

'CAMP'

THE JAPANESE-AMERICAN INTERNMENT 1942-1945

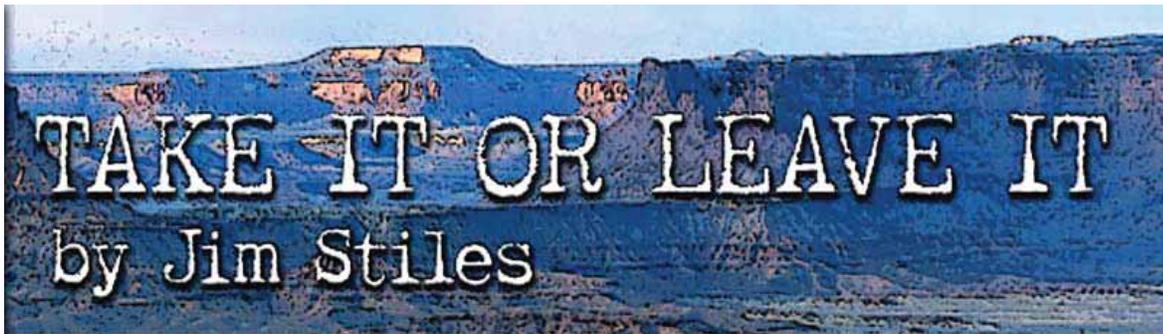
By ALAN MIKUNI



Specific words or phrases in the Japanese language describe how Japanese people deal with situations like they endured in World War II. The Japanese term, "shikataganai," when translated means "it cannot be helped." Another term, "gaman," is loosely translated as "enduring the unbearable with dignity and silence."

October/November 2015 Volume 27 Number 4

CELEBRATING 26 YEARS



**ITCHING---
A PERSONAL HISTORY.**

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"I don't like the itching, but I don't mind the scratching."

Late Night with David Letterman---1988

Every year, in early March, I begin to long for Spring. After yet another cold grey winter, I'm ready for the return of warm afternoons and longer days, and open windows, and the leafing out, and budding out, and flowering out of all living entities that naturally do that kind of thing. It makes me feel like celebrating.

In most respects my enthusiasm for the warmer part of the years stays with me. But one aspect of summer drives me to the brink of madness, and now, I'm praying for bitter cold temperatures and an early winter. Here's where I also must admit a certain hostility toward my wife.

Before I met Tonya, I had decided I would never run the risk of becoming involved with a white woman again. A lifetime of unsuccessful relationships with Caucasian women had brought me nothing but heartache. Though I admit skin color may have had nothing to do with it, I decided that in the future, if I dated anyone, I would only approach women of Asian or African descent. Then along came Miss T, about the whitest white woman I have ever met—a woman so fair, one might even call her pale (I tried to write 'pasty' but she deleted it.)

There is a point to this meandering tale and I am getting there. You see, summer brings many kinds of joys and pleasures and Tonya appreciates all of them. For most of us, summer also brings certain hardships and difficulties, but these don't bother her. You see, while T may have the fairest of skin, her epidermal regions are, incredibly, impervious to the attacks of insects. Nothing gets to her. She is immune to the stings and nibbles and sucking and chomping of these damnable creatures.

I, on the other hand, a man toughened by decades outside and with a genetic predisposition for darker, 'olive' skin, am nonetheless a damn pin cushion, a plasma bank, an unprotected reservoir of flesh and blood for any insect, of any variety, to make a meal out of. How I suffer.

And the itching. The welts. The furious scratching. In fact, our relationship began while I suffered through such a miserable state...

Just a month or so before Tonya and I got together, I was in the last throes of my ill-fated Australian adventure. One afternoon, as the temperature hov-



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ered around 105 F, I was sitting in my old Datsun pickup, futilely trying to catch a breeze off the Bunbury Estuary. I noticed a tiny black speck on my bare sun-baked leg. It was moving.

Concerned but not alarmed, I pinched the little creepy critter between my fingers and flicked it out the window. But a few moments later, I eyed another one. And another. Then they began creeping up both legs. Soon I was doing nothing but studying my legs, waiting for the next intruder. They kept coming.

Wondering what these mini-invaders looked like, I retrieved a magnifying glass, put one of the little bastards in the palm of my hand and had a gaze. It looked hideous, like a miniature tick and still alive and I could see his legs trying to gain traction on my skin. I thought that I had most likely walked through a swarm of sand fleas, but then I began to wonder if Australia had chiggers, as they do in

Kentucky. The Fear swept through me---- I had been down that road before and I knew I needed to get these creatures off my body as quickly as possible.

But I was camped out, in the middle of nowhere, with no running water, so I did the best I could with my solar shower. After I dried, I located my can of insect repellent and sprayed my legs with enough poison to make the skin turn color. I didn't care anymore. Even after the soap and water, they kept coming, from where I couldn't say. And despite my best efforts, I spotted more of them advancing farther up my leg.

Suddenly I was gripped by flashbacks. The thought sent shivers down my recently and increasingly violated body.

CHIGGERS.

I remembered the summer of my eleventh year. My first year at Boy Scout summer camp. We had camped in an open field the night before and planned a 15 mile canoe paddle for the following day. But shortly after breakfast, I felt an uncomfortable itch emanating from the most sensitive part of the male anatomy. I sneaked a peak at the Little Fireman and it looked uncharacteristically red. It looked, in fact, to be on fire. But I said nothing, chose not to peek again and boarded my canoe for the five hour trip. By the time we reached our next stop, I was in agony.

I wandered away from my fellow Scouts and had a look.

It was horrible. It was grotesque. I was terrified.

There had been significant swelling. It looked like a fireapple-red baseball, perched atop half a roll of pennies. If it is really true that "size matters," then it

By the time we reached our next stop, I was in agony. I wandered away from my fellow Scouts and had a look. It was horrible. It was grotesque. I was terrified. There had been significant swelling. If it is really true that "size matters," then it is also true that I peaked when I was 11 years old.

is also true that I peaked when I was 11 years old.

Mortified, but needing to share my predicament with someone, I sought out my friend Rusty and when nobody else was looking our way, I showed him my injured part.

"OH MY GOD!" he exclaimed. "That's horrible! Mr. Morey has to see this." He dragged me to my scoutmaster, a wonderfully calm and reasonable man who could always soothe us when the fear of camping and being away from our mothers became too much. Mr. Morey would know what to do.

"OH MY GOD!" he cried. "Jack! Jack!" Mr. Morey called to Mr. Steiner, the assistant scoutmaster. "You've got to see this!"

Soon a crowd began to form.

It was decided that I needed medical treatment and so Mr. Steiner loaded me into his station wagon and we made a mad dash for the Leitchfield, Kentucky community hospital. We were met at the ER

THE CANYON COUNTRY
ZEPHYR
Planet Earth Edition

JIM & TONYA STILES, publishers
PO Box 271
Monticello, UT 84535
www.canyoncountryzephyr.com
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entrance by a stern looking nurse who wanted to know the precise nature of my ailment. I showed her.

"OH MY GOD!!!!" She summoned the doctors. "OH MY GOD!!!" By now it had become something of a theme.

Once the commotion died down, the issue of treatment was finally raised. No one knew what to do because none of them had ever seen anything quite like the spectacle I presented. Now, years later, I wish to hell I'd had a camera.

Finally one of the doctors suggested an anti-itch spray called Multi-Derm. It was supposed to be effective but had never been applied to this part of the body. What were the side effects? Could it make matters worse? I didn't see how that was possible and pleaded with them to spray me. The doctors agreed. (Here, as before, a crowd had gathered. Nurses, doctors, technicians, other ER patients.)

But the plastic spray nozzle jammed. Nothing would come out of the can. Finally one of the doctors pulled the nozzle from the can, jammed a screwdriver into the tube and leveraged it back like one might raise a carjack.

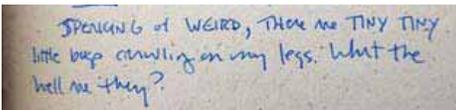
An explosion of Multi-Derm spewed from the can onto my affected area and knocked me against the wall. I remember it was also very cold and for the first time in 16 hours, it didn't itch.

"Do it again!" I pleaded and they did.

"Again!" I cried. Now the doctors thought I was beginning to enjoy the Multi-Derm more than was deemed appropriate and advised me I could only be sprayed every eight hours.

Finally, Mr. Steiner drove me back to our main camp, which was chigger-free. "I don't think you need to camp in any more fields for a while," he assured me. I spent the next two days alone, except for Mr. Steiner and my can of Multi-Derm. By the end of the week I was healed.

Now, decades later, in Australia, the fears of such a re-occurrence gripped me with dread. I finally drove to Bunbury and found my friends Steve and Gaynor who saw the Fear in me and offered the use of their wonderful shower.



Now, decades later, in Australia, the fears of such a re-occurrence gripped me with dread.



But it was too late. In fact, it was only after my hot shower and a hard scrubbing that the welts first appeared. From my calves to my neck, I was suddenly covered by more than one hundred ugly red pimples. And they itched with a familiarity that carried me back decades. None of them had made their way to the scene of the original crime, but they were close enough. Later I learned that I had been consumed by an evil little beast called Trombicula (eutrombicula) hirsti, commonly called "the scrub-itch mite." MITES? Indeed. It turns out they're the Aussie version of a Kentucky chigger.

I came back to the United States, and to my destiny with Miss T, covered literally from my shoulders to my ankles with bright red welts. I explained that the bites were temporary (and not contagious) and assured her they'd go away soon. But they lingered for months. I tried to avoid scratching in front of her, but sometimes the itch was so excruciating,

I couldn't control myself. She seemed more curious than repulsed and one day she said to me, "You know, I really don't know what that feels like... itching, I mean."

I'd never heard of such a condition....nothing made her itch? But she has such a fair skin.

"Oh...I guess sometimes. But bugs like that don't bother me."

I'd soon learn that her fear--her phobia of spiders--trumped any grudge for other insects that I'd ever held, but it was true. Mosquitoes, midges, gnats, anything that might cause 'itching and swelling' failed to faze her. Even a wasp sting barely caused concern; the area of the sting got red for a few minutes and then went away. The last time I locked horns with a wasp, my head swelled up like a pumpkin gone bad--I looked like The Joker.

Still, I am happy for my wife's good fortune--no one should suffer as I have---but the fact she has avoided this kind of misery also makes it difficult for her to 'feel my pain.' It's hard for such people to empathize with someone who's scratching themselves nutty. And the truth is, someone who doesn't know the heartache of itching can sometimes fail to notice the conditions that might make someone else itch to begin with. And so, when I went West for a couple weeks this Summer to spend some time in San Juan County, little did I know the nightmare that would await me when I returned home.

You see, we have these three cats. They are the sweetest, most lovable creatures I've ever known. They had been neighborhood strays and fared well, moving from home to home for handouts--we called it, 'making the buffet circuit'---but when they found us, we all bonded and they became semi-permanent residents here on Main Street USA.

They were and are outside cats--they access the utility room in the winter when the cold comes, but they predominantly prefer the freedom of the outdoors--walls and doors and even ceilings trouble them.



When I went West to spend some time in San Juan County, little did I know the nightmare that would await me when I returned home.

But while I was away, Tonya needed some extra company to fill the void created by my absence, and so Rambo, Rascal and Possum moved in. Via the cat door we'd installed years before for our old, now deceased cats, they discovered they could come and go at will. And they did.

Rambo spent his nights under the bed and the hot afternoons sprawled beneath my mother's Welsh dresser. Rascal often resided on his back, legs outstretched on our fake leather couch. Possum, the one who suffers from ADHD, moved around a lot. Tonya told me about the cats' move indoors and I was delighted. I had earlier felt like an ogre, watching them sit longingly outside our door. Possum especially had taken to climbing the screen, thinking if he could reach the top of the door, he'd gain interior access. So it was with a certain degree of relief that I learned Tonya had relented and let the big fellas in. But my relief was short-lived.

A couple days after I got home, I awoke to...god help me...a terrific itch. I looked at my ankles and they were speckled with inflamed red welts. There must have been 30 or 40 marks. But what? How? We'd had some mosquitoes earlier in the summer after the rains, and I'd ventured out last night to see the full moon, but how had this many skeeters attacked me in those brief moments? I hadn't been in any tall grass. Chiggers were out of the question.

I made some coffee and wandered into the living room; there on the couch was Rascal, inverted as usual. How a nine pound cat can occupy the entire sofa is beyond me, but as I dragged him from the center cushion, I saw a speck of something emerge from his fur, and it leapt upon me. It happened so quickly I could scarcely comprehend the event. But then I saw another. And another.

Fleas.

I was being consumed by goddamn fleas. For weeks, these tiny evil creatures had invaded our home, getting a free ride with Rambo, Rascal and Possum, coming and going, like the cats, at will. Tonya, immune to their bites, was unaware of their presence until the fleas' main meal came home from Utah.

Now it is October. Two months have passed since this ordeal began. The numbers have been reduced but they are still here.

We counter-attacked, though sadly it meant cutting off inside privileges to the boys. We vacuumed, scrubbed, moved stuff off the floor, bought an organic peppermint/clove-based spray that promised to rid us of our (my) blood-sucking fleas. Still they came.

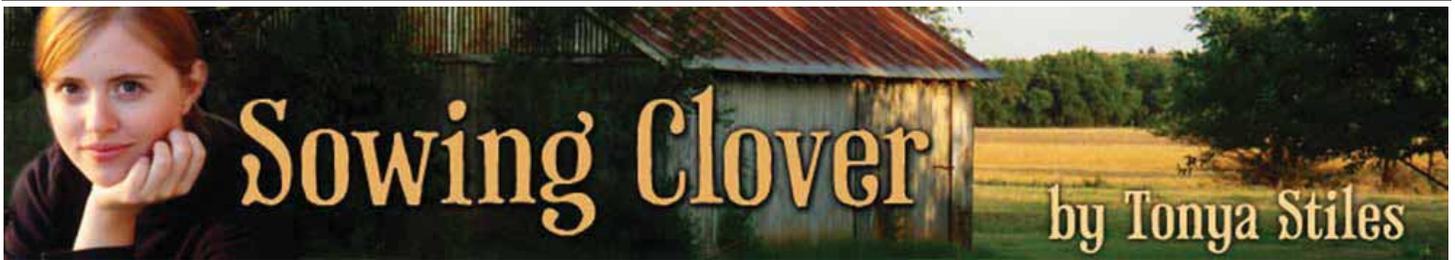
To hell with it, I bought enough cans of toxic fogger to kill a average-sized midwest community. We abandoned the house for the day, sure we'd turned a page. But the next day, they still kept crawling up my leg. I considered moving to Antarctica.

We even went extravagant (or desperate) and bought an expensive high-velocity vacuum cleaner, hoping we could suck these evil monsters out of existence.. At night we followed a tip from the Farmers Almanac and set out saucers of soapy water with a light just above it. Each morning we trapped more fleas.

Now it is October. Two months have passed since this ordeal began. The numbers of fleas have been reduced but they are still here. A flea landed on me just last night and while I wasn't looking, bit me on my forearm twice and even managed to take a nibble out of my ass.

All that's left now, my only surviving hope, is that winter will come soon, that storms and arctic-like temperatures will arrive and kill these little bastards once and for all. I've read that they cannot survive Fahrenheit temps below 37 degrees, but I'm praying for sub-freezing weather, just to be sure.

Next March, after another long dark winter, I'll probably be ready for Spring again. But my joy will be tempered by the memory of these fleas, and whatever biting insect awaits me next. And after watching me scratch away the summer, I'm sure Tonya will be more empathetic in 2016, even if she can't physically "feel my pain." For that, we can both be grateful



LOSING OUR RELIGION

There's no use in sugar-coating it: I can't go to church services anymore. When an acquaintance died a couple years ago—a warm, funny and open-minded man—I thought we were right to go to his funeral. I was raised Catholic, after all, and had attended various Protestant services over the years. The church where the funeral would be held was only Methodist, and not some frighteningly alien evangelical denomination. I still considered myself a Catholic, of a lapsed variety, and felt like a morning's dose of religion could even be comforting, and a small price to pay to hear more about the man who had died and spend some time remembering him.

I shuffled into the church with my husband, Jim, and smiled a closed-lipped funeral smile at anyone who looked curiously at us, the strangers. We settled into a pew near the back, and I was feeling pretty positive about the whole thing—until they started talking.

The language got under my skin immediately. It wasn't anybody's fault, really. But I'd forgotten that there are so many words in Christianity that make me uncomfortable—foundational words, really, like "Christ" or "Scripture" or phrases like "Walking with the Lord" or "being Saved." I'd heard those words come out of the mouths of the worst people I'd ever met—people who used those words while acting out cruelty and hypocrisy, and I couldn't hear them anymore without my skin crawling. I kept myself pulled together. Everyone at this funeral was very nice, and I'd liked the man who died, and wanted to be a part of remembering him, but I couldn't help feeling more and more alienated from the proceedings. This place wasn't for me. In the end, I was grateful when the service ended and I could go home.

I know that many of the ex-Faithful can relate to my experience—running up against those unhealed injuries of your past experiences with the religious. In a country as Christian as ours, nearly everyone will have met someone who uses their faith like a cudgel to destroy other people, or like a facade to excuse their terrible acts. And it's very tempting to turn those painful memories into a deep resentment of all the religious. To justify that anger as intellectual superiority, proof of your righteousness over the "nonsense" of religion.

Despite thousands of years of religious intellectualism and religious scientists, the Atheists and the Christians will agree on one thing: Science and Religion are enemies. If one is true, then the other must be false.

