

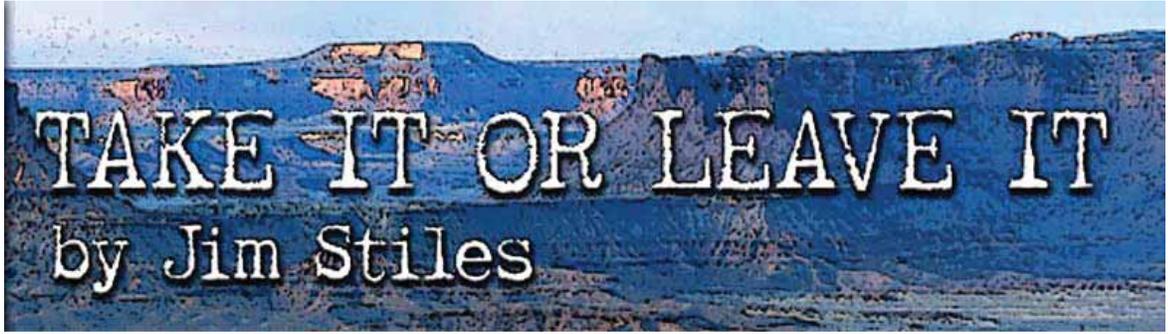


"STAY WARM...EAT A *LOT*."

HAPPY HOLIDAYS FROM YOUR FRIENDS AT
THE CANYON COUNTRY ZEPHYR

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SURVIVING 26 YEARS



cczephyr@gmail.com

**'SUSTAINABLE' MOAB---
A Reality Check**

Among many Moabites who instinctively label themselves, "progressive environmentalists," their collective vision for a better future in Southeast Utah is frequently and inextricably linked to one word--- it's almost a rallying point:

'Sustainability.'

I see the word enthusiastically bandied about and with great confidence. Several environmental organizations embrace the idea of a sustainable future for Moab and believe the path to sustainability is within their grasp.

One group wants to "build a sustainable community and teach others how to do it." It states, "We build energy-efficient housing, provide education on sustainability, and improve the housing conditions of the workforce through an affordable program."

Another non-profit, "is dedicated to facilitating an open-minded, non-partisan discussion about sustainability in Moab and Grand County Utah, and across the larger southwest region."

The Chamber of Commerce points out that their, "primary purpose...is to ensure economic success and sustainability for your business and improved quality of life for our community."

The City of Moab gets in the act as well with its "Green Power in Moab" program and claims the community is, "a leader in sustainable energy."

Moab even had its own "Sustainability Festival."

But how does Moab become the sustainable community that so many of its residents trumpet and how do they aspire to achieve that goal?

REALITY CHECK

A recent evaluation of Moab and Grand County's economy by county councilman Chris Baird is revealing. He looked at the area's two major economic drivers---Mineral Development and Tourism.---and he could not have been more optimistic

Baird told the *Times-Independent*, "In 2014, we literally quadrupled oil production from the previous high in 1993. So we're doing very well in terms of that particular industrial expansion. And recreation, at the exact same time, has been growing 10, 15, 20 percent a year, so we've been very successful. We've done what we wanted. You can plan these things out and have your cake and eat it too."

That's stunning growth, for sure, and as he notes, it's



growth that has been "planned." But does Baird's enthusiastic description of the community's booming economy sound sustainable to anyone? How does a community manage that kind of growth and convince itself it's 'sustainable'?

Baird explained, "Careful planning does require that both the recreation industry and the oil and gas industry must both make concessions. However, it seems that the concessions that we want from the oil and gas industry are being perceived as all-out opposition to the extraction economy...The reality is that careful planning has enabled record growth in both industries." (emphasis added)

Can "record growth in both industries," as a consequence of "careful planning" lead to a sustainable economy in Grand County? Is that a "reality" to boast about?

Can "record growth in both industries," as a consequence of "careful planning" lead to a sustainable economy in Grand County? Is that a "reality" to boast about?

**SEEKING 'SUSTAINABILITY'...
CONTROLLING MINERAL DEVELOPMENT...**

Efforts by the environmental community to extract "concessions" for the growth of the energy industry in Grand County were rewarded recently when the Bureau of Land Management (BLM) released its Moab Master Leasing Plan (MLP), a "guiding document" for the management and development of 785,000 acres of BLM-adminis-

tered lands in Grand County over the next 15 years.

The BLM plan offered several implementation alternatives for public review and discussion. Recently the Grand County Council, on a close 4-3 vote, supported "Alternative D." Under this option, energy development would continue in Grand County, but with some restrictions. It would prohibit extractive industries in locations with "high scenic quality, some high-use recreation areas, specially designated areas, and in other areas with sensitive resources."

Previously, Ashley Korenblat, of Public Lands Solutions, told the Moab Sun News, "We want to prohibit some resource extraction. Recreation provides long-term sustainable jobs so we don't want to accidentally wreck it by allowing resource extraction to proceed on unequal footing...We don't want to kill the goose that is laying the golden egg."



"We don't want to kill the goose that is laying the golden egg."

For Korenblat and the environmental community, implementation of Alternative D will constitute a significant victory for those seeking to protect Grand County's scenic lands from energy exploitation.

**SEEKING 'SUSTAINABILITY'...
CONTROLLING TOURISM/RECREATION?**

But what about the other part of the economy---the "Golden Egg" as Korenblat calls it. How does the environmental community plan to make tourism and recreation "sustainable" as well?

Councilman Baird speaks highly of "10, 15, 20 per cent" growth in tourism. Is that sustainable? Does anyone remember Moab's very recent past?

Last summer, national parks across the American West, and the gateway communities that benefit economically from them, saw jaw-dropping increases in visitation. No one in Moab can forget last Memorial Day Weekend, when Arches National Park closed its entrance for the first time in its almost 100 year history, because it was "FULL." Gridlock in Moab itself was staggering, with bumper-to-bumper traffic extending for miles. Moab was overwhelmed.

But it didn't just happen in Moab.

In September, the Associated Press reported shocking increases in visitation at the South Rim of the Grand Canyon, but it noted, "The crowds haven't just been coming to the Grand Canyon, where a sign ahead of the entrance gates warns of limited parking. The throngs of tourists have been showing up in big numbers at other national parks, including Yellowstone in Wyoming, Yosemite in California and Zion in Utah, driven by good weather, cheaper gas and marketing campaigns ahead of next year's National Park Service centennial."

High Country News and Eric Trenbreath described the debacle at Arches: "At the Devils Garden trailhead, 300 cars were wedged into 190 spaces, and on the road to Delicate Arch, the state of Utah's unofficial symbol, parked cars lined both sides of the road for half a mile leading up

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to the parking area."

In the HCN article, Canyonlands National Park superintendent Kate Cannon warned, "This is not the experience people expect, nor the experience we want to provide."

At Zion National Park, Superintendent Jerry Bradybaugh told HCN that record-breaking crowds were straining the Park Service staff and infrastructure to the limit. "This is not a sustainable situation," Bradybaugh said.

And yet, in Moab and Grand County and, indeed, throughout Southeast Utah, one would be pressed to detect ANY expressed concerns from the environmental/progressives about the explosive growth of recreation and tourism, or the impacts that come with them. And certainly there has been no real action.

In fact, it appears they don't believe a problem exists at all. In a recent "2015 Members/Supporters Survey," the Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance, Utah's flagship environmental organization, wrote to its members, "Your support and advocacy is crucial to our success in protecting the redrock, so please take a few minutes to give us your feedback." The first question defined the scope of the group's concerns when it asked:

"Which threats to the Red Rock worry you the most?"

Participants were given four options:

- a) Utah's Land Grab
- b) Mining & Drilling
- c) Off Road vehicle Abuse
- d) Road Proliferation (RS 2477)

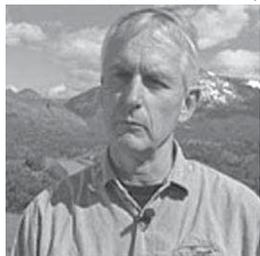
Those were the *only* options made available to the participants. While "Off Road Vehicle Abuse" is a valid concern that represents a part of the recreation and tourism industry, it in no way includes the vast, even startling impacts that we are witnessing across the West in 2015.

What happened last summer--- staggering crowds and out of control recreation... from Moab to St. George---did not warrant even a single line of "worry" from the SUWA architects who devised the survey. For them, it just wasn't a problem.

What happened last summer--- staggering crowds and out of control recreation, in park after park, on public lands across the magnificent canyon country, from Moab to St. George---did not warrant even a single line of "worry" from the SUWA architects who devised the survey. For them, it just wasn't a problem.

TOURISM/RECREATION CONCERNS--- THEN & NOW

It wasn't always like this with SUWA or their kindred spirits at the Grand Canyon Trust (GCT). Bill Hedden is the current executive director of the GCT and an active SUWA board member. In 1998, seventeen years ago, Hedden wrote:



"Throughout the region...visitation has grown by more than 400 percent since 1980. This surge of interest has coincided with a proliferation of new recreation technologies--some exotic like modern ATVs, hum-

vees, mountain bikes, climbing gear, jet skis and hangliders; and others prosaic like water filters, sunscreen and dry suits. Armed with these new toys, today's legions of visitors can exploit every niche in familiar areas and enter terrain that previously was protected by remoteness...And though it is common to blame the destruction on a small percentage of lawless visitors, my experience brings to mind the old joke that a mere 99 percent of users give a bad name to all the rest. Make no mistake--we are in this together.

"...Everywhere we looked, natural resource professionals agreed that industrial-strength recreation holds more

potential to disrupt natural processes on a broad scale than just about anything else. It's a very tough problem affecting all of us."

SUWA's executive director, Scott Groene, expressed similar alarm when he was a regular Zephyr columnist and SUWA's attorney in Moab. In the December 1993 issue, Scott would offer his own views when he wrote:

"Abiogenesis (the natural process by which life arose from non-living matter such as simple organic compounds) does not cause Moab tourism. People are drawn here by advertising, guidebooks, and publicity created through travel films, newspaper features, outdoor magazines and the like. And because of the large numbers of people being drawn to the Moab area, frequently, and justifiably, federal land managers now lament the damage being done by too many recreationists. Recreation is like any other public land use: too much in the wrong place can be bad"

Groene's concern was about a film permit that the BLM had granted to National Geographic for a segment of its "Explorer" TV series, "including rafting in Westwater Canyon, climbing, hot air ballooning, a visit to an archaeological site, and a horseback ride; the Moab travel council could not hope for more." SUWA wrote to the BLM questioning whether the show, "will draw more visitors than the land can handle."

He concluded, "The BLM will continue to wring its hands about overuse by recreationists. But unless managers get the spine to say no to the causes of too many users, agency staff will get stuck treating the symptoms."

I cannot overstate how gratifying it was to have Scott Groene as an ally in those early days. We both shared a blinder-free view of the West and the impacts that could diminish it, whether the damage came from an oil rig, a jeep or a bike. Or too many motels and second homes. Scott's denunciation of the National Geographic program proved his willingness to see all sides of an issue, even the 'motorized' vs 'non-motorized' component of the tourism debate.

In 1994, *The Salt Lake Tribune* reported on the growing number of backcountry/wilderness guidebooks being sold and the way different Utah environmental groups were dealing with them. "Within conservation groups," the *Tribune* reported, "where-to-go journalism has become a contentious issue. While organizations like the Sierra Club sell trail guides, the Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance will not endorse any guidebook. The decision apparently came after a SUWA official allowed his accolades to be printed on the back of a guidebook. The book revealed details of several little-known hiking destinations in Utah's San Rafael Swell."

According to the story, Groene explained, "We have not actually come out yet and started burning guidebooks, but given our goals of trying to protect the land, we felt we had to adopt this policy to be consistent in our position." That said it all and should be as true now as it was 20 years ago. And it's worth repeating, in BOLD type...

"...Given our goals of trying to protect the land, we felt we had to adopt this policy to be consistent in our position."

Groene's concern for the recreational exploitation of wilderness even extended to *OUTSIDE Magazine*. In the *Zephyr*, Groene wrote, "I quit buying *Outside* magazine a long time ago, when it transformed into little more than a plug for the over-consumption of expensive and unnecessary gear and silly 'gonzo' activities. I do still read it, standing at the newsstand, to learn which 'secret' places have been doomed by irresponsible publicity (unfortunately, southern Utah sites are frequently targeted). Some federal agency staff have also commented about the



Groene wrote, "I quit buying Outside magazine a long time ago, when it transformed into little more than a plug for the over-consumption of expensive and unnecessary gear and silly 'gonzo' activities."

magazine's practice of 'Outsiding' little known places."

'BACK TO THE FUTURE'...OF 2016

But all that has changed...

Years later, SUWA withdrew its opposition to guidebooks and, in fact, engaged one of Utah's most prolific guidebook authors, Steve Allen, to represent SUWA on a series of promotional cross-country tours. Concerns about media coverage of over-promoting sensitive environmental gems faded.

On its facebook page, SUWA posted this for its followers:

"National Parks Traveler picks Natural Bridges National Monument as the #1 most interesting and overlooked national park unit in the country. What do you think? What hidden gems managed by the National Park Service do you think are overlooked?"



Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance

National Parks Traveler picks Natural Bridges National Monument (which is part of the Greater Canyonlands National Monument proposal -- learn more at Protect Greater Canyonlands) as the #1 most interesting and overlooked national park unit in the country. What do you think? What hidden gems managed by the National Park Service do you think are overlooked? <http://bit.ly/L6Rqf5>



National Parks | National Parks Traveler

www.nationalparkstraveler.com
It very likely is true that one person's overlooked national park is another's jewel.

View Post · January 28 at 2:33pm

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SUWA encouraged its followers to provide their favorite "hidden gems." Many did.

Last year, the Wilderness Society (TWS), in true *"Outside Magazine"* fashion, posted an article called: "America's Best Kept Secrets---20 Unique National Parks," including Utah's Capitol Reef NP. TWS boasted, "Camping, hiking, backpacking, rock climbing, biking, horseback riding and scenic drives offer visitors all sorts of outdoor play," at Capitol Reef.

This time, the "best kept secrets" list didn't ruffle a feather and the link was posted on numerous "green" sites. Even the noted author and environmentalist Terry Tempest Williams linked the Wilderness Society's promo-

Terry Tempest Williams

July 2 at 10:13pm
America's best kept secrets: 20 unique national parks wilderness <https://t.co/g5iMwCzHz> via @sharethis #findyourpark

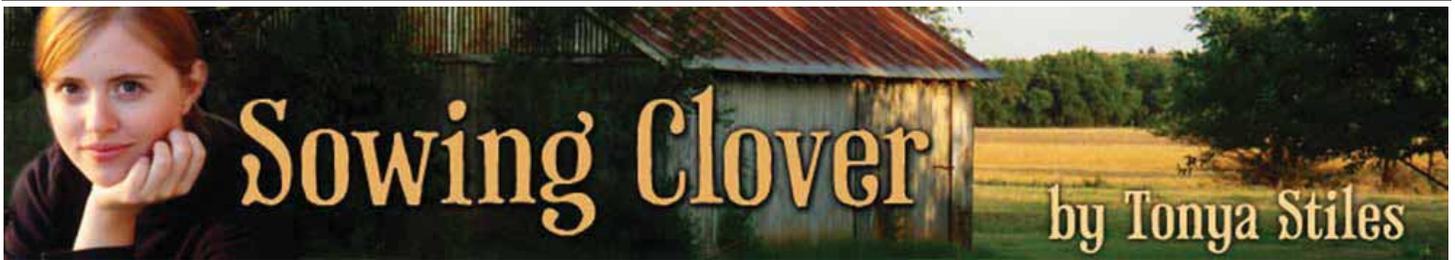


America's best kept secrets: 20 unique national parks
America is blessed with a national park system that protects some of our most beautiful and unique landscapes. Our national parks are treasures for people of all ages. More than that, the national parks contribute greatly to the economic...

Even the noted author and environmentalist Terry Tempest Williams linked the Wilderness Society's promotion on her public facebook page. Comments from her followers were almost entirely favorable.

tion on her public facebook page. Comments from her followers were almost entirely favorable.

Opposition to tourism/recreation impacts by mainstream greens has slowed to a trickle. Indeed, some of the environmental community's biggest supporters and most lucrative contributors come from the Outdoor Industry Alliance. Peter Metcalf, the CEO of Black Diamond, a



WHO CAN KEEP YOUR SECRETS?

"If privacy is outlawed, only outlaws will have privacy."

--Philip R. Zimmermann. Creator of PGP (Pretty Good Privacy) Encryption

A senate hearing like any other. The FBI Director leans down to his microphone and announces that he will be speaking today about a "vital public safety issue." He explains that law enforcement is united in its fear of the "looming spectre of the widespread use of robust, virtually uncrackable encryption." The only way to protect public safety is to give the government access to all encryption keys, allowing them to "unlock" encrypted communications in the course of "proper legal progress." Otherwise, encryption will "devastate our ability to fight crime and prevent terrorism."

Sound familiar? If you were watching the news in the aftermath of the November Paris attacks, it should. On November 18th, the current FBI director, James B. Comey, reiterated that "we're drifting to a place" where the government is "ineffective" in its attempts to access text messages and online communications, due to widespread encryption on smartphones. Comey has stated his desire to break encryption a number of times this year. He spoke before the Senate in both July and again in October, pressing for laws to force Silicon Valley to hand over encryption keys. And he wasn't making up his arguments on the fly. His predecessors practically wrote his script for him. The senate hearing referenced above? It took place in 1997.

And, in response to that 1997 effort to break encryption, a Senator from Missouri laid out a clear argument in opposition:



The primary tool in the arsenal of those who want to break encryption is the fact that most people don't understand what they're talking about.

"J. Edgar Hoover would have loved this...In a proposal that raises obvious concerns about Americans' privacy, President Clinton wants to give agencies the keys for decoding all exported U.S. software and Internet communications. Granted, the Internet could be used to commit crimes, and advanced encryption could disguise such activity. However, we do not provide the government with phone jacks outside our homes for unlimited wiretaps. Why, then, should we grant government the Orwellian capability to listen at will and in real time to our communications across the Web?"

The protections of the Fourth Amendment are clear. The right to protection from unlawful searches is an indivisible American value...Every medium by which people communicate can be exploited by those with illegal or immoral intentions. Nevertheless, this is no reason to hand Big Brother the keys to unlock our e-mail diaries, open our ATM records or translate our international communications."

