



WEEKLY ZEPHYR

NEWS

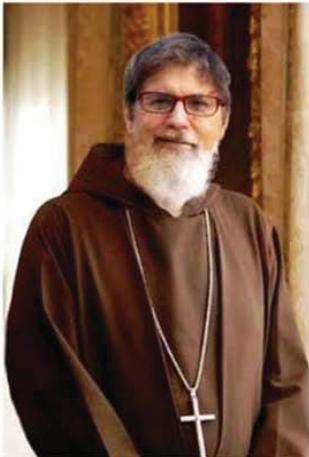
June 1, 2014

75 cents

INSIDE: Stiles takes Bonderman dumpster-diving! "Gee!" says Bondo. "This is FUN!"

'GREENIE' BILLIONAIRE SEES 'THE LIGHT!'

Venture Capitalist DAVID BONDERMAN Gives Away His Vast Fortune!



Zephyr publisher Stiles says, "Bless my pal Bondo, for Blessed are the POOR!"



GREEN GROUPS FOLLOW BONDO'S CUE →
SUWA Announces, "We're taking a vow of poverty and going to live in yurts!"

"The Zephyr was right!" says humbled ex-rich weasel. "I feel so much better now!"



Executive Director reportedly camped in cave near Colorado River with a herd of goats. Says Groene... "It's the simple life for me!"

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

THE ZEPHYR CHRONICLES PT4

"It's MONEY that MATTERS."

MOAB/GRAND CO. BLOODLETTING 2014-STYLE

BATES WILSON the Father of Canyonlands... in his own words.

A 1989 Interview with Canyonlands Supt. HARVEY WICKWARE on the NEXT 25 years.

plus.. TONYA STILES SCOTT THOMPSON HERB RINGER

WILLIE FLOCKO'S COUNTRY KITCHEN

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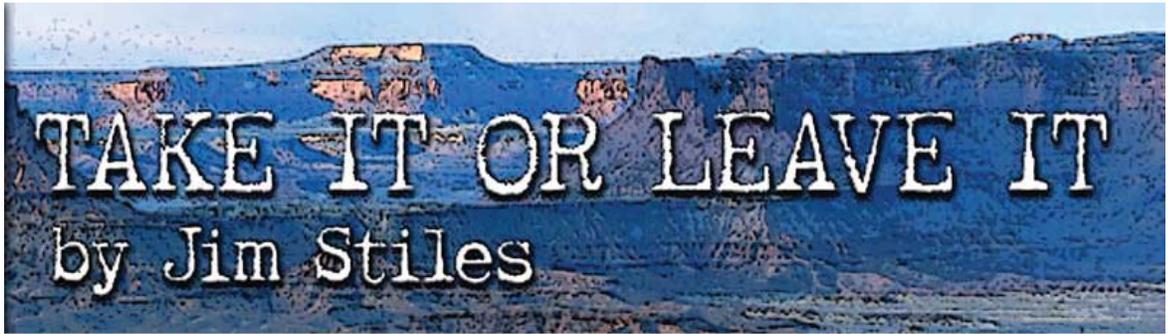
VLACHOS' VIEWS

THE POETRY OF AMY BRUNVAND

Stiles on GRAND COUNTY'S LATEST POLITICAL WARS...

REMEMBERING CANYON COUNTRY 1977-STYLE...

..and more



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"For many, this is deja-vu. Grand County has been through this before. And, we know how to deal with it."
—Chris Baird, candidate for Grand County Council
(explaining his recall petition to remove Lynn Jackson from office.)

Sometimes I miss Moab. I miss my friends and I miss the landscape. But this autumn, I feel relieved to be gone. When it comes to Grand County politics and its contentious nature, I don't miss it at all. And perhaps, it can be argued, because I am no longer a resident of Grand County and subsequently don't have a vote, I don't have a right to express an opinion. Some have reminded me that I am no longer "in touch" with the town of Moab and I agree wholeheartedly; there are aspects of Moab and Grand County, and more specifically elements of its citizenry, that are so alien to me, I lack the ability to express my own astonishment. Yes, the town has changed and in some ways bears little resemblance to the place I knew and loved.

But I do have an ongoing interest in the community I called home for 32 years. While I know that my views on the 'new' Book Cliffs Highway proposal have not changed since I first opposed the project 25 years ago, it would be a mistake for me to offer an opinion on issues like the 'Seven County Coalition.' It's far too complex and my understanding of it is too limited to contrib-

Well...that's not quite right. Both Erley and Baird are invoking events of the past to explain their own actions; the problem is, their interpretation of Grand County's history is not just inaccurate. It's wrong. It isn't what happened.

ute in any way to the discussion. But although I may not fully understand the events that are occurring there now, I do have a comprehensive understanding of Moab's past—especially the 'Change of Government' referendum in 1992 and the subsequent recall efforts. Moabites should not confuse the two events.

A few months ago, as the reincarnation of the old Book Cliffs Highway project raised its head again, I read a comment from Castle Valley Mayor Dave Erley, who wrote, "I would like to add the irony of watching the 7 member council, we threw out the 3 member commission for proposing the same road, unanimously pass support for the feasibility study."

And when former councilman, and now candidate again, Chris Baird recently initiated a recall to remove Council chairman, Lynn Jackson, from office, he wrote, "For many, this is deja-vu. Grand County has been through this before. And, we know how to deal with it."

Well...that's not quite right. Both Erley and Baird are invoking events of the past to explain their own actions; the problem is,

their interpretation of Grand County's history is not just inaccurate. It's wrong. It isn't what happened. Fortunately, there is an excellent record of the facts as they occurred between 1989 and 1993—from this publication. So let's get the facts right...

BACK TO 1988-1993

In 1988, Grand County citizens voted in a referendum that would ban industrial applications like toxic waste incinerators, via a change in our zoning laws. The plan to bring the incinerator to Grand County was the brainchild of then-Commissioners Jimmy Walker, Dutch Zimmerman and David Knutson.

In retrospect, I can see that, while many of us disagreed strongly with the plan, they were simply looking for ways to boost an ever-shrinking tax base that had seen much of its population lose jobs after the uranium collapse and move away. The commissioners were all longtime Moabites and had seen the community prosper, via the energy industry. They thought they were doing the right thing, even if others didn't.

Still almost 60% of the voters in 1988 opposed the idea, and the referendum to restrict the zoning uses passed. The incinerator was stopped and both Walker and Zimmerman, who were up for re-election, were defeated. Democrats Merv Lawton and Ferne Mullen became the new 4 year and 2 year commissioners, now joining Republican Knutson.

As lame duck commissioners, Walker, Zimmerman and Knutson established the "Grand County Roads Special Service District." There was some logic to the creation of a service district. The Utah state legislature had allowed the establishment of these districts so that counties in Utah could receive federal mineral

lease monies without jeopardizing PILT (payment in lieu of taxes) funds that were already being distributed. The idea however that the funds must be spent on roads, a notion pushed by the new road district, was simply wrong.

What made the creation of the district even more controversial was that the lame duck commissioners, in effect, installed themselves to run the new district. Walker became its paid administrator and Zimmerman sat on the board, as did Dave Knutson's father, Ollie.

There was some speculation that the new Democrat-controlled commission would stop the 'road-only' agenda in tracks early-on, but that did not happen. In the very first issue of *The Zephyr*, in the first interview with the new commission and, in fact, the first question, I asked Lawton, Mullen and Knutson about the highway proposal (and another road proposal being pushed by the BLM at Trough Springs). Knutson, of course, was 100% in favor. But so were Mullen and Lawton...

From March 14, 1989:

Ferne: Yes I support both of them. The Book Cliffs Road will provide a road from northern Utah and Yellowstone, where they can come directly through the Canyonlands...

Merv: On the Book Cliffs Road, it sounds like a sound scheme. I've been up in the Vernal area and it's been an awful sweat to get down to here. It has good potential for tourism and there are a lot of gas and oil areas in that region that could benefit Grand County.

So, in the beginning, opposition to the Book Cliffs Highway was practically nil. The road district, with letters of support from both the Grand County Commission and the Moab City Council received a substantial loan from the CIB (the Community Impact Board) to begin the process of engineering a route and obtaining the necessary environmental clearances that such a project would require. The BLM spent the next four years preparing a massive Environmental Impact Statement (EIS).

In November 1990, David Knutson was re-elected and Manuel Torres handily defeated Democrat Craig Bigler. Now, with what they considered a mandate from the voters of Grand County, the Republican-controlled commission moved forward with the highway, convinced that opposition to the road was negligible. And because of a change in the state law, both Torres and Knutson were elected to four year terms. Previously, county commissions consisted of two 4-year terms and one 2-year. In this way, the balance of power could always shift after two years. Now, with the Torres seat converted to a four year term, both Republicans felt confident they could pursue their agenda without interference until 1994.

By 1992, attitudes toward the highway began to shift. However, it was not the Book Cliffs Highway that precipitated the plan to change Grand County's form of government. In fact, it had nothing to do with the road or the road board at all.

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In March 1992, the Grand County Travel Council presented its recommendations for a new executive director. Despite their choice, the commissioners picked their own, Moabite Robbie Swazey, who had previously served as a volunteer deputy director of the Moab Film Commission. The outrage this decision created for some members of the Travel Council board was fast and furious. Half the board resigned and it was after that meeting, when the idea of creating a new form of government in Grand County first surfaced. The organizers were not Grand County citizens with an environmental agenda either; in fact, most of them were Main Street business owners who were likewise infuriated with the Travel Council ED choice.

As the summer turned to fall and the 'change of government' referendum drew closer, the issue of the Book Cliffs Highway finally became part of the discussion. In October 1992, the BLM released its EIS and did not support the highway as planned by



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*All the News that Causes Fits
since 1989*

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the Road District. It did offer the alternative of paving the East Canyon road along its current alignment, a choice that made nobody happy.

It's also important to remember that the political party leaders, particularly the Democrats, vigorously opposed the 'change of government' vote because a key part of the change called for non-partisan elections. Party affiliation had already been eliminated in municipal elections (ie, city votes); now county-wide elections would no longer be tied to party preferences either. Many prominent Grand County Democrats--including some who supported this year's recall efforts---opposed the change and refused to actively campaign for the referendum. Consequently, these Democrats were willing to allow, albeit reluctantly, the current commission to continue its support of the road district and the highway.

Finally, in November, the change of government proposal was approved by the voters of Grand County. A new 7-person council was elected in February 1993 and in April, the council de-funded the road district, choosing instead to re-distribute the mineral lease funds to other special service districts, including the hospital and waste management districts. 'The Book Cliffs Highway' was dead.

But a part of Moab/Grand County felt that their community had, in effect, been robbed of its elected representation. The new form of government provided a 'recall' option. Because the previous commission-type government provided no option for removal, the framers of the new government wrote rules that made recall very easy. And so opponents of the newly created council



But despite my reservations, you could not find a 'liberal/progressive' Moabite with a kind word to say about the recall effort. Words like "vindictive," "mean-spirited," and "petty" were bandied about to describe the folly of it all.

collected enough signatures on petitions to force the entire council to a recall vote. But the recall election failed miserably, and each of the challenged councilpersons actually gained support over their first election by as much as 10%.

Some could argue that the re-callers had a point. Even I conceded to having some doubts in the November 1993 Zephyr. Just before the recall vote, I complained that the recall was "utterly ridiculous...they've (the council) hardly had time to screw things up, and, obviously, it's a tit for tat response to last year's sweeping change." But I also made a confession of sorts, thinking back to the original change of government vote, a year earlier. I wrote, "When I discovered that the two incumbents would not somehow be 'grandfathered' into the new government, I remember feeling vaguely troubled, though I never raised a word of protest...but I wish I had listened to my instincts. Whether I wanted them to serve the balance of their terms should not have been the issue. The fact was, they were elected by a majority of the citizens to serve a full four years."

As much as I loathed the idea of a Book Cliffs Highway, and despite the fact that Commissioner David Knutson was one of its primary proponents, I was troubled by the fact that we'd revoked the will of the people and simply cancelled the mandate he (and fellow commissioner Manuel Torres) won in 1990.

But despite my reservations, you could not find a 'liberal/progressive' Moabite with a kind word to say about the recall effort. Words like "vindictive," "mean-spirited," and "petty" were bandied about to describe the folly of it all. I believe I used those words myself.

After the recall election, some Moabites discussed the idea of making the recall more difficult, by more than doubling the number of signatures on a petition required to initiate a vote. But nobody wanted to mess with a formula that had been in place less than a year.

BACK TO THE PRESENT...

Now jump ahead twenty years as Grand County's 'liberal/progressive' constituency recently attempted to use the same strategy it once called "vindictive," to remove an elected official from office. Lynn Jackson ran unopposed for the at-large seat on the Grand County Council in 2012. He was then elected its chair by his fellow councilpersons. Lynn has since infuriated many Grand County citizens and some have accused him of usurping power without authority.

It's been suggested by his critics that being elected unopposed hardly gives him a mandate. But in fact, it does. If the opposition couldn't find a single candidate to run against Jackson, it only has itself to blame. Either they didn't find his candidacy a great enough threat to oppose, or were too apathetic to care. Even if they were sure to lose, a contested election might have at least raised some of the issues Jackson is now pursuing---issues that

they now find so abhorrent.

I first heard about the recall idea back in March, from the man who aggressively pushed it, former county councilman (and now running again) Chris Baird. He wrote to me in a March 27 email, "I am considering launching a recall election over this bookcliffs proposal, which would entail a campaign similar to the one run regarding changing the form of government back in the early 90s. I haven't decided on it yet, and am just trying to talk with as many people as possible to get their opinion on the issue. If you're ever interested in talking about it let me know, and if not then I understand."

This was BEFORE he had accumulated any of the major reasons he later cited to justify the recall. In a September 3 opinion essay in the Moab Sun News, Baird wrote, "...this petition is premised on a series of potential violations of the bylaws of the Grand County Council, Utah Law, and the ethical expectations of his constituents."

But the fact is, none of these "bylaw violations" had occurred when Baird first contemplated recall as a way to remove Jackson.



At best, Baird decided Jackson should be recalled, then went looking for reasons. It sounds remarkably like the tactics Ken Starr employed to go after President Clinton, i.e., 'the man is guilty of something...I just need to find out what it is.'

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To be candid, my own relationship with Baird had been so mutually antagonistic for so many years that I was at a loss why he would want my advice or opinion. We have clashed on just about every issue, from his proposed ordinance for a mini-Wal-Mart to his prized Colorado River Elevated Bikeway, and our email/message conversations (we've never met) have been heated at times.

At the core of our disagreement is not his assertion that a tourism/recreation economy will play a major role in Grand County's future; rather it's his refusal to acknowledge that such economies consume massive amounts of energy, just to exist, and that it's the demand for and the consumption of natural resources that drives the extraction and production of those resources. Not the other way around. His refusal to even acknowledge the contradiction (NONE of his fellow "progressives" will either), much less to deal with them, has left me ambivalent about the issues that are now causing such a tempest in southeast Utah.

Tourism/recreation are not 'clean/green' industries, as its biggest boosters claim. Environmental impacts--short and long term--have even generated troubling reports from the United Nations (concerns posted previously in this publication). But to no avail. For me, ignoring the consumption component of this dilemma, while frothing furiously at the energy industry, is a contradiction that I can't ignore. Consequently, it's difficult for me to take my old environmentalist/progressive friends seriously.

I might have just stayed out of this brouhaha completely, had Baird not drawn me into the debate this past February. Last winter, Grand County Council Chair Lynn Jackson surprised me

The controversial \$100 cartoon of Grand County Council Chairman Lynn Jackson



when he contributed \$100 to the Zephyr Backbone, I cartooned him for the next issue and thought nothing more of it. Soon after, I heard from Baird, who accused me of selling out. He asked, "Would you ever honestly criticize Lynn, or any of your other backbone members if their actions merited?"

I advised Baird that I probably could be bought...but not for a

hundred bucks. In fact, I recently returned a contribution to The Zephyr of a thousand dollars, because I feared it created a much more worrisome conflict. Subsequent to the announcement of the new Book Cliffs road, and despite Baird's insinuations, I have written extensively on the subject. Here are the links:

THE BOOK CLIFFS ZOMBIE HIGHWAY...A BAD IDEA RISES FROM THE DEAD

<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/2014/04/01/take-it-or-leave-it-the-book-cliffs-zombie-highway-a-bad-idea-rises-from-the-dead-by-jim-stiles/>

16 QUESTIONS FOR GRAND COUNTY COUNCIL CHAIR LYNN JACKSON. ABOUT THE BOOK CLIFFS HWY

<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/blog/2014/04/26/16-questions-for-grand-county-council-chair-lynn-jackson-on-the-book-cliffs-highway/>

BOOK CLIFFS HWY UPDATE...AND SOME THOUGHTS ON 'CONSUMPTION' AND 'PRODUCTION'

<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/2014/08/03/take-it-or-leave-it-book-cliffs-highway-update-some-thoughts-on-production-v-consumption-by-jim-stiles/>

But there's a reason why Baird is so defensive and hyper-sensitive to the issue of "selling out." His non-profit, the Canyonlands Watershed Council, is substantially funded by the mega-billionaire David Bonderman--the venture capitalist who recently built the 15,000 square foot palace by the Colorado River sloughs. He is the founding partner of TPG Capital, which manages a remarkable portfolio of companies around the world. Luminant Energy in Texas, is home to some of the dirtiest coal plants in America and recently sued by the EPA. TPG owns oil and gas exploration companies across America...one caused the biggest brine spill in North Dakota history during a fracking operation in 2012. TPG is invested all over the planet, in these kinds of industries, but Baird has no problem with taking substantial sums from Mr. Bonderman (though he refuses to disclose the amount). He insists there are "no strings attached."

Apparently, as long as the environmental damage happens somewhere else, Baird isn't concerned. When it comes to water quality, what happens in North Dakota, stays in North Dakota. Or Texas. Or Indonesia. Just leave Moab alone.

Knowing that Baird has ties to the oil and gas and coal indus-



CANYONLANDS WATERSHED COUNCIL



David Bonderman

try, via his benefactor Mr. Bonderman, may, in fact, be reassuring to the more conservative elements in Grand County, who support increased extraction and production of natural resources in southeast Utah. But others could find the inconsistencies troubling.

It's also important to note that the Utah Recreational Land Exchange Act of 2009, a law actively pursued and promoted by Utah environmentalists, including the Grand Canyon Trust and the Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance, poured fuel on the tar sands extraction debate Grand County is having now. In that act, recreational state lands in the Moab area were traded to the BLM, in exchange for a block of BLM lands in the Book Cliffs with mineral potential. Included were some 31,000 acres rich with tar sands. Yet, the same progressive Moabites who oppose tar sands extraction, have failed to register anything resembling disapproval of the exchange.

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For more: <http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/2013/06/02/the-land-exchange-bill-that-went-oops-by-jim-stiles/>

At the end of the day, and regardless of our own differences, the fact that Baird and other members of the 'progressive' constituency have tried to compare the current recall effort to the 'change of government' referendum 20 years ago indicates how little they understand Grand County's past. Hopefully, the information I've offered here will encourage Grand County's residents--especially its recent new 'progressive' arrivals---to at least cite Grand County's recent history more accurately, when the need arises.

Toning down the witch hunts wouldn't be a bad idea either.



How to Be a Witness

Lately, I've been thinking about St. Louis. It was surprising how long the news lingered on that Midwestern city this summer, after the shooting of Michael Brown. Surprising that we all lingered there, as a country, for a span of a couple weeks, to witness the anger and the confusion of a community that had long been broken, but only now had managed to push that brokenness into the sightline of the larger American culture. We witnessed it. I heard that word—"witness"—so often in the aftermath of Brown's death. "A witness reports seeing x;" "Members of the press witnessed the police doing y;" "We protesters are bearing witness;" "Our viewers are witnessing this tragedy;" How passive it sounds, to witness. To just happen to see something. To be standing there, in the line of sight, as an event occurs. To consent to see what's happening in front of you. Not to change anything. Not to stop anything. Just to see.

And yet, that "witnessing" is something important. Because the whole historic span of the relationship between White and Black America lies on a foundation of White America refusing to see. White property owners looking away from the cruelties of slavery. White men and women refusing to see the conditions of Black sharecroppers. Ignoring the Black men and women turned away from the polls. Never questioning why the banks tripped over themselves to loan money for homes in certain (White) neighborhoods, to certain (White) hands, while those other (Black) neighborhoods languished. Who do we think built the White House? Surely the wooden beams were fastened into place by invisible hands. To the White mind, trays of food arrived at countless tables, mops and brooms scurried over innumerable floors, with no visible persons guiding them. "I know I'm not racist," says your average American White person. "Outside of movies, I've never even seen racism." Because to see something is to take on the reality of that thing existing. To witness a terrible act requires the mind to say, I guess we should probably do something to change this. But if we haven't witnessed it, then we can't be held responsible. Regardless of what terrible visions might be dancing about in our periphery—if we haven't seen it, it isn't real.

Two years ago, my husband Jim and I drove to St. Louis for a long weekend. We are both fascinated by American history, and rivers, so the city was a natural choice for a field trip. On our first day in town, we visited the Gateway Arch, and the museum below it: The Museum of Westward Expansion. The museum was fairly comprehensive in its depictions of the lifestyles of the White western settlers, and the lifestyles of the Native Americans before, during, and after their displacement. Long quotations from Red Cloud and Sitting Bull were exhibited beside life-sized models of Native women caring for their children. A few feet away, a fake cowboy fire flickered against the plastic faces of model settlers.