A few years ago, Jim and I were in Europe, and we struck up a conversation over breakfast with a British couple who were staying at the same B&B. They were friendly and funny, and it was a relief to speak English after a few weeks spent exhausting the stores of our High School-level French. We shared amicable opinions of the people, the countryside, and traded anecdotes to poke fun at the differences between our home countries. And it probably won't be a surprise to anyone familiar with those differences that the aspect of American culture they found most confounding was its religiosity.

"We've pretty well gotten rid of that," they explained. "All that nonsense. It is too bad to see the pretty old churches falling down, but they've turned a lot of them into art galleries or apartments or community halls, so that's nice."

"So no one is religious anymore?" I asked.

"Oh, quite a few of the old people, I guess. And the immigrants, of course, but they have their own fairy tales."

"That's too bad."

"Oh, they'll probably get less religious too, with time," they answered, misunderstanding my response. "It's only natural."

And, once again, I found myself caught outside the conversation. I'd admitted to them

that I wasn't particularly religious, myself, but here I was, inexpressibly depressed at the thought of a future in which everyone "naturally" lost their faith. And found what in its place? Science, I suppose.

I don't want to leap immediately from noticing that people around the world are abandoning religion to claiming a victory for Atheists. A lack of religion and Atheism are not the same thing. And while the non-religious are growing in astronomical numbers around the developed world, Atheists are a minority in every country, and a particularly small minority here in the USA. But one tenet of Atheism that I do believe is winning minds in every country is the belief in the unerring superiority of Science over other ways of understanding.

Science has won the war of definitions. To "prove" something now means to prove it through the scientific method. For something to be "true" is must be observable, physically, to the human eye. There must be physical evidence. And the assumption that lies under modern life is that your physical observations are not only trustworthy, but are far more trustworthy than your emotions, your reasoning, the stories you were told by your family, or anything that lives solely within your mind.

If this weren't the case, then fundamentalist Christians wouldn't be so terrified of sending their children to college. If you've been told all your life that the Virgin Birth is true in the same way that electrical currents and chemical reactions are true, then one afternoon in a Biology classroom can and will shake your beliefs. A literal belief in the Transubstantiation of bread into God's body cannot withstand the constant challenge of the rules of physics.

And so, by and large, the very religious concede that "intellectuals" and "higher education" are in opposition to their religion. And they try to keep themselves and their families away from the challenging opinions of others. Despite thousands of years of religious intellectualism and religious scientists, the Atheists and the Christians will agree on one thing: Science and Religion are enemies. If one is true, then the other must be false.

Nobody seems willing to entertain the other logical conclusion: that the two branches of knowledge are dealing with separate matters. That the physical realm can be best observed through Science. And that there is an equally valid and important field, Metaphysics, which is necessary for examining our Morality and Mythology.

Does the Refrigerator mind that he is a slave?

Do you love your mother? How could you prove it, by the scientific method? Only shallowly. Patterns of behavior. Repeated stated declarations. But we know that a person can hug and kiss, and make weekly phone calls, and say "I love you" and still be a liar.

And what is the part of you that loves her? Obviously, it is not your "heart," the physical organ, pumping blood through physical arteries and physical veins. Is it your brain that loves her? Some firing of neurotransmitters, stimulating hormone production, which elicits feelings of kinship and nurturing care? It could be.

But what is the value of such a love, which could be destroyed with a minor re-wiring?

Does the Refrigerator mind that he is a slave?

The very worst of the Religious and of the Non-Religious alike are those who leave no room for doubt, and so I have to admit that it may be true that the "soul" is just a sum-total of chemical impulses. That all our chatter back and forth about love and betrayal, friendship, neglect, and pain, is nothing more meaningful than static over the radio. But if that is so, why talk about love at all? A person controlled solely through wiring and chemicals is nothing more than a machine. Can one machine love another machine? Can we frame our society around a belief in the dignity of each machine's life, each machine's right to happiness and opportunity? How is that dignity conferred? Does the Refrigerator

tor mind that he is a slave?

I have read purely scientific cases for morality. Usually based around evolutionary biology, they argue that ethics and altruism survive because they are beneficial traits for the survival of a community. That empathy was an evolutionary advantage, because an emotionally bonded tribe was more likely to survive the harsh realities of prehistoric life. And that, despite our modern comforts, those traits are still valuable for the same reasons.

That's lucky for us, I suppose, that empathy primed us for our continued existence. But, I always wonder, what if the data had gone the other way? There's nothing to stop the scientists of the future from discovering errors in those studies, and concluding that empathy, altruism and ethics are damaging, or just incidental, to the survival of the species. That there is no scientific case for encouraging such emotions. This is the nature of scientific thought, to continually discover errors in the existing data, or extenuating factors that fundamentally alter what we know about our world. So it isn't implausible that we will one day believe that morality serves no evolutionary function at all.

And, if such a thing were true, could we still make a case for love? How could we, if the physical world is all we have? If metaphysics is nothing but nonsense? Hopefully, we would go on loving, and betraying that love, arguing for the rights of the downtrodden, and helping our neighbors, even with no explanation for why we are doing such things. But how shallow that world would be, with no philosophy to support us.

Every religion could be wrong, all the mythology could be lies, and there could still be a God. Or Gods. Or some sort of shaping force that guides the motions of the Universe. Whether we believe in miracles or not says nothing of whether they happen. There may not be miracles, or any supernatural happenings— or there may be infinite miracles, but none that reach the shallow spectrum of perception that we call "reality." All our dreams and fairy tales could be visions of life transmitted from the dimension next door. The mind may contain, and create, the whole universe. And science, based as it is on what we can see and document physically, would have no case to confirm or refute.

But I understand that, in order to live, we must operate as though some things are true and others are false. It's easy to relegate the realities beyond our perception to the back of the mind. After all, how can we go on doing anything if we don't assume that we have the tools to distinguish truth from falsehood? But the scientific method is only one tool. It's an important tool, yes, (the hammer, to which all situations present a nail,) but we shouldn't limit our abilities for discernment to the functions of that one tool.

Classifying a religion as Mythology shouldn't be an insult. Mythology has played an essential role in human history. It tells us what we believe about ourselves, and our place in the universe. It has shaped morality—for better and for worse—and it contains the best thinking we have on what "humanity" means. After all, we live our lives as more than a series of physical reactions, played out on a physical field. We experience rapture, and grief, and revelation. And, if there's any chance that life is more than "physical," then we need intellectuals who don't scoff at Mythology and Metaphysics. We need Atheists, too, and religious scientists; we need some, religious or otherwise, who are skeptical of Science; and we need the non-religious who haven't lost their reverence for the Mystery. In short, we need respect. Respect for science, and respect for religion and metaphysics, if we're going to preserve the materials of our humanity.



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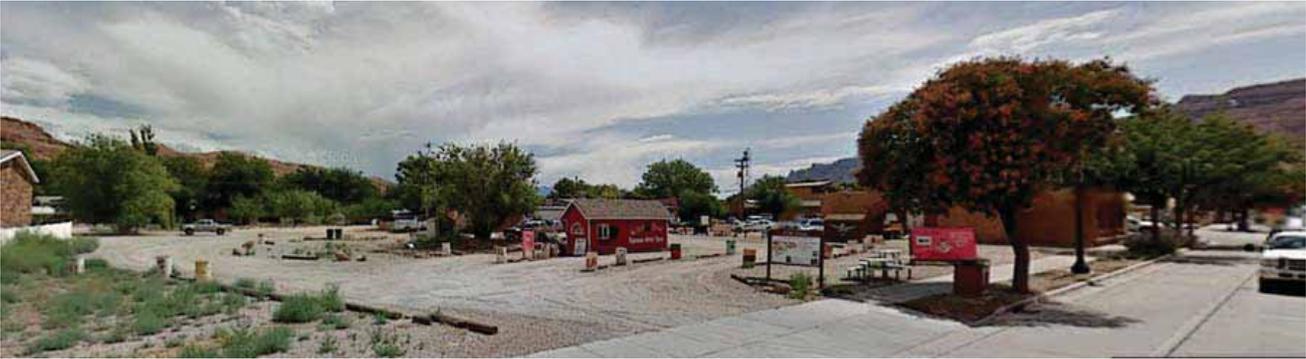
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COMING TO DOWNTOWN MOAB IN 2016

THE HILTON 'HOMEWOOD SUITES'

For decades, the lot adjacent to the old POPLAR PLACE bar sat empty. In recent years the folks at Wicked Brew offered excellent coffee via their drive-thru store (they still do, along US 191 in south Moab.) But now, as was bound to happen, the empty lot is about to be 'filled.' Construction has begun and a year from now, the architect's rendering below will be Moab's latest dose of 21st Century 'Reality.'



Notes on Paper

a poem



by Damon Falke

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

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

NOTES ON PAPER
DAMON FALKE

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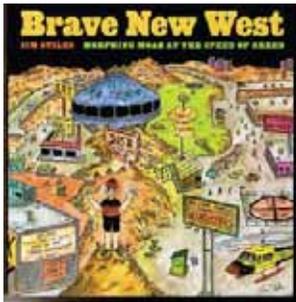
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He says he writes elegies for the landscape he loves, that he is "hopelessly clinging to the past." I would call Stiles a writer from the future.

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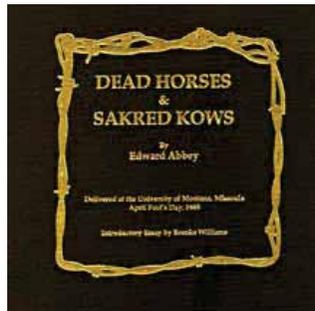
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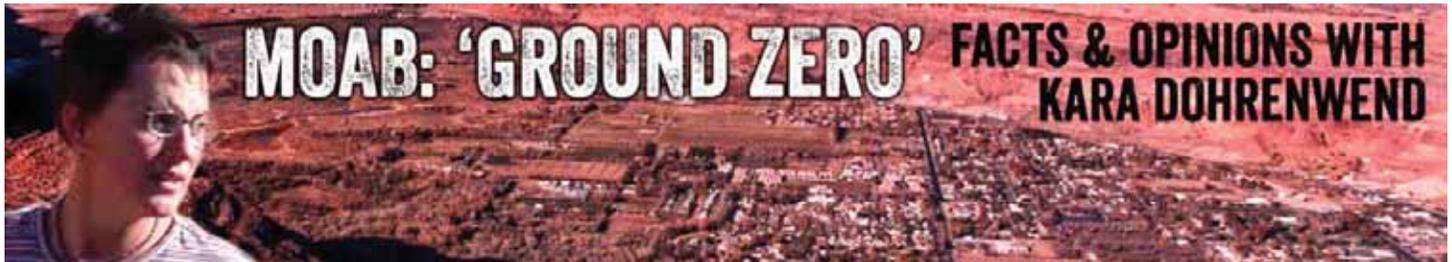


In yet another celebration of our 25 years in business, Back of Beyond Books recently published a facsimile annotated manuscript of one of Edward Abbey's most famous speeches, Dead Horses and Sakred Kows, given April 1, 1985 at the University of Montana. Later published as "The Cowboy and His Cow" in One Life at a Time, Please, this facsimile type-script reproduces the original draft of

the speech. Abbey, in true style offers a scathing critique of the western "welfare rancher," with anecdotes about his cowboy friend that illustrate his adage "I don't like people, but I like individuals."

The manuscript is profusely edited with handwritten annotations throughout. We are grateful to Clarke Abbey for her permission to publish this manuscript. The book is bound in distressed three-quarter leather, reporter-style with spine along the top, with a gilt letterpress label on front cover and vintage marble paste-downs. The facsimile is printed on vintage typing paper that has been additionally treated to resemble a rough draft, complete with occasional culaccini. Brooke Williams's essay is printed on plain cream paper. Dave Wilder's original art piece and the colophon are printed on 100% cotton rag. Printed by Chris Conrad Photography in Moab, Utah and bound by Roswell Bookbinding in Phoenix, Arizona. Limited to 25 copies.

Celebrating our 25th Anniversary
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IT'S STILL ABOUT HOUSING.....

I returned from a few weeks away to a white wall on Main Street across the street from my driveway. A Homewood Suites has broken ground at Center near 100 N and since the hotel will be built to the property line, as is allowed in the C-3 zone, provisions must be made for pedestrians that also will protect them from overhead hazards. I haven't seen one of these structures outside of big cities like New York. Seeing one in Moab is really weird. Parking downtown this fall, and likely next spring, will definitely be impacted by this pedestrian walkway. Considering the City of Moab told me I'd have to pay \$10,000 to have driveway access in front of my house a block away, which has been there since 1890 and used as a residence much of the time since my husband's family bought it, I wonder if Homewood Suites is paying for the privilege of occupying 8 to 10 parking spaces for at least 6 months.

In April of 2015 I recalled learning that the City Planning Commission was hearing a proposal to change the zone of a large parcel of land next to the Super 8 hotel on Main Street from R-2 to C-4. I heard a lot of frustration and anger from neighbors to this property. It is 4.4 acres and while it also is adjacent to Main Street (for a short stretch) and the Super 8, the other side abut residential yards and 500 West, a residential thoroughfare. The proposal finally made it to City Council for final approval/denial in mid-August, and was approved in a 4-1 vote on August 18th (The Times Independent, August 20, 2015).

The new hotel will dwarf the old Poplar Place and add one more 3 story box to Main Street with a basement parking garage. Having watched how much water has ended up in my backyard (from 100 North) during some storms I'll be curious to see how underground parking works at Main and 100 North.

I'm back to affordable housing and the problem that is bigger than Moab. This issue crosses political boundaries – we all live here because we love it here. Let's make it what WE want it to be, not what some out of town corporation decides we need, and then takes the profits out of the valley.



A Homewood Suites has broken ground at Center near 100 N and since the hotel will be built to the property line, as is allowed in the C-3 zone, provisions must be made for pedestrians that also will protect them from overhead hazards. I haven't seen one of these structures outside of big cities like New York. Seeing one in Moab is really weird.

CAN ANYTHING WE DO ACTUALLY HELP AT THIS POINT?

Recently someone mentioned to me that participation in local government, on planning commissions or even councils, is pointless anymore as things are so far gone (especially in Moab). They pointed out that there is no real hope to influence things, and certainly not to change things for the better for Moab residents. I have been pondering this a lot lately, especially in light of a recent zone change in Moab from residential to commercial that was vehemently opposed by neighboring residents.

The cynic in me agrees is resigned to the fact that Moab as a community is not addressing its housing need. Access to reasonably priced housing is one of the single most pressing issues to be resolved for this small town to retain any but the most wealthy, or lucky, amongst us to live here. The source of this problem is certainly not just within Moab, but the solution most certainly is. It is up to our community to make decisions for residents, not just for visitors and out of area corporations.

I had intended to write this month about the corporatization of Moab businesses

and how so many of the large tourist owned developments have turned this town into a Disneyland type experience. Also how they are not benefitting the local residents much since the profits generally leave town. Most jobs created by these chain hotels and large out of town investors are low paying and dead end. But then this zone change request was approved and I realized it is still all about housing – and there IS something we can do about it if we take a little time and stay informed about what is going on around us.

NIMBY or A REAL COMMUNITY PROBLEM?

The civic minded Moab resident in me is angry.

I am angry at myself for not attending or speaking up at these hearings. I read about them in the paper, and I ticked my tongue in displeasure. But when I learned that the decision was being reviewed again at City Council I did not take the time to find out more or attend any further meetings, or at least write a letter to the Council emphasizing that residentially zoned land is a community asset that should be given up only for larger community gain not just individual profit. I'm busy, we all are busy. And a part of me really didn't think that the Council would grant this zone change request with the current lack of housing in Moab.

I should have known better.

It is common for neighbors to be upset over zone changes in their area – especially zone changes like this one where suddenly an empty tree lined lot may become a tall 3 story building full of nightly rentals and a loud parking lot full of toy hauling diesel trucks that become repair stations in the late evenings. It is easy to dismiss neighbor complaints as “not in my back yard” behavior. However, in this case, with the housing crisis facing Moab, this zone change is much more than that.



The 4.4 acre parcel of land next to the Super 8 hotel on Main Street

This zone change is the loss of 4.4 acres of land that could have become a neighborhood. 4.4 acres is a pretty large parcel in Moab city limits these days. The R-2 zone allows construction of one and two family dwellings (minimum 500 square foot buildings) on at least of 5000 square foot lots. This space could have housed at least 30 working families. While the parcel is too small to fit Planned Unit Development regulations for density bonuses (which requires a minimum 5 acre parcel in the R-2 zone) it still could have been designed in a townhome style development with duplexes that could have fit a good number of reasonably priced homes. And it is close to town and services.

Now 1.3 acres is still zoned residential, but 3.1 acres is now C-4.

The C-4 zone allows auto body shops, beer parlors, schools and public buildings, restaurants, and, of course, nightly rentals.

I don't know if the neighboring property owners would have been equally upset about a rezoned to C-1 zone, but in my opinion a change to C-1 would have been a decision that acknowledged the change in town including the need for housing. A C-1 designation would have not allowed nightly rentals (or hotel expansions) but would have allowed denser residential construction, including apartments, as well as other commercial uses. I admit I did not pay enough attention to the discussions and what the currently land owner was asking, but now 3.1 acres can be almost any kind of commercial development to serve visitors and expressly cannot be an apartment building UNLESS it houses workers of adjacent businesses.

The 1.3 acres left in residential designation means a maximum of about 6 working family homes. That means that the City Council gave away the potential for around 20 residences. Residences that would most likely have been reasonably priced homes for rent or purchase that could have given young local families a place to start. Now we just get more nightly rentals and visitor amenities.