That Senator? None other than John Ashcroft, who would backpedal 180 degrees on that position once he was appointed Attorney General.

Ashcroft isn't the only ambivalent government official with regard to encryption. Hillary Clinton was a staunch advocate of strong encryption as Secretary of State, stating in 2010 that "Governments and citizens must have confidence that the networks at the core of their national security and economic prosperity are safe and resilient." She argued for the rights of dissidents in China and Iran to communicate securely, without fear of government surveillance.

But, floating with the tide of "official opinions" after the Paris attacks, she suggested that Silicon Valley companies should "compromise" with government on encryption. Citing warnings from law enforcement "that impenetrable encryption may prevent them from accessing terrorist communications and preventing a future attack," she suggested that the public and private sector "work together" to both "keep us safe and protect our privacy."

This sounds great, of course. Everyone wants both safety and freedom. That's why we have the Fourth and Fifth Amendments, after all. We want the government to be able to catch "bad guys" and we want for us, the "good guys," to be left alone. And as long as the argument is framed in such a way—to stop the "bad guys" from using the scary "encryp-

tion" technology to kill innocents—you'll find very few average folks arguing against it.

The primary tool in the arsenal of those who want to break encryption is the fact that most people don't understand what they're talking about. They don't know what encryption is, or how a weakening of encryption might hurt them. They're good people, right? So why would they need encryption?

Hopefully you've heard by now that, when buying something online, you should glance up at the web address and make sure it starts with an "https://" and not just an "http://" before entering any private financial information. You should also notice a small lock symbol next to the address. If you hadn't noticed this before, you were probably already protected without your knowing it. Most major shopping sites have been using HTTPS for years now.

**And that sounds dangerous—
as long as you operate under
the assumption that there shouldn't
be any communication
that the government can't reach.**



For the layman, the "S" at the end of HTTPS stands for "Secure" and it means that the site has added a layer of encryption over your communications. If the encryption is working properly, any third person trying to view the page would only see long strings of gibberish. To hide your information, the website uses either SSL (Secure Sockets Layer) or the newer TLS (Transport Layer Security.)

Essentially, encryption now works the same as it has for thousands of years. You have a message and you want to pass it to your neighbor, but, knowing your neighbor might leave the message lying around, you don't want anyone else to be able to read it. So you come up with a code to disguise your message and let your neighbor know the key to reading it. Assuming your key is known only to you and your neighbor, and is difficult for anyone else to guess, your message should be safe.

The "key" to unlock your encrypted data, using SSL or TLS, is a sequence of 256 ones and zeros, in a random combination. Since the number of possible combinations is 2 to the power of 256—a number so big that it can't be written out in numbers understandable to non-mathematicians—it would be impossible for any hacker to test all the combinations required to break the encryption.

So the weakness with this kind of encryption certainly isn't the key itself. The weakness, as it is when passing a message to your neighbor, is that once your neighbor knows the key to unlock the message, that key is no longer a secret. Your neighbor could write down the key someplace accessible to other people. He could slip up and mention it to his spouse, or he could keep it to himself perfectly well until it's coerced out of him by neighborhood thugs or even the police. That's why companies like Apple and Google have been moving to a form of encryption where they themselves do not have a key to unlock your data. That way, even if the companies are hacked by bad actors, or compelled by government warrants, they cannot betray you.

And that sounds dangerous—as long as you operate under the assumption that there shouldn't be any communication that the government can't reach.

First, for the sake of argument, let's assume that the U.S. Government is always interested in doing the right thing. If they are allowed to hold onto the keys for all encrypted information from American corporations, then they will have to store that information somewhere. Hackers from China and Russia have already proven their willingness to break into government servers. What would be a greater enticement to hackers than the

promise of a full store of encryption keys for the entire nation?

And what would be the argument for keeping other governments from storing that information as well? As long as no one can break certain forms of encryption, then dissidents in repressive countries have an assurance that their communication is secret. Members of our government can secretly aid pro-democracy efforts in China, Iran, and other countries without the fear of surveillance. But once we have American keys stored, then what's to stop China from making access to encryption keys the primary sticking point in our next trade negotiations?

Right now, with the newest forms of encryption, there is one door to access your data. And you are the guard of that door. You decide who enters this theoretical room of your secrets.

Now imagine the government shows up with a law saying they get to cut a back door into that room, and also you probably won't get any warning of when they might decide to enter. You might agree, thinking, "I'm a law-abiding person. What do I have to hide?" But now, as you're guarding your front door, that back door is always waiting, outside your view, and you don't know how sturdy the lock is. So, now your secret room doesn't feel so secret anymore.

And then let's acknowledge the fact that we can't always trust our government to do what's right—particularly those members of the government overseeing "security." We know that the FBI monitored Anti-Vietnam War protesters, and Civil Rights leaders in the 60s. We know that the Pentagon monitored Anti-War protests in the buildup to the invasion of Iraq, including Quaker meetings. They kept tabs on Occupy Wall Street. And we know, as recently as this year, that the government monitors members of Black Lives Matters.

Would you attend a protest if you knew your name would be recorded, and that the government would later track your movements and your social media accounts? That is the reality of life as a Black Lives Matter protester—and those are the forms of surveillance that the government admits to, as part of their "legal" role in protecting public safety. Whether the protesters are actually monitored more closely, through the processes of less public government agencies, we don't know. But we can trust that, when a tool exists, it will be used. And the opponents of encryption are fighting to give surveillance agencies yet another, infinitely more powerful, tool in their arsenal.

Here is the fundamental question: should there be truly private communication in this world? Should you be able to shut a door, close your curtains, and feel safe in the knowledge that you are truly alone. In the past, that privacy was assured. No government could hear what you whispered behind your hand. No government could sit an agent in every root cellar and attic to hear every private conversation. Communication was primarily a physical act, and there were always ways to be alone. But now that we primarily talk through our electronics, where is that private place? When the government can retrieve millions of emails as they're sent and search through them for keywords, where do you have a "private conversation?"

Encryption is the only closed door still recognized in the modern world. And we all need to consider what we might lose before we hand over the key.



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BEFORE & AFTER

Southeast Utah... Then & Now

THE DEVILS CANYON/US 191 ROAD PROJECT... 2004-05

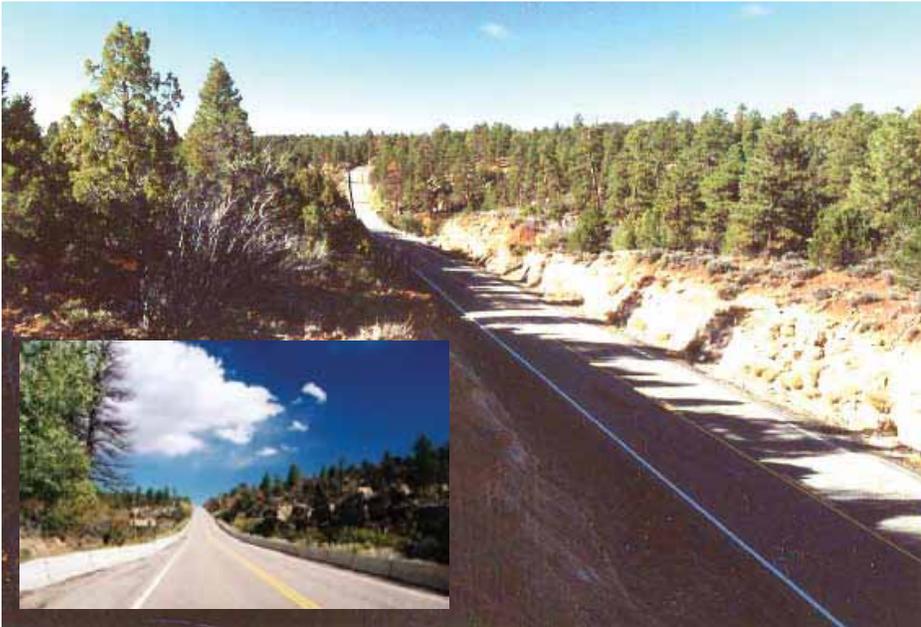
Over the last 30 years, many sections of US 191 between Crescent Jct and the Utah/Arizona state line have undergone upgrades and reconstructions. A four mile section of highway between Monticello and Blanding, however, remained much the way it was 50 years ago, when the road was re-aligned. But politicians love highway money and they lobbied for highway funds to "improve" Devils Canyon for years. Finally, in 2002 the project gained the attention of the legislature and the governor and work, in earnest, on rebuilding the road began.

A year later, UDOT presented its Environmental Assessment for public scrutiny. The EA must address not just the environmental concerns, but also justify the need for the project and the expense.

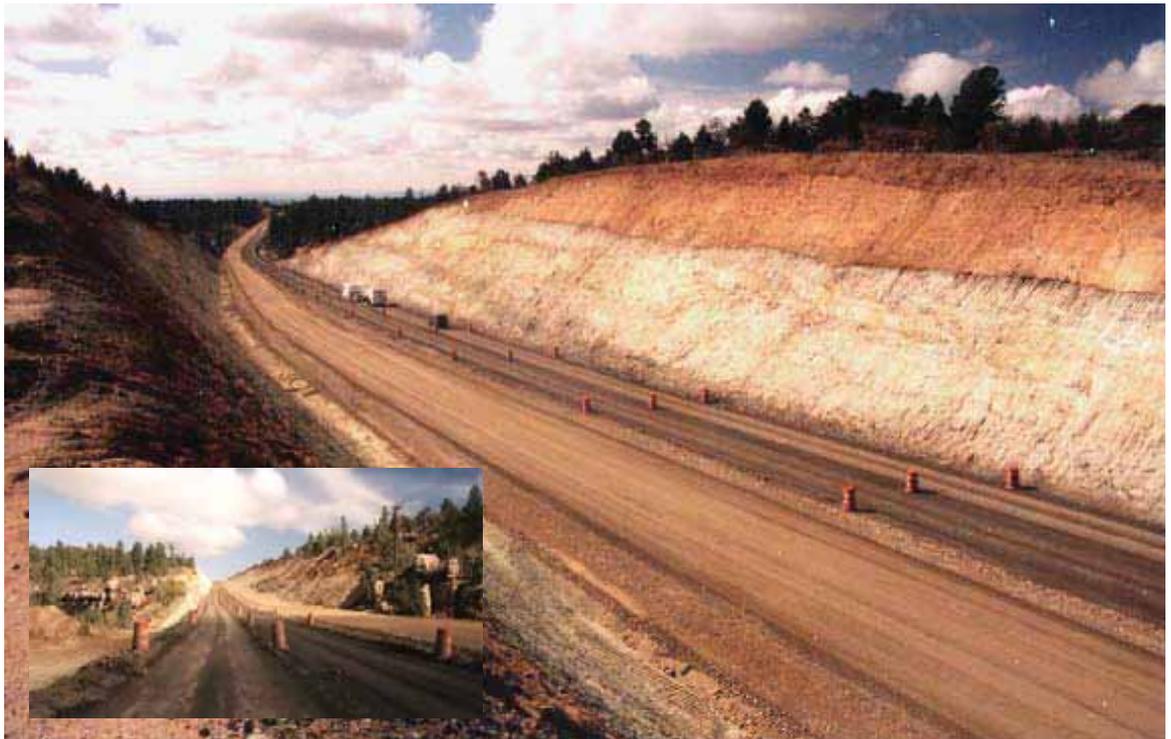
While the old road was relatively narrow and winding, it had in most regards served the traveling public well. The EA tried to justify the project by showing that the road could not handle the traffic flow. But a traffic capacity survey showed that, in terms of traffic numbers, the road was adequate until the year 2025!

So the EA tried to prove that deer-related accidents in the project area necessitated the reconstruction. But all the documented accidents occurred on the rims, not in the canyon itself, where 80% of the project costs would be incurred. Despite all of this information, the road reconstruction began in October 2004 and was completed in 2005 at a cost of about \$10 million.

A decade later, nobody even remembers the old road...JS



US 191 at Devils Canyon. 2003



UNDER CONSTRUCTION, 2004-05



DEVILS CANYON & US 191... A DECADE AND \$10 MILLION LATER

Notes on Paper

a poem



by Damon Falke

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

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

NOTES ON PAPER
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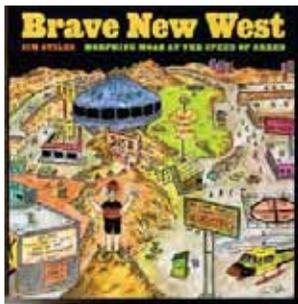
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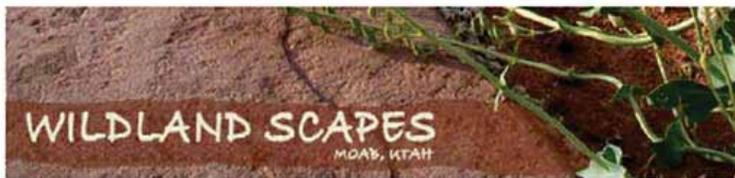
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"Jim Stiles holds up a mirror to those of us living in the American West, exposing issues we may not want to face. We are all complicit in the shadow side of growth. His words are born not so much out of anger but a broken heart.

He says he writes elegies for the landscape he loves, that he is "hopelessly clinging to the past." I would call Stiles a writer from the future.

Brave New West is a book of import because of what it chooses to expose."

Terry
Tempest Williams



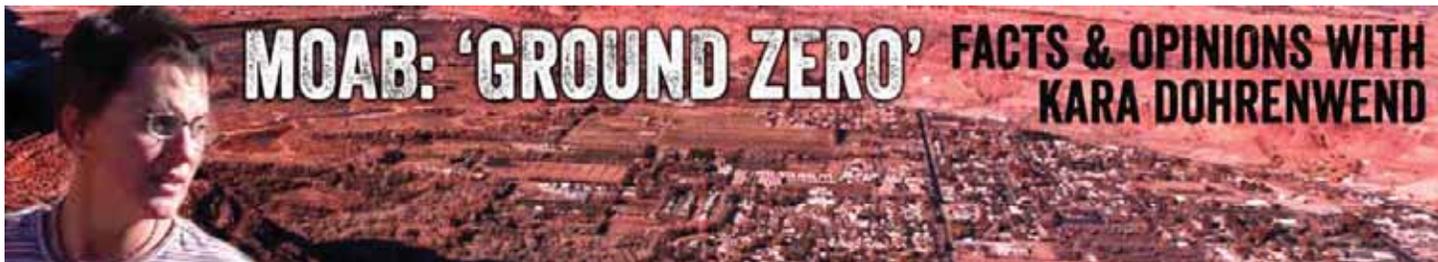
Wildland Scapes, LLC (WLS) is an ecological restoration and revegetation service company located in the heart of the Colorado Plateau in Moab, Utah. We provide the following services and products:

- Ecological restoration and revegetation planning, installation, and follow-up services for large and small scale projects
- Exotic weed control
- Erosion management using local materials and native plants
- Regionally native plants for landscaping
- Contract grown plants for specific revegetation projects
- Retail nursery stocking native and ornamental plants that thrive in SE Utah. We grow our own locally sourced native plants. Also your source for vegetable seeds and starts, soil amendments and organic fertilizers.



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**NOVEMBER:
IT'S ALL ABOUT ELECTIONS AND INSURANCE**

ELECTIONS – ALL OR NONE

November started with a bang here in Moab. With four major events in town the weekend of November 7th, there was not a hotel room to be found in town. It is plain that the old pattern of an "off season" starting around October 31 is no longer part of Moab's year.

Nearly 61% of eligible voters in Moab City voted in an election on November 2nd that was purely local. There was enough early voting that the City had to order additional ballots for election day to be sure to have enough on hand. I'd love to see even higher turn out, but compared to national averages over the years hovering around 35% or lower, it is pretty clear that Moab's population votes. The incessant phone calls the week prior to the election helped assure that Moabites didn't forget to go vote.

The interesting result to me is less who won, but rather how close the margins are between the new council members and those whose bids for seats were unsuccessful. The final count showed the difference between the high vote win of 737 (or 52% of the votes cast) and the low vote total of 673 (or 47% of votes cast) is only 4%. The other two winning seats won by only 1 and 2% of the vote. This was a very tight race.

Rani Derasary	737
Don Cook	674
Kalen Jones	707
Christine "Cricket" White Green	673
Tawny Knudson Boyd	690
Kelly Mike Green	673

TOTAL NUMBER OF BALLOTS CAST: 1429

What strikes me is not that the new council members are all relative new comers and all subscribe to a progressive platform, but rather how very very close these vote numbers are. There is only a 64 vote difference between the high and low vote totals. The middle two candidates, as of the final vote count, were only 16 votes apart – a clear indication that voting matters. The vote was split close to 50:50, but our council is now nearly 100% "one sided".

When I saw the early result numbers late the night of November 2nd my mind immediately flashed to the huge ad in the center of the paper the week prior showing Cricket White Green, Kelly Green and Don Cook, encouraging voters to vote for the three of them together as a package. Progressive mailers in my post office box (that went straight into the handy recycling bins in the lobby since I had already voted by the time I received them) presented a similar package a deal with Rani Derasary, Tawny Knutson Boyd and Kalen Jones. This is a repeat of last year's election materials for County positions.

And Moab City Council seats are supposed to be non partisan.

It seems to me that the issues facing Moab City need skills and attention to detail that are not necessarily illustrated by the left or right leaning of a political candidate. The issues really facing Moab today include: a sewer system in need of significant upgrading; a lack of housing for most wage classes of workers in Moab; and whether we really have enough water; what to do if USGS reports show we don't have enough water to support build out to over 10,000; not to mention the traffic problems including the impossibility of turning left off Main Street. There are certainly philosophical differences in how candidates might approach these topics that can be illustrated by political affiliation. But it seems to me that the skill set needed to examine, analyze and decide what might be done to alleviate, or if possible solve, some of these problems has more to do with a willingness and ability to learn about the issues and possible actions, the time

to really spend working with other people, and a clear understanding of how we got here – both physically and socially.