The museum didn't glorify racism. It was careful, as modern museums must be, to note the slaughter of the Native Americans—their despair in the face of almost certain destruction, the winter starvation in the reservations, the forced marches to clear their land for white invad-

ers. Clearly, an attempt had been made to give a somewhat equal voice to the vanquished tribes. But, ultimately, the exhibits sided with the white people. How could they not, as a museum dedicated to "Westward Expansion?" If they'd gone ahead and called it a Genocide museum, it would have made White visitors uncomfortable. Siding with the Native Americans would have made visiting White children question the wisdom of their all-but-canonized Founding Fathers. So, overall, the message was, "Yes, isn't it unfortunate that all these non-White people had to suffer. It's too bad they were just living there, in the way of the White people's progress. And don't you wish you could have been a cowboy?! What fun!"

And it occurred to me, standing in front of the cowboy fire, that I had no idea what it would feel like, as a Native American, or a Black person, to learn about American History. I imagined it would feel isolating. Sort of like how I feel in most war museums, standing in front of the one or two panels that remind the visitor, "Hey, women existed in this time period as well! Here's a picture of one of them, knitting something for the troops." Only a hundred times worse than that.

"History," for the non-White American, would be a long list of events that, at best, ignored my ancestors' existence and, at worst, cataloged their degradation and destruction. Or maybe the "best" and "worst" in that sentence ought to be flipped around. What is worse, after all, than scores of generations of men and

women falling completely through the cracks of history—never to be remembered, written about, or honored by their descendants?

Barely two blocks away from the Gateway Arch and the Westward Expansion Museum sits the Old Courthouse of St. Louis, where the enslaved man Dred Scott first sued for his family's freedom in 1847 and again in 1850. The first suit was thrown out on a bizarre technicality. Scott had not provided witnesses to show that he was, in fact, enslaved. While he waited to try his case again, Scott was held as property by the St. Louis Sheriff's office, who themselves rented out his services as a slave. Surprisingly, he won his second lawsuit in that courthouse. Not because the Missouri trial court didn't approve of slavery, but because Scott's owners had allowed him to live too long as a free man when they had moved between slave and free states. The trial court's ruling was overturned by the Missouri Supreme Court, which expressed concern that the lower court's opinion would weaken the institution of slavery in that state.

When Scott sued again in 1853, to gain freedom from his new owner, John Sanford, his case traveled as far as the Federal Supreme Court, which issued its now infamous ruling in *Dred Scott v. Sandford*. Justice Taney, writing for the majority, stated that there was no doubt as to the Founder's intentions regarding citizenship for African Americans. "[Blacks] had for more than a century before [the writing of the Constitution] been regarded as beings of an inferior order, and altogether unfit to associate with the white race, either in social or political relations; and so far inferior, that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect; and that the negro might justly and lawfully be reduced to slavery for his benefit." Further, Justice Taney bemoaned



the terrible future which might follow were a court to grant citizenship to certain Black men:

"For if they were so received, and entitled to the privileges and immunities of citizens,...It would give to persons of the negro race, who were recognised as citizens in any one State of the Union, the right to enter every other State whenever they pleased...without pass or passport, and without obstruction...to go where they pleased at every hour of the day or night without molestation, unless they committed some violation of law for which a white man would be punished; and it would give them the full liberty of speech in public and in private upon all subjects upon which its own citizens might speak; to hold public meetings upon political affairs, and to keep and carry arms wherever they went."

It's stunning, isn't it, to imagine the mind that would balk in horror at the thought of a Black man having "full liberty of speech" or liberty to "hold public meetings?" Of course, Taney was correct in his summary of the Founding Fathers' position on slavery. The writers of the Constitution would have been horrified to imagine that those freedoms they enumerated for their citizens would someday be extended to the freed slaves or to women.

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And that is a bitter lesson for any enthusiastic student of American history—a group of which I consider myself a part. I loved The Constitution from the first day I read it, and the Declaration of Independence. Those documents represent the pinnacle of Enlightenment thinking. Yes, they weren't written with me in mind, but they are a cornerstone of the humanist philosophies that would, eventually, expand to provide rights to so many people never envisioned by their writers. Indeed, they are so strident in their assertion of the rights of individuals that it is difficult to imagine them having been written by such easily corruptible human hands. If it weren't for the reprehensible 3/5ths compromise of the First Article to the Constitution, (which counts slaves as 3/5ths of a person for the purpose of recording population,) the documents would make a solid case for believers in alien interventions in earthly affairs.

But, aliens or not, our Founders were not perfect. In fact, I hate that phrasing. "Not perfect." Like saying they were "flawed;" as if believing that a big chunk of the human population are property to be bought and

sold, and to be treated no better than farm animals, is akin to an over-fondness for puns, or a nasty birthmark. They weren't flawed. They were flat-out wrong, and should be judged harshly for their moral failings. Whole other developed nations, and a number of communities inside America at the time, had already renounced slavery. The Founders were great thinkers, yes, but they were comfortable in looking past the humanity of others, and such an oversight isn't forgivable.

Of course, Taney was correct in his summary of the Founding Fathers' position on slavery. The writers of the Constitution would have been horrified to imagine that those freedoms they enumerated for their citizens would someday be extended to the freed slaves or to women. And that is a bitter lesson for any enthusiastic student of American history—a group of which I consider myself a part.

Does this complicate the teaching of American history? Yes. And that complication is exactly what we need right now in this country. We need our children to understand that you can love Thomas Jefferson, as I always have, but not look away from the massive injustices against African Americans and Native Americans of which he was a part, and in which he was instrumental. They should learn that, even if you are a good person, who tries to do the right thing, you may still be overlooking some deep, devastating problems around you. That, even if you think you're listening, you may still struggle to believe others who tell you that your experiences aren't the whole picture. That, all around you, people are living their lives, and experiencing tragedies that you don't want to know about. They are the witnesses, standing vigil while a body is lying the streets for hours, and the first thing they need from you is that you stop when they ask, "Are you seeing this?" The first thing they need is for you to say, "Yeah, I am. I'm here with you. I'm seeing this too."

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NEWS

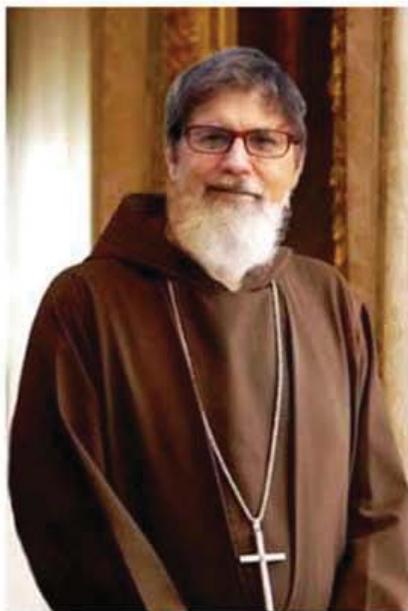
June 1, 2014

75 cents

INSIDE: Stiles takes Bonderman dumpster-diving! "Gee!" says Bondo. "This is FUN!"

'GREENIE' BILLIONAIRE SEES 'THE LIGHT!'

Venture Capitalist DAVID BONDERMAN Gives Away His Vast Fortune!



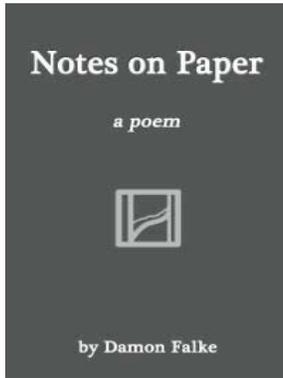
Zephyr publisher Stiles says, "Bless my pal Bondo, for Blessed are the POOR!"

"The Zephyr was right!" says humbled ex-rich weasel. "I feel so much better now!"



GREEN GROUPS FOLLOW BONDO'S CUE → SUWA Announces, "We're taking a vow of poverty and going to live in yurts!"

Executive Director reportedly camped in cave near Colorado River with a herd of goats. Says Groene... "It's the simple life for me!"



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

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

NOTES ON PAPER DAMON FALKE

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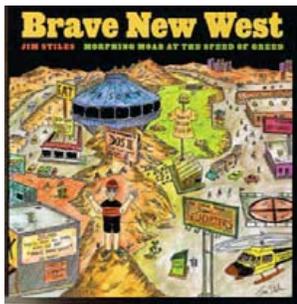
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He says he writes elegies for the landscape he loves, that he is "hopelessly clinging to the past." I would call Stiles a writer from the future.

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

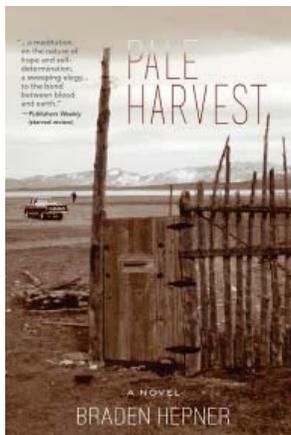
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THE ZEPHYR CHRONICLES PART 4

'IT'S MONEY THAT MATTERS...BUT AT WHAT COST? (THE GREENING OF WILDERNE\$\$)

JIM STILES

The much anticipated Millennium came and went; Y2K didn't happen; the world would not start to fall apart in earnest for another 20 months, and I saw *The Zephyr*, as an economically viable business, peak... and then start a slow decline.

As Moab's transformation into a New West town accelerated, and *The Zephyr* continued to express concern, the less inclined new businesses were to support us. And honestly, how could I blame them? *The Zephyr* was consistently opposed to runaway growth. I could accept and even enjoy tourism as a part of a more diverse economy, but this was something different. It was more than a transformation; it was a transmutation.

I had already seen some nervous advertisers who took no comfort in our message and, as early as 1995, efforts to boycott *The Zephyr* and our advertisers had started. In one of my more defiant moments, I wrote, "If you're an advertiser in this paper and you abhor the bizarre collection of opinions expressed herein, if you believe your association with this publication is destroying your reputation, if you think that the *Zephyr* has destroyed the local tourist economy by single-handedly altering international travel trends, then I think you have no choice but to withdraw your advertising immediately." But, I warned, "remember this: if we really do have the power to alter international travel trends, we also have the power to turn you into a toad. Fair warning."

By 2001, our ads had slipped some but not enough to jeopardize our existence. Part of the problem was the closing or sale of longtime loyal advertisers. Kyle and Carrie Bailey had supported *The Z* via their video rental store, "Movies of Moab," since issue one. But when City Market expanded its inventory to include a video rental department of their own, at much lower prices, the Baileys couldn't compete. One day I went down to their store, only to find a recent movie poster and a closed sign taped to the window. The poster was for the film "Rude Awakenings." It was surely that, for many of us.



Another good case in point was Jim Sarten, the owner of North American River Expeditions. Sarten loved *The Z* and had been a loyal supporter for 14 years. But when he finally sold the business to a company called OARS, out of California, the ads stopped. I contacted the new company rep, who explained to me that after looking at *The Zephyr* and the advertising money they were spending (\$59 every other month,) OARS concluded there wasn't enough "ROI" to justify the expenditure.

I didn't know what "ROI" meant. OARS explained it to me: it meant "Return on Investment."

Even Pack Creek Ranch was forced to end its affiliation with *The Zephyr* after 17 years. Ken and Jane Sleight had been a part of *The Zephyr* since the beginning. But the ranch had become more difficult to operate and they had sold some of the cabins and the properties;

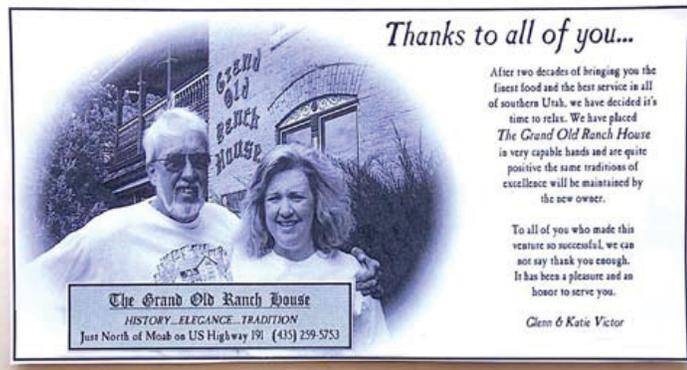
now PCR was collectively managed by a homeowners' association. Jane warned me the matter of ads was up to the HOA and she gave me the contact info for the spokesperson—she was in Boston—to ask about future participation in *The Zephyr*. The manager explained she had never heard of *The Z* and would have to get back to me. A few weeks later, I finally got a reply. The ads would end, she explained, because *The Zephyr* did not fit their marketing strategy. Again, the dreaded ROI.

To make my own situation worse, I kept turning down other potential revenue sources. For example, one of my favorite ads was for the Grand Old Ranch House. Before it became a restaurant, it had been a flop house for seasonal rangers, back in my Arches days. I'd met Ed Abbey there for the first time, prior to one of his notorious poker games where he was regularly fleeced by his good friend TK "Tom Tom" Arnold.

In the late 70s, Moabites Glen and Katie Victor had bought the old home and renovated it. For more than a decade they had been wonderful and eager *Zephyr* supporters. We had great fun with their ads, even once appealing to North Dakotans to come eat at the Ranch House. (Apparently a review of their guest register indicated a shocking lack of customers from up north.) Glen ended up being interviewed by a North Dakota radio station.

One day Glen called me up to say they'd sold the place, but that the new owner was eager to con-

The Zephyr continued to express concern about Moab's 'New West' Transformation, the less inclined new businesses were to support us. And honestly, how could I blame them?



tinue or even expand the ads. I asked if the place would be maintained as it was, and as it had been for the last century or so, but they were vague about his plans. "Let him explain," they said. The Victors arranged for me to meet the new owner, McKay Edwards, a few days later.

McKay was and is a good man, but when he told me about his dream of tearing down most of the

outbuildings and creating the Moab Springs Resort and condominiums, I didn't know what to do. I had already struggled with my own ad hypocrisy on one level. But this was something new and I handled it poorly. McKay asked me to call him soon to discuss the ad and I simply failed to get back to him.

After the next issue went to press and his ad wasn't in it, McKay called me. Awkwardly, I explained that I didn't feel comfortable with his ad, and with the radical changes at the Grand Old Ranch House. As much as I loathed his project, I didn't want to hurt his feelings. I'm sure I did anyway and I don't think we ever spoke again.

And then there were the local businesses that just plain hated me and *The Zephyr*. Several times in the last decade, as the town's tourist infrastructure grew faster than demand could match, some Moabites organized boycotts to kill off *The Zephyr*. They insisted that my "anti-growth and development" attitude was negatively impacting international travel trends.

In 2000, a group calling itself "Pro-Moab" sent a bogus letter to my advertisers. It was badly written—just the punctuation was offensive, and they didn't even spell my name correctly—but it was an attempt to drive away the businesses that supported *The Z*. And, in one regard, it worked. Many of the new businesses chose not to advertise and, as I've already said, how could I blame them?

In reply to the letter, I wrote, "As long as humans have breathed, there have always been tragic individuals within the species who are slaves to the almighty dollar. Who fall to their knees at the sight of it. Who can NEVER satisfy their voracious appetite for it. And who hate ANYONE who isn't similarly infected. What a wretched way to exist on this beautiful planet... Fortunately, most supporters of *The Zephyr* share my outlook. We like the dollar, but we're not blinded by it. Money is a means to an end, not an egomaniacal end unto itself. We want to make a living—but NOT a killing. And we want to have a LIFE. Not just a job."

A REPLY FROM JIM STILES TO THE "LETTER FROM FRIENDS OF THE ZEPHYR"

("with 'friends' like these...")

<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/oldzephyr/dec2000-jan2001/friends-reply.html>

BIG MONEY COMES TO THE GRASSROOTS GREENS...

One day, I told then-SUWA staff attorney Herb McHarg about my financial dilemma. He asked me how much SUWA was paying for its ad. "Nothing," I said. In the ten years I had been providing space for their "Watchdog" page, I'd also given them a free ad. I thought they were in the same boat as me—poor but dedicated. Herb laughed and said, "They can definitely afford to pay for their ad." And then some.

Until now, I had been oblivious to SUWA's newfound wealth. For years the grassroots group had struggled to make ends meet, but had found honor and integrity in their bare-bones operations. Now, SUWA was experiencing a sudden injection of money from billionaires like Swiss industrialist Hansjorg Wyss and multi-millionaires like Bert Fingerhut. Wyss bought them a new office building and renovated it, at a cost of more than a million dollars. Salaries jumped dramatically. Suddenly SUWA had a million dollar payroll.

I was oblivious to all this. I printed my first essay on the subject, "The Rich Weasel Factor in the New West," in 2000, but I still hadn't realized the extent of the influence of these mega-wealthy. And I didn't know until my conversation with Herb McHarg that they'd infiltrated the boards of even grassroots environmental groups.

<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/blog/2012/03/12/from-the-oct-2000-archives-the-rich-weasel-factor-in-the-new-west-stiles/>

The change had been dramatic. Just a couple years earlier, Groene wrote a piece for *The Zephyr* honoring SUWA's former executive director, Brant Calkin. In that passionate essay, Scott wrote about money and environmentalism and his friend Brant:

"Brant offered his staff low pay but lots of autonomy to do good and fight evil. The benefit of lousy pay is you get to experiment." Calkin offered low wages because no environmentalist should be in it for the money, and 'pay doesn't affect the quality of the staff.' He offers as rationale both that environmentalists have an obligation to spend their members' money wisely, and that small salaries ensure that only the passionate keep their jobs."

When he wrote the piece, Scott had left SUWA, but he would later return and become its Executive Director. At the time he was critical of the growing salaries being paid out. He wrote, "Brant never asked his staff do anything he wasn't already doing. For example, he and Susan Tixier earned a total annual salary of \$20,000 between the two of them as Director and Associate Director, about a third of what the current SUWA director makes now."

Link to BRANT CALKIN...by Scott Groene:

<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/oldzephyr/archives/brant-calkin.html>

Now, unknown to me, until McHarg explained it, everything had changed. Herb even offered to mention my name to one of the new SUWA benefactors. He was sure there was some way they could give *The Zephyr* a helping hand and channel some bucks to me. But I declined the offer. I did start sending SUWA a \$144 bi-monthly bill for their ad, but within a year or two, I no longer felt comfortable with their financial support either. In February 2001, my relationship with SUWA, via its regular column and the ad, came to an end.

MY INTRO TO BONDERMAN, WYSS & FINGERHUT

Hansjorg Wyss was just one of several mega-wealthy individuals who had recently begun to play a dominant role in Utah environmental politics. In exchange for massive donations, Wyss and others secured positions on the boards of directors of SUWA, the Grand Canyon Trust and national organizations like The Wilderness Society. Another powerful contributor was Bert Fingerhut. Like Wyss, Fingerhut became a major contributor to many environmentalist groups and joined the SUWA and Grand Canyon Trust boards as well.

Here I must make a full-disclosure. In the early 2000s, as ad revenues began to decline, I looked for new ways to generate some revenue. I created the *Zephyr* Backbone, which allowed readers to contribute as much as \$100 to the cause. In the first year, we received a check for \$100 from Mr.

Fingerhut. But the following year, citing financial constraints, the multi-millionaire advised he could only offer half—fifty dollars.

But that wasn't the only time I profited from Mr. Fingerhut's wealth. Years before I started The Zephyr and after I'd quit the Park Service, I was out of work and trying to make some money selling some of my drawings at the recently opened Moab Mercantile (where the Slickrock Café is now.) Kathy and Chuck Cooney were its owners. The only work I'd ever done of note, artistically, was my rendering of Glen Canyon Dam, blown up. It appeared on the cover of Abbey's 'The Journey Home,' and I'd sold quite a few on T-shirts in the '80s. I still had the original and we decided to put it on the wall with a ridiculous price—\$2000—with no real thought of selling it. We hoped seeing it might stimulate customers to consider the lower priced drawings. Chuck and I decided we'd raise the price by a thousand bucks every week, no matter how it went.

But one day, I got a call from the Cooneys; there was a man in the gallery who knew a guy, a very wealthy guy, who might be interested. I came down to meet him. He was a pleasant fellow and not rich himself, but his friend was. He said, "He wants me to try and dicker with you on price, but believe me, he can afford \$2000." The next day, I sold my beloved 'Glen Canyon Dam' drawing to Bert Fingerhut I'd never heard of him at the time, but in the years to come, I'd hear plenty.

In 2007, Fingerhut and another SUWA board member were convicted of securities fraud and went to jail. In the August 2007 issue, I wrote:



"On May 13, Bert Fingerhut pleaded guilty to one count of conspiracy to commit securities fraud. According to the Wall Street Journal, Fingerhut made \$12 million over the past decade by trading in the IPOs of mutual savings banks. He targeted banks that were about to go public and used the names of friends and relatives to open accounts at the banks. He targeted over 65 banks. He was already rich...how much more did he need?"

"As part of the settlement, he agreed to return \$11 million in illegally obtained profits and faces 57 to 71 months in jail. Sentencing is in September. U.S. Attorney Christopher Christie said, 'Fingerhut used his Wall Street acumen to concoct a cunning scheme. He made millions by robbing everyday depositors of an opportunity to which they were entitled and deserved.'"

The story was barely covered in the Utah mainstream press and SUWA's director declared that Fingerhut's problems were not connected in any manner to SUWA. A few months later, another SUWA

board member, Mark Ristow, was also indicted, convicted and sent to jail for the same crime.

SUWA's Bert Fingerhut goes to jail

<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/oldzephyr/aug-sept2007/takeleave.html>

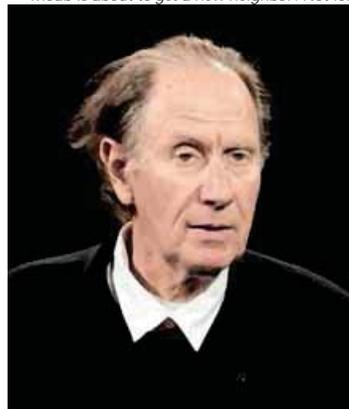
Another SUWA board member goes to jail

<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/oldzephyr/dec2007-jan2008/takeleave.html>

But neither Wyss nor Fingerhut could hold a candle to David Bonderman. One night I was with a SUWA board member who was still mildly sympathetic to my concerns about Wyss. He said, "Wyss isn't a bad guy...do you know who David Bonderman is? Now THAT's somebody to get angry about." I learned quickly—Bonderman was/is the multi-billionaire venture capitalist and founding partner of TPG Capital. TPG invests in everything from real estate and coal-fired power plants to oil exploration to palm oil plantations around the world. But he also contributes heavily to 'green' groups and sits on, of course, several boards of directors. And when he first came onto my radar, he'd just turned 60 and had marked the occasion with a party in Las Vegas. For the night's entertainment, he hired the Rolling Stones. The event set him back about \$7 million. Chump change for Bondo.

