



*MEMORIES OF*  
**JACK HOLLEY**



**THE 'GOAT MAN' OF MOAB**

August/September 2016    Volume 28 Number 3

*ALL THE NEWS THAT CAUSES FITS...FOR 28 YEARS.*



# Take It Or Leave It...

Jim Stiles

*NOTE: Often, living in the year 2016, in these gruesome and depressing times, is more than I can endure. I long to be more than just 'somewhere else.' It's not a matter of where as it is 'when.' To be away from all this. To be 'unstuck in time' like Vonnegut's Billy Pilgrim. And so, that's what I've done. I've willed myself to travel at will, to a different world, without so much as moving an inch. So long...JS*

## THE WAY IT IS THIS MORNING... August 1 1936

DATELINE / MOAB, UTAH.

What a lovely morning it is, here in Moab, Utah. It's just past seven and already I can see a few of my neighbors taking advantage of the cool air and tending to their gardens or, like me, simply enjoying a second cup of coffee. (Mrs. Stiles recently visited her family in California and brought back with her some delightful and exotic coffee blends.)

We're all hoping that the worst of the summer heat has passed us. And when I say the worst, I mean the worst in history. I don't want to even think about the months of June and July. As you all recall, it was absolutely brutal and as we all know now, it was the hottest June in our history. Do you remember that awful streak, in the second and third weeks of June, when the thermometer passed 105 degrees every day? They are saying that the June 17 recorded temperature of 113 degrees is an all-time Moab record. I believe it.

Much of our little town looked empty in June and July, almost abandoned, in fact. Even Independence Day was quiet. It was too hot and too dry to even consider fireworks this year, which was a shame. My wife loves the annual light show. Maybe next year.

To escape the heat, many Moabites packed up their campstuffs and headed up into the La Sals for weeks at a time. There were so many of us, especially up to Geyser Basin, that we almost looked like a brand new town. It sure was cooler than Moab.

But even though the days and nights were a delight up in the shadow of Mount Peale, there was no escaping the drought, even at 10,000 feet. The pastures looked burnt out and brown and the local ranchers were worried. Some wondered if it would ever rain again. But thankfully, the storms that roared through our country in mid-July brought us just the relief we needed. The pastures are greening up again and surprisingly, our local roads and bridges seem to have escaped any major damage. The new bridge being built over Courthouse Wash by the Bush & Baldwin contractors was almost completed when a torrent of water came down the wash, but it withstood the liquid onslaught admirably. It also gives us all confidence that

the bridge builders know what they are doing.

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Speaking of things heating up, the talk all summer has been about this new 'Escalante National Monument' proposal that the federal government is talking about. In June, Tonya and I endured the heat and drove up to a big meeting in Price, Utah to hear more about the plan. Our Model A overheated three or four times along the way, but we brought enough water for the car and us. The meeting was organized by the National Park Service and the U.S. Grazing Service to give the local folks an opportunity to learn more.

The monument idea, I have to say, is massive. According to the speakers, more than 4.5 million acres of federal land would be withdrawn for the monument, including parts of Grand, San Juan, Wayne, Garfield, Emery and Kane Counties. In addition to the citizens like us who went, there were many "advisory boards," who represented just about every town and community that will be



affected.

Seems like the biggest worry is how the monument will affect grazing across the southern half of the state. But Mr. David Madsen, the wildlife division chief of the NPS said that grazing in Utah was approaching its limit and that, "millions of dollars of new revenue can now be secured through tourist travel." And he said it could be done "without crippling any existing industry." Then he said that, "the 125 million people of the United States want this land dedicated to recreation and the propagation of wildlife, versus grazing."

And finally, Mr. Madsen noted that his boss, Secretary of Interior Harold Ickes, has a personal interest in this, "because of its superlative scenery and archeological relics." We've heard that Mr. Ickes is called 'The Old Curmudgeon' back in Washington, but if he comes out here he better try being a bit more sociable, because a bunch of Utahns are pretty peeved with that man.

Our neighbor from La Sal, Charlie Redd, spoke for the grazers who said that if the monument bill was passed, it

would mean "financial ruin to a majority of the people in five counties." He said that the people "who pioneered the roads and schools" in the area "should be given consideration when their basic industry is placed in jeopardy." But Charlie made it clear he wasn't against recreation. "WE want tourists!" Mr. Redd said, and he noted recent efforts by the Moab Lion's Club and locals like Dr. Williams and Mr. Bish Taylor to improve the roads into the Arches. And finally he pleaded for "some kind of compromise that wouldn't completely destroy the livestock industry" in southern Utah.

Tempers were as hot as the June weather and who knows what will happen next. I talked to Charlie briefly after the meeting, and he said he fears the whole country he loves will someday vanish before his eyes. But then he added, 'We can only hope for the best.'

It might take another four or five years to see how this monument story plays out.

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While everybody's having apoplexy over the Park Service and the Monument, here in Moab, efforts to open up the Arches have been ongoing but with mixed results. There was a report in June of plans to start building a new road and bringing new "development" at the Arches, via Frank Pinkley, the superintendent of the National Parks Southwest Monuments. They have about \$300,000 earmarked for road construction and new employee housing, starting in 1938. It would also propose expanding the monument boundaries, though by how much, nobody is saying. The Lion's Club received the letter from Pinkley and they're hoping to convince him to start a year earlier.

Right now, it's almost impossible to drive a car into the Arches, but last month a fellow from Arizona did just that. Harry Goulding, the owner/operator of a trading post and tourist lodge at Monument Valley (on the Utah/Arizona border) is reported to have driven the first automobile into the monument. Goulding drove his Ford V8 touring car up the Willow Flats trail and into the Windows section of the monument, a distance of about nine miles. He equipped his vehicle with extra large tires that helped him traverse the deep sand in the washes. He said that the last four miles, from Willow Springs to the Windows, were especially treacherous.

Goulding completed several journeys to the Arches over a period of several days, including some prominent Moabites, Park Service officials, and photographer Harry Reed. All were convinced that with some improvement, many more tourists will want to visit the monument to see these amazing stone arches and spires.

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Sometimes, living out here at the edge of the world, we can almost forget all that's happening elsewhere in the country. I have to say that of all the new-fangled machines and appliances that have been invented recently, I have a personal appreciation for my new radio. (There has been some debate here lately as to how to express the word: radio. My wife insists it should be pronounced, 'ray-dee-o.' But some of my pals down at the Moab Garage call it, 'radd-ee-o.' Who's right?)

But it has truly had the effect of bringing the nation and the world into our living rooms. A couple weeks ago, Tonya and I had a delightful evening listening to Mr. Roosevelt deliver his acceptance speech at the Democratic National Convention in Philadelphia. We kept looking at each other in amazement; we were listening to the President of the United States giving a speech, at exactly the moment it was all happening, 2000 miles away. The President made a rousing address to the crowd. When the papers came out a few days later with the complete text, I scribbled these words down:

*"We are poor indeed if this Nation cannot afford to lift from every recess of American life the dread fear of the unemployed that they are not needed in the world. We cannot afford to accumulate a deficit in the books of human fortitude.*

*"In the place of the palace of privilege we seek to build a temple out of faith and hope and charity...It is a sobering thing, my friends, to be a servant of this great cause. We try in our daily work to remember that the cause belongs not to us, but to the people. The standard is not in the hands of you and me alone. It is carried by America. We seek daily to profit from experience, to learn to do better as our task proceeds.*

*"Governments can err, Presidents do make mistakes,*

THE CANYON COUNTRY  
**ZEPHYR**  
Planet Earth Edition

**JIM & TONYA STILES, publishers**  
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Monticello, UT 84535  
[www.canyoncountryzephyr.com](http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com)  
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but the immortal Dante tells us that divine justice weighs the sins of the cold-blooded and the sins of the warm-hearted in different scales.

"There is a mysterious cycle in human events. To some generations much is given. Of other generations much is expected. This generation of Americans has a rendezvous with destiny."

I really enjoyed Mr. Roosevelt's speech and, especially the 'Rendezvous with Destiny' part. To be honest, I hope he is re-elected.

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Mr. Roosevelt spoke of 'the poor' in our country and his admonition reminded me that we had not visited our friend, Jack Holley, in a few weeks. So Tonya baked several loaves of bread and we gathered a basket of some fruits and vegetables from our garden, and some canned goods well and paid 'The Goat Man' a visit. He was there to greet us, as he always is, and seemed grateful for the stock of foods we had brought for him. It's hard to believe that Mr. Holley has been residing in his little stone cabin near the river for more than five years. Jack is an interesting character, like no one we have ever met. Many people call him a 'hermit,' but he seems to love the company of others. (Though we suspect he will always prefer the company of his beloved goats!)

We asked how he had fared in the recent hot weather, but Jack explained that inside his dugout cabin, it was

considerably cooler than the blistering heat just outside the door. And of course he noted that he spent much of his time in the shade of those magnificent cottonwoods by the river. And he is so right. In this dry air, if you can find a good breeze, especially by the water, even 100 degrees can be not just tolerable, but downright pleasant.

We also brought Mr. Holley a stack of newspapers, mostly the 'Deseret News' and a few 'Denver Posts.' But when Tonya returned from visiting her family in California, she returned with a couple copies of 'The San Francisco Chronicle.' Jack was delighted. We asked if he had heard about Mr. Roosevelt's "Rendezvous with Destiny" speech and were surprised to hear him recite many passages from memory.

And just like the debate over the pronunciation of 'radio,' we had a disagreement over how to pronounce the president's last name. Tonya and I say, 'Row-ze-velt' but Jack insists it's, 'Roo-ze-velt.' Either way, we all agreed we hope he wins in November.

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As summer winds down, we are hopeful of cooler days and nights, but while things have calmed down since July, it is still quite warm and we have been seeking relief from the heat. Yesterday Tonya saw an ad for 'Boat Trips on the Colorado River.'

What a novel idea, we thought. It sounded like it might be fun and a different way to pass a hot afternoon. Mr. Leslie Foy is offering the trips and is also reportedly build-

ing a "dude ranch" about six miles downriver from Moab. They say the accommodations are quite nice and the cost of a river trip "very moderate." So we may indeed find ourselves getting wet soon on our lovely Colorado River.

Also it won't be long until we can purchase a few of those delicious cool melons that Ollie Reardon grows in his backyard across town. I once heard from our neighbor Toots McDougald that when she was a little girl, she and her friends would steal melons from Ollie, until the day he caught them. But Ollie was such a softie; he made a deal with Toots and her friends--he'd plant a garden of melons, just for them, if they'd leave the rest of his garden alone. The girls thought that was a pretty good deal.

Yep. On this lovely cool early morning, the sun is just now coming over the rim' With the promise of another good day blessed by the serenity of our little desert oasis, and the unity and affection of our family and friends, I'm grateful to say....

Moab, Utah is a pretty nice place to live. *We hope it stays like this forever.*

Until the next time...  
Your faithful Moab Reporter,  
Jim Stiles  
August 1936

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## MY PROBLEM WITH ENVIRONMENTALISTS

I must confess, I'm hesitant to label myself an environmentalist. Environmentalism, for the past 20-odd years at least, seems to me to have been an ideology of removal: remove the steel mills; remove the coal mines, remove the textile factories, remove the oil rigs. I can't argue that these businesses are beneficial to their ecosystems, or that there haven't been massive abuses of the public health. Environmentalists are absolutely right to fight pollution and try to curtail the criminal recklessness of those industries. But I'm not happy to see thousands of towns that were once bustling with industry now set adrift with no reason for their existence. And I can't ignore how well that removal ideology worked with the concurrent political philosophies of globalization. After all the polluting industries were excised, we could then import the steel from elsewhere, import the coal from elsewhere, import the textiles from elsewhere, and oil...well, they haven't quite gotten rid of the oil rigs.

We've lived through a generation, or longer, now, of non-stop industrial decline. So many towns are now known for what they used to manufacture, used to create. Hulking factories, which once fueled the engines of local commerce, are now left shuttered and vacant; their only hope is to be reborn as condos, in the lucky places, or to be razed to the ground. And while I know why those businesses are gone, and I agree that many of their practices were harmful, I believe we're worse off as communities without them. Mainly because, after 20 years of promises for a "new economy," it's becoming apparent that nothing living will sprout from all these empty places on the map.

So I'm an odd fit for the Canyon Country Zephyr, aren't I? An odd fit because, thanks to the paper, I know and respect a number of people who consider themselves to be ardent environmentalists. And because nearly every issue I've helped to publish has contained articles talking about environmentalism.

One of my favorite articles from this issue, in fact, contains two disagreeing essays between two legendary environmentalists—Edward Abbey and Wendell Berry—and I would recommend that everyone read both essays, because I think they frame very well my own dispute with the environmental movement.

One Wendell Berry quotation, referenced by Doug Meyer in his introduction to the piece, seems to me to pinpoint the conflict at the heart of environmentalism precisely:

*"The wildernesses we are trying to preserve," he writes, "are standing squarely in the way of our present economy, and...the wildernesses cannot survive if our economy does not change."*

Berry wrote that sentiment during the Reagan administration, and I wonder what he makes of the changes, for good or ill, in our economy over the intervening years. That was before we realized that wages were stagnating, and then declining, pushing every American into a constant state of financial anxiety. Before wilderness designation, in itself, could prove a threat to the wilderness it seeks to protect, by attracting devastating waves of visitation to trample over the pristine landscape. Before "green technology" became the new energy groupspeak and environmentalist groups started endorsing condo developments. And he wrote those words before the "economy" became a figment of binary code, in which a "worker" is someone hunched over either a computer screen or else a cash register. A drone or a servant. In short, a lot has changed.

And so it's a little jarring to hear environmentalists still so focused on removal. No more fossil fuels. No more population growth. It seems so disconnected from the realities of most people's lives, the pervading dread that there aren't enough jobs as it is, and certainly not enough jobs for those overqualified for McDonald's but underqualified for office work. Environmentalists sound to the outsider (and I consider myself an outsider in this case,) like they would prefer for us not to be here at all. It seems as though they'd be happiest if half the planet died, suddenly, of natural causes, and the rest of us lost everything, our jobs and our homes, and resorted to some nomadic, pre-agricultural tribal society.

Just read Edward Abbey's essay:

"I respect my friends, I love the members of my family – most of them – but somehow I cannot generate much respect, love or even sympathy for the human race as a whole. This mob of five billion now swarming over the planet, like ants on an anthill, somehow does not inspire any emotion but one of visceral repugnance. The fact that I am a part of this plague gives me no pride."

"Man," he says, "has become a pest."

I get misanthropy. I really do. But even on my worst day, I wouldn't wish for a massive collapse of the world's economy, or the wiping out of humanity. And when most environmentalists start describing their dream scenarios for remaking the world, the first step always seems to be total collapse. To prefer that future, you have to be able to divorce yourself from the knowledge of what life is really like, and what life would be like, for the average person subjected to your vision. You have to have conditioned yourself to think of people as numbers and not individuals.

Which brings me to two articles published in the Zephyr recently—one in this issue, one in the previous issue, both by Zephyr friend and longtime contributor Scott Thompson.

The first article, from the last issue, dealt with overpopulation. Scott was concerned with the reluctance of the environmental left to tackle the issue, and he's right that no one wants to touch it. What's to be said about overpopulation? Certain people are having too many babies. And those people are almost universally brown-skinned, impoverished and under-educated. My discomfort with Scott's article is that he never really addresses who, specifically, is having all these babies and the myriad reasons why they might be doing so, before he suggests that they ought to be held responsible for "greatly reduc[ing]" the impacts of climate change "through prudent behaviors of their own." He

writes, "The people of the Earth as a whole need to take responsibility for the impacts of overpopulation and reduce them as much as possible, with of course generous financial assistance from those with the bulk of the money and other resources." But, while the people of Earth would do well to help out the overpopulating countries, I'd say that education about Environmentalism is likely to fall dead last in the list of priorities.

The ten countries with the highest birth rates are:

Niger, Mali, Uganda, Zambia, Burkina Faso, Burundi, Malawi  
Somalia, Angola, Mozambique

Europe isn't contributing to overpopulation, and, despite what you may think of the traffic, the U.S. isn't either (our growing population has much more to do with immigration and the traffic has a lot more to do with our obscenely consumptive lifestyle.) In the countries where a high birth rate is a problem, however, it is far, far down the list of their concerns. Try as they might, no environmentalist is going to convince a woman in Niger that she should be thinking more about environmentalism when she's fighting daily against starvation, disease and the specter of Boko Haram. She is a person, not a statistic, and she values the survival of herself and her family more than she fears some undefined specter of "Climate Change."

And another uncomfortable fact for environmentalists is that they may not want those third-world birth rates to fall too far. Falling birth rates don't happen in a vacuum. They are the result of a rising standard of living, and a rising standard of living means one thing: greater consumption. It's the climate change catch-22. Would you rather give billions of people a better life, so they can lay waste to the world's resources, or would you save the planet by abandoning the masses to disease, war and deprivation?

In short, we shouldn't pretend there are any easy answers.

Scott's second article, from this current issue of the Zephyr, deals with Climate Change denial among Conservatives. This makes for a meaty topic among environmentalists and I have no quarrel at all with Scott's disgust for the many politicians and business leaders who reap profits and votes from attacking scientists. The data depicting a changing climate is overwhelming, and so is the data implicating our human activities in that change.

Where things get muddy is in the next question: What do we do about it?

The Left splits into two camps at the point: the technological utopians and the doom-sayers. One frames his message in optimistic terms, the other in dystopian dread. The first talks quite a bit about "green energy" and the marvels of organic engineering that can somehow seamlessly replace our current economy and orchestrate a more perfect future for humanity. These make for fun and interesting conversations, and that's why you tend to hear more of the utopian voices on the broader public stage. It's an upbeat message, well-suited for TED talks and political speeches. But underneath that starry-eyed vision lies an inconvenient truth: that to get to our brand new Jetsons-esque world, we must first pass through a Big Bang.

This need for economic collapse undergirds Scott's entire article. Fracking is his first target. From an article in the Charleston Gazette-Mail by Robert Bryce, he quotes this portion: "If opponents of fracking succeed in banning it, they will have succeeded in killing a uniquely American success story that is helping consumers and the environment."

And while Scott is mostly interested in how this Robert Bryce is completely sidestepping the issues of Climate Change in his fracking article, I am most struck by the fact that Scott seems to agree with Bryce about one thing: if environmentalists succeed, then they will happily kill off the natural gas industry. And the key word there is "happily." In his ideal vision, that industry is dead. Among many others. And all the people who work in those industries? They go unmentioned.

The Green techno-utopians seem to believe that we can power the entire planet with Solar, Wind and Hydroelectric power, that we can shut down all the coal-fired power plants, and that human life will hum merrily along, the better for having given up those nonrenewable fuels. They may well be right. But, as it stands, coal provides 33% of America's energy. Natural gas—Fracking, that is—supplies another 33%. And that's just in the United States. Coal production increased world-wide by 32% between 2005 and 2011, mostly due to China. And the only reason it didn't increase here is because of the massive success of natural gas. In short, the environmentalists see us, in the not-to-distant future, living in a reality so far removed from our own that we aren't even heading in the right direction toward it. And, at least publicly, these utopians won't admit that the bridge between our reality and that emission-free dreamland isn't a bridge at all, but a death and resurrection.

Scott, to his credit, doesn't deny the massive economic collapse that is required to change our course. He quotes from Naomi Klein later in the article, and I am heartened by this quotation, which is the most frank appraisal of the Climate Change movement that I've read:

*"So here's my inconvenient truth: I think these hard-core ideologues understand the real significance of climate change better than most of the 'warmists' in the political center, the ones who are still insisting that the response can be gradual and painless... The deniers get plenty of the details wrong...but when it comes to the scope and depth of change required to avert catastrophe, they are right on the money."*

I have to give Scott credit for picking that particular quotation, but I think he misses the mark a bit in his response. He writes that the economic leaders, the Chambers of Commerce and the like, refuse to recognize Climate Change because, if they did, then "the assumptions that they have made about free markets and continuing economic

growth must be largely surrendered.” And there’s likely some truth to that. No one likes to admit that their theories of the world are wrong. But Scott leaves the argument there—as if people only dislike the specter of economic disaster because it will prove that their ideas were incorrect, and not because an economic disaster on the scale Scott and Naomi Klein are discussing would result in a worldwide era of suffering, starvation, and despair the likes of which we’ve never seen.

Scott, and other environmentalists, believe that such an economic disaster is necessary, even desirable, in order to stave off a greater ecological disaster. That the complete loss of the industries that power our lives, the bottoming out of the stock market, the massive loss of jobs and homes, of entire communities, is a necessary trade-off.

He suggests a future in which:

*“market activities... would be limited by the capacity of each one of the Earth’s ecosystems to provide natural resources (if it can) without losing its robust capacity to regenerate itself. Meaning no sacrifice zones (the very zones economic rightists have always relied upon). And also meaning that fossil fuels are gone forever. It’s ironic that although the free market political right regards such a level of adaptation as unthinkable, these are precisely the conditions in which homo sapiens has successfully survived and thrived for roughly 90% of its history.”*

But those conditions, in which homo sapiens lived for 90% of their history, weren’t as great as he makes them sound. Before our modern ideas of “economies” and “growth” and the rise of mercantilism, you had feudal systems, in which the vast majority labored their entire lives in poverty for the benefit of their Lords. Before that, we’re talking about tribalism and the brutal fight for survival that life entailed. Sure, we kept the human race down to carrying capacity, through the death cycles of war, disease, and starvation. And consumption was certainly the least of anyone’s worries, with a life expectancy in the 30s and infant mortality sky high. Life was ugly, and especially so if you were a woman, or a conquered people. I don’t know about anyone else, but I’m not gleefully anticipating a return to that “greener” lifestyle. The difficulty, for me, in Scott’s articles, in Edward Abbey’s essay, and in the general tone of environmentalists, is that they speak about the future of humanity as though it were simply an algebraic equation. “The carrying capacity of the world is x. Current population is x+5 Billion.” And their solution is as simple as 1st Grade subtraction.

But their mathematics is measured in human lives. In the ability of an oilfield worker to pay for his family’s groceries. In a coal miner’s foreclosed home. In the despair of working all your days for minimum wage, when your father knew what it was to build something and to retire on an auto worker’s pension. In knowing that, by the time you’re old enough to retire, Social Security may just be a fairy tale your grandchildren are too young to have heard. That’s the world we already live in. We have already lost so much, and environmentalists keep saying we need to lose more.

The only environmentalist I’ve heard speak about the value of individual human lives is Wendell Berry, and that’s why I related so well to his essay in this issue. His environmentalism is more ethical, less analytical. He sees all the destruction wrought by humanity, but his solution isn’t to wipe us from the face of the map, to tear down centuries of culture and societal progress, in the service of preserving the planet. He speaks about our responsibilities—to live more simply, to curb our consumption, to regulate our industries so as not to do more damage than is necessary. He writes about the “need to interest oneself in the best ways of using the land that must be used—timber management, logging, the manufacture of wood products, farming, food processing, mining.” And while our economy would slow down, surely, by taking his advice, and we wouldn’t all be bragging over our newest technologies, it’s a vision of the world that has us in it. He doesn’t delight in the image of our collective destruction.

I would feel more at home in environmentalism if there were more Wendell Berry’s among the movement. The challenges might be the same—a changing climate, environmental destruction—but those challenges would be met with morality and philosophy, and not merely with technology or cold science. And I think more people would be willing to face the climate science if they didn’t feel that doing so meant happily tossing the “economy,” and with it their jobs and their homes, out with the bathwater.