ZONE CHANGES ARE NOT A RIGHT

I am angry at our Planning Commission for passing this request on to City Council with a favorable recommendation. Just because a land owner requests a zone change does not mean the Planning Commission has to send it on to Council with a favorable recommendation.

Reasonably priced housing is constantly on the pages of the newspapers, and all over social media. And the City has an affordable housing action plan. It is the Planning Commission's job to pay attention to the long term planning needs of the community and to know what vacant land is left in the City and understand the needs of the entire community. The Planning Commission KNOWS we need more housing. The Planning Commission KNOWS that an up zone from residential to commercial is an instant increase in property values. The Planning Commission KNOWS that nightly rentals have negative impacts on adjacent neighborhoods and city infrastructure.

I am angry at our City Council – who voted nearly unanimously – for this, and the recent other zone change from residential to commercial! Only one member, Kyle Bailey, was able to see the loss of residential housing opportunities as important enough to stand up and just say no. Simply because the Planning Commission passed it on with a favorable recommendation does not mean the Council had to approve it.

I sat on the Moab Planning Commission for a number of years. I had to vote “yes” on any number of projects that I did think were good additions to Moab or served our residents much. The role of a planning commission is, after all, administrative and quasi-judicial. So my opinion didn't matter at all in reviewing these plans. The Planning Commission's role is to review plans and compare them to code requirements (with the help of City Staff) and determine whether a project meets code. When I was appointed I took an oath to that effect. I learned later that it was at times very hard to vote against my deeply held beliefs. But I still did my job as a Commission member.

In some cases there are conditions a Planning Commission can set, if the code so dictates, before a use can be allowed. Final approval of ALL planning commission recommendations with conditions comes from the City Council. The only way the Planning Commission can suggest change is by drafting code changes and reviewing zone changes. Final decisions about code and zone changes are legislative and can still only be made by the City Council.

I remember while chairing planning commission meetings related to a zone change request for a parcel the end of 100 N bounded on the south by Williams Lane. This zone change, if I recall correctly, included multiple parcels of property; some that was zoned residential and some that was zoned commercial. A large portion of the property housed old run down trailers. After the zone change request went through planning commission and was passed on for final review and decision I attended the public hearing at City Council. I attended and spoke as a resident, not as Planning Commission chair, and I made that clear in my comments.

My argument against changing the zone of the property at that time, and my objection to the recent zone change on 500 West, is that the just because a land owner requests a zone change, the City is not required to grant that request. A zone change, whoever initiates it, is a very big deal that should meet larger community needs, not just individual land owner desires and profits. A zone change alters the rules that were put into place years and years ago when the zones were designated.

ZONING 101 (a very very abbreviated history of zoning)

Municipalities began to segregate land uses around the turn of the century in response to general decline in urban conditions as these cities and as factories and manufacturing grew creating health hazards for people living nearby. According to some histories of zoning, around 1300 municipalities had adopted zoning regulations by 1936. The first Supreme Court case to uphold zoning laws as constitutional was focused on a suburb of Cleveland called Euclid in 1926. The basic idea behind Euclidian land use zoning was to separate uses perceived to be incompatible to protect the health, safety and welfare of residents. The most obvious way that zoning does this is by keeping industrial and manufacturing activities separated from uses like housing or schools. I am not sure when Moab and Grand County first adopted zoning regulations, but it was quite some time ago. So long ago that most of us take zoning, and the protections it gives us, for granted.

All private property is subject to these regulations, which allow some uses and disallow others. In Moab, residential land generally cannot be used for commercial or industrial purposes, except for home occupations and in some zones in Moab, bed and breakfast establishments. Agricultural uses are also restricted to specific areas. Zones create predictability for land owners and for neighbors.

The system of zoning is imperfect, to be sure, but it is the system that was devised and agreed upon nearly 100 years ago.

There are mechanisms to change or amend zones. At times municipalities need to do that when actual land use patterns no longer fit zoning descriptions, or new uses are proposed by land owners that are not described in existing zone language. This has given rise to performance based zoning and other ways to allow uses to coexist, within certain constraints. Land owners can apply for zone changes if they feel their property is zoned incorrectly, or if the growth around it has changed character of the area significantly and the use that now makes sense is not allowed without a zone change. Cities and counties can initiate zoning changes, or additions to code, if they feel there is something that was missed in the past language that needs to be addressed today.

But any zone change, initiated by a municipality or by a land owner, is a serious matter that needs to go through a rigorous process. It is a legislative change, and therefore needs the approval of the governing council. Zoning regulations and assigned zones are hard to change on purpose, so that land owners, neighbors and the community at large can have some idea of what to expect in a neighborhood or community downtown area. And a zone change request can be denied.

A land owner must be allowed to use the land that he or she owns, per the zoning, but any zone change is subjective and should advance a public interest, not just a land owner interest or profit. Zone changes that up-zone (as a residential to commercial zone change does) instantly add monetary value to the property. A zone change should ALWAYS be done with the city plan in mind, not just what the land owner wants. While a land owner is free to request a zone change, that request is like a teenaged kid asking

mom and dad for an exception to a curfew or other house rule. The City is free to deny that request – no matter how many times the owner returns and asks again.

It might sound unfair or somehow un-American that a city can stand in the way of a land owner making as much money as possible from their property. But when you buy a parcel of land you also buy the zone (and an understanding of adjacent land zoning) and the restrictions and permissions that come with that zone. And your neighbors did the same. Zoning documents are public documents and are there to make sure that growth and development over time meets the needs of the community as well as the needs of individual land owners.

Denying a zone change request is not taking away property rights. Property rights are still there, the land owner can still do things on and with that land according to its zone designation.

BACK TO MOAB

About 10 years ago I bought the land on which my retail nursery sits. It was the only parcel in town I could afford, and it was a mess. Only ¼ of the building had a foundation, and the part that did have a foundation was actually a small basement that had concrete walls in some places nearly 3' thick. It used to be a bar, and a battery recycling location, and a movie rental business. Because the lot is located on the old highway, the front half was zoned commercial and the back half residential, something called split zoned. This is fairly common in parts of Moab and other small towns that grew before zoning regulations were drafted and where zones were later assigned, often based on arbitrary distances from streets. In order to grow plants as a business I had to approach the county planning commission and subsequently county council for a zone change. I could not pick just any zone, it had to be something that worked with what was around the area now, and also with the potential future plans for that corridor. The onus was on me to explain how the zone change benefited more than just me, the property owner, and how the zone change was in keeping with the surrounding area.

I am angry at our City Council – who voted nearly unanimously – for this, and the recent other zone change from residential to commercial! Only one member, Kyle Bailey, was able to see the loss of residential housing opportunities as important enough to stand up and just say no

While Moab City has not recently updated its General Plan, it has an Affordable Housing Plan and it is well known that a critical need here is housing. We also need a new, larger sewer plant. And I don't know about our water delivery system, but I suspect it needs upgrades as well. All of these things should have been taken into account when up zoning to allow construction of what may well increase pressures on already over extended infrastructure, and loss of residential development potential.

Leaving this property residential would have preserved some substantial space for development for residents rather than for visitors. But this and other residentially designated areas were given away. By converting some of our last large parcels in the City limits to commercial designation the city guarantees they will become nightly rental businesses or other visitor amenities and not homes.

ELECTIONS ARE COMING

So I am back to where I started, talking about housing – and the only thing I can think to do is to participate in some way, despite the sense of futility. For me, right now, that is writing opinions in a public forum. In future, I will stay more informed about what is going on at the City and County and attending Planning Commission meetings and Council meetings to speak up when I see development pressures pushing community needs to the side.

When I was on the Planning Commission it was always a bit depressing to see an empty room at our meetings, even most public hearings. It made our work feel irrelevant and pointless at times, though it is far from that. It is easy when no one comes to the meetings to be a little lazy about reading up on the issues before voting, and voting is with less of a civic consciousness. Watching Planning Commission and City Council meetings may at times be dull, but at times it is riveting. And more importantly, attending them helps the members of these governing bodies remain aware there is a public out there who cares about the town, and about the decisions that are made. Believe me, it is much more fun to stay at home on a Tuesday or Thursday night and read, watch a video, spend time with family or friends or go for a walk. It is important to also take a little time to attend these meetings to stay informed about issues beyond just those in your own neighborhood. And sometimes you run into someone at meetings you haven't seen in ages, and get a chance to catch up afterwards!

I am very glad to see a large field of candidates for City Council this coming election. I know a couple of these people well enough to have some opinions. I know of the rest of the candidates, but not well enough to feel informed yet. Some are long time locals with deep family ties to this region, and others are transplants who have been here long enough to know what they are getting into. I ask all of those running to please think about Moab housing as a critical issue; find out how much vacant land is left in the City and think what can reasonably be done to improve housing possibilities in this town. Planning and zoning may seem like a side issue that is the job of the Planning Commission, but really, at the local level it is all about planning and zoning. And right now for Moab it should be ALL about housing. If this community cannot house the people it needs to work in whatever industry is here (or moves in), be it tourist, mineral extraction or something in between, this boom will bust faster and uglier than I think any of us can even imagine.

As for the rest of us, who are busy living our lives and trying to make it in Moab, take the time to get to know the candidates. They all live in town, some might be a neighbor. Ask them about their suggestions to improve Moab's housing crisis situation. I know that I for one don't want to see one more residential lot changed to commercial designation until we have filled our housing gap. I would rather see a 3 story apartment (with residences on all floors) across the street from my house than yet another 3 story hotel.

KARA DOHRENWEND is a regular Zephyr contributor. She lives in Moab.

AN EXCERPT FROM:

LAST OF THE ROBBERS ROOST OUTLAWS

Moab's BILL TIBBETTS...PART 2

Tom McCourt

The Widow's Son

After the murder of her husband, Amy Tibbetts and her two small sons were alone on the ranch near old La Sal. Amy had family in Moab, but Moab was forty miles away over dirt roads and wooden wagon wheels. Some of her friends and family suggested that she move to town, but Amy wouldn't do that. The little cabin in the wilderness was her home and she refused to leave it. She and Bill had dreamed of building a fine ranch there, with a beautiful home, and she wouldn't let the dream die. Somehow, she would build that ranch with her sons and it would be a tribute to the life of the man she had loved so dearly.

Few people carried life insurance in those days, but Amy still had the land and the cattle to secure her future. She knew that if she left the ranch, her cattle would be scattered and the processes of nature would soon destroy her hard-won gains. Ditches required cleaning and fences needed mended. Also, if she moved to town, it was possible that some devious person might file a counter-claim on her land, insisting that she had abandoned the homestead. She had heard of such things happening to others. Amy was sure she could beat such a claim in court, but it might be a long and costly process and she wasn't up to the fight. Better to stay and hold on to what she had.

But it was serious business to be a widow on the frontier, especially a widow with small children to care for. The demands of the cattle business required the full-time efforts of a good man. A woman with children just couldn't do it alone.

Amy was making plans to enlist her brothers as partners when another cruel twist of fate intervened. She found that she was in debt. Her late husband had been charging goods at the general store in old La Sal, promising to settle up when his steers were marketed in the fall. It was a common practice. The store was owned by the Cross-H Cattle Company where Bill had worked as a seasonal employee.

And then, like a thunderbolt of bad luck, a cowboy she didn't know came to her door with a note stating that her recently deceased husband owed him two hundred dollars. Two hundred dollars was a lot of money, most of a year's wages for common folks. The man said that if she didn't have the money he would be happy to take the land or the cattle to settle the debt. If not, he would see her in court.

Amy was convinced that the note was a forgery. Bill had never told her he was indebted to anyone. He was a man who prided himself on being self-reliant and she just couldn't imagine him borrowing that much money from a cowboy and not a bank. Yet, in spite of her doubts, everyone agreed that the signature on the note looked like her late husband's handwriting.

For months, Amy resisted desperately, but finally, disheartened, still mourning the loss of her husband, and with her spirit broken, she reluctantly signed the property over to the cowboy. She just didn't have the heart to fight the man in court. Amy loved her ranch, but the more practical choice was to give up the land and keep the cows. The cows could provide an income for her and her sons and maybe the start for a new ranch. There was still land available for homesteading in the San Juan area, but it took years to build up a good herd of cattle. Amy cried when she signed her property away, but she knew she was making the right choice. She had to take care of her little boys.

Her suspicions about being cheated were reinforced when the new owner of her property quickly sold it to the Cross-H Ranch. The Cross-H had offered to buy the land from her late husband several times, but he had always refused. The Tibbetts Ranch was in a prime location with a good spring of water and a natural meadow that was perfect for livestock. Amy believed until her dying day that she had been swindled.

The young widow moved with her children to Moab, but had to sell off a good portion of her remaining assets to pay her debts and get settled in town. The following items appeared in the Moab newspaper in 1904.

Shortly after moving to Moab, Amy became reacquainted with an old friend from her school days. Wilford Wesley Allred, known as "Winnie" to his friends, was two years



Wilford Wesley Allred

a town person who made his living as a musician. His family ran a few cows on the rangeland near Moab, but Winny was more at home wearing a silk necktie than a cowboy's bandana.

After Winny and Amy were married, the young man worked hard to provide for his family and make his new wife happy. He was devoted to her and always wanted her to have the best of everything.

For a while, the new couple lived in Moab, but Amy grew restless living in town. Her heart was on the desert. She had been happy in her wilderness cabin at old La Sal and she longed for the red rocks and open spaces. She was a woman of strong will, and in spite of her new husband's objections, Amy took her remaining cows and filed for a homestead in Brown's Hole, on the west side of the La Sal Mountains, about twenty miles southeast of Moab. It was a good place to start a new ranch and a second chance to live her dream. With charm and firm resolve, she was able to win her new husband over and he helped her build a log cabin there. They planted a big garden and fruit trees. The family lived there for several years and ran their cattle in the foothills of the mountain.

The cabin at Brown's Hole was very small in the early years, and with new babies arriving, there wasn't enough room for everyone to have a bed. The older boys, the stepsons, Bill Jr. and his little brother Joe, had to sleep in a corncrib outside of the cabin at night. Big gaps in the walls of the shed-like structure allowed air to circulate and dry the corn.

Miles of wilderness surrounded the homestead, and the boys were terrified at night by the howls of coyotes and the shrieks of mountain lions not far from where they lay huddled. The big cats sounded like a woman screaming in the night. Navajos have called it the Moki scream, and they say it is made by the spirits of dead people who once lived in the cliff dwellings of the canyon country. To adults who have heard the sound, the experience is unnerving. To little boys, all alone in the dark, peering out at the night through the gaps of a flimsy corn shed, the experience was a holy terror.

To please his new wife, Winny Allred went through the motions of being a cowboy and a farmer, but he wasn't happy. His heart was still in town. He and Amy were not a good match when it came to setting up housekeeping in the wilderness. In spite of the homestead, the cows, and the demands of taming the frontier, Winny still tried to make his living as a musician. The job required that he spend a lot of time in town. He worked hard to be a good provider, but he was torn between the obligations to his family and the demands of his chosen profession. It was a conflict that would trouble his marriage, his family, and his life, for many years.

There were other problems in the family, too. For six-year-old Bill Tibbetts Jr., the marriage of his mother to a strange man was a distressing experience. The little boy wouldn't accept it. He had fond memories of his father and he refused to acknowledge his mother's new husband as anything but an interloper who threatened the sovereignty of what was left of his family.

As time progressed, the conflict between little Bill and his stepfather steadily grew worse. Bill was an active, impatient, and strong-willed little boy and he simply refused to accept this new guy as dad. Winny Allred was a strict disciplinarian and he was constantly at odds with the boy. Bill was spanked a lot. The beatings only deepened the boy's hatred and resolve. Bill openly vowed that one day, when he was older, he would beat the hell out of his stepfather.

The rivalry between the two became so intense that Amy finally sent little Bill to live with her parents in Moab. It was the only way to keep peace in the family.

And so, at the age of seven, Bill lost his mother to another man. He didn't have a place in his mother's new family. On top of witnessing the violent death of his father when he was only four, this new reality hit him like a hammer.

APRIL 15, 1904

The Grand Valley Times

Sheriff Woods and deputy, of San Juan county passed through Moab, Tuesday of their way to Salt Lake City. Their mission is to get Charles Bothe, "Dutch Charlie" and bring him back to Monticello to be re-sentenced for the Tibbetts murder.

APRIL 22, 1904

The Grand Valley Times

The District Court had less than an hour's work in San Juan County, this term. Charles Bothe, the murderer of Wm. Tibbetts, who the Supreme Court remanded to the District Court for re-sentencing, was brought down from Salt Lake City, across the country in a wagon for 100 miles to be simply told that on June 10th, 1904 the sheriff would execute him, at the penitentiary at Salt Lake City.

JUNE 10, 1904

The Grand Valley Times

Sheriff Woods, of San Juan County, reached Moab the first part of the week, he was on his way to Salt Lake City to carry out the sentence imposed on Charles Bothe. While here he received the intelligence that Bothe's sentence had been commuted to life in prison.

younger than Amy, but he had been one of her suitors before she married the cowboy, Bill Tibbetts. Winny was still single and he stopped by often to visit and help with chores around her place. It wasn't long before he and Amy were married.

Winny Allred was a good man, but much different from Amy's first husband. He was

Bill remained committed to his mother, even though he didn't get to see her very often after moving to Moab. The separation only increased his hatred for the man who had come between them. The little boy pouted and sulked.