In 2006, I noted Bonderman's recent move to Moab, or at least the start of construction on a new 15,000 plus square foot home, near the Moan Sloughs, to complement his mansion and estate at Aspen. I wrote:

"Moab is about to get a new neighbor. Not long ago, I was driving down Fourth North, past the hospital and was surprised to see a crew planting pine trees along the fence line. Not a couple of trees. Or ten. And not little seedlings either. These were mature thirty foot pines and there were hundreds of them. Later I learned the number of transplanted trees, including pines and fruit trees, was closer to a thousand and that the cost of moving them was about a million dollars. And since pines aren't native to Moab and don't exactly thrive in its blistering heat, a couple of local truck drivers now have almost permanent jobs hauling water to keep them alive."



"The man with the trees is David Bonderman, one of the wealthiest men in America. Bonderman founded the Texas Pacific Group, a private equity firm based in Fort Worth.... FORTUNE claims that in the world of private equity firms, 'David Bonderman is as dominant as they come. He has earned a reputation as a master dealmaker, a tornado of a man spinning equal parts brilliance, energy, and charm inside his ever-moving vortex...Bonderman's high-profile deals have given him a mystique. He's the man who can close the sale, and his secretive style only feeds his aura. People may not see how he does it, but they see the results. The stealth isn't just a matter of personal preference. Bonderman has learned it's much easier to conduct business far from the prying eyes of the media, stock analysts, and the public.'"

"But David Bonderman will tell you that he is an environmentalist, if donating a relatively small portion of a \$6 billion fortune can make anyone an environmentalist. He has served on the boards of the Grand Canyon Trust, the Wilderness Society and the World Wildlife Fund for years. Grand Canyon Trust president Charles Wilkinson told FORTUNE that, 'He's one of the country's greatest conservationists right now.'"

"So welcome, Mr. Bonderman. A big Moab 'Hello HOWDY!' There's always room for one more simple man of the land, here in red rock country. A living role model for all of us environmentalists."

Some Moabites were disturbed by Bonderman's arrival, but others, especially those financially benefitting from his frequent donations, were livid. One, the leader of a well-known grass roots group proclaimed, after reading the story, that I should be "drawn and quartered."

In the years to come, I'd write frequently about Bonderman, Wyss and Fingerhut, but especially Bondo. Some of my readers, annoyed at my persistence, would complain, "Why do you keep picking on those three guys? There are lots of 'rich weasels' out there." My answer was always the same—"Because I don't have the time or resources to 'pick on' all of them." And no one else in the media would touch the subject.

LOOKING FOR THE HUMOR IN IT ALL...

This was a very depressing time. Just a few years earlier, I had felt I was part of an honorable cause. Our motives were clear and sincere and selfless. We were working for peanuts and proud of it. I admired and appreciated my friends and was happy to be a part of something that had meaning and clarity. Now everything had changed. Now 'saving wilderness' was about boosting the tourist economy. Now, even grassroots groups were funded by people who, just a few years before, would hardly have been considered allies. I had become a pariah.

Still, I tried to avoid wanting to slash my wrists ALL the time, and turned to humor when I could, to alleviate the sting. I started putting together some issues that poked fun at the situation. One cover story paid biting tribute to OUTSIDE magazine's never-ending "Top 10 Secret Cool Places" themes. Our Top 10 took a different slant that included the White Mesa uranium mill in Blanding, the Arches National Park gravel dump, and the hidden 'Juniper Graveyard' at the Island in the Sky in Canyonlands. I wrote:

"Before the early 1980s, when the road to Grandview Point was still a narrow dirt track, the trip was dusty and slow. One of the reasons the trip took so long was because it was rocky and rutted and you couldn't go very fast without rattling all your teeth loose. Another reason why it took so long is because the road went around trees and followed the topography of the terrain instead of going through it (and them)...Of course, when the NPS finally and reluctantly paved the road, it took out most of the curves and leveled the dips and humps."

"As for all the juniper and pinyons that the new highway went through, they ended up at the end of a service road near the Green River Overlook. The Tree Graveyard used to be much larger; in fact, it covered several acres. Now, in fact, the NPS is using the same trees it killed as protective fences at overlooks to regulate pedestrian traffic! So over the last two decades, the pile has been reduced somewhat, but the graveyard still speaks volumes about modern highways and the ease of travel in the 21st Century."

April-May 2002online issue: *The Top Ten Secret Places of the Canyon Country*
<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/oldzephyr/april-may2002/index.html>

Then in August, I followed up with: "FIVE NEW EXTREME SPORTS FOR THE 21ST CENTURY." I was quite impressed with my list that included "Colonic Floss Tug-of-War," "Oral Anchor Bolt Pulling" (for all you rock climbers,) and my favorite—"Body Pierce Belaying."...



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"...Do you have body pierce rings all over your body? Have you been wondering if they have any functional value (other than the fact that they just look so gosh-darned good)? Do you want to put your rings to the test? Well here's the opportunity of a lifetime! Yes, it's the tri-equalizing Body Pierce Belay anchor. "Brad" volunteered for this hazardous yet strangely stimulating task, because he is already adorned with two of the three anchor points that are absolutely necessary to perform this task properly and safely. The ear and nipple piercing points are real! We merely had to add a fake nose ring to perfect this extremely distasteful simulation."

August-September 2002online issue: *Five New Extreme Sports*
<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/oldzephyr/aug-sept2002/index.html>

The off-the-wall stories caught the fancy of the footwear company TEVA; a representative contacted me, interested in running a series of full page ads. They were under the impression we were like this all the time. Yet again, I looked all that money in the eye and decided full disclosure would be necessary. I wrote back, with a fuller description of The Zephyr's priorities and links to a few stories about the recreation industry that had previously appeared in The Z. Sad to say, I never heard from TEVA again.

GOIN' SOUTH...

Trying to find the absurdity in all this, I vainly attempted to convince myself that if I could just look at the dramatic impacts and the changes in geologic time, the upheaval wouldn't seem nearly as catastrophic. But there's little comfort in geologic time. What I was watching was the transformation of my home. Finally, one day in August 2002, feeling especially desperate, I decided to leave town.

I was passing through Monticello, 55 miles south of Moab, and a chip-seal project on Main Street diverted me east a few blocks. A 'For Sale' sign in the front yard of a tiny, tree-lined cottage caught my eye. It was offered by Lex Realty and I stopped by the office to learn more about it. Bennion Redd, a lifetime resident of Monticello and one of the most decent men I've ever met, told me that the house was owned by his sister and brother-in-law. Doyle and Marilyn came down to the office and we dickered on the price for about a minute. We shook hands and Bennion said he'd do the paperwork and we'd close in about a month.

I told very few people about the move, and those I told were incredulous—"Moving to Monti-

ZEPHYR CHRONICLES...PT 4

(CONTINUED)

cello? The Mormons will eat you alive!"

But almost everyone else was oblivious to my frequent back and forth trips to Monticello, as I transferred my life from Grand to San Juan County. I discovered, to my great relief, that while Monticello was close to 90% LDS, I was treated fairly and kindly by almost everyone in town. I may have been a Gentile and a heathen in the eyes of some Monticelloans, but at the very least, most of them seemed inclined to give me the benefit of the doubt. And I enjoyed the peace and quiet, though the bitter cold winters that began in September and lasted through May were sometimes hard to take.

But even if I'd been stoned by the residents, just getting to be the neighbor and friend of Gene Schafer made the move worthwhile. Gene was a whisky-sipping, non-Mormon auto mechanic who was....how do I put this...outspoken? I wrote a piece about the legendary Schafer and made this observation about my dear friend:

"He's the most honest man I've ever known, which causes both chuckles, frowns and a squirm or two from a broad range of friends and adversaries. He grew up a Gentile in a community that is 90% Mormon; yet he has earned the respect of practically everyone, regardless of religion, because in the end, Gene Schafer is a straight-shooter. He never tries to be anyone but himself, and in this godawful time of political correctness and pained pretension, just his 'tell-it-like-it-is' approach to life makes him a unique and unforgettable man. He once told San Juan County's most celebrated curmudgeon/misanthrope that he, 'crapped too close to the house,' and not only lived to tell the tale, he made the guy laugh."

The link to: "Only Schafer Can Get Away With That."

<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/oldzephyr/dec2003-jan2004/gene.htm>

Gene contained multitudes. He could be pretty abrasive and spoke his mind a lot more than some people would have preferred, but his kindness and generosity never had conditions attached. He didn't do good deeds because he wanted to be known as the guy who did good deeds; it's simply who he was. Once, when I had hit rock bottom and was drinking way too much vodka and downing way too many valiums, Gene came by to check on me. I staggered to the door, Gene took one look at me and said, "Damn Stiles...You look like shit." He shook his head, assessing my pathetic state and added, "I'm gonna go get you some steaks."

An hour later, he was back with an armload of red meat...just what Dr. Gene ordered. Knowing he cared enough to part with some sirloins made me feel better already.

Gene died in June 2010. Monticello has never been the same.



Gene contained multitudes. He could be pretty abrasive and spoke his mind a lot more than some people would have preferred, but his kindness and generosity never had conditions attached. He didn't do good deeds because he wanted to be known as the guy who did good deeds; it's simply who he was.

THE GREENING OF WILDERNESS...part 1

In April 2001, I had first suggested that the environmental movement and its embrace of a tourist/recreation economy was creating impacts of their own, that most of us were unwilling to address. "It's Time to Look in the Mirror" was a seminal moment for me and this publication.

It's Time to Look in the Mirror: <http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/oldzephyr/april-may2001/index.html>

Now, four years later, I was ready to take the debate a step farther, though the 'other side' did its best to simply ignore the questions. "The Greening of Wilderness" was one of the most difficult stories I ever wrote. Much of it would appear in a book I would write called "Brave New West." (More about that effort later).

In the introduction, I wrote:

"When I first sat down to write the very long and difficult story that begins on page 12 of this issue, it was more than three years ago. The themes raised in this story have been nagging at me for even longer than that — I made my first attempt to discuss the changing urban west and environmentalists' shifting strategies in April 2001 with the 'It's Time to Look in the Mirror' edition. It received an extraordinary amount of feedback, the most in this publication's history, from a wide variety of readers. What it did not generate was any response whatsoever from the organizations

in the environmental community for which it was mostly intended. Since then, any attempt to discuss the concerns raised in that article have been met for the most part with, at best, stony silence and at worst, downright hostility.

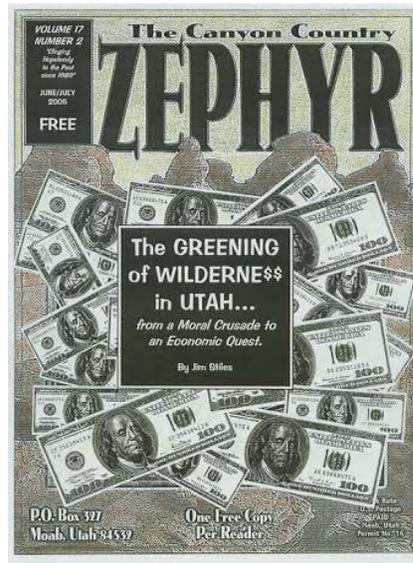
"The reason I delayed this story for so long is that I was angry too. Writing from a position of personal hostility is not the most effective way to deal with problems, though I freely admit that I have been guilty of typing with angry fingers from time to time. It was hard to accept that after two decades of being a friend and partner to most enviro groups in Utah, I found myself cast as something of a traitor and even a pariah, simply for asking what I thought were honest, if also difficult, questions."

THE GREENING OF WILDERNESS: <http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/oldzephyr/june-july2005/index.html>

The long cover story addressed the history of wilderness in Utah, and attempted to explain how the strategies to preserve it had changed over the years. I concluded:

"How can environmentalists escape the label of hypocrisy? How can we condemn oil exploration when our own consumption of oil is staggering? How can we condemn the impacts of motorized recreation while we turn a blind eye to the damage caused by ever-growing numbers of non-motorized recreationists? How can we heed Abbey's warning of Industrial Tourism when, at its heart, that kind of economy is the future many enviros have embraced for 15 years? How can we condemn the timber industry when we continue to build homes at an alarming rate that encroach on the habitat of the very wildlife we want to protect, and then construct them far bigger than anything we'd ever need to be happy? And when some of our biggest environmental contributors consume massive amounts of natural resources to build monstrous part-time homes, how can we possibly accept their donations?"

"Like a civil rights organization in the 1960s accepting money from a man who belonged to an



"We didn't fight for the rights of African-American men and women because there was a dollar to be made. Nor should that be our motivation as environmentalists to save wilderness. If we continue to follow this dangerous path, we may some day wonder if the Road to Victory was worth it... Or wonder what it is we actually 'won.'"

all white country club—these are the contradictions that destroy our credibility. And like the Civil Rights Movement of 40 years ago, saving what's left of the wild American West is a moral issue, first and foremost. We didn't fight for the rights of African-American men and women because there was a dollar to be made. Nor should that be our motivation as environmentalists to save wilderness. If we continue to follow this dangerous path, we may some day wonder if the Road to Victory was worth it... Or wonder what it is we actually "won."

The response was unprecedented. Our Feedback page was tripled to accommodate the letters and most of them were supportive. One couple, Sierra Clubbers, briefly accused me of fabricating a letter they sent to the controversial Cloudbrock developer Michael Liss—a letter I had published in full in the 'Greening' article. When I produced the originals, they withdrew their complaint and wanted the matter dropped, but since I'd never been accused of lying in the Zephyr before, I chose to print their original letter anyway. All of the correspondence is included below.

<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/oldzephyr/aug-sept2005/feedback.html>

SUWA had long since quit corresponding. In one last heated argument with Scott Groene, after he'd once again accused me of having an "anti-SUWA tirade," I got pretty upset and wrote in part:

"It isn't 'anti-SUWA tirades.' My god, you just don't get it. I just want them to broaden their vision beyond cows and oil and jeeps. I remember you said ten years ago that it would 'really get tough when we have to fight our friends.' We don't have to fight them, just be able to speak honestly, and let the chips fall where they may. There's nothing courageous about being an enviro and standing up against oil wells. Anybody pc moron can do that. The fact that you won't even tell me where you stand on the topic is extraordinary. Why would an honest answer be 'trashing (your) friends.'?"

"Environmentalists are supposed to be visionary. We're trying to play a role in the future, beyond our own personal involvement in it. If we allow ourselves to ignore threats to that future, based on the fear of insulting a friend, then I think there's a problem... Anyway, I'm really disappointed that you can't discuss these issues without feeling like you're betraying friends. How shaky can these friendships be, if speaking candidly and honestly constitutes a betrayal?"

THE HIGH COUNTRY NEWS 'CURMUDGEON' STORY

In 2006, writer John Fayhee wrote a cover story about The Zephyr and me for High Country News. While John sometimes revealed more about my personal life than I felt comfortable with, it was a fair piece. Best of all, he had taken the time to come to Moab and talk. In fact, we spent several days together, sometimes camped out (illegally) at a favorite Arches spot, and sharing a few adult beverages. In this regard, I feared I'd disappoint the author, as it was a well-known fact, then and now, that Mr. Fayhee appreciates a good libation. Still, he was one of the few who at least

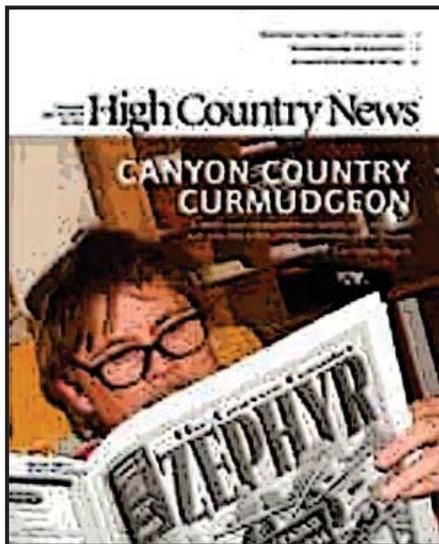
seemed to 'get' where I was coming from. He may not have agreed with my beliefs, but it meant a lot to me that he at least took the time to hear what they were.

John traced the history of The Zephyr, back to its 1989 origins, and the changes that occurred along the way. John wrote:

"This would be a good place to stress that no one, not even Stiles, is accusing the environmental movement of premeditation in fomenting the amenities-based ruination of the West. Stiles knows as well as anyone that a host of forces have conspired to create this beast, from the global economics that torpedoed Southern Utah's uranium mining industry, to the Baby Boom's mass retirement, which is sending us a tsunami of second-home buyers. Nor is Stiles an apologist for the extractive industries; he feels there's a special place in hell for many ranchers and miners.

"But Stiles does believe that the amenities economy that defines so many 'New West' towns is as harmful to the environment as the extractive industries were. He contends that the environmental movement helped usher in that economy as an alternative to mining, timbering and ranching. And he says that the environmental movement can't come out and lambaste the New West economy, even if it wants to, because it is so invested in the argument that wilderness is the perfect economic engine for rural towns."

Fayhee pursued the matter with my old friends at SUWA who had little if anything positive to say about the publication they once called "The greatest newspaper in the world. Then-staff attorney Heidi McIntosh noted that, "At one time, The Zephyr was important." She explained, "I can't even read The Zephyr anymore... It's not relevant."



Fayhee pursued the matter with my old friends at SUWA who had little if anything positive to say about the publication they once called "The greatest newspaper in the world. Then-staff attorney Heidi McIntosh noted that, "At one time, The Zephyr was important." She explained, "I can't even read The Zephyr anymore...It's not relevant."

Fayhee continued, "From the sidelines, it would be easy to dismiss all this as a family squabble, one that, for all we know, has roots in a softball game argument 20 years ago. SUWA has done its best to dismiss Stiles' writings as the product of an angry, even unstable man. 'It's like he's angry about something deeper and taking it out on us,' says McIntosh, SUWA's conservation director.

"But that explanation cheapens Stiles' real point, which Groene ignored in the Tribune. That point is that SUWA does little to fight the threats that the New West economy poses to the Canyon Country. Instead, it pours its substantial resources into the decades-old fight to protect huge gobs of wilderness — a fight that, in Stiles' estimation, has gotten nowhere."

When the long story finally appeared, in May 2006, my fall from grace, in SUWA's eyes, was a fait accompli.

For the link to Fayhee's story: <http://www.hcn.org/issues/323/16321>

The idea that Heidi McIntosh could make those kinds of personal observations about my mental state were downright bewildering to me, since, in fact, we'd never met. I wouldn't know Ms. McIntosh if I fell over her. And while I've had my dark times for sure, I was feeling particularly magnanimous when the story came out, so I wrote to Heidi, via email on June 2, 2006. The subject line read: "A sincere offer."

I wrote, "I finally read the HCN article and your observations; unless I'm mistaken, I can't recall that we've ever met. And if you don't read The Zephyr anymore, it could be that your opinions of me and the Z are second hand, at the very least.

"I've been arguing for years that the main reason America is so polarized these days is because we don't talk to each other---that we all base our opinions on perceptions more than reality.

"I'd like to make an offer here. How about coffee or lunch sometime, either the next time I'm in SLC, or when you're down here? We could put aside contentious issues for another time and make the goal of this meeting just to get acquainted, and to show each other that neither wears horns or a straitjacket. I'm absolutely sincere in this and hope we can find some common ground."

I waited and waited. I still am, in fact. I never heard back from Heidi.

If there was one disappointment in the story, it was a concern shared by both Fayhee and myself. HCN's decision to describe me in the cover story title as, "The Canyon Country Curmudgeon" was, we felt, an effort to marginalize me as some kind of anachronistic old grump. And in publisher Paul Larmer's page 2 introduction to the story, he curiously gave Grand Canyon Trust executive director Bill Hedden the last word of sorts. "Our resilient community leaders," Hedden had written, "got in their row boat and went fishing for a little tourism to revive and diversify our economy. They hooked a great white shark." But the quote was from 1994. Few in the environmental community had come close to expressing such concern in years.

Still, Larmer noted, "Of course, if my kids' nostalgia is any indication, today's great white shark will seem like tomorrow's bluegill. In a few years, we may look fondly back at the good old days when you could still buy a house in Moab for \$300,000, when a mere 50,000 mountain bikers attended the Fat Tire rally, and when you only had to book a camping spot in Arches a year or two in advance...If we're lucky, though, we'll still have curmudgeons like Stiles around to keep us on our toes, and to remind us what it is we love about the West."

I was puzzled at the time, but later I would understand the last minute inclusion.

Link to Larmer's introduction: "Nostalgia is a Moving Target"
<http://www.hcn.org/issues/323/16322>

THE 'SUWA CAN YOU SPARE A DIME' INCIDENT

At about the same time Fayhee was writing the HCN story, I'd submitted a short essay to HCN's syndicated "Writers on the Range," called "SUWA Can You Spare a Dime?"

For the link to that story: http://www.hcn.org/wotr/16196/print_view

While my essay noted that, "SUWA remains Utah's most vigilant watchdog of off-road vehicle abuse, oil and gas exploration and public lands grazing," I was critical of their failure to address environmental impacts from the booming recreation economy. I proposed that, with its \$5 million in net assets, SUWA could share some of its largesse with smaller green groups that were not so flush with funds.

