potash that had been encountered as a result of oil drilling in south-

Grand County has dreamed of an oil boom before, but it was a dream that was unclouded with the question of conflicting use. Perhaps no story was more exciting or received more state-wide attention than the development of the John L. Shafer No.1 on the Big Six Dome

east Utah. "The pure potash salts," they said, "may be worth more than any possible oil developments."

Meanwhile, Editor Taylor encouraged Grand County citizens to support the drilling operations: "Wildcatting for oil in a new district is a fearfully expensive, heartbreaking undertaking at best. The companies, big or little, that are willing to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in an effort to develop the oil resources in a district should have the good will and cooperation of every citizen...



Happily this is the case in Grand County.”

Finally, in October, a heavy flow of gas was encountered. They crews began “mudding in” the well to shut off the water and gas flow. They were encouraged. With plans to drill from 3500 to 4000 feet, the contact of wet gas at only 1408 feet was an indication that oil could be struck soon. A month later, another flow of gas and water was encountered. By virtue of a newly installed control head, the crew was able to harness the gas as a fuel source for the camp, but the gas pressure continued to make it difficult for the drillers to stay in the derrick where the highly combustible vapors surrounded them. The gas was entirely unlike that found at Cisco and other areas of the region and was definitely believed to be coming from a pool of oil.



And, on December 10, 1925, the Grand Valley Times announced in 2 inch headlines: “Big Oil Gusher Blows In—Greatest Oil Strike in the State’s History.”

And, on December 10, 1925, the Grand Valley Times announced in 2 inch headlines: “Big Oil Gusher Blows In—Greatest Oil Strike in the State’s History.” Behind the scenes, the story was dramatic. The oil had come in while the crew was eating breakfast. As it gushed from the well, it ignited and sent flames 300 feet into the air, totally destroying the derrick. After a 10-hour battle to extinguish the fire, the well continued to gush and spurt oil as high as 300 feet into the air. The river barge, which had been operating virtually without a hitch throughout the year was suddenly shut down for repairs. Uncontrolled rivers of oil began to flow into the Colorado. Even after equipment was able to reach the well, casing problems allowed the Big Six gusher to defy containment. It was feared that the oil would continue to be lost until a new derrick could be built and the casing cemented in on caprock.



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For Moab, though, the environmental disaster and the loss of oil were thin cries in the background of a general roar of excitement. The oil gushing from the Shafer No. 1 was dark green, of high gravity and gasoline and lubricating qualities. The Pennsylvanian Paradox Formation was a proven oil producer. The boom was real and promised more exploration in the oil domes of south-eastern Utah. Editorials in the Moab and Salt Lake papers encouraged Moab to prepare for the boom and predicted that the town would grow to a population of 5,000-10,000 in two or three years. “Let it not be said that we don’t know

how to take advantage of a favorable opportunity when one presents itself.”

For its part, Utah clamored to attach title to school lands around the Moab area, since most were yet unsurveyed. If known to contain mineral wealth before a survey, the state could only receive 3/8’s of the royalty for the schools. But, if the state could attach title before the mineral value had been discovered, they would have a chance at 100% of the royalties for the school system.

As Grand County faced 1926, they did so with hope and promise for a successful future. “With the advent of the year 1926,” said the Times, “South-eastern Utah faces the most alluring prospects in its history. Now that oil in commercial quantities has been discovered in the vicinity of Moab, this part of Utah will rapidly forge to the front as one of the richest and the most populous sections of Utah.” That was Moab’s hope—and it was based not solely on the success of oil, but in partnership with agriculture, livestock, recreation and tourism.

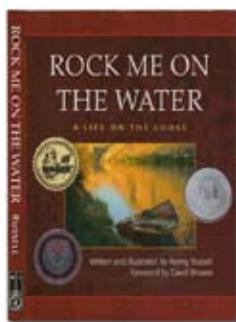
For a time, the face of Moab did change to accommodate an oil boom, but the town would wait another 30 years before the uranium boom would arrive with enough magnitude to forever change the complexion of the Moab valley and its surroundings. What of the Shafer No. 1? Drilling continued, but water flow from a higher elevation could not be controlled. Oil and gas continued to be encountered but recrystallization of salt was a continuous problem. Drilling was finally suspended when the casing collapsed. Developers remained encouraged by this first attempt. Other wells were drilled, but no gushers were found.