I’m not stepping in line to call myself an environmentalist, not because I disagree with their premises or their numbers, but because I like humanity and I don’t relish the thought of its suffering. I don’t believe that the world will be a better place when all the

human industries are killed off and replaced by perpetual motion bio-engineered robots. And I won’t skip over the parts of the beautiful utopian story where millions of people were left jobless and homeless in the process of creating our new, “greener” future. The doomsayers may well be correct. We may be on a collision course with ecological catastrophe regardless of what steps we take in the next years. And whether that catastrophe proves to be the end of the human race or the necessary catalyst for a new technological utopia, it will be devastating nonetheless. The predictions of collapse might be right on the money, but it doesn’t do us any favors to desire that collapse, or to speak of it in bloodless numbers. If they’re right, then environmentalists will find themselves standing amid the wreckage of millions of human lives, and no one will love them for crowing, “I told you so!”

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





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# 'BEFORE & AFTER'



## UTAH HIGHWAY 95 1959 & 2016

"BEFORE" IMAGE BY CHARLES KREISCHER



For decades, centuries, and millennia, the southeast quadrant of what's now called the State of Utah was one of the most remote parts of North America. Access to its center, Glen Canyon, was extremely limited. Reaching Glen Canyon via the Colorado River required a dangerous ride through Cataract Canyon. Cross-country by land from the east meant hard, axle-busting travel over unimproved trails. It was a hundred miles of brutal canyon and mesa, just to reach the river. And that's where the road stopped.

In the 1940s, Arth Chaffin built a homemade ferry at Hite Crossing and persuaded the Utah Department of Highways to take an interest in building a road from Blanding in the east, to Hanksville on the western edge of canyon country. Chaffin's ferry was the linchpin. On September 17, 1946, East and West were joined at Hite.

The remoteness of southeast Utah would never quite be the same.

See Barry Scholl's article: 'Arth Chaffin and Cass Hite: The Adventures of Two Colorado River Pioneers'

<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/2016/04/03/arth-chaffin-cass-hite-the-adventures-of-two-colorado-river-pioneers-by-barry-scholl/>

But the road was still rough, and few had the courage or foolhardiness to accept the challenge of 'Utah Highway 95.' One who did was Charles Kreisler. A Michigan native, Kreisler nonetheless spent several summers with his wife, touring the more rugged parts of Utah, and taking remarkable Kodachrome images as he went.

Twenty-five years later, I met Charlie while he camped at Arches National Park. Even then I was interested in the history of Glen Canyon and what the country looked like before the masses of people arrived. A few weeks after Kreisler's visit, a small package came in the mail. It was a selection of slides from his trips down Glen Canyon and around the canyon country. They are a treasure to me.

All these years later, Utah 95 is a modern paved highway, the Glen is gone--at least for the moment--and tourism is exploding across the Colorado Plateau. But I was able to find remnants of Charlie's travels in Utah and examine the transformation. Sometimes even in 2016, things haven't changed that much. Here's an example...

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a poem



by Damon Falke

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*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  
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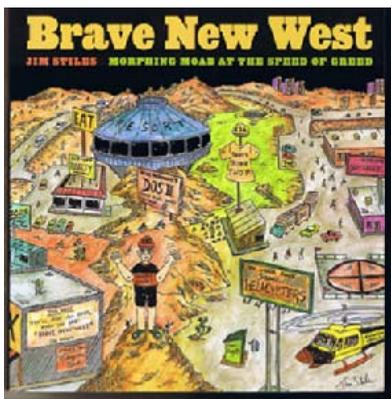
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# REMEMBERING JACK HOLLEY 'THE GOAT MAN OF MOAB'

JIM STILES

*NOTE: I'd like to offer a special 'thanks' to Lillie Keener of Salt Lake City for her contributions to this story. Lillie grew up in Moab and lived with her "Moab Mom and Dad," Troy and Jaunita Anderson. The Andersons became good friends to Jack Holley over the years and Lillie has shared many memories with us. In addition, many of the photographs in this article (some being published for the first time) come from Lillie's personal collection. We cannot thank her enough.*

*Also thanks to the Utah State Historical Society and Indiana University, who allowed us to share images from their archival collections...JS*

In the summer of 2016, one of the busiest highway intersections in southeast Utah is the junction of US 191 and Utah State Road 128, just south of the Colorado River. The 'river road,' as it's been called for more than a century, parallels the Colorado for 30 miles and ultimately connects with I-70 to the north. Thousands of tourists, coming from the east, exit the freeway near Cisco, Utah and take the slower, winding "scenic route" to Moab. Many thousands more stick to the main highway, coming from all points north, west and east. They all converge on this beautiful junction.

A few years ago, the traffic coming from both directions became so congested that the Utah Highway Department installed a stop light. On busy weekends, traffic can be backed up for miles, in both directions, from that light. It's called gridlock.

Enhancing its 21st century appeal to tourists and recreationists, in 2013 the intersection officially became the "Lions Park Transit Hub." The multi-million dollar project provides a gathering point for bicyclists and links riders to the Colorado River Elevated Bikeway and points upriver. "Bouldering" rocks and other amenities were added to attract even more visitors. On busy weekends, the place is jam-packed.



**Enhancing its 21st century appeal to tourists and recreationists, in 2013 the intersection officially became the "Lions Park Transit Hub."**

Moab itself resembles the highway these days. Overcrowded and overpriced, housing prices have skyrocketed and many of the town's lower income citizens struggle to find affordable living in a community overstocked with expensive homes and time-share condos. A few years ago, some Moabites sought some semblance of normalcy, setting up homes in trailers and old buses along the river and Kane Creek Road--the old "Egg Ranch Road." There was simply nowhere else affordable for them to go.

But the Grand County Council said they were in violation of its land use code and the trailers and buses had to go. The code requires sanitary facilities within 200 feet of primitive camp sites, but it was impossible to comply because the property where the old mobile homes were located is in the Colorado River's flood plain. The owner of the property appealed to the government on "humanitarian" grounds, noting "they're human beings. You've got to deal with them."

But rules are rules. Eventually at least twenty people were uprooted from their homes and forced to leave.

[http://moabtimes.com/view/full\\_story/9633876/article-Buses--trailers-must-be-removed-from-Kane-Creek-property-by-Sept--30--county-officials-say?](http://moabtimes.com/view/full_story/9633876/article-Buses--trailers-must-be-removed-from-Kane-Creek-property-by-Sept--30--county-officials-say?)

It wasn't always like this.

In 2016, it's almost impossible to fathom how transformed---how transmogrified--- Moab has become in these last few decades. It bears little resemblance to the Moab that a dwindling few still remember, or the Lost Eden that so many still long for.

But go back eighty-five years, to the summer of 1930. And meet the "Goat Man of Moab."

His name was Jack Holley and for three and a half decades, he was the first man travelers saw when they came to Moab, and the last man they waved goodbye to when they left. Jack came to be known as the Goat Man for the small herd of goats that were always by his side.

Holley lived a hermit's life in a small stone and wood dug-out shack; he loved his peace and solitude, though he was dirt poor, even by the living standards of the 1930s and the Great Depression. His bare-bones existence meant he had no significant debts, no mortgages, no insurance payments, no credit cards, no utility bills. As far as we can tell, he paid no taxes and, other than a small veteran's benefit check that came each month to the Moab post office, he had no income.

And yet Jack Holley seemed at peace with the world. He lived a life as simple and free from the cares and woes of the world as is imaginable. He was always happy to visit with friends and strangers alike and waved to all passersby. He loved animals and surrounded himself with his beloved goats and a family of dogs as well.

He lived mostly on the wild plants and vegetables he found along the river and, in fact, probably devoured most of the wild asparagus that once grew prolifically upstream from his cabin. And, of course, the Goat Man depended on the generosity of his friends.



**And yet Jack Holley seemed at peace with the world. He lived a life as simple and free from the cares and woes of the world as is imaginable. He was always happy to visit with friends and strangers alike and waved to all passersby. He loved animals and surrounded himself with his beloved goats and a family of dogs as well.**

in Moab, who regularly brought him food and clothing. He had many friends who cared about him and for him. For many Moabites, Jack Holley was 'family.'

\*\*\*

How did Jack Holley wind up in Moab? Over the years, Moabites who visited the Goat Man listened to his stories and pieced together a history of his life. No one spent more time with Jack than Jaunita Anderson. She and her husband Troy lived in Moab for almost twenty years and ran Vogue Cleaners on First East; Jaunita was a frequent visitor and a regular supplier of food and supplies for Jack. Over the years the Goat Man told Jaunita a remarkable tale of his extraordinary life. Whether these details are hard facts or his fanciful recollections, nobody can say. In the end, it doesn't matter

But according to Jaunita, Jack Holley was born in Crawford County, Arkansas on May 7, 1876, to Louis Burr Holley and Stella "X," a full-blooded Cherokee Indian. According to Jaunita's recollection, "Mr. Holley was one of the fighting forces during the Spanish American War, serving with the U.S. Navy during World War I, and spent many years with the Merchant Marine, transport service and various fishing operations. He had many stories to tell of his adventures on the high seas, sailing around the world three times, and three times surviving shipwrecks. He had also been a watchmaker in Switzerland at one time during his life."

He told her that he, "studied philosophy years ago in India, where he formulated his own philosophy of life; he was an avid admirer of India, acclaiming the peoples' wisdom. He was also a student of the Aztec civilization, and often commented their beliefs and customs could greatly benefit the Western World."

His knowledge and respect for these religions led some to believe that his ascetic Moab lifestyle reflected an emulation of those mystic faiths. And yet, when Holley first arrived in Moab with his brother, in 1935, they were not seeking spiritual enlightenment. The Holley brothers had come to prospect.

Jack and his brother arrived in Moab in 1930, in search of mining properties. But Holley's health even then was weakened by several bouts of malaria that he'd suffered during his world travels. Not long after they arrived in Utah, "the untimely death" of his brother (that's all we know of his passing) left Jack Holley stranded in Moab, in ill health and apparently penniless. In 1930, he would already have been 54 years old and after a hard life on the high seas, Jack Holley was an old man.

But somehow, by his own wits and the assistance of newfound friends in Moab, Holley hung on. He built a crude stone dugout cabin and scavenged enough wood and tar paper for a roof. Whether he constructed the cabin by himself or had help is not known. But clearly, from surviving photographs, Holley's cabin was tiny. For the next 25 years, it was home and Jack Holley became Moab's hermit greeter. Tourists frequently paused to say hello and to photograph this most unusual man, and in fact, he became something of a celebrity. Jaunita Anderson would later write, "Because of the pet goats he harbored as pets he had been affectionately christened 'The Goat Man,' by tourists and writers with whom he visited."

During that quarter century in Jack's first crude stone cabin, imagine how much the world changed. Just months before his arrival in Moab, the stock market had collapsed and the country spiraled into a Great Depression. In fact, millions of Americans, across the continent, would eke out similar lives on the margins. And yet, despite his isolation, Jaunita Anderson remembered that Holley was more informed about national and world affairs than many other Moabites she knew. Photographs of Jack taken in the 1940s reveal a stack of newspapers on the outside table by his front door. He read everything he could get his hands on. And Jack claimed he could fluently speak in several languages.

He had only been there a couple years when Franklin Roosevelt was elected president. In 1937, a Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) camp was established by FDR at Dalton Wells, a few miles north of Holley's shack. Less than a decade after Jack came to Moab, the planet erupted in world war and Holley found himself with a neighbor for the duration of the war.

The Colorado River Bridge was considered a possible target for an enemy attack, as it was the only river crossing downstream for more than 500 miles. A 24 hour a day security checkpoint was established on the north side of the river and a small shack was built to house the staff. Ironically, a freak rockfall killed the watchman. The local paper reported, "George Otto Ellis, 52, watchman at the Moab bridge over the Colorado river was killed instantly about 7 o'clock Tuesday morning when a rock weighing perhaps 50 tons fell from a cliff at the northern end of the bridge falling squarely on the watchmen's shanty and smashing it to kindling wood. Mr Ellis who had just gone on shift was reclining on a cot inside the house. He was killed instantly his body being terribly crushed."



**Photographs of Jack taken in the 1940s reveal a stack of newspapers on the outside table by his front door. He read everything he could get his hands on.**

Holley's cabin was barely a hundred yards away. He must have heard the rockfall and was no doubt one of the first men on the scene of the fatal accident.

\*\*\*

When the war ended in 1945, life returned to normal in Moab, at least for a few years. Southeast Utah remained one of the most isolated parts of the continental United States. Still, the more adventuresome wandered through Moab, including Herb Ringer (whose photography has been featured in The Zephyr for almost 30 years). In early June 1950, Herb and his parents, Joseph and Sadie Ringer, crossed the original river bridge and paused on the south side to take a few photographs. As he returned to his Ford Woodie, Herb turned to see an old man in faded blue overalls, with scruffy white hair and whiskers, surrounded by goats. Herb stopped to chat and Jack kindly obliged to be photo-

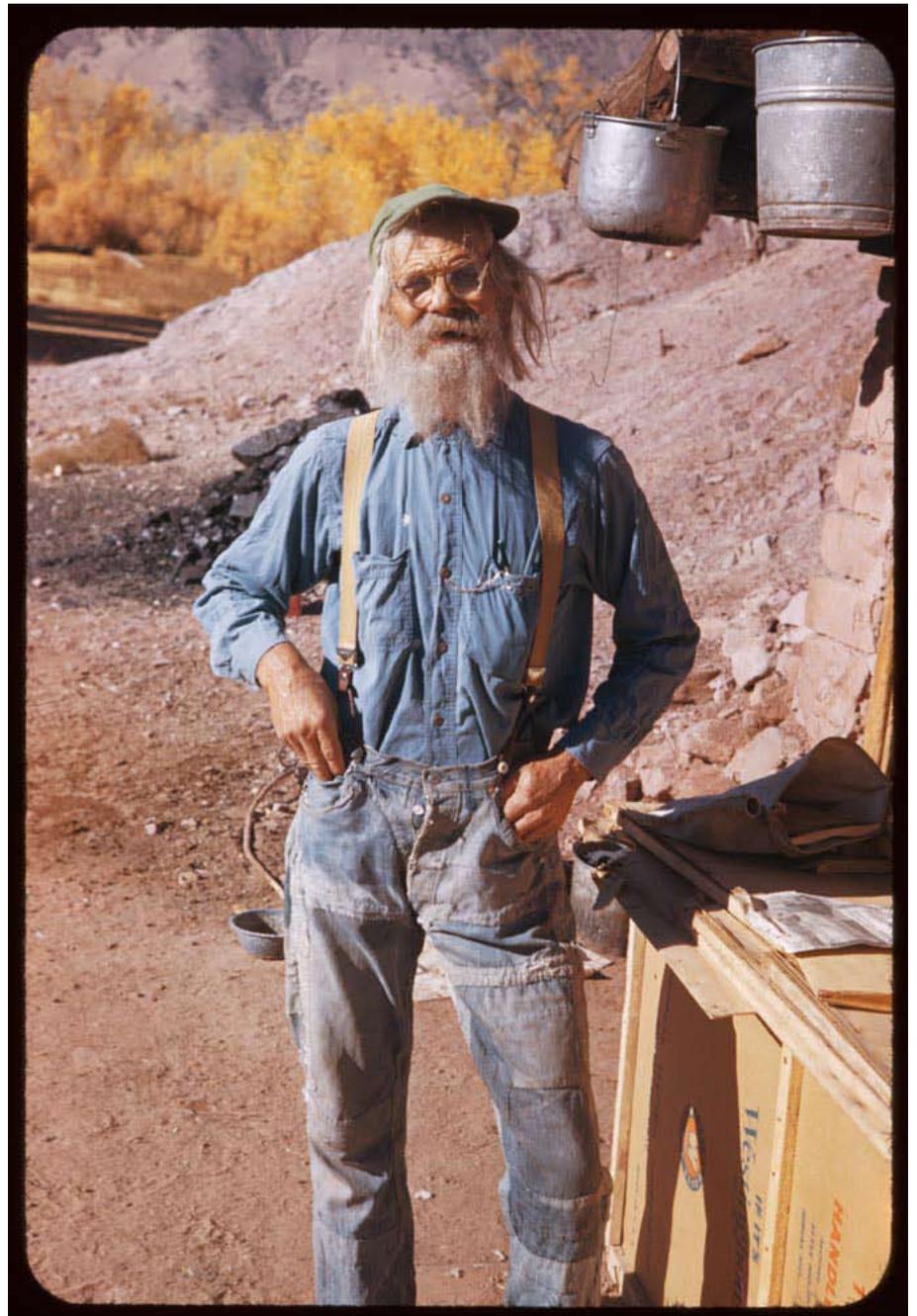
graphed.

A couple years later, Charles Cushman was traveling west through Utah and also encountered Holley. Cushman took several photos of the Goat Man and his clan. It was November 4, 1952. The nearby cottonwoods were still a brilliant gold, the air was cool but mild, the sky a brilliant blue. Later that evening, Cushman would learn that Dwight Eisenhower had been elected the country's 32nd President. No doubt Jack read about it the next day.

(Cushman's images of the West are catalogued at Indiana University. For more about Cushman and his remarkable collection: <https://webapp1.dlib.indiana.edu/cushman/>)

While Moab still seemed peaceful that late autumn afternoon, all hell was about to break loose. The previous summer, a Texas geologist named Charlie Steen had discovered uranium in the badlands northwest of Moab and by the following summer, Moab had become a boomtown. In a year the tiny community's population exploded beyond its capacity and prospectors and their families were setting up camp wherever they could find a level spot and a bit of shade. The edges of the old highway were choked with the temporary homes of wannabe mining magnates. Most left empty-handed, but the boom changed Moab forever.

For one thing, the heavy traffic quickly made the old one-lane bridge obsolete and, in 1955, construction of a new modern span commenced, a couple hundred yards down-



**A couple years later, Charles Cushman was traveling west through Utah and also encountered Holley. Cushman took several photos of the Goat Man and his clan. It was November 4, 1952.**

stream. The new bridge meant re-aligning the highway and Jack's old cabin was in the way.

Had Jack's dilemma occurred in 2016, it's hard to imagine a happy outcome to this story. Like the Kane Creek residents a few years ago, who were removed from their homes for code violations, the Goat Man would have surely faced immediate eviction. But as we like to remind ourselves, "things were different back then."

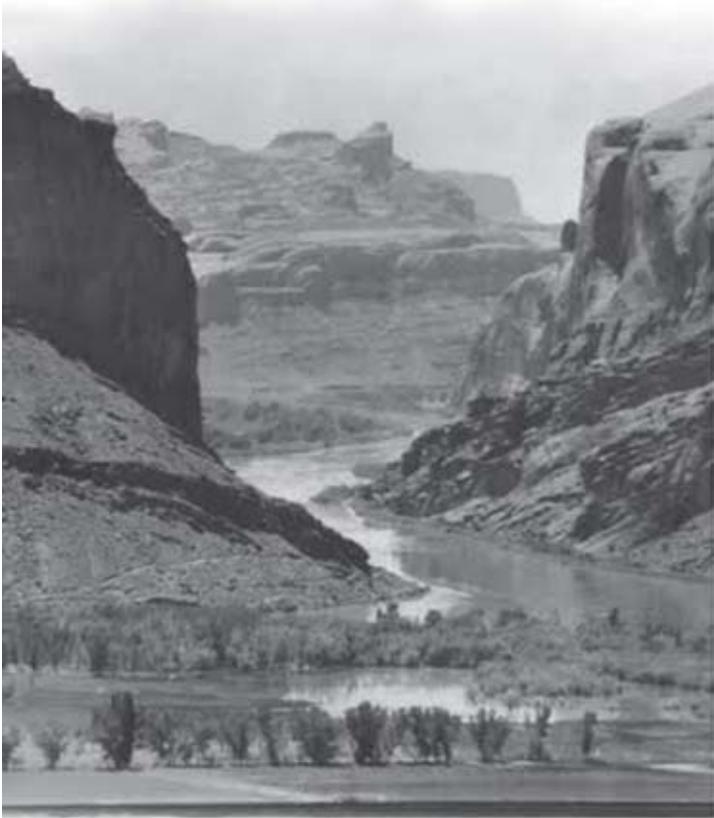
Though in many ways life for many Americans was much worse in 'the good old days'--consider how well an African-American hermit with goats would have fared in 1930---life was at least less regulated and rule-happy. The Moab of 1955 found a way to resolve

AN EXCERPT FROM:  
**LAST OF THE ROBBERS ROOST OUTLAWS**  
*Moab's BILL TIBBETTS...PART 7* Tom McCourt

### Drought, Indian Trouble, and Murder

There was a time in eastern Utah when rain fell often and the grass grew thick and tall. From the time of the earliest settlers in the Moab area, in the late 1870s, to about 1920, the land was blessed. Pioneers and early stockmen told of grass up to their horses' stirrups and clear water flowing where none is found today. In those years people dry-farmed the Cisco desert and the river bottoms of the Green and Colorado.

People called it a desert back then, but it was a different desert from what we know today. It was a green and prosperous desert. Deer, antelope, desert bighorn sheep, and wild horses roamed the backcountry and there were willows and cottonwoods along every small watercourse. It was a boom time for the stock industry, and dozens of small towns and ranches dotted the landscape.



**There was a time in eastern Utah when rain fell often and the grass grew thick and tall. From the time of the earliest settlers in the Moab area, in the late 1870s, to about 1920, the land was blessed. Then the rain stopped and the country dried up. It didn't happen overnight. The climate change came on slowly, little by little and year by year. It took a long time for people to understand that the wet years had been an anomaly.**

Then the rain stopped and the country dried up. It didn't happen overnight. The climate change came on slowly, little by little and year by year. Every year there was a little less rain and a little less grass. It took a long time for people to understand that the wet years had been an anomaly.

The farmers, ranchers, and sheepmen fought back as best they could, but in the end, dry farms failed, small streams became dry gulches, water wells dried up, and many ranches, homesteads, and little towns had to be abandoned. By the mid-1920s, places like Cisco, Marrs, Danish Flat, Woodside, and Valley City were melting back into the sand. Eastern Utah got an early start on the "dust bowl" years of the 1930s.

The good times had brought tens of thousands of cattle and sheep to the area and they were still there when the rain stopped. With less grass for the same numbers of livestock, the range was soon overgrazed and competition for grass and water became intense. Disputes were inevitable and there was much contention on the stock ranges. The situation was made worse by a lack of laws governing grazing rights and public use

of public lands.

Elaterite Basin was hit especially hard. It was a marginal range for livestock in the best of years, and during a prolonged drought it became untenable. In 1923, the grass was short and stunted for want of rain. The blades of green were withered, dry, and parched like straw in the merciless sun. Most of the seep springs went dry and the slick-rock water tanks were filling with blow sand. The cattle had to range farther and farther to find water and feed. The miles, heat, and lack of proper sustenance took their toll on the herd. The cows were thin and foot-weary from the constant searching for water and grass.

They met on a rough and narrow trail, high above the river. Bill was going north with his packsaddles empty, headed for town. Ephraim was headed south with his pack-saddles loaded, going to Elaterite. They hadn't seen each other for a few weeks so they got down from the horses to talk. The horses were happy to take a rest. The late-July sun was drawing copious amounts of horse sweat and the red rocks beneath their feet were scorched like toast. Eph's packhorses, especially, took full advantage of the rest stop, leaning from side to side to give one leg at a time a little relief from the heavy loads they were carrying.

"How's it looking over in Laterite?" Eph asked, hopefully. But he already knew the answer.

"Gawdawful dry," Bill replied, taking his hat off to give his sweat-soaked hair a taste of cool air. "We're runnin' out of feed over there real fast, Eph. If we don't get rain soon we're gonna be in big trouble."

"It's the same all the way up the river, too," Eph replied. "I've never seen it this dry or this hot. I don't know what we're gonna do this winter if the grass don't grow. We can't teach these cows to eat sand."

"What's it like up on top?" Bill asked, referring to the canyon rims near Island in the Sky. The elevation was much higher there and the area always got more rain and snow than the river bottoms.