When the story ran in the Salt Lake Tribune, Groene demanded rebuttal space from Betsy Marston, the Writers on the Range editor. But when it arrived, she found the article so steeped in anger and vitriol that she asked Groene to remove them; she advised him to re-write his essay, without the nasty stuff, and re-submit. But he never did. Instead, he found a sympathetic editor at the Salt Lake Trib who would print the story "as is." It was a doozy. In part, Groene wrote:

"Part of desert country's magic is that it nourishes eccentricity," Groene explained. "Jim is part of that, our own Barney Fife. He's worth having around though, even if we have to clean up after him now and again. Typically enough, Jim's rant says less about SUWA than about Jim's own curious little world. As its only resident, he's in charge. He gets not only his own opinion but his own facts."

The Trib gave me a few lines to respond in its "Letters" section. "Now that I have had the gall," I wrote, "to disagree with some of SUWA's strategies and to suggest that it might want to share even a fraction of its \$5 million bankroll with other enviro groups, I appear to be in the doghouse. And with Barney Fife no less." More importantly, I recalled the words of Edward R. Murrow, who wrote, "We must not confuse dissent with disloyalty. When the loyal opposition dies, I think the soul of America dies with it."

But there was no comment from SUWA and I wondered what its board members thought, so I sent an email to those I could reach by email, including Ted Wilson, the vice chair with CCs, Rich Ingebretsen, Terry Tempest Williams, and Bill Hedden. I only heard from two of them. Wilson sent a short and conciliatory note. Hedden responded at length. It would be the first of several combative exchanges over the next two years. While he thought Groene's comments were "unproductive," he believed my concerns could be de-bunked via pure logic. He said my ideas were "wacky," and even seemed to take offense at Herb Ringer's photographs in The Zephyr.

"In all your years of publishing the Zephyr and commenting on these issues," Hedden complained, "you haven't made any suggestions about how to solve the problem...how could you? what would they be? Appoint a benevolent dictator? Publishing Herb Ringer's photos isn't going to bring us back to some prelapsarian paradise."

I confess I didn't know what "prelapsarian" meant and had to look it up.

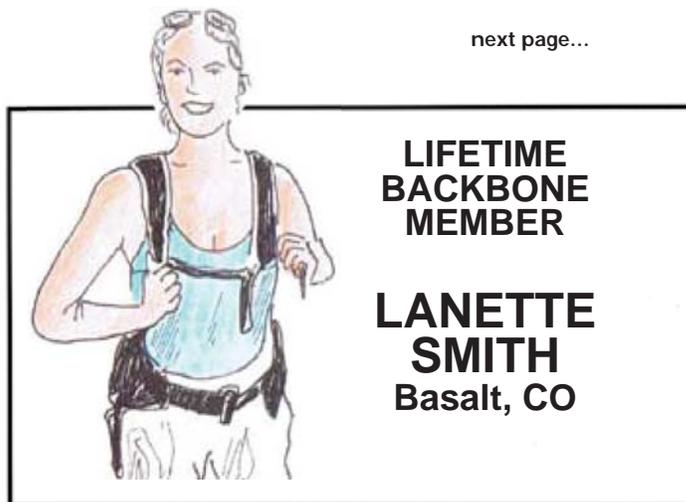
Hedden continued, "One reason that it has been hard to start a dialogue on this issue of the changing West is that nobody, including you, has anything constructive to say about it. People tried to politely look the other way when you decided to circle the wagons and fire inward, but Scott finally shot back." Clearly, nothing, not a single word or question I'd raised in the past five years had, in Hedden's estimation, had carried a scintilla of credibility. My criticisms had been reduced, yet again, to an angry and meaningless rant.

Bill insisted that environmentalists had, in fact, worked tirelessly to deal with the effects of the tourist/recreation industry. He said, "Turning to your assertion that nobody has acknowledged that there are New West impacts...I'm just puzzled. I have spoken about that earlier and more publicly than most others, and spent my time as a councilman working to help Grand County try to set policy on the basis of what was good for the people who live here rather than the desires of the tourist economy."

And yet, three years earlier, in a 2003 Zephyr interview with Ken Davey, Hedden seemed ready to throw in the towel. He told Davey, "We've had some of the most spectacular country in the world, and no one else in it. The fact that those days are just about over is sad, but there are many more people in the world, and they have found this place, and there's no keeping them away. Just regulating the wild places and putting in porta potties and hardening campsites and paving trails may deal with the impacts, but it doesn't help someone who knew that canyon when it was wild and no one else was in it. That's what I mean by the problem being insolvable."

I finally responded, "Consider the fact that, even through all this, with you challenging my honesty and Heidi McIntosh, who I've never even met, performing public dime-store psychological analyses of my character, and Groene's in-print temper tantrum, I have never attacked you or your character personally, or anyone's at SUWA---all I've ever done is raise honest and legitimate questions about the tactics and strategies of the environmental community. That's all I did. You may not

next page...



ZEPHYR CHRONICLES...PART 4 (CONTINUED)

think they're legitimate but clearly, others do."

Bill's reply fell back on that same familiar old line, "Funny, you seem awfully angry." Once again, I was the angry man, just for trying to be honest.

The same night that Hedden's email burned through to my inbox, Fayhee called me about his *High Country News* story. He had a list of possible interviews and Hedden was among them. I chuckled and said, "That should be interesting. I just got a zinger of an email from Bill...It's still smoking"

Fayhee asked if he could read it and I could find no reason to say no. My letter to the board of SUWA was not a personal correspondence. I had sought their comments for publication and, in fact, Hedden had merely been a "cc" recipient.

"Sure. Why not," I said.

Later, when I sent yet another apparently annoying email, Hedden was furious. By sheer chance he'd met Fayhee at a bar, the emails had come up, and Hedden felt violated (probably he does again NOW.) He angrily wrote, "I responded to you as a fellow member of my community whom I have known a little for a long time. Had I known that you planned to send some unspecified portion of our exchange off to newspapers, I would not have communicated with you. I don't publish a newspaper and I don't write op-eds bashing people, so your notion of a free and honest exchange of ideas is unfair."

I replied, "Bill...our emails were not private conversations...my comments and questions were addressed to SUWA board members. I was trying to find out where you people stand on some of these issues that you have all taken cover from for so long...The emails had nothing to do with our private lives. Anything we discuss related to environmental issues should be part of the free and open exchange of ideas that I've advocated for so long. As long as it doesn't get nasty or personal, how does it hurt to share your opinions with other people? And so far, the mud that's been slung seems to be coming from 'your side.'"

Again, there was no 'bashing,' unless the word means expressing disagreement. I agreed that Hedden's reply to my email had indeed made the conversation personal. He'd even questioned the value of my dear friend Herb Ringer's contributions. How could anyone NOT at least find pleasure in looking at Herb's old photographs?

And I advised him that he was free to share my end of any correspondence that had ever passed between us, with anybody of his choosing. I try to never say anything that I would be ashamed for others to hear. And after all, these emails were NOT of a personal nature. It was me, as a journalist writing to the board members of an environmental organization. But Hedden didn't see it that way and thought I was unprofessional. My apparently fatal character flaw was my willingness to be open and uncensored.

And when world class ego-climber Dean Potter made the first solo/self-promoted climb of Delicate Arch, I again asked for comments from the environmental community. Would any of them speak up? I wondered if this was still the kind of non-motorized recreation that environmental groups think represents a huge wilderness advocacy group. I hoped that maybe it was finally sinking in---that these kinds of exploits have nothing to do with wildland protection.

In response to a heretical notion (I suggested a short press release from environmental groups, condemning that kind of outdoor behavior.) SUWA board member Bill Hedden replied in part: "He was an asshole to climb Delicate Arch and I would have arrested him happily if I was a ranger... But, if you got there five minutes after his desecration, there would have been no visible trace. So, should the envoirs, who really are just a few people, prioritize going after him instead of dealing with the largest oil and gas lease sale in Utah history, or the fact that Norton's parting gift was to declare that all the county road claims everywhere are valid, or Bennett's proposal, or Hatch's separate one, to sell off large blocks of public land to provide funding for water pipelines and roads and utility corridors?"

Of course, I didn't suggest they abandon any of that. And Hedden knew it. What I proposed was "a three sentence press release." What I was suggesting, even to the point of reiterating Hedden's own words was that, "Industrial-strength recreation holds more potential to disrupt natural processes on a broad scale than just about anything else." I thought that maybe he and others might finally want to speak out against the entire 'disrupting' impact of out-of-control recreation, and acknowledge that the tourist/amenities economy brought destructive impacts as well; that it was a serious component when one measured the long-term threats to the landscape of the American West. I thought such recognition might be a turning point and a new beginning for Utah's mainstream greens.

But those words from Bill Hedden had come in a different time.

(NOTE: Eight years later, as extreme sports become an even greater intrusion on public lands and wilderness, and as the impact from new "sports," like BASE jumping and arch swinging make national headlines, environmental groups in Utah continue to maintain a predictable silence. Currently, BASE jumper/stunt performer Sketchy Andy Lewis faces charges at Arches National Park; yet, Lewis might want to call Hedden as a witness for the defense. As Hedden noted regarding Potter's Delicate Arch climb, "if you got there five minutes after his desecration, there would have been no visible trace." Sketchy Andy may have allies in unexpected places)

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY...

In late October 2006, I was headed home from Tooele, where we printed *The Zephyr*, with a truck load of new papers and was stuck in a godawful traffic jam near Price on US 6/50. I called my best friend, former County Attorney Bill Benge, to tell him I'd be late. Lately, Bill had been helping me unload the huge pile of 15,000 *Zephyrs* from my ancient truck to my front porch, though the last time, he'd lent a hand, I'd been worried about his blueish color and lost breath. "It's good for me," he'd wink. "You know how much I love exercise." Now I told him we'd just wait until the weekend to unload.

Bill had been an integral part of *The Zephyr* since Day 1...since before Day 1, in fact. Going back to the winter of 1988-89, as the idea of *The Zephyr* began to grow, my greatest handicap was a lack of money (what else is new?). How would I afford the computers and printers we'd need to make it work? Bill had graciously offered his own, letting me use it after hours. And he'd become a regular contributor with his "Willie Flocko's Country Kitchen."

But on that October afternoon, as I fumed in traffic, he warned me to take it easy. "Life is short, Stiles....Don't blow a fuse over nothing." It was good advice and the last time I'd hear his voice. On

Friday evening, October 20, Bill had gone to a party at the Back of Beyond Book Store. Headed home, he stopped at City Market to grab a few snacks. Standing in the checkout line, Bill suddenly grabbed his chest and without a word, fell to the floor. He died almost instantly. Earlier that summer, he had complained about a numbness in his arms and throat, and one day sharing breakfast together at the Moab Diner, he'd almost passed out from the pain. He was scheduled to see a doctor in November. Now my old friend was gone.

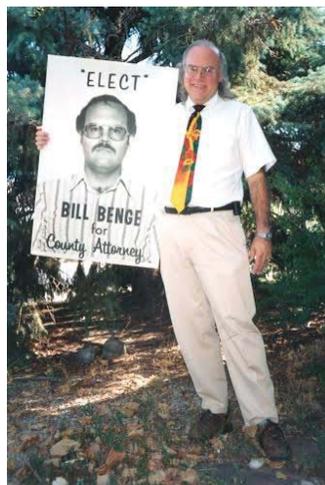
It always sounds so trite to say it, but Bill was like a brother to me. We argued, had fallings-out, made up, shared our darkest thoughts and our highest hopes and dreams...the way brothers do. He saved my life once---really; and there was a time when I was able to re-pay the debt.

In the last year of Bill's life, we spent a significant amount of our time together reminiscing and lamenting the changes that had transformed Moab in the last decade. We were very good at it. It had been, for years, a quiet, albeit oddly diverse little community; now, as we all know, in little more than a decade, Moab had become just another New West real estate market to be exploited and sold off in quarter-acre parcels. We barely recognized our old town anymore.

We often had breakfast at the Moab Diner, one of the few cafes left in Moab that didn't exist merely for the tourist traffic. That is to say, it was still affordable and the waitresses recognized us. On one of our last trips to the diner, however, we found our café so crammed with strange faces that we had to take a number and wait for a table. It wasn't the Diner's fault---it had simply been overwhelmed by its own success. But Bill turned to me and said, "It's over, Stiles."

The day Bill was buried, his will was discovered and I learned that he'd named me the executor of his estate. I spent the next 18 months immersed in the artifacts of Bill's life. It was one of the most bittersweet times, as I came upon one 'Willie Flocko' reminder after another, I'd find myself smiling at the memory, but grieving that those days were gone. After Bill left us, Moab, for me, was never the same.

Link to "Bill Benge, Old Friend"



<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/oldzephyr/april-may2007/bbenge.html>

BRAVE NEW WEST...THE BOOK &...THE MOVIE?

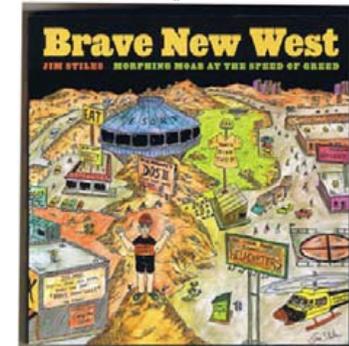
Back in 2003, the University of Arizona Press contacted me about doing a book. At the time, I doubted my ability to complete the project, but a year later, they asked again and I decided to give it a try. The project dragged on for years. I sent them a proposal; the submissions editor sent it to her advisory group for review; while one reviewer feared the book might become little more than an anti-mountain bike rant, enthusiasm was still high. But somehow the proposal was set aside and misplaced and languished in a box for months. When I jogged editor's memory, I was sent a contract inside a week.

I wrote the book in a year and submitted it by the August 1, 2005 deadline to assure it would be published by October 2006. But the manuscript sat a while longer and finally, when 'Brave New West: Morphing Moab at the Speed of Greed' was finally published in the Spring of 2007, the book was already outdated. I could have filled another book and updated much of the information that BNW contained. Much of the background to BNW would have stayed the same, but as the 'New West' exerted its influence at an ever increasing and alarming rate, the last half of the book was already outdated. At least the theme was still current and I made the best of it.

I knew from the get-go that university presses rarely have the financial resources to promote a book the way they'd like to, and I have never been much of a self-promoter either. The University of Arizona Press set up readings in Moab at Back of Beyond and at Ken Sanders Books in Salt Lake City. UAP set up an interview with KCPW public radio in Park City and attempted the same with KUER, but we never heard back from the latter. In Salt Lake we had a great turnout. My old friend Ken Sleight came up from Moab to introduce me, and since my fear of public speaking borders on phobia, Ken was there to catch me if I passed out. Fortunately I survived the evening. The event in Moab was also a great success, but when it came to me scheduling events of my own, I was a miserable failure. And when we did manage to gather a group---we had readings in Grand Junction, Springdale, Utah and Torrey, Utah---the organizers had trouble obtaining copies for BNW for me to sign. Not having books to sign at a book signing was not an optimal situation.

The 'Salt Lake Tribune' did a story on the book, but even that experience was a mixed bag. I received a call from Trib reporter Anne Wilson (no relation to Moab's AW). I met her at the Moab Diner and she introduced herself by saying, "I'm the food editor at the Trib, I haven't read your book and I've never heard of *The Zephyr*...But here I am." It was an inauspicious beginning.

But Anne seemed like a nice person and I did my best over the next few days to explain 'The Zephyr' and the 'Brave New West.' We traveled to Arches with photographer Ramin Rahmian for pictures and we almost got arrested by a ranger for not having a film permit. Fortunately an old friend and NPS staffer Anne Corson intervened on our behalf (Though my recollection is that she first instructed the ranger to arrest us.)



I had some good chats with Ms. Wilson and on our last day, we went to lunch at the MD Ranch House. Over a burger and fries, Wilson smiled and confessed, "You know, you're nothing like what my editor told me to expect."

"Really? I said. "...how am I?"

"I like you a lot," she exclaimed. "And you're even funny."

I was taken aback. "Well...what did your editor say I was like?" I asked.

Anne replied, "He said you would be very difficult and that you are a hermit nutcase."

A hermit nut case? I had to wonder if this was the same editor who'd been so receptive to Scott Groene's 'Stiles as Barney Fife' essay, but I never discovered his identity.

When the story came out, the editors distilled everything I'd talked about and the entire content of the book into the headline: "Activist Says Adventurers are Ruining Moab." The rest of the story did a fairly decent job of recounting my fears about the changing West and that mountain bikes and adventure tours were merely symptomatic of a recreation culture that was creating its own kinds of impacts. And yet, my passing references to departed friends Herb Ringer and Bill Bengel seemed to assume more column inches than I would have expected. The fact that I was still spreading Herb's ashes and still had some of Bill's gumbo in my fridge made me sound like some kind of a ghoul who collected artifacts of the dead. But as my friend Ken Sanders advised, "Never complain about a front page story, even if it's bad and even if it's below the fold."

Elsewhere, the reviews were good, though High Country News chose a 27 year old mountain biker to offer an opinion about 'Brave New West,' and the author penned an opinion called, "You

'wired' all the time. One day we went to Moab to visit a few of my favorite hangouts. I was having a bagel with my old pal Bill Koci, and Doug and Dru wanted some shots of us walking down Main Street. I was in an especially grumpy mood that day and as Bill and I did our performance walk, Bill said, "Who are these guys anyway?" I snapped, "They've been following me around for months. It's driving me crazy." When we turned around and made our way back to the camera, Dru grinned and said, "You know, your mic is hot. WE can hear everything you're saying." Never had I felt so mortified.

"Brave New West," the film, came out in 2008. It aired at festivals around the country and eventually appeared on public television channels across the country, but I don't think it ever aired on the PBS station in Salt Lake City, KUED.

Here's the link to the film:

http://www.highplainsfilms.org/hpf/films/brave_new_west

AND FINALLY...THE AUSSIE EXPERIMENT, AN UNEXPECTED ANNOUNCEMENT & THE GREENING OF WILDERNESS 2

By 2008, the inevitable seemed unavoidable. The Zephyr was no longer a Moab-based newspaper. Main Street businesses were dominated by "Adventure" signs. I didn't know the businesses and I didn't know the people who owned them. They were now Moabites and the future of the community would belong to them. My ads declined further; in fact, after about 2007, I even quit looking for new revenue sources. There was something liberating in all this. I had been working for a year on a sequel to my 2005 "Greening of Wilderne\$\$" story. "Greening 2" appeared in the August/September 2008 issue. To give you an idea how little I was concerned with being anything but honest, the introduction to the cover story was called,

ON THE RECORD? OFF THE RECORD? POLITICALLY CORRECT? POLITICALLY INCORRECT? I SAY, "SCREW IT."

I wrote, "When I started the Zephyr, I had to make a choice that I didn't even realize when I made it. I could either be honest (to my own values at least), even painfully blunt, or I could try to be liked. My ornery personality probably made that decision for me."

"Over the years, as a result, I collected more than any man's fair share of enemies and adversaries, especially in Moab. But I came to appreciate the opposition, if they would just express themselves as openly and honestly as I challenged their perspectives."

The problem was, the 'opposition' wouldn't say a word, at least not in print. My introduction continued:

"This is no ordinary time. A few weeks ago, the Associated Press ran a story called, 'Everything Seemingly is Spinning Out of Control.' From natural disasters to the price of airfares, the falling dollar, the rising cost of gas, the sports scandals, global warming, wars—where do we go to feel better about anything? Or should we? Is it Reality Time, at long last? The AP story concludes, '...maybe this is what the 21st century will be about — a great unravelling of some things long taken for granted.'

"Old solutions don't work anymore and thinking, in this day and age, that the end somehow

continued on next page...

Wilson smiled and confessed, "You know, you're nothing like what my editor told me to expect."

"Really? I said. "...how am I?" "I like you a lot," she exclaimed. "And you're even funny."

I was taken aback. "Well...what did your editor say I was like?" I asked.

Anne replied, "He said you would be very difficult and that you are a hermit nutcase."

Ain't From Around Here, Are You?" and depicted me as some kind of shit-kicking redneck who didn't take kindly to uppity newcomers.

'Brave New West' sold out its first press run in 2010, but I received a letter from UAP, explaining that because of the complexity and cost of re-printing a book with so many illustrations, they would be unable to do a second run. The book is now out-of-print, except for the 100 copies I still own and distribute to new members of The Zephyr Backbone. I've thought of approaching other publishers to put BNW in print, but sloth and a total lack of ambition has kept me from doing so.

A year before 'Brave New West' was published, I got a call from a documentary filmmaker Dru Carr. He and Doug Hawes-Davis owned a production company in Montana called High Plains Films and had recently learned about The Zephyr from occasional contributor Ned Mudd. They were interested in coming to Utah and pursuing the idea of a short film about my little rag. We met in the spring on 2006 and for the next year or more, they were frequent visitors. Doug and Dru are salt of the earth guys and I enjoyed my time with them, so sometimes I grew weary of being

NEW BACKBONE MEMBERS for December 2013/January 2014

Michael Yates
Boulder, CO



Scott Grunder
Boise ID



Chris Carrier
Paonia, CO



Sara Melnicoff
Moab, UT



Becky Morton
Oakland, CA



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

Barbara Brown
Idaho Falls, ID

Keith Harger
Jackson, WY

Garrett Wilson
Sandy, UT

William Dunlap
Lake Oswego, OR

AND THANKS TO THESE FRIENDS AS WELL...