At Moab, Bill's grandparents, Joseph and Hanna Moore, became major influences in his young life. They owned a farm along the edge of town where they grew their own food and hand-made most of the items needed to sustain their lives. They were proud and independent people, and very religious. Joseph Moore had been a Mormon bishop in the town of Bennington, Idaho, in the 1870s.

Bill's grandparents took him to church every Sunday and taught him all about right and wrong, the importance of being honest, and the value of keeping his word. They took him to Sunday School and read to him from the Bible and The Book of Mormon in the evenings. Shortly after his eighth birthday, they made sure that he was properly baptized, by immersion, in the cold and muddy water of the Colorado River.

Young Bill got along much better with his grandfather than he did with his stepfather, and a couple of his uncles took the little boy under their wings and became adult role models, as well. Little Bill and his Uncle Ephraim Moore developed a special bond. It was Ephraim who had acted as midwife when Bill was born and the two became like brothers. It didn't matter that Ephraim was eighteen years older.

But it was an older uncle, Will Moore, who became Bill's father figure. Will was an old-time cowboy, strong, proud, and as tough as saddle leather. He reminded the little boy of his dad. Bill grew up idolizing his cowboy Uncle Will.

Miles of wilderness surrounded the homestead, and the boys were terrified at night by the howls of coyotes and the shrieks of mountain lions not far from where they lay huddled. The big cats sounded like a woman screaming in the night. Navajos have called it the Moki scream, and they say it is made by the spirits of dead people who once lived in the cliff dwellings of the canyon country.

One of the advantages of living in town was going to school. Bill liked school and he became a good student, learning to read and write very well. He was interested in history, science, and literature. He read all of the books available to him at school and the home of his grandparents. Many of his grandparent's books were religious texts, so the boy was no stranger to the stories of the Bible.

To get to school, Bill had to walk past the Jackson place. The Jackson boys were older and bigger than Bill, and the two of them would lie in wait for the skinny new kid and beat him up, almost every day. The older boys thought it was great sport and they carried it to extremes. Little Bill was terrorized by the bullying. He became afraid to go to school and afraid to go out to play. Finally, when the situation became obvious to the adults, Uncle Will took him aside for some intensive training in the manly arts of self-defense.

"It's not the size of the man in the fight that counts," the tough cowboy said. "It's the size of the fight in the man. Those guys are bigger than you, but you can beat them if you set your mind to it. You can't worry about being hurt. They're going to hurt you anyway. You might as well attack and give some back. If you hurt them, they'll learn to leave you alone. Here's what to do the next time they start that stuff..."

It worked like a charm. Within just a few days, Bill had conquered the Jackson boys. He then beat up the big kid down the lane and a bully on the playground. His newfound assertiveness won him a lot of friends and a lot of attention at school. His self-confidence soared and he learned to swagger just a little. By the time he was ten, he had a reputation for being the toughest kid in school. Bill might have even gone a little too far when he discovered how easy it was to intimidate people. Over the next few years he tried every new kid in school, just so everyone would know who was boss.

In the early 1900s, when Bill worked for the cattle company, much of the land in southeast Utah was still untamed, unnamed, unmapped, and unexplored. Even the old-timers often had no clue about what was at the head of the canyon or around the next bend of the river. To a bold and adventurous boy like Bill Tibbetts, the place was magic.

Bill's defiance of his stepfather, his constant fighting at school, and his need to be the top dog among his peers, might suggest that he had some deep emotional wounds to heal. The little boy had witnessed the murder of his father, the loss of his home, his mother's new marriage to a man he despised, and the pain of being sent away from the family to live in a strange town with relatives. He surely felt wronged, rejected, angry, and afraid. There were no grief counselors or therapists in places like Moab in those

days and life was hard. Little boys were taught that men never cry, no matter what.

But all of that pent-up emotion, frustration, and anger had to go somewhere. If he couldn't cry, he had to strike out, somehow. Young Bill Tibbetts became the toughest, and maybe the meanest, kid in Moab.

A Child of the Wilderness

Childhood didn't last long on the Utah frontier. Kids as young as five and six had chores to do around the house and barn, and most began working in the fields before they were ten. Agriculture was a very labor-intensive occupation in the days of horse-drawn farm machinery and the whole family was involved in making a living.

While living with his grandparents on their farm in Moab, Bill learned all about hard work and responsibility at an early age. He milked the cows, cleaned the chicken coop, and chopped his share of the firewood. He learned the farming business by digging in the dirt, and his uncles taught him the skills of a cowboy. By his teenage years, he was an accomplished horseman who could throw a rope with the best of them.

While still a boy of tender age, Bill began working for the Murphy Cattle Company, a large ranching enterprise headquartered in Moab. With the Murphy outfit he spent his summers in the land between the Green and Colorado rivers, the Big Flat, Upheaval Dome, and Island in the Sky country north and west of Moab. Part of that cattle range is now the northern end of Canyonlands National Park. The land was raw, wild, and undeveloped when Bill first saw it, and he fell in love with the place.

It was not unusual in those days for boys as young as ten or twelve to work for the big cow outfits. Boys that young might have been too small to rope steers and wrestle calves for the branding iron, but they could ride a horse and help move livestock to greener pastures. Kids also worked as camp tenders, gathering firewood, fetching water, wrangling horses, and helping the chuckwagon cook. They helped to set up and take down the camp, peel potatoes, wash dishes, harness the team, and tend a few doggie calves. Sometimes there was even a cow to milk.

Part of Bill's job with the Murphy cattle outfit was digging out waterholes and making small earthen dams to catch runoff water for the cows. To do this, he ran a Fresno, a large, metal-bladed wooden scoop that was pulled behind a horse or a team of horses. Fresnos were the principal tools of road and railroad construction in those days. Operating one would have been a big job for a kid. The machine was called a Fresno because they were manufactured in Fresno, California, and the word "Fresno" was painted on the sideboards.

In the early 1900s, when Bill worked for the cattle company, much of the land in southeast Utah was still untamed, unnamed, unmapped, and unexplored. Even the old-timers often had no clue about what was at the head of the canyon or around the next bend of the river. To a bold and adventurous boy like Bill Tibbetts, the place was magic. Buffalo Bill and his Wild West Show offered nothing young Bill couldn't find in his own backyard. In the canyons around Moab, real old-time cowboys still bucked-out wild horses and chased long-horned cattle with bullwhips and ropes. Renegade bands of non-reservation Utes and Paiutes still skulked in the mountain shadows, while up any side canyon might be a major cliff dwelling, a lost city of stone ten thousand years old.

Somewhere in the canyons there was sure to be a vein of pure silver or gold, eight or ten feet thick, or a lost Spanish mine, or Montezuma's hidden treasure. There were caves to explore, ancient Indian picture writings to decipher, and deer and mountain sheep waiting to be hunted for camp meat. There were arrowheads scattered around the waterholes and colorful nodules of agate and quartzite littering the hillsides. Whole petrified trees were lying just as they fell when the Biblical flood of Noah knocked them to the ground. There were catfish in the river, herds of antelope on the grasslands, rattlesnakes

next page...

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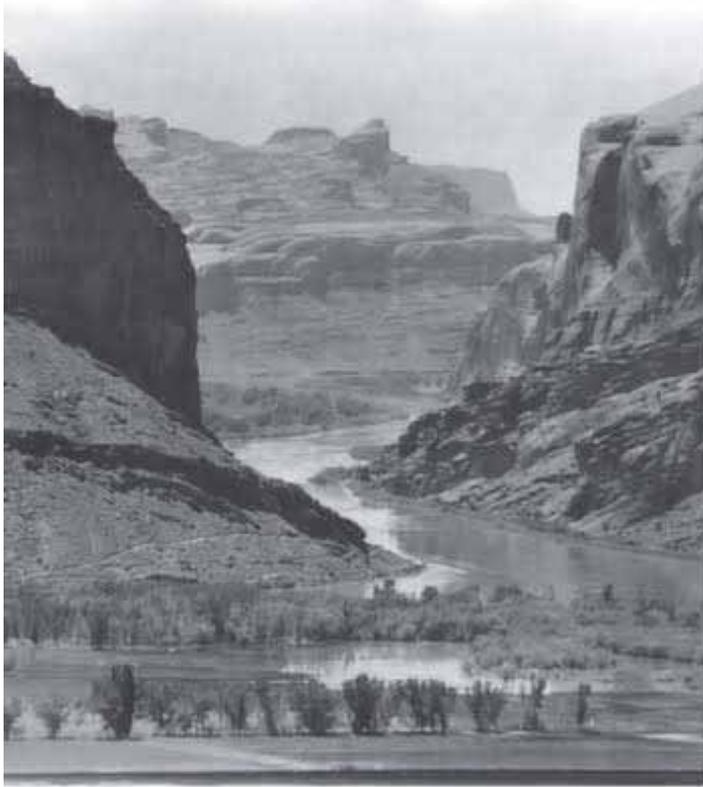
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BILL TIBBETTS (continued)

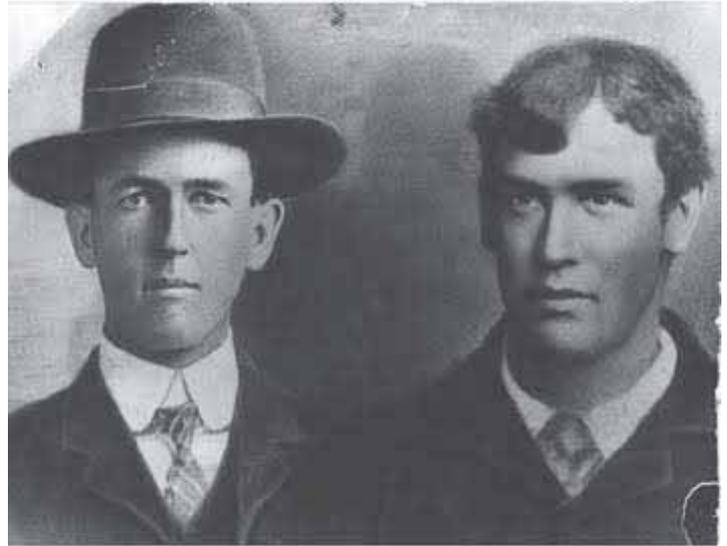
in the rocks, and eagles nesting on the mesa tops. The world was new and the whole country waited impatiently to be explored.



ridge of the Book Cliffs to the north. At night, while camping out for weeks on end, he memorized the night sky, watching the constellations circle the North Star as the moon pirouetted through her phases.

As a boy, Bill learned to survive in the desert. His uncles taught him to follow game trails to find hidden sources of water deep in the canyons, and he learned to dig in the damp sand against the ledges to tease a drink of water from a tiny seep of a spring. He learned which desert plants were edible and which ones would kill a horse. He learned to dig sego bulbs and Indian potatoes, how to gather pinyon nuts and eat a prickly pear cactus. He learned how to catch a rabbit by using a forked stick or a length of barbed wire to pull it from its den. He learned to trap, hunt, and prepare wild game for the cooking pot. He learned how to camp and sleep comfortably at night without a bedroll or blankets. He discovered that he could go all day without a drink of water, and two or three days without food, if he had to. Growing up on the desert made him tough and self-reliant.

By his mid-teenage years, Bill was a survivalist. He could live on the desert like an ancient Paiute, relying solely on wit, instinct, and woodcraft. His survival skills and intimate knowledge of the canyon country would serve him well in the years to come.



FROM LEFT: Ephraim and Will Moore

Young Bill did his best to see it all. On horseback and on foot he traversed the canyons and the mesas, exploring ruins, climbing to the top of rocky overlooks, peeking into dark caves and fissures in the rocks, following watercourses and game trails over the canyon rims. He traveled the cowboy and outlaw trails, discovering where they began and where they ended. He learned to navigate the canyon country and keep track of where he was by keeping a bearing on the sun and prominent landmarks on the horizon. His guideposts were the snowy tips of the La Sal Mountains to the east, the Blue Mountains to the south, the hazy peaks of the Henry Mountains far to the southwest, and the long

NEXT ISSUE 'Indian Wars, Horse Thieves & Outlaws

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THE ZEPHYR BACKBONE---February/March 2015



Garrett Wilson
Sandy, UT



Doug & Mary Travers
San Antonio, TX



Terry Weiner
The California Desert



Scott Grunder
Ludington, MI



Jannik Schou
Whitehorse Yukon

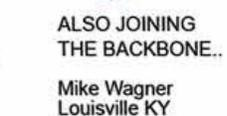


Scott Thompson
Beckley WV



MATT & DEEPA ROBERTS
Austin TX

ALSO JOINING THE BACKBONE..



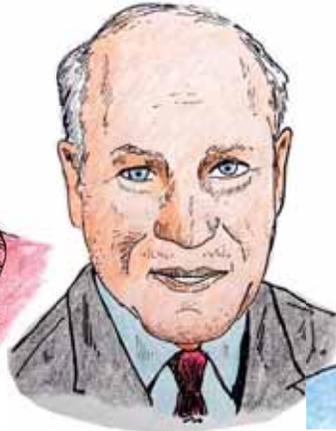
Mike Wagner
Louisville KY

THE ZEPHYR BACKBONE...October/November 2015

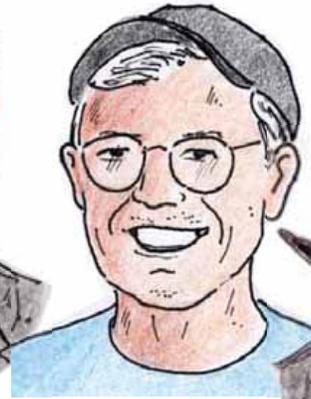
Richard Ingebretsen
Salt Lake City, UT



John Brasch
Louisville, KY



Stephen Peake
Louisville, KY



Steven Jones
Chicago, IL



Tom Wylie
Littleton, CO



Terry Weiner
San Diego, CA



Paul Cleary
Tulsa OK

Katie Lee
Jerome AZ



DOUG MEYER
FLAGSTAFF,

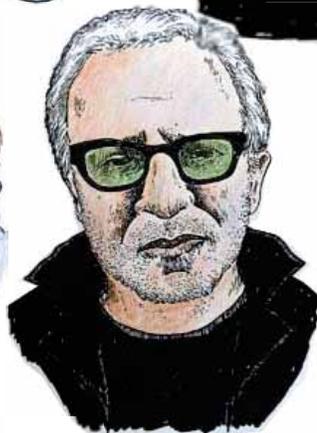


Nancy Newman
Minneapolis MN

Scott Thompson
Beckley WV



Paul Vlachos
New York, NY



Ron Mastrogiuseppi
Crater Lake OR



THANKS ALSO TO...

Vernon Hill
Wofford Heights, CA

William Breed
Pawcatuck CT

Allan Brockway
St. Petersburg, FL

Wes Shook
Bluff UT

Lewis Downey
Salt Lake City, UT

John Gould
Moab UT

Andy Holak
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John O'Hara
Berlin NJ

Allen Brenneman
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ALSO JOINING THE BACKBONE BUT UN-TOONED...so far

Rick Kardash
Soulsville, CA

Carter Mills/martha Hamm
Leeds, UT



Gary Meeks
Price UT



Jan Muehlhauser
Decatur, GA

THE ZEPHYR BACKBONE--Pt 2

October/November 2015

THANKS!!! WE need your support



A Navajo man who worked for Fred Harvey Co. in the early 1950s.

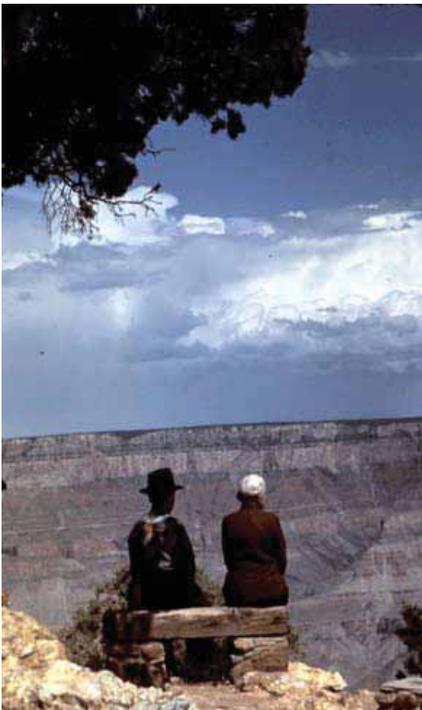


THE GRAND CANYON SOUTH RIM IN THE 1950S

Visitation at THE GRAND CANYON approached 5 million in 2014 and the numbers are expected to go even higher this year. But in the 1950s, in the years just after World War II, the pace was a lot slower. Here are some images from HERB RINGER, from the early 1950s that reflect a very different time and a different park experience



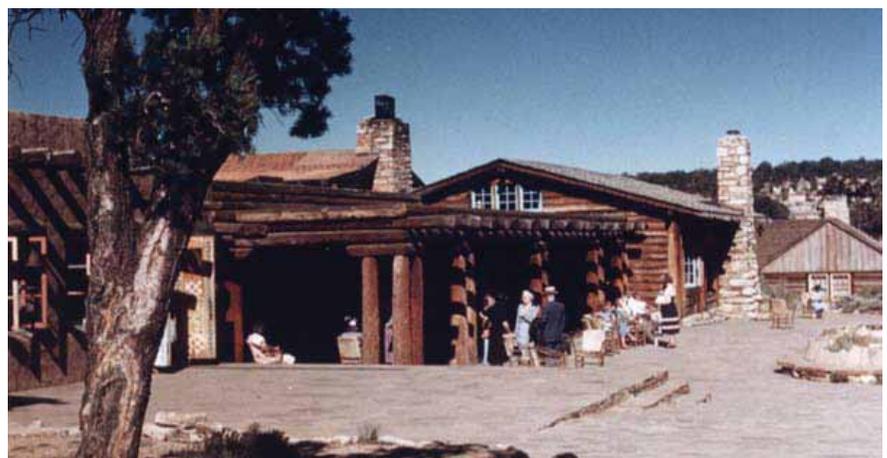
Head wrangler SHERM EBERLE was leading tourists down the Bright Angel Trail to Phantom Ranch, even in the 1940s. Over the years, he and Herb became good friends.