"There's a little grass up there in the Big Flat country, but not as much as normal. I've never seen the White Rim this bad either. If it don't rain soon we might have to sell out. I don't know what else to do. Better to sell than watch 'em all winter kill."

"Let's not give up too soon, Uncle," Bill scolded. "We've worked too hard to sell out. If we have to, I'll hire some Navajo to do a rain dance for us. That ought to do the trick. And besides, I've got a black cloud that seems to follow me around everywhere. Maybe that cloud will bring us some rain. Let's give it another month or two before we talk about sellin' out."

"Yeah, I guess you're right," Eph agreed. "But if the grass don't get to growin' purdy quick, we've got a big decision to make, 'long about October."



**"How's it looking over in Laterite?" Eph asked, hopefully. But he already knew the answer.**

**"Gawdawful dry," Bill replied, taking his hat off to give his sweat-soaked hair a taste of cool air. "We're runnin' out of feed over there real fast, Eph. If we don't get rain soon we're gonna be in big trouble."**

"It'll all work out," Bill promised.

"Yeah, I guess so."

"So, how we gonna get past each other on this darn narrow trail?"

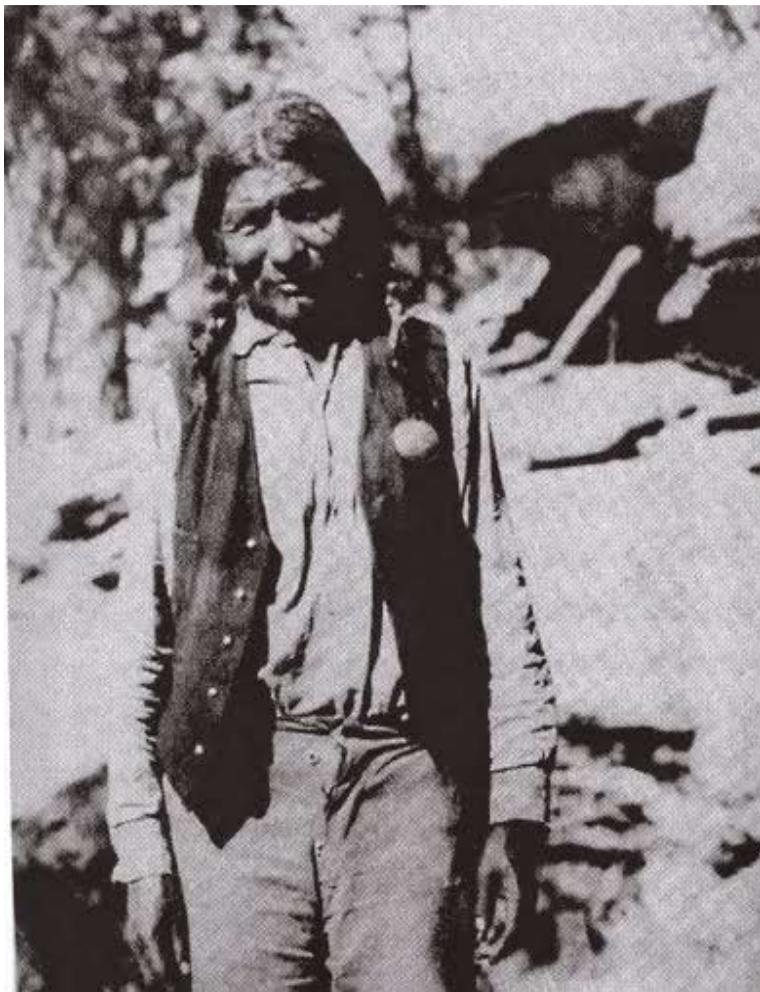
"I guess you'll have to back your horses up," Eph said with his best poker-faced smile. "My pack saddles are full and I'm not turnin' around."

There was Indian trouble that year, too. The year 1923 saw the last "Indian war" ever

to be fought on American soil. Again, it happened in Utah's San Juan County, and like the Indian war of 1915, the whole thing was an unnecessary tragedy.

Early that year, San Juan County Sheriff William Oliver arrested two young Utes for robbing a sheep camp, killing a calf, and burning a bridge. The part about robbing the sheep camp and burning the bridge suggested the Indians might have been guilty of thievery and criminal mischief. The part about killing a calf indicated they were hungry. The ancient Ute hunting and gathering way of life was effectively dead by the 1920s, but the Utes themselves were still alive. And they were caught in a time warp. Their material culture, language, worldview, mindset, religion, oral history, social organization, moral codes, and mitochondrial DNA were still rooted in that older time. The Utes were lost and starving in the modern world.

The two offending Indians, known to the citizens of San Juan only as Sanup's Boy and Joe Bishop's Boy, were taken to Blanding for trial. The Indian "boys" were very uncomfortable there, not fully understanding the proceedings and mistrusting the white man's justice. So, the first chance they got, they ran away. It happened during a noon lunch break when the sheriff was momentarily distracted. What really got the local authorities



**Old Posey died hard, holed up like a wounded old lion in a secluded patch of junipers on the desert: bleeding, starving, cold, and alone. A fugitive in the land of his fathers, he died without medical assistance or hope for the future, the last of the Native Americans to die in battle in defense of an ancient way of life.**

outraged was the fact that the fugitives had outside help in getting away. Someone had horses waiting for them in the bushes.

It was suspected, but never proven, that Old Posey, a local Paiute chieftain, had assisted in the escape. Posey was about sixty years old at the time and an important leader of the non-reservation Indians still living in southeast Utah. A Paiute himself, Posey was married to a Ute woman, and that gave him considerable influence with both tribes. The old chief had a long and contentious history with the good citizens of San Juan County. He was known as a troublemaker and had been arrested for playing a role in the infamous "Indian uprising" of 1915.

The sheriff went in hot pursuit of the jail-breakers, but came back a short time later, emptyhanded. The Indians were armed. Shots had been fired and the lawman needed some help. The sheriff promptly deputized "a large number" of well-armed civilian volunteers who formed a posse to hunt the rascals down.

But instead of going directly after the armed and fleeing "hostiles," the posse went to the nearby peaceful Indian village on Westwater Creek and rounded up about "forty squaws, papooses, and a number of bucks" who were taken to Blanding and held in a guarded "compound" or "stockade" that was actually an open cattle pen. It was late March and the weather was cold and snowy.

Some of the peaceful Indians escaped the Westwater roundup and fled south toward Navajo Mountain on the Arizona border. But most were captured a few days later after

a running gunfight when two of them were wounded. The fugitives were taken in cattle trucks to join their relatives in the stock corral in Blanding. A few who got away were able to link up with the fleeing jail-breakers and help with the Indian defense.

Newspapers had a field day. Headlines screamed that Indians were on the warpath and southeast Utah was immersed in bloodshed and violence. Civic-minded citizens from all over the territory were quick to come to the defense of home and hearth. New posse members were signing up daily. Armed with modern hunting rifles, dozens of adventurous young men joined the hunt for "wild Indians" while their womenfolk waited at home with tears and trepidation.

The government did not sit idle while her citizens were in danger. Utah's governor wired San Juan authorities offering a state-sponsored airplane, complete with machine-guns and bombs, to aid in quelling the "Indian uprising." General Custer could only have dreamed of such timely and overwhelming reinforcement. The full weight of twentieth century technology, combined with nineteenth century bigotry, was being brought to bear against the natives. Those "murderous redskins" never had a chance.

Old Posey, the aging "war chief," took charge of the Indian retreat and fought a very good rear-guard defense against the aggressive actions of the posse. At least two lawmen had their horses shot out from under them, and a Model-T Ford was peppered with bullets, one flattening a tire and another "passing lengthwise through the back seat on which three sheriff's deputies were sitting." Amazingly, none of the posse members was injured.

But the Indians were hopelessly outnumbered and outgunned. After a long chase across the desert, Old Posey and Sanup's Boy, one of the young men who made the jail break, were both shot from long range with modern rifles. The body of Sanup's Boy was recovered quickly, but Old Posey got away, badly wounded. A U.S. Marshal found his body about a month later.

Old Posey died hard, holed up like a wounded old lion in a secluded patch of junipers on the desert: bleeding, starving, cold, and alone. A fugitive in the land of his fathers, he died without medical assistance or hope for the future, the last of the Native Americans to die in battle in defense of an ancient way of life. Surely, a great assemblage of honored warriors was there to greet him as he walked the star path in the sky to join his ancestors in the land of forever.

Back in Blanding, the Indians held in the stockade, who were guilty of nothing but being Indians, had their children taken away to be sent to an Indian boarding school in Arizona. They were also forbidden to return to their homes and gardens in Westwater Canyon. Instead, each family was given a small plot of land in Allen Canyon, a little farther removed from the white settlements. There, they could starve in peace and quiet solitude.

So ended the last of the Indian wars.

The year 1923 was also a time of major consequence for the Allred, Tibbetts, and Moore families. It was the year Winny Allred was arrested for murder.

Wilford Wesley Allred had a good reputation in Moab and Grand County. He had never been in any trouble. Even the newspaper reporter who wrote the initial story of the murder couldn't believe the man was capable of murder. He described Allred as "a peaceable citizen." But he did say that Allred was known to be drinking heavily the past few months, and during a recent trip to Moab, "he did not seem himself."

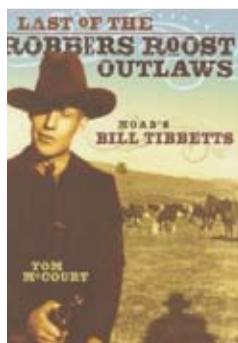
Winny Allred and his wife Amy had recently divorced after eighteen years of marriage and six children. The divorce weighed heavily on Winny. The man became so distraught that he gave up his music, sold his musical instruments, bought a small herd of cows, and moved to the family homestead in Brown's Hole, trying to make amends. But Amy was not receptive to his change of heart. When he showed up at Brown's Hole, she took the kids and moved to Moab. Winny stayed at the ranch and took up drinking.

The murder happened in January at the ranch in Brown's Hole. Winny was entertaining friends with moonshine and a hot game of poker. Initially, there were four drunks in the poker game, but soon after midnight, only Winny and a farmer named J.V. Ellis remained in the cabin, still drinking and playing cards.

According to Winny's confession to the county sheriff a few days later, he and Ellis got into a drunken argument and the bigger man knocked Winny to the floor and beat him severely. The sheriff recorded that Winny's body showed physical evidence of the beating. Then Ellis began to destroy things in the cabin and throw cast-iron stove lids and fire irons at Winny. In an effort to defend himself, the smaller man grabbed a 30-30 rifle and shot Ellis in the upper chest. The bullet seemed to have no effect on the enraged drunk, so Winny shot him again, this time in the face.

Winny was alone with the body for about twelve hours, until the following afternoon when his brother Hulbert stopped by to visit. Hulbert found Winny deep in despair, sitting near the body of his former friend and neighbor. Hulbert went for the sheriff and Winny was arrested and taken to jail in Monticello. The newspaper said Winny was,

continued on next page



*TOM McCOURT'S great book about Bill Tibbetts is available from the Canyonlands Natural History Association.*

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# BILL TIBBETTS

## (continued)

"nearly insane with remorse, and has not been able to get any sleep since being placed in the jail."

San Juan County had a tough time deciding whether to charge the man with first or second degree murder. He was initially charged with second-degree, and might have been released on a \$5,000 bond, but before he could raise the money, the charge was changed to first-degree. Winny had to stay in jail without the possibility of posting bail. A trial date was set for late April.

The county had a casual attitude toward prisoners in 1923. Winny could not be paroled, but early that spring he was allowed to go with county deputies and other prisoners to cut cedar posts in the canyons near Monticello. Prisoner work crews were expected to help pay the costs of running the jail. The sheriff made Winny promise that he would not try to escape. Allred was known to be a man who kept his word, so that was the end of the matter.

Unfortunately, Winny was sent to camp early one afternoon to fix supper for the work crew, and while in camp alone, he found a .22 rifle belonging to a sheriff's deputy. He shot himself in the forehead, killing himself instantly.

In Moab, the newspaper came to Winny's defense after his suicide:



*The Drought Hits Southern Utah*

"Having known Allred over a long period of time, we cannot conceive of his taking the life of another without having some justification for the act. Quite literally, he was so crazed from drink that he acted on blind impulse or in sudden anger; the true story will now, of course, never be known. Yet Allred's friends—and he had many friends—will never consider him a murderer..."

"...These things we do know; that Allred lived an honest, peaceful life; that he was big-hearted, generous to a fault; that he had a high regard for his word, and met his obligations scrupulously. In the face of a record like this, can we, by a mere snap of the finger, brand him as a low criminal and ignore his many estimable traits of character?"

After his mother's divorce and Winny Allred's suicide, Bill Tibbetts tried even harder to take care of his mother and help with his younger half-brothers and sisters.

It was late September 1923, and Bill, Tom Perkins, and Uncle Ephraim were camped in a large rock shelter along the Big Water Wash in Elaterite Basin. They were sitting around an evening campfire, deeply engaged in a council of war.

"Between us, we've got over a thousand head," Eph said, staring blankly into the fire. "Considerin' the dry range conditions and all, I think we ought to sell about half of the herd, at least. With what's left, we can take a hundred or so up on the White Rim and scatter the rest real thin along the river bottoms. If we can get half of the cows through the winter, we'll still have a purdy good bunch to start with again next spring."

"Well, I've been with you now for a little over four years," Bill proclaimed, cradling a cup of coffee in his hands. "But near half of this outfit belongs to me and my mother. And since old Winny Allred shot himself last springtime, these cows are about all she's got between her and the poorhouse. This is the second time the woman has been up against this. We cut her back by fifty percent and that'll cut her income, and my income, purdy considerable."

"Yeah, but we can always save the money and buy new stock when the grass comes back."

"It doesn't always work out that way, Eph. You know that. Besides, these cows are ours. They're home grown and they know this desert country. Hell, we got our own breed started here with that mix of your Mexican longhorn stuff and Mother's Herefords. It'll take us another four or five years to get back to where we are right now if we sell half of them."

"So, what do you suggest?" Eph asked quietly, trying hard not to sound annoyed by Bill's hardheadedness. "The grass here in Laterite is all burned up by drought. And them sheep outfits will be droppin' down off the Big Ledge any day now to winter in here, too. There just ain't no feed, Bill. Sell 'em or watch 'em die. That's how I see it."

"No, by Gawd. I won't do it."

"It's your only choice."

"No, Eph, we've got another choice. And I've been thinkin' long and hard about it, too. Let's take this outfit to the best rangeland there is. Let's move the whole show up on the Big Flat beyond Island in the Sky. You said yourself there's still grass up there."

"Oh, good Lord, Bill. You'd have to fight every rancher this side of the Book Cliffs if you moved up on there. That range is old and well established. Some of the biggest outfits in this part of the country are up on the Big Flat. They wouldn't just step aside and let us in there. No way."

"It's public domain, Eph. Those guys can't keep us out if we decide to go there. They don't own that grass any more than me and you."

"Damn it, Bill. They've got a first-right to that range. It wouldn't be proper."

"Yea, but it would still be legal. I don't know about you, but legal, moral, and proper get all mixed up when my cows are starvin'."

"Naw, I don't like it," Eph said. And then he stood up and turned his backside to the fire, staring out into the stars and the deep desert night. The faint hooting of an owl filtered in through the cedar trees. One of the horses grazing nearby blew through his nose in disgust.

"You remember that story from the Bible that Grandpa Moore used to read to me when I was a kid? The one about King David and the shewbread in the temple? He read it to me several times because he thought it was so funny when I asked Grandma to make me some shoe bread in one of my shoes. Well, anyway, did you ever listen to what really happened in that story, Eph?"

Eph was still standing with his back to the fire, looking out at the stars. He didn't answer or act like he was listening to what Bill was saying.

Bill continued without waiting for a reply. Turning toward Tom Perkins, he began:

"As I recall, old King David was runnin' from some bad guys and he was hungry. So were his merry men. They stopped by at the temple for something to eat and the priest there didn't have any grub. All he had was shewbread, that holy stuff they kept there in the temple for doin' the sacraments and stuff. Well, David said it was an emergency, and so he took the shewbread and gave it to his troops to eat. David ate it, too. And in the end, the priest said it was okay since it was an emergency and all. Do you remember that story, Eph?"

"Yeah, I remember it," Eph said quietly, still looking out into the darkness.

"Well, the way I see it, you and me are like King David now. Our cows are hungry like David's troops. We gotta find 'em some groceries. I know it's against the Code of the West to move in on those rich guys up on the Big Flat country, but it's an emergency. It's like eatin' shewbread, Eph. It might have been immoral to do it last year when things were good, but we're in starvin' times now and everything has changed. We gotta go where the grass is. If we don't, we're gonna lose it all. We've worked too hard to give it up and just sell out. I vote we take the whole herd up on top to the Big Flat. I promise to smile and be real polite and try to get along with the neighbors. What do ya say?"

"I'll have to sleep on it," Eph said flatly. He then turned and walked toward his bed-roll.

NEXT TIME: "THE FIGHT FOR GREENER PASTURES"

### WHY READ THE ZEPHYR?

"If a nation expects to be ignorant and free, it expects what never was and never will be... The people cannot be safe without information. Where the press is free and every man able to read, All is safe."

Thomas Jefferson

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# THE ZEPHYR BACKBONE...October/November 2015

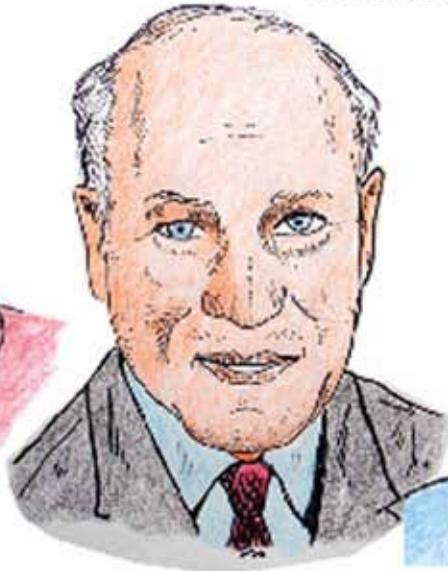
Richard Ingebretsen  
Salt Lake City, UT



DOUG MEYER  
FLAGSTAFF,

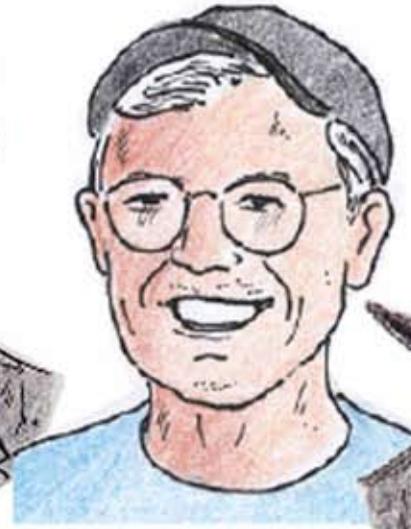
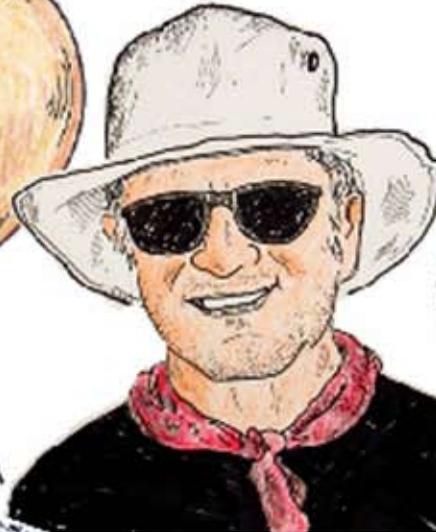


Tom Wylie  
Littleton, CO



John Brasch  
Louisville, KY

Terry Weiner  
San Diego, CA



Stephen Peake  
Louisville, KY

Paul Cleary  
Tulsa OK

Katie Lee  
Jerome AZ



Steven Jones  
Chicago, IL



Nancy Newman  
Minneapolis MN



Scott  
Thompson  
Beckley WV



Paul Vlachos  
New York, NY

Ron Mastrogiuseppi  
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## THANKS ALSO TO...

Vernon Hill  
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Allan Brockway  
St. Petersburg, FL

Wes Shook  
Bluff UT

Lewis Downey  
Salt Lake City, UT

John Gould  
Moab UT

Andy Holak  
Duluth, MN

John O'Hara  
Berlin NJ

Allen Brenneman  
Goshen, IN

David Lanning  
Prescott Valley AZ

## ALSO JOINING THE BACKBONE BUT UN-TOONED...so far

Rick Kardash  
Soulsbyville, CA

Carter Mills/martha Hamm  
Leeds, UT



Gary Meeks  
Price UT



Jan Muehlhauser  
Decatur, GA

# THE ZEPHYR BACKBONE--Pt 2

October/November 2015

THANKS!!! WE need your support



June 1, 1950  
THE DAY HERB MET 'THE GOAT MAN'



Thursday morning. June 1, 1950



In early June 1950, Herb and his parents, Joseph and Sadie Ringer, crossed the original river bridge and paused on the south side to take a few photographs. As he returned to his Ford Woodie, Herb turned to see an old man in faded blue overalls, with scruffy white hair and whiskers, and surrounded by goats. Herb stopped to chat and Jack kindly obliged to be photographed.



*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*



From the 2002 Zephyr Archives

# A DATE with the 'LONESOME LADY'

## Tom Cartwright

*EDITOR'S NOTE: This is one of the most extraordinary stories I have ever heard by one of the best men I have ever known. Tom's account first appeared in The Zephyr, in December 2003; we are proud to re-post it here. Please take the time to read and appreciate every word.*

*Tom died on January 11, 2015.*

Characteristic of WWII veterans is that after the war they tended not to talk about their experiences in combat. Now that they have retired and think more about their mortality, they have tended to record for their families and others some of their experiences as well as return to places where they been stationed. I am one of those veterans. The following was condensed or excerpted from the book of the above title.

Based on Okinawa at Yontan Airfield, which had recently been taken by U.S. forces, I was the pilot of a B-24 bomber. It had a sufficient range from Okinawa to bomb the main islands of Japan and some coastal cities of China held by the Japanese. My crew members were all very compatible and we enjoyed each others company with little regard to military rank. We had become close friends—not an unusual thing where each often depended on the other for their life.

On July 28, 1945 we were posted to fly a mission to bomb the Battleship Haruna which was anchored in Kure Harbor—a major naval base on the main Island of Honshu. Our crew was assigned a B-24 nicknamed Lonesome Lady. We took off early in the morning as part of a formation of six flights of six planes each with several slots missing. Our flight had only five planes. About noon we arrived at the target area and the lead plane of our flight spotted the Haruna. We had been briefed that the Kure Harbor Naval Base was heavily armed with anti-aircraft installations and that the Haruna and other naval craft in the area were also heavily armed. An old adage among pilots was “never fly over a battleship.” We had orders and followed them.



**Characteristic of WWII veterans is that after the war they tended not to talk about their experiences in combat. Now that they have retired and think more about their mortality, they have tended to record for their families and others some of their experiences as well as return to places where they been stationed.**

Just after we dropped our bombs, a B-24 in our flight nicknamed Taloa, was hit and went down quickly. A second plane of the five was hit but was able to fly to an Island short of Okinawa. In quick succession my plane was hit but we could still fly. I did not realize how badly we were damaged and planned to head for the open sea where there was hope that our Naval seaplanes would spot us and pick us up if we ditched and survived. We started losing altitude and the controls were becoming less responsive and I could not head out to sea—the plane flew back toward land on it own.