Lewis Downey
Salt Lake City, UT

Julie Zych
Milwaukee, WI

David Wegner
Alexandria, VA

Izzy Nelson
Moab UT

Michael Bloomberg
Fenton, MO

Lynn Curt
Salt Lake City, UT

Linda Jalbert
GRAND CANYON, AZ

Andrew McGregor
Glenwood Springs, CO

AmeriCandy Co, Inc
Louisville, KY

Catherine Lutz
Aspen, CO

Kelly Rowell
Flagstaff, AZ

Pamilla Bina
St. George, UT

Patrick Flynn
Paradox, CO

Rand Hirschi
Salt Lake City, UT

new BACKBONE MEMBERS for April/May 2014

Bernard Cole Flagstaff AZ



Tim Steckline Spearfish SD



Richard Ingebretsen Salt Lake City, UT



Hope Benedict Salmon, ID

Tim Conrad Ogden, UT



Bill Stokes Saint Petersburg, FL



Jim Case Flagstaff, AZ

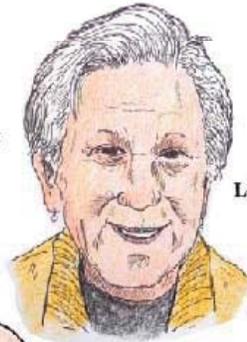


Jeff Stiles Stanton KY

And thanks to
UN-TOONED
Bill Gassaway
Burns, TN



Al Cornett Slade KY



Sue Stiles Lexington KY

THANKS ALSO TO

Omar Tatum
AmeriCandy Co,
Louisville, KY

Kathleen Raffoul
Houston, TX

Justin Bendell
Albuquerque, NM

John Feeney
Boulder, CO

Karen Kennedy
Marlborough, MA

catherine shank
Moab, UT

Rex Peters
Cottonwood, AZ

Julie Zych
milwaukee, WI

John O'Hara
Berlin NJ

Wes Shook
Bluff UT

Lewis Downey
Salt Lake City, UT

Dale Lee
Sandy, UT



Mike Marooney
'on the road'



Steve Jones
Chicago IL

BACKBONE #2

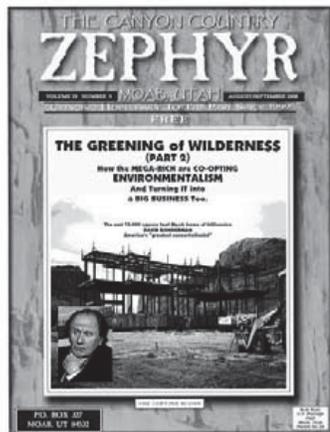
April/May 2014

ZEPHYR CHRONICLES...PART 4 (CONTINUED)

justifies the means, no matter how corrupt or counter-productive those means might be, does not stand. That is why the cover story to this issue is one of the most important this publication has ever published. 'The Greening of Wilderne\$. . .part 2: How the Mega-Rich are Co-opting Environmentalism and Turning IT into a Big Business,' is the sequel to Part One, which first appeared in the June/July 2005 issue and which wound up in 'Brave New West.' It is incredibly long, almost 10,000 words, and I urge you to read it slowly and thoroughly. It is also well-documented. The web links that I used to compile the story are listed at the end and the quotes therein comprise more than half the story's text. I will be curious to see the response, if any, from the mainstream environmental community. If the past is any indication, I should not hold my breath."

August - September 2008 online issue: *The Greening of the Wilderness Part 2*
<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/oldzephyr/aug-sept2008/index.html>
 and the re-posted version on the ZBlog:
<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/blog/2013/10/07/from-the-august-2008-zarchives-the-greening-of-wilderne-jim-stiles/>

The long article was as well-documented and carefully written as any writing project I'd ever



"Old solutions don't work anymore and thinking, in this day and age, that the end somehow justifies the means, no matter how corrupt or counter-productive those means might be, does not stand. That is why the cover story to this issue is one of the most important this publication has ever published."

taken on. The response from my readers was gratifying; I wasn't sure anyone would wade through a story that long. Our Feedback page was expanded to accommodate the readers. Legendary river runner/singer/author Katie Lee wrote, "What an utterly fantastic job of journalism. How many hours you must have spent on the research alone would be uncountable!... I've sent it on to many folks I know who won't get the Zephyr--probably the rest of the choir, but it's something everyone should read, whether they're on your side or not."

Utah author Stephen Trimble offered a more measured response, believing that environmentalists could accept large donations under certain circumstances. "I think the ideal would be for the conservation organizations to be led by fiercely independent, stubborn, and charismatic people who fight the good fight unapologetically--while gratefully accepting money from the wealthy board members who support them and who have their own reasons for donating. Maybe this is too much to ask for, maybe not. Those wealthy people do need the write-offs. And they must care about the goals (or their image) to associate themselves with the enviros...But," he noted, "it takes courage and unassailable integrity. The more money the enviro leaders make, the more they become part of the inner circle of power--and the less likely they can be effective revolutionaries....Thanks for your own journalistic courage..."

And just for form's sake, I sent a link to 25 Utah environmentalists, but I advised them, "The Zephyr welcomes your comments but will regard any submitted as 'on the record.'"

Only the Grand Canyon Trust, via Bill Heddenagain, replied, with a short list of "corrections." I printed his comments and my response in the October issue:

FEEDBACK: <http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/oldzephyr/oct-nov2008/feedback.html>

And while I had warned everyone that any comment submitted would be 'on the record,' his email named board members and other details that I had not pursued, then admonished me not to print them...

"Unless you are as vindictive as you seem to be (for what offense I do not know), you will still not publicize it in the paper...As you know, I shared your ideas about the problems of industrial recreation from the beginning, but I am still waiting for you to tell anybody what to do about the problem. We are a small community of people trying to deal with a great many problems and we have to choose where our efforts might actually bear some fruit. You are back to the population problem, and no environmental group around is set up to deal with that one."

And it was once true; a decade earlier, Hedden had noted that, "Industrial-strength recreation holds more potential to disrupt natural processes on a broad scale than just about anything else." But neither he nor the GCT nor any other green groups had even remotely dealt with the issue in years.

I wrote to Hedden, "I think it's more than population. I think it's an expanding population coupled with runaway consumption. And now the whole world is infected with this Madness. What Wendell Berry said about the conservation movement, to me, nails it:

(...this is what is wrong with the conservation movement. It has a clear conscience...To the conservation movement, it is only production that causes environmental degradation; the consumption that supports the production is rarely acknowledged to be at fault. The ideal of the run-of-the-mill conservationist is to impose restraints upon production without limiting consumption or burdening the consciences of consumers.)

"I don't think that the green movement can be taken seriously if it doesn't deal with that. And I HAVE been talking about it for a decade. Before we can find the answers, we have to at least understand the questions---it's where we have to start. It's just that none of you wants to hear it, much less respond. But how can you? The contradictions, which were so well documented in this story, are overwhelming. It's about credibility."

Finally I wrote, "I'm not 'vindictive' Bill, I'm just doing my job. Ever since I quit being the print arm of the Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance, you have taken it personally. But in all these years I have NEVER resorted to personal insults."

At least one of my readers of the 'Greening 2' piece expressed their disappointment with the Grand Canyon Trust directly. A couple weeks later, she received a response, from a new staffer at

But," Stephen Trimble noted, "it takes courage and unassailable integrity. The more money the enviro leaders make, the more they become part of the inner circle of power--and the less likely they can be effective revolutionaries.... Thanks for your own journalistic courage..."

the GCT, Phil Pearl. He wrote, in part...

"Jim Stiles' Zephyr article which, while I agree made for interesting reading, contained many misrepresentations of fact and was unnecessarily malicious in intent...the policy decisions made by the board are not influenced by individual board members--as the Stiles article suggests in a very misleading and malicious way.

"My sense is that Mr. Stiles is a disgruntled conservationist who watched his small town of Moab be transformed in the unfortunate way that so many western towns are changing... His article in the Zephyr reflected a mean spirited last-ditch effort directed at a group of people who care passionately and give generously to support the work he once believed in."

The Zephyr reader who received Pearl's rant immediately passed it along to me. I eventually emailed Mr. Pearl directly, reminding him that for all of his colorful language to describe me, "malicious," "mean-spirited," the truth was, we'd never met. He didn't respond.

Link to Pearl's letter and the Zephyr reply:
<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/oldzephyr/dec2008-jan2009/lettergct.html>

There was one line in Pearl's letter that contained a grain of truth. "As you may know, he is now in the process of moving to Australia." He got that part right.

For years I had been escaping the country every winter and hiding out in Western Australia. In 1997, on a bus ride down the coast from Geraldton to Perth, I befriended John Wringe, a farmer from near Donnybrook, in the southwest part of WA. He and his family welcomed me into their clan, and I returned year after year, to wander the backcountry and enjoy the relative peace and quiet.

In 2007, I met a woman and her five year old little girl, and a few months later, I was, incredibly, engaged. As ad revenues for The Zephyr continued to decline, I made a momentous decision--I would end the print version of The Zephyr in February 2009, move to Australia, become a family man, and re-invent The Z as an online publication. It would be The Zephyr--Planet Earth Edition. I had no idea whether we'd survive the change. Most people were skeptical. The NPR station in Salt Lake City finally aired an interview with me, by Moab's Jon Kovash. But while the story discussed both the paper's demise and the planned reincarnation on the web, KUER posted the interview with the title:

"THE DEATH OF THE ZEPHYR"---<http://kuer.org/post/death-zephyr>

The introduction noted, "Now, just as a new book and a related documentary about his work are receiving critical acclaim, Stiles has announced the end of the Zephyr and left the country."

I wanted to jump up and down and yell, "We're not dead yet!" but the prevailing opinion was that we were done---it was time to stick a fork in us... In September 2008, I left the United States, as unsure of the future as I'd ever been. I was hopeful, but as I hunkered down for the 15 hour flight to Sydney, I remembered what Emily Dickinson once wrote--"Hope is the thing with feathers, that perches in the soul."

NEXT TIME: The final installment of 'The Zephyr Chronicles.'

LINKS TO THE ZEPHYR CHRONICLES. Parts 1-3

Beginnings: <http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/2014/04/01/the-zephyr-chronicles-the-first-25-years-pt-1-by-jim-stiles/>

A Big Change and a Sign of Things to Come:
<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/2014/06/02/the-zephyr-chronicles-part-2-a-big-change-the-signs-of-things-to-come-1996-2001-by-jim-stiles/>

The Fork in the Wilderness Road (It was 'Time to Look in the Mirror')
<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/2014/08/03/zephyr-chronicles-3-the-fork-in-the-wilderness-road-time-to-look-in-the-mirror-by-jim-stiles/>

On the Visible Edge at an Open Pit Copper Mine

By Scott Thompson

Gail and I found the hamlet of Ruth, Nevada, on U.S. 50, 82 miles west of the Utah border. This tiny village is dwarfed by the massive outer shoulders of the Robinson open pit copper mine, just as mining towns everywhere seem to exist within the maw of the mines they serve. Yet Ruth also lies on the visible edge of 250 miles of the widest open of our wide open desert landscapes, heading crazily west through remotest central Nevada.

After witnessing Ruth and the mine hulking over it, we gazed westward into the blazing heart of big time biker country.

The Robinson copper mine is enormous, employing almost 600 people and in 2009 producing the great majority of Nevada's copper, along with some gold, silver, and molybdenum. If we assume this mine has 590 employees with an average salary of \$42,000, it's been bringing over \$20,000,000 a year into the economies of nearby Ely, population 4300, and of course Ruth itself, population 440. More than enough to generate plenty of boosters locally.

I live in West Virginia, where we feature the special horrors of mountaintop removal mining, and also deep coal mining, which by contrast is merely poisoning our plentiful streams and rivers and otherwise befouling our state. My point is that, yeah, copper mining is different from coal mining, but when you boil it down mining is pretty much mining wherever you go; that there's an essential set of experiences. And since I've worked as a mental health and addictions counselor with my share of coal miners, I think I can say something about the struggles and ironies miners face regardless of geographical setting.



...when you boil it down mining is pretty much mining wherever you go; that there's an essential set of experiences. And since I've worked as a mental health and addictions counselor with my share of coal miners, I think I can say something about the struggles and ironies miners face regardless of geographical setting.

There are three facets.

The first is what mining means financially to a young person just out of high school. With sufficient training as an electrician, mechanic, drill-er, truck driver, etcetera, a miner can make enough money to comfortably support a family on one salary, especially in the rural areas where the mines are likely to be. And this is without incurring the huge debts that are now necessary to pay for college and professional school. Given the near universal erosion of unions and the globalization of so many manufacturing and other jobs, a career in mining has strong appeal to a young person with few choices.

The second facet is that mining remains a dangerous job. Miners still get killed sometimes, and while those deaths often make the evening news, the innumerable broken lungs, twisted backs, and otherwise damaged bodies that so many miners incur don't receive press coverage. The rural primary care clinic I worked in for 12 years was replete with min-

ers suffering from chronic maladies.

Most of us have at least heard of black lung, which results from repeatedly inhaling coal dust in deep coal mines, mangling the miner's capacity to breathe. And while the risks involved in chronically inhaling copper dust and other rock dust or being exposed to them in an open pit copper mine may be less drastic, they're undoubtedly significant.

Back, neck, and leg injuries from a variety of work-site mishaps, accompanied by chronic pain, is common throughout mining. I spent much of my time in counseling trying to help miners figure out the skills that would allow them to live with chronic pain without getting hooked on opiate pain medications. If a miner has sufficient motivation it takes about two to three years of struggle to adapt to chronic pain and to figure out how to cope with it.

I liked the miners I worked with and admired their fortitude in the face of pain and disability.



In a way, becoming a miner is a set-up. Because most young people enjoy such vigorous health they can have difficulty imagining that terrible health problems can actually descend upon them over time, even when they see that happening to older people they work with.

In a way, becoming a miner is a set-up. Because most young people enjoy such vigorous health they can have difficulty imagining that terrible health problems can actually descend upon them over time, even when they see that happening to older people they work with. Even less do they contemplate what it's like to have the medical and mental health treatments that they need be politely blown off by a privatized state worker's compensation program, or to endure a protracted social security disability claim.

There are, of course, young people who see all this coming, perhaps from family experience, but who nevertheless calculate that all that money is worth the risk.

In either case, what becomes devastatingly clear to miners as the years on the job pass by is that all along the price of providing their families with a comfortable way of life was putting their health at significant risk, and this is true even where the mine does what it can to make the operation safe (which I assume the Robinson mine does). Certainly miners hope they'll be fortunate enough to retain vigorous health into old age, but are nevertheless aware, and likely their families are as well, that there's a good chance they won't. At all.

The third facet is ironic if not paradoxical: that in spite of the way their work mars the land at least some miners bond on a personal level

with the woods and streams or mountains and deserts within reach and know the experience we call solitude. Let me undergird this point by quoting Jim Stiles: "But Old Westerners understand one key component of wilderness far better than their [environmentalist] adversaries. They understand solitude, quiet, serenity, the emptiness of the rural West. They like the emptiness.

"New Westerners are individually more sensitive to the resource but are terrified of solitude. They'll walk around cryptobiotic crust, but leave them alone in the canyons without a cell phone and a group of companions and they'd be lost, both physically and metaphysically...

"Old Westerners like their jeeps and their ATVs...one thing they'd rather not do is be seen agreeing with an environmentalist." (Brave New West, 2007, p. 231).

I suspect that to a significant degree both the copper miners of Nevada and the coal miners of West Virginia are like the Old Westerners Stiles describes.

While solitude is discernable to a degree in West Virginia thanks to certain favorable conditions, it is vast and overwhelming out in the Great Basin Desert of central Nevada, provided that a person's heart is open.

And to them both, as he indicates, environmentalists are anathema. Here in West Virginia, over the years, I've repeatedly seen the following cartoon decal on the back window of pick-up trucks that also sport coal miner symbolism: a little boy looks backward with a prankster's grin, joyfully peeing in a symmetrical arch upon the words "Tree Hugger." Now I don't know if, in driving around Ely or walking through Ruth, I'd find that decal but I don't think I'd have any trouble finding that sentiment. To miners the priorities of environmentalists are an ongoing threat to their capacity to make a good living.

That said, now for the experience of solitude. Here in West Virginia, notwithstanding the numerous bombed-out wastelands we euphemistically call mountaintop removal coal mines, the landscape retains its overall loveliness. For three reasons: its near-universal hilliness has made hacking away the thick carpets of deciduous trees for farming untenable, the anemic economy continues to dampen population growth, and our state remains free of huge, metastasizing cities.

So West Virginians still connect to this land, emotionally if not spiritually. Here's how I know. A useful technique in doing hypnosis is visualization: for example, simply asking your client to picture a relaxing scene and then tell you what it is so you can use it in hypnosis in the future. In most cases my clients have picked either being out in the woods or walking on the beach (Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, is a favored vacation spot in these parts). Also, I've found that merely talking with many clients, particularly male clients, about hunting or fishing is deeply relaxing for them. Not about shooting at an animal or hooking a fish per se: simply about being deep in the woods or out on a still lake. They connect with something out there. And here is the thing: over many years I've seen no indication that this phenomenon excludes coal miners.

While solitude is discernable to a degree in West Virginia thanks to certain favorable conditions, it is vast and overwhelming out in the Great Basin Desert of central Nevada, provided that a person's heart is open. It's that long, long, long open horizon, stretching into the cosmic west from that little road running in front of Ruth, Nevada, and that gigantic copper mine. From right there Gail and I and the bikers could look out and see that harsh, infinite desert space that reveals infinity. And I'm pretty sure that at least some of those miners, after a rugged shift, stand in that very place and see that revealed, to their delight.

While others lean back and fart a good popper while envisioning a pay check.

That afternoon, 121 miles further west along U.S. 50, Gail and I found the BLM's run-down Hickison Petroglyph site at 6,500 feet in an attractive draw. A rock outcrop at the western edge offers a handsome view of the Smoky Valley and the long line of the Toiyabe Range, with peaks running over 11,000 feet.

According to an old, scanned-in brochure I located on the internet the petroglyphs, extensively carved into tall rock faces, are ancient. I don't know if this was a sacred place to the people who made those elaborate carvings, but it sure has that feel. They must have sat together in twos and threes on that very rock outcrop where I sat, gazing across that same empty expanse of land, past the wide tan plateau beneath me and the long tan Smoky Valley, at the ethereal blues and dark browns of the symmetrical mountains. As silent and empty on the day we were there as it was way back then.

While I confess a tendency to romanticize the hunter-gatherer-way of life, I try to compensate by plodding toward a balanced view. So let me acknowledge here that compared to our historically comfortable existences of today, hunter-gatherer life was in many respects nasty and rugged, with a lot of deaths in childbirth and high infant and child mortality, that most people didn't live very long in any case, that sometimes old and infirm people got left behind to starve, and that males in particular often died of trauma related to hunting and sometimes warfare.

Even so, hunter-gatherer life was the fundamental environment of our evolutionary adaptation and although seemingly remote from our ways today, remains our most fundamental biological if not psychological frame of reference. If a time machine could somehow beam us back there long enough to get past the shock of life with no toilets, movies, or restaurants, if we could keep an open mind after losing all that, I believe we would begin to have odd feelings of familiarity and connection.

One of these being a strange joyfulness at sitting silently for hours on end on that rock outcrop with one or two people we've known and cared about for a lifetime, with no schedule or watches barking at us. With an utter completeness that we would discover had always been within us, but that we had barely glimpsed in our harried, civilized lives.

In other words, we would experience the healing of a searing emotional wound that we've repressed to such an extent that we've forgotten it's there. I mean our dissociation from the landscape, from what I call the wildness of the land. I believe that to one degree or another, this dissociation haunts modern people. Suppressing it, which our consumer culture does everything it can to aid and abet, protects us from the anguish of realizing that even as we try to enjoy our landscapes and ecosystems we're progressively tearing them apart in manifold ways.

Yet thus far the cultural imperative is maximizing profits and prosperity, no matter what.

SCOTT THOMPSON is a regular contributor to The Zephyr.

He lives in Beckley, WV.



from The Zephyr Archives...

Willie Flocko's Country Kitchen

'Nuthin' but Stuffin'



In last December's issue of The Zephyr I shared with you the Old Flocko Family recipe for turkey stuffing, (which, in Mississippi, is called dressing.) As Christmas has rolled around again, I thought I would share some other stuffing recipes that I have tried over the years.

Willie Flocko (AKA Bill Bengé)

Sheldon Hefner's Turkey Stuffing

This is a recipe given to me a long time ago by former Moab resident and funeral director, Sheldon Hefner. He suggests that the stuffing be cooked in a covered dish rather than being used as a true "stuffing" inside the turkey.

Double recipe of corn bread on box

Bake & cool—then crumble

½ stalk of celery—grated with medium grater

2 large onions—grated with medium grater

5 good-sized carrots—grated with medium grater

1 cube butter, melted

Poultry seasoning or sage

Pepper and salt

Add some water to moisten

Mix—cook 45 minutes to one hour. Keep covered for steam.

Very Expensive Turkey Stuffing

1 fine young hen turkey

1 pound lean ham, diced

2 pounds of truffles

¼ tsp. Nutmeg

¼ tsp. Pepper

1 bay leaf, minced fine

Clean and prepare turkey for roasting. Put a saucepan on the fire and put in the diced ham. When hot add two pounds of the very best truffles and the grated nutmeg, the pepper and a minced bay leaf. Stir over the fire for about fifteen minutes. Then take off and let cool. When it is cold, stuff the place at the neck of the turkey whence you take the craw, and sew up and arrange as indicated for dressing a turkey. Stuff the body of the turkey with the remainder of the truffles and sew it up and truss it. Set it in the oven and roast. This is a very expensive dish.

Chanukkah Stuffed Turkey

If this year you decide to celebrate Chanukkah instead of or in addition to Christmas, try this interesting alternative stuffing.

3 eggs plus 1 egg yolk

1/3 Cup cold water

4 Tablespoons schmaltz (rendered chicken fat)

½ tsp. Salt

Pinch of white pepper

2/4 Cup matzoh meal

½ medium onion, finely chopped

½ tsp. Thyme

1 Tablespoon finely minced fresh parsely

Beat the eggs plus the egg yolk lightly with the water. Add 3 heaping table-
spoons chicken fat and stir until the fat dissolves. Add the salt and pepper. Stir
in the matzoh meal.