Herb's parents, Joseph & Sadie Ringer. 1950



THE KOLB STUDIO, on the rim of the canyon, was owned and operated by Emery & Ellsworth Kolb, until Emery's death in the mid-70s.



A busy summer day at the Bright Angel Lodge. 1950

THE ZEPHYR BACKBONE---April/May 2015

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LIFETIME BACKBONE MEMBER



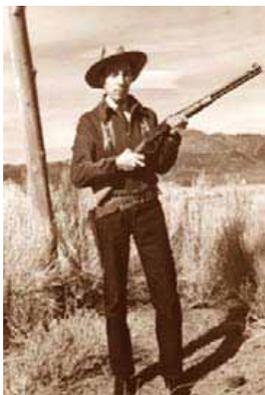

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HERB RINGER came West from his home in New Jersey in 1939. Camera in hand, Herb captured the American West, from the Canadian Border to the Rio Grande and from the Big Sur coast to the High Plains.

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

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

THE LATIGO WIND PROJECT...

For Better or Worse, the Future has Arrived in Monticello, Utah

Jim Stiles

If you live in Southeast Utah and love the scenery, and if you have an appreciation for history, you need to do something now for yourself and your family:

Take a couple hours off, and drive a few miles east of town. Watch the sunrise, when those first rays come over Lone Cone and the San Juans to the east in Colorado and bathe the Abajo Mountains, just west of Monticello, in a soft golden light. It's about perfect.

And then come back at sunset, as the light vanishes behind the Blue Mountains (the local name for the Abajos) and their color truly matches the name. It doesn't get any better than this.

Take your camera with you. You'll want to save this moment. But whether you choose to record these moments on video or if the sheer memory of it suffices, note that you are looking at history in the making. What you see before you will never be quite the same again, or at least not for the next half century or so. For most of us, that's called 'forever.'

Right now, work continues at a furious rate to construct and activate 27 massive wind turbines, called the Latigo Wind Project, along a ridge just north of Monticello. (For those trying to identify the location, find a map and look for County Road 196, just north of the Monticello city limit. Follow the road until it hits the US Forest Service boundary. Along that road, for several miles is the Latigo Wind Project)



THE NUMBERS...

Here are some basic facts, gathered in great part by the San Juan Record: each gleaming white tower is 250 feet tall, each blade 350 feet in diameter. When aligned vertically, the tower and blade configuration will rise almost 450 feet above its base. On top of about half the towers, the FAA requires a red flashing warning light. They will flash non-stop all night.

Sustainable Power Group (sPower), a company based in Salt Lake City, acquired the Latigo Wind Project from Wasatch Power earlier this summer. In order to receive significant federal subsidies, the company is racing the clock to substantially complete it before a December deadline. According to Forbes Magazine, "Wind energy companies have heavily relied upon a government construct known as the "Production Tax Credit" to support their bottom lines. The PTC is a federal program that provides billions of dollars annually to subsidize renewable energy facilities such as wind farms." But on December 31, the subsidies end.



Right now, work continues at a furious rate to construct and activate 27 massive wind turbines, called the Latigo Wind Project, along a ridge just north of Monticello.

(LEFT) One of the tower foundations nears completion. The city of Monticello can be seen in the distance.

sPower claims it will pay \$10-15 million in property tax revenues to San Juan County during the 20 year life of the project, and its 27 turbines will generate about 62 megawatts of power, enough electricity to run about 10,000 homes.

A survey conducted recently by Utah State University suggests that most area residents support the project. Among them is former Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance (SUWA) board member Janet Ross, the executive director of the Four Corners School and the soon-to-be-completed multi-million dollar Discovery Center, located just a relative stone's throw from Latigo. Ross told the Salt Lake Tribune, "I'm fine with the concept of wind energy. sPower is going to be a very good partner...The school wants to provide education for alternative energy. We are kind of the visitor

center for the project."

Sustainable Power Group showed its appreciation for their support by donating \$250,000 to the Discovery Center/Four Corners School and its interpretive and educational programs. They've also offered about \$4,000, a relative pittance, to other residents close to the project, to "mitigate light, sound, and flicker issues," and other adverse effects of the turbines.

SOME OTHER REALITIES

The idea of a wind farm near Monticello had been bandied about for a decade and recent efforts to move forward had failed. Economic factors and the reality that a wind turbine in the thin air of 7000 plus feet reduces its efficiency had kept the project in planning mode for years. Many residents thought it would never happen. I was one of them

I had been away from Monticello for part of the summer, but in early September I drove through the night to get back and was just east of town as the sun came up. The early light revealed something I'd never noticed before---a very distinct gash in the ridge that County Road 196 follows as it climbs its spine toward the mountains. A few days later, I took a closer look. I was not prepared for what I found.

CR 196 was, until just a few weeks ago, another quiet country lane. Almost overnight, crews have widened the old road beyond recognition. The county road and all the newly built spur roads must be wide enough to accommodate the gigantic wind turbine towers and blades when they are brought to the site in a couple months. It is difficult to even comprehend the staggering size of these structures until you see them on the trucks being hauled to their destinations. On the Great Plains, wind farms are everywhere and the sight of the towers and blades being hauled cross-country on massive trucks has become too familiar a sight. They'll soon be a permanent part of the Monticello landscape as well, and literally impossible to avoid seeing.

In the almost four decades I've lived in southeast Utah, I would be hard-pressed to think of another project that will alter the once familiar physical landscape in such an extreme way. Re-aligning and paving Utah Highway 95, back in the 1970s, from Blanding to Hanksville might be one example. Or the copper mine in Lisbon Valley. And before my arrival, the construction of Glen Canyon Dam and the filling of Glen Canyon with 27 million acre feet of water might be the most extreme alteration of them all.

In the almost four decades I've lived in southeast Utah, I would be hard-pressed to think of another project that will alter the once familiar physical landscape in such an extreme way.

This project, which has received very little publicity or media attention, is still remarkable in its scope; yet the most dramatic of the changes are yet to come. Today, the roads and pads are being built and the giant concrete foundations are being poured. (See accompanying photos) Soon the towers and blades will arrive. When completed, this wind farm may be the most visually intrusive wind turbine cluster in the United States. Here's why.

The vast majority of wind farms can be found in relatively flat locations--like Kansas, for example. All of the turbines to be built at Latigo will be constructed along the CR 196 ridge, as it climbs the flank of the Blue Mountains. Comparing the project map to a topographic version, some of the tower foundations will stand on land that already rises as much as 800 feet higher than Monticello's 7077 feet elevation. That means that the tips of the turbines will rise more than 1200 feet above the town.

They'll be visible from La Sal, Utah and along much of US 191 from Moab to Monticello. They'll be sighted from Wetherill Mesa and Mesa Verde National Park, and from the Uncompahgre Plateau in Colorado. And from Lone Cone and the San Juans and the LaPlattas. They'll be visible from most

of the small communities between Monticello and Cortez, including Dove Creek, Cajone and Pleasant View. They may even be visible along parts of Interstate 70, eighty miles to the north, especially at night.

The effects of the red flashing FAA lights atop the towers cannot be understated. For those who appreciate an uncluttered nightscape, these lights are infuriating. And yet, they're necessary, especially when one considers how close Latigo's turbines will be to the Monticello airport. Currently, Latigo states it will only put lights on about half its towers, but in such close proximity to air traffic, even that concession could be withdrawn later.

It's ironic that some constituencies in San Juan County, like the Four Corners School, who have encouraged the community to embrace "Dark Skies" in the Monticello area and have urged reduced light pollution from businesses, could subsequently embrace a wind turbine farm, flashing red beacons included, in their own backyard.

WHO IS sPOWER?

Sustainable Power Group was founded more than three years ago by Steve Creamer. Creamer is the former CEO of Energy Solutions, a Salt Lake based company that dealt "in nuclear services, including high consequence nuclear operations, such as high level waste management, spent fuel handling and transportation; complex D&D projects of nuclear reactors and highly radioactive nuclear facilities; high-end technical challenges such as fuel sludge treatment and high level waste treatment; and major decommissioning of both government and commercial nuclear facilities."

For decades, Creamer has been a familiar face in Utah. Creamer's old engineering firm, Creamer & Noble, engineered the Quail Creek earthen dam near St. George, Utah, which burst in January 1989. The disaster caused \$11 million in damages.



At the same time, Creamer became a household name in Moab. Creamer & Noble was involved with a proposed 83-mile highway through the Book Cliffs—the Infamous Book Cliffs Highway--- from the town of Ouray in Uintah County to Interstate 70 near Cisco in Grand County.

According to The Salt Lake Tribune, "Creamer & Noble was instrumental in getting the Legislature to give counties mineral royalties collected by the federal government, which Grand County planned to draw on when they paid the firm for its road engineering. The Grand County Council eventually killed the highway proposal, but not before the fight helped destroy the very structure of the county's

government."

In the years to come, Steve Creamer and EnergySolutions changed tactics to improve its respectability with the 'green left,' via some well-placed contributions. According to a 2007 article in The Salt Lake Tribune, "the company worked on its image, dropping \$700,000 on non-profit organizations ranging from the Girl Scouts to the Nature Conservancy." And "the EnergySolutions Foundation spent \$80,000 marketing its good works. On the foundation's tax returns, the company continues to promise to hand out scholarships for worthy students."

Now Creamer has embraced "renewable energy" and the lucrative federal subsidies that come with it. Once again, he has aligned his financial pursuits with the environmental mainstream that supports the development of renewable energy. But would it be fair for any of us to question whether this project is about 'climate change' and 'saving the planet?' ...Or about money?

THE HARDEST REALITY OF ALL

While it would be difficult for me to identify the last time a mainstream environmental organization vigorously opposed a "renewable energy" project of this scale, the fact that this project has suddenly moved ahead with virtually no voice of opposition from 'progressive/greens,' despite obvious environmental and aesthetic impacts, is actually quite easy to understand.

ALL of the land being utilized for this project is privately owned. There's absolutely nothing an environmental group could do, even if they wanted to. In fact, what's happening here, yet again, is an unexpected Old West/New West alliance that is becoming less of a surprise each time it happens.

The multiple landowners involved in this project leased the wind rights on their lands to sPower and will reap significant financial benefits over the 20 year life of the lease. They remain the landowners, though their properties have been dramatically altered by the project.

A review of the landowners' names dispels any notion that the lease holders are 'New Monticello-ans,' with an inherent bias in favor of wind power, or of changing the conservative flavor of the community. In fact, almost all of the property owners working with sPower are oldtime Utahns, many with a family history in San Juan County that dates back more than a century. The 21st Century is making for some strange bedfellows in the once Rural West.



They'll be visible from La Sal, Utah and along much of US 191 from Moab to Monticello. They'll be sighted from Wetherill Mesa and Mesa Verde National Park, and from the Uncompahgre Plateau in Colorado. And from Lone Cone and the San Juans and the LaPlattas.

At work here is a self-inflicted conflict of rural values that will, I fear, someday bring Rural West-erners to their knees and eventually perhaps, to their own extinction.

On the one hand, Rural Westerners have always treasured their independence and have resented

and resisted the influence of 'outsiders.' They don't like forced change, they don't like being told what to do by relative 'newcomers,' and they loathe unnecessary rules and regulations. More than anything, they mock the culture and economy of the 'New West.'

But there's a rub. They're also dyed-in-the-wool capitalists and struggle to pass up a financial opportunity. The idea of NOT selling a piece of property because the new owners might use it in a way that goes against their own natural instincts or preferences rarely comes into play. The concept of private ownership and the right to do with land as its legal owner chooses is a bedrock belief that runs to the core of Rural West philosophy. That inexorable right extends to the next landowner as well.

And that's what just happened in Monticello. In the end, their commitment to free enterprise and the unfettered economy---and the right to make as much profit from the land as they want or need--- trumps their small town rural values every time.

It's also important to note that at least some of the landowners may have bought into the leases simply because they needed the extra money to pay the bills. They may indeed have signed the lease while holding their noses, knowing that if it weren't for the necessity of boosting their own incomes, they'd never have signed on in the first place.

And so, while Old Westerners long for the "good old days" of ranching and mining, and often detest the tourists and the New West vision of their towns, they'll rarely hesitate to benefit financially themselves when the opportunity presents itself, whether it's from the New Economy of renewable energy or the kind of tourism/amenities economy that is already driving much of Old Moab to extinction.

But again there's the irony---many Old Moabites are millionaires today because land they bought for next to nothing in the 60s or 70s is now worth a fortune---and sold for top dollar to developers and out of town investors eager to put their capital into New Moab and a future few Old Moabites would otherwise embrace.

And that's what just happened in Monticello. In the end, their commitment to free enterprise and the unfettered economy---and the right to make as much profit from the land as they want or need--- trumps their small town rural values every time.

THE WORLD TO COME...

Proponents of the wind farm believe the Latigo Project will enhance Monticello's image as a contender for the next 'New West' town. They don't see the giant turbines as a visual intrusion or a detriment to the community. Some of them even think the wind farm towers will be a beacon of another fashion, drawing "eco-tourists" from faraway. And supporters like Janet Ross, the Discovery Center chief, surely think it represents a positive addition for the economy.

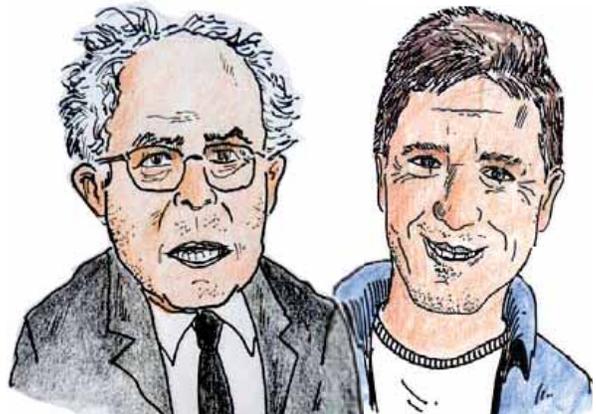
Apparently, many of San Juan County's oldest citizens share her view, or they wouldn't have expressed their support in the USU survey, or more critically, leased their lands to sPower. The project would never have moved forward otherwise.

The Latigo Wind Project is no longer a subject for debate in San Juan County. The turbines are being built, they'll remain there for decades, and there's nothing anyone can do about it. Whether this is some kind of turning point in Monticello, and whether the community that has successfully avoided becoming the "next Moab" for the past 20 years is now ready to join the New West remains to be seen. One thing is for certain, it's much easier to transform an Old West community into a New West town, when its oldest citizens, for better or worse, give a helping hand.



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---Amy Brunvand

Utah Reclamation Project

One practical solution for the utilization of such devastated places would be land and water re-cycling in terms of 'earth art.'

--Robert Smithson

As we pass through one of the largest mines in the world
A word of caution:
Please wear goggles and proper safety equipment.
Watch carefully for abstractions of technology.
Keep away from rapidly moving machinery,
Live explosives, high voltage power cables.
Beware momentary paralysis.
Avoid falling rocks.

In 1906, this was a mountain,
A disposable universe of molten rock;
This codified nullity,
This monument of total annihilation.
This vast pluton of involuntary memory,
Was a Gift from Nature.

Sources of the metals are enticingly obscure:
Tendrils of steam percolated through limestone,
Veinlets of dark-luminescent quartz
Burrowed into micro fractures,
The stink of sulfuric acid
Perfumed this lost gilded age —
There were such abundances of economic elements!
Copper, molybdenum, silver, lead-zinc ore,
Now exhausted gold placers reposed in streambeds,
Glimmering like lost wristwatches.

All of the essential elements
That make modern living possible
Have now been excavated.
Only the massive earthwork remains,
This enormous open pit
That visually dominates the area of this field trip
Dragging one's sightline downwards
Into an inexorable whorl,
Only the gift shop where you can purchase
Souvenir salt & pepper shakers
Made from copper mined right here
Returned to us from overseas
Cast in the symmetrical shape of the Twin Towers,

As you adjust your headphones
Listen for the low-frequency rumbling of a rock avalanche
A deep bass rumble, swelling dustcloud drumroll,
Man-made earthquake elastic waves trembling
Through the pulsing soles of your shoes
Followed by three sharp high frequency gunshots,
(Sounds that only dogs can hear;
We have sped up the recording for your listening pleasure)

We are standing at the bottom of this rich hole
Slowly turning like a giant vinyl record
Rotating on a vintage turntable,
Music of the Spheres
Blasts like ammonium nitrate
While we watch the Earth reclaim the void,
Venomous yellow wasterock exfoliates,
Snakes into a landslide,
In that turbid moment of frozen time
Before all becomes less than nothing.



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).



Mary Donahue (Artist) grew up playing outside in Cedar Rapids, Iowa and moved to Logan, Utah at 18 for college. She is currently a professor of art at Chadron State College in the middle of nowhere NW Nebraska.

<http://www.csc.edu/directory/employees/profile/index.csc?mdonahue>.