The Engineer came up to my position and said that our right inboard engine was on fire. He was soaked with hydraulic fluid that was spouting from a broken line. The inevitable became obvious and I ordered the crew to bail out. Pete Pedersen, our navigator, came to my position and reported that the bomb bay doors, the exit point for all the crew on the flight deck, were stuck closed. I ordered that he kick them out which they were designed for in emergency. Pete was a stout, capable fellow and this would be scary but no problem for him.

We were getting close to the ground by this time, and the Lonesome Lady was completely out of control. I looked around and saw that the flight deck was clear so I ordered the copilot to bail out. I then left the controls, scrambled on my hands and knees to the bomb bay and bailed out. After a very short time hanging in the chute I hit the ground pretty hard.

All of the crew were able to bail out and were scattered for miles along an area south of Kure Harbor in a mostly wooded, sparsely populated area. We were all captured and after some harassment taken to a city (later identified as Hiroshima). We were always blindfolded when out of a prison cell. I saw all of our crew there except Pete and Bill Abel, the tail gunner. We were not allowed to talk but all of the crew looked in good to fair condition. I learned later that the tail gunner had been taken to a military base in the city of Kure. Months later I read Japanese reports that Pete went down with the plane---this worried me very much because I was sure that the flight deck was clear of people when I bailed out. There were some Navy fliers and at least one of the Taloa crew there also. It is not clear but several of the Taloa went down with the plane. Those who successively parachuted were apparently killed either by civilians or the military.



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Hiroshima was a major military center but the military officers were not trained as interrogators. At that point in the war we were briefed, that if captured by the Japanese, to tell them anything that we knew because they would already know it or it would not aid them. I told the truth in answer to rather simple questions, but I was told that they knew that I was lying and would be shipped out to the interrogation center (the Imperial General Headquarters at Tokyo I learned later). As I left my crew in Hiroshima on about August 1, 1945, I felt a bit sorry for myself.

During a couple of days of a stop and go train ride, I was delivered by my escorts to the Interrogation Center. After questioning for several days with threats of various sorts, it became obvious to the interrogators that I knew nothing of importance. However, on August 6 or 7 I was rushed out of my cell to the interrogators and questioned intensely about a new kind of bomb.

Of course I knew nothing about it. I guess out of frustration and hate, I was sent back to my cell where a very large Japanese soldier brandished a sword at me. Then I was taken out, blindfolded as usual, and judging from the noises in front of me there were some troops present. I was pushed down to my knees and then my head was pushed down. Beheading was a common fate of many U.S. POWs in Japan. After some shouted



commands, I was jerked up and prodded back to my cell. For some strange reason after this obvious threat, I was not interrogated again.

After a few more days in my solitary cell surviving on one rice ball a day, I heard music come over the PA system. The music sounded to me like a funeral dirge and the first thing that I thought of was that the Emperor had been killed in a bombing raid--- that would be bad news for POWs. I learned later that the music was the equivalent of the Japanese National Anthem. After about 20 minutes a very modulated voice came on and spoke for a few minutes. All of the guards that I could see stood at rigid attention. I learned later that it was the playing of the recording of the Emperor's Rescript in which he stated in part "enduring the unendurable and suffering the insufferable" which translated into announcing the surrender of Japan. (This was the first time that the Japanese had heard the voice of their Emperor/God).

I suspected something when the next day one of my guards solicitously asked about my parents. Then my rice ball arrived larger than usual and with some dried fish added. I was convinced that Japan had capitulated, but I was still wary. Fifty American POWs were beheaded at Osaka after the news of surrender was announced.

The next day I was shipped out a short distance to a marked POW camp. It was the small island of Omori in Tokyo Bay. There we could move about and talk and got a bit better ration. I met B-29 airmen who had been terribly abused, emaciated and some were on the edge of death. Also there were Australians and others who had been POWs for several years.

We could see U.S. warships in the bay and U.S. planes flew over and dropped all sorts of supplies by parachute. On August 28 before the surrender was signed and official, Marines came in with two landing craft and liberated all of us. This was a wild and hectic scene; the crafts were met by every able bodied POW so exuberantly that the craft almost could not dock. We were taken to various Navy ships (I was dropped off at a destroyer), given showers, clean cloths (all seamen outfits), and good food. Many of the emaciated could hardly eat. I ate too much but adjusted in a day or so. I had lost a pound a day but had been a POW only thirty days.

In the process of being repatriated, I was sent to Okinawa to await suitable transportation to the U.S. I made my way to my old outfit where I was at first not recognized in seaman's cloths and then incredulously as I was presumed dead. Reports from companion aircraft indicated that the anti-aircraft hit on us went through the pilot's cabin when in fact it was just to the right going through the wing.

Shortly after I arrived at my old outfit, Bill Abel, my tail gunner, walked up, also in Navy garb. We ran to each other and hugged and shook hands repeatedly. While keeping a lookout for our other buddies from the Lonesome Lady to possibly show up, we exchanged stories of our capture and internment. Bill had been badly mistreated. We had to part ways and make our way back to our different ships without seeing our buddies but with high hopes of them showing up somewhere soon.

After arriving in the U.S. and being given physicals, getting medals and a promotion, I made my way back home to see my parents and friends and especially my girl friend, Carolyn, who I later married. I kept waiting to hear about the remainder of my crew and no word came. I wrote the War Department requesting information but got no answer. A few weeks after I got home a book came out with pictures of Hiroshima and it dawned on me that that was where my crew had been interned. I contacted the War Dept again detailing all of the limited observations that I had made while interned with my crew indicating that I thought that it was Hiroshima. For example the interrogator there asked



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me why this important city had not been bombed. Also I could tell from the noise and streets that it was a large city and that I was taken to a second floor for interrogation.

Some months later the families of the six member of my crew were informed that their sons were had been killed in Hiroshima. I was never informed about the fate of my crew. It is still unclear how many American POWs were killed in Hiroshima, but there were at least 17. The atomic bomb was never mentioned in the letters to parents, and the public was never informed that there were Americans killed by our atomic bomb.

I believe that it was a real disservice to the families and to the American public for the military officials in command to have kept this information secret. Whether it was a deliberate cover-up or an insensitive oversight in the ecstatic days following peace, I don't

know. Years later under the freedom of information act, a documentary film producer uncovered the truth and made a film about it. Still it seems to be a little known fact.

My first trip to Hiroshima was, to say the least, unpleasant. I entered and left with hands tied and blindfolded and saw little more than the inside of a prison cell and interrogation room.

My next trip to Japan was in 1983, when I was invited to give a paper at a beef genetics conference in Kyoto. I took advantage of this trip and went to Hiroshima to visit where I had been interned and where my crew mates were killed by the atomic bomb. Later I went to the Peace Memorial Museum where, after viewing the gruesome depictions of victims of the atomic bomb, with my mind full of memories of my comrades who died there, and perhaps feelings of survivor's guilt, these displays were repulsive to me.

Also, the presentations seemed to be unfairly accusatory of the U.S. without any background information or rationale for the atomic bomb being deployed. I could not bear this scene any longer and left early.

I had always felt a void about my crew, my friends, vanishing (except for the other survivor Bill Abel) with nothing to connect to them. One day in 1985 I got a letter from a Japanese man, Mr. Keichi Muranaka, who had lived close to where the Lonesome Lady crashed. He had been stationed at an anti-aircraft battery at Kure Harbor and had witnessed our attack and saw my plane heading down, trailing smoke. A few days later after witnessing the mushroom cloud over Hiroshima he asked for leave to check on his parents. When nearing his home he saw the wreckage of the Lonesome Lady and sneaked a piece of the torn aluminum as a "reminder of the war." He wrote, "Forty years have passed since the crash of your plane. The U.S. and Japan has overcome the difficulties caused by the war. This pleases me greatly. I could not imagine the peace we enjoy today when I was in the Navy. I always relate my sad experiences regarding WWII and A-bomb and the crash of the Lonesome Lady. Now I would like to give you this article which I have kept all these years as a reminder of the sad experiences that we shared during that terrible time in history. By remembering we shall be able to maintain this peace we enjoy now. This is our responsibility."

I was emotionally overwhelmed. Though meager, this twisted piece of aluminum was something solid, palpable related to memories of my crew that had been lacking---they had vanished, with only speculation on my part for so long. I corresponded with Mr. Muranaka for several years. Mr. Muranaka initiated an effort to raise funds to place a monument at the small village of Ikachi, close to the crash site of the Lonesome Lady, in memory of all military who gave their lives in the war and to specifically honor the memory of the airmen of the Lonesome Lady.

Mr. Shigeaki Mori was an eight-year old boy in Hiroshima on August 6, 1945. He survived as a "hibakusha" (a Japanese term translated as "explosion affected person") and has health problems associated with radiation effects. As an historian he had become very interested in the historical record of the crew of the Lonesome Lady and other U.S. airmen interned in Hiroshima. He has traveled extensively to crash sites and interviewed people who were eye witnesses as well as digging through archives for long forgotten records. He continues these activities and I am told that he is the most knowledgeable person about these events. He wrote to me in 1995 and we have continued an active correspondence.

Mr. Mori has clarified many things that were incorrect in the records and detailed much information that was not previously recorded. After he had written me about a number of points important to me about the crash and fate of my crew, I asked him specifically about my Navigator which the records reflect went down with the plane. If his remains had actually been found in the plane, it is likely that he had been captured, tortured, killed and his remains placed in the plane. Mr. Mori's initial reply was that of the official record. I wrote my concern and reason for not believing this report. I have no idea how much effort Mr. Mori put into this question but he finally wrote that he had uncovered in a remote village the record of a woodcutter finding the remains of a body in a dense forest in 1947. A report of the inspection of the scene and of the body was made by a British doctor and a Japanese official. Parachute remains were close by the site, dog tags on the body were for Roy Pedersen, etc. Examination of the bones indicated that the body crashed to the ground breaking many bones. This clarification, though gruesome, was a relief in the sense that he had not been tortured. Also it vindicated my feeling that he had left the plane before I left. It is clear that his parachute had failed to open properly; perhaps this failure was related to Pete's kicking the bomb doors open.

Mr. Mori also erected a plaque, at his own expense, on the building that stood at the site of the old Chugoku Military Headquarters building where my comrades were held when the atomic bomb was dropped. It was dedicated to the American airmen killed in Hiroshima. He had a proper dedication with appropriate American and Japanese present. A marine, Major Keefe, Information Officer at an American base in Japan, participated and brought a Boy Scout troop with him when the U.S. Consulate refused to participate.

Gradually the thought of returning to Japan became appealing to me in order to visit the sites of the memorial plaque in Hiroshima and the memorial monument in Ikachi village and to meet Mr. Muranaka and Mr. Mori. Travel plans were made and my wife Carolyn, son Dr. Pat, and Matt Crawford, President of our Bomb Group veteran's organization asked to join me. The purpose of my visit was to meet and thank the people who had erected a plaque and monument acknowledging my crew and other U.S. airmen. Also, at the appropriate places and times, we wanted to pay homage to my comrades who died there. We expected to be involved only with those with whom we had become acquainted through correspondence.

We flew from the U.S. to Kansai Airport at Osaka. We were surprised to have been met by a TV crew from the NHK, the national TV network for Japan. This crew was very polite, considerate and helpful, escorting us to Hiroshima by train. However, by this time we became aware that, as they posed me by the window of the bullet train flashing through the country side at 120 to 150 miles per hour, that our visit would not go unnoticed by others than our hosts.

However, we were not prepared for the reception at the Hiroshima train station. As we stepped off the train we were greeted by our hosts, but there were also TV cameras, photographers and reporters making up a crowd of a dozen or so hovering around us. We were ushered through this melee to our hotel. After checking in and having a cup of tea, we went for a short walk to the location where the Chugoku Military Headquarters Building had stood and Mr. Mori had placed the memorial plaque.

The Plaque area was tastefully decorated with the American and Japanese flags and flowers. We placed flowers at this shrine and turned for the throng of photographers to

From The Zephyr Archives

**“MY OLD MAN...THE ‘URANIUM KING’”***The Story of CHARLIE STEEN..Part 2*

By Mark Steen

A few days after the Denver Post published its closely worded story about my father's Big Indian uranium discovery, Moab's Times-Independent ran an article based on the same announcement that Dad had given to the Denver newspaper. Although the Times-Independent article actually contained more details about the high-grade nature of the uranium mineralization contained in the discovery drill core, not a single person among the newspaper's readership expressed any interest in helping Dad develop his prospect. None of the area's long-time uranium prospectors and miners were convinced that Charlie Steen had really found a uranium bonanza. Folks laughed when they heard that someone from Texas was claiming to have discovered a million dollars worth of uranium in a mining district that everyone knew the experts had already examined and written off as a loser.

In early September, Dad received a letter postmarked Casper, Wyoming from William T. Hudson, his former boss at the Chicago Bridge and Iron Company's Houston, Texas office. Bill Hudson had overseen the college loans that my father worked off during the summers and had written to congratulate him after reading the Denver Post article.

Dad immediately telephoned Bill Hudson and explained the situation. He told Hudson that McCormick's interest was available for \$15,000 and that he needed at least another \$35,000 to prove up the ore deposit. Hudson, a family man, told my father that he couldn't risk more than \$5,000. But he was still associated with Dan O'Laurie, another of Dad's old bosses at Chicago Bridge and Iron. Hudson approached the thrifty O'Laurie about raising the necessary money. A day later Dan O'Laurie flew down from Casper to size up the proposition.

After he saw the drill core samples and verified the chemical analysis results, O'Laurie caught some of Charlie Steen's enthusiasm for his uranium prospect. He put up \$15,000 and agreed to loan the venture another \$30,000. Hudson came across with his \$5,000 and Bob Barrett chipped in another \$4,500. Dan O'Laurie and Bill Hudson bought out Bill McCormick and his cautious silent partner while my father considered his options.

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Instead of spending all of the remaining capital drilling more holes to block out the ore body, Dad decided to gamble all of the money to sink a shaft down to the uranium indicated by his single discovery drill hole on the Mi Vida claim. It was bad geology but good economics, because if they had drilled more exploratory holes they would have been out of money; but a shaft would enable them to begin production immediately.

A small crew of miners was hired and a head frame and hoist house were constructed along with a bunkhouse and cook shack. On October 4, 1952, a six-by-eight foot shaft was started thirty feet southeast of the discovery drill hole. While my father examined and recorded the geology, Bob Barrett oversaw the shaft sinking, and my grandmother, Rosalie Shumaker, did the cooking. Dan O'Laurie moved to Moab and handled the finances, and Bill Hudson anxiously awaited the results in Wyoming. My mother and brothers and I continued to live in Cisco where our friends, the Cowgers and the Seeleys helped Mom get along during Dad's absences.

Two weeks later, my father drove into Moab and introduced himself to Mitch Melich, the only lawyer in town. He wanted to form a closely held corporation and he wanted to name it the Utex Exploration Company after the two states of Utah and Texas. Melich

agreed to incorporate the company and come on board as corporate counsel in exchange for a small percentage of Utex stock.

In retrospect, it was a good thing that Moab didn't offer Charlie Steen a large selection of attorneys to choose from, because Mitch Melich brought a lot of experience and ability to Utex. Melich had grown up in the copper mining town of Bingham Canyon, Utah. He had worked for Kennecott as a young man during the summers in order to pay his way through college. More importantly, he was married to Ed Snyder's daughter. Snyder had been involved in mining for decades, and he had many years of experience in metallurgy and mineral processing as president of the Combined Metals Reduction Company. Mitch Melich and Charlie Steen liked one another immediately. Melich became my father's closest ally in the many negotiations and mining deals that followed this initial meeting.

The Utex Exploration Company was formed on October 24th, with Dan O'Laurie as president; William T. Hudson vice-president; Robert M. Barrett vice-president in charge of mining operations; Charles A. Steen chief geologist and secretary-treasurer; and Rosalie Shumaker as assistant secretary-treasurer. Dan O'Laurie's closest friend, Allan P. Darby, was later appointed assistant to the president. My father and his mother retained 51 percent of the corporation's 50,000 shares in exchange for Dad's contribution of 12 of his mining claims.

Because the soft sedimentary rock formations had to be timbered and the waste rock hand mucked and hoisted to the surface in a quarter ton ore bucket, the shaft sinking progressed very slowly. Finally, at a depth of 68 feet, the miners blasted into the Mi Vida ore horizon. My father and his mother and their partners gathered around the slowly growing ore pile at the base of the head frame and handled and examined the heavy

uranium ore as it was brought to the surface in the ore bucket.

When the miners had mucked out the last drill round that had penetrated the Mi Vida ore deposit, my father excitedly climbed down the shaft ladder and found himself surrounded by the same grayish-black formation he had pulled up in his drill core back in July. It was the first time any geologist had ever seen such high-grade uranium ore on the Colorado Plateau. This was the reward for years of hardship and privation. This was the fulfillment every prospector dreams of when he sets out to find a fortune. It was the first day of December, and it was Dad's thirty-third birthday. Charlie Steen had truly struck it rich!

**It was 10 o'clock at night and the whole town was locked up and fast asleep. A student of mining history, my Dad knew that his discovery was going to change the time Moab went to bed. The sleepy little town was about to wake up.**

Everybody took the weekend off so that the Utex insiders could let their family and friends know that the prospect had become a mine. My father and his mother drove through Moab in the red jeep on their way to Cisco to celebrate and make plans with my mother. It was 10 o'clock at night and the whole town was locked up and fast asleep. A student of mining history, my Dad knew that his discovery was going to change the time Moab went to bed. The sleepy little town was about to wake up.

The shaft bottomed after passing through more than 8 feet of primary uranium ore that ran between 0.34 and 5.0 percent uranium oxide. During its first 12 days in operation, the Mi Vida mine only produced 114 tons of ore, but it averaged over \$100 per ton



and some of it was worth more than \$800 per ton. And it was almost all profit, because mining and hauling costs were less than \$20 per ton.

My father contacted the Denver Post to confirm his discovery. After they ran a follow-up story about the rags to riches saga of the young prospector-geologist and his loyal wife, the press descended on the Mi Vida mine site. In addition to the Denver Post, the Grand Junction Daily Sentinel and the Salt Lake Tribune wrote the first of countless articles about Charlie Steen and his uranium strike. These articles caught the attention of the public and fueled the rush of people that overwhelmed Moab, Monticello, Blanding and Grand Junction in search of fortunes of their own.

The articles that appeared in mining industry magazines attracted mining companies, geologists, mining engineers, prospectors and promoters from all points to the Colorado Plateau in search of another Mi Vida mine. The Big Indian mining district became the uranium magnet for most of these migrants. More millionaires were made on the Lisbon Valley anticline than any other uranium mining area in the United States. Charlie Steen's assertions that he had found a million-dollar mine ignited the Uranium Boom.

Although it was soon obvious that the Mi Vida mine had enough uranium ore to make all of the principal Utex shareholders wealthy, disputes about the company's operation and direction erupted almost as soon as production commenced. The first disagreement arose when O'Laurie and Barrett leased a two hundred-by-six hundred foot section of the Mi Vida claim to the G and G Mining Company without informing my father (who was out of town) or consulting Mitch Melich (who would have advised against the lease).

Then in the early summer of 1953, a wealthy man named Dandridge made an offer of \$5 million to purchase the Mi Vida mine for a group of Easterners. He was willing to pay \$1 million down and the balance out of production. O'Laurie and Barrett wanted to sell out before the mine played out. My Dad refused to consider a sale before he knew the extent of the Mi Vida ore deposit. By the time the offer expired, the Mi Vida mine had already shipped more than \$1 million worth of ore and production exceeded 200 tons a day from the new decline that Utex had to share with the G and G Mining Company.

As a geologist, my father realized that the Mi Vida ore deposit was not diminishing in size or grade. He firmly believed that it would eventually exceed a million tons. A noted Canadian geologist, Andrew K. McGill, my father's old boss and mentor from Peru, shared his professional opinion. Andy McGill had joined Utex and was helping Dad get a handle on the geology and exploration potential of the extensive claim block around the Mi Vida mine. McGill thought that the Mi Vida mine was world class, but he didn't think much about Bob Barrett's ability to manage the mine.

In August, 1953, Charlie Steen was quoted saying that "We need to build a mill down here to process our ore. I will build a mill in Moab one of these days. It will also help to serve the many small miners in the area." It was estimated that a mill would cost between \$3 million and \$5 million.

Dan O'Laurie refused to go along with my father's plans to build the first independently owned, modern uranium processing mill in America. He pointed out that Utex didn't have that kind of money and that the AEC would never negotiate a buying contract with a single uranium producer. O'Laurie was also sure that the established uranium processing companies would never stand aside and let Utex compete with their highly profitable, government sanctioned monopoly.

Lines were drawn and sides were taken. Barrett and O'Laurie thought of their inter-



**Tempers finally boiled over in October. After a heated argument, my father told Dan O'Laurie to get out of the Moab office.**

**(Steen and his dog Butch)**

ests in Utex as an investment. Charlie Steen thought of the Mi Vida mine as the investment of his lifetime. It represented his success against tremendous odds. Dad viewed his discovery as proof that all of the experts who had derided his abilities were wrong. He still harbored a grudge against the AEC for the things that the government geologists had said about him and his abilities. In fact, he would not allow any AEC geologists on the property. When the government wanted to inspect the source of all of that uranium ore that was over-crowding the buying station at Thompson, Charlie Steen insisted that no AEC geologists could be part of the team that mapped and sampled the Mi Vida mine. When he was quoted as saying, "You know, it's a funny thing. Before I hit pay dirt, people called me crazy. When I hit it, they called me a charlatan. Now that I've got it, they call me lucky," he was thinking about those same AEC geologists. And when people called him lucky he invited them to come try their luck. There was plenty of unstaked country on the Colorado Plateau for people who thought that all it took was luck to find uranium.

Tempers finally boiled over in October. After a heated argument, my father told Dan O'Laurie to get out of the Moab office. Then he had the locks changed on the doors. Later that day, Dad and Mitch drove out to the mine to fire Bob Barrett as mine manager. In their view, Barrett may have been a good pinto bean farmer, but his mine management left everything to be desired. Dad seethed every time he thought about the millions of dollars that the ill advised G and G Mining Company lease was going to cost Utex. Things turned ugly and got physical between Barrett and Melich before that corporate meeting was concluded; but Barrett and most of his crew left the Mi Vida mine after my father officially fired him. This scuffle in the cook shack was always referred to as the "Battle of the Cook Shack" whenever the subject of Barrett and O'Laurie came up in conversations.

Bob Barrett and Dan O'Laurie hired a lawyer to contest their ousters as corporate officers and directors; and they threatened to tie up the Utex Exploration Company by placing it in receivership. After things cooled down, Mitch Melich began negotiations to purchase Barrett and O'Laurie's shares in order to settle the dispute. My father grew impatient and made them an offer they couldn't refuse. He agreed to pay Barrett and

O'Laurie \$175 a share for their 18,500 shares of Utex stock.

The transaction cost my Dad \$3,272,500 plus interest. Dan O'Laurie, who had been my father's boss when he was a teenaged water boy on a construction site in Texas, received \$2,310,000 in principal payments for his \$15,000 investment (his \$30,000 loan had been the first money paid out of Utex's profits). Bob Barrett, who had known my father during his hungry prospecting days, received \$787,500 in principal payments for his \$4,500 investment and his helping hand. Ten other shareholders, who O'Laurie had previously sold 1,000 shares of his stock in Utex to after the mine began to ship ore, received \$175,000 in principal payments. And Max Cohen, a Dallas, Texas attorney trousered \$281,000 for his representation of Barrett and O'Laurie. Mr. Cohen was the first in a long line of lawyers who profited from the millions of dollars made at the Mi Vida mine.