Saute the chopped onion in 1 tablespoon fat until it is very soft and bright
yellow; do not let it brown. Add a little more fat if needed. Stir into the matzoh-
meal mixture along with the thyme and parsely. Adjust the seasoning.

Stuff into your poultry or veal breast at once. Do not let this set, as when
making matzoh balls.

It is not recommended for birds larger than six pounds.

Kasha Stuffing

Here is another stuffing appropriate for either Chanukkah, Thanksgiving or
Christmas and is excellent in duck, goose and chicken in addition to turkey

2 cups kasha* (buckwheat groats)
preferably fine, but medium will do
4 large eggs, lightly beaten
4 cups boiling water
1 tsp. Salt
6 Tablespoons schmaltz (rendered chicken fat,) sweet butter or margarine
1 medium onion, chopped
¼ pound fresh mushrooms, coarsely chopped, or
2 large, dried Polish mushroom caps, soaked for 10 minutes in hot water,
washed, and chopped
White pepper to taste

*You should be able to find kasha at the Co-op.

Put the kasha in a bowl and add half the beaten egg, stirring until the egg
is absorbed. Turn into a cold skillet and slowly heat, stirring frequently, until
the kasha grains are dry and separate and just beginning to brown. Pour in the
boiling water and salt. Stir once, then simmer, uncovered, over moderately
low heat until all the water is absorbed and the kasha is half cooked—about 10
minutes.

Melt the fat in a skillet, and in it slowly saute the onion until it begins to soft-
en; do not brown. Add the mushrooms, raise the heat, and saute for a minute or
two, or until their liquid evaporates. If you are using dried mushrooms, simply
stir them into the sauteed onion and cook for a second or two.

Combine the sauteed onion and mushroom with the kasha and stir. Taste and
adjust the seasoning with salt and pepper. Stir in the remaining beaten egg.

Note: This stuffing can be prepared ahead and refrigerated, but should not be
put into the bird or meat until just before roasting.

For turkey with an Italian flair, try this Lombardy stuffing:

Lombardy Stuffing

1 10-to-15-pound turkey, with giblets

1 carrot

1 celery stalk

1 small onion

2 tsp. Salt

½ pound chestnuts

3 sweet Italian sausages

½ pound twice-ground beef

2 eggs

4 Tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese

½ tsp. Nutmeg

½ pound fresh mushrooms

2 fresh sage leaves

1 to 2 tsp. Rosemary

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Cook giblets with carrot, celery, onion and 1 tsp.
Salt in boiling water. Boil for about ½ hour.

Slice through the outer shell of the chestnuts, bring them to a boil and cook
them for ½ hour. Peel and mash the chestnuts. They should be somewhat
chunky. Grind the sausage and beef. Add eggs, cheese, nutmeg and chopped
mushrooms. Chop the cooked giblets and add to this mixture. Add the chest-
nuts and mix well.

Make little slits in the skin of the turkey under the wings and where the legs
join the body and in the fleshy part of the breast. Stuff each slit with a bit of
sage and rosemary. Stuff the turkey with the sausage mixture and roast.

Pinyon Nut Stuffing

This is an excellent stuffing using our local Pinyon nuts that are available this
time of year.

½ cup butter

1 cup finely chopped shallots or finely cut green onions

- 1 ½ Tablespoon dried or 3 Tablespoons fresh Tarragon, finely cut
- 1 Tablespoon salt or to taste
- 1 ½ tsp. Freshly ground pepper
- ½ cup pinyon nuts
- Additional melted butter, if needed
- 10 to 12 cups fine fresh bread crumbs

Melt the butter in a heavy skillet—a 12-inch one if possible. Add the shallots or green onions and the tarragon and allow to cook until the shallots are just wilted. Add the salt, pepper, pinyon nuts, and then additional butter as needed—I should say about ½ to 1 cup butter, depending on the amount the onion has absorbed. Finally add the crumbs and toss well. Taste the mixture and add more of any of the ingredients required. A clove or two of garlic may also be added to this mixture.

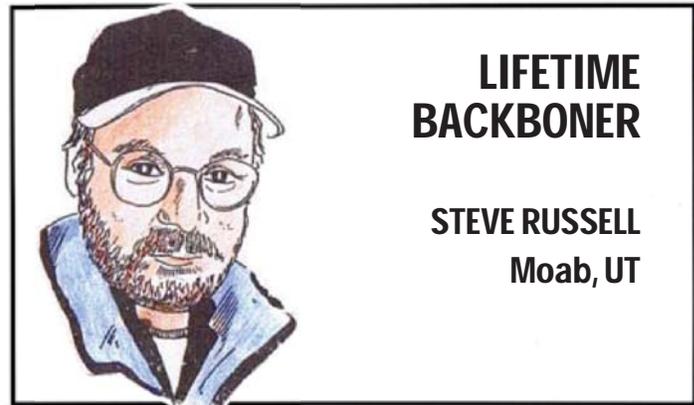
This works equally well with duck, goose or turkey.

Louisiana Stuffing

- 1 ½ quarts Corn bread
- 3 or 4 slices whole wheat bread
- 3 cups chopped celery
- 3 cups chopped onions
- 3 cups chopped parsley
- 1 pint mushrooms with juice
- 2 cups chopped pecans
- 6 hard cooked eggs
- Salt, black and red pepper, to taste
- ¾ cups long grain rice

Mix corn bread and whole wheat bread; add celery, onion and parsley. Dampen with stock from boiled neck and gizzards in seasoned water. Mix dressing thoroughly and fry in a small amount of salad oil until celery and onions look

wilted. To this, add eggs, mushrooms with juice and pecans. Season well with salt and pepper. In another skillet, fry, in small amount of oil, the rice (do not wash rice, just pick over it) until golden brown. Add just enough stock to cover rice and cook about 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Then add rice to first mixture; mix well. Stuff bird or bake separately.



LIFETIME BACKBONER

STEVE RUSSELL
Moab, UT

NEW BACKBONE MEMBER for February-March 2014

Michael Cohen
RENO, NV

Terry Weiner
San Diego, CA

Craig Goodnight
Grand Jct, CO

Scott Thompson
Beckley, WV

Beau MacGregor
Seattle, WA

Toni McConnell
Flagstaff, AZ

Lynn Jackson
Moab, UT

Judy Fitzgerald
Kirup, Western Australia
AUSTRALIA

AND THANKS TO:
Laurie Schmidt
Fort Collins, CO

Doug Varn
Oak Park, IL

Curtis Oberhansly
Boulder, UT

Patrick O'Driscoll
Denver, CO

Marilyn Hempel
Redlands, CA

Eric Probasco
Mount Pleasant, UT

Dennis Brown
Telluride, CO

Greg Gneston
Grand Junction, CO

Karlyn & John Brodell
Jackson WY

ALSO NEW BUT UN-TOONED BACKBONE MEMBERS...
Eileen Caryl 4nwood Springs, CO
Fred Kahr! Woolwich, ME
Rusty Wheaton Moab, UT



CENTRAL CITY, COLORADO

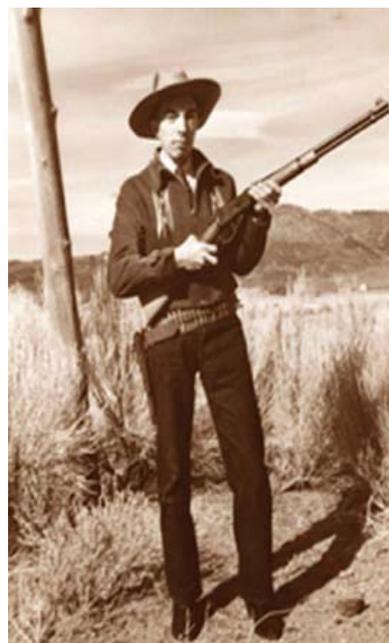
Late 1940s



From the WPA Guide to Colorado, published in 1941:

"Passing numerous mine shafts and ore dumps, State 279 ascends a high ridge known as QUARTZ HILL and descends to CENTRAL CITY, 8.1 m. (8,560 alt., 572 pop.), seat of Gilpin County, once known as "the richest square mile on earth." The first impression is that the worst possible site was chosen for a settlement. Gregory Gulch, along which the town wanders, ascends steeply from the North Fork of Clear Creek, and houses cling precariously to the steep slopes of the gulch. Although some mining is carried on, Central City bears the marks of neglect and decay. Near the junction of the three principal streets are grouped the larger business structures of weathered frame and stone. Many have been abandoned but still flaunt old signs painted in the golden era when saloons and dance houses were crowded day and night. The surrounding hills, long since stripped of timber, are scarred with mine shafts and ore dumps. Near the center of town is a great yellow mound of mill tailings from the Glory Hole on Quartz Hill."

"The TELLER HOUSE, Eureka St. between the opera house and Main St., a plain brick structure, was the last word in frontier hostelries when completed in 1872. At the time of President Grant's visit in 1873, he walked from the stagecoach to the hotel on a path of silver bricks. Such evidence of respect on the part of their elders did not deter small boys from mounting to the roof of a stable opposite and throwing snowballs at Grant's plug hat. The hotel is conducted in conjunction with the Opera House. Original murals in the bar were uncovered in 1932 after twelve layers of wallpaper had been removed."



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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



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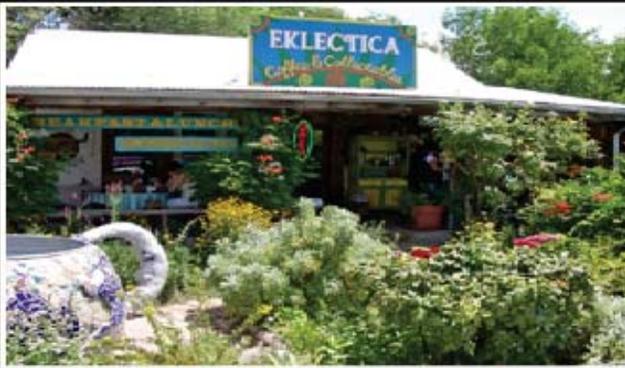
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GARY MEEKS
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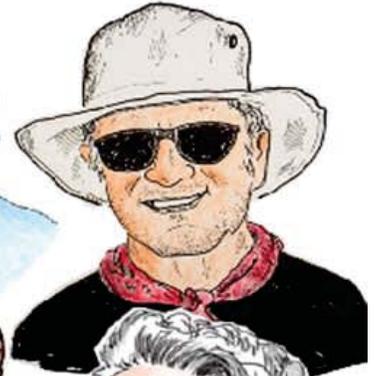
IZZY NELSON
Moab UT



OMAR TATUM
Louisville KY



PAUL CLEARY
Tulsa OK



MARK GAEDE??
La Vanada CA



CLARK TROWELL
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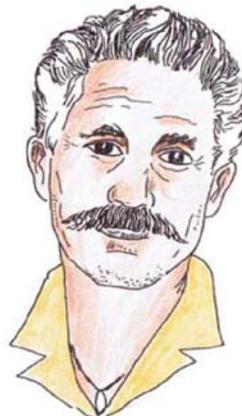
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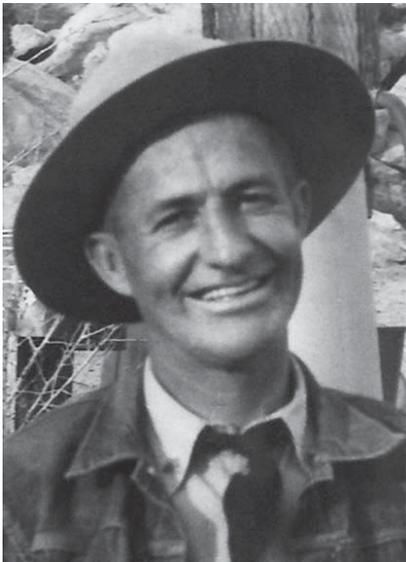
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BATES WILSON

The 'Father of Canyonlands NP'...in his own words

Fifteen years before Bates Wilson became the first Superintendent of Canyonlands National Park, he went to work at Arches in that same capacity. The 50s were years of dramatic change in Southeast Utah; the uranium boom brought thousands of prospectors and fortune hunters here. From 1949 to 1962, Bates filed monthly reports on life at Arches, and through these reports can be found the history of that time. What follows are excerpts from those reports:



April 1949

General: On April 11 Russell Mahan left for permanent duty as Superintendent of Colorado National Monument, leaving Ranger Earl Worthington in charge of this area. On April 19 I arrived from El Morro and am just recovering from the confusion and headache of moving.

Weather: Cold raid fell for a solid week, March 27 through April 1, and during the latter part of April we have had three days of high winds. For these thick-blooded guys from El Morro the weather seems quite hot at present, but I understand it is not unusual.

October, 1949

Weather: We have enjoyed warm sunny days and cool

nights until winter dropped suddenly out of the sky on October 17 in the form of cold rain and snow which raised the Colorado River two feet at the Moab Bridge. Court House Wash ran for three days making it necessary to close the entrance road. One visitor who didn't believe in signs sank deep in the quick sand and abandoned his car when the water started running in the window.

Special Visitors: Mr. John Ford, motion picture director for Argosy Productions, arrived in Moab October 4 to look over a location for the making of a picture in this area. He and his business manager, Mr. Farrell, spent three days around Moab and were shown through the monument. They said that their biggest problem would be making a choice of scenery and not finding it. On or two shots will be made in the monument.

I took four days leave and worked as an extra in John Ford's current picture, Rio Bravo. I signed up as a calvary man, but much to the disgust of my young son, I found myself, the first day, with a calico dress over my blue & gold uniform riding in a covered wagon.

June, 1950

Personnel: Ranger Worthington took annual leave May 28 through June 2 in order to take care of personal business in Nephi, Utah. I took four days leave and worked as an extra in John Ford's current picture, Rio Bravo. I signed up as a calvary man, but much to the disgust of my young son, I found myself, the first day, with a calico dress over my blue & gold uniform riding in a covered wagon.

July, 1953

Interpretive Devices: The Cove Nature Trail is in extremely poor condition.

Due to the dry weather, no rain this year, the Green Ephedra is brown and all specimens are poor. The Whipple Fish Hook Cactus has been transplanted several times, but within a few days it disappears. Evidently some people take the name of the cactus literally and hook on to it. The Galleta, Needle-and-Thread and Indian Rice grasses are still dormant and most of these specimens have been tramped out or covered with blowing sand. Even the Rabbitbrush is in sad shape. The stakes have been moved to better specimens but it is doubtful that the common person can tell one type of brown, probably dead, grass from the other.

April, 1954

Commercial Power: Commercial electricity for Arches was delayed for another 30 days pending the development of an AEC Uranium Ore sampling plant ½ mile below our headquarters. Mr. Charles Steen has just announced that the Utex Corp. and other interests are going to build a 4 ½ million dollar Uranium processing plant in the same area. This should put the AEC in business; one large sub-station will probably be built to serve the entire operation and power will be underlined back to us. This should cut down on the initial cost of the line since we do not have to pay for sub-station.

June, 1954

Stabilization of Delicate Arch: When tests are made with the Ethyl Silicate, which is being sent to us by Gordon Vivian, we will compare them with those using the Silicone preparation now on hand and then plans for the most practical application will be made. With the present program of work I doubt if this job can be done by June 30.

July, 1954

State Construction: A new bridge across the Colorado River has been started. The old one-way bridge has begun to succumb to the wheels of the atomic age. An armed guard is posted to keep the drivers of the uranium Ore trucks from shifting gears on the bridge and enforce the 5 mph speed limit. The heavy truck traffic over the bridge has increased many times in the last few weeks with the stockpiling of ore at the new AEC sampling plant and we understand the highway engineers are alarmed over the accelerated deterioration of the old bridge.

Administration Cont.: Rumors are flying in Moab that Arches is to be opened up for Uranium mining. The personnel at this monument does not know a thing about it and in the past three weeks we have seen several faces fall and a few million dollars fade from the eyes of would-be minders who are sure they would be another Charley Steen if the monument were only opened up.

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September, 1954

Near Accident: One over-ambitious picture taking visitor, in an attempt to climb down on top of Landscape Arch, found himself in a spot where he could not climb up or down, and had to yell for help. A visitor reported his predicament to Ranger Fischer and he in turn reported to Headquarters. Ranger Morris and I left immediately with all the rope we could find, but by the time we had reached the Wayside Exhibit we learned that the man in trouble had cut foot holds with a hunting knife and come down safely. Another such photographer who tried this same trick in 1950 was picked up in a blanket.

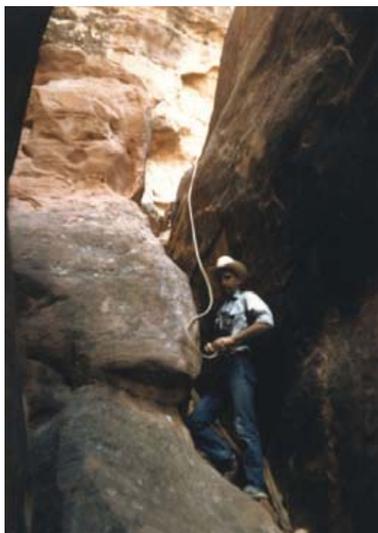
June, 1955

Local Activities: Moab Canyon from the river bridge to its head is flowing with activity. The telephone line is being rebuilt, the new 138,000 volt power line construction is underway, the survey of the realignment of US 160 has been

completed, the natural gas line will be laid soon, the Uranium sampling plant is handling 1 ¼ million dollars worth of ore per month and to top it all off the construction of the new mill, started this week, which according to news reports will cost in the neighborhood of 12 ½ million dollars. It is all interesting but difficult for us to comprehend the vast sums of money being spent.

April, 1956

Personnel: Mr. Edward Abbey EOD as Seasonal Ranger on April 1. He also became a proud father of an eight pound boy on April 19.



**April, 1956
Personnel:
Mr. Edward Abbey
EOD as Seasonal
Ranger on April 1.
He also became a
proud father of an
eight pound boy
on April 19.**

May, 1956

Protection: The increasing desire of fools to carve their names in public places has reached the highest level possible in Arches; Delicate Arch. A list of the new names found was made and an attempt to run a bluff by letter will be made with those whose address we have, but to get conclusive evidence we still have to catch them in the act.

July, 1956

Proposed Park Area: A joint meeting of the Moab Chamber of Commerce and Lions Club was attended at which the possibility of including Dead Horse Point, Grand View Point, and Upheaval Dome in the National Park System was discussed. I advised them to write to the Regional Director for the current status of these three areas. I was also invited to attend a meeting of the Sons of the Utah Pioneers in Salt Lake City, but could not find the time to attend. Their desire is to make those areas, and others, into state parks.

Miscellaneous: On August 13 Dr. J.W. Williams, called The Father of the Arches died of a heart attack. He was 103 years of age. Dr. Williams was instrumental in starting the movement to create Arches National Monument and the proclamation was signed April 12, 1929 by President Hoover with his personal fountain pen.

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September, 1956

Personnel: Due to family complications it was necessary for Ranger Abbey to leave a week before his termination time was due. We were sorry to have him leave early and hope he will be back next summer.

Supervisory Ranger Lloyd M. Pierson arrived the evening of the 9th. I am afraid that this area will not provide a great deal of archeology for Lloyd and the quarters are definitely not like those at Chaco; however school for his children is only five miles away and apparently Lloyd has the ability to adapt himself to any area.

August, 1957

Grand County Sheriff's Office: Two days were spent by Superintendent Wilson and one day each by Rangers Pierson, John Abbey and Ed Abbey in searching for a missing man, 70 year old Clinton Kjar, in the Upheaval Dome area. The search party was led by Sheriff John Stocks. Ranger John Abbey found the body on the second day of the search; the man apparently died of a heart attack or heat exhaustion while taking pictures.

November, 1959

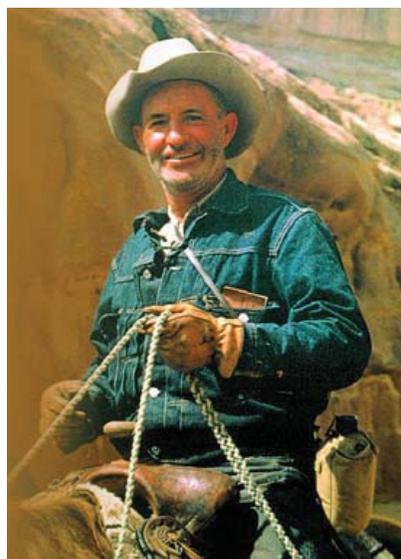
Protection: Due to the misuse of the area by local "Pipe-Rattlers" and nocturnal "Beer-Can-Spreaders" it was necessary to close the area between the hours of 6:00 p.m. and 6:00 a.m. This thoughtless group is in the minority and local sentiment against their actions runs high. I doubt if it will be necessary to continue the closing of the area for very long.

January, 1960

Office Move: The big event of the New Year was our move to the new offices in the Visitor Center. This was accomplished on February 1, and our three desks and two file cabinets, which more than filled the 12' x 20' CCC Barracks Office, seem completely lost in the new space provided; however an order has been placed to complete our furniture needs for the entire building. At the moment the only available seating for the visitor is in the restrooms.

November, 1960

Protection & Ranger Services: All members of the staff, save the Superintendent, got their deer this year. "Ol Deadeye's" eyes were not dead eyeing. Add to this one case of acute Buck Fever and you don't bring home the bacon.



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died of a heart attack or
heat exhaustion while tak-
ing pictures.**

POSTSCRIPT: In 1962, Bates turned the chore of writing monthly reports to his Chief Ranger, Slim Mabery. In October, 1964, Slim made this notation:

Special Activities: Canyonlands has been established as our 32nd National Park and Superintendent Wilson has been in the area with various planning groups throughout most of the month. Inspection teams and planning groups have included engineers, architects and park planners from the WASO, WODC, and Regional Staffs.