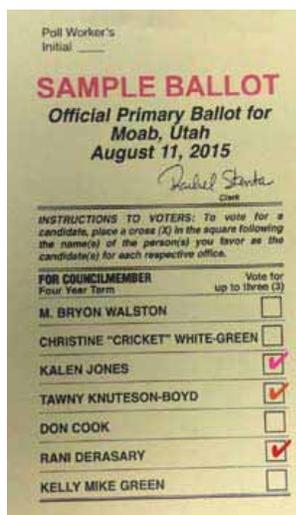
I am aware that Moab City does have some capacity to comment and support different projects and issues that reach beyond our little town boundaries, but really what is needed are people with the time and focus to find creative solutions to the problems that



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impact Moab residents in their daily work to survive here. And it is a shame that nearly half of the residents of our valley likely feel disconnected and unhappy with the new council, regardless of how reasonable or even brilliant their work might be. It may mean that those same residents, who may have some great input into how to address our collective problems, will have an adversarial rather than collaborative view of Moab City. Couple that with recent staff changes that mystify most residents and add a layer of sinister unknown to impressions of the City, and I worry that important players will not participate at all until the next election. It seems we are in a constant battle of whose ideology wins the majority vote as opposed to who will work the hardest and smartest for the residents of Moab.

I have lived in this valley long enough to watch the political pendulum swing from extreme right to extreme left and back again, with a fairly constant stream of arguing, name calling and sometimes downright dirty politics along the way. If we voted based on skills, available time, dedication, and communication performance perhaps we could



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break this cycle swinging left and right so extremely and be able to focus on getting something done that works for the town as a whole.

I understand that advertising and campaigning is up to the candidates and to the groups that support them. And many people vote along a straight party line; and the majority wins, not a 2/3 majority but just one vote over is enough. But what it is doing in a small place like Moab is highlighting divisiveness rather than building our community. It is a small town and I can't help but remember once meeting Cricket at the title

company, or seeing Kelly at a planning commission meeting, or when Don worked in the corner office at First Security bank. I have known Rani for years, and have worked with Kalen off and on over the years, and I know Tawny by sight. But finding out what these candidates really thought and how they might address the problems facing Moab today was not easy.

Both papers published information submitted by each candidate, but few of these essays provided tangible ideas of what could and perhaps should be done. Campaigns are by nature focused on sound bites and abbreviated versions of what candidates think, they have to be since most of us have pretty short attention spans for these topics. But they rarely give a clear idea of how a candidate might actually address real problems and issues that face the community.

Nuances of the community perspective and history of place, some of which are be rather important, are lost when votes are so closely divided but resulting in a governing body that is relatively homogenous in terms of political affiliation. I can't help but wonder if we all really talked to each other about how to solve the problems in front of us if there might be more in common than we think there is when we identify each person with their political leaning.

If we are going to have nonpartisan positions, as voters we should take responsibility to learn about the individual candidate's record and knowledge about the issues facing Moab. It may not change the way we vote, but it might mean we don't vote for the two or three that appear to have similar progressive or conservative leanings to our own, but we might mix it up a bit. I didn't vote for a package, but it took some time to figure out who I thought would spend the time, have the patience and communication skills, and be able to wade through it all to represent us well.

I suppose I am naïve, but in my perfect world the resulting council would have voices from all sides of the community who communicate and work together to find solutions to the challenges facing our little town. It would likely be downright messy, but it would better reflect who we are, and we might come up with some better solutions.

INSURANCE ON THE FRINGES

November also began with news released a week prior that for Grand County residents there is now only one health insurance company participating in the insurance exchange with local doctors and services "in network." This followed re-enrollment letters that knocked me over with the rate increases. Then came a period of time where insurance looked impossible without returning to higher cost plans from national com-



I knew when I decided over 20 years ago to make Moab my home that I was giving up some things that many people in this country take for granted. ... I also figured out pretty quickly that the decision to live here was a decision to live on the fringes economically. ...

My choice to live here was about the place and the people I met, not about the job prospects.

panies that do not participate on the insurance exchange, meaning that assistance to pay for insurance would no longer be an option.

I knew when I decided over 20 years ago to make Moab my home that I was giving up some things that many people in this country take for granted. I quite liked that the nearest major shopping is 120 miles (or arguably 250 miles) away. I also figured out pretty quickly that the decision to live here was a decision to live on the fringes economically unless I took on a government job or joined the ranks at City Market. That left health insurance options pretty slim, though when I first moved here in my early twenties that didn't much matter. My choice to live here was about the place and the people I met, not about the job prospects.

The health care system is quite obviously controlled by corporations run from large cities where the reality of living 120 to 200 miles from the nearest metropolitan center large enough to support health care choices is unfathomable. The systems in place do not accommodate the needs of far flung communities—especially when they happen to be located where the closest health care providers are in an adjacent state.

I have had numerous conversations with people in Moab about health insurance

lately. I have heard more about people's personal health situations than I ever have before — and it all starts with commiserating about insurance. A few years ago, just before the Affordable Care Act (ACA) was passed, our family was faced with some significant health care expenses for the first time. Before the ACA I found the system overwhelming, confusing and somewhat frightening. How to pick a specialist when the first consideration must be whether the specialist is in or out of network, rather than based on who has the best recommendations or experience with our specific problem, or is located within a tolerable drive time so that appointments are not a two day affair.

I realize that I have been lucky so far in life to have few health concerns, but that can change at any time. Knowing that everything I have worked to build up over the last 20 years could be taken away by medical bills I can't afford is terrifying. Recently I had a conversation with a friend who had his first medical experience in Moab and found himself questioning whether to go into the ER because he just wasn't sure what it would cost suggests to me these problems are still there.

It is not just people under 30, or deadbeats with no job, or people who choose seasonal work and move around a lot who are impacted by this rollercoaster ride of health insurance. It is longtime residents - micro business owners and their employees - who are most battered about in this situation. Micro businesses can't afford group rates to cover their staff, I did it for years and it is prohibitively expensive. It has always bothered me that in this country to ensure access to health insurance you can afford you have to take a job with benefits, which usually means at a large corporation or with a government entity. This leaves most small businesses who may offer good satisfying work at a decent wage, at an extreme disadvantage. This policy (unwritten as it is) also means that people stay in jobs far longer than they want to, or in some cases should, simply out of fear of losing these benefits.



selecthealth

**For many in our community,
health insurance costs more than rent
or a mortgage payment, or food.
And when looking at where to trim budgets
it is tempting to keep the house and food
and jettison health insurance.
That is until that accident happens,
or a kidney stone appears,
or worse.**

Some small businesses can afford to offer health insurance. For many micro businesses, defined in the New York Times as those with around 10 employees and less than \$1,000,000 in annual sales, it is nearly impossible to afford to offer insurance. It is hard to find data on small and micro businesses in the US, but as of 2011 (the newest data I could find) there were 28,175,504 businesses in the US. Of these, 27,002,131, or 95.8% of them, have 10 or fewer employees. That means that nearly 96% of the businesses in the US are micro businesses. Only 17,671, or 0.06%, businesses in the US have 500 or more employees. The remaining businesses fall somewhere between 10 and 500 employees. It is micro businesses who employ the bulk of the population of the US and are at an extreme disadvantage in attracting and retaining employees simply because they cannot offer health insurance as a benefit to their employees — and they have a hard time insuring themselves as well.

For many in our community, health insurance costs more than rent or a mortgage payment, or food. And when looking at where to trim budgets it is tempting to keep the house and food and jettison health insurance. That is until that accident happens, or a kidney stone appears, or worse.

These problems existed before the ACA was enacted. And subsequent years of fighting over whether insurance can be only available to those with year round full time jobs, very high incomes, or personal wealth rather than working together to revise ACA programs so that these programs to help everyone afford insurance can function has left us with a system that is beyond broken. Looks like I, and hundreds of other SE Utah residents, will be signing up with SelectHealth, the only game in town if you need assistance paying for your health insurance.

KARA DOHRENWEND Lives and works in Moab, Utah.

AN EXCERPT FROM:
LAST OF THE ROBBERS ROOST OUTLAWS
Moab's BILL TIBBETTS...PART 3
 Tom McCourt

**INDIAN WARS,
 HORSE THIEVES, AND OUTLAWS**

In the spring of 1915, Bill Tibbetts turned seventeen. His school days were behind him and he was almost a man. He was growing up and growing restless in the small town of Moab and yearning to seek his fortune in the wide world of high adventure. Like most teenage boys in the first blush of young adulthood, he was feeling cocky, rebellious, and bulletproof. His troubled mood fit the troubled times.

Around the world, 1915 was a year of war and trouble. In Europe, the First World War was in its second year. Millions of men from many nations were fighting and dying in the muddy trenches of France and Belgium. American newspapers were full of shrill alarms and biased yellow journalism. Headlines spotlighted the evils of Kaiser Wilhelm and his spike-helmeted German troops. Editors and army generals were rattling sabers, but the country wouldn't enter the war for another two years. South of the border, Mexico was deep in revolution. Pancho Villa and his men were seizing control of the country. Closer to Moab, there was an Indian uprising in progress.

The Indian "war" of 1915 began when a San Juan County Ute, named Tse-ne-gat (meaning Crybaby, or One Who Cries a Lot), was charged with the murder of a Mexican sheepherder in Colorado. When Tse-ne-gat refused to voluntarily surrender to authorities in Utah, a rowdy and allegedly drunken civilian posse was sent to track him down. The posse was assembled in Colorado under the command of a U.S. Marshal.

The Colorado posse surrounded an Indian camp near the town of Bluff, Utah, in the early morning hours of February 20, 1915, and quickly got into a shootout with Tse-ne-gat and some of his Ute and Paiute relatives. A posse member was killed and two others wounded. One of the Indians was armed with a very modern 30-06 rifle and it took a while for the white

guys to learn to fully appreciate the range and capabilities of the weapon. But the posse did a little better against the non-combatants in the Indian camp. According to newspapers, "a squaw and two papooses" were killed in the ambush and two "old warriors" were captured. Tse-ne-gat and a small group of armed and dangerous Indians escaped to the south toward Navajo Mountain. The Indian camp was burned.

Another group of five Indian men from a nearby "peaceful" Indian camp voluntarily surrendered to avoid the conflict, but one of them was shot and killed by a civilian guard while "trying to escape." At the time, people in the town of Bluff called it a cold-blooded murder. The murdered Indian, a Ute named Havane, was well known and well respected in the little community. The trigger-happy guard was never charged with the murder. In fact, no one could explain why the "peaceful" Indians were being held under armed guard without being charged with a crime.

Shooting Indians was exciting stuff. There hadn't been a good Indian war in southeast Utah since the 1880s and the whites were due to win one. They had lost the last two: the "Pinhook Massacre" of 1881, and the Fight at Soldier Crossing in 1884. Newspaper reporters caught the spirit of the thing, and, from the headlines of the day, the whole country was made to believe that San Juan County was in a full-fledged Indian war. The towns of Blanding and Bluff were said to be under siege, and dozens, maybe hundreds, of "hostile redskins" were lurking on the edge of town, lusting for white scalps. The whole country was up in arms and newspapers everywhere were screaming for federal troops.

In response to the threat, The War Department sent an army general to quell the Indian uprising. To everyone's surprise, the wise and experienced old soldier came without cannons or soldiers. In just a matter of days, General Hugh L. Scott, through the aid of

native interpreters, was able to sweet-talk old Tse-ne-gat and his father, Old Poke, along with another Paiute chieftain, Old Posey, into surrendering.

Tse-ne-gat agreed to be sent to Colorado to face the murder charges. But before he was sent to Denver for trial, Tse-ne-gat and the other "renegades" were compelled to meet with the governor of Utah and his entourage in the town of Bluff for a big "Pow-wow" and photo opportunity. Someone had to take credit for winning the "Indian war."

Tse-ne-gat faced an all-white jury in the federal court in Denver. The evidence was weak and he was quickly acquitted. He returned home a free man. But while he was still being held in federal custody, Tse-ne-gat and three other "Indian troublemakers" were taken to Salt Lake City on a train to be paraded as trophies of the white man's victory. The natives were given a grand tour of the city with newsmen, politicians, and photographers following them everywhere. Then, after promising the governor that they would be good Indians from then on, the "defeated red men" were taken back to southern Utah and released into the wild.

That's how things were in the spring of 1915. There was lots of talk about war, murder, rampaging Indians, hate and revenge. It was an exciting time for a couple of teenaged boys to be camping out on the cattle ranges, all alone and far from the nearest settlement. In their youthful imaginations, there might be a "war-painted savage" behind any rock or bush. Young Bill Tibbetts and his friend Carlisle Dalton kept a sharp eye out.

The young cowboys had been in the Big Flat country, near Island in the Sky, for three or four weeks. It was calving time and they were working for the Murphy Cattle Company. The boys were about the same age and they had become good friends over the past several months. They were sitting around an evening campfire when Bill spoke.

"What ya gonna do on payday, Carlisle? We've each got about twenty dollars comin'."

Carlisle Dalton thought about it for a moment, poking at the campfire with a stick. Dancing flames cast moving shadows on his suntanned young face and his mood was quiet and somber. "I've been thinkin' about goin' home," he said. "I haven't seen my family in Parowan for a long time. I think I'd like to go home."

"I've never been to Parowan," Bill mused. "I haven't been hardly anywhere except to La Sal and Monticello. Of course, I did see Green River when we took steers up there to put on the train. Those big ol' steam engines are somethin', I'm tellin' you."

"Well, Parowan is a lot different than Moab," Carlisle said as he tossed another stick on the fire. "Parowan is in a big old valley with lots of grass and none of these darn bottomless canyons to cross. They ain't got all this sand to wade in, either. And I don't remember the gnats being as fierce and starved as these critters. They got civilized bugs over in Parowan. Yes sir, and that's a fact."

"I've never seen any civilized bugs," Bill smiled. "And they've got some real purdy girls over in Parowan, too," Carlisle said with an impish grin, "Real healthy girls." "Holsteins," he said, holding his cupped hands in front of his chest. "Not like those skinny things around Moab. I ought to take you over there and introduce you to some of my cousins. You'd throw rocks at Sally Tucker if I introduced you to my cousin Elsie."

"Oh, knock it off," Bill growled, trying hard not to smile. "I only danced with her twice before her mamma took her home bawlin' like a lost calf."

"Yea, she's sweet on you, all right. Too bad she's only thirteen. I think if you ever ask her to dance again, her mamma is gonna run over you like a wild-eyed old range cow, all stompin' and blowin' snot. You better be careful around that Tucker girl, my friend."

"Aw, what can I say?" Bill grinned. "I'm such a handsome buck. The women just can't resist me. It runs in the family, you know. My mamma says my old man was about the



handsomest bull calf this side of the Paradox Valley, and I got his steely gray eyes. The girls just can't leave me alone."

"Ain't you somethin'," Carlisle spat as he scooped up a handful of sand and threw it across the fire at Tibbetts. "Go get some firewood, you handsome bastard. I'll stay here by the fire and try to keep the girls out of camp."

Bill ducked and laughed out loud. "Maybe you better introduce me to your cousin Elsie," he teased. "If I married her, we'd be in-laws as well as outlaws and you could invite us over for supper every Sunday afternoon. I'll go all the way to Parowan with you if you'll show me cousin Elsie and those civilized bugs you've been braggin' about."

"You got a deal," Carlisle said. "After we settle up with old man Murphy, we're on the road to Parowan. I just hope cousin Elsie doesn't see you comin' and go stampedin' off down the valley. A homely feller like you might have to sneak up on a purdy girl like Elsie. Elsie is a perfect model of high-class culture and refinement and those snooty gray eyes of yours will get your face slapped in a hurry, you mark my word. And her mamma is a real wildcat compared to that lame and tame old mamma cow who claims Sally Tucker. You try to kiss cousin Elsie and her mamma will nut you with a dull deer horn, and that's a fact."

Hoots of laughter echoed out over the sand flats in the darkness. The hobbled horses raised their heads and looked back toward the firelight and the source of the happy sounds. Far off in the bottom of the canyon a coyote yipped and then howled mournfully. The innocent and carefree days of youth were almost at an end for the two young cowboys. Tomorrow would be a new day and the beginning of sorrows.

A few days later, the boys left Moab early in the morning. It was dark and the streets were empty. They had ropes and canvas slickers tied to their saddles and Bill had appropriated an extra horse from his stepfather's corral to carry a light camp outfit. He didn't ask permission to take the animal.

Winnie Allred would surely be annoyed by his stepson's insolence, but the teenager

SEPTEMBER 24, 1915

The Grand Valley Times

WILL BE TRIED IN MANTI

William Tibbetts, the 17-year old Moab boy who with Carlisle Dalton is alleged to have stolen a number horses belonging to Dr. J. W. Williams, R. Lee Kirk and others, sometime in June, will be tried for the offense before Juvenile Judge E. D. Sorenson at Manti, Saturday, according to a telegram received by Sheriff Bliss from Deputy Sheriff R. C. Clark today.

Tibbetts was captured by the sheriff of Iron county who telegraphed Sheriff Bliss, Tuesday, that he would take the boy to Salt Lake City and deliver him to the officers there. Deputy Sheriff Clark went to Salt Lake City to meet the Iron county officer and on his arrival there was directed by the Juvenile Judge to take the boy to Manti for trial.

OCTOBER 1, 1915

The Grand Valley Times

YOUNG MAN PLEADS GUILTY

William Tibbetts on Friday plead guilty to complicity in the theft of a number of horses from Grand county people last June, before juvenile judge E.D. Sorenson at Manti. He was remanded to the state industrial school at Ogden.

Deputy Sheriff R.C. Clark who accompanied the young man from Salt Lake to Manti, returned to Moab Wednesday. He declares that young Tibbetts asked Judge Sorenson to sell his horse and saddle and turn the money over to the men from whom he took the horses last summer. The young man stated that as soon as he can, he intends to repay the men for the money they expended in getting their stock back.

There was a long and heavy silence as the boys watched the horses drinking at the pond. Then young Bill spoke quietly, and very matter of fact.

"We could steal that bunch of horses purdy darn easy, ya know. The sheriff and all of those rich guys are down in San Juan County chasin' those Indians around, tryin' to get their pictures in the newspapers."

had done such things before, knowing that his stepfather would do nothing about it. Allred thought more of keeping the peace with his strong-willed wife than bickering with her smart-alecky oldest son. Bill took full advantage of the situation and thoroughly enjoyed tormenting his stepfather.

The young men crossed the river on the new iron bridge without meeting any other travelers. A dog barked from near a squatter's shack as they crossed Courthouse Wash and followed the road along the river. The sun finally spilled over the mountains and splashed down on them as they turned the horses up Moab Canyon, headed north.