The terms of the December 12, 1953 sale and purchase of the stock provided for an



**Bob Barrett and Dan O'Laurie hired a lawyer to contest their ousters as corporate officers and directors; and they threatened to tie up the Utex Exploration Company by placing it in receivership. After things cooled down, Mitch Melich began negotiations to purchase Barrett and O'Laurie's shares in order to settle the dispute. My father grew impatient and made them an offer they couldn't refuse.**

initial payment of \$150,000 upon signing. The balance of the purchase price was to be paid within 10 years with interest payable semi-annually at the rate of 2.5 percent per annum on the unpaid principal. The sellers didn't make much money off the interest, because they were all paid off within a couple of years. They sold their interests in the Mi Vida mine before more than 1 percent of the ore body had been blocked out.

An article about the transaction that appeared in the Daily Sentinel quoted Charlie Steen as saying, "This settles an irreconcilable conflict of interest." The story went on to disclose that, "Mr. Steen recently announced that he is negotiating with the Atomic Energy Commission to build a processing plant at Moab." The Daily Sentinel also broke the news that my father had recently optioned the Big Buck claims adjacent to the Mi Vida mine.

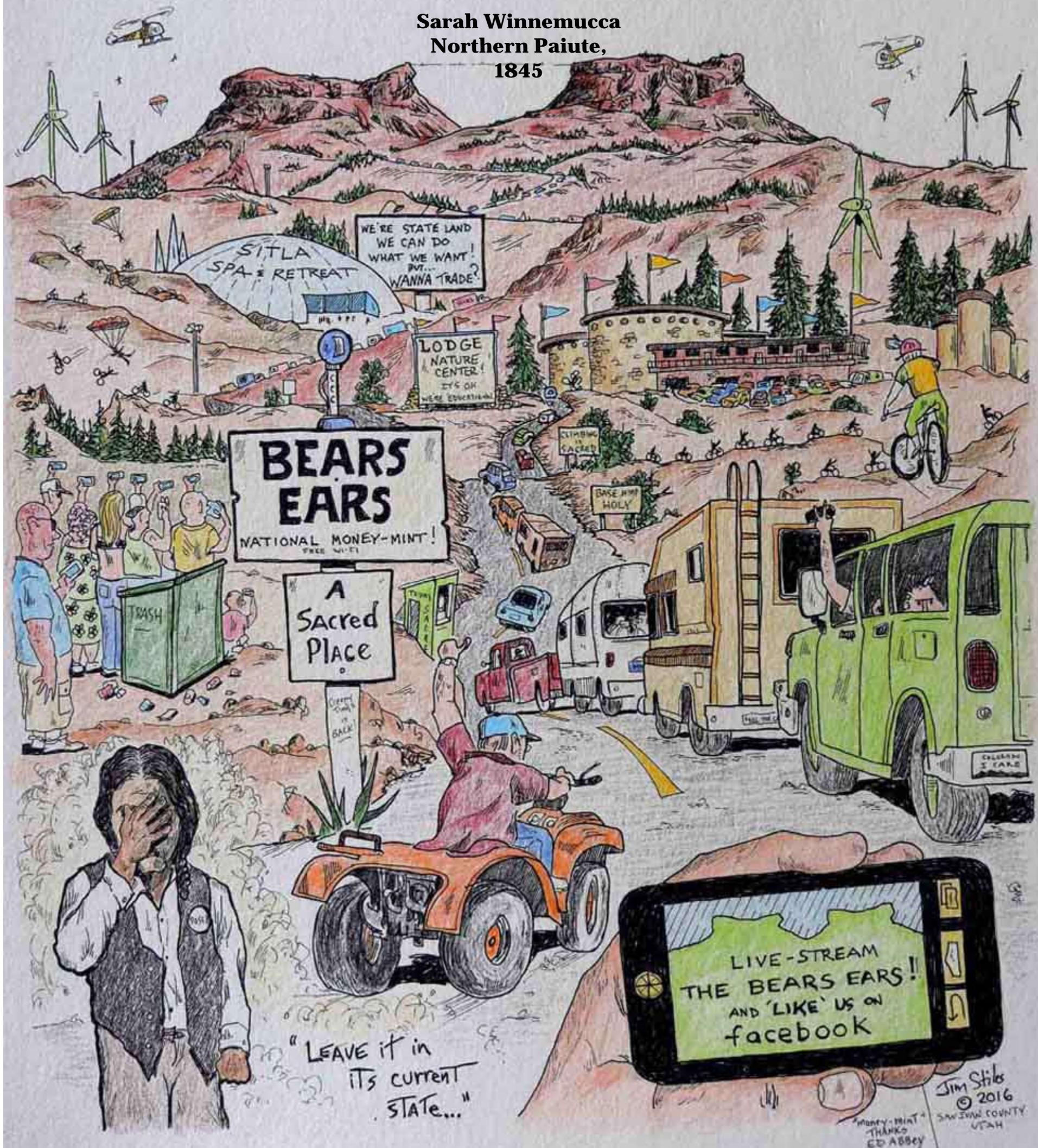
*In the next installment, Mark will describe how Charlie Steen and Bill McCormick helped form Standard Uranium in order to develop the Big Buck mining claims. And he will tell how the Mi Vida mine's cook made \$500,000 and why the claim jumpers missed a \$50,000,000 opportunity.*

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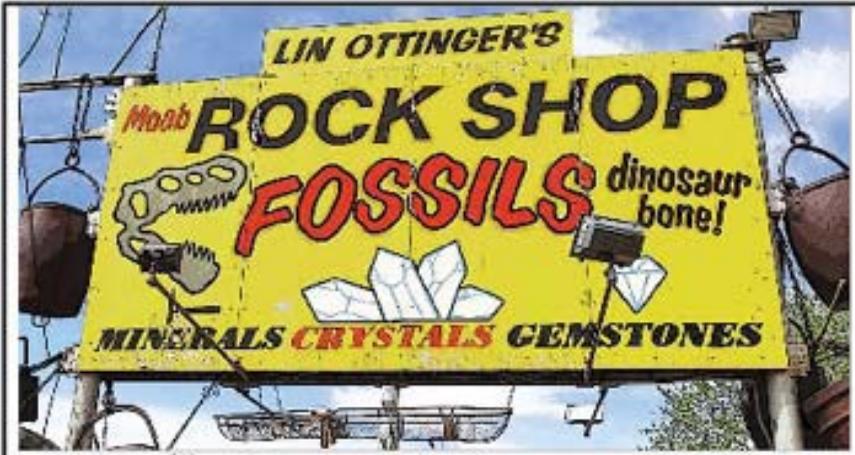
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*“My father told of a fearful dream. He said, “I dreamt I saw the greatest migration that has yet been through our country. I looked North, and South, and East, and West, and I saw nothing but dust. And I heard a great weeping...  
“Oh my dear children, you may all think it is only a dream, but I fear it will come to pass.”*

**Sarah Winnemucca  
Northern Paiute,  
1845**

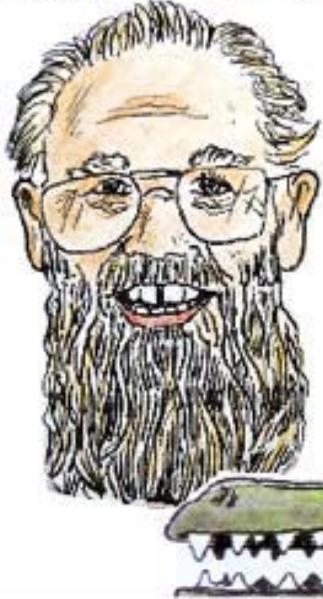


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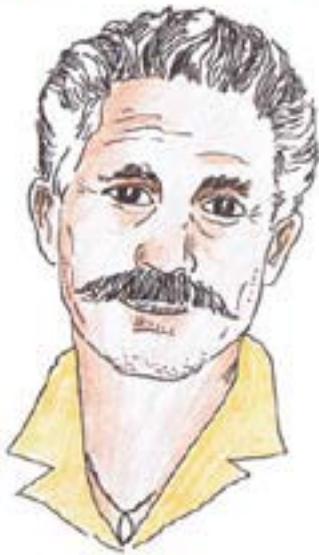
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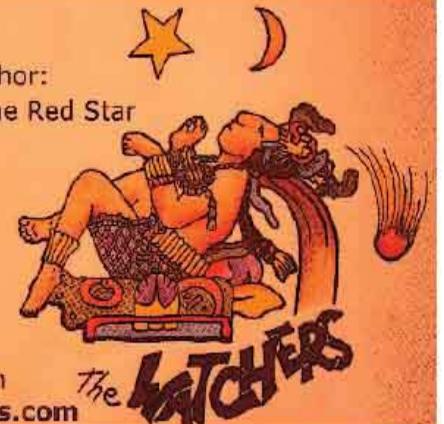


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# Those Bad Growth Blues: A Look at the Economic Right

By Scott Thompson

*Note: since this is an essay it doesn't have a geographical setting on this, much less any other, planet. In the absence of such a setting I offer photographs from my journey across the topographical heart of Nevada on U.S. 50, "The Loneliest Road in America," taken either in the old central Nevada mining town of Austin, or within its geographical vicinity.*

If once in your life you can take this journey - do it.

\*\*\*

"...by enshrining the profit motive (power) as our guiding ideal, we encourage the intensive and accelerating consumption of land, air, water - the natural world - on which the structure depends for its continued existence. A house built on greed will not long endure." - Edward Abbey, 1988

This is the second of several essays devoted to the hypothesis that plausible solutions to difficult problems, even where catastrophic consequences hang in the balance, are often not considered simply because they don't fit within a dominant paradigm. And that this syndrome may well apply to our ever escalating eco-crisis, and in particular to climate change.

In writing this I'm making the working assumption that our failure to thus far competently address these problems does not stem largely from some overt human flaw, such as psychological denial, selfishness, or good ole greed (even though it damn well might). Instead I'm focusing on the possibility that certain of our treasured political and economic beliefs, the ones that have seemingly have led to such remarkable progress for humanity since the industrial revolution, simply don't work in the long run. And that we've been too blind to see it and too ornery to listen to those who do.

\*\*\*

Let's begin with what to me is a mind-whacking op-ed on the conservative opinion page of the Charleston Gazette-Mail dated May 31, 2016: "Fracking Ban Would be Catastrophic," by Robert Bryce, a senior fellow at the Manhattan institute and Porter Bennett, CEO of Ponderosa Advisors LLC. The final paragraph says: "It's time for some energy realism. The shale revolution has profoundly improved America's energy fortunes. If opponents of fracking succeed in banning it, they will have succeeded in killing a uniquely American success story that is helping consumers and the environment."

(Helping the environment? What are you drinking, boss?)

In their op-ed Bryce and Bennett do mention solar and wind energy and also list two old-time, mainline environmental organizations. And also, interestingly to me, 350.org (if you dunno know the issue 350.org overwhelmingly focuses on look it up now). Because the surreal part follows herewith, which is the explanation Bryce and Bennett give for why people oppose fracking: "These politicians and activists repeatedly claim that fracking is dangerous and that it will cause widespread ground water contamination."

Is ground water contamination the major reason 350.org opposes fracking?

Hell, no. 350.org was expressly created to take on the very issue Bryce and Bennett so conspicuously avoided in their op-ed: climate change

And if you can think of a better instance of the emperor wearing no clothes than this here, let me know. Because it's climate change more than anything else that makes fracking gas, which is simply natural gas, colossally dangerous. Yes, natural gas is less toxic as a greenhouse gas than coal and oil but it's still plenty toxic. Emitting it into the atmosphere at all adds even more to the accumulated greenhouse gases that are increasingly destabilizing our climate.

Importantly, it's also an unconventional fossil fuel, and unconventional fossil fuels significantly expand worldwide reserves of fossil fuels available for production. This is nutso because even before the technology for fracking was fully developed humanity had ALREADY discovered more fossil fuel reserves than it could safely produce. At least if people are thinking about having a habitable planet (there's some question about that).

Bottom line here: Bryce and Bennett didn't mention climate change because it reveals that the kind of economic growth they're advocating for has become desperately obsolete.

On the same page was an editorial, "Intimidation of Climate Skeptics a Scientific Fact." It accused U.S. Attorney General Loretta Lynch and some state attorneys general, as well as the attorney general of the Virgin Islands, of violating the First Amendment rights of climate skeptics.

That seemed strange to me because I thought it had been the climate scientists who had earlier been systematically harassed and persecuted by certain right wing organizations.

Specifically, the editorial said that "The AG of the Virgin Islands, a U.S. territory, issued a subpoena 'demanding that the Competitive Enterprise Institute cough up a decade of e-mails and policy work as well as a list of private donors,' the [Wall Street] Journal writes."

Now why would a good AG do such a thing?

In fact I have a superbly detailed book with the answer. It was written by the esteemed Penn State climate scientist Michael Mann and it carefully documents his own persecution at the hands of so-called climate skeptics, particularly when he was at the University of Virginia. And per his book The Competitive Enterprise Institute has through its lackeys attacked climate science and climate scientists, allegedly heckled British Prime Minister Tony Blair's chief scientific advisor Sir David King as he gave public lectures on climate change, attempted to undermine constructive U.S. governmental climate change steps, and also attempted through a website to discredit the esteemed environmental scientist Rachel Carson. (See Michael E. Mann, The Hockey Stick and the Climate Wars (2012), pp. 70, 74, 110, 195-197, 231, 237.)

In short, the Virgin Islands attorney general was simply doing her job, investigating the skullduggery of the Competitive Enterprise Institute.

First Amendment, my eye!

Of course there's more. The editorial also said: "New York Attorney General Eric Schneiderman started the assault last autumn by with a subpoena barrage on Exxon Mobil," the [Wall Street] Journal wrote. Schneiderman demanded documents that claimed some Exxon scientists warned greenhouse gases might cause global warming but hid the truth

from the public and shareholders.

"It turns out the peer-reviewed documents had been available to the public for years."

A story in Scientific American by Shannon Hall, however, paints a different - and accurate - picture. In brief: (1) that as early as 1977 Exxon was aware from its own scientists that climate change was a serious matter indeed, and (2) that although Exxon Mobil's spokesman Allan Jeffers claims some documents were made publicly available in its archives, (a) in 1988, "when NASA scientist James Hansen told a congressional hearing that the planet was already warming, Exxon remained publicly convinced that the science was still controversial." Furthermore, (b) "experts agree that Exxon became a leader in campaigns of confusion." And (c) "Since then, Exxon has spent more than \$30 million on think tanks that promote climate denial, according to Greenpeace." ("Exxon Knew About Climate Change Almost 40 Years Ago," 11/26/15. <http://www.scientificamerican.com/article/exxon-knew-about-climate-change-almost-40-years-ago/>).

The editorial goes on to quote from a letter of protest to the Department of Justice written by everyone's pal Ted Cruz and signed by four other Republican Senators. It accused the Obama administration of using "the power of government to intimidate and ultimately silence companies and researchers who do not agree with the government's opinions about the allegedly harmful effects of climate change and what should be done about it."

Cruz's claim that the vastly harmful effects of climate change are merely "alleged" is preposterous. He's much too intelligent and educated not to know that those harmful effects are overwhelmingly confirmed by credible scientific findings. His letter comes across as a slick effort to spray ideological perfume both on Exxon's suppressing vitally important evidence and upon the behaviors of people who well deserve to be investigated by attorneys general.

\*\*\*

In moving toward some conclusions I'm going to quote several times from Chapter One of Naomi Klein's now classic 2014 book on climate change, This Changes Everything, wherein she describes attending a 2011 right wing conference devoted to this subject and sponsored by The Heartland Institute.

First, from the very beginning of her chapter, a 2008 quote by Thomas J. Donohue, then President of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce: "There is no way this can be done [ambitious carbon reduction] without fundamentally changing the American way of life, choking off economic development, and putting large segments of our economy out of business." (p.31.)

Well, he simply admitted it, though in a back-handed way: that the wide open growth economic system the U.S. Chamber of Commerce champions is in the long run proving itself, at least in its pure form, to be unworkable. That's what climate science and with it the environmental movement have been year by year revealing and that's why the political right has labored so futilely and often so nastily to undermine climate science's credibility. And why, especially lately, it's been publicly distancing itself from the subject.

Klein backed up Donohue's words with her own observations at the Heartland conference: "So here's my inconvenient truth: I think these hard-core ideologues understand the real significance of climate change better than most of the 'warmists' in the political center, the ones who are still insisting that the response can be gradual and painless... The deniers get plenty of the details wrong...but when it comes to the scope and depth of change required to avert catastrophe, they are right on the money." (pp.43-44).

That's why they loathe accepting the level of adaptive change that would be required of them. That for humanity to have a stable, arguably humane way of life from now on, the assumptions that they have made about free markets and continuing economic growth must be largely surrendered.

Because market activities in the future would be limited by the capacity of each one of



the Earth's ecosystems to provide natural resources (if it can) without losing its robust capacity to regenerate itself. Meaning no sacrifice zones (the very zones economic rightists have always relied upon). And also meaning that fossil fuels are gone forever. It's ironic that although the free market political right regards such a level of adaptation as unthinkable, these are precisely the conditions in which homo sapiens has successfully survived and thrived for roughly 90% of its history.

And that exemplifies the thesis I've been emphasizing in these essays: that the very approach to life that the economic right regards as unthinkable is exactly what has the best track record in fostering human survival and cultural stability. And in conferring the joy of knowing that one's way of life ultimately makes sense. (In addition, note that humanity has boss technology available to help with such an adaptation.)

What if, tragically, the market fundamentalists do prove to be more than merely stubborn and ornery? What if in fact they don't fit my working assumption and reveal themselves to be too self-centered, cold-hearted and greedy to face this new reality? What if they tragically devote every sinew and nerve, as well as their considerable resources, to preserving the dominance of their now outdated growth economic system, even as their own societies increasingly lose their ability to adapt to the vicissitudes of climate change? Naomi Klein has penned a chilling scenario along these lines:

"The corporate quest for natural resources will become more rapacious, more violent. Arable land in Africa will continue to be seized to provide food and fuel to wealthier nations, unleashing a new stage of neocolonial plunder layered on top of the most plundered places on earth...When heat stress and vicious storms wipe out small farms and fishing villages, the land will be handed over to large developers for mega-ports, luxury resorts, and industrial farms. Once self-sufficient rural residents will lose their lands and be urged to move into increasingly crowded urban slums – for their own protection, they will be told. Drought and famine will continue to be used as pretexts to push genetically modified seeds, driving farmers further into debt.

"In the wealthier nations, we will protect our major cities with costly seawalls and storm barriers while leaving vast areas of coastline that are inhabited by poor and Indigenous people to the ravages of storms and rising seas. We may well do the same on the planetary scale, deploying techno-fixes to lower global temperatures that will pose far greater risks to those living in the tropics than in the global North.... And rather than recognizing that we owe a debt to migrants forced to flee their lands as a result of our actions (and inactions), our governments will build ever more high-tech fortresses and adopt even more draconian anti-immigration laws. And, in the name of 'national security,' we will intervene in foreign conflicts over water, oil, and arable land, or start those conflicts ourselves. In short our culture will do what it is already doing, only with more brutality and barbarism, because that is what our system is built to do." (pp. 48-49.)

If market fundamentalists and their ilk actually are foolish enough to attempt something like this, I think in the end the people of the world will get organized and stop them. And then move on to a paradigm that actually works.

SCOTT THOMPSON is a regular contributor to *The Zephyr*. He lives in Beckley, WV.



## From the DESERT RAT COMMANDO



The single most effective action that most Americans can take to help reduce the dangerous emissions that cause climate change? Buy a more fuel-efficient car. But consumers are heading in the opposite direction. They have rekindled their love of bigger cars, pickup trucks and sport utility vehicles, favoring them over small cars, hybrids and electric vehicles, which are considered crucial to helping slow global warming.

New York Times

<http://www.nytimes.com/2016/06/28/science/cars-gas-global-warming.html?hp&action=click&pgtype=Homepage&clickSource=story-heading&module=first-column-region&region=top-news&WT.nav=top-news>