On the 15th Superintendent Wilson met Secretary Udall in Salt Lake City where his appointment to Superintendent of Canyonlands and promotion were announced to the public at a press conference held by the Secretary.



An Interview with Harvey Wickware

In September 1989, the Canyonlands National Park superintendent looked back, at the first quarter century, and looked ahead to the next 25 years.

By Jim Stiles

In The Zephyr's first year of publication, Canyonlands National Park celebrated its 25th anniversary. I interviewed then-Superintendent Harvey Wickware, who gave his assessment of Canyonlands National Park's first quarter century, and offered his vision of the Park at 50...Last month Canyonlands NP reached that 50th anniversary. Here is our interview with Harvey and his predictions for the park's future. Harvey and his wife June still live in Moab...JS

Zephyr: Harvey, in looking at its first 25 years as a Park, how would you assess the Park Service's performance, both in protecting the resources, and providing for public use?

Wickware: I think the first 25 years have definitely been on the side of protection; while that is good, it has some ramifications that I think are bad. To err on the side of protection, I think we have failed to provide services for visitors. I don't think the park was set aside to protect and not accommodate reasonable numbers of visitors, with the visitation to Canyonlands to date. I don't think that the timidity we've had, not just the National Park Service, but the State and community and all interested groups have done justice to the visitor. I think the first 25 years have been marked by an overemphasis on not doing things in the park the way they should be done in a park as far as development's concerned.

Zephyr: Is there anything in particular that you would have supported as far as development goes that was rejected in the past?

Wickware: I think that the General Management Plan (GMP) which is a very modest plan, has a lot of things in it that need to be done, and I certainly wouldn't advocate going outside the scope of that, because that's the tool. That's there to follow. What hasn't happened is we haven't had a joint or single-minded effort on the part of the Park Service to accomplish the things that are in the GMP, to the point where trailer house offices that were put in years ago as Interior facilities, exist today. The things that I've been talking about that we need to do is to bring Canyonlands from its infancy to its young adulthood. By that I mean, replace existing facilities and services with modern ones. Some of that has been going on at Island In the Sky. Very little has happened at Needles, and that's what we're working on now—trying to get funding for the Needles. We need good sanitary facilities down there, for example. Sewer systems, electrical systems and housing and maintenance facilities—these will enable us to serve the visitor well, and do less resource damage than doing things hodge-podge like we've been doing. Ticky-tack stuff. When we have employees and visitors using ticky-tack facilities, they think of us as a ticky-tack park. We need nice, neat, clean facilities that accommodate the needs that we have to housing, maintenance and visitor services, done in a quality way. Maybe we can't accommodate more visitors, but we can assure they have a quality experience.

"I think the first 25 years have definitely been on the side of protection; while that is good, it has some ramifications that I think are bad. To err on the side of protection, I think we have failed to provide services for visitors. I don't think the park was set aside to protect and not accommodate reasonable numbers of visitors, with the visitation to Canyonlands to date. "

Zephyr: You've mostly talking about improving facilities, but from the beginning many people locally have felt that the Park Service should be committed to a much more vast network of paved roads. How do you feel about that?

Wickware: How I feel about it personally is different from working within the constraints that we have. Given a free hand, I guess I would do things a little differently. Jumping into the future, I don't think the GMP is a thought-out plan—it's a series of compromises, because of the extreme controversy that has existed here. It's probably leveled

off to some degree, just because people are getting tired of fighting. Specially regarding roads, I certainly don't advocate paving any more roads than is called for in the GMP. I can only think of one that isn't paved and should be—that's the Colorado River Overlook in Needles District. Quite frankly, I think that's needed, because the front country visitor experience in the Needles is very limited, which does not serve Blanding and Monticello very well as far as overnight visitors after a nice day experience at the Needles. That would give them a similar overview as they have at Island In the Sky and get out to a nice viewpoint.

Zephyr: In the late 70s, when the GMP was being formulated, a major point of contention was the Park Service's refusal to build a bridge over Big Spring Canyon to the Confluence, which could eventually allow a road to continue South, all the way to Natural Bridges. Is that issue dead, or can it be revived?

Wickware: It's totally dead in the existing GMP, and I'm told the GMP is static. What I've told advocates of that effort is this: There's between 15 and 20 million dollars of agreed upon efforts that can be done in the Park without going outside the existing GMP. Before we can even think about re-opening the GMP process, there are a lot of things that are called for such as the package in the Needles. At some time, the GMP will be re-opened. It has to be. Whether at that time the National Park Service, the Conservation and Pro-development groups, the In-betweens, can come to an accommodation where some additional roads will be built, I don't know. I certainly don't advocate it. I personally believe from a professional standpoint that it would be a mistake to build a network of major highways in the Needles District, or elsewhere in the Park. However, in my mind the Needles and other districts are interlaced with what I think are devastating four-wheel roads. In many ways, to exchange some of these hundreds of 4WD routes, in favor of some additional front country access that just goes into the periphery of the Park, spur roads in the Needles for example, would whet their appetites for more of the Park.

Nor I'm not proposing that; it's outside the GMP. Buy my mind isn't necessarily shut off because of the GMP. I'm not about to start campaigning for something like that. I think that in the future, there will be some discussions, and that some of these 4WD roads are an abomination to the Park. I think we can as a result improve backcountry conditions.

Zephyr: Talking about the backcountry, I recently saw some statistics that backpacking is in general declining in the National Parks. The one exception is Canyonlands, which has shown a 50% increase since 1983. What are the problems

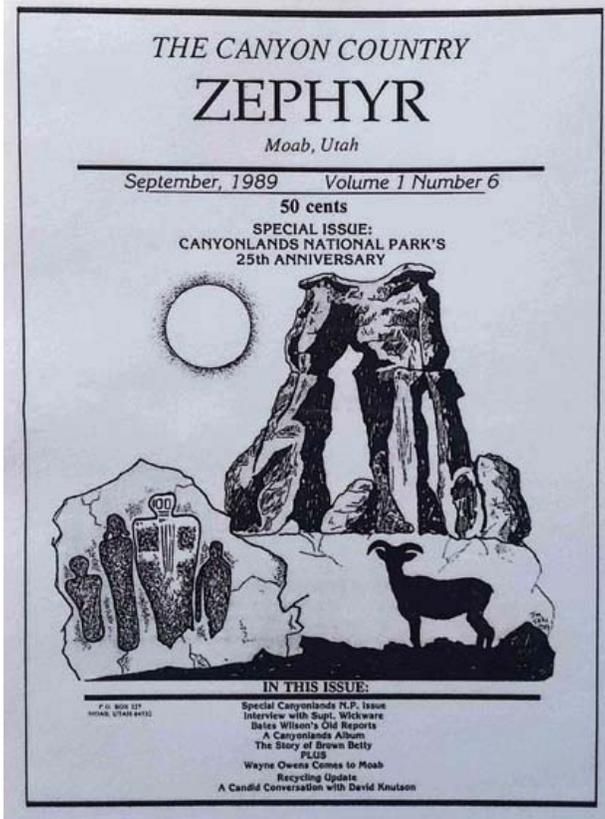
associated with backcountry use and how will they be dealt with in the future?

Wickware: I think that parts of the Needles, and the Maze, and even parts of the Island will always be heralded as "a great part of the Colorado Plateau to see on foot. I think eventually we're going to end up with a reservation system, ultimately a computerized system where you can call in from Cleveland and have certain dates at certain campsites. Quite frankly, some of our sites are being hammered pretty hard. And people are getting disgusted—they do indeed drive from Cleveland and then find everything full, so they end

"Quite frankly, some of our sites are being hammered pretty hard. And people are getting disgusted—they do indeed drive from Cleveland and then find everything full, so they end up in Bureau lands. I can see that in the future, even backcountry campers will have to camp in designated spots, because ultimately it has an impact."

up in Bureau lands. I can see that in the future, even backcountry campers will have to camp in designated spots, because ultimately it has an impact.

Zephyr: At this time, the Congress has not officially designated wilderness areas within Canyonlands. Two questions. First: if some of these Jeep roads were closed, would that enlarge the wilderness areas? Secondly, would designating wilderness put to rest once and for all, any plan to build the Confluence Road or will a corridor be provided



for that possibility?

Wickware: I'm sure you recall that wilderness studies were done in Canyonlands, and Congress hasn't acted on it. But the National Park Service is mandated to manage those proposed areas as wilderness now even though they don't have the formal designation. And as I recall, I was looking at the Wilderness Plan the other day. That road corridor is not provided for in the Wilderness proposal.

Zephyr: From your perspective and the trends you've observed in the Parks over the years, I'd like you to envision in your mind what you think Canyonlands will be like in another 25 years.

Wickware: First, I would deal with the GMP. I think certainly within the next 25 years there will be a new look at it. It is indeed crystal-balling to attempt to prophesy how that might change, but I think there will be changes. I personally don't think they will be dramatic. I think there will be a need for a bigger visitor center at the Island; I'll deal with that district first. A large staff will be called for because we'll be serving larger numbers of people. There's a great potential to at least double the use, not by our conscious efforts but just by peoples' growing awareness of the Park. I don't see any expansion of roads; I see infrastructure improving.

Zephyr: What about the campground?

Wickware: That's a tough one. I think we have 12 sites there now, and the GMP calls for 8. I personally would rather see a manageable campground, and maybe you could pave that road. But that is complicated by concerns from the private sector. More realistically,

I think, 25 years from now, the proposals to have a more complete system of visitor services will be complete... By the end of its 50th year, I think total visitation to the Park will be approaching a million visitors a year. And as use increases at the Island and at the Needles, there's going to be more of a push to use the most remote part of the Park, and that's the Maze. I think most certainly it'll be graveled and maybe a paved road.

there is some potential for putting a government campground adjacent to the Park, perhaps an Inter-agency campground. I think that's a potential that will be explored.

We've talked about, and I'm a little afraid to do it, but we've proposed building large entrance signs, 15 by 30 feet, at the entrance to both the Island and the Needles. We've already approached the State with a proposal to accommodate both Dead Horse Point and Canyonlands with one sign. That alone could double visitation, and we're almost afraid to do it because we don't have the staff to handle it.

I think the Needles will continue to be the Intermediate experience. I think, 25 years from now, the proposals to have a more complete system of visitor services will be complete. The visitor use will increase and the backcountry use will increase. Some of the trails will be high grade. In 25 years, I think the Colorado River Overlook Road will be paved. I believe there will be discussions and compromises on 4WD use versus frontcountry use. I don't see any further increase by roads into the backcountry.

At the Maze, 25 years from now, I see the potential for either the County or the State and an effort to acquire some federal funding, improving access to the vicinity of Hans Flat. By the end of its 50th year, I think total visitation to the Park will be approaching a million visitors a year. And as use increases at the Island and at the Needles, there's going

to be more of a push to use the most remote part of the Park, and that's the Maze. I think most certainly it'll be graveled and maybe a paved road.

Zephyr: In connection with that, there is some speculation that tar sands development in the Orange Cliffs could affect the Park. Some have proposed expanding the Park boundary to preclude that threat. Do you see Park expansion in the future?

Wickware: Most certainly, there will be numerous proposals to expand the Park. I think there's significant potential for at least the Orange Cliffs being added. I think there's less potential for the rim to rim concept.

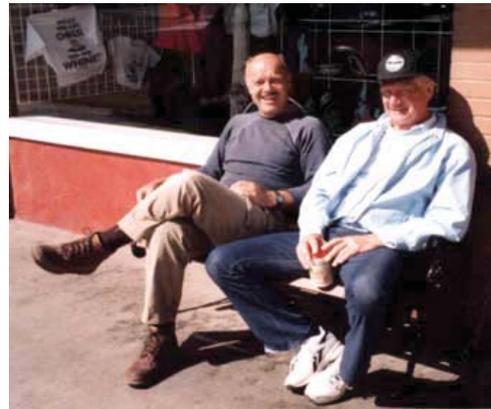
Zephyr: Any final thoughts?

Wickware: I'm tickled to death to be here during the 25th Anniversary. It's a delightful spot in this country. I certainly would say that my interest as a player in the National Park Service team is not in any destructive things for Canyonlands, but to provide the opportunity for as many visitors as is possible within acceptable impact limits. I think that's the challenge—to serve lots more people without much greater impact than we have right now through wise utilization of modern conveniences. With those conveniences, I think we can lessen the total impact on the Park.

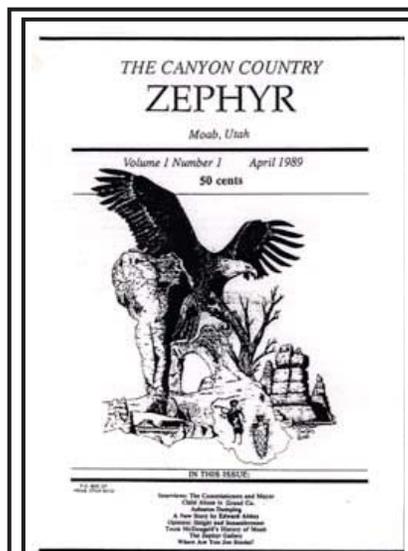
If we lose the support of the American public, regardless of how high our ethics are, we're dead. Not just as a Park, but as a Park Service. If we indeed become known as the agency that gets land and locks it up, if we are viewed by the public as a chain link organization, we're in big trouble.

Zephyr: Don't you think that more and more Americans view Parks and wilderness as almost a savings account—putting aside what's left? That it's not a selfish act. It's a very noble one.

Wickware: I agree with that. It is a very noble thing to do. I think we may be failing to get a significant portion of the public to follow that, and that's one of our challenges. I like to have idealists on my staff because they present new ideas, and I like that. But the National Park Service needs to balance that, and I don't mean a compromise necessarily. I think if we are purely idealistic, without the public seeing the need, then we lose their support. There are some who say that being idealistic is what our mission in the National Park Service should be, and I think that's pretty puffery of us to feel that way. We're managing the peoples' Parks for them.



Harvey Wickware retired from the NPS in the early 90s, but made his home in Moab, where he still lives. He remains close friends with other Park Service retirees, including fellow Canyonlands ranger Jim Jones.



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

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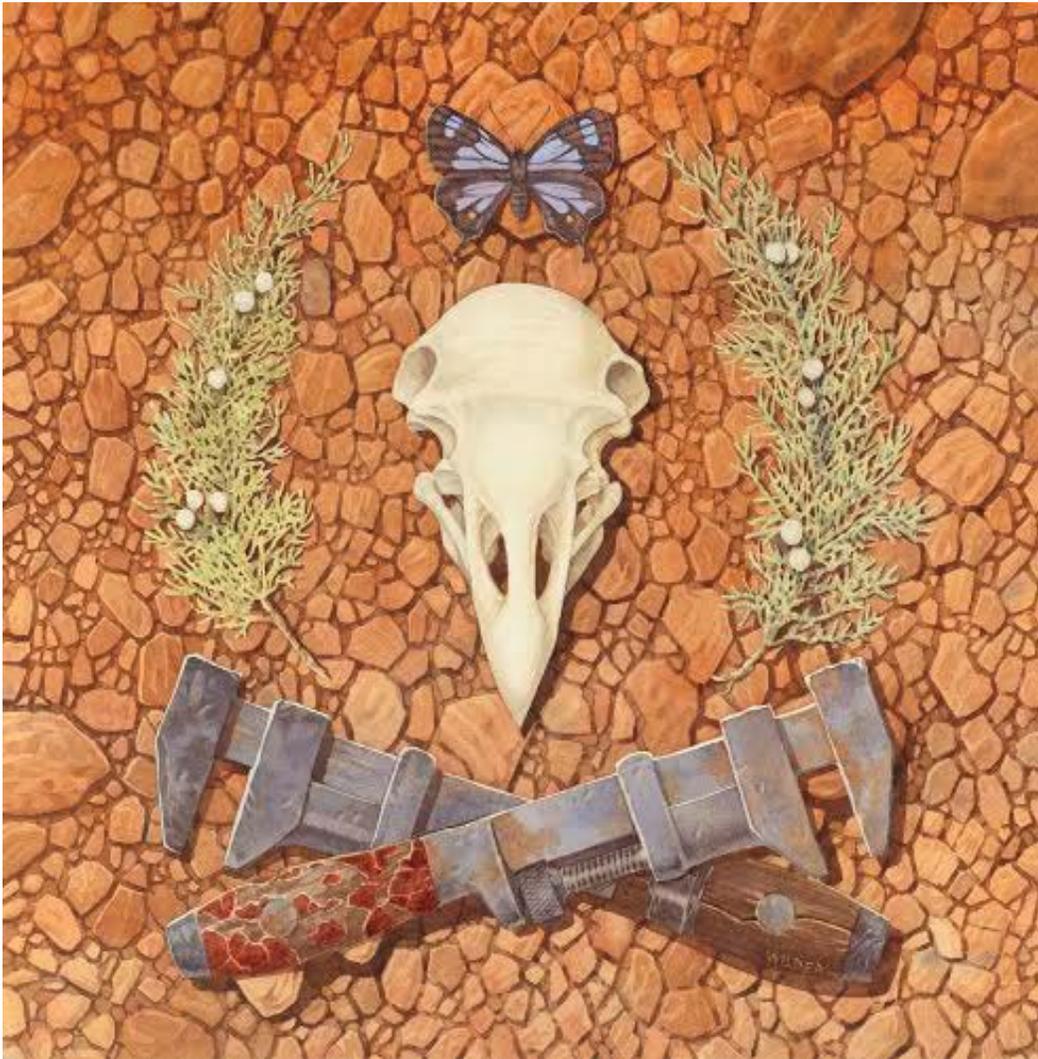
RICK RICHARDSON

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



The WILDER WEST...

the Art & of DAVE WILDER



This painting, featuring a turkey vulture skull above crossed monkey wrenches is respectfully dedicated to the life and writings of Edward Abbey. It's one of a new series of paintings that presents natural and human-made objects in trompe l'oeil style, arranged to evoke symbolic motifs such as flags, emblems, sigils or, in this case, a coat of arms. This one reflects my deeply held belief that wilderness has a right to exist for its own sake and that it is worth fighting for. I will not be selling prints, but the original is currently available through my website: www.wilderarts.com. A portion of the proceeds will go to the Wilder International Survey Stake Removal Fund.

-DW



Dave Wilder's art can be seen at:
<http://www.wilderarts.com>

from
**THE DESERT RAT
 COMMANDO**



Here's a whole new spin on the People's Climate Train, a la Joe Biden in Aspen.....

'Biden's 40-car motorcade sped to Aspen after landing at the Eagle County Regional Airport, arriving in town around 8:30 p.m. Law enforcement personnel escorting the motorcade blocked every intersection as the caravan passed along the 70-mile route using Interstate 70 and Highway 82. The operation, which a Pitkin County sheriff's deputy said went smoothly, will be repeated in reverse this evening when Biden leaves town.'

http://www.weeklystandard.com/blogs/biden-escapes-washington-private-equity-conference-aspen_805383.html



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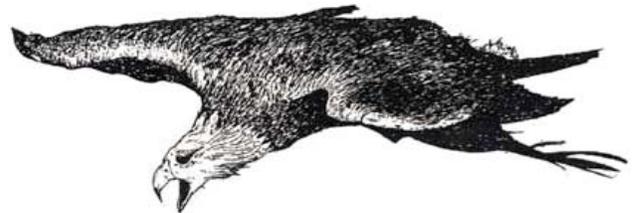
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**THE FOOTPRINTS
 Top 10 List for October 2014**

Top 5 headlines in the news:

1. *Scottish independence vote*
2. *California wildfires growing*
3. *2 Americans infected with Ebola coming to Atlanta hospital*
4. *Police militarization*
5. *ObamaCare successes and failures*

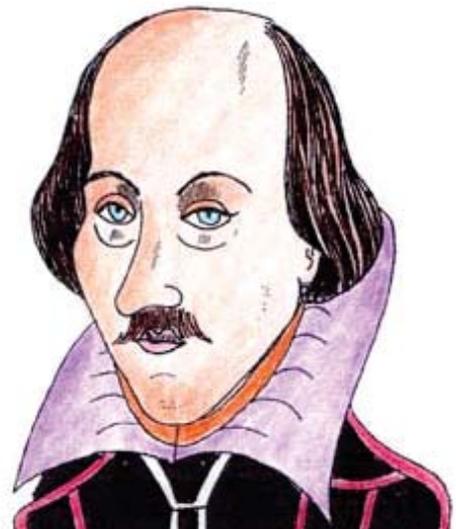
Top 5 headlines from Fox News:

1. *Scottish vote to secede from ObamaCare*
2. *California wildland firefighters suffer under ObamaCare*
3. *Obama allows Ebola patients to apply for ObamaCare*
4. *Police body armor doesn't repel ObamaCare*
5. *ObamaCare failures*



WILL SHAKESPEARE SAYS...

Please read The Zephyr...it's so freakin' literary.



KEN SLEIGHT REMEMBERS...part 1

The Adventure of New Beginnings...1930s

EDITOR'S NOTE: For years, Ken Sleight was a regular columnist for this publication and his topics scanned the spectrum---from his passionate quixotic quest to restore Glen Canyon, to his opposition to nuclear waste in San Juan County. Ken also took the time to recall the events and times of his own life. Many of those stories were written in the pre-internet era and only those few who saved the old paper Zephyrus would ever have access to them. But now we've begun the long and arduous task of transcribing the old stories and re-posting them here in digital form. This is the first of a series of, until now, lost stories by our friend and mentor, Ken Sleight...JS

We didn't enter this world voluntarily; we each entered it guiltlessly alone. New and fresh beginnings now await us in our new millennium, and a brief historical reflection might be in order before we begin that journey. And so I pause to celebrate and share my own rustic beginnings with you knowing that we each have a most unique connection to our blessed earth, ourselves, our family, and our community.