In the process of oil exploration, other resources were discovered: helium, natural gas, and potash, which created new potentials for development. Unexplored country was brought to the attention of hundreds of new eyes who were tantalized into further exploration. In 1925, the people of Moab hoped that they could have it all: the wonders of nature, farming, livestock, tourism, recreation, and the economic gains of mineral, oil and gas development. The richness and fortitude of the landscape seemed limitless. The dream was strong.

As a society, we are even more dependent on oil and gas than we were in the 20’s... We are looking for a balance, but our ability to agree on a satisfactory equilibrium remains as illusive as the dream of oil that was shared by the “wildcatters” of the 20’s.

Many of the dreams of 1926 are realities today: river recreation, potash development, but our experiences have taught us that there are limits. Even the BLM recognizes that multiple use does not mean that every use can be made to be compatible. We know that there is a value in our land and our wildlife that defies economic reasoning. Still, we want it all. As a society, we are even more dependent on oil and gas than we were in the 20’s. Our tax dollars are stretched beyond their limits and the economic viability of our county is a delicate thread strung across the wildness of our land. We are looking for a balance, but our ability to agree on a satisfactory equilibrium remains as illusive as the dream of oil that was shared by the “wildcatters” of the 20’s.

BJ Eardley still lives in Moab, Utah.



from the author of ‘On the Loose’
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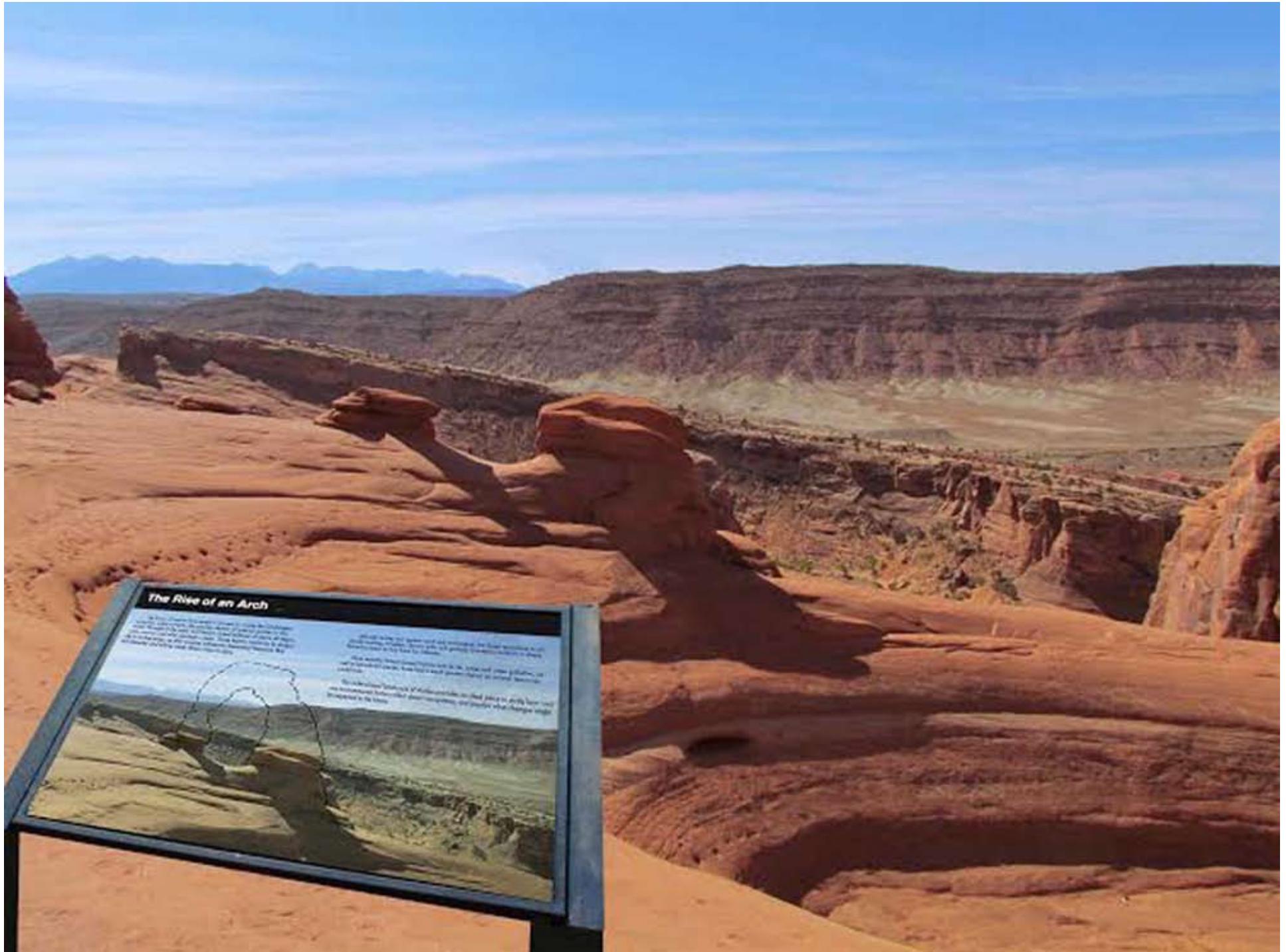
“Rock Me on the Water is not so much a book as an intimate spiritual and political journey. Part memoir, part nature writing, part philosophy, and part political polemic, Rock Me on the Water transcends each of these categories to become a trek through sorrow, pain, beauty, joy and redemption.”