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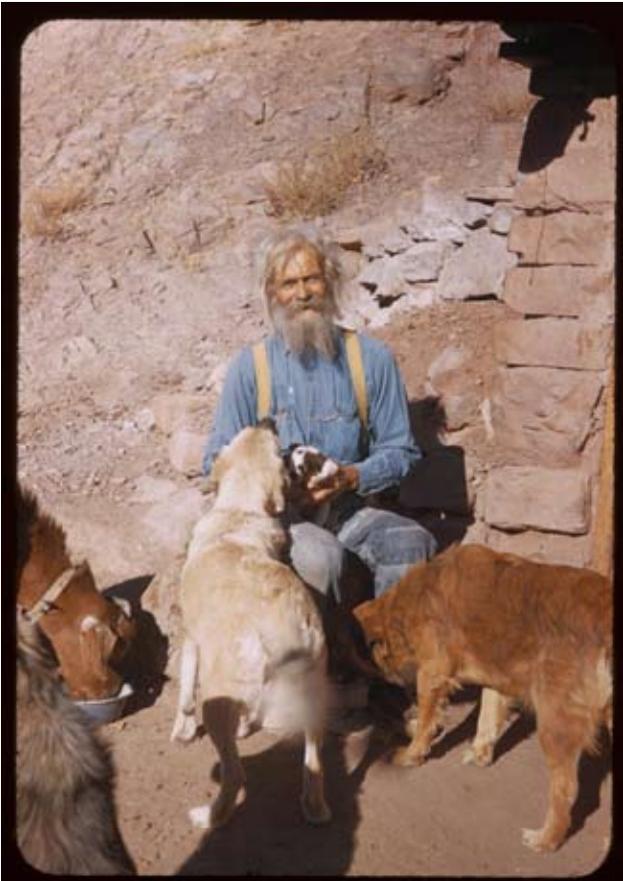
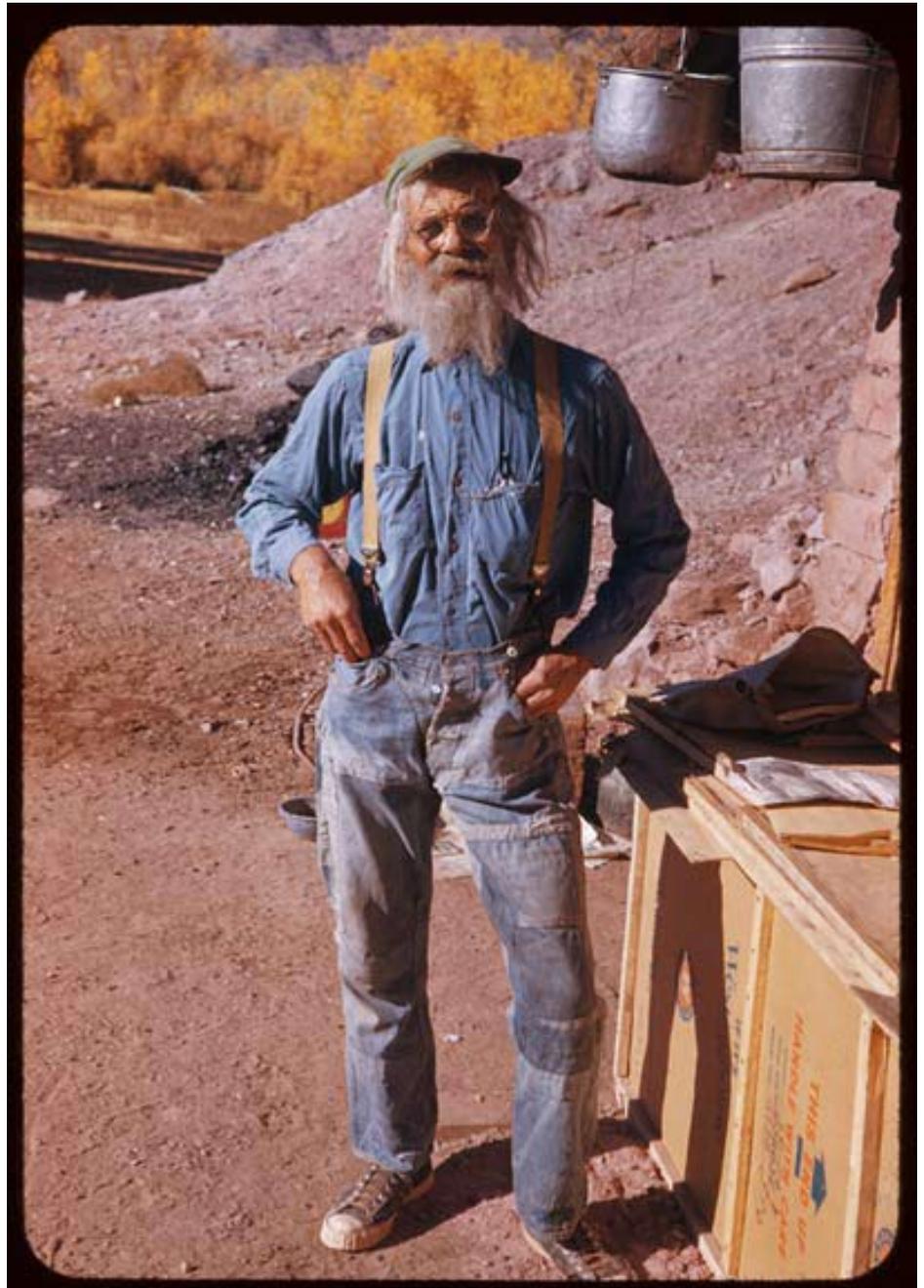
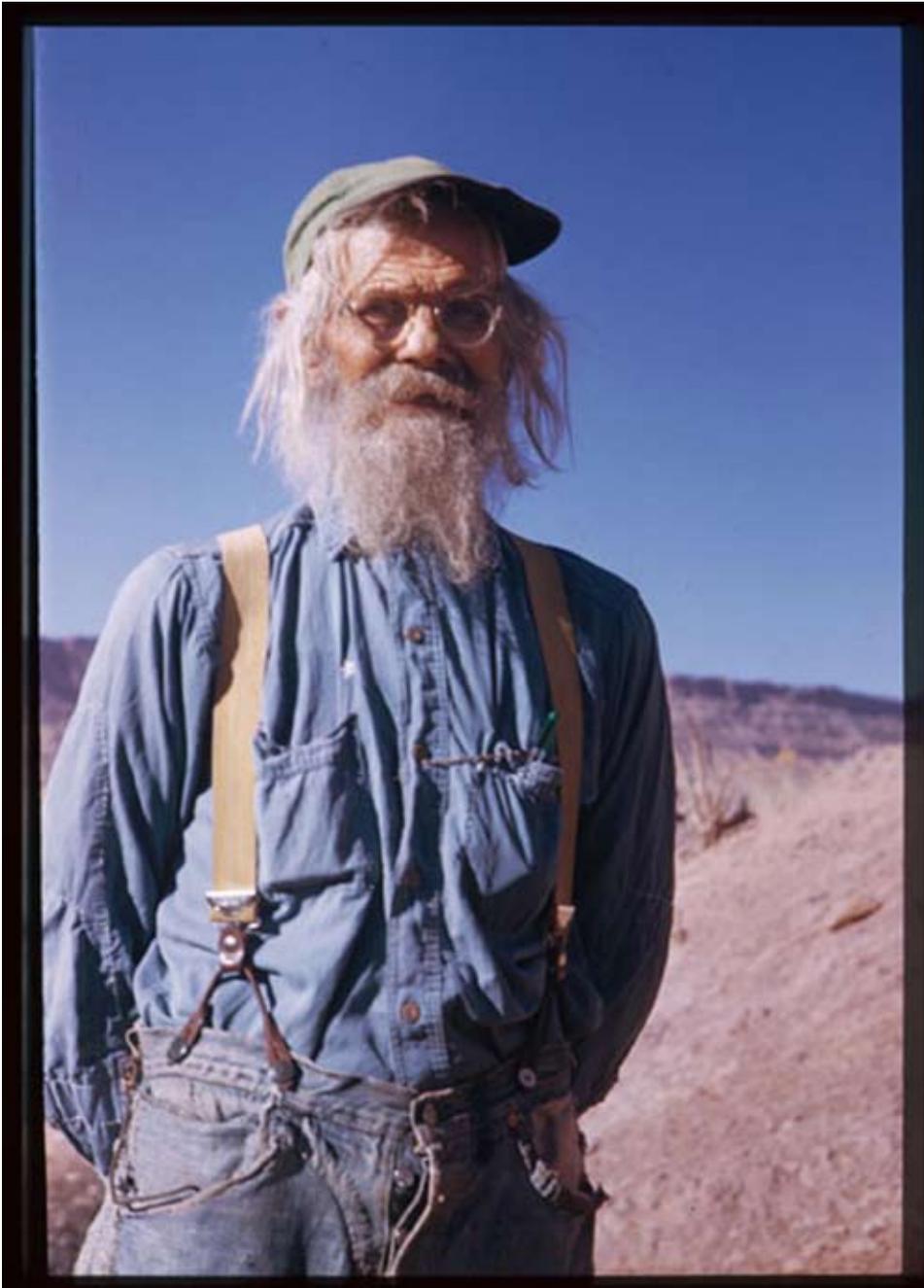
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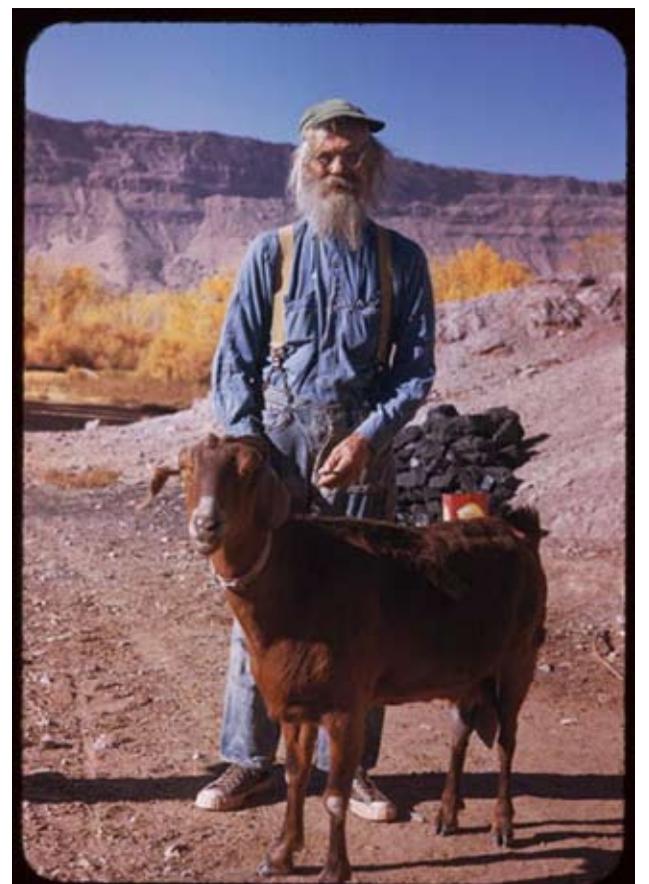
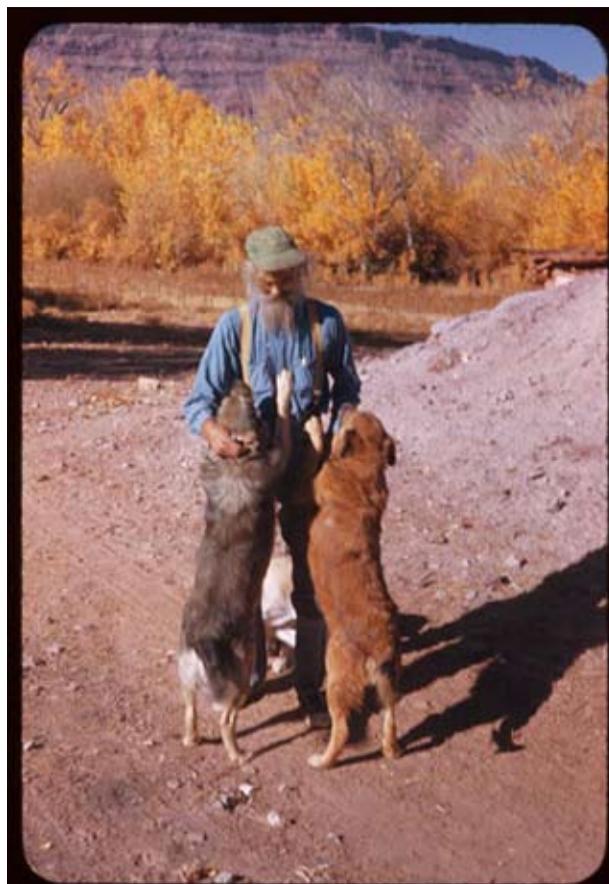
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From the Charles Weever Cushman Collection: Indiana University Archives  
**JACK HOLLEY---'THE GOAT MAN of MOAB'**



On November 4, 1952, while traveling through southeast Utah, Charles Cushman encountered Jack Holley and his many critters. Cushman paused long enough to chat with "The Goat Man" and took these remarkable color images. It's interesting to note the date---on this day Dwight Eisenhower was elected President of the United States. Here in Moab, Utah, with Jack Holley, politics and the 20th Century must have seemed very far away...JS



Charles Weever Cushman, amateur photographer and Indiana University alumnus, bequeathed approximately 14,500 Kodachrome color slides to his alma mater. The photographs in this collection bridge a thirty-two year span from 1938 to 1969, during which time he extensively documented the United States as well as other countries.

<https://webapp1.dlib.indiana.edu/cushman/overview/urbanHistory.jsp>

# A DATE WITH THE LONESOME LADY

Continued from page 17

take pictures. The plaque, all in English, listed the names of all of the American fliers killed by the atomic bomb. Later we returned unaccompanied to quietly in our own way pay homage to our comrades.

Next we visited the crash site of the Taloa where we talked with an eyewitness. Then we walked to the point under the hypocenter of the bomb, and on to Aioi Bridge which was the sighting point of Bombardier Maj. Ferebee of the Enola Gay. This bridge was also the place where one of my crew had been tied to a lamppost after surviving the fire of the bomb and beaten to death and after death. We were invited to the Hiroshima Peace Memorial Museum---the place that repulsed me in 1985. The Director greeted us and invited me to make a statement at a press conference. I read An Open Letter to the People of Hiroshima that I had prepared.

*I have come to Hiroshima to pay homage particularly to our friends and comrades who died here in August, 1945. These included six of my bomber crew; I was spared by being transferred to Tokyo. We come to thank and pay respect to those of you who have recognized these comrades and erected memorials to them.*

*At the same time we recognize that our comrades are a few among many who died here in August 1945 and pay respect to the memory of their souls. Everyone in Hiroshima at that time was directly affected themselves or through the loss and injury of family and friends, as did many other Japanese. I am one of relatively few Americans who lost personal friends and comrades in the atomic holocaust. Perhaps this closeness aligns me more with the feelings of you, the citizens of Hiroshima. No one can know what the fate of each of us might have been if the fury of atomic fission had not been unleashed on Hiroshima. What we do know is that this force, which is so powerful that it powers the sun, and has an array of effects that even transgresses generations, should never be used to again to vaporize human life in wholesale and then to seep into survivors to kill or maim them, some quickly some slowly, and still affect generations yet to be conceived. I know only the heartache---you know the heartache but also the nightmare memory and insidious residual effects.*

*We appreciate the reception and hospitality that has been extended to our small group---the memory of which we hope will be passed to the next generation. All of us should certainly desire to keep our family and national pride and loyalty; these are core to our human dignity and instinct. At the same time we must continue to learn how to embrace and enhance our common well being, happiness, and understanding. Whatever the results of this trip might bring I hope that it will contribute, even in an ever so small way, to continued peace and friendship.*

*We have learned that war brings hatred, suffering, destruction, and waste and that peace can bring happiness and prosperity. Let us each teach this to our sons and daughters.*

*Respectfully,  
Thomas C. Cartwright*

The next day we went to Etajima Island by ferry. On the way we spotted the point where the Haruna was sunk (now cleaned up for scrap metal). On Etajima Island a monument had been placed by the survivors of the Haruna honoring their ship mates who had been killed while on duty. There we met two of the former crew who had shot at us as we bombed them. We had a very compatible meeting congratulating each other on the accuracy of their anti-aircraft and then on our bombing accuracy. One of the men told us that the Haruna had transferred all of its fuel to an aircraft carrier months before we bombed it and had been harbor bound for months.

We left Hiroshima by train and then transferred to a van headed to the village of Ikachi, the place where the Lonesome Lady flew herself into a rice paddy. On the way we stopped at the Iwakuni U.S. Marine base to speak to Major Keefe. He was every inch a model Marine and we were all proud to be represented by him. He hosted us to coffee and told us that our trip was very helpful to Japan/U.S. relations.

The next stops were along the path that my crew bailed out. The first was a farm house overlooking a small cultivated valley. Mrs. Mika Marumo, about our age, lived there alone. She was a bit overwhelmed by all of the visitors and a TV crew. She sunk back on her heels and could hardly talk to us at first. As she opened up, she told the story of living there with her father during the war. Her husband was in the army and her brother had been killed as a kamikaze pilot. She related seeing one of my crew parachute into the field in front of her house. Her father grabbed his rifle and proceeded toward the "soldier" as did other farmers. He was bitter about his son having been killed by the Americans and intended to shoot the "soldier." Instead the "soldier" shot her father and killed him. I had never heard this story.

I was incredulous so I asked Atsuko, a young lady with us who spoke perfect English, if I had heard this story correctly and she confirmed it. I do not know which of my crew this "soldier" was but he shot in self defense. He was captured and later joined with other crew members and taken to a police station. This humble lady was not hostile and invited us into her house and showed us her Buddhist shrine. I later wrote Mrs. Marumo thanking her for her hospitality. She wrote back saying in part "I didn't bear a grudge against the Americans. It was my honest feeling." Your letter "was guided to the tomb of father. I don't hate American. Father should have run away early from enemy who had a pistol."

The next stop was to see a farmer who related that when he was a boy he saw our smoking plane flying in an arc and four parachutes coming out. We interviewed other people and learned of some serious hostility but none of my crew was killed by civilians or local police. The next stop was close to where I came down. I talked to a woman who saw my "captor" (I turned my self in to him) coming out of the woods followed by me.

Just as we were trying to digest all of this information about my crew and myself our van pulled up by a small community center at the Village of Ikachi. There was a small crowd of local people there who very politely greeted us. I turned to look at the monument that they had erected honoring my crew and saw a sign in large red letters:

"Dr. T. C. Cartwright Welcome to Ikachi."

After shaking hands around we were escorted a short walking distance to the site where the Lonesome Lady crashed. A number of men wanted to tell me all of the details such as where the engine came loose and crashed through a shack, where a wing cata-

pulted to the next field, etc. All of this was very interesting to me. After this short excursion we all sat in front of the Center for a few sort speeches, and traditional tea. I then read my Open Letter to the People of Ikachi.

*My name is Tom Cartwright and I was the pilot of the Lonesome Lady, a U.S. B-24 Bomber that crashed at your village on July 28, 1945. Having parachuted before the crash, my copilot, Lt. Durden Looper, and I were taken prisoners here. I am privileged to be welcomed back to your village. Could anyone have imagined in 1945 my returning here, welcomed in peace?*

*You may not be aware that, in retrospect, I feel fortunate that our fateful mission, after our plane was damaged beyond continued flight, it brought us to your community. We were at war with one another and we represented the enemy. Except for our Navigator, Lt. Roy Pedersen, whose parachute failed to open, our entire crew survived heavy anti-aircraft fire, parachuting out of a burning plane, and being captured in enemy territory. None of us was seriously maltreated. I am fortunate that the Lonesome Lady, damaged and uncontrollable, flew toward this area and maintained sufficient altitude for me to bail out in your community. After I retired the one thing that I most wanted to do was to return to this village.*

*I wanted to return because of a longing in my heart to see the crash site and where I was captured. I was overwhelmed to learn that you erected a monument as a memorial to those killed in the war and specifically recognized "the Dreadful Accident" of the Lonesome Lady listing the seven airmen of her crew who died and stating that, "These soldiers gave their lives for their country." The character of this community is embodied, I believe, in the above and in the following inscription on the monument:*

*Appreciating today's peace we erect this monument.*

*We heartily hope that happiness will continue forever, from father to son, from son to son.*

*I am pleased that my son joined us so that, as the inscription admonishes, the next generation will take notice and remember. We are honored to be your guests, have a chance to meet you, thank you in person, and to pay homage to our fallen comrades at this most appropriate place by your historic monument.*

*Respectively,  
Thomas C. Cartwright*

After the ceremonies a lady came up to me and gave me a piece of paper on which she had written the following:

"It was hot in Summer vacation afternoon. I felt like war was coming to an end even ones child heart. Suddenly one bomber crashing under fire and disappeared western over the hill. What happened! cried my mother. I saw that moment when I was 6 years old. I never forget that moment, but you still alive in front of me I cant believe. In those days we ate grass and leaves of trees. After a while Japan was defeated by the United States. There was a lot of different cind of sacrifice each other [both sides]. I am thinking that if we had been defeated by the U.S.S.R. we would not live. Thank you United States finally. We pray the partnership between the U.S. and Japan will last forever."

## REFLECTIONS

After this trip I felt comfortable about coping with memories confronted at Hiroshima. Our itinerary included only Japanese who were friendly. The fact that the documentary of our visit made by NHK was shown twice in the Hiroshima area and once nationally was an indication of general interest in Japan.

My return to memories in Japan also reinforced two old resentments. One was the failure of our highest officials, even up to the Commander in Chief, for not reporting, recognizing or admitting that American POWs were killed by our atomic bomb in Hiroshima. This negligence, or cover-up for whatever reasons, was a great disservice to the families of the POWs and to the American people.

Another event that I resent is that the highest military officials in the Pacific theatre ordered Air Force and Naval air strikes to bomb the Japanese Naval fleet anchored and stuck inoperative in the Japanese Inland Sea, especially knowing about the extremely heavy anti-aircraft firepower from both anchored ships and shore installations. The incentive for ordering missions to attack these targets, which were known to be costly of lives, appears, from the evidence, to have been based more on the egos of commanding officers than on strategically important purposes.

Our crew was always loyal and carried out orders without question. We were proud to be Americans in the Air Force and probably had the best, most considerate officers of any armed force. I just feel that mistakes were made and that it is appropriate to record them.

Although we did not meet any Japanese who were openly hostile to us as visitors coming to Japan to open old wartime memories, there are no doubt Japanese who hold hostile feelings. Also, even though our small group came in peace with an open mind, there are Americans, especially those who were badly mistreated and brutalized, and the families of POWs who were executed, who will never forgive the Japanese for their atrocities.

I do not presume to suggest that these people should be forgiving or attempt to convert them. I only wish to convey that we met Japanese who have given a great deal of effort to finding and recording the correct history of WWII and, more importantly, having it taught to the current and future generations of Japanese.

During my return trip to Japan reporters would ask me, often while standing beside a memorial dedicated to my comrades just after seeing it for the first time, "What are your feelings now?" There was no way that I could express feelings of gratitude while mixed with memories hoarded for fifty-five years. I would try to say something appropriate, but always felt that it was inadequate. Now trying to summarize "how I feel now," I still feel inadequate. I had never thought that I would be invited to a guided tour of places in Hiroshima and Ikachi of historical interest to me plus new monuments created as memorials to my comrades. Also I had never thought that I would have Japanese friends with whom I would correspond and share thoughts. Even though my visit to Japan did not result in total "closure" of my feelings about the fate of my crew, I did feel more comfortable about many things including making new friends in Japan.

# The Barrier Canyon Expedition. 1940

by Barry Scholl

Horseshoe Canyon, also known as Barrier Canyon, is a cliff-walled gorge that winds north to the Green River from highlands in the Orange Cliffs. Its head is in Robbers Roost, and the gorge once served as an escape route for the cowboy-outlaws of the Wild Bunch. Under walls that loom 300-500 feet above the canyon floor, the area also once provided refuge to the Fremont and Desert Archaic Indians who hunted and gathered here.

But Horseshoe Canyon, now a unit of Canyonlands National Park, is best-known for containing some of the nation's most stunning rock-art panels, including the incomparable Great Gallery. Only half a century ago, back before this country got discovered (some would say "overrun"), Horseshoe Canyon and its rock art were little-known. It took an unlikely group of artists, their rancher guide (whose total budget for provisions was \$85), and the federal government's Works Progress Administration to introduce the "nonpareil" pictographs of Horseshoe Canyon to the general public.

"My first reaction to the Great Gallery was that it was damned big," recalls 87-year-old artist Elzy J. Bird, the leader of the 1940 WPA expedition. "I had agreed to reproduce it, but when I saw the site, I was almost overwhelmed. It seemed like it was miles and miles long."

With help from a corps of artists, Bird did reproduce the murals. The reproduction, stitched together from lengths of heavy-duty canvas, debuted at the Museum of Modern Art in 1941. Today, the two parts of the Barrier Canyon mural hang in the Museum of Natural History at the University of Utah and the Prehistoric Museum at the College of Eastern Utah in Price. How the mural ended up back in Utah, after stays in New York and Denver, is an interesting story in itself, but the core of our tale is how it was created in the first place.



## The Fabric of History

A Utah native, Elzy J. Bird had grown up sketching and painting on his family farm in northern Utah. After graduating from high school, he studied with artist J.T. Harwood at the University of Utah for two years in the late 1920s, until the deepening trough of the Great Depression forced him to quit college.

In 1933, he landed a temporary job in Los Angeles as an animator at Walt Disney studios, where he contributed to the "Silly Symphony" animated shorts. For the munificent sum of \$17.50 a week, Bird got valuable experience in animation, perspective and life drawing, not to mention working as part of a team. He also had the opportunity to rub elbows with the company's founder, Walt Disney himself.

But within a period of months, Bird's position with Disney ran out. He returned to Salt Lake City with his wife, Nan. They survived on her fellowship at the U. of U. and the occasional sale of one of his watercolors.

The Works Progress Administration (WPA) was organized in Utah in 1935. Bird became the Fine Arts Project's director the following year. For the next five years, until he entered the military, he produced and oversaw the creation of easel and mural paintings for public institutions across the state, including the panels in Horseshoe Canyon.

## Assembling a Team

With the capable assistance of artist Lynn Fausett, who was to be in charge of assembling the photos and sketches, Bird assembled a team of six assistant painters and a photographer to undertake the project. In his 1975 master's thesis on Fausett, Don Hague, director emeritus of the U. of U. Museum of Natural History, explicated the project.

As part of his duties with the WPA, Bird was also in charge of a unit of the Index of American Design, an arm of the WPA devoted to compiling "a nation-wide pictorial survey of design in the American decorative, useful and folks arts from their inception to about 1890." Although Hague points out that Indian Art was not a direct concern of the WPA, the Barrier Canyon mural was justified because it was being jointly sponsored with the Indian Arts and Crafts Board—and, equally important, it would provide artists with work when jobs of any kind were exceptionally scarce.