THE BACKBONE
JUNE-JULY 2015

Matt Roberts Family
Austin, TX

Mareia K Marshall
Minneapolis, MN



Stephen Smith
Louisville, KY



Annie Payne
Salt Lake City, UT



Alan Joslyn
Highlands Ranch, CO



Jim Case
Flagstaff, AZ



Richard Ingebretsen
Salt Lake City, UT



Paul Cleary
Tulsa, OK



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'CAMP'

Memories of the Japanese Internment 1942-1945

By Alan Mikuni

Introduction

On September 4, 2012, I submitted a comment to the Zephyr on Lloyd Pierson's article on "Moab's Concentration Camp," published in the June/July 2012 issue of The Canyon Country Zephyr. In his article, Pierson discussed a facility at a former Civilian Conservation Corps camp near Dalton Wells, Utah, managed by the War Relocation Authority (WRA) during World War II. I mentioned that my father was imprisoned at another WRA facility located at nearby Topaz, one of ten larger camps hastily constructed to imprison Americans of Japanese ancestry following the commencement of hostilities between the United States and the Empire of Japan after its attack on Pearl Harbor. Recently, Tonya Stiles asked me to write a follow-up article, chronicling the lives of my parents and how camps like the ones located in Moab and Topaz, impacted their lives.

My recollection is similar to hundreds of other articles, essays, and remembrances written and published by families of formerly imprisoned Japanese-American men and women, now in their eighties, nineties, older, or deceased.

The hope is to record individual oral histories about their World War II experiences before..., well, before it becomes too late. Both my parents, John and Amy Mikuni, have passed away, Dad in 2003 and Mom in 2013, but fortunately, we did have a little time to discuss "camp". I am discovering that I have more questions to ask Mom and Dad, and, now, it IS too late. The World War II concentration camp experience was painful for the Japanese-Americans who were forcibly removed from their homes and unlawfully incarcerated for nearly four years, and many remained silent about their experiences for the rest of their lives.

I recall as a pre-teen attending family gatherings after "the War" and hearing Mom, Dad, my "Ba-chan" (grandmother), my "Ji-chan" (grandfather), and my uncles and aunts refer to someone they knew from "camp." I presumed everyone was talking about Boy Scout or Girl Scout camp...

Families were forced to leave their homes, their possessions, and their traditional family lives and shipped to remote places for unknown reasons. To these Japanese-Americans, Japan was an enemy, much like Germany and Italy, the other members of The Axis with whom the United States was at war. To be associated in any way with this enemy of my country was shocking, unbelievable, and hurtful.

This was particularly true of my parents. I recall as a pre-teen attending family gatherings after "the War" and hearing Mom, Dad, my "Ba-chan" (grandmother), my "Ji-chan" (grandfather), and my uncles and aunts refer to someone they knew from "camp." I presumed everyone was talking about Boy Scout or Girl Scout camp, because I only knew about those types of camps from my school classmates. When I asked my parents about "camp", there was silence or a "never mind," so I concluded I was correct.

Specific words or phrases in the Japanese language describe how Japanese people deal with situations like they endured in World War II. The Japanese term, "shikataganai", when translated means "it cannot be helped." Another term, "gaman" is loosely translated as "enduring the unbearable with dignity and silence."

I understand the dangers of broad, sweeping generalizations about any group of people, but these terms characterize very well the demeanor of many Japanese-Americans, especially my parents, and how they felt about and dealt with the events surrounding their incarceration. Then, they found themselves having to move on with their lives in the aftermath. After the war, at mealtimes and during other Mikuni family times with my brothers, the subject was simply not

discussed. It wasn't until I took an Asian studies course during my time at Fresno State (I was 22 at the time), did I really learn about "the Camps," although in an academic environment.

At first, I was, interestingly, angry at my parents for withholding their personal stories about the camps. I came to understand that it was simply too painful for them to discuss. My Asian studies instructor and my classmates expected me, since I was a "Sansei" (third-generation Japanese-American), to provide personal insights, observations, and other contributions to the class discussion. I had

none to offer because I was totally clueless about the topic. I did not personally experience the camps, since I was not born until after World War II ended and the camps had been closed. Thus began the long-delayed dialogue with my parents about their lives in "camp". Incidentally, "shikataganai" and "gaman" were sprinkled throughout our conversations, and I even learned a little about the Japanese language. My parents chose not to teach my brothers and me the Japanese language out of a concern that being fluent in the language would subject Ron, Dennis, and me to a repeat of what happened in 1942. Being bilingual in what should have been my natural 2nd language would have been advantageous in today's global economy, but, shikataganai.

Specific words or phrases in the Japanese language describe how Japanese people deal with situations like they endured in World War II. The Japanese term, "shikataganai", when translated means "it cannot be helped." Another term, "gaman" is loosely translated as "enduring the unbearable with dignity and silence."

The United States Government, both during and following World War II, used terminology as a means to moderate the public perception of the severity and extremes of its actions, now recognized as illegal. For instance, in many public official documents of the time, the term "non-alien" is used to denote American CITIZENS of Japanese ancestry. This euphemistic tactic was intended to prevent the formulation of the logical question from the public, "why are American citizens being rounded-up and imprisoned?"



Even the Japanese-American community had for many years mistakenly and incorrectly continued to use the euphemistic wartime terms, perhaps as a means to minimize their own pain and embarrassment. As William Safire, noted author, stated: "To some degree, euphemism is a strategic misrepresentation." In this article, I use the currently accepted terminology for the wartime situation with a reference to the euphemistic term, e.g., "citizen (PKA (Previously Known As) non-alien)". It is interesting to note here that even the name of the Federal agency responsible for the forced removal and incarceration of Japanese-Americans, the War Relocation Authority, was a euphemism. Its proper name should have been "War Forced-Removal-and-Incarceration



Authority," but for the purpose of this article, I will use the official historic nomenclature, War Relocation Authority or WRA.

This article is my first formal effort to document my parents' journeys leading to, their time during, and following, their World War II experience. My informal research began with those chats with Mom and Dad in 1969, and continuing as my brothers and I prepared for Mom and Dad's 50th wedding anniversary in 1996. Thanks to Tonya's request, I am now able to complete the work, and to share it with the Zephyr.

Mom - Amy Yemiko (Takeuchi) Mikuni

My mother, Amy, was a "Nisei", or second-generation Japanese-American. She was born in 1922 in Del Rey, California, about 15 miles southeast of Fresno, in the Central Valley of California. Her father, Waichi Takeuchi, was born in Japan and immigrated to the United States in 1901. Her mother, Ayano Tomosuye, was born on the Big Island of Hawai'i, in what was then, Territory of Hawai'i. She left Hawai'i to travel to Japan for her schooling, and arrived in California in 1920. I am presuming that my grandmother was a "picture bride", since her wedding year and her arrival year were both 1920. My grand-parents were considered "Issei", or first-generation Japanese Americans, who, because of alien exclusion laws in place at the time, were prohibited from becoming

On February 19, 1942, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt issued Executive Order 9066, which provided for the protection of national security assets in military zones, such as the Pacific Coast. Citizens and resident aliens of Japanese ancestry residing in these designated military zones were considered threats to the national security, and were directed to be forcibly removed...

naturalized citizens. "Issei" is generally accepted as the term for the first generation of immigrants from Japan, but my grandmother was actually, technically, born on American soil, and became naturalized. Mom and her family (Waichi and Ayano, sisters Mats and Erma, and brothers Harry, Ken, Dan, Floyd, Leo, and Victor), operated a farm west of Fresno. Due to the California Alien Land Laws in existence at the time, my grandparents were prohibited from owning property. However, the land upon which the Takeuchi family lived and raised strawberries, grapes, and peaches, was purchased in the name of my Uncle Harry, the eldest of the Takeuchi sons. Mom helped with caring for her younger sister and brothers, worked on the family farm, and continued her schooling in local schools until her 1939 graduation from Central High School in Fresno.

Dad- John Shigeo Mikuni

My father, John, was born in 1920 in Walnut Grove, California, about 30 miles south of Sacramento. My father's parents, Daikichi and Matsu Mikuni, immigrated to the United States in 1916, and settled in the Sacramento Valley

in California to work in agriculture. Although technically a "Nisei" because he was born in the United States to "Issei" parents, Dad was considered a "Kibei" (like Harry Ueno in Lloyd Pierson's Zephyr article). Dad traveled to Japan with his parents as an infant, and attended elementary school and high school in the city of Iwakuni. He then returned to the US and California in 1937 to join his older sister in Oakland. His other older sister arrived from Japan in San Francisco about 2 months later. Dad's parents, Daikichi and Matsu, remained in Japan. Dad lived with his sister Yuriko, her husband, and 2 nephews and niece in Oakland where he helped with the family gardening business. His other sister, Fumiko, later moved to Los Angeles.

December 1941 to May 1942

After the United States declared war on the Empire of Japan after its December 7, 1941 surprise attack on Pearl Harbor, American citizens and legal residents of Japanese ancestry immediately came under intense scrutiny and suspicion. ALL Japanese, regardless of citizenship or resident status, were immediately assigned blame for, or associated with, the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, and the scope of the suspicion soon expanded to potential espionage, sabotage, and subversion. Thus, on February 19, 1942, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt issued Executive Order 9066, which provided for the protection of national security assets in military zones, such as the Pacific Coast. Citizens and resident aliens of Japanese ancestry residing in these designated military zones were considered threats to the national security, and were directed to be forcibly removed (PKA evacuated) from those military zones. Beginning in May of 1942, notifications, such as the one posted in the Los Angeles area [pictured], appeared in major population centers on the Pacific Coast, such as Oakland and Fresno in California.



Japanese-Americans and resident-alien throughout the military security zones were directed to report to Wartime Civil Control Administration (WCCA) temporary detention centers (PKA Assembly Centers) designated for residents of those localities. In Fresno, the temporary detention center was located at the Fresno Fairgrounds.

Japanese-Americans and resident-alien throughout the military security zones were directed to report to Wartime Civil Control Administration (WCCA) temporary detention centers (PKA Assembly Centers) designated for residents of those localities. In Fresno, the temporary detention center was located at the Fresno Fairgrounds. In preparation to vacate their farm, Mom's family gathered whatever personal items they were allowed to take with them, and prepared to leave their family home. A family friend from nearby Reedley, Mr. Herman Neufeld, purchased the 40-acre Takeuchi ranch, and graciously promised to help the family after the conclusion of the war, whenever that might be. Mom's family (WRA family #12483) then reported to the unknowns of the Fresno Fairgrounds and the future. The Fresno detainees remained in the fairground horse stables from May through October 20, 1942, when their train travels began to the War Relocation Center in Jerome Arkansas.

For residents of the Oakland, Berkeley, and Alameda area, the WCCA temporary detention center was located at the Tanforan Race Track in San Bruno. Dad, his sister, brother-in-law had to sell or store their personal property, gather up whatever they could carry with them, and travel across the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge to San Bruno and the Tanforan Racetrack. The housing and related facilities for the Japanese-American detainees in both Fresno and Tanforan, as well as most other WCCA centers, consisted of horse stables,

'CAMP'

By Alan Mikuni
(continued)

complete with hay and manure, and hastily erected tents and barracks constructed in the infield areas of the race tracks. Dad and his sister's family (WRA family #20680), along with other San Francisco Bay Area detainees remained at the Tanforan horse stables from May through September 15, 1942, before being transported by train to the War Relocation Center in Topaz Utah.

Topaz Utah

Dad and the other Tanforan inmates (PKA internees, evacuees) arrived in the War Relocation Authority concentration camp (PKA internment camp, relocation center) in Topaz, Utah, on September 21, 1942, after a 700 mile train trip from Tanforan. Families settled into their barracks, and life in this newly formed community began to take shape with whatever normalcy was possible for uprooted families having to re-establish their lives in a prison camp.

During the time Topaz was in operation, 11,212 people spent time at the camp, with a peak of 8,130 in 1943. Like any community, the entire spectrum of jobs that must be done in order for the community to function properly had to be identified and put into operation. The WRA, the agency charged with operating the camps, provided an important supply and oversight role, in addition to armed guards and patrols, but the residents provided the necessary skills and labor to accomplish the day-to-day operations.



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Dad was 22 when he arrived at Topaz, and was able to contribute his energy and skills to helping the community function. He participated as he could as a worker, spending time with construction, maintenance, and cooking in the mess hall. Inmates were paid roughly \$12 to \$19 per month for the various jobs they carried out for the camp community. In addition to work, there was leisure time... a lot of leisure time. Like most young American men, Dad loved baseball, and played on the Topaz team. Dad was a catcher, and a foul-tip broke the pinkie finger of his right hand, which he never had treated or reset. He loved to show off his crooked pinkie finger to my brothers, me, and anyone else who asked about it, and to talk about playing baseball in camp, one of the few things

about camp he did discuss freely. A 2007 movie, American Pastime, provides a dramatized, fact-based, look at baseball in a WRA concentration camp. Amateur movie footage, taken by a camp resident using a movie camera smuggled into Topaz, is included in American Pastime. There was a very brief segment of film taken at a Topaz baseball game, showing a catcher, but I cannot tell if, by chance, it was my Dad.

Soon after accomplishing the forced removal and incarceration orders stipulated by Executive Order 9066, the US Government realized that follow-up actions were needed to determine if there were, indeed, disloyal individuals among those incarcerated (PKA interned). It was also recognized that the "camps" could be a source of draftees and volunteer military personnel for service in the US Army's all-Japanese-American 442nd Regimental Combat Team, the 100th Battalion, or the Military Intelligence Service.

Late in 1942, in an attempt to segregate "loyal" inmates, that is, those suitable for military service from the "disloyal," WRA camp inmates over the age of



Dad, again being the young man he was, had a rebellious streak. First of all, he didn't appreciate the fact that as an American citizen, he had been imprisoned unjustly, simply because he resembled an enemy of the United States. He answered both questions "no."

seventeen were forced to complete Selective Service Form 304a - "Statement of United States Citizen of Japanese Ancestry", colloquially known as the "Loyalty Questionnaire". Most questionnaire items dealt with the usual general information topics, such as, family members, residences, organizations, education, etc., but responses to two specific questions, numbers 27 and 28, were of particular interest to War Department.

Question 27 asked if the individual would be willing to fight for the US, and Question 28 inquired if the individual would disavow allegiance to the Emperor of Japan. After many years of post-war analysis, both questions were determined to be flawed in their presentation, but 1942 and 1943 respondents had to answer them regardless of how confusing or inflammatory they may have been at the time.

For instance, Question 27 asked individuals if they would fight for the United States, the same United States that stripped them of their rights as citizens, and imprisoned them as criminals without due process. Question 28 asked individuals if they could declare that they no longer held allegiance to the Emperor of Japan. This was a difficult concept because 1) many individuals never held allegiance to the Emperor in the first place; and, 2) because of alien exclusion laws, many Japan-born resident aliens could not become naturalized citizens, so their ONLY allegiance was to the Emperor. Disavowing allegiance to their ONLY Nation would have rendered these inmates as "stateless" individuals.

Dad, again being the young man he was, had a rebellious streak. First of all, he didn't appreciate the fact that as an American citizen, he had been imprisoned unjustly, simply because he resembled an enemy of the United States. He answered both questions "no." Reactions at Topaz and the other WRA camps to Questions 27 and 28 were likely rooted in protest and resentment, rather than in disloyalty and allegiance to Japan, but the results remained. Like Dad, approximately 12,000 of the 78,000 who responded to the questionnaire answered "No" to both Questions 27 and 28. Individuals in this group, known as the "No-No Boys," were identified and scheduled for segregation to separate them from the general camp populations. A "Citizen Isolation Center" facility was established in Moab Utah for the No-No Boys and other recalcitrant camp inmates, but the group became too large for Moab. As was described in Lloyd Pierson's article, Moab was used on a limited basis for a select group of detainees.

Of the 11,212 Topaz detainees, 451 joined the US Army, 80 as volunteers and 371 as draftees, to serve with distinction in the 442nd Regimental Combat Team and the 100th Battalion. Fifteen of those Topaz servicemen were killed-in-action.

Incidentally, of the 11,212 Topaz detainees, 451 joined the US Army, 80 as volunteers and 371 as draftees, to serve with distinction in the 442nd Regimental Combat Team and the 100th Battalion. Fifteen of those Topaz servicemen were killed-in-action. Dad and a select group of other Topaz inmates began their 800 mile, 5-day train trip to the newly designated WRA "Segregation Center" in Tule Lake California on September 15, 1943, to join Tule Lake camp residents and the No-No Boys from the other eight WRA Centers.

NEXT ISSUE: A wedding at Tule Lake, and Life after the Camps...

Alan Mikuni lives in Fremont, CA.

From the DESERT RAT COMMANDO



THE QUOTE OF
THE DAY...

HE THAT LIVES
UPON HOPE,
DIES FARTING.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
'POOR RICHARD'S
ALMANACK
1736

WHY READ THE ZEPHYR?

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

Thomas Jefferson



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This Month's Foot-in-Mouth Award...
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ALL OVER MY AD

SHUT-UP, FOOT BOY

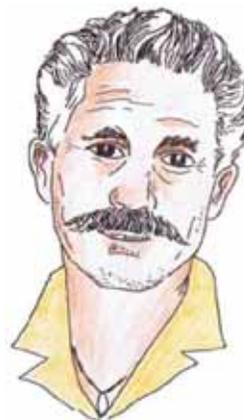


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MY PERSONAL HISTORY

Life & Times in Southeast Utah...part 8

Verona Stocks

Pete's Dad and Mother and Brother Dick left for their Home in Old La Sal about a week after Little Pete was born. John stayed a few more days to work in the mine with Pete. Puge moved his family to the mouth of Brumley Creek so he could work with Pete in the mine. Pete would herd the sheep early in the morning and on stormy days we and Bob would herd them in the afternoon and bring them to the bed ground in the evenings. Some times Pete would work until after dark, he wanted to get out a shipment of ore. We did need a payday.