- Derrick Jensen, author of A Language Older than Words, and Welcome to the Machine: Science, Surveillance, and the Culture of Control

“AFTER THE FALL”

A Look Into the Future of Delicate Arch

BY HAYLEY KNOUFF



COMING SOONER OR LATER...

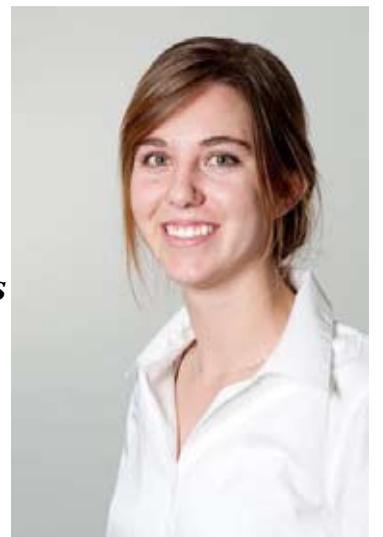
No one knows for sure when it happened...when the forces of nature, wind and water and gravity, scoured a lone Entrada Sandstone outcropping of rock until they finally punched a small opening in the rock fin.

From that moment in ancient history, no one can say with any accuracy how long it took the small hole to expand until it resembled the 'delicate arch' we recognize today.

And it's anyone's guess how long the iconic feature will remain as it is. Delicate Arch has withstood Time, weather and its first known hands-on, bottom to top insult, the solo ascent by Ego-Climber Dean Potter in 2006. Still, the elements are at work, one grain of sand at a time. Maybe in another 25 years, or 250 years, or 25,000 years...or tomorrow, the arch will fall.

When it does, as Hayley has so remarkably depicted, the National Park Service will be there, to document the event with an interpretive sign...JS

Born and raised in Moab, Hayley Knouff is a third year undergraduate currently attending the University of Michigan. Inspired by Moab's gorgeous landscapes, she has enjoyed studying Art & Design and is now majoring in Geology.





THE FOOTPRINTS 'TOP 10' LIST

Top 10 Media News Reports we Missed

10. Malaysia flight 370 was commandeered by Ukrainians trying to escape CNN
9. Oscar Pistorius claims self-defense; says he was attacked by his bathroom door
8. Fox News reports ObamaCare is a total failure - for the 706th time
7. Website www.shochiolympics.com returns "Under Construction"
6. ITAR-TASS reports Vladimir Putin will announce retirement to a dacha in Crimea
5. Malaysia pilot's home made flight simulator purchased by Al Qaeda for "recreational use"
4. Washington Post says NASA space telescope sees into the future - and it isn't good
3. Edward Snowden releases documents showing NSA is monitoring emails from the deceased
2. Malaysia Air claims Boeing 777 debris field found in Disneyland - cautions may not be from MH370
1. Canyon Country Zephyr is 25 years old - in spite of its aging curmudgeonly editorial staff