Although he had "no idea where Barrier Canyon was," until he consulted a map, Bird agreed without hesitation to take the job on. In a letter to the late Dean Brimhall, one of Utah's most respected rock-art researchers, Bird recounted the genesis of the project:

"In the spring of 1940, I had a letter from Rene D'Harnoncourt, who at that time was head of the Indian Arts and Crafts Board of the Department of the Interior. He enclosed several black-and-white photographs, and written information on a panel of Indian

paintings in Barrier Canyon. These had been loaned to him by the Peabody Museum as an example of one of the finest groups of pictures painted by the ancient Indians, as yet discovered in America. He wanted to know if we, as a project, could reproduce this as a mural to form a part of an exhibition he was planning for the Museum of Modern Art in New York. He also stated...that the Peabody Museum people had been in the Barrier Canyon area and had been guided there by a rancher from Green River, Utah, by the name of Lee Tidwell and he agreed to take us into the canyon. The exploratory trip was made, as I remember, in the early part of July, 1940. Besides myself, there were four in our party, Carling Malouf from the Anthropology Department, University of Utah, Bob Jones, our photographer, and Clark Tyler from the Writer's Project. He [Tidwell] told us how to find the pictures, etc., and left us there...for most of a week. We saw the panel we were to paint, took pictures in both black-and-white and color, and explored the canyon.

Tidwell picked us up and returned us to Green River when and as he had agreed."

When they returned to Salt Lake, they were all relieved to be back within sight of soap and water, according to Bird. The group busied themselves planning for their return. At this point, Lynn Fausett was forced to drop out after undergoing emergency hernia surgery. The final crew included Kenneth Disher from the Indian Arts and Crafts Board, as well as artists Henry Rasmussen, Frank Mace, Frank Maurer, and Ray Tolman. Eldon Allen did double-duty as an artist and cook. Bob Jones served as photographer, and Bird oversaw the group. Once again, Lee Tidwell guided the party.

In his monogram, *Barrier Canyon Remembered*, Bob Jones recalled their second trip in: "As we left the highway

a few miles west of Greenriver, Lee signaled a left turn and motioned us forward. We careened off into nothingness. It was a barren, arid, desolate landscape as far as the eye could see. There was no visible trail...[a]n occasional clump of sagebrush or tumbleweed completed the ghostly, surreal scene."

After camping on the rim above the canyon their first night in, the group began their descent. The trail was narrow and frightening, but they made it down without incident. Ladders and measuring poles that were too awkward for the horses to carry were packed down by hand.

**Only half a century ago, back before this country got discovered (some would say "overrun"), Horseshoe Canyon and its rock art were little-known. It took an unlikely group of artists, their rancher guide (whose total budget for provisions was \$85), and the federal government's Works Progress Administration to introduce the "nonpareil" pictographs of Horseshoe Canyon to the general public.**

Once camp was set up near the mural, they began preparing the site. The artists marked the base of the paintings at one-foot intervals with white chalk [something that would never, ever be done today—even in the name of research, especially in the name of research.] Bamboo poles were then erected against the cliffs. The poles were marked at one-foot increments, giving the artists a quick guide, both vertically and horizontally.

Several of the artists began creating a master sketch to scale in watercolor. Those not working on the sketch steadied ladders, held bamboo poles, or did detailed drawings of the smaller figures. Jones, meanwhile, photographed the entire surface with a 4x5 Speed Graphic camera, with the vertical poles held in place for scale. The group had to work fast. With a tight deadline hanging over them, there was no time to waste. Still, the participants recalled that evenings were a time for fun around the campfire. Eldon Allen played guitar and taught others x-rated versions of well-known cowboy songs. Tidwell told stories of earlier visitors, including oil-exploration geologists, representatives of the Harvard Peabody Museum, and members of Butch Cassidy's gang.

## Meanwhile, Back in the Studio

Back in Salt Lake City, the group reconvened in a vacant building at 222 S. West

Temple Street. The location was ideal for their needs, with open spaces, high ceilings and streams of natural light. With funding from the Indian Arts and Crafts Board, they purchased lengths of duck canvas and sewed it together on heavy-duty machines. The fabric was then stretched over wooden frames and covered with white tempera. The group divided the canvas into two sections, one 40 feet long, the other about 25 feet. Each section was 12.5 feet high.

Lynn Fausett, by now recovered from the surgery that had prevented him from going out into the field, marked the canvas into one-foot grid lines, and with help from the reference drawings and photos, blocked out the mural to scale with charcoal. Then the artists came in and started painting. It was done over a "half-chalk ground," or combination of half chalk and half linseed oil. This provided a flexible base because the mural would need to be rolled and shipped before it was permanently mounted.

The group worked around the clock and managed to meet their November shipping deadline. The Barrier (Horseshoe) Canyon mural made its debut in January 1941, at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, as part of the largest exhibition of American Indian arts and crafts ever assembled. After its showing in New York, the canvas was shipped to Denver, where it was stored during World War II. It finally returned to Utah in 1967.

Following some shrewd horse-trading on the part of Don Hague, then an employee of the Utah Museum of Natural History, and others, the Denver Art Museum, which had cognizance over the mural, agreed to return it to the University of Utah in exchange for \$5,000 worth of materials from the collection of the U. of U. Anthropology Department. Ownership was transferred to the U. of U. Museum of Natural History in 1973.



**Looking Back over the Years**

Elzy Bird, who is retired and living in a Salt Lake City suburb, looks back on the Barrier Canyon experience with enthusiasm: "For a city boy like me to go out and see that country for the first time was quite an experience," he reflects. "I thought the art, in many cases was very sophisticated. "It looked like there'd been a lot of thought given to the pictographs," he continues. "Like the ones with the little figures on their shoulders and the design both painted and pecked on the face. You wonder how they ever did it with the materials they had on hand. You wondered how in the hell they got so high up on the cliff face and how they went about painting them." He pauses and looks reflective. "I thought it was one of the real achievements of the [WPA] art program that we were capable of doing it. When you're young and strong enough to do those things, you should do it. I'm glad that I got introduced to that country, and that I got to go back again and again. It was a great experience, a thing I'll always remember."

*Special thanks to Don Hague and Elzy Bird for their assistance.*




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# APRIL/MAY 2016...THE ZEPHYR BACKBONE

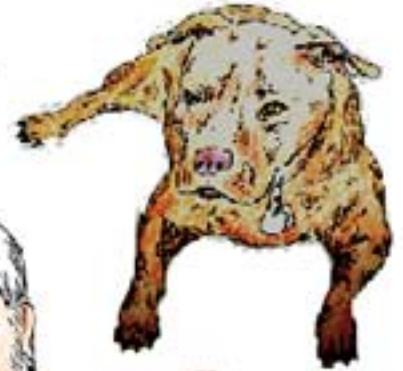
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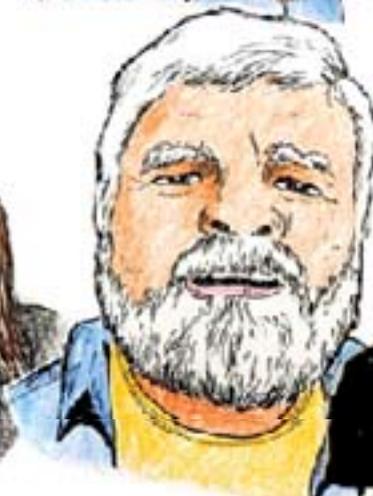
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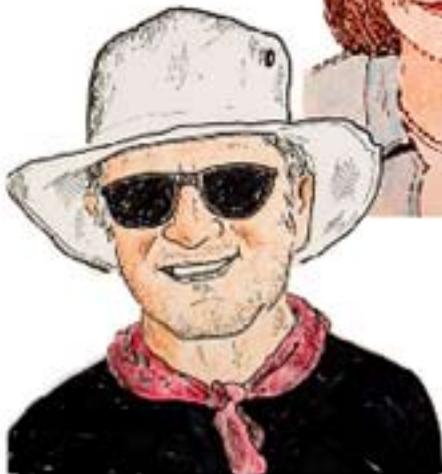
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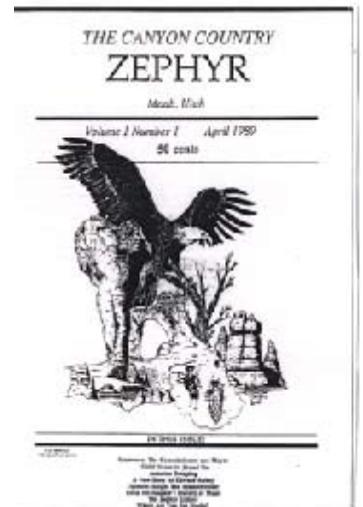
*who, each issue, manages to move The Zephyr into cyber-space, without causing the editor to have a nervous breakdown.*



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.



# REMEMBERING A TIME WHEN THE TRUTH MATTERED EDWARD ABBEY & WENDELL BERRY

FROM EARTH FIRST! & THE ZEPHYR ARCHIVES...INTRODUCTION BY DOUG MEYER

*From a 1988 'debate' in the EARTH FIRST! JOURNAL*

INTRODUCTION by DOUG MEYER

*What does this quarter-century old debate from US environmental history tell us? Very simply, honest environmentalism would have played only one role: that of counter-cultural force to the USA.*

*Edward Abbey reminds us that we abandoned the idea of true wilderness. Certainly no highly-regarded environmentalist today would dare express a philosophy founded on the rights of the non-human world leading to a misanthropic view of a civilization which by definition is unable to value those rights. So is it any wonder that wilderness as biodiversity reserves hasn't become the operative principle? And though never admitted by environmentalists, wilderness was seen broadly as in fact a human-centered recreational cause. This led to the attack on the language of the 1964 Wilderness Act, exposing it as a naïve white-man's view of a "pristine" continent.*

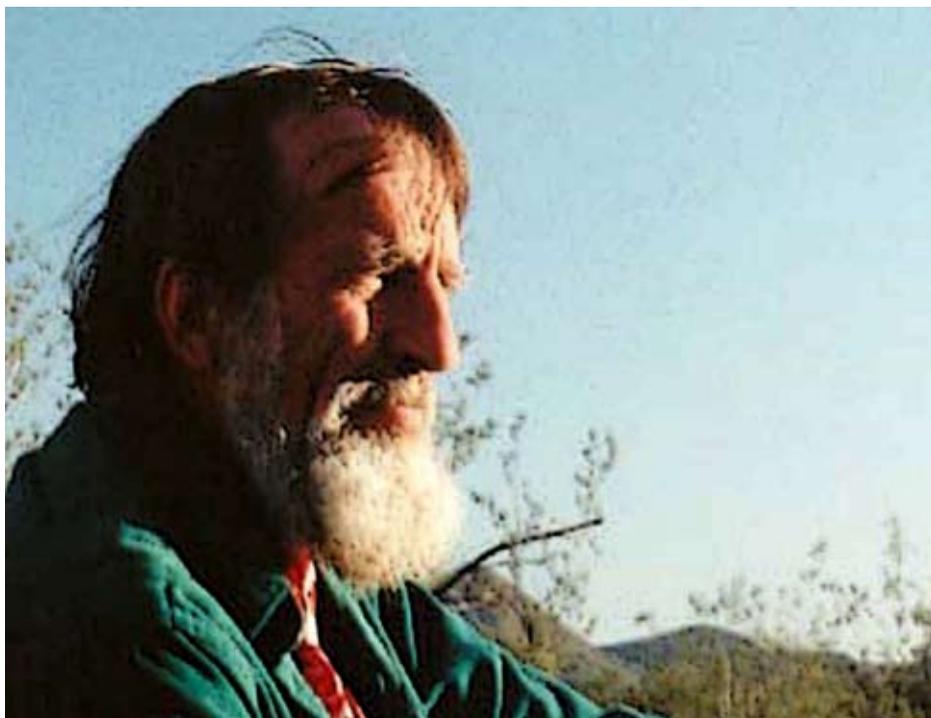
*Wendell Berry reminds us of our inability to express radical thoughts. In "Preserving Wildness," he wrote that while supporting maximum wilderness designation, he was also pointing out, "as the Reagan administration has done, that the wildernesses we are trying to preserve are standing squarely in the way of our present economy, and that the wildernesses cannot survive if our economy does not change." (Hint: he wasn't talking about wind farms and solar panels.) Most failed at deducing the obvious. If enviros had properly understood their highest goals as being antithetical to the USA, they would have plotted for its downfall. Instead, the professionals made themselves a tool of the oligarchy.*

*It's very late in the game now; society is circling the wagons and can't handle this kind of brutal criticism anymore. Though I think Abbey and Berry were somewhat unfair to each other's positions here, neither was unfair to the bigger truth. I guess all we can do now is smirk at the Good News of the USA's long predicted demise.*

*Sincere thanks to Earth First! for permission to republish.*

-Doug Meyer

## Stewardship Versus Wilderness By Edward Abbey



**Not only do [non-human life forms] compete with our instinctive urge to humanize everything, they also create annoying intellectual problems for theologians and technocrats – for all those who still believe that humans really are the center of the universe, the primary object of Creation's solicitude. Vanity, vanity, thy name is humanism.**

HOME ECONOMICS; Wendell Berry; North Point Press, San Francisco; 1987; 192pp.; \$20 hardcover.

Most of this book is so good that one hesitates to criticize any of it. In this collection of essays on such topics as farming, marriage, home defense and national defense, nature and human nature, Wendell Berry as always "stands for what he stands on" – the earth. He is in my opinion the best serious essayist at work in the United States; and his poetry and fiction are equally deserving of respect, admiration, and most of all more readers.

Much as I like this book, however, it contains one essay which troubles me. In "Pre-

serving Wildness," Berry attempts to defend the prevailing notion, characteristic of our homocentric culture, that "stewardship" (or "wise management") is an adequate solution to our social ills; furthermore, he argues, the tragedy of human population should be seen as a problem not of numbers but of the proper distribution of human settlement over the planet.

Mr. Berry's essay begins with an attack on the notion that the biosphere is an egalitarian system, wherein each species has as much right to continue to exist as any other. In its place he offers the old formula of "stewardship," by which the earth and everything on it is to be managed for maximum human benefit, whatever the cost to other forms of life.

This anthropocentric or homocentric view is of course the prevailing one in our society and in all human societies of the last 5000 years. In placing himself "in the middle" on this point of controversy Berry gains plenty of company – the overwhelming majority of the earth's five billion inhabitants. But he also risks getting lost in the crowd.

The trouble with the concept of "stewardship" is that the stewards tend to think they have the God-given right to exercise domination over the entire planet. If confined to a restricted portion of the earth's land surface, say about 50%, it might be acceptable, but human vanity is never content with limits. That is why we need extensive regions of true wilderness, free of permanent human habitation and human development. Other-

**So long as human numbers continue to grow,  
there is little hope that we can save what  
wilderness remains in America.**

wise our national parks are soon reduced to the status of playgrounds and zoos and our national forests to tree farms, strip mines, and beef-industry pasturage.

Stewardship is not good enough. The US Forest Service practices stewardship. So does the Bureau of Land Management. So does most of our agricultural industry. The results are plain to see: the destruction of wildlife, pollution of land and air and water, encouragement of population increase and industrial expansion, and the gradual degradation of life, including human life, to the role of raw material for the technological culture.

Berry maintains that we have no choice but to use nature. A half truth: we are compelled, as creatures of evolution, to make use of enough of the natural world to sustain our own existence. We too have a right to be here. But only human greed and humanistic arrogance require that all of nature be subordinated to our desires. We retain the option of allowing at least a part of the world to go on in its own fashion without human meddling, whether called "stewardship" or "multiple use" or "scientific management." The fact that humans – or more exactly, human cultural institutions – now possess the power to control, manage, exploit or colonize every nook and cranny of the natural world does not give us the moral right, even less the obligation, to do so. On the contrary, our immense powers, combined with our belief in rationality and justice, oblige us to tolerate the pre-human and the non-human, to refrain from interfering, to keep our hands off. This is the essence of the wilderness ideal. It is indeed a moral issue, which is why we must teach ourselves to transcend the antique Hebraic superstition that God – or whatever – created the world solely for the pleasures and appetites of the human animal. Let being be.

One look at a mountain lion, or a great white shark, or a snail darter, or a centipede, should suffice to convince even the most obtuse that the world is infinitely more complex and mysterious than merely human desires can explain. The continued existence of these beings – animals and rocks that serve no human purpose – is of course a source of vast resentment to the majority of humankind. Not only do they compete with our instinctive urge to humanize everything, they also create annoying intellectual problems for theologians and technocrats – for all those who still believe that humans really are the center of the universe, the primary object of Creation's solicitude. Vanity, vanity, thy name is humanism. (Whether Christian or Marxist.)

Certainly we should make wise use of what we must use. But we do not need to hog the whole nation, the entire planet, and then going beyond even that lustful goal, cast covetous eyes and reach out grasping hands toward the moon and other planets. Enough is enough. It is our greedy, expansionistic, industrializing culture, not human nature, which makes monsters of homo sapiens.

Not greed but need, they cry – there are so many of us!

How true. So long as human numbers continue to grow, there is little hope that we can save what wilderness remains in America. Even less hope that we can advance toward a true democratic society of independent freeholders, as Berry fondly imagines, as Jefferson once dreamed of. Still less hope that we could regain the relative paradise of an economy based on hunting, fishing, gathering, with space enough and time enough for all. The population of America has doubled in my lifetime, from 120 million to 240 million, plus who knows how many uncounted aliens hiding in our cities. Unless the population of our country is gradually reduced, through natural attrition, to some optimum figure like 50 million, there is no chance that our democratic ideals can ever be achieved. In the contemporary world, democracy – meaning not merely political participation but a fair share in the ownership and control of wealth for every citizen – remains a fantasy. A fading, receding dream.

It is for reasons such as these that I find Berry's position on the question of population

to be inexplicable. There is a hidden premise in his argument which he is not revealing to us. If he thinks 240 million is not too many, how about 250 million? 300 million? How many do we have to accommodate on our finite land before he will agree that we have reached the point of diminishing returns?

He cannot dismiss the matter by speculating on the possibility of genocide, the deliberate extermination of “unemployables” and “underclasses.” That is a false alternative. The decent, simple, and perfectly fair means for controlling population size in our country are easily available: economic incentives: A revision of the tax system so as to reward single people and childless couples and to penalize those who breed more than, say, two children per family, combined with a system of economic rewards for those who voluntarily agree to some form of reproductive sterilization. We already require a license to drive a car; how much more sensible to require a license for baby production, combined with a stiff tax on motherhood. Most people in our lunatic society are not qualified to beget and raise children anyhow: look about you. Of all American freedoms, the privilege to breed is the one most grossly abused. And the abuse is carried on at public expense, based in turn on the continuing abuse and pillage of our diminishing natural resource base.

On this point, the American public, as always, is far ahead of our cultural institutions, our so-called leaders, and our deep thinkers. Most American women are content with no more than two children apiece; the real cause of our continued population increase is not ignorance but uncontrolled immigration. If immigration were curtailed, as most of our citizens would like it to be, we could soon stabilize the national population and begin a serious reform of our malformed social, economic, and political institutions. But the powerful do not want this; the manic ideology of “Growth” is based upon never-ending population increase; the conservatives love their cheap labor, the liberals love their cheap cause, and the great techno-industrial megamachine requires a never-ending supply of its essential raw material – bodies – in order to justify its expansionist logic.

And the world continues to shrink. Human life becomes ever more debased – here and everywhere. Crowding is accepted as the norm, queues become commonplace, the roar of the traffic grows louder, and the value of the individual life is steadily cheapened as the total number of human lives is steadily compounded.

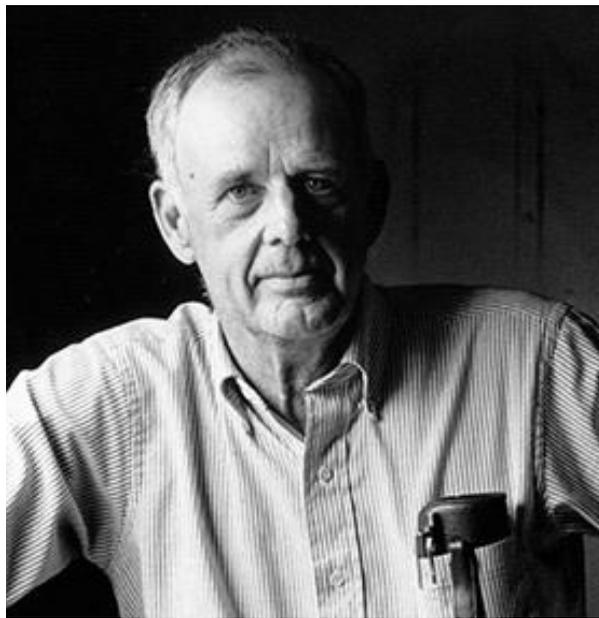
That is where the philosophy, or rather the religion – it hardly deserves the name philosophy – this is where the religion of human vanity, of man as the center of all things, has brought us.

Mr. Berry asks us to respect the human species. But respect has to be earned. I respect my friends, I love the members of my family – most of them – but somehow I cannot generate much respect, love or even sympathy for the human race as a whole. This mob of five billion now swarming over the planet, like ants on an anthill, somehow does not inspire any emotion but one of visceral repugnance. The fact that I am a part of this plague gives me no pride.

Indeed, there are too many of us. Man has become a pest. For the dignity and decency of all, we must reduce our numbers to a sane, rational, humane and human level. Otherwise we are no better than rabbits, or fruit flies, or bacteria in a culture bouillon, and deserve a similar fate, the natural fate of any animal which outbreeds the carrying capacity of its range. As individuals we seem capable of common sense, of reason, of sympathy for others, but as a race, as a species, we have yet to prove that we can behave any better than tent caterpillars devouring the tree which supports them.

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## My Answer to Edward Abbey By Wendell Berry



I don't recognize my essay, “Preserving Wildness,” in Edward Abbey's description of it. Certainly, I have never written a word to suggest “that all of nature be subordinated to our desires.” Nor have I ever recommended that we should “hog the whole nation, the entire planet, and then ... the moon and the other planets.” Indeed I have spent the greater part of my life in opposing such subordination and hoggishness.

About half of Mr. Abbey's quarrel with me has to do with his misunderstanding of the word ‘stewardship,’ which, he says, means that “the earth and everything on it is to be managed for maximum human benefit, whatever the cost to other forms

of life.” He associates it with “the antique Hebraic superstition that God – or whatever – created the world solely for the pleasures and appetites of the human animal.” And he claims that it is practiced by the US Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management. There are several things wrong with this.

**[W]ilderness preservation is not adequate to the preservation either of wildness or of wilderness... if we do not come to better ways of using the parts of the world that we use, we will inevitably destroy all of it, the wilderness included.**

A steward is someone who takes care of property belonging to someone else. A steward, therefore, cannot manage property for his or her own benefit, maximum or otherwise. According to “the antique Hebraic superstition” to which Mr. Abbey refers, the someone else whose earthly property human stewards are to take care of is God, who

made the world for His pleasure (see, for instance, Genesis 1 and Revelation 4:11), and who has retained title to the whole of it; nowhere in the Bible are humans given any part of the earth to do with as they please. Moreover, God is not represented as an absentee landlord, but as an active participant in the lives of His creatures – or, more accurately, their lives are understood as participating in His life: “The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.” (Psalm 104:21) To be sure, Adam is given “dominion” over “every living thing” in Genesis 1:28; but this gift is strictly (and dangerously) conditional. There is nothing in the Bible to suggest that “dominion” means the right to use to excess or to misuse anything whatsoever.

I see no inconsistency between this idea of stewardship and the idea of wilderness preservation. Indeed this idea of stewardship seems to me to require wilderness preservation of the same sort advocated by Mr. Abbey. To look to government bureaus to for an understanding of stewardship is to look in the wrong place.

I do not believe, of course, that the biblical idea of stewardship is the only ideal applicable to conservation issues. But it is applicable, and (if taken seriously) it is adequate. It has, moreover, the value of belonging intimately to our language and cultural tradition. I would be happy to see it acknowledged by the religious organizations, which mainly ignore it.