"How much money you got, Bill?" Carlisle asked

."Little over seven dollars."

"That ain't much to be showin' off for cousin Elsie with," Carlisle teased.

"I had to finish payin' off this saddle," Bill replied. "And I had to buy me a new shirt. Gotta look good for cousin Elsie, you know. I gave my grandma a couple a bucks to help with the groceries, too. She's been real good to me. She didn't want me to go on this trip with you, either," Bill said with a big grin. "She said I'd just be getting into trouble goin' all the way to Parowan with an outlaw like you."

Carlisle smiled but didn't say anything.

"I think we ought to take a shortcut," Bill said as they neared the top of Moab Canyon. "Uncle Will says it's a long ways to Parowan if we follow the road through Green River, Price, and Salina. I think we ought to follow the old Horsethief Trail down to the Green River at the mouth of Mineral Canyon. We can cross the river there, and Hanksville is

just across the Robbers Roost, somewhere over near Factory Butte. I ain't ever been there before, but Uncle Eph pointed out the landmarks last year when we took some of his steers to Green River to sell. I'm sure I can find the place. From Hanksville, they say there's a good road that goes west along the Fremont River toward the settlements in Iron County. I think it might be shorter to go that way and we can go swimmin' in the river, too."

"I've never been down the Horsethief Trail or through the Robbers Roost," Carlisle confessed. "But if you say it's the best way, then I'm all for it. By the way, why do they call it the Horsethief Trail?"

"Uncle Ephraim says the trail was used by a bunch of horse thieves back in the early days," Bill explained. "The outlaws were usin' the trail to steal horses from the ranchers near Moab. The bad guys would sneak up on the mesa, steal the horses, and then go back down the trail to hide out in the Robbers Roost."

"Are those outlaws still out there on the Roost somewhere?" Carlisle asked.

"No," Bill said. "Eph claims the ranchers caught some of them and hanged them in the cottonwoods down along the river near Tidwell Bottom. They never contacted the sheriff or anything; just hanged the outlaws and buried them in the sand along the river. Most people never knew anything about it. Eph said it was easier that way. The ranchers didn't have to go to a lot of bother with a trial and all. After that, the outlaws went someplace else to steal horses."

At the top of Moab Canyon, not far from a stagecoach stop called Courthouse Station, the boys left the well-traveled road and turned west up Seven Mile Canyon. They were going to the high mesa country where they'd been tending cows just a few days before. They camped that afternoon near a water hole in the Big Flat country on top of the mesa.

Early the next morning, the eastern sky was awash in brilliant orange when a band of horses came to the stock pond for a cold drink of water. The boys were squatting around a smoky campfire, frying bacon and dough-gob biscuits in a small iron skillet and trying to get warm. They recognized the horses. They had seen them many times before. The animals ran free in the high mesa country even though they were domestic stock and not wild mustangs. Ranchers often turned "extra" horses loose to forage for themselves. Running free on the range for a year or two was a great way to teach a colt to be sure-footed in the rough country.

"Those are sure some pretty horses, ain't they, Carlisle?"

"Yeah," the Dalton boy agreed. "I think that big sorrel is one of old Doc William's horses. He had him in town for a while, if that's the same horse, and I think it is."

"Wouldn't it be somethin' to have so many horses you could just turn half-a-dozen of 'em loose to run with the cows out here?" Bill sighed. "It sure doesn't seem fair. I had to work almost two years to buy this one little mare of mine, her and the saddle, of course."

"I wonder how many of those range horses those rich guys lose to lions and wolves and such," Carlisle questioned.

"And outlaws," Bill reminded him. "There's been many a good horse stolen out here on the open range."

There was a long and heavy silence as the boys watched the horses drinking at the pond. Then young Bill spoke quietly, and very matter of fact. "We could steal that bunch of horses purdy darn easy, ya know. The sheriff and all of those rich guys are down in San Juan County chasin' those Indians around, tryin' to get their pictures in the newspapers."

"That's a fact," Carlisle agreed. "And with all of the Indian troubles in the district this spring, I'm sure that old Posey, or that other buck, old Senna-guts, or whatever his name is, would be happy to take the blame. Them Injuns is horse stealin' fools."

"By darn, we could do it, couldn't we?" Bill said quietly, thinking it over.

"I'll bet they're worth four hundred dollars," Carlisle said, beginning to sound excited. "Even that colt would bring a good price. You could sure show cousin Elsie a good time with that much money, and that's a fact."

"What would we do with 'em?"

"We could sell them in the settlements over in Iron County," Carlisle said eagerly.

"Nobody from Moab ever goes over there. Besides, it might take old Doc Williams and those other rich guys months to miss those range horses. And when they do, they'll just figure the Indians got 'em or the wolves ate 'em up and scattered the bones."

"I wonder where old man Murphy's cowboys are workin' this week," Bill said in a sneaky tone of voice. "Let's ride to the top of the ridge and see if there's anybody around."

The sun hadn't peaked in the noonday sky before the boys dropped off the steep rim of the canyon, headed down the Horsethief Trail. Before them they drove eight fine-looking horses, all sweaty and covered with foam. Bill was still leading the packhorse he had commandeered from his stepfather. In the eyes of the law, that made nine.

From a high rim above the river, the boys paused to look down on that wide expanse of desert and canyons known as the Robbers Roost. It was the last wild remnant of the Old West, the former hideout and wilderness sanctuary of such notables as Butch Cassidy, Harry Longabaugh, Tom Dilly, and Matt Warner. By late afternoon, the young horse thieves had crossed the river, headed west. Later that night their campfire was the only light to be seen anywhere in the six hundred square miles of the Robbers Roost.

Early the next morning, the boys started west to find the Hanksville road. Not knowing the country, they followed a trail Bill was familiar with, the cow trail that took Ephraim's cows to market in the town of Green River. Bill had been over the route the

BILL TIBBETTS (continued)

previous fall and he remembered the landmarks. The cow trail took them farther north than they wanted to be, but it would put them on the Hanksville road near the San Rafael River.

Late that afternoon, as they approached the San Rafael, they heard shooting coming from the direction of the river. The boys rode to the top of a ridge to check it out. Below them they saw an old man running across a plowed field while two men with rifles were shooting at him from the edge of the field. As they watched, the old man staggered, stumbled, and went down. To the young cowboys, it looked like a cold-blooded murder.

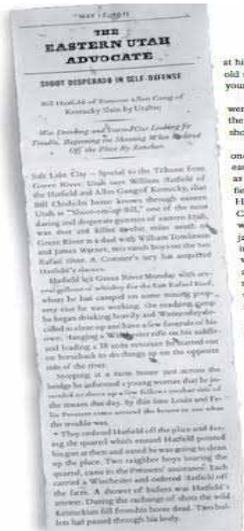
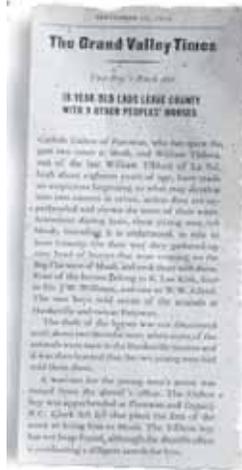
Not wanting to get mixed up in a murder, the boys went back to their stolen horses and very quickly got the hell out of there. They cut the Hanksville road in short order and went south as fast as they could travel.

Bill and Carlisle found out later they had witnessed one of the most famous shootings ever to happen in eastern Utah. The victim was a bad man known locally as Shoot-em-up Bill. His real name was William Hatfield, and he was said to be a member of the famous Hatfield clan from Kentucky who feuded with the McCoy's. The story might have been true because the man was no stranger to gunplay. His bad hip and crooked jaw were reminders of old gunfights when he finished in second place. People said ol' Shoot-em-up always wore his six-guns, and he was always waving

them around and threatening to kill people. There were rumors of a warrant for his arrest over in Colorado where he had killed a woman by mistake while fighting with her husband or boyfriend.

Shoot-em-up had come to Utah to seek his fortune prospecting in the Henry Mountains, but at the time of his death he was living in a dugout across the San Rafael River from the Tomlinson Ranch. It came out in a coroner's inquest that Shoot-em-up had gotten drunk that day and had gone to a neighboring farm where he was terrorizing an older couple with his guns, threats, and vile language. When another neighbor intervened, ol' Shoot-em-up took a shot at him, and missed.

It wasn't the first time farmers along the river had been tormented and bullied by the pistol packin' old scoundrel and they were tired of it. A couple of young men loaded their rifles, ran old Shoot-em-up down, and put him out of his misery.

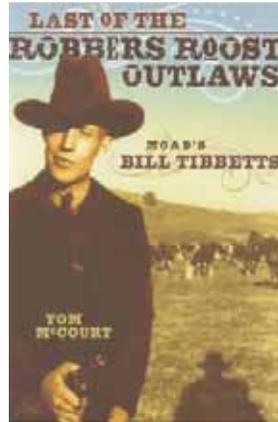


An inquest was held in the town of Green River a few days later. A coroner's jury ruled that Shoot-em-up had met his death as the result of a justifiable homicide.

The men who did the shooting were defending their homes and families and no charges were filed.

Ephraim Moore attended the inquest in Green River and heard the testimony of the shooting firsthand. But by the time the inquest was held, two unknown eyewitnesses, Bill Tibbetts and Carlisle Dalton, had passed through Hanksville and were basking in the promised land of Parowan with their pockets full of silver dollars.

NEXT TIME: "A Farewell to Arms" and "Making a New Start."



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

Follow this link:
<http://www.cnha.org/product.cfm?id=67F84CFA-3048-C277-1143EF03215E77A5>

THE ZEPHYR BACKBONE---February/March 2015



Garrett Wilson Sandy, UT



**Doug & Mary Travers
San Antonio, TX**



**Terry Weiner
The California Desert**



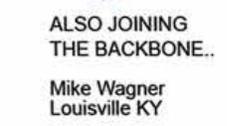
**Scott Grunder
Ludington, MI**



**Jannik Schou
Whitehorse Yukon**



**Scott Thompson
Beckley WV**



**ALSO JOINING THE BACKBONE..
Mike Wagner
Louisville KY**



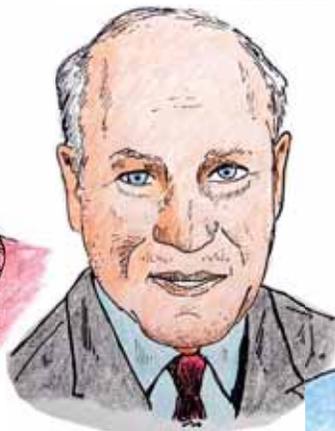
**MATT & DEEPA ROBERTS
Austin TX**

THE ZEPHYR BACKBONE...October/November 2015

Richard Ingebretsen
Salt Lake City, UT

John Brasch
Louisville, KY

Stephen Peake
Louisville, KY



Steven Jones
Chicago, IL



Tom Wylie
Littleton, CO

Terry Weiner
San Diego, CA

Paul Cleary
Tulsa OK

DOUG MEYER
FLAGSTAFF,

Katie Lee
Jerome AZ

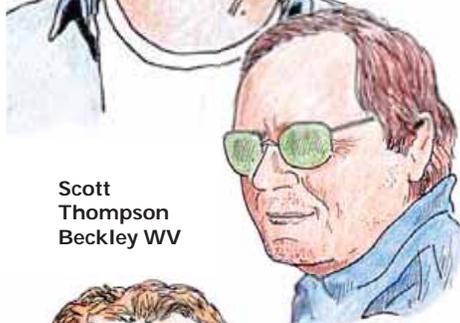


Nancy Newman
Minneapolis MN

Scott
Thompson
Beckley WV

Paul Vlachos
New York, NY

Ron Mastrogiuseppi
Crater Lake OR



THANKS ALSO TO...

Vernon Hill
Wofford Heights, CA

William Breed
Pawcatuck CT

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

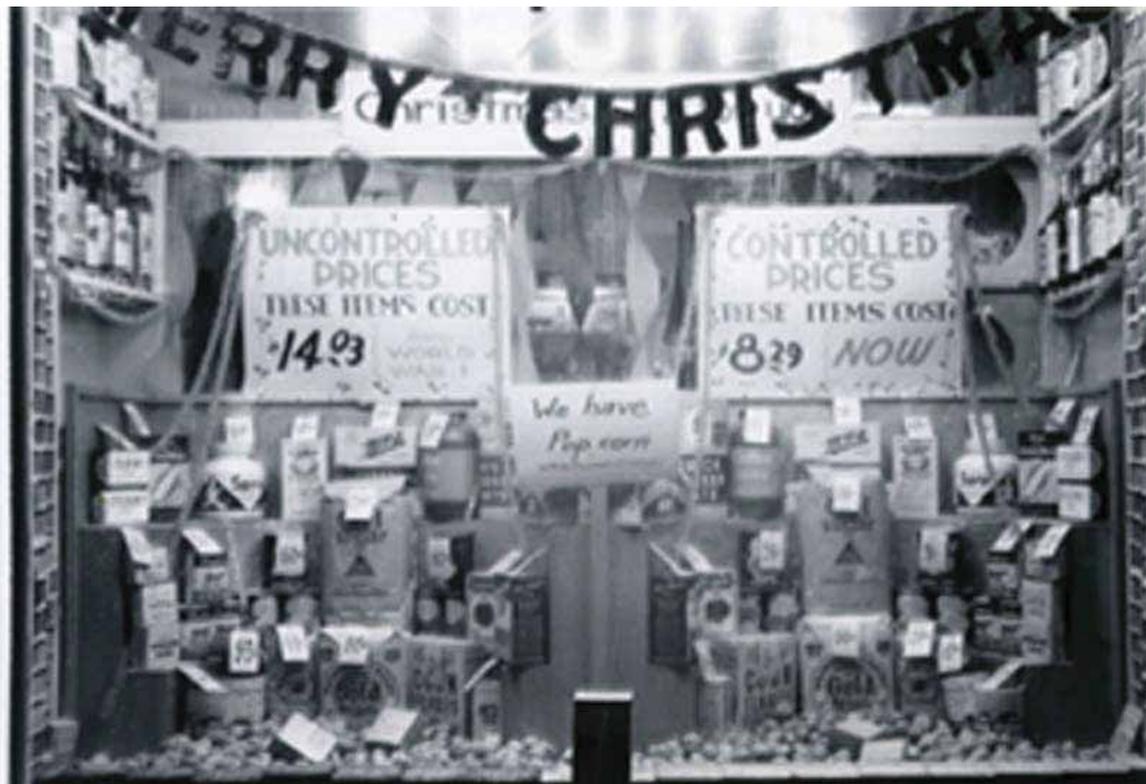


RENO, NEVADA...

CHRISTMAS 1945



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Just after Pearl Harbor.
Price controls were
already in effect.



The HOB NOB Cafe'
in Reno...



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 1990 Zephyr Archives

'THE STABILIZATION' of DELICATE ARCH

Decades ago, the Park Service hoped to save the iconic arch by gluing it...

Jim Stiles

"...there have been some, even in the Park Service, who advocate spraying Delicate Arch with a fixative of some sort -- Elmer's Glue perhaps or Lady Clairol Spray-Net."

-E. Abbey
Desert Solitaire

When I first read that passage by Abbey, I thought he was kidding; I learned, over the years, to take some of Cactus Ed's "facts" with a grain of salt. The idea of spraying Delicate Arch with a fixative was too ridiculous to be taken seriously. This, of course, was before my decade of employment with the federal government.



During my first winter at Arches, when the tourists were few and far between, I spent much of my day rummaging through file cabinets reading old monthly reports and looking at the black & white photo collection. One day, a labeled folder caught my eye. It read: Delicate Arch Stabilization Project. I remembered the remark in Desert Solitaire but still couldn't quite believe my eyes.

What I found inside was a decade's worth of memorandums, letters, and reports, all dedicated to the question - should the Park Service save Delicate Arch from imminent collapse?

The issue was first raised by Arches Custodian Russ Mahan on August 28, 1947 in a memo to the Regional Director. On a recent hike, Russ had observed "the eroded condition of the east leg of Delicate Arch ... It is my opinion that some measures should be taken to prevent further erosion and to stabilize this particular point. If we lost this arch we would be losing one of the most important features of Arches National Monument."

Mahan was convinced apparently that the collapse of Delicate Arch might very well take away any incentive to visit the park at all. If that were true, I'd go out there with a load of dynamite tomorrow.

In any case, the letter got the ball rolling, but just barely. The acting Regional director sent Mahan's concerns to the Director in Washington. "There was," he added, "the possibility that (the) condition of the formation may endanger visitors there." But the threat of an arch squashing innocent tourists was not enough to elicit much interest. The next memorandum, dated September 13, 1951 said only that, "with specific data, previously lacking, the matter can be discussed again to determine what action, if any, this office is willing to recommend."

Obviously, there was not a great deal of enthusiasm for this project. But 18 months later, interest was re-kindled when Southwest Regional Assistant Director Hugh Miller visited the arch and threw his support behind the plan:

"I have decided to join, as a result of this trip, those who believe that stabilization of Delicate Arch is warranted. I would favor the proposal only with the understanding that a very simple plaster jacket could be placed over the weak point in the arch at which erosion threatens to topple it, sufficient only to arrest further erosion at that point. Careful staining would suffice to make such minor support unobjectionable in appearance and it seems to me that it might reasonably be effective. From my own point of view, the Delicate Arch is so outstandingly unique a formation as to merit the adoption of stabilization methods."

The general superintendent in Globe Arizona was delighted. "It is encouraging indeed," he said, "to know that Mr. Miller is in accord with our view."

Although the NPS Advisory Board opposed the stabilization of geological formations in National parks, Davis insisted that Delicate Arch should be an exception. On December 22, 1952 he wrote:

"I believe we are all agreed that one use of our Parks and Monuments is as great outdoor museums and, as such, Arches National Monument has perhaps its most effective exhibit in Delicate Arch. To allow this unique formation to fall without making some effort to prolong its existence would be to lose forever an integral part of the story justifying the existence of Arches National Monument."

Within months, memorandums no longer asked if the arch should be stabilized but "where and what method should be used." By the spring of 1954, the memorandums were flying at a fever pitch. A meeting was proposed for March 3, 1954 and were to include representatives from the Engineering Division and

The idea of spraying Delicate Arch with a fixative was too ridiculous to be taken seriously. This, of course, was before my decade of employment with the federal government.

the Landscape Architectural Division. They were to "discuss the stabilization of Delicate Arch and to make arrangements for the execution of the proposed work."