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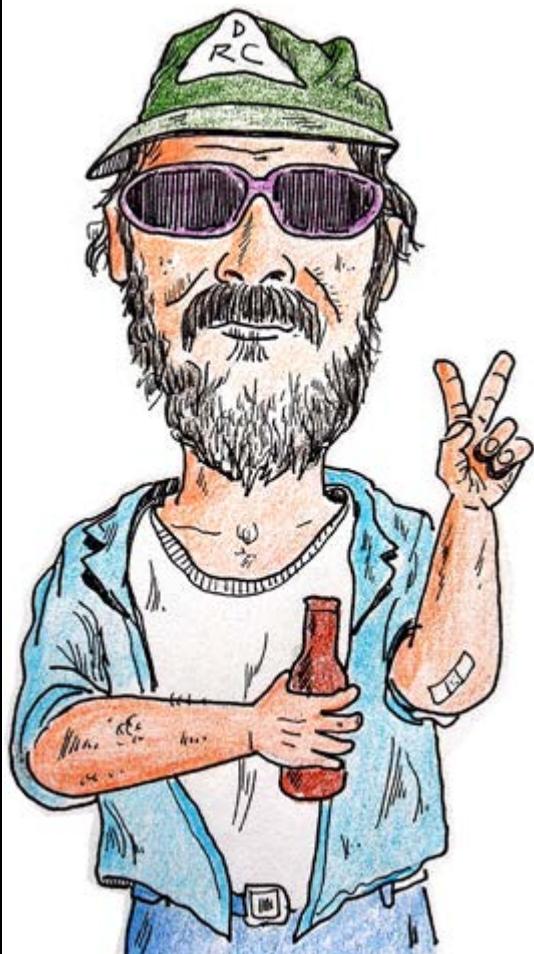
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'SOMEDAY ALL THIS WILL BE HISTORY TOO.'

Remembering Moab...Long Time Passing.

Jim Stiles

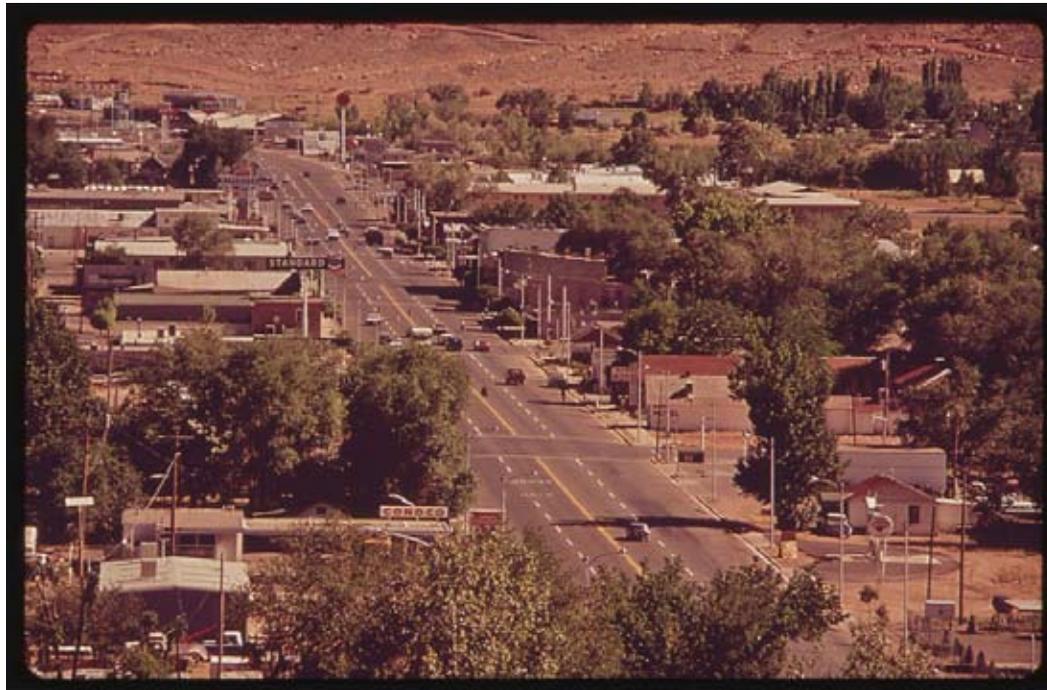
How things have changed in 16 years. The world has rolled over a few times since that August afternoon when I sputtered into town in a road-weary VW bus, determined to make Moab my home. I remember that day vividly. Although it was Sunday, Moab was as still as the desert that lay beyond those Wingate cliffs which stare down at the town. I was staying with Nelle Holmes, a wonderful woman whose step-son Maury was a friend of mind from a summer when I'd worked in Wyoming.