Mr. Abbey's review would lead readers to believe that my essay opposes wilderness preservation. In fact, I have always been a friend to that cause. The essay to which Mr. Abbey objects contains a lengthy passage on the need to preserve wilderness, in support of which I quoted Mr. Abbey himself. How much of the remaining wilderness should be preserved? All of it, I would wish. I would not willingly part with any of it. On this issue I have always agreed with Mr. Abbey.

Mr. Abbey ignored what I wrote about preserving wilderness, I suppose, because I also argued in my essay that wilderness preservation is not adequate to the preservation either of wildness or of wilderness; I said that if we do not come to better ways of using the parts of the world that we use, we will inevitably destroy all of it, the wilderness included. To me, this is merely obvious. In my part of the country, anyhow, we cannot have any considerable acreage of wilderness merely by preserving old growth woodland. Most of that is long gone. If we are to have wildernesses – and I hope that we will have them, large and small – we will have to grow them. We will have to learn to befriend thickets in honor of what they may become in 200 years. And this will require us to alter profoundly our understanding of farming and forestry, as arts and as economies.

**The conclusion that there are “too many people” in the US is premature, I think, because we have not dealt at all with the issue of use. I do not mean simply the issue of how much to use, but also the issue of how to use.**

**If we reduced our population to 50 million and still refused to curb our technological ambitions and our greed, then we would still have “too many people.”**

But the issues of use and preservation are more closely connected even than that. Wildernesses cannot be preserved indefinitely by fencing out their would-be destroyers who, in the meantime, wreck the countryside elsewhere. It seems to me that an interest in wilderness preservation implies a need to interest oneself in the best ways of using the land that must be used – timber management, logging, the manufacture of wood products, farming, food processing, mining. The respect that preserves wilderness might have as one of its proper sources, and one of its surest safeguards, a respectful and skillful kindness towards land in use.

A reader who read Mr. Abbey's review without reading my book [*Home Economics*] might also conclude that I advocate overpopulation. Here, I think, I had better quote myself. On page 149, I wrote: “I would argue that, at least for us in the United States, the conclusion that ‘there are too many people’ is premature, not because I know that there are not too many people, but because I do not think we are prepared to come to such a conclusion.” (That is a straightforward and reasonable statement. Mr. Abbey accuses me of arguing from “a hidden premise.” I think he suspects me of being a Catholic.)

The conclusion that there are “too many people” in the US is premature, I think, because we have not dealt at all with the issue of use. I do not mean simply the issue of how much to use, but also the issue of how to use. If we reduced our population to 50 million and still refused to curb our technological ambitions and our greed, then we would still have “too many people.”

The conclusion is premature also because we are not talking about the problem with the proper respect for human beings and human nature. “Birth control,” so far, is an extremely crude industrial invasion of the human body, exactly parallel to industrial invasions of our forests and farmlands. It has been extremely lucrative to a few at the cost of damage and diminishment to many. Birth control, divorced from sexual responsibility, is the internal equivalent of clearcutting or stripmining, and is sponsored by the same kind of mind.

I believe that I understand Mr. Abbey's misanthropy; I think I share his exasperation and resentment; I too long to preserve the possibility of solitary quiet in places wild and unbothered. But I don't think that misanthropy is a solution, or that it can lead to a solution. Of course it is hard to love people who are not our friends and relatives, but imagination informs us that everybody is somebody's friend or relative. Of course human history is a sorry spectacle, not the least bit improved in our time, but the same history informs us that some humans have been splendid and that many have been decent. For those reasons, humans have a right to exist that is respectable. I don't believe that we can preserve ourselves or our world by belittling ourselves.

Mr. Abbey begins his review with an extremely generous compliment to me and my work. This little rejoinder has by no means carried me beyond my gratitude for that – or for his work, which is an indispensable source of delight, instruction, and comfort to me. In spite of the differences that are the subjects of this exchange, I will continue to think of myself as his ally and friend.

*Wendell Berry is one of the most highly regarded writers in the US. Along with this, he shares with Ed Abbey the distinction of being one of the dwindling number of writers who eschew the computer in favor of the typewriter.*

# VLACHOS' VIEWS

America through the lens of PAUL VLACHOS

The theme for this month is "Big Signs." Of course, is a theme ever needed? And, in fact, if we step back a bit, isn't it always the same theme with me? You could say that the grand theme is me driving around, escaping my life, and finding stuff out on the Great American Road that I like. If that's facile, so be it. But I do have sub-themes, and the stuff that I like usually organizes itself nicely into little subsets without me having to even think about it. I like signs, I like old motels, I like corrugated metal buildings, to name just a few subsets. Laundromats, car washes, tire repair shops. I have always been a bit dim when it comes to grand themes, abstract ideas, and organizing logic, so I hesitate to try to gather all of this stuff under one big schema. It may be as simple as what I first said: it's all stuff I find out on the road or when I'm driving around, and this is what makes me happy. I should have shut up when I was ahead. The theme for this month is "Big Signs."

## 1. Arizona - 2012

I used to be unable to pass one of those "Indian Souvenir" tourist traps without going in and looking around. It's always been clear that they are full of fake stuff, but they have always held a weird psychic pull on me. I can pass them by now, but it's still hard to resist their billboards. This one is not that old - it was most likely repainted not long ago, but the message is vintage, straight out of the 1940s or 50s, at the latest. Clear, direct and to the point. It's kind of brilliant, in a way. Who wakes up in the morning and thinks "I need to get moccasins for my entire family?" Yes, who can pass this sign without at least considering the idea? I'm sure that, more than once, a mini van has pulled out of their parking lot with the entire family happily wearing their new moccasins and singing some road songs. Do families still sing songs together on the road while they roll down the highway?



## 2. Louisiana - 2012

I have not eaten meat in many years. I won't go into the reasons why, but it was just something that happened slowly. That being said, it has become increasingly difficult to resist the lure of the BBQ places down south, especially in the back country, where you can smell the smoke before you see the sign. That was not the case with this truck sign. In fact, I did not even see the actual place, or perhaps I was moving too fast to look for it. This was on old US 90 and I was trying to make time on my way back east, so all I could do was stop, run through the knee-high weeds, grab a few shots and then move on. Move on home, back east, where the BBQ has no pull on me. Maybe a sense of place - location, context, origin - maybe this is important when it comes to food. Maybe the pizza at a storefront in Brooklyn tastes better because it's on a corner in Brooklyn. Then again, the water has a lot to do with it and so does the grizzled old guy working that dough. Maybe Nora's Tacos, on the same US 90 in the small town of Sabinal, Texas, is so good because you eat it in the dusty parking lot? Then again, Nora is a damned good cook. She would do well anywhere. Anyway, you get my drift, right? All I'm saying is that, the next time I'm winding down one of those backroads in Alabama or Mississippi or Louisiana and I smell that smell - THAT smell - it may be hard not to go and stand in front of the menu board out front and think hard thoughts about the meaning of life.



## 3. Goldfield, Nevada - 2016

Goldfield, the little ghost town that never died. I doubt I'm the first to celebrate Goldfield or this sign. It's one of those towns you have to take in slowly because the local speed limit suddenly goes from 70 miles per hour down to 20 as soon as you hit the edge of town. It's a dramatic drop and you always get the feeling that somebody is watching you to make sure you obey the law. Not that this town screams "law and order." Far from it. You also feel as though anything could happen in Goldfield, and it probably does, but you're not likely to see it as you cruise through town at 20 miles per hour. You'd have to hang out here for at least a few days, maybe a few months. I'm sure it's not as sleepy a place as they would like the rest of us to believe.





**4. Organ, New Mexico - 2016**

This sign doesn't look that big from here, but it's big. It's just that the sky is bigger. The sign once said "Organ Mountain Lodge," and the remnants of this old travelers court are right by the side of the road, along with the hulk of a coffee shop. I'd love to find out more about what happened here, the history of this place. It's on the road from Las Cruces to Alamogordo and it's easy to just fly by without stopping, as you're on a steepening hill and the instinct is to just keep going. Of course, in this modern age of the Internet and "all information, all the time, for all people," it's easy enough to google the place. One of the first hits is the listing on eBay for a postcard that has already been sold. It shows a photo of the whole complex in the mid-60s and, on the rear of the card, is this description: "Organ Mountain Lodge is housed in an old rambling building that was a stage stop and restaurant in the days when Organ was a rip-roaring mining town in the late 1800's. Rebuilt by Geo. Chandler in 1948, this fine facility is located on Hiway 70 - 82 between Las Cruces and White Sands in New Mexico." Oh, how I miss the copy on the back of old postcards.



**5. Brooklyn, New York - 2016**

Because big signs are not limited to billboards on big highways or small towns, I include this detail - still pretty big - from a huge sign on Atlantic Avenue, in Brooklyn, New York. This sign towers over a tire repair place, and I'm not sure who "Sherita" is, but I think about her every time I drive by. New York City is losing - has already lost, actually - most of our great old signage. It's no longer "the city that never sleeps." Most lot of the late night places are dying. It's "the city that eats itself." It always has, to some degree. New York has never shied away from destroying itself in order to make itself better. Does anybody remember "we had to destroy the village in order to save it?" In the process of destroying itself, though, it seems to lose more and more of itself as time goes by. Go search for some old photos of the original Penn Station and compare them to Madison Square Garden. The only reason Sherita remains is that she has lived on this sign in Brooklyn for all these years, but I have a feeling Sherita may soon be making way for some generic, glass-walled luxury condominiums. "Progress" - the gift that keeps on killing.

PAUL VLACHOS lives in New York City



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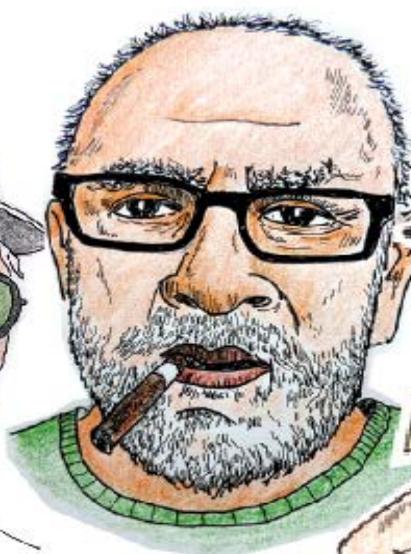
JUDY FITZGERALD  
Kirup, Australia



MICHAEL COHEN  
Reno, NV



MIKE MAROONEY  
Mexico!



ANNETTE HARLOW  
Laurel, MD  
(played by  
Carmen Miranda)



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# THE ZEPHYR BACKBONE

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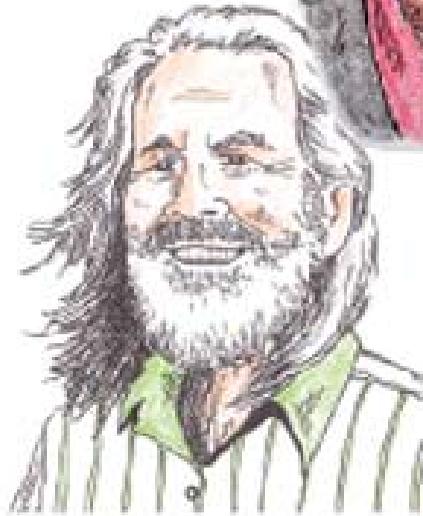


Steve Jones  
Chicago IL

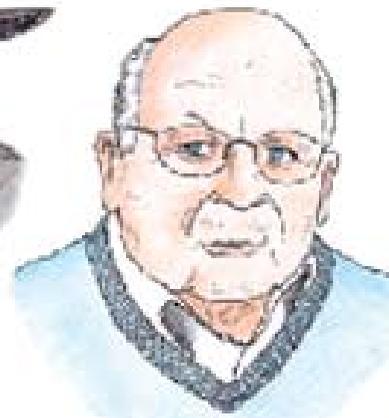
Omar Tatum  
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Jeff Nichols  
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Spearfish SD



Paul Cleary  
Tulsa OK



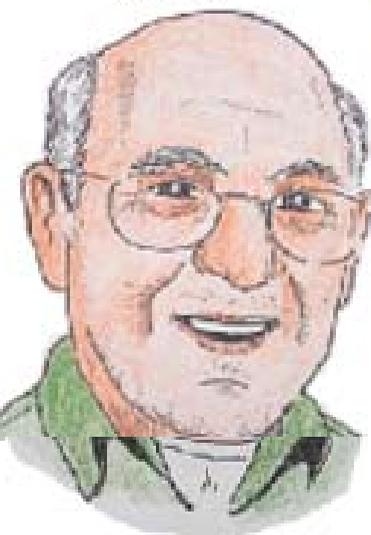
Ken Davey  
Moab, UT



Janet Murie  
Yellow Springs OH  
in memory of  
MARTIN  
MURIE



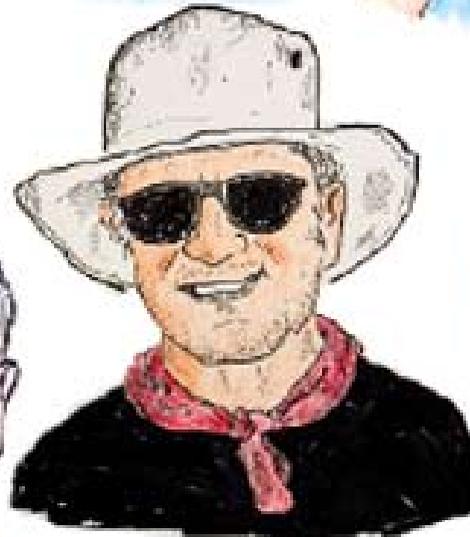
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Al Cornette  
Slade KY



Becky Dunkel &  
Dave Yarbrough



Alan Joslyn  
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# JACK HOLLEY

## The Goat Man

continued

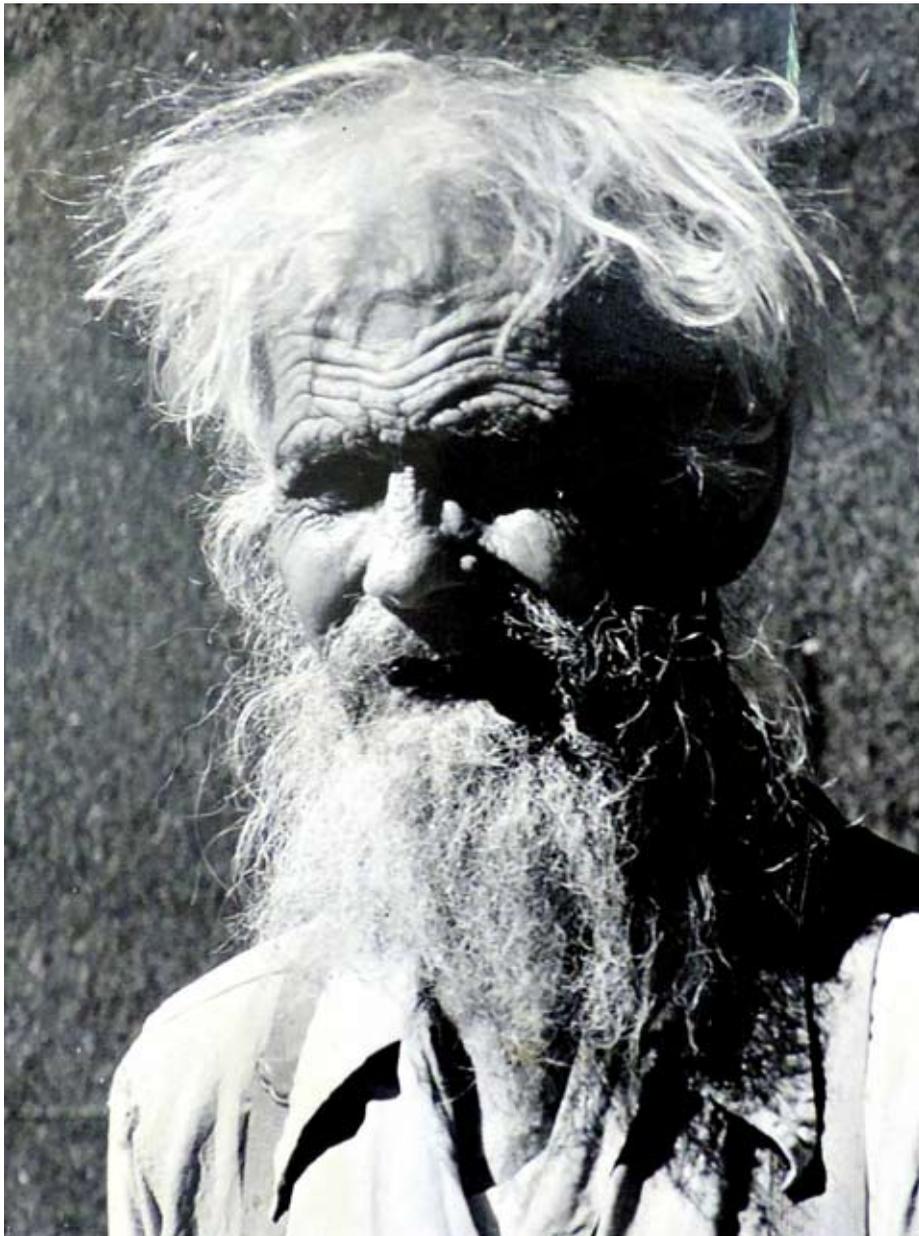
Jack Holley's dilemma.

The Utah Department of Transportation had constructed a shed to store tools and other equipment during the bridge construction; once the work was done, they had no further use for it, so they gave it to Holley. UDOT relocated the shed to the west side of the new highway, just south of the new bridge. Eventually, even a power line was strung to the front of his new home. Though it was never wired inside for electricity, at least, after twenty-five years, Jack Holley had a porch light.

\*\*\*

Lillie Keener, who was raised by her "Moab Mom and Dad," Jaunita and Troy, has many fond memories of the Goat Man's last decade in Moab. By now he was in his early 80s, but still surrounded by his goats and his dogs. Someone gave Jack a transistor radio and he played it often. Lillie remembered that "he loved coffee and smoked Camel cigarettes all his life." Though he had electricity outside, he still used coal oil for his lanterns and mostly burned wood in his old cast iron cook stove. Her dad would bring him coal in the winter.

And, according to Lillie, once a year her family was able to persuade Jack to come into town for a home-cooked meal. This dinner also marked the occasion of the Goat Man's annual bath! It was a condition Jaunita insisted on, if they were to gather together at their dining room table. There are several stories about Jack's personal hygiene habits, or the lack of them. It's said that he often invited passersby into his little shack for a cup of coffee, but the interior of his shanty was a bit...overwhelming. Those same people



rarely accepted the invitation twice, choosing instead to drink their coffee outside..

But despite his 'ripeness,' he was visited frequently. One Moab resident of the late 50s remembers that Jack offered some of his goat milk for her newborn, when the baby kept rejecting the formula.

LaRita Lemon McFarland and her family used to visit his cabin on holidays and bring him presents. Others simply remember waving as they passed by--he always waved back.

Robert Buckingham of Moab recalls, "I used to run into him in the morning run to the post-office with my Grandma Nellie. He was always very congenial and liked to talk. The

thing I remember most was his appetite for wild ragweed! He said his goats liked it as well!...He never said how he fixed it ( raw I guessed) but he would talk about all of the things that grew wild that were edible. I suppose the first vegetarian that I ever met! A man ahead of his time."

Lillie thinks he ate meat occasionally, but since he had no way of refrigerating it and little money to buy it, he lived mostly off the land. Jaunita brought him pies but he never bought meats when he made his annual trip to the grocery. For 35 years, Jack Holley stuck to his routine.

In late July 1965, Holley was 89 years old and still 'living the hermit's life.' But one night a fire broke out in his shack--most likely set by one of his smoldering Camel cigarettes--and the Goat Man was badly burned. The Moab Fire Department responded, put the fire out before it destroyed his home, and transported Jack to Allen Memorial Hospital. The Andersons soon learned of the fire and Jack's injuries and visited him often, but about two weeks after the fire, he developed pneumonia and on August 8, 1965, Jack Holley died.

Of course, he died penniless, but Jaunita Anderson was determined that Jack be remembered. According to Lillie Keener, "He would have been buried in an unmarked grave so mom took charge and had a viewing and funeral for him and buried him in our family plot. She felt he was important to the history of the community so she got his headstone with his picture and had it engraved with 'Goat Man of Moab.'

Jack didn't leave a will and didn't even own the land where he'd lived for 35 years, but nobody seemed to mind. Lillie recalled, "Mom and Dad went through his belongings when he died...collected a few mementos like some of his watches. But he really didn't have anything of value. We took one of his dogs to our house and dad gave the goats.. chickens etc to someone in Spanish Valley."

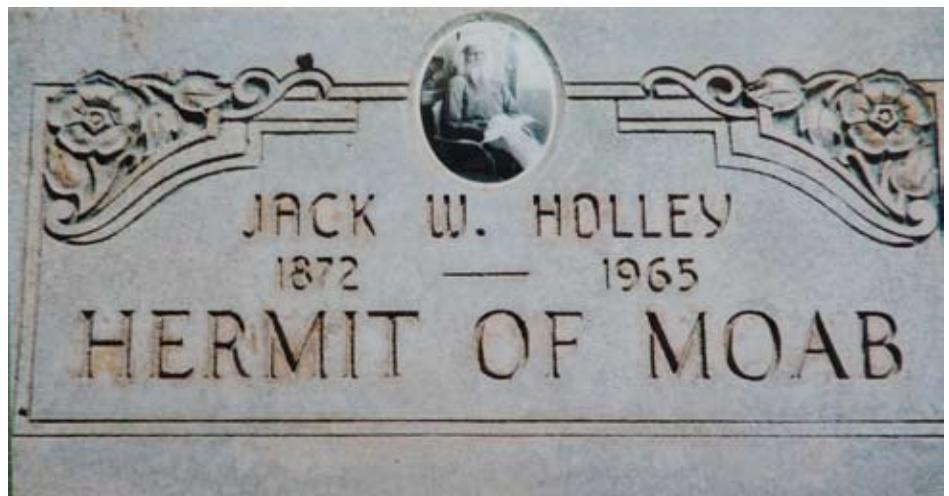
Her dad recovered a couple packs of his Camels. "That's how I know he smoked camels, because Dad kept a couple packs for years in his desk...I remember him telling me they were Mr. Holley's." And finally, they saved a photograph of Jack that somehow survived the fire. It must have been a favorite of the Goat Man's and was pinned to the wall near his bed.

### EPILOGUE...

I arrived in Moab more than a decade after The Goat Man's passing. He was a topic of conversation even then. There were stories that Jack had left behind a small fortune in gold coins and had buried his secret stash nearby. Treasure hunters scoured the area for years, hoping to strike it rich, but found nothing. The original stone cabin, the one he called home from 1930 to 1955, disappeared decades ago, though some of the original stones could still be seen. In the 1990s an aerial tram was constructed, just south of the cabin site, but never opened for business. Today it's still there, rusting and abandoned. And in 2013, construction of the Moab Transit Hub began in earnest and the rock outcropping that was, in fact, the north wall of his home, was completely removed and the entire site leveled to make way for a parking lot. No trace of Jack Holley's life by the river survives, not even the topography.

As Moab of 2016 sprints recklessly, almost uncontrollably toward an uncertain future, characterized by never ending change, constant growth, and in many cases, shameless greed, remembering people like Jack Holley and the simple life he chose to lead gives me some comfort.

Perhaps just as comforting is this--- Jack Holley was a unique character with a very alternative lifestyle. Jack was 'different,' to be sure. But those Moabites who encountered him over the span of three and a half decades not only tolerated those differences, but embraced them. And eventually even celebrated them. Today, eighty-five years after The Goat Man came to Moab, he is still remembered and loved. And missed.



*For many more images of Jack Holley, check out other pages in this PDF version and even more in the web page version.*