One beautiful moonlit night late in February Vee and Bob did not come home with the sheep. Yes, there was the sheep, but no kids and I could not go hunt for them. Pete came about 10 o'clock and went looking for the kids. They were bringing some sheep alright but the wrong herd and more than we had. They had been having so much fun sliding down the side of a steep hill in Mud Spring Hole they did not see our sheep leave and never knew there was another herd in the vicinity. Pete turned the sheep back and met the herder, he told Pete he had gone to his camp when Vee and Bob took part of his herd. He thought it a big joke, he said he had been watching the kids for the past three days and they were as active as mountain goats and did not seem to be afraid of anything. Pete was too tired to be amused and when he caught up with the kids he gave Vee a spanking, not hard just enough to hurt her feelings, then he told her to keep the sheep out of Mud Spring Hole. She was ten years old, and dependable.

When Bob died we owed John Jackson some money Bob had borrowed to buy sheep for us at the time he got Aunt Mam's sheep. When we sold the lambs in the fall and the wool in the spring we had to get a Mortgagee's Consent from John Jackson and at that time we always paid the interest on the loan and some of the principal. When we sold the sheep we did not owe Uncle John Jackson very much.

By keeping the ewe lambs in 1933 and 1934 we had built the herd up some but not back to the number of sheep we lost the spring of 1933 when we lambded in East Coyote Wash.

Dad traded his sheep to Lee Larsen in fall of 1934 but he did not have enough sheep for the trade so we gave him 70 head of ewes he needed. He got a nice place with a bath room, three bed rooms, living room and kitchen. There was a nice little family orchard on the place, some alfalfa fields, plenty of room for a big garden and corn fields. The mines were a short distance up the canyon from the house.

We sold the sheep to Plutes the middle of March 1935 for \$4.00 per head and was lucky to get that. We had 537 ewes and three bucks. They were able to give us a very small down payment, about \$300.00. We felt lucky to get that. Pete built us a tent house. We had the camper close by for the kids to live in. Pete worked in the Little Peter Mine, so did Felix, Nick, Puge, Jack Stocks and Dick. No one got much but we did eat. We all had big gardens and canned a lot. Pete got me a pressure cooker so I could can vegetables as well as fruit. When Plutes sold the lambs that fall they paid about \$900, enough to pay John Jackson off and buy a 1935 pickup for \$650. It was a Ford V8 really something for those days.

Jack Pogue was working for Tom Kelly on a cattle ranch in Colorado. We had not seen them for quite a spell so we visited with Mary and Jack before returning home.

We returned to La Sal Creek and the more we drove that pickup the better we liked it so we got Dad, Jo, Ray, Vee and Bob and took a trip back to Grand Junction and bought school clothes and groceries.

Paw the dog could run from La Sal to Moab with a car doing 30 miles per hour, but from La Sal Creek to Moab was not so good, so being a smart dog he just went to Brown's Hole and visited the Martin family.

That summer of 1936 Pete got a job in Dry Valley across East Canyon. He was the foreman and I cooked for the crew. There were six miners and I did not like that job. Pete and his brother John were very picky eaters, the rest of the crew just wanted plenty of meat, spuds and pie. Josephine stayed with us and helped out most of that summer.

I had some chickens and Vee made pets out of some of them. She would take one hen to bed with her, it slept on her pillow. Jo and Vee slept together, Jo kept getting lice in her hair. I would get rid of them but soon they were back. I finally figured out it was the chicken's fault. I did not know chicken lice would get on people but when I would not let Vee even put that chicken on her bed Jo had no more lice nits in her hair. The

lice would not stay on her but they laid their eggs in her hair. It was very embarrassing to a sixteen year old girl.

When school started we rented Uncle Victor Murphy's house across the creek from what is now the Martin Place. Earl and Neva rented it to send their kids to school, later they bought it. The bus stop was by their place and our kids had to walk across the creek to catch the bus.

Pete moved his mining crew to the Water Fall claims. It was a beautiful place, big trees all around and a really nice house. I did not move to Moab with the kids, Pete had quite a crew for me to cook for and Josephine could send kids to school. She was a junior in high school. (I think)



Jack had a job and Mary was staying with Neva. She found out the kids really needed her so she moved in with them. Josephine did not like to cook. Then I got sick so Mary stayed the winter. Pete came home on the week ends and Jack was a trapper so he was gone about as much as Pete was. They did keep us in wood and meat. I had been sick about a month and Uncle Felix came to see me almost every day. Then one day he came in a hurry, sat by my bed and told me what I had to do to get well. He left and I never saw him again. He was killed that night, Dec. 12, 1937. I did what he told me to and started to get well. But how I did miss him.

Spring came and Jack and Mary moved back to the mine at Brown's Hole. The Water Fall mine was not doing so good so Pete got the Snow Flake mine and Jack and Mary, Pete and Victor moved onto it. They were then closer to Moab. They lived in tents and Mary was the cook.

I was not a bit well that spring but I was able to plant a fair sized garden.

June 11, 1938 Phyllis was born, a tiny dark haired little girl and the doctor had told me I would never have another baby. The pain I had gone through all winter was all worth it to me when I looked at that baby. Pete planted a tree for her and he bought the place so she would have a home and always a birthday tree.

The men mining Uranium did work hard. The ore had to be 2% and the pay was slow in coming so that spring of 1938 we did get hungry. I said to myself, my family will not get hungry again. I knew hunger. We got one of my Grandmother's cows to milk, I had a dozen hens so we had some eggs and when a hen would set I put 13 eggs under her and soon we had baby chicks. After my baby was born I worked to get a little pig and later helped the neighbor can sweet corn and took sweet corn for pay. I raised string beans, big white beans, peas and black eyed peas, all went in cans and jars. Mary would take vegetables to the mine and Jack and Pete would bring us rabbits.

I nursed my baby every three hours and when I was working Vee would tend her as she did Little Pete. Vee and I spoiled Pete, if I was sick she took care of me, she helped with the canning, the garden and milked the cow when Bob was not there to do it. We worked well together. I did not expect Pete to do anything around home, he worked hard enough in the mine. He mined with hand steel, single jack or double jack, shovel, sorting pick and a wheel barrow.



When Germany began attacking the small countries in 1939 Pete thought Hitler was going for all of Europe. He began worrying about what the U.S. was going to do. Several miners from Moab were selling their ore to a Jap. When a friend of Petes brought him

to our place he saw the 300 sacks of high grade ore. The Jap said "That will fill my order and I will give you a good price." Pete told the friend to get that man off his place because as soon as the Jap ship gets out away from U.S. waters Japan would attack the United States somewhere. Sure enough on Dec. 7, 1941 Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, Philippine Isles and Malaya. The U.S. declared war on Japan, Germany and its allies.

The mine at Yellow Cat, the Catus Rat, which Pete owned was doing well so he hired more miners and began leasing to other miners. The claim was rich in both uranium and vanadium. The government at that time was only paying for the vanadium.

Felix enlisted in the army May 9, 1942. It was not long before Dick and Ray enlisted. Eddy Edwardson enlisted in the Navy. He had a wife and three little boys. Nick enlisted, he had a wife and one child so all three of my brothers were in the service then John signed up. Pete had two brothers in the army. Of course we both had cousins and nephews. Before the war ended my son Robert Muir was in the army in Europe. There was very few young men left in the country. They figured they had better help England. Pete sure felt left out. We had six kids at home when the war started. Pete was too good a miner, he did not need a geiger counter to tell him where the ore was. The government needed the kind of ore Pete was mining. We did not know then about the atom bomb. Pete kept getting letters from the Government, all marked secret and he would read them and put them away.

My youngest sister, Eddy's wife Josephine, took her three little boys to Portland where Eddies folks were, then she got a job in the ship yard. When the war ended Jo and Eddie did not come back to Moab to live. Eddie is a baker so he got a good job there in Portland.

Pete lost a cousin, McBeth Scharf and Felix was badly wounded June 9, 1944. All the rest of our family members made it home safe. Nick was sure glad to greet his baby girl, she was born soon after he was shipped out. Bob was in the occupation army in Germany. His troop reached Italy just as the war was ending. When he was discharged the first time and came back to Moab he ordered a beer. They told him he was not old enough. Pete and I were there because meals were served there also. I told them he had been old enough to fight for his country at age seventeen therefore he should have a beer at age twenty if he wanted it. He got the beer.

The problem with mining at that time; just one buyer in Grand County. He paid about one half what the ore was worth then he doled out the money to the miners in small amounts, \$10 or \$15 at a time. He came from the East and his theory was "Keep a man hungry and he will work harder." He made the mistake of saying that to me one time when we were going to Grand Junction so Pete could sample ore for him. Then the man left Moab for a month without paying the miners. Pete talked to some of them and they went in together and got a 1/2 ton pickup load of ore. Pete took it to Denver and sold it, he brought back about \$1500. Other miners joined in and Von Taylor had a larger pickup so with him and Pete made several more trips to Denver to sell ore before the Uravan mill was ready to handle the ore.

Whenever Pete had a little extra money he bought land. He was still mining the hard way, with a double jack and hand steel. Most miners were buying compressors and jack hammers.

What was I doing when Pete was busy mining and buying land? Well! I had my hands full with my kids, the garden, canning and wondering what Pete had in mind to do with the land he was buying. He was not a farmer. I had an idea but first I needed some help. I got it too, a couple of good sized guys. Oct. 10, 1939 about 2:00 a.m., Joe came first, mad, red as a beet and yelling about the whole situation. 20 minutes later Jerry came, a white, quiet little thing letting brother Joe do the yelling. After delivering his twin sons Pete walked out the door like that was the hardest work he had ever done. He was going for a doctor to come and cut the cord. Mary was there to help but she got lysol in her eyes so Vee helped Mary and bathed the babies.



Whenever Pete had a little extra money he bought land. He was still mining the hard way, with a double jack and hand steel. Most miners were buying compressors and jack hammers.

Philip Richard Stocks (Little Pete) started to school so he never went to the uranium camp in Yellow Cat with us. He stayed with Mary and Jack. He liked school and was always in the school activities. I missed his first one. Everyone told me I should have been there. He was really funny. One time we came in from the mine a couple of days early. Little Pete met me at the gate and he was very angry because him and Neal had planned to do something. I told him he could stay with his Aunt Mary but no, if I was home he was supposed to be there with me.

We had to carry our water from a spring just down a ledge below camp. The trail was steep and rocky. I should have known better but I was carrying two buckets of water up that trail and fell down. Had to go back for more water and it made me so mad I still carried the two buckets full of water up that hill. I had a cut above my eye and of course I had a black eye for quite some time, the head ache went away after a couple of days.

Pete worked in several different mines, including the one in Burkholder draw on North Mesa. At that time they were not being paid for uranium. He was mining 5% better vanadium and selling it for 31 cents per pound.

The war in Europe was getting worse, then Japan hit Pearl Harbor so we were in the war also.

This country needed vanadium ore. It was used in iron. Pete bought a big cabover Ford truck to haul his ore to the Urivan mill in Colorado. Then he bought the Yellow Cat mine from Tom Kelly paying \$1000 down. His brother Dick had a compressor and wanted to work with Pete. They had a working agreement, each taking 50% of the net earnings until Dick went in the Army, then Pete would take care of their parents. He



I felt very lucky having Phyllis and the twins, Joe and Jerry. They did not need constant supervision. They seldom fought or even quarreled. Joe and Jerry developed a language of their own, we thought it was funny.

kept the compressor and bought a jackhammer and finished paying for the mine. Pete bought a bulldozer

I felt very lucky having Phyllis and the twins, Joe and Jerry. They did not need constant supervision. They seldom fought or even quarreled. Joe and Jerry developed a language of their own, we thought it was funny. I would ask Phyllis what they said. She would ask them and then tell me. They did enjoy fooling us but she never played their little game. Sometimes Phyllis got tired of playing with the boys, then she would play with her paper dolls or paint pictures. One time when I was busy I asked her where the boys were. She did not know so I began looking for tracks first by the creek. When I turned toward the hill I saw them on the skyline up past the spring. When I caught them I asked "Where were you going?". They said "to find a wolf".

Pete bought a lot of land. The question I asked was; what to do with it. He cleared more land and planted more peach trees. We had one work horse. We needed another work horse or something so Pete bought a farm tractor. With it was a disk, a plow and a scraper. I still cultivated with a horse. I put Peter on the horse to guide him down the rows of corn. That didn't work out so good so Pete bought a cultivator and a mowing machine because I had also planted alfalfa.

Pete assured me I did not have to run the tractor. He and Little Pete would do that. Little Pete did not like to farm any more than his dad did but he was one of the 4H boys that raised a calf to sell.

Pete did some disking around town for people who had small gardens. Then when he was working on our ditch, the tractor flipped over on him. He had seven broken ribs and three were torn loose from his breast bone. He spent three weeks in the hospital and was unable to work for a year. I got on that tractor and fixed that stretch of the ditch so a car could go on it. I thought no one else could get into trouble there. Puge and Dick went up to finish the dam. I was working up in the field when I heard a crash. Sure enough, Puge was driving the tractor and he went right over a ten foot fall and into the creek. He jumped off and the tractor landed on its wheels so neither the tractor or Puge were hurt. Dick and Puge had to go somewhere the next day so I went to finish the dam. I took some sacks and filled them with dirt and sod. Grandpa (Will) Stocks came to see what I was doing and he filled the sacks and I put them in the holes where the dam was leaking. By the time we were through the water was up to my waist. Then he helped me fence the orchard. He dug the holes and put the posts in. I strung the wire with the tractor and he nailed it to the posts. A six strand barbed wire fence on three sides of the orchard. The creek bank was on the fourth side and needed no fence.

When Pete was there his father would say "Here Pete, another little snort won't hurt you". It did, Grandpa, Pete's father could drink the wine and keep going but Pete could not, and no other drink ever satisfied him any more. He became an alcoholic.

NEXT ISSUE: The final installment of Verona's 'Personal History.'

THE EMERGENCY SOLITUDE KIT

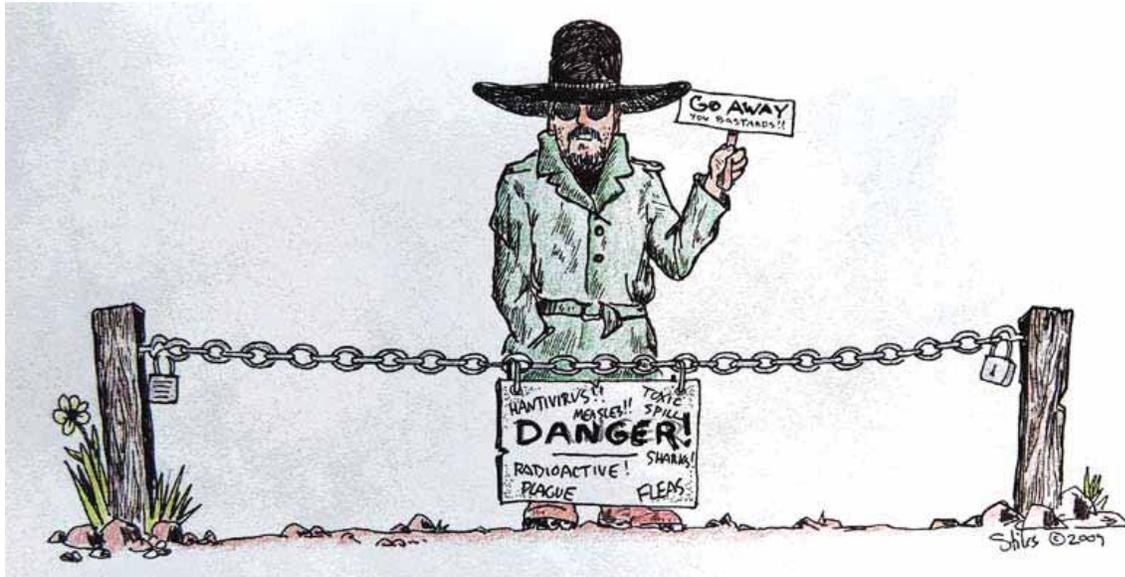
ESTABLISH YOUR OWN WILDERNESS IN 15 MINUTES

Jim Stiles

There was a time in the not too distant past, when the vast tracts of public land in Southeast Utah seemed more than adequate to lose oneself in. If I wanted to climb out of the old truck and wander into the unknown, I knew I'd have the place to myself; I could surely even avoid an alien footprint. I once returned to one of my stomping grounds to find a faded track in one of those 'secret places' and was livid, until I realized it was my own.

And if I was feeling lazy and simply wanted to pull down some two track 'road' and car camp, I was sure I'd spend the evening free of interruption. If by some rare chance, another would-be car camper did wander by, he would be as annoyed by my presence as I was by his and he would surely seek solitude in some other remote location, down some other forgotten trail, far away from me.

Times change.



In the 21st Century, hordes of well-meaning urban recreations flood the public lands. They claim to be seeking "solitude," but seem to think it's a group experience. They hire tour guides to lead them into country any damn fool could get lost in by themselves. Paid professional environmentalists even encourage mass use of heretofore unknown places, in order to "save them." (You well-paid fake enviros crack me up!)

And if they dare to wander into dirt road territory without companions, they actually seek the company of grouchy bastards like myself who would rather be left alone.

Fortunately there are other bastards, just like me, and we need relief. Sometimes you just have to take matters into your own hands...

John Depuy and Ed Abbey had a "secret" campsite somewhere between the Canadian border and the Rio Grande. They hated to be interrupted. Once a hapless family made a wrong turn and wandered onto their private BLM driveway, right into the middle of their camp, grinning like idiots.

Depuy walked to the shiny 4WD rental, grim-faced, the hint of a tear in his eye. He explained that he and his friend were building a funeral pyre for their recently departed Cousin Bob and asked for them to leave at once, so they could proceed with the ceremony.

With tears in their eyes and an understanding nod, the family departed.

Now, I enter libelous territory because I depend on the fading recollection of a story told to me many years ago, by former Zephyr contributor and longtime Castle Valley resident Jack Campbell. I would swear that one afternoon, I was lamenting this very issue, even then, with Jack and he offered me his own courageous method of dealing with arrogant interlopers. He simply stripped naked and began dancing about his campsite. He said that this usually caused any nearby human traffic to re-load their vehicles and depart the premises.

Now, let me offer another option. A physical diversion if you will. It's easy to make, easy to store in a corner of your car, it won't take up much space or weight, and I believe it will be, for the unquestioning herd mentality, extremely effective. And since it may be illegal to even propose such a device on federally owned public lands, I offer this idea for "entertainment purposes only." (Standard disclaimer).

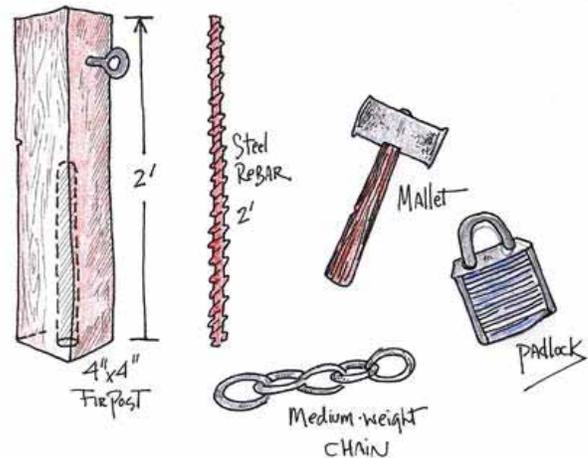
THE SOLITUDE KIT

Here is what you'll need:

- 2 4x4 cedar posts, each 2 feet tall.
- 2 2 foot sections of steel rebar
- 2 steel eyebolts
- 1 20-25 foot length of medium weight chain

- 2 medium duty padlocks
- 1 short-handled sledge hammer

Now...take the two 4x4 posts and with a heavy duty drill, bore out a hole in the bottom of each post, to a depth of about 8" to one foot. The diameter of the hole should be just slightly wider than the re-bar itself.



Paint the two posts a standard government brown. Add a glossy sealant to protect it from the elements. You'll use this many times.

Go into the wild country you love and pick a dirt two track of your choosing. Find a place where the trees and brush grow close to the edge of the trail (You don't want these people going around your hard work.)

Use your sledge hammer to drive the two sections of rebar into the ground, to a depth of about a foot. Slide the 4x4 post over the rebar and camouflage to taste, i.e., make it look like it's been there for a while.

Connect the chain to the eyebolt in each post. Attach the padlocks. Now...add your sign. This is the critical part.

The idea is to scare your would-be neighbors away, so you want a message that is threatening enough to make them leave, but not SO frightening that they contact the authorities. Or so ridiculous they steal the sign.

Here are some ideas:

**WARNING!!!
HANTIVIRUS CONTAMINATION AREA**
Persons entering this section of public lands have been contaminated by the Hantivirus, a deadly disease carried by the excrement of deer mice. Several have been hospitalized as a result and one died. Please choose a campsite far from this area. Thank you.

**DO NOT ENTER
CYANIDE POISON**
Contaminants from a cyanide gold extraction leeching process has contaminated this area and it is the opinion of the U.S. Surgeon General that human activity beyond this gate is prohibited. Thank you for your cooperation.

**FROM THE DEPARTMENT of HOMELAND SECURITY
TERRORIST THREAT!**
The Department of Homeland Security, in cooperation with the Federal Bureau of Investigation, has closed this area for reasons of national security. Please report any SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY to the F.B.I. or your local law enforcement agency.

**AREA 51
THIS AREA IS CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC.
DO NOT ENTER.**

Or...come up with your own options. If you choose to add an official government agency logo, you may be violating yet another federal law, so I remain steadfastly ambiguous on such matters.

Finally, if you've read this story, and you come upon a blocked dirt road on public lands with a chain and a warning similar to these, and you think it's just someone taking these insane notions to heart, remember...NOBODY reads this damn rag, so it MUST be the real thing.

Proceed at your own risk.

Cheers...

LIFETIME BACKBONER

STEVE RUSSELL
Moab, UT



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



US 191 & the FORGOTTEN PAST

Remember us as we pass here...

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

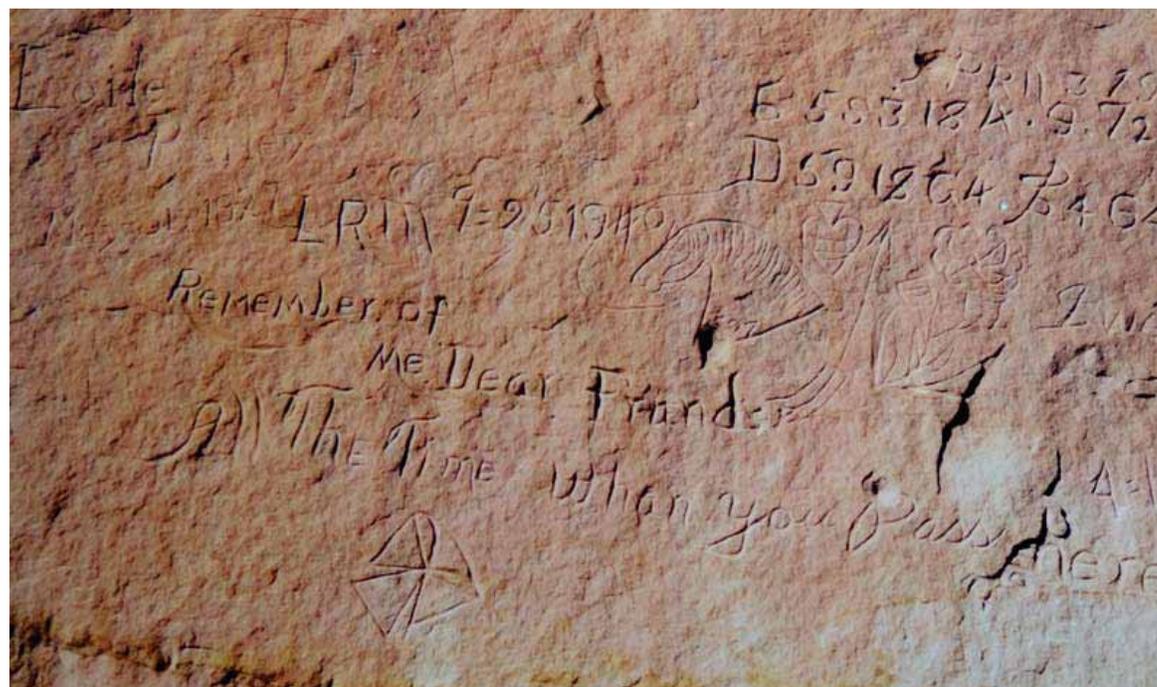
In the last few years, the traffic on US 191, between Moab and Monticello has increased dramatically. Despite efforts to improve the safety of the highway (and with millions of dollars of construction upgrades planned or proposed), the 55 mile stretch of road grows more dangerous. My own observations have caused me to cut back on my trips to Moab---exploding tourist traffic has choked the road with cars and RVs, locals, frustrated with the jams, drive more recklessly, just to get home, and commercial traffic has noticeably increased as well...truck traffic at even 2 AM is startling. Often I take the 'back way'---though it doubles my travel time, it increases my chances of surviving the trip.

But in the rush, there is history all along the road. Few, if any, notice.

A few years ago, I began to explore the roadsides of US 191 and found the reminders of a quieter time. For the next few issues, we'll share some of these artifacts

#1... 'L.R. MAESTAS'

At several locations near US 191 in San Juan County, I came to notice a familiar name. This was rangeland decades ago---still is to a lesser degree---and the men who watched over their herds (or flocks---some of these 'cowboys' were sheepherders) spent a lot of time out in the country. They must have had a lot of tiem on their hands, for there's an amazing concentration of cowboy inscriptions and relief carvings along the sandstone walls. Most prolific was 'L.R. Maestas.' He was apparently from Durango, Colorado and I wish I knew more about him.



Maestas often left more than his name, and one suspects he got lonesome out there with nobody for company but his stock. One day, apparently thinking of a faraway love, he carved a message into the canyon wall. he wrote:

"Sweet Hozey dear, kiss me."

Who was 'Hozey'? His wife or a girlfriend waiting for him back in Durango? Or just the memory of a long-lost love?

On another part of the same sandstone panel, Maestas must have felt so lonely that he wondered if he still existed in the hearts and minds of those he cared most for.

Maestas wrote:

"Remember of Me Dear Friends All The Time when you pass here."

Maestas carved images of his horse, an inverted 'spade' (as in a card game), an arrow, and even a flower in bloom. And there are sequences of numbers that I have been unable so far to decipher. They deserve further study and analysis.

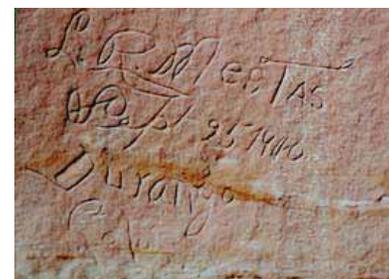
His most eloquent signature, in time consuming script reads:

*L.R. Maestas
Sept 25 1940
Durango, Colo.*

Who was Mr. Maestas?

NOTE: If anyone has any knowledge of L.R. Maestas, please contact me vgia The Zephyr:

Jim Stiles
cczephyr@gmail.com



NEXT TIME: More art from the canyon walls



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SKI & CYCLERY
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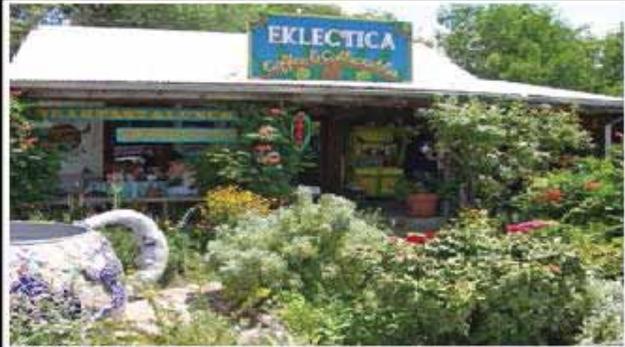
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Top 10 Things to Expect from a Trump Presidency

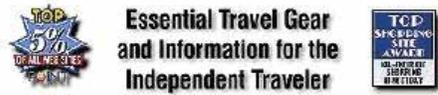
10. Trump's hair will catch fire when he attempts to fire congress and SCOTUS justices
9. No more illegal immigrants - except for janitors in Trump Towers
8. First time a US First Lady will be available for sale as a nude pinup *
7. President Trump will also be his own Chief of Staff and cabinet
6. A GOP government shutdown would be a welcome relief for both parties
5. George W. Bush will no longer be the top of the list of worst Presidents
4. Egomaniac will become an official, capitalized title with six-digit salary
3. Every news channel (including Fox) will be a nightly comedy show
2. Mexico and Canada will build border fences to keep Americans out
1. "Money" by Pink Floyd replaces "Hail to the Chief" as the presidential anthem.

** Seriously - no, wait, seriously?*



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Ken Sleight Remembers.....

CHARLIE REDD & His Times

(from the 1995 Zephyr archives)

Years ago, when Hardy Redd, my neighbor friend across the mountain, told me that the Mormon historian Leonard J. Arrington was to write a biography of Hardy's father, the legendary Charlie Redd, I was quite thrilled. The book was published under the appropriate name, *Charlie Redd*, and as I read it, my thoughts continually turned toward my own experiences and that of my ancestors who also settled this region. So I'll interject an account of these with that of the Redd family—a kind of a personal review of history.



When I was on a trip south with a bunch of college kids from the University of Utah back in 1951, roaming the southern part of the state, I was fatefully led to the canyon country of my ancestors and relatives.

That motley travel group was made up of a mixture of talent. Neldon Christensen of Monticello himself, provided local interest and history. He told me of the influential Redd family as we toured the graveled and dirt roads (few paved roads then.) Redd, he said, was one of the largest stockmen in Utah. And Blaine Busenbark, the nephew of old riverman Bert Loper, filled me in on the Colorado River. And photographer Jim Dean who had been on a Bert Loper/Moki Mac Ellingson river trip through Glen Canyon extolled the virtues of Glen

Canyon and the Hole-in-the-Rock. And Bob Waite, to become a college history professor and the maker and defender of national parks (some that Congressman Jim Hanson would now dismantle) was the master trip planner. And Richard Elzinga, who taught me to better appreciate bugs and butterflies, became a top scientist in his insect world.

Through travel and reading, I grew more aware of the history and environment of the canyon country. I found little difference in the environments that the Redds grew up in and that of my own. At times our experiences seemed to overlap.

So as I read the book, my Walter Mitty mind could not remain quiet. History surely is dynamic and alive. In that there is such a thing as "guilt by association," I felt a pleasant feeling in associating my past kin to that of the Redds. Mutually, our ancestors shared the guilt along with the rewards. Today, we all are the recipients of their struggles.

When I was on a trip south with a bunch of college kids from the University of Utah back in 1951, roaming the southern part of the state, I was fatefully led to the canyon country of my ancestors and relatives.

In the past, I associated the Redd family with that of the Hole-in-the-Rock expedition of 1879-80. While running the Colorado River through Glen Canyon, on each trip I would stop at the Hole-in-the-Rock and lead my parties up through "the Hole." And with special parties, I'd lead them up the old wagon trail on the opposite side of the river where on a cliff face could be seen the signature graffiti of the pioneers. Exciting stuff.

I carried the book, *Hole-in-the-Rock*, with me, in which I became totally absorbed. The author, David E. Miller, was a professor of history at the University of Utah and I was well acquainted with his past works. First published in 1959, the book became my favorite "guide-book" and on river trips and over driftwood campfires my guests read often from my water-logged edition.

But little did I know at that time that the rustic characters of the Hole-in-the-Rock

journey would play an even greater part in my mind. As an avid aficionado of history and genealogy, my interest centers on the early days of Utah's pioneer settlement. Since those Glen Canyon days, I've learned much more concerning that difficult faith-inspiring trek.

The Redds were a part of that drama. So let's follow John Hardison Redd, Charlie's great grandfather, an old sea captain and mariner who had settled in Virginia and then North Carolina. Lemuel, his son, was born in 1836 at Sneads Ferry, North Carolina.

In 1843, a bunch of Mormon missionaries, including the notorious John D. Lee, did missionary work for the new Mormon religion. The Redds were converted and moved west in 1851 settling in Spanish Fork. In January 1856, young Lemuel, now 19 years of age, married Keziah Jane Butler. In June they were called on a "mission" to Las Vegas, Nevada. Shortly, they returned to Spanish Fork where they had their first son, which they also named Lemuel.

But not all went smoothly. For instance, in 1857 General Albert Sidney Johnson brought the might of the United States Army to put down the "Mormon rebellion." Then, in the Fall of 1857, some 120 Missouri emigrants, enroute to California, were killed at nearby Mountain Meadows by John D. Lee and other Mormon settlers and their Paiute allies.

This upset things for a while, but soon Mormon families again continued their colonization efforts.

Lemuel and Keziah Redd were then "called" to help settle New Harmony in the Spring of 1862. In November 1866, Lemuel took another wife, Louisa. Both wives bore large families.

In the past, I associated the Redd family with that of the Hole-in-the-Rock expedition of 1879-80. While running the Colorado River through Glen Canyon, on each trip I would stop at the Hole-in-the-Rock and lead my parties up through "the Hole." And with special parties, I'd lead them up the old wagon trail on the opposite side of the river where on a cliff face could be seen the signature graffiti of the pioneers. Exciting stuff.

In 1870, Lemuel bought the John D. Lee farm at the head of Ash Creek. Lee had settled at nearby Fort Harmony in 1852, but had to abandon that place when two of his kids were killed when their house fell in during a flood. Then they made the move to New Harmony.

George Spencer, my great-great-granddad, probably taught the Redd kids at New Harmony when he went there to teach in 1867. He reportedly also had once taught at John D Lee's private family school.

Spencer took on three wives and had 22 children. He died in 1872, at the young age of 42, as he was searching for more places for the Saints to colonize. His death spared him the travails of the approaching San Juan Mission (Hole-in-the-Rock trip) and the need to dodge federal deputies.

New Harmony and other southern Utah towns entered the United Order in 1874 and the Redds, the Spencers, and other families became involved in that enterprise.

In 1877, Lemuel Redd attended the dedication of the St. George temple. The dedication drew leaders from all parts of Utah and Idaho. My other great granddad, Thomas Sleight, who had previously been "called" to the Bear Lake country in Idaho, made the long wagon trip south to attend the services and to gain the special council of Brigham Young. Returning to Idaho, groups were organized to head for Arizona to settle, even though he and his family decided to stay put.

Thomas's son