I decided to take a walk, from her house on East Center, down to Main Street and beyond to 1st West. Except for a few weekend gardeners worrying over tomato plants in their backyards, the town was quiet. I passed the old building that was home to Family Budget Clothing (now the Grand Emporium) and ended up at the Life Stream health food store, the only open shop I found all day. There, behind the counter, I met Conrad Sorensen, the store's owner (and now manager of the Moab Food Co-op). It marked the beginning of a 15 year

crusade, albeit erratic, by Conrad to make me eat right and give up my self-destructive junk food life style. I'm sorry to say he has failed miserably, although I recently kicked my popcicle habit in favor of Welch's Fruit Juice Bars (30% fruit juice in each quiescently frozen bar.)

After lingering in Conrad's store and getting the low-down from him on life in Moab in 1975, I loitered on Main Street for a while and then headed east toward Nelle's. I usually don't sense the significance of a moment until it has long passed, but on this particular afternoon, I realized something that is just now coming true.

As I crossed Main Street in front of Family Drug, (now the T-shirt shop,) I paused on the deserted pavement. I could have laid down for a nap, it was that empty. I looked up and down Moab's main thoroughfare, and I thought to myself...this is history. This



As I crossed Main Street in front of Family Drug, (now the T-shirt shop,) I paused on the deserted pavement. I could have laid down for a nap, it was that empty. I looked up and down Moab's main thoroughfare, and I thought to myself...this is history. Someday it won't be like this on a Sunday afternoon, and I will long for this moment when the real world seemed so faraway, and the air was still, and even the light seemed softer and more golden.

is history. Someday it won't be like this on a Sunday afternoon, and I will long for this moment when the real world seemed so faraway, and the air was still, and even the light seemed softer and more golden. Where I could have stretched out on the Main Street asphalt and taken a snooze.

History.

This afternoon, a week after the August Zephyr went to press,

I'm huddled under a gnarled and ancient spruce, stunted by the 11,000 foot altitude and the wind that never stops. I'm waiting out a storm and hoping the next lightning bolt lands anywhere but beneath this tree. From my vantage point on this seldom visited mountain pass (you'll never pry its name from these sealed lips,) I can see a great portion of the sun blasted red desert country that I've loved for so long. From the Book Cliffs to Arches, from the Blues to the Bears Ears, from the Windgate to the Waterpocket Fold and beyond, to the Kaiparowits Plateau. Familiar names for remote places that should stay remote and untouched and unmarred.

Down in that maze of red rock are the people who, for a variety of reasons, have chosen this god forsaken desert to live their lives. It's not easy. To make a life in the canyon country requires imagination, perseverance, and a great deal of luck. But we stay because we love it here, and I think, in spite of ourselves, because we love

each other. Many of us refuse to admit it, but I think it's true.

There are a lot of people in Moab that I cherish as friends. And there are many more who I admire and respect, but because our political and environmental get in the way, we can't seem to bridge the gap that we've created.

I support wilderness in Grand County and Southeast Utah and that declaration alone can get a guy on more residents' "enemies list" than anything else I can think of. There is no group more

vehemently opposed to wilderness than the Western Association of Land Users. They oppose wilderness at all costs. It is a war to them—a mission from God—to keep these precious lands from being "locked-up" by a small cadre of Easterners and Bleeding Heart Liberals. With a few exceptions, WALU has no use for the likes of me.

There was a time for me when the feeling was quite mutual. I regarded the anti-wilderness crowd scornfully. I had no use whatsoever for Ray Tibbetts who led the wilderness protest parade on July 4, 1980. Issues to me were very well-defined...very black and white. I was right and they were wrong.