My reflection begins with Thomas Sleight, a low-land swamp farmer from Lincolnshire, England, who converted to the Mormon Church and sailed to the states in 1854. He settled Genoa on the old Mormon Trail in Nebraska in 1857 until burned out by the Sioux; traveled by wagon train to Utah in 1860; helped colonize Cache Valley; and in 1863, after the Bear River Massacre had lessened the Indian threat, he uprooted again at the direction of Brigham Young, to help settle Bear Lake Valley.

Of the original pioneer party, Thomas Sleight built his one-room log cabin in Paris, Idaho. [The house is a tourist attraction today across from my dad's old warehouse, now housing the Idaho State Parks.] Paris is located in the most southeastern county of the state. There he set up a farm on Paris Creek and with others grubbed and cleared the sagebrush-covered hills and valleys.

As Thomas' first wife had recently died, he married the fourteen-year-old daughter from the polygamous family of Solomon Wixom. From that arranged



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marriage came my gentle grandfather, George Sleight, who had married the feisty Emily Miles, the daughter of a former sailor, London pub owner, and polygamous prisoner John Horne Miles.

From that contested marriage, my father was born in 1903. He also made his home in Paris, a small town of about 700 people or so.

In the prosperous decade of the exciting twenties, industrialists and the government were having a heyday. The enormous factories could not turn out consumer goods fast enough, producing more than the American people had money to purchase. It was an age of bigness, prosperity, and optimism—the era of J.P. Morgan and David Rockefeller. However, in Bear Lake and many other rural areas, farming had been in a deep and prolonged depression for some

time.

My father, his bent to the commercial, looked forward to a hoped-for prosperity. He had married Orletta Peterson, an attractive farm girl from nearby Ovid in November 1925.

Dad entered the feed and grain business utilizing an existing small store on main street. While there, he also built a log house across the street from it where I was born in 1929. I joined an older sister, Maxine.

Dad's rural business prospered and he began making money. Able to obtain financing, he built a large warehouse to store the grain and to provide the necessary services.

During this time our little log home burned down. Dad met this awful disaster by quickly converting a part of the new warehouse to a "temporary" upstairs apartment. This was to be our frugal home for the next ten years.

Trouble loomed on the horizon however. On October 24, panic spread in the eastern money markets. The terrifying "Black Thursday" shocked the nation and the prices of stocks and bonds crashed. The following Tuesday the market collapsed completely. There were many bankruptcies, foreclosures, and bank failures. Millions were unemployed and lost their life savings, homes, and farms. The depression spread worldwide.

Bear Lakers were not immune, as the crisis hit businesses throughout the valley and some went under. Dad's business was also in serious trouble. He had extended himself financially as far as he could, and with a growing family the crash placed a growing hardship on all. However tough the conditions, he found the ways and means to stay afloat and convince his lenders to stay with him.

In this setting, in 1929, I started on my own life's journey—a varied one indeed.

A harsh disciplinarian, Dad tried not to allow any of us kids to stray. He did this by keeping us busy, and the jobs he assigned us created even more jobs. At my young age, I often aided the hired help with the dirty job of hauling coal. We shoveled the coal from the rail cars in Montpelier, loaded it onto the truck, delivered it to our customers, and dumped it in their coal chute.

I helped grind, clean and bag the grain. Many hours were spent in mending burlap sacks—by sewing or by mixing up a flour paste and ironing burlap patches onto the grain sacks.

In January 1931 my busy mother bore twin bows, Ray and Roy. She labored long hours in rearing the four of us while also helping tend to the demanding business.

My father, his bent to the commercial, looked forward to a hoped-for prosperity. He had married Orletta Peterson, an attractive farm girl from nearby Ovid in November 1925....Dad entered the feed and grain business utilizing an existing small store on Main Street. While there, he also built a log house across the street from it where I was born in 1929.

Relief problems persisted. The caring of human needs centered mainly on our church, private charities, and the government. The Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) and the WPA program also brought needed jobs to the county. I remember the workers gathering at our warehouse with their shovels and tools in hand for transport to the road-building projects. Many of the dirt roads had not been been graveled, yet alone paved.

My first years were spent in the act of growing up.

But not all was rosy. At the age of six, in 1936, just before starting school, I contracted pneumonia and was in the Soda Springs hospital and ill for some

time. Pneumonia was usually fatal and sulpha drugs or antibiotics were not yet available. I think my folks had given up on my pulling through. My family once came all together to see me, and they seemed sad-eyed. The solemn-looking church man prayed over me. Dad gave me an erector set; the elation I felt on receiving it probably pulled me through, fooling them all.

The effects of the pneumonia stayed with me. On entering school the teachers found I couldn't see the writin' on the chalkboard so well. It all looked fuzzy. Dad took me to Pocatello where I was tested and fitted with eye glasses. My first trip out of Bear Lake Valley proved successful. On my return, my classmates taunted me for a long time as I was the only "four-eyes" in the school. Soon after getting the glasses, I broke them in a hellish fight and got further hell when I got home, but from it I won another trip to Pocatello. I've worn glasses ever since.

School continued to be tough. One day, I forgot my book and assignment, and the teacher ordered me to go back home to get them. I left the school but

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didn't go back home. Instead, I took off for the hills. Above Stucki Hill, where we sledded on our Flyers in the winters, I roamed about the old burned-out Fielding Academy, a Mormon high school my folks had attended. My infamous and harsh great-grandfather John Horne Miles was superintendent at the time it burned. Hiking about all day and enjoying the short period of outdoor freedom, I returned home in the afternoon when dutifully expected. This escape mechanism was repeated on special occasions when needed.

As my mother had so much to do, she handed me over to my loving and aging grandparents Peterson in nearby Ovid for them to help raise me. Over the decade, I came to be as much a part of the Peterson family as the Sleights. Grandpa was of Danish stock and Grandma a mixture of Swedish and Norwegian. Their sparse income derived mainly from egg and milk production. Though they worked hard, they were very poor. I didn't realize that then.

Their house, a small two-roomed log cabin, stood on a slope overlooking the beautiful fields. I lived in the front room which included the kitchen. The separating door to their smaller cramped bedroom in the back was usually shut to preserve heat and to prevent my entrance. They had no indoor plumbing; the water had to be carried from a shallow well a hundred feet away.

An outhouse toilet stood at a couple of hundred feet overlooking the barn yard. A quaint two-holer, it accommodated the many grandkids that came to visit. For toilet paper the pages from the Sears, Roebuck catalog or the "Monkey Ward" catalog sufficed. The pages were great for making paper airplanes and sailing them out the doorway.

They had just recently hooked up to the phone service. I remember the old party-lines with up to a dozen families sharing one line. The phone twang away, as we listened for our designated code—the number of long rings and short rings—to see if it rang for us.

Grandma liked her soaps and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. Rex Campbell's KSL news reports opened by a rooster crowing. In the evening I listened to Tom Mix and Jack Armstrong. At night, when it was quiet, I would turn on my treasured crystal set with earphones and listen to cowboy songs till sleep came. I slept on a makeshift couch in the kitchen that doubled as a seat during the day. A thick quilt that grandma had made covered the sagging bed and always smelled of the odorless barnyard.

A wood stove heated the cabin. I kept the woodbox full. As we couldn't afford coal, we did our own wood gathering and hauling. I would take my turn at sawing when another kid came to visit—the saw having a handle on each end. Later, as I grew older, I went with grandpa to cut the trees and snake them by horse to the wagon. We'd cut them into firelogs later.

Grandpa would often take me with him on his coal-black mare, "Lady," to round up the cows, though his yelping dog would do most of the work. I rode behind grandpa, my arms tightly clutching his waist. After the roundup he'd let

me ride Lady by myself around the yard while he prepared the cows for milking. He required that I'd ride bareback when alone. "It's safer," he'd always say. But I still longed for a saddle like that pictured in the Sears Roebuck catalog. Sears Roebuck bib overalls served as my working attire, just like Grandpa's. These durable denims lasted longer than any other cloth and had plenty of pockets. Later, I demanded authentic hard-working Levi's like real cowboys wore.

I followed grandpa down to help milk the cows. Even though my hands



Relief problems persisted. The caring of human needs centered mainly on our church, private charities, and the government. The Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) and the WPA program also brought needed jobs to the county.

weren't large or strong enough at that time, he let me strip a few. After we separated the milk, he'd cart the cans of milk and cream out to the county road for pickup by the co-op creamery. We farmed with horse-drawn machinery: mowers, rakes, wagons and a number of home-made appliances. A team of strong horses and a couple of riding horses provided the power.

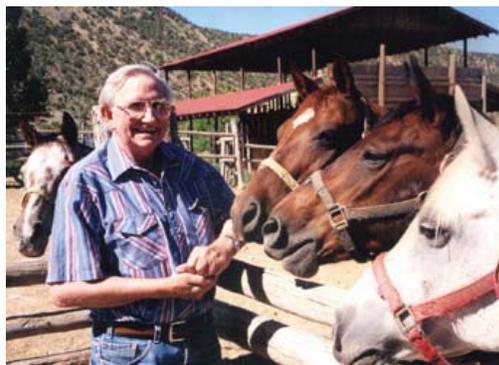
One day as I tromped hay on the hay wagon, while Grandpa forked it to me, the horses started off on their own and they soon stampeded down the field, the loaded hay wagon and the excited-me behind them. I knew, even at that young age, that if the horses took a sudden turn, the wagon would flip over. Round and round the hay field they ran, the wagon rocking and bouncing up and down, and grandpa breathlessly running far behind, waving his arms up and down, and yelling, "Whoa, you sons of bitches, whoa!" until the snorting horses finally stopped from total exhaustion after their mile-long run.

A most delightful job, I would get on old Lady and drive the cows and heifers down a narrow dirt road about a couple of miles to the bottom lands. Each morning I'd trail them down, and each evening I'd trail them back. Sometimes I stayed with them—an endearing time as I enjoyed being alone, the quietness about me, and my thoughts to myself.

I'd often ride about the swamp lands before turning home. Willow thickets and dense stands of bulrush and cattail housed many nesting birds. Birds with long legs and slender pointed bills waded and probed the shallow water. Canada geese, canvasback and redhead ducks, and the white-faced ibis passed in review. Songbirds—the meadowlark and the killdeer—sung to me. I came to love all wildlife as I felt freedom along with them.

I rode Lady through the marshes, only to find the waters deepen in places. The water covered my lower legs as Lady jumped or swam to shallower waters or to the land and I hung onto her long mane. When Lady foaled late one summer, I continued riding to the bottoms. But leaving her cold behind made Lady extremely nervous and eager to return to the barnyard. On my return one day, she changed her smooth and easy gallop to a race-horse gait. At a sudden 90-degree bend in the roadway, Lady made a quick left turn, but I kept going straight and hit the dusty road. When she realized I had taken a dive and was no longer on her back, she suddenly stopped, turned around, and trotted back, and looked at me as if to say, "What's a-matter, kid?" She let me cautiously remount, but needless to say, I kept her to a reasonable gait—walking—on our return home.

These times in Ovid brought me to a realization of the real beauty of the earth and its diversity—the mountains and the rivers and the swamps. This is the raw stuff that I encountered. Each millennium, century, year, month, day, and hour brings a new beginning and a new adventure, unique to each of us. And with it comes the comforting knowledge that we're all connected to the earth, to ourselves, to our family and to our community. What a heritage we have to build upon.



NEXT TIME. Ken Sleight remembers the 1940s...

VLACHOS' VIEWS

America through the lens of PAUL VLACHOS



Tucson, Arizona - 2014. Here's the fantasy - I see this sign and think of a strip club, maybe a fashion show runway, neither one of which I'm familiar with. But it's 2014 and I can search the internet for this place. Sure enough, I find it on Yelp, described by its denizens as a "dive bar" that has good kimchee. I never thought I would see the day where dive bars were fetishized and sought out, but such is the nature of this generation's search for "authenticity." I won't go on about that here. This joint looks older than the hipster generation, though, and my next thought is "might there be an airport nearby?" I unfold my digital map and, sure enough, Davis-Monthan air force base sits right there and a runway terminates not far from this bar. My guess is that the current ownership bought it from the past owner, kept the name, and added kimchee to the menu. Had I been the original owner, I might have named it the "Sonic Boom Bar and Grill," but that's just me and there are more than a few good reasons why I should not own a bar. In this photo, I like the Christmas lights on the left, upper corner and the string of rope lights, artfully draped, across the top. I once was able to visit the "boneyard" - where they mothball old war-planes at Davis-Monthan. That was back in the mid '90s, when The Runway was probably a legitimate dive bar that had never heard of kimchee

Tucumcari, New Mexico - 2012. This is a big arrow on a small outbuilding. The "drive thru" here - and I really like it when people use "thru" for "through" - is really just a looping turn and an open window. This arrow does not loop, though. It's authoritative and I like the colors. I would have tried to squeeze my paintbrush inside those two conduits near the tip of the arrow, but I'm compulsive that way. That's probably a good reason I did not end up as a sign painter, that damned perfectionism. This place was next to Rubee's, a fantastic Mexican restaurant in Tucumcari that sold absolutely transcendent breakfast burritos. These burritos were exceptional. They would dissolve in my mouth and transport me to another place, and then I would transport myself back to the takeout window and buy another. Always buying another when I didn't really need to. I would go miles out of my way to get those little suckers at Rubee's. Then, just a few years ago, I was going through Tucumcari, having deluded myself that I was going there to shoot motel signs, but not-too-secretly planning to pig out on breakfast burritos, when I slowly drove over the curb at Rubee's and discovered that they had closed down. In my sadness, I drove around the building twice, photographed this arrow once, told a sad story to my dog, and then quietly rolled out of town and back onto the heartless interstate, hungry and defeated.



Uvalde, Texas - 2013. I like Uvalde. I like southwest Texas. It's still fairly unvarnished. I wanted to say "honest," but I don't know it well enough to call it honest, although I call it honest in a visual sense. It has not been modernized to the detriment of its history, nor has it been sold down the river of gentrification. I don't think that would happen here even if they wanted that to happen, and I don't really believe they would want that to happen. But I am just an itinerant Yankee who passes through these Texas towns, admires the view, and then moves on. This arrow is beautiful. The bricks, the colors, the ladder, the blue drainpipe. I loved discovering this one and then finding a way to shoot it. I suspect that it's not as old as I would like it to be, but I could be wrong. Why do I say that? The accent on the "e," for one thing. For another, the red is awfully bright, and red is the color most prone to fading and disappearing. Then again, this arrow is in a narrow alley, wide enough for only one vehicle to pass through, and this alley also runs on a north/south axis, so it might be spared from that southern Texas sun. And maybe it's just an old arrow that's been repainted and, the last time someone did it, they added an accent, not realizing that "Cafe" - with no accent - has a long, glorious history as a moniker in this country. And maybe it doesn't matter. I like this wall a lot. It made me happy when I first found it. I may go visit it again the next time I pass through Uvalde.





Las Vegas, New Mexico - 2012. So much in Las Vegas seems to be falling apart, especially in the old section of town, near the train stop. I always try to stop at this town in northeast New Mexico, mainly for the fantastic hot springs nearby but, more and more, for the stuff that I like to photograph, the old stuff that's falling apart, as well as the old stuff that persists, survives and still thrives. This establishment no longer thrives. Honestly, I don't remember whether it was still in business or not when I took this photo, but I don't think it was. I keep studying this photo and find it oddly compelling. I'd like to think it's like Sophia Loren's face, which they used to describe as having mismatched parts, but somehow coming together in beauty. I'd like to say that, but it would not be true. I would not immediately jump to the word "beautiful" here. The broken Coors sign with the remnants of adhesive next to it, the glass brick window with crap piled behind it. The graffiti, the weathered strip of plywood, the odd pastel colors of the cinderblock, the jailhouse-door quality about the drive-up window. It's just another arrow, a more minimalist arrow, for sure, but just another arrow in just another small town. It feels more desperate, this arrow, as though the owner wants to shout out "This is it! This is the window!" Honestly, this photograph brings me down a bit, in a visceral way. At the same time, it fills me with a presence of the recent past, the 70's and 80's, maybe, when there was action around this window, in this parking lot, and people gathered and laughed and cried and fought. This wall is a mute witness to that time.



Del Rio, Texas - 2013 "Hot Pit Bar B Que" I am a sucker for a good steel building or a corrugated wall of some kind. Put some hand-painted words on it and I practically genuflect. Too bad the sun wasn't directly on it the day I shot this photo, but that happens sometimes when you're on the road - the sun is in the wrong place. You take the shot, anyway, but you vow to come back. It's always a good excuse. "The light will be better next time." But you always see new things every time you come back, so it's a good idea. A little bit like Heraclitus, who said "you can't put your foot in the same river twice." So it is with the Hot Pit. Here is what the local reviews have to say about it, and I'll just quote the headlines: "Let Down" (Apparently, the BBQ sauce had a strong vinegar taste.) "Possibly the best BBQ in Del Rio" or "Traditional Del Rio BBQ." This last review said it was a quiet place where people "mind their manners." This person also called the cole slaw "grassy." All interesting stuff. All indicators that the Internet is either the mankind's greatest single invention or the biggest flytrap of them all. Or both. Either way, this wall is in Del Rio, which always feels like a place just off the edge of the known universe to me. It's on U.S. 90, which has become one of my more beloved Federal highways. I like I-90, as well, but that's way, way up north and it's an interstate. This route is slower and more interesting. When it drops you in Del Rio, you are on the border with Mexico and it has that border town edge to it. It feels like there is dark stuff going on in the background. Maybe I just watched "Touch of Evil" too many times as a kid. Either way, when I'm in Del Rio, I feel like I'm far from home. Maybe the next time I go through, I should try staying a while.



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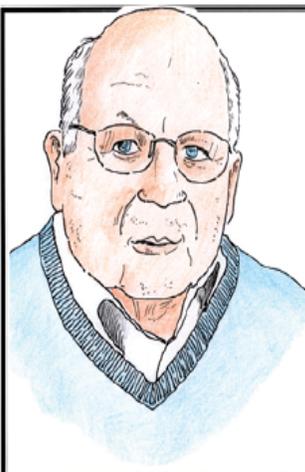


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TOM TILL

PHOTOGRAPHY



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"more poets. fewer lawyers..." Ed Abbey ---Amy Brunvand

Cairns

Someone has undone the entropy
Of stones and stacked them into tidy piles
That march like garden gnomes along the way.
Supposedly they're built to mark a trail
That leads somewhere but that does not account
For this place where a spiral dance of cairns
Has circled round, where little towers sprout
From naked rock in great proliferation
Like living things. The human hands that carried
Each new cobble offered to these shrines
Were surely working at the whim of fairies,
Sometimes guiding, sometimes leading on
The hikers travelling through, a puckish trap
For people who forgot to read the map.



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).



Paintings by
Mary P. Donahue

"Cairn of the Escalante,"
oil on canvas, 1993,
40 1/2" x 60 1/2"

Memory Shrine:
San Juan River,
30" x 60," oil on
canvas with wood tray
containing rocks from
the San Juan River,
Utah, and digital
slides of San Juan
River trips from 1998,
2000, 2010.

Mercury

Do not run with scissors.

When you burn coal
do it far away
from where I live.

Do not eat these ducks:
Common Goldeneye,
Northern Shoveler,
Cinnamon Teal
(even though it sounds like toast)
unless you want to end up
like the Mad Hatter
drinking tea with rodents.

Do not turn beavers
into top hats.
Let them build their dams
as wetlands can absorb
heavy metal
which sounds like music
even though ingesting it
causes people to lie
in a mute semi-rigid posture
broken only by episodes of crying.

Do not confuse mercury
with Wednesday
even if you feel like crying
while you sit at work
in a mute semi-rigid posture
staring at your computer
reading about poisoned ducks.

THE ZEPHYR BACKBONE

October-November 2014

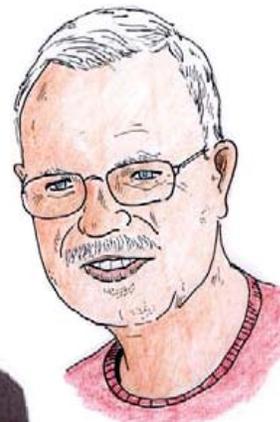


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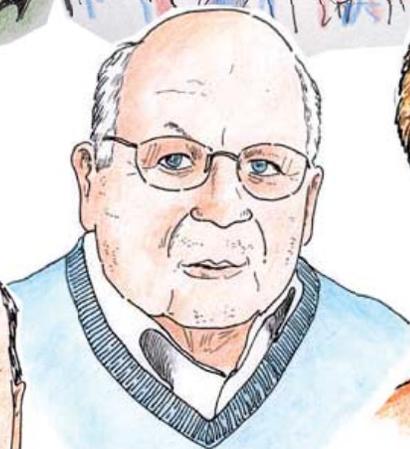
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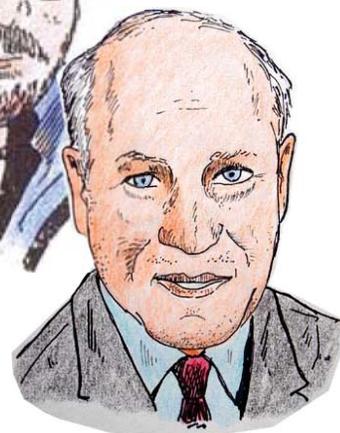
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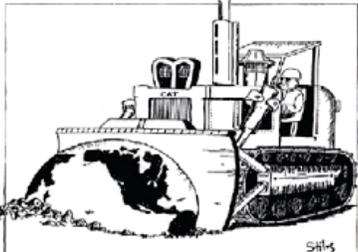
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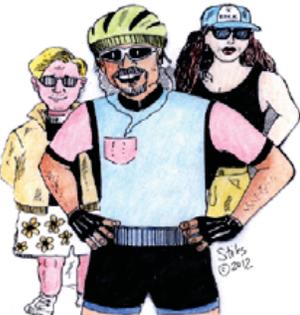
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"Yeah...like...right, Dude."



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