And then came landscape architect David Van Pelt. Obviously not caught up in the stabilization fever that had affected others, Van Pelt met with Bates Wilson at Arches, discussed the question of stabilization and filed his report. He was the first to see that meddling with Mother Nature might very well backfire. "It should be realized," he wrote, "that the wisdom and success of whatever action may or may not be taken to stabilize the arch can never be accurately appraised."

Van Pelt proposed two alternatives:

1. To take no measures toward stabilization. This view arises not out of indifference nor apathy, but from a consideration of the uncertain benefits of stabilization, of the very real possibility that more harm than benefit may be done, and in the knowledge that Delicate Arch is "in extremis", its collapse only deferred by the efforts of man.

The stabilization of ruins does not offer a precedent in the analysis of the weaknesses of the arch, nor in procedures for strengthening it. The collapse of ruins follows definite patterns according to their methods of construction, such methods being few in number and not fully understood. They are restored by proven techniques, based on known forces, strength of materials, etc.

A complete stabilization, using methods common to ruins stabilization, of Delicate Arch would involve uncertain results, not inconsiderable danger to arch and workmen, and great expense. The arch is in a relatively inaccessible location, to which all materials and equipment would have to be hauled by pack-animal or small tractor. It is poised on the edge of a deep canyon, necessitating extra safety precautions. No one can say that it would not partially or wholly collapse while work was in progress.

2. The contention that nothing should be done is prey to the equally defensible argument that, since the patient is doomed anyway, we are justified in making some attempt to prolong his life.

If the project was to proceed, the most efficient technique seemed to call for the spraying of the weak leg with a silicone epoxy. Another option, proposed by engineer J.R. Lasstic, was "to ring the weak point of the weaker leg with a concrete collar, making an attempt to color and form the concrete to blend as well as possible with the natural structure."

Superintendent Davis in Globe, Arizona bubbled with enthusiasm. Despite Van Pelt's warnings, Davis felt that "the trial use of a silicone preparation can certainly do no damage and it may well afford some protection from weathering." The Regional office seemed to be in contact with every silicone manufacturer in the country requesting free samples. And Davis added, "I suggest that all of these be field tested at Arches."

Meanwhile, the staff at Arches appeared to be hiding as best it could from the entire project. Arches superintendent Bates Wilson's signature is conspicuously absent from all correspondence. General Superintendent Davis, concerned that the silicone had not been tested, inquired as to whether they needed more. A few weeks later, Davis sent another memo to Bates Wilson, asking him to estimate needed additional funds to complete the job. No reply from Arches. On October 13, 1954 the acting General Superintendent sent Bates one more memo. "Will you please," he pleaded, "make a special report on this project at your very earliest convenience?"

Acting Arches Superintendent Bob Morris finally responded. Well, it seems they mixed the ethyl silicate solution back in February and it was supposed to be applied within 90 days. Now, with winter closing in, Morris asked Davis, "To get the proper results, should we not order a new mixture?"

A tense memo came back from Davis. Write the manufacturer, he suggested, if they thought the silicone had gone bad. "A tabulation of the dates of treatment and a complete record of your observations should be made and forwarded to this office."

Arches appeared to have worn the general superintendent down. The memos petered out and the issue died for almost two years. Then in 1956 Mr. Cutler, a visitor to Arches, sent a letter to the NPS Director, concerned with preserving Delicate Arch "for millions yet unborn." Incredibly, he suggested "that a clear, erosion-resistant material could be sprayed on."



Meanwhile, the staff at Arches appeared to be hiding as best it could from the entire project. Arches superintendent Bates Wilson's signature is conspicuously absent from all correspondence.

The Acting Regional Director, Harthon Bill replied to the letter and advised the concerned citizen of the March 1954 study. "This office," Mr. Bill advised, "is not currently aware of the immediate status of the work at stabilizing Delicate Arch. We can, however, assure you that this is an active project and every effort is being made to slow down natural processes of weathering with the objective of lengthening the life of this natural feature to the greatest possible extent."

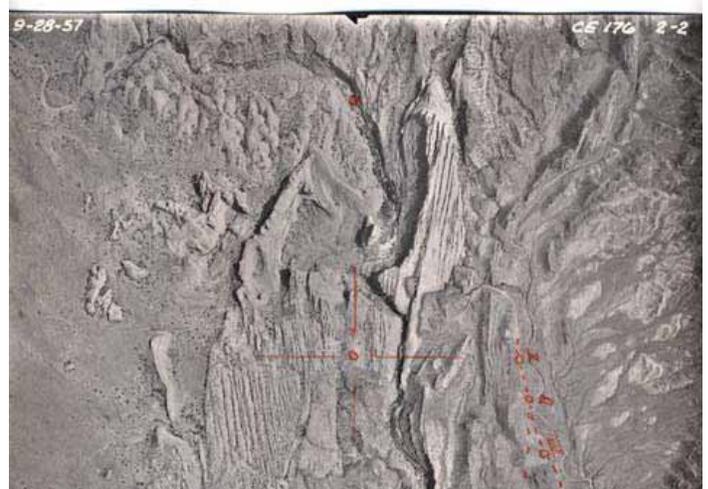
Finally, on April 27, 1956, Mr. Cutla received another letter from the Park Service Regional office. "During a recent visit to this office," the letter stated, "Superintendent Wilson stated that several of the chemicals had proven unsatisfactory, because exposure to the weather had caused them to turn white, or scale off, or both." Wilson also felt that it would require "several more years of experimentation" before the process could be implemented on the arch.

With that, the idea finally collapsed. Bates Wilson, it appeared, simply outlasted the Regional bureaucrats. No one loved Delicate Arch more than Bates,

but the idea of sealing silicone on it with an orchard sprayer never appealed to his common sense. He continued to worry about Delicate Arch, but not from the standpoint of its collapse. In a monthly report filed not long after the Cutler letter, Bates wrote: "the increasing desire of fools to carve their names in public places has reached the highest level possible in Arches at Delicate Arch."

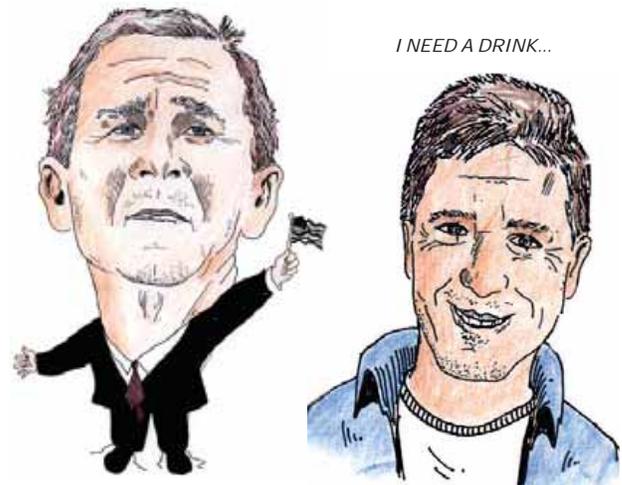
Thirty five years later, the wind and the rain continue to sculpt the arch, picking away at it grain by grain, and idiots with big egos and no brains still come to the arch to scratch their names on it.

Continuity.



In the 'WHO WOULD A THUNK IT???' DEPARTMENT...

*The NEW crop of Republican Candidates make THIS GUY...look good.
(or at least not as BAD)*



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"more poets. fewer lawyers..." Ed Abbey

---Amy Brunvand



Stars

The Christmas lights seem increasingly desperate
This time of year in their struggle against darkness,
Blinking red and green, blue and white
Trying to push back the Winter Solstice
With an hysterical flurry of electric
Bulbs. For all the talk about stars
And baby Jesus, it seems more like a frantic
Fear of the dark. God's stars have disappeared
Into the man-made glare of the city
Only Venus, Saturn, Mars and Jupiter
Mimic stars in the depleted sky.
You'd never guess the Pleiades were there
Or that one long arm of our spiral galaxy
Wraps around us as the Milky Way.



Amy Brunvand is a librarian, writer, and part-time nature mystic from Salt Lake City, Utah. She agrees with Edward Abbey that the environmental movement needs more poets and fewer lawyers (even though some of her best friends are lawyers).

Sage Grouse

"The only good place for a sage grouse to be listed is on the menu of a French bistro." — Jason Chaffetz (R-UT-3)

"It's disappointing that some Members of Congress are more interested in political posturing than finding solutions to conserve the sagebrush landscape and the Western way of life."

— Interior Secretary Sally Jewell

The road stretches
Before us, black asphalt
Pencil sharpened
Into a perspective arrow
Pointing out immensity,
Red cliffs slash the horizon
The Sagebrush Sea around us
Ebbs and flows, silver-grey
Shrubs surge in leafy tides.

At a curve in the road
A yellow diamond caution
Alerts us to their presence—
Silhouettes cast
By shadow sage grouse
Their spiked tail feathers
Rays of light emanating
From the Virgin of Guadalupe.

Somewhere radiant
Roosters fan and strut,
Puff out yellow air sacs,
Sing like percolating coffee,
Pop like champagne corks.

A puff of dust
Sprouts chicken feet,
Tumbleweeds preen,
Two grey hens
Bob their heads, brooding
In clucking consultation,
Should they cross the road?
Or not.



THE BACKBONE
JUNE-JULY 2015

Matt Roberts Family
Austin, TX

Marcia K Marshall
Minneapolis, MN



Stephen Smith
Louisville, KY



Annie Payne
Salt Lake City, UT



Alan Joslyn
Highlands
Ranch, CO



Jim Case
Flagstaff, AZ



Richard Ingebretsen
Salt Lake City, UT



Paul Cleary
Tulsa, OK



Kathryn Jackson
Moab,
Utah



Bill Stokes
St. Petersburg, FL



Karilyn & John Brodell
Jackson, WY

ALSO JOINING THE BACKBONE!
Wyndee Hansen, Moab UT.....
Mikko Zuckner, Wausau WI

and thanks to John Zarndt, Bozeman WI...
Lewis Downey, SLC UT
Dale Lee, Sandy UT.....

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'CAMP'

Memories of the Japanese Internment 1942-1945.....Part 2

By Alan Mikuni

Jerome Arkansas

Mom, her mother and father, two sisters and six brothers, and the other Fresno Fair-ground horse stable inmates left Fresno on October 20, 1942. My uncle Ken, then 16, recalls the very long train that carried them from Fresno to Arkansas. En route, the train traversed the railroad engineering marvel known as the Tehachapi Loop in Southern California. In order to negotiate the steep grade in the Tehachapi Mountains, the tracks form a loop which enables trains of sufficient length to cross over themselves. After a long train trip of 1,900 miles, the detainees arrived at the WRA concentration camp in Jerome in Southeastern Arkansas on October 26. Jerome had 8,479 inmates, and a nearby WRA camp at Rohwer Arkansas, also designated for San Joaquin Valley California residents, housed 8,475 prisoners. Similar to life at Topaz in Utah, Mom, her family, and the other newly arrived inmates of the Jerome WRA camp set up the means to carry on with their lives in this strange new environment. Mom was 20 years old, and spent



After a long train trip of 1,900 miles, the detainees arrived at the WRA concentration camp in Jerome in Southeastern Arkansas on October 26. Jerome had 8,479 inmates...

time tending to family matters, such as caring for her younger siblings, sewing clothes, attending classes, and doing a variety of household chores in their shared family housing barracks. The inmates who had jobs could save up their wages of \$12 to \$19 per month to purchase items from Sears and Roebuck, Spiegel, and Montgomery-Ward mail-order catalogs. Clothes and material to make clothes, as well as, many other items for daily use, unavailable from the US Government, were popular purchases. Mom didn't speak much to me about her day-to-day existence during the 11 months she and her family spent in Jerome, so from her silence I can only imagine how difficult life was for a young woman in those circumstances. The construction of the barracks was rudimentary: wooden-framed with tar-paper wall covering, barely enough structure to provide shelter from the elements. It was too cold in the winter, too hot in the summer, and too uneventful (boring) most times. Personal privacy was unknown, and no indoor plumbing



or toilet facilities contributed to the discomfort and indignity. The WRA rules stipulated that multiple families shared a single barracks unit, leaving little privacy for typical family living - the events, the conflicts, the celebrations, or the grief. In addition to all the personal inconveniences, I can also only imagine the anger and frustration each inmate

must have felt as a result of their unlawful, forcible imprisonment, since formal charges were not filed, and due process was completely absent. The fear associated with an unknown future, the psychological and physical disorientation, and the shock, disbelief, and humiliation of being thrown into prison for no reason, all contributed to a miserable existence for the inmates, but gaman.

Familial and societal norms for usually tightly-knit Japanese-American families were disrupted, as the pressures of camp life destroyed the traditional nuclear family (grandparents-parents-children/siblings) structure. Family meal-times were replaced with communal dining for hundreds of people in crowded mess halls. Father, mother, and

The basic US Government-issued, Army-surplus, canned ration food supplies provided little in the way of flexibility for preparing traditional Japanese comfort-foods. In the early years of the camp experience, traditional Japanese food disappeared from the diets of the inmates.

young children might have family meals together, but teenagers wanted to hang-out (not a 1940s term) together, often leaving the grandparents separated and isolated. Women could no longer cook for their families - their children, parents, and husbands. The basic US Government-issued, Army-surplus, canned ration food supplies provided little in the way of flexibility for preparing traditional Japanese comfort-foods. In the early years of the camp experience, traditional Japanese food disappeared from the diets of the inmates. Potatoes were the staple of mess hall dining, replacing white rice— "gohan", beloved as THE staple of the Japanese diet. Minor mess hall rebellions throughout the WRA camp system managed to get rice added to the food supplies. However bleak, the overall food situation eventually improved as opportunities emerged for remarkable creativity in how to make-do with basic food provisions. In a culinary rendition of overcoming shikatanai and gaman, camp inmates were able to reverse an unsatisfactory situation. The original US Army mess hall cooks, assisted by inmates with cooking experience, were able to create interesting versions of Japanese food using whatever basic ingredients were available to them. For instance, canned Vienna sausages, frankfurters, and spam became wienie o-kazu (a dish made of meat, vegetables, and soy sauce), and wienie and Spam sushi. Leftover rice also provided the raw materials for surreptitious sake-making distilleries tucked-away in secluded corners of mess halls. Over time, inmates became the mess hall cooks adding to the diversity of Japanese concoctions that could be devised using a wider variety of raw materials. Knowing what a terrific cook my Mom was, I just know she had a hand in invigorating the mess hall menus to her and her family's liking.

During their stay in Jerome, Mom and her brothers and sisters were also compelled to complete the "Loyalty Questionnaire". A single, ill-timed and ill-managed recruitment effort by the US Army for combat troops for the 442nd Regimental Combat Team resulted in only 31 volunteers. Because one of the reasons for the WRA questionnaire was to identify "loyal" inmates for service in the US war effort, which also included the Women's Army Corp, the Women's Army Air Corps, and the American Red Cross, women over seventeen years of age also had to answer Questions 27 and 28. I never had the opportunity to ask Mom specifically about this, but I can easily envision her answering "No" to both questions. One or more of my uncles could also have done so, making them members of the "No-No Boys (and Girls)," and thus making them eligible for segregation. The Takeuchi family was able to remain together, but among those groups identified for segregation. On September 25, 1943, Mom and her entire family were transported from Jerome to Tule Lake California, the newly designated WRA Segregation Center. On September 29, they arrived in Tule Lake California after travelling 2,300 miles on another train.

Tule Lake California

Three thousand prisoners at the Tule Lake California WRA center answered No and No to Questions 27 and 28 of the "Loyalty Questionnaire", so the WRA decided to make Tule Lake the Segregation Center to imprison the "No-No-Boys", the allegedly disloyal or trouble-maker inmates. The Tule Lake WRA camp was originally established in Northern California near the Oregon border as one of its ten concentration camps. In 1943,

the camp was re-designated as Tule Lake Segregation Center. To make room for the 12,000 additional inmates who were arriving as a result of their "improper" responses to the Loyalty Questionnaire, "loyal" inmates were transported to other WRA camps at Manzanar in Southern California, and to Poston and Gila River in Arizona. Eventually, 18,789 inmates called Tule Lake home in 1944, making it the largest and most controversial of the ten WRA camps. As the camp with the highest level of collective and vocal resentment against the unlawful incarceration carried out by the WRA, Tule Lake, despite its large population, only contributed 57 inmates to the US Army's 442nd Regimental Combat Team.

were movie theaters, canteens, cafes, shops, and activities like dances and other social activities, and I know my Dad was always a gentleman. A community of nearly 19,000 residents, essentially a small city nearly 4 times population of Moab, was able to offer small measures of privacy, if nothing more than what can be afforded by the anonymity of being two people in a crowd of hundreds or thousands.

World War II ended with VJ Day (Victory over Japan Day), on September 2, 1945, with the formal signing of Japan's surrender on the deck of the battleship USS Missouri in Tokyo Bay. VJ Day also signaled the end of the need to maintain the WRA concen-



Amy and John had not met prior to their arrival at Tule Lake, but fate, and the routine of living in a camp, would bring them together in one of Tule Lake's many mess halls.

Amy and John arrived at the Tule Lake Segregation Center within 14 days of each other, and as with their arrivals at their previous WRA camps, they and their families went about the business of trying to re-establish the semblance of a normal life in yet another new concentration camp. For the men and boys, normalcy included baseball. Uncle Ken and Dad played on different baseball teams, loosely organized around "home" geography: Ken was on the "Nippons" team from Sacramento, and Dad played for the Iwakuni Japan team. Amy and John had not met prior to their arrival at Tule Lake, but



fate, and the routine of living in a camp, would bring them together in one of Tule Lake's many mess halls. My conversations with Mom and Dad yielded little about their private lives related to their courtship during the period between the time they arrived at Tule Lake in September 1943 and their marriage in February 1946 (... not a complete surprise). Dad had taken a job as a cook in the mess hall where Mom was employed as a food server and waitress. They met, became acquainted, and over time, this "office romance" blossomed and flourished. Other than what I believe to have been

their understandable individual and collective efforts to make the best of a bad situation, that is, a young couple seeking some privacy during their courtship, I learned little. They were able to date, despite the restrictions imposed by life in a prison, as there

tration camps. Actually, the administrative steps to close Tule Lake and the other nine WRA camps began in January 2, 1945 when the WRA reopened the West Coast military security zone to Japanese Americans. On July 13, 1945, the WRA announced that all of the camps were to be closed between October 15 and December 15, 1945. The exception was Tule Lake, which for a variety of reasons, including a number of inmates slated for repatriation or deportation to Japan, was kept operational past December 1945.

John and Amy were married in a Buddhist ceremony on February 24, 1946, at the still open Tule Lake Segregation Center. The wedding photo included with this article shows the wedding party, and several of the WRA barracks in the background. The wedding reception dinner consisted of Spam with Hostess cupcakes as the wedding cake. Mom and Dad remained at Tule Lake until their March 18, 1946, departure for their new home in Reedley, California, 475 miles from Tule Lake, and about 30 miles Southeast of Fresno. My aunt Erma, who left Tule Lake on January 18, 1946, recalls that Mom asked her to send her some nylon stockings for her wedding. Erma and the Takeuchi family had temporarily settled in Reedley after their departure from Tule Lake. Erma recalls going into Reedley to shop for Mom's nylons, and that the store-keeper, still harboring animosity towards Japanese-Americans, was less than gracious to her. Beyond the store-keeper's rudeness, she also recalled that there were no nylons to purchase anyway, as nearly all nylon was diverted to the war material supply effort to produce items such as parachutes.

After Tule Lake

The Tule Lake WRA concentration camp was officially closed on March 20, 1946, two days after the newlyweds, John and Amy Mikuni, departed for their new life and home in Reedley. Executive Order 9742 was signed by President Harry S. Truman on June 26, 1946, officially terminated the mission of the War Relocation Authority.

As their departure from Tule Lake approached, the Takeuchi family contacted Herman Neufeld, who purchased the Takeuchi ranch prior to their departure for the concentration camps. Mr. Neufeld and neighbor Joe Bergin, who operated a chicken business in Reedley, hastily converted 3 large chicken coops into living quarters for the Takeuchi family. This was quite a housing journey for the Takeuchi family: horse stables, to tar-paper barracks, to chicken coops! They stayed in this temporary housing for about 6-months, moving several more times before they eventually settled in Fresno. Dad's two sisters and their families returned to their homes in Oakland and Los Angeles, respectively.

Anti-Japanese sentiment among the citizens of California was still running high, so the environment for a smooth transition back into non-camp life for all former con-

'CAMP'

By Alan Mikuni
(continued)

centration camp inmates would be difficult. The "We Don't Want Any Japs Back Here - Ever" sign in the attached photo was typical of the reception awaiting returning, formerly-imprisoned Japanese-Americans. Notable exceptions to the hostile population were, of course, Mr. Neufeld and Mr. Bergin, as well as, another gentleman named Clay Comer, a close family friend of the Takeuchi family. Clay remained loyal to his Japanese-American friends, regardless of what was occurring around him and in his own family, and was considered to be an honorary member of the Takeuchi family.

Anti-Japanese sentiment among the citizens of California was still running high, so the environment for a smooth transition back into non-camp life for all former concentration camp inmates would be difficult. The "We Don't Want Any Japs Back Here - Ever" sign in the attached photo was typical of the reception awaiting returning, formerly-imprisoned Japanese-Americans.

I was born in Reedley in 1947. Mom and Dad then moved to two additional rental homes and farms in Fresno, and my two brothers, Ron and Dennis, were born in 1949 and 1953, respectively. In 1961, 9 years after the 1952 invalidation of the California Alien Land Laws that prohibited my grandparents from owning land, my parents purchased a grape ranch west of Sanger California, about 10 miles east of Fresno. In 1980, they paid off the mortgage. In the aftermath of a very trying personal ordeal for both my parents, they managed to demonstrate that their personal strength, besides those exemplified by shikatanagai and gaman, could get them through virtually anything. All three of us Mikuni sons graduated from college and, with our respective families, have developed lives of our own... in a United States that has shown its own strength through its recognition of, and reparation for, this mistake and woeful breach in civil rights.

On February 19, 1976, 34 years to-the-day after President Roosevelt issued Executive Order 9066, President Gerald Ford rescinded it.

On August 10, 1988, President Ronald Reagan enacted into law the Civil Liberties Act of 1988. This law acknowledged that Japanese-Americans were unlawfully incarcerated during World War II, not as a military necessity, but based upon "race prejudice, war hysteria, and a failure of political leadership."

On November 21, 1989, President George H.W. Bush signed the Appropriations Bill into Law that funded reparations of \$20,000 plus a formal letter of apology to each of the 82,219 surviving Japanese-American detainees. John and Amy were both so recognized.

On December 22, 2003, my Dad John passed away at the age of 83. My Mom, Amy, died on September 14, 2013, at the age of 91.

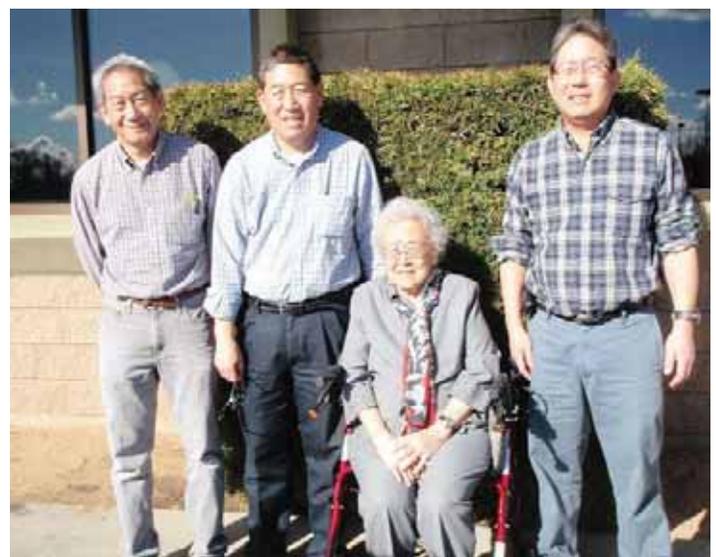
The Takeuchi family still stays in touch with the Neufeld family.

Regarding the use of the term "concentration camp" in depicting this particular chapter in America's history, comparisons to events in Europe also occurring during World War II cannot be avoided and provide perspective. The historic record and each annual remembrance of The Holocaust remind us about the atrocities perpetrated by Germany, the Third Reich, and Nazi SS in their attempt to achieve "The Final Solution." Over six million Jewish and other peoples disfavored by the Nazis were murdered by the SS in concentration camps such as Dachau, Auschwitz-Birkenau, Treblinka, Sobibor, and the other infamous Nazi facilities in German-occupied Europe. Japanese-Americans were also imprisoned in concentration camps, but in Topaz, Jerome, Tule Lake, and the other WRA camps in the United States. There is no parallel with respect to the extremes in how the inmates were treated by their respective captors. What is common to both the Jewish and the Japanese-American experiences is the systematic and state-sanctioned violation of human and civil rights and the use of facilities to "concentrate" the subjects of those actions. I think it is interesting to note a comment made in 1998 by American Jewish Council Executive Director David A. Harris. "We have not claimed Jewish exclusivity for the term 'concentration camps.'" Also in 1998, Jonathan Mark, a columnist for The Jewish Week, wrote: "Can no one else speak of slavery, gas, trains, camps? It's Jewish malpractice to monopolize pain and minimize victims."

The US National Park Service has undertaken a program, "Preserving and Interpreting World War II Japanese American Confinement Sites" to recognize the historical significance of the ten War Relocation Authority concentration camps, as well as numerous related sites, then called, assembly, relocation, or isolation centers. In 2014, Federal funding was made available, by way of the grant approval process, to undertake projects to preserve and protect these National historic sites. Several former camp facilities are in the process of being restored, and formal designation have been granted to the Manzanar National Historic Site, and the Tule Lake Unit of the World War II Valor in the Pacific National Monument. Topaz has been nominated for National Historic Landmark designation, and the World War II Japanese-American Internment Museum, located in McGehee, Arkansas, pays tribute to those imprisoned at nearby Jerome and Rohwer.

Alan M. Mikuni
June, 2015

The Mikuni Family over the years.



TO READ PART 1 OF ALAN MIKUNI'S ACCOUNT:

<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/2015/10/02/camp-the-japanese-internment-1941-45-part-1-by-alan-mikuni/>



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One major culprit is house size. American single-family homes have more than doubled in square footage in the last four decades. By 2014, the Census Bureau reports, the average U.S. single-family homes reached 2,660 square feet, up from 1,660 square feet in 1973. More space means more heating and cooling, more lighting, and more room for gigantic televisions. (The Atlantic excerpts)

source: <http://theatlantic.com/1SW4iCJ>

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Thomas Jefferson

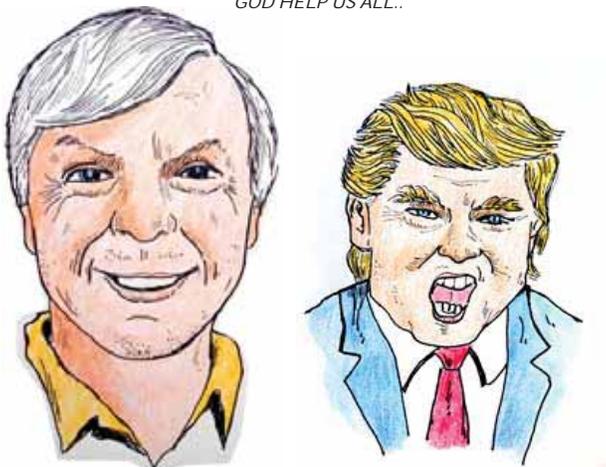


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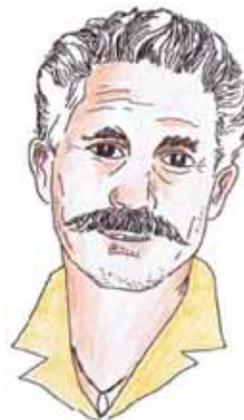


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MY PERSONAL HISTORY

Life & Times in Southeast Utah...part 10

Verona Stocks

I was 40 years old April 1, 1945. I thought I was a little too old to have any more babies. What I thought made no difference. Lynda was born June 7, 1945 on mine and Pete's anniversary. She was very tiny and so cute but I told Pete I did not need any more anniversary presents. Oh! yes he bought me pretty dresses and appliances. He took me to dinners, but the one we got in 1945 was always the most precious.

My first grand child was born early May, 1945. Brent Platos Verona (Vee's) first baby. The kids are growing up so very fast. I am proud of them all. They help me so much on the farm.

We are still living in the log cabin. It's a bit crowded now. When the war ended there was no market for uranium or vanadium so a lot of men had no jobs. The stockmen, fruit growers and farmers were not hurt but the miners had to find something else. Our peach orchard was producing enough to pay taxes and Pete was able to find short jobs. We lived well. We had pigs, chickens and milk cows.

Pete got a contract from Fowler digging gold in Miners Basin in 1947. He hired three men to do the work, driving a drift to a place where Mr. Fowler thought the mother lode was. Pete lost money on that deal. Another deal he had was with his brother Angus

winter, watered them all summer and fall, picked and sold them in the fall. I forgot to mention they had to be sprayed at least twice in the spring and early summer and most years they had to be thinned.

I planted corn and alfalfa, melons and a big garden. The melons were planted close to the creek so when the Indians came in the fall to get willows from the squaw brush to make baskets, stands and chairs they could get ripe melons out of the patch. They were very careful not to step on the vines.



Jerry & Joe Stocks

Early in the 1950's the peaches were paying off enough so I could help Pete get the house built like he wanted. We did need those twin boys, they always helped willingly on the farm. We had a farm tractor and when they were eight or nine years old I seldom had to use it.

Early in the 1950's the peaches were paying off enough so I could help Pete get the house built like he wanted. We did need those twin boys, they always helped willingly on the farm. We had a farm tractor and when they were eight or nine years old I seldom had to use it.

At this time Pete ran a loader for the County road. He had decided he was not a farmer. The boys and I could cut the hay but when it came to hauling and stacking it Pete did that with the boys' help.

Pete was recovering from the accident with the tractor so he thought he could mine by himself on his claims on Wilson Mesa. I went to the Mesa a time or two to see how he was doing. He was getting out quite a lot of high grade. He made one shipment then he came home with a high fever. That day he would not go to a doctor. The next morning I called Clara Hettmen, my cousin and a nurse. She came up and talked him into riding with her to the hospital. He seemed to be a little out of his head. I was with him most of that day. At 9 o'clock that night I told Dr. Temple he had something I had never seen. He went in and looked at Pete. He called the University Hospital in Salt Lake City. The next morning they sent a serum by plane to him. He had Rocky Mountain spotted tick fever. He was one of the first people they had tried that serum on. It took a long time for him to be able to work again.

When school was out Peter went to Salt Lake City to find work so he could buy his own school clothes. I called Peter and he came home. It was about 10 days before the doctor thought Pete would live, he was in a coma most of the time. Yes, I needed Peter. We mined some ore out on the Blue Goose in February to get money for Peter's graduation.

In 1954 Pete and Mr. Balsley sold their uranium claims on Wilson Mesa. Pete got \$6,000 to start the new house. One load of peaches August 23, 1954 made another payment of \$1,500. I sold two tracts of land which paid for the bathroom and kitchen, etc. August 26, 1955, from the sale of peaches, we finished paying Scharf Construction clear off plus any other bills made for the new house.

Phyllis was good in school and she also took part in so many things. She was in the 4H Club, girl scouts, band, Pep Club, choirs, artist making posters for school activities. When she graduated she received a gold pin for the best all around student and one for the girls' best athlete. That last one was a shock to me she was such a lady always. It never dawned on me that such a lady always could climb up the trees and cliffs, play



I was 40 years old April 1, 1945. I thought I was a little too old to have any more babies. What I thought made no difference. Lynda was born June 7, 1945 on mine and Pete's anniversary. She was very tiny and so cute but I told Pete I did not need any more anniversary presents.

(Puge) in the sawmill. Pete bought the timber and paid for a new engine to run the sawmill. He got nothing but enough lumber to build a two room house which Puge built for himself on a piece of ground Pete gave him. At the same time Pete gave him the right to use all the water he wanted. That was against my wishes. Oh well! Pete said it served him right when later he had to pay \$3,000 to get the land and spring back.

When I got the ditch cleaned up for water turns and the orchard fenced, I had to go downtown and disk some orchards and lots for several people Pete had promised to work for. We needed the money and Pete was in the hospital. Pete was in the hospital about a week when his brother, Dick, joined him. He had gone all through the war against the Japs and had survived several of their night raids. When he came home he was accidentally shot in the shoulder by a friend. Pete was in the hospital about six weeks. He could not work for about six months, then at very limited jobs. I worked at different jobs because I still had to look after the farm, take the water turns, mow the hay and do the canning. When school started I was working at the cafe from 4 to 10. I would take Lynda to Phyllis and they would come home on the bus. I always fixed dinner before I went to work. The boys came home and did the chores, Phyllis took care of Lynda and the house.

Pete tried so hard to get back to work and help me. He had several short jobs but Dr. Allen told him he would have to be careful because he had walking pneumonia. He tried some mining and did assessment work on the Wilson Mesa claims that he and Mr. Balsley had. He could not help me much on the farm, mainly because he did not know how to farm. The one thing on the farm he could do and I couldn't was put up the hay.

Our orchard was mostly peaches. There was some cherry trees, apples and pears. I sure found out Pete did not know what he was talking about when he said it would not be any work for me because peaches were almost a year time job. I pruned them in the

hide-and-seek under water with her brothers. She was the first girl to float on a inertube down the Colorado River from the George White ranch to the bridge. I never wanted my girls to work out in the fields as I had done. One day I was picking a pickup load of peaches for someone, seemed like I was rather slow that day. I noticed my baskets were filling up rather fast; I looked around, there was Phyllis picking about two sacks of peaches to my one. She could ride a horse as well as her brothers could also.

We live with people but do we know them as well as we think we do? I have been trying to figure that out for a long time now. Do we know ourself? A different situation comes up our reaction can be puzzling.



Life to me is full of memories big and little with all the funny quirks. My memories are full of music, singing, dancing, laughter and happy voices. Watching children grow up, seeing new faces and hearing different voices all so very precious to me. Of course there is sadness too as loved ones leave us.

Phyllis graduated from Grand County High School in 1956. She spent one week at home before going to a business college in Denver. Peter thought he would be there and they would have a great time together so he paid her tuition fee. That of course was changed, he was gone. Another girl from Moab was going to the same college as Phyllis was so we took them both over and got them settled in the rooming house where they were going to stay. The other girl got homesick and left in about a month. Phyllis was left along in a strange city where she knew no one. She worked in that rooming house for room and board. She was a waitress and she was required to keep the dining room clean. Several elderly ladies lived there. I do not know how she stuck it out, but she did.

When she graduated from that school, she came home and got a job doing title insurance. She bought a car but lived at home until she met and married John Cortes August 8, 1958.

When Lynda was two, her and I went to Portland on a bus. Every time the bus stopped I had to chase her down to get her back on it. Coming home it was better she knew we would soon be home. The reason we took that trip was Vee was having another baby. Jonnie Reigles was born August 4, 1947. Lynda was not impressed about the new baby. Vee would let her look but she wasn't allowed to touch. Lynda had things to do at home. She had a little dog she would dress up and he had to walk upright, she would fix him lunch and put him in her high chair, then she fed him with a fork, if he tried to feed himself she tapped him on the nose. When she played paper dolls we must not speak to her. We all thought she was about the cutest person in the world.

Lynda loved our new house because now we had a bathroom and she could bathe twice a day. She still missed our old log house, I think her and I were the only ones in the family that had really loved that log house. I do not know what her reasons were but that was my first real home since I was a kid. I was born in a log house on the Murphy

Ranch, that had been torn down when we lived in Blanding. We had two log houses in Blanding, one on the ranch, the other in town.

Lynda had chances to go many places her brothers and sisters did not have because she was the only one left at home. Pete had a job and we had lots of peaches to sell every fall. Lynda had a charge account at Millers' clothing and when I gave her money to buy other things she seldom did that. Spending money and eating were two things she did not have time for. I gave her \$100 to buy her dresses for graduation, she went to Grand Junction with some girls, they shopped, but Lynda came home and gave the money back to me. Phyllis and I shopped around town and found two little petite dresses that would fit her.

Lynda was good in school. She especially liked ballet, acrobats, music and drama. She was a cheerleader all through her high school years.

By the time Lynda was in high school Phyllis and Jerry were both married and Joe had a job away from home so Lynda helped me on the farm. She disked the orchard and cut hay, but we had to wait for Pete and Joe to come home to haul and stack it. We did take the water turns. I was glad for her help but I never wanted my girls to work as I had done. I rode after cattle, herded sheep, and worked on the farm. Lynda can saw a board straight and run a chain saw as good as any man can. She could run that farm tractor as well as I could and she was not 5 ft. When she was going up to the fields the neighbors said it looked like the tractor was coming by itself.

As I was travelling across the great plains with my brother and his wife on our way to Missouri, that was in 1956, I could not help thinking about the differences in traveling now and in pioneer days. I thought too, how brave they were because on the other side of every ridge there could be a band of Indians or a herd of buffalo. The first settlers who came to this valley had to take their wagons apart and lower them and their belongings over the bluff in the canyon north of the river. When they reached the river they had to find a place to cross it.

My formation years were spent under circumstances not much different than those of my grandparents. Southeast Utah and the Western Slope of Colorado was untouched by most of the nineteenth century because the treaty with the Indians was not signed until 1877.

Life to me is full of memories big and little with all the funny quirks. My memories are full of music, singing, dancing, laughter and happy voices. Watching children grow



up, seeing new faces and hearing different voices all so very precious to me. Of course there is sadness too as loved ones leave us.

My memories lead me into strange places and different situations. I have watched hundreds of Indians going to the High Uintas in the spring, returning to the southern reservation to the south in the fall. I knew some of those Indians. Most of them were good people.

I have ridden in covered wagons across the desert, watched the prairie dogs run for their villages as we drove by and the beauty of the wild horses running in the distance. I rode horseback through some of our parks, only it was cattle and sheep range then. I saw thousands of cattle cross Dry Valley on their way to market. They had to come through Moab and ford the Colorado River to reach Thompson. I saw big horn sheep climbing the ledges down by Dead Horse Point and wild goats on the ledges by Flat Pass. Herds of sheep so interesting to people who lived in cities.

Then came the automobile, the airplane, a man walking on the moon. The TV shows us the whole world and who could imagine a talking car? Oh yes, so much has changed in my lifetime. Watching that change has been very interesting.

THIS was the final chapter of VERONA STOCKS' Personal History. We'd like to thank LYNDIA STOCKS for her assistance and support. Soon we will be compiling a page that will link all of these wonderful stories together...JS

NATURE IS NOT ALWAYS PRETTY

WARNING:
Some readers might find these photos disturbing.

We all love pretty pictures and videos of "nature" scenes and wildlife frolicking together--myself as much as anyone. That's why it can be shocking and unpleasant to realize that nature is generally NOT pretty and NOT cute. Nature is often nasty and violent. And we need to confront ourselves with that fact--that the gopher snake is an essential player in the tapestry of nature, as is the coyote and the mountain lion--even if watching these animals take their meals makes us queasy. So I present these photos as a reminder: nature is not always pretty.

I was doing a "road patrol" through Salt Valley to the Klondike Bluffs on a hot summer day in

1979. It was always a good place to take a nap and after dealing with tourists all morning, I felt a little siesta was more than deserved, even if I was being paid for it.



As I dipped into Salt Valley Wash, a flash of color caught my eye, just off the two-track. Incredibly, this is what I saw. Even more astonishing was the fact that I had my camera and that I remembered to use it.

The Gopher snake had just put the final squeeze on the cottontail rabbit when I arrived on the scene.

The snake dragged his victim into the shade of a nearby saltbush and proceeded to disengage his jaw and consume his dinner. Sad to say, I ran out of film before I could record the entire feast.

Jim Stiles

To see a rabbit turn the tables on the snake, follow this YouTube link:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FaoKS5nrEFA>



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Artist - Craftsman - Author:
Seven Mountains and the Red Star

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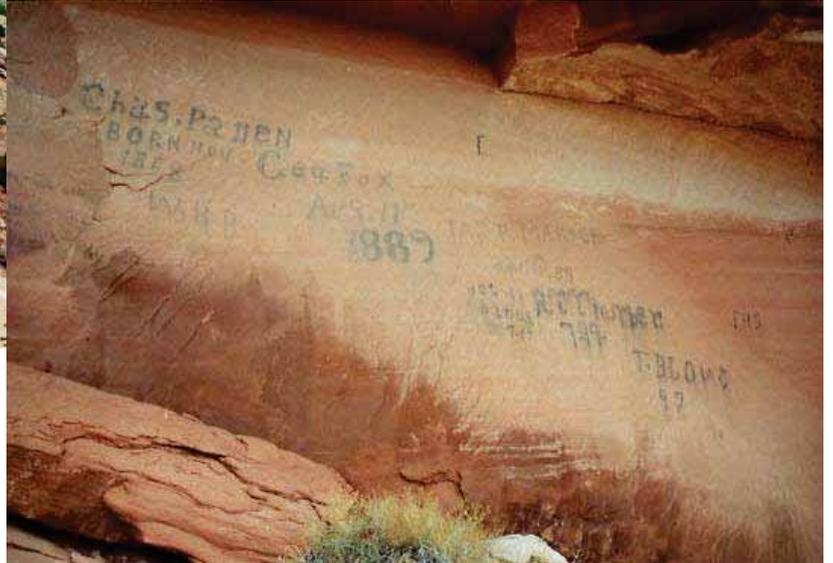
US 191 & the FORGOTTEN PAST

Remember us as we pass here...

From the edge of a fast paced highway, voices still speak from the canyon walls



At MULE CANYON, south of Moab, travelers paused here to record their passing. Among the names is 'GEO. FOX,' who carved his name on at least three locations along the current right of way of US 191, including one signature just inside Arches National Park.

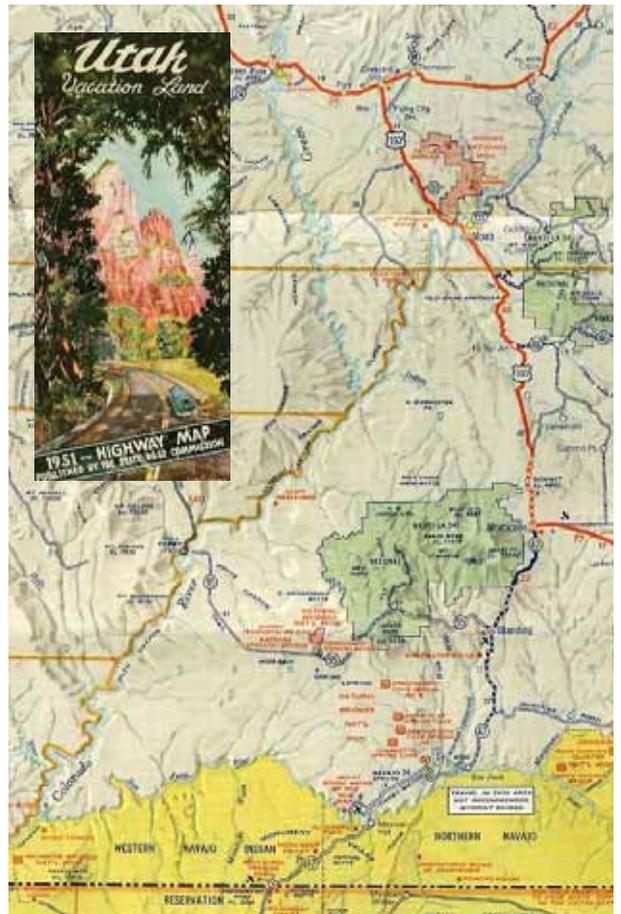


A lonely cowboy's misery is expressed here, on a canyon wall, 15 miles south of Monticello, near Church Rock.



The Sign of the Cross & 'R.M. 1943'

Scattered debris, remnants of a 1961 B-52 explosion and crash near Monticello.



NEXT TIME: More voices and images from the canyon walls



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- 8) It comes on fast and lasts a long time (like tequila shots)
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- 6) It spreads, like a swarm of bees, coming from all directions
- 5) We might as well be afraid.
The world ends in 2012, or was it May 21, 2010?
- 4) If all we have to fear is fear itself, it's easy to know what to be afraid of
- 3) "Fear is the mind killer."
And it's cheaper than booze and drugs
- 2) Fear is what we do best
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Ken Sleight Remembers.....

LIFE in NAVAJO COUNTRY

PROLOGUE: This article, originally published in August 1995, was written in response to a 1995 U.S. District Court ruling on Pelt v. Utah, which stated that the members of the Navajo Nation could not sue the state of Utah for mismanaging its trust fund for nearly 50 years. The trust fund, established in 1933, was comprised of a percentage of the oil and gas revenue earned on the Reservation, and was set aside to be used for the benefit of the Navajo Reservation. A 1992 study determined that the State of Utah had made poor investments with the money, mishandled its distribution and lost funds to fraud and corruption. An earlier study, from 1977, suggested that the fund, if managed correctly, should have contained \$100 million, and not the \$10 million it held. But Judge David Sam ruled that, regardless of whether the fund was mismanaged, the State had no liability for its management to the Navajo Nation.

Early in July, a number of us met at the St. Christopher's Mission near Bluff to hear the lawyers explain Judge Sam's recent decision concerning the rights of the Navajo people and the case they brought against the state. The Navajos had sued the state of Utah for the money lost due to the State's poor trusteeship of their trust fund.

I left the meeting, however, before it was over and headed out. I thought much about what had transpired and wondered if there would ever be a harmonious solution to the conflicts that exist.

We all know that it was Brigham Young's policy that it was better to feed the Indians than to fight them. But if a fight was necessary, so be it. The early Mormons in Illinois and Missouri made a show to defend their property as they were being chased out. But I wonder how many of those early pioneers felt the Indians had the same right as they to defend themselves.

The response of the Indians in San Juan County, Utah, was much the same



We all know that it was Brigham Young's policy that it was better to feed the Indians than to fight them. But if a fight was necessary, so be it.

as elsewhere. They fought such encroachment and the taking of their lands and property. What they didn't account for, as elsewhere, was the heavy hand of government troops. Indians were either compelled to submit or to be beaten into submission.

I'll not recount all the battles and racial problems between the whites and the Indians in San Juan. That would take volumes. But here are a few...

Let's start with Kit Carson at Fort Defiance in 1863. Backed by federal troops, he savagely rounded up the Navajo people to remove them to Fort Sumpter in New Mexico. The captives who surrendered voluntarily were to be taken to the reservation to farm the land. The males who resisted would be shot and their livestock and food supplies destroyed. The military command marched the terrorized Navajos 300 miles, "The Long Walk," to the Bosque Redondo concentration camp. By December 1864, the camp contained 8,354 Navajos. Hundreds eventually escaped but hundreds and hundreds died of disease and starvation. The tyrannical Kit Carson was later, in disgrace, relieved of his command.

The 14th Amendment to the Constitution proclaimed on July 28, 1868 that all persons born in the United States were naturalized citizens of the nation and state in which they resided. No state should now deprive any citizen of life,

liberty or property without the due process of law. Obviously, this law was not made for all of our peoples.

Soon after this momentous document was passed, U.S. Military authorities forced the Navajo chiefs to sign a treaty on August 12, 1868, to agree to live on reservations and to cease their opposition to the whites. The forced treaty established a 3.5 million-acre reservation within the Navajo tribe's old territory, a small portion of the original Navajo holdings. Even though it was later enlarged, the reservation originally held only 68,000 acres of farmland.

Even the exiled Mormons came back to Zion (San Juan) from Mexico to claim their "rightful heritage." But this society, as great as it was, brought with it a culture that was so different than that of the native people. Immediately, problems arose, and never to this day have the major racial problems been solved.

Sure the Navajos were not content. In the 1870s, Jacob Hamblin indicated a concern with the many Navajo raids on the Mormon frontier. He asked Brigham Young if he could be an ambassador to the Navajos in order to prevent further killings and to establish peace. A Paria Fort, with guards, was established near Lee's Ferry crossing.

Ammon Tenney, a Mormon peacemaker, charged that in the previous year, the Navajos had stolen some \$1,000,000 worth of cattle, horses and sheep in southern Utah. He was probably correct. The Navajos were indeed angry.

At a "great council" on Nov. 1, 1870, Tenney reports an estimated 8,000 hostile Indians on the council grounds at Fort Defiance. John Wesley Powell warned the Navajos that if they did not cease their raiding, federal troops would once again come upon them. Jacob Hamblin told the Navajos that many young Mormon men wanted to come across the river and kill Navajos, but that they preferred to make peace. He told them that Brigham Young was a man of peace. The raids continued.

Once fears diminished in the San Juan country, and the Navajos were safely corralled in their reservations, the whites now started to dribble in.

My great-grandfather, George Spencer, married three women in a polygamous-type relationship. And these three women had many children. Two of the children, Harriet Marinda Spencer and Lydia Spencer, (both from the third wife,) ventured into the San Juan country with their husbands in the early 1900's to raise their families.

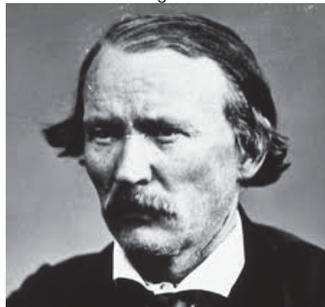
There were many begats from these great aunts of mine. I find kin among the Harrises, Bayles, Rogers, Washburns, Palmers, Stotts, Hunts, Hursts, Youngs, Blacks, Spencers, Hamiltons, Hancocks, Neilsons, Smiths, Somervilles, Norntons, Hawkins, Kartchners, Milliners, and other fine families. I find relatives from those who came down through the Hole-in-the-Rock. One seems to have special status in San Juan County if one can count an ancestor as having come through "The Hole." It's a badge of honor, a special society, something akin to having an ancestor who came over on the Mayflower.

Even the exiled Mormons came back to Zion (San Juan) from Mexico to claim their "rightful heritage."

But this society, as great as it was, brought with it a culture that was so different than that of the native people. Immediately, problems arose, and never to this day have the major racial problems been solved.

Brigham Young had decided to do something about the Navajo Indian problem. The Navajos were making raids "again the helpless settlers" of all southern Utah. So, in December 1878, a hundred or so Mormon men were recruited as scouts to map out a route to the San Juan country, the purpose of which was to eventually establish more settlements and to control the Navajos.

The company arrived at the San Juan River in July 1879 and for the next several weeks explored the whole river bottom from McElmo Wash to Butler Wash. They drew lots on the Navajo land. Every bit of farm land was claimed

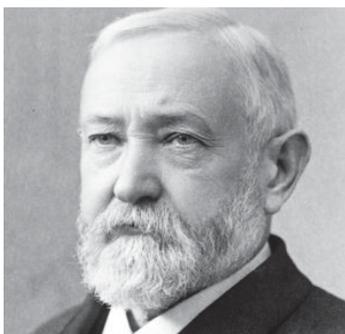


and some houses were built. The construction of a dam on the river was attempted, though unsuccessful. A wedding took place. Scouts were sent to explore the adjacent Navajo country—even as far north as Blue Mountain.

The exploring company then returned to their own homelands to ready the main body that would soon come. Some of the party returned on a route northward through Moab and Green River and thence westward over the Green River desert.

The main party started their journey in the Fall of 1879. They intended to make a short-cut through the canyon country to avoid the longer trek and hostile Navajos. Planning on a quick six-week trek, they formed a caravan of eighty wagons and some thousand head of cattle. On reaching the Colorado River, they hacked out a notch at "the Hole" and let their wagons down Uncle Ben's dugway. Then they built a dugway up the other side. Now that they had experience, they built many more dugways. The trip took them six months to reach Bluff, not six weeks. At Bluff, they established a foothold.

Next, the Dawes Act, (the Indian General Allotment Act of 1887,) allotted land to individual tribe members with the aim to break up the communal land base of the Indian tribes. Upon the break up of reservation lands, the lands not allotted would then be open for white settlement. As Utah was not then a state, the law would not effect Utah Indians until 1896.



Under the 1891 Indian Mineral Leasing Act, no executive-order lands could be opened to oil and gas exploration and development. However, this did not stop illegal exploration.

President Benjamin Harrison signed an executive order withdrawing the western half of the Utah Strip from the Navajo reservation, restoring it to the public domain. The "mining interests" in the Utah Strip were indeed strong. Plans for mineral exploitation had already been made.

Utah continued its racist policies. An

1897 Utah law withheld residency from anyone who lived on an Indian reservation unless that person had previously established residency in an off-reservation Utah county.

In 1923, agencies of the BIA issued Indian allotments on the public domain north of the San Juan River in San Juan County. New lands were promised.

Many special interest groups continued to press for restoring parcels of reservation land to the public domain. They would do this through the executive-order process.

In 1927, however, Congress enacted the Indian Oil Act, which prohibited the Secretary of Interior from withdrawing such lands.

In 1930, the BIA halted its off-reservation allotment program, even though many unallotted Utah Navajos were living on public domain lands north of the reservation boundaries. These lands became eligible for disposal under Taylor Grazing Act provisions in 1934. Many of the Navajos who were removed had never surrendered to Kit Carson and the federal troops. Though they never signed the land cession treaty of 1868, they were still relocated off their ancestral lands by the BLM.

In 1933, the U.S. Congress created the Utah Navajo Trust Fund when the Aneth Extension was added to the Navajo Reservation from public lands. Residents of this area were designated beneficiaries, with the state as trustee, should oil be discovered. The amount of 37 1/2 percent of royalties on the discovered oil was to be deposited with the State of Utah to be used for the benefit of the Navajo people.

In 1946, Congress established the Indian Claims Commission. It was drafted by Mormon lawyer Ernest Wilkinson. Under this law, affected Indian tribes could file monetary claims against the U.S. Government for the taking of their aboriginal lands. However, the payment of the claim had the legal effect of extinguishing tribal aboriginal land title. It was a Navajo Catch-22.

Not surprisingly, Mormon Senator Arthur Watkins was appointed to head the Claims Commission. And Wilkinson's law partner, John Boyden, became the Hopi Tribal Council's attorney. Boyden busied himself in negotiating confiscated lands with the awards pain to the Hopi tribal council. He also prepared lease contracts that were to be negotiated with mining companies. Later, Boyden would be instrumental in gaining secured lease arrangements with Peabody Coal to strip mine 58,000 acres of Hopi land. Also, leases were secured to build power plants on Navajo lands. Displaced by these projects were the traditional leaders and Navajo sheep herder.

In 1951, the Navajo tribe filed a lawsuit with the Indian Claims Commission seeking monetary compensation for the loss of 24 million acres of aboriginal

land outside the reservation. The Tribe claimed compensatory interest in land as far north as the Abajo Mountains. This included Cedar Mesa.

As if in retaliation, in 1952, Utah Senator Arthur Watkins led a "termination" movement in Congress. Reservations were to be broken up, tribal governments abolished, and federal treaty obligations ended. His efforts led to the extinction of a number of Indian entities and their land rights.

In 1956, Utah shamefully became the last state to allow Indians on reservations to vote. The Utah attorney general issued an opinion that reservation Indians could not vote. A state law said that anyone living on a reservation was not a resident of the state. This opinion was upheld by the Utah Supreme Court, which ruled Indians should be barred from voting because they were "not as conversant with no as interested in government as other citizens."

The Utah legislature wisely amended the law, rendering the Utah Supreme Court's decision null and void, but not before Utah was branded as racist by the national press.

In 1978, Jack Jones, a descendant of Kaiyella Band, filed a land claim with the Department of Interior for the taking of lands north of the San Juan River held by his ancestors. He claimed the area located outside of the reservation boundaries and the McCracken Mesa addition but within the public domain in San Juan County.

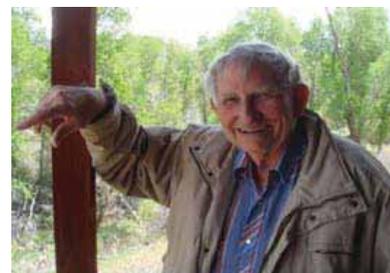
To back up his claim, members of the Kaiyellas bravely demonstrated and occupied the oil fields.

In 1979, the Field Solicitor determined that Mr. Jones' claim had been blocked by the McCracken Mesa land transfer legislation and by the 1958 act exchanging lands taken for the construction of Glen Canyon Dam, which created Lake Powell.

And so we come to Judge Sam's recent decision clothed in a lot of mumbo-jumbo. He goes so far as to say there is no trust fund and that the Navajo beneficiaries have no right to bring suit. What floors me is that the Utah Attorney General's office refuses to help guarantee those sacred citizen rights to speak out. So what is new? It's back to square one. I think we need more advocates nipping at a lot of heels.

EPILOGUE: Despite the 1995 ruling, the Navajo Reservation continued its fight against the mismanagement of its trust fund. Litigation carried on for nearly twenty years, until, in 2010, the State of Utah agreed to pay \$33 million to the Plaintiffs to settle their liability. Meanwhile, in 2008, the State withdrew from managing the fund, and handed over responsibility to the Utah Navajo Royalties Fund, a temporary agency charged with overseeing the trust fund until the U.S. Congress designates a new, official trustee.

KEN SLEIGHT still lives at Pack Creek Ranch near Moab.





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VLACHOS' VIEWS

America through the lens of PAUL VLACHOS

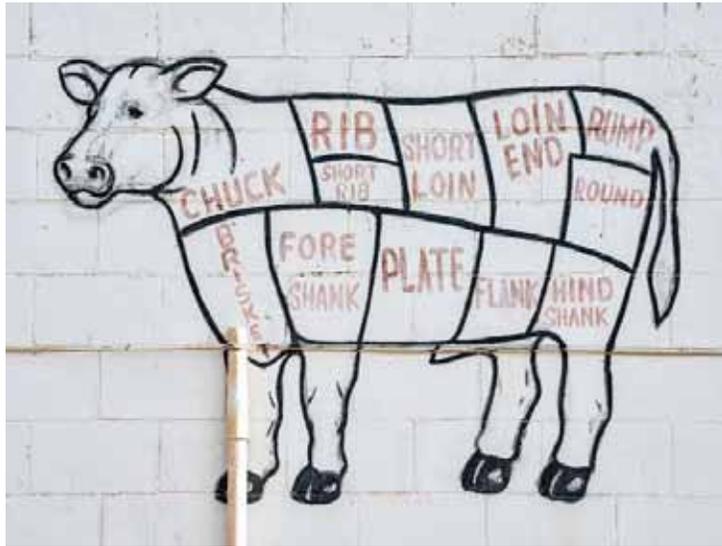
This was the issue where I was going to tell the story about my faithful dog, Elko, who died about 5 weeks ago. Elko was a true son of the West, the Great Basin, in particular, and it's a story that I would like to tell. Unfortunately, every time I begin to go through my photos of Elko, I get all teary-eyed and just want to lie down, so that story will have to wait until the January or March issue, when it gets too cold outside to cry.

Anyway, all we have in this life is the moment and, for this moment, I'm going to talk about a subject that's dear to me: stuff people paint on walls. I was considering going with a theme like "the things walls can tell us" or "the secret messages of walls," but they are both too contrived, pretentious - not to mention silly - and, worst of all, inaccurate. While it may be inelegant-sounding, I prefer "the stuff people paint on walls." Here is a small sampling from the many times I have been walking or driving somewhere and then become transfixed by an old brick or cinderblock wall...PV



1. Robersonville, North Carolina - 2014

This is one of my favorite things - a remnant of the past. People are now calling such things "ghost signs," which is fine, I suppose, but I don't know if it's a real ghost or not. Everything in Robersonville has a patina on it, and I did not bother to look down the alleyway where this arrow points, so I don't know if the establishment is still open. All I know is that I was making a three-point turn to return over the tracks, a freight line runs down the middle of this town, when I saw this sign. I got out and photographed it and moved on. It was not until I got home to my motel that night and really looked at it that I deciphered the name of the salon: "Styles Just For You."



2. Fort Stockton, Texas - 2013

What can I say about Fort Stockton that hasn't already been said? It's a dusty crossroads town with weak coffee and cheap motels - all the attributes of a place where I inevitably will spend the night, over and over again. It seems as though I'm always going through Fort Stockton, but never lingering for long. That being said, it's a good place to photograph, as are so many towns in Texas, the state that's just too big to gentrify. There is a lot of old signage and peeling walls. This is from the side of a small building next to Gomez Auto Mechanic. It's a small meat processing plant, the kind where you can bring in a deer that you just bagged and they'll dress it for you. Somebody clearly thought it would be good for business to paint this butcher's anatomical guide on the back wall. Little did they know how much joy it would give me one day as I was driving by.

3. The South Bronx, NYC - 2007

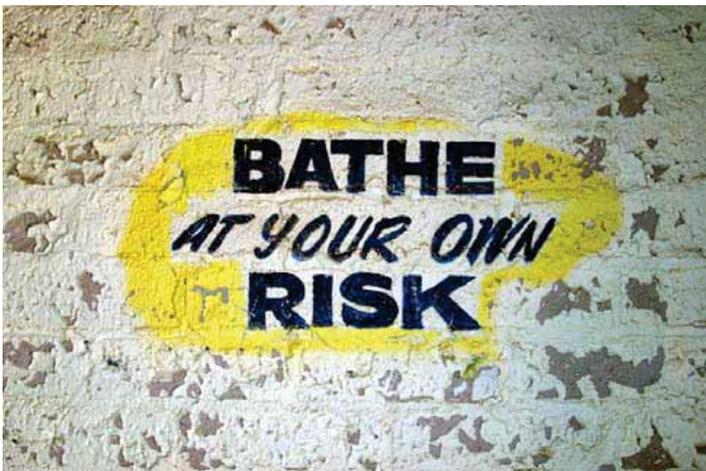
This was painted before the word "gentrification" was ever used in connection with the Bronx. I'm not certain whether this was just a local stab at wall art or an actual attempt to scare drug dealers. Either way, it's hard to resist this life-sized mural. Some truly clueless developers are now trying to rename part of the South Bronx "The Piano District," much to the very justified chagrin of the locals. That has been a disturbing trend in New York City and, I suspect other parts of the country - real estate developers changing the long-established name of a place in order to better sell it. I am no longer surprised at anything. When I recently heard that they are calling Spanish Harlem "Spa-Ha," I repressed the urge to vomit. When a formally nameless zone north of Little Italy became "Nolita," I suppressed the urge to move. There is only so much I can take, though, and maybe "The Piano District" will be enough impetus to finally get my butt out of this once-vibrant metropolis.





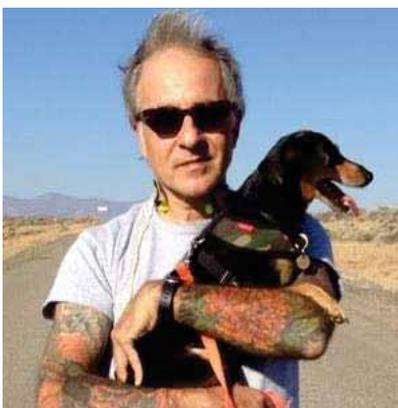
4. Portland, Oregon - 2015

Every once in a while, an old sign or mural can trigger long-dormant brain cells. Such was the case with this one, near Swan Island, the industrial district in Portland, which instantly and without warning made me start to sing the Coke jingle at the top of my lungs. Elko, who was in the back of the van on this, our last road trip together, took it all in stride. He curled up and tucked his head under a pillow as I bellowed "that's the way it should BEEEE. WHAT THE WORLD WANTS TO SEEEE....is the REAL THING..." All of this from turning my head and looking up.



5. Southeastern Nevada - 2003

This is from the interior wall of an abandoned commercial hot spring, now an old cinderblock ruin by the side of the road. I was looking for remnants of hot water and found only this, which could have been painted while the place was in business or after it was abandoned. It took some skill and thought to put this up. Somebody had to consider the placement, the wording, the yellow surround. The artist in question also decided to italicize the "AT YOUR OWN," which makes me crack a small smile. There you go! I smiled. I haven't done much of that since Elko left this planet, 5 weeks ago. Maybe I'm slowly getting better, whatever that means. Look for the story of the desert dog soon on the racks of your local Zephyr newsstand.

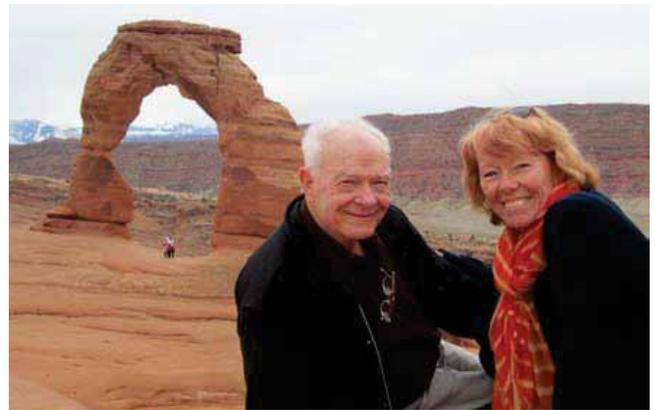


PAUL VLACHOS lives in New York City



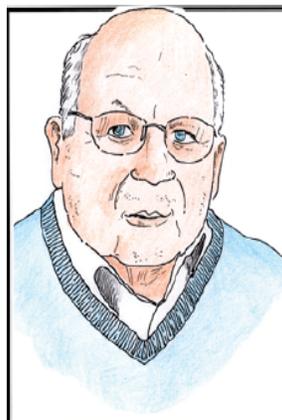
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"Sustainable" Moab

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

company, "dedicated to designing and constructing the world's best climbing, skiing & mountain gear," was an honored guest at SUWA's 30th anniversary bash.

In 1998, Hedden had warned, "This surge of interest has coincided with a proliferation of new recreation technologies;" today those same recreation technologies are the environmental communities' most powerful allies. For their support, opposition to recreation impacts has been silenced.

Few will acknowledge or even remember this warning offered by Edward Abbey in 1968:

"Industrial Tourism is a big business. It means money. It includes the motel and restaurant owners, the gasoline retailers, the oil corporations, the road-building contractors, the heavy equipment manufacturers, the state and federal engineering agencies and the sovereign, all-powerful automotive industry. These various interests are well organized, command more wealth than most modern nations, and are represented in Congress with a strength far greater than is justified in any constitutional or democratic sense."

One would have to go back almost 20 years to find the mainstream greens expressing a sentiment even remotely similar to Abbey's admonition.

OH...THE IRONY

Finally there is a particular irony when a community, whether it's Moab or elsewhere, depends so heavily on a tourism/recreation economy and simultaneously loathes any and all forms of energy extraction and production. The one indispensable component of a tourist economy is the one they detest the most.

It is, after all, the production of energy that allows those millions of tourists to travel hundreds or thousands of miles to see the canyon country and create an economy, of sorts, for so many who live there.

And while some may blame the recent tourism explosions on various promotions by local, state and federal initiatives like Utah's "Mighty Five" tourism blitz, the current low price for gasoline is, by far, the biggest economic driver. When travelers can reduce the cost of just one tank of gas by as much as \$50, the savings have certainly made travel and tourism more affordable for the vacationer and more lucrative for the tourist industry.

Whether they like it or not, proponents of the tourist economy are indebted to the very frackers they detest. As long as the producers keep pulling oil out of the ground, and the price of a barrel of crude stays low, gasoline prices will stay low as well, and tourism and recreation will continue to boom. Development will continue, more tourism infrastructure will be built, demand for low wage labor will expand and problems like affordable housing will grow more acute.

If oil and gas development slows, as it appears to be doing now, it will only happen because the producers have done their jobs too well. A global glut of oil will keep the current prices down for a while. When the supply dwindles and demand accelerates, prices will rise and levels of tourism may fall back. Ironically it will more likely be the continued expansion of oil development, and the highs and lows of that industry, that will offer any constraints on the tourist economy.

And while some progressive politicians in Southeast Utah are savvy enough to, at least publicly, support a more diverse economy, the majority of New Moab's population would clearly be delighted to see energy development in Grand County go away altogether.

The issue was expressed succinctly in the local papers by Moabite Carol Mayer, who was unequivocal in her feelings...

"Not in my backyard," Mayer proclaimed. "Who has the right to say that any more? In these days of rampant oil and gas exploration, very few...I wish I had several million dollars to fund a lawsuit against the oil companies for the wells, pipelines and truck traffic that will cause irreparable damage to land, air and water in my 'neighborhood.'"

For Mayer and so many other relatively recent Moab/Grand County residents, they believe any energy extraction and production in their new homeland is nothing short of sacrilege. "For American visitors and concerned locals who live here, we have a big stake

in protecting this area," she wrote. "We taxpayers own it. To stop the abuse, we must act. Conservation voices, rise above those of the rapacious profiteers. We must protect Greater Canyonlands. Shout...NOT IN OUR BACKYARD."

Many agree. Former SUWA staffer and longtime Moab resident Kevin Walker complained at a hearing last summer, "This is a crazy place to have oil and gas drilling." And in a T-I guest essay, he wrote, "A large majority of Grand County residents, across a wide political spectrum, agree that the recreational and scenic opportunities afforded by public lands are what make this a great place to live. If we want our grandchildren to be able to have similar opportunities, then we need to act now to ensure that undeveloped public lands are not gradually lost to shortsighted development schemes."

If you could leave it to many of Grand County's newer residents, they'd ban the energy industry altogether. Perhaps they know it isn't a realistic approach, but it's what resides in their 3 am hearts. And the shift in sentiment in this once rural part of the West continues.

Supporters of a continued mineral development and aggressive energy production, like County Councilman Lynn Jackson, argue that efforts to limit mineral development, like the BLM's "Alternative D" will cost the county dearly, in economic output and the loss of tax revenues. He believes it could run into the billions of dollars.

Environmentalists question his numbers and believe that recreation and tourism can more than make up for whatever losses may be incurred by a less robust extraction industry. But what would that require? How many tax dollars, for example would be lost? How many tourist start-ups would it take to make up for the loss? If tourism is bulging at the seams, and indeed exploding already, how much more growth would be necessary just to maintain the status quo?

Jensen replied,

"You have to ask: 'What will the land allow?' That's the question...end of conversation."

Does that sound like Moab's path to the future in any conceivable way?

The potash mine, for example, is Grand County's number one taxpayer, putting more than a million dollars into Grand County government's coffers. If Potash were to suddenly go belly up, what would it take, in motels and cafes and tour guides and convenience stores, to make up the loss?

Somebody ought to crunch those numbers. I think they'd be in for a shock.

"WHAT WILL THE LAND ALLOW?"

A few years ago, Moab's Christie Williams Dunton interviewed the outspoken environmentalist/author Derrick Jensen on Moab's public radio station, KZMU. She asked him just what 'sustainable' meant.

He replied, "You have to ask: 'What will the land allow?' That's the question...end of conversation."

Does that sound like Moab's path to the future in any conceivable way?

In the end, an honest Moabite has to ask, could there ever, ever be anything less sustainable than a tourist economy? The last time Moab was truly sustainable was back in 1951, before Charlie Steen and uranium, and before 'New Moab' and before anyone had even heard the word.

When Moab was teeming with orchards and melon patches, and small farms, and it took all day just to get from town to Crescent Junction---when Moabites had to rely on their own hard work and sweat and ingenuity to produce food for the table---that's when Moab was sustainable.

And yet, the tourist/recreation economy in Moab and elsewhere continues to boom, continues to alter the social fabric and the physical landscape at an astonishing rate. Progressives and environmentalists, while seeking the dream of sustainability, continue to delude themselves and continue to ignore the Reality that all but slaps them in the face, every day of the year.

As Wendell Berry observed, "The ideal of the run-of-the-mill conservationist is to impose restraints upon production without limiting consumption or burdening the consciences of consumers."

"It is, he added, " what's wrong with the conservation movement...It has a clear conscience."

CARSTEN NAEHER
Switzerland



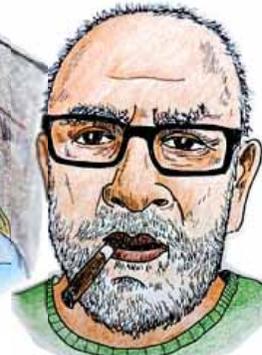
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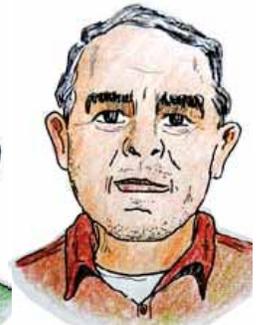
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