But during many of those years, I worked at Arches, lived at the park and really didn't know the people who lived and worked in this town. All that changed six years ago when I turned in my

badge and bought a house and eventually started this paper.

I am probably anti-social by nature, but the Zephyr forced me to go places and meet people I might have avoided like the plague

The Zephyr forced me to meet people I might have avoided like the plague otherwise. And what I discovered, as I set up interviews and walked Main Street looking for advertisers, was that many of the “enemies” I’d regarded warily all these years were (gasp!) kind, decent, honest people just trying to get by in this world. They were likewise shocked to see that I had no horns beneath my fedora either. I realized that they too long for quiet Sunday afternoons on Main Street.

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Since then, I’ve had to take another look at WALU, not for their political or environmental philosophy, but for who they are. For instance, how could anyone dislike Lilly Mae Norlander? I don’t care if she is against wilderness. She’ll never be an enemy of mine. Or Ray Tibbetts. We still don’t agree on development and wilderness, but we can talk for hours about the country we both love. Ray knows this desert better than most. There’s a deep cave “somewhere in southeast Utah” that drops like a shaft more than 300 feet into the rock. I made my way to the bottom of that pit a few years ago, and there on a wall in this black dungeon, our head lamps revealed three names and a date. In 1948 Ray Tibbetts was there. It was one piece of graffiti I found to be entirely appropriate.

Among “environmentalists” there is a minority of advocates who really do want to “lock-up” wilderness for their own selfish purposes.

They are usually rich, live extravagantly, and ease their over-consumptive consciences by making large contributions to various environmental organizations. They are, in fact, not environmentalists but recreationists.

We provide a playground for them and their toys.

And Jane Jones. Last month, her frustration came forth like a flash flood in her “Somewhere Left of Right” column. She thinks she’s spinning her wheels trying to find some common ground and I completely empathize with her. I know I’m repeating myself here (something my friend Wilson attributes to pre-mature onset of senility,) but somehow we need to remove the rancor and anger from the debate. What we need is a little honesty and sincerity. Let me make a stab at it.

Among “environmentalists” there is a minority of advocates who really do want to “lock-up” wilderness for their own selfish purposes. They are usually rich, live extravagantly, and ease their

over-consumptive consciences by making large contributions to various environmental organizations. They are, in fact, not environmentalists but recreationists. We provide a playground for them and their toys.

(I know that I get in trouble when I start making broad generalizations, and I’m fully aware that there are many wealthy people with hearts of gold who are only trying to do the right thing. Consider Franklin Roosevelt, John and Bobby Kennedy—rich men who devoted their lives to public service.)

But most of us environmentalists think we’re doing something noble and wise. We don’t think we’re driven by selfish motives at all. And many of us agonize over the conflicts that environmental protection creates. The fact that the environmental movement has failed these last 20 years to deal with human impacts caused by their actions has been its greatest failure. It was left a bitter taste in many mouths, including my own. And what about WALU folks...The two or three of you who read this “radical rag?” Some of my compadres think you are the group that’s selfishly motivated. That you are the greedheads. And let’s be honest, among your ranks, you know there must be a soul or two who are driven by the almighty dollar over anything else.

But I don’t see it that way. I see a group of people who have lived here for a long time, for generations, who are suddenly see-



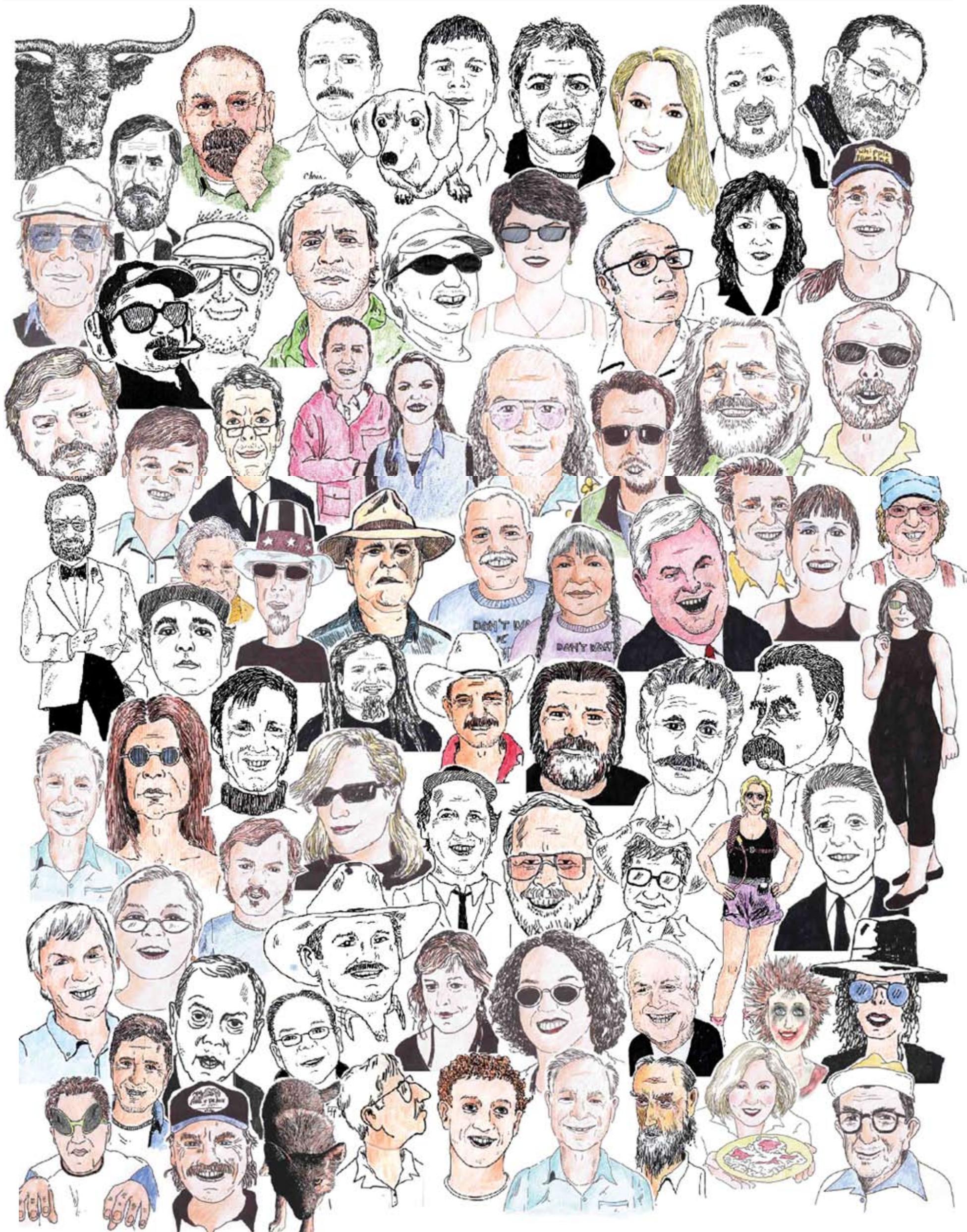
But then comes another thought. Someday all this will be history too. What kind of world will we be living in when we look back fondly and nostalgically at 1991?

ing their lives turned upside down by a Brave New World that you neither want nor understand. You’re scared and you’re angry because you don’t know if five years from now, or ten years from now, there will be a place for you in your own hometown.

Well, I’m scared too. And so are a lot of other people who you regard as adversaries. We have a lot more in common than you think. We are, for the most part, two groups of honest, decent, people dedicated to a cause. One thinks it’s trying to save the last remnants of a continent that was once wild, and clean, and free. The other is trying to save the last remnants of a culture that has survived hardships and heartaches for over a century. I guess it remains to be seen whether either or both of our causes become nothing more than exercises in futility.

The rain has stopped up here on the pass and the sun is down over the Aquarius Plateau. But to the east, the high clouds still glow over Tukunikivats. In the shadows below, Moab bustles with humans on this Sunday evening, light years away from 1975.

But then comes another thought. Someday all this will be history too. What kind of world will we be living in when we look back fondly and nostalgically at 1991?



*Thanks for your support these past 25 years...
and for tolerating these cartoons! ...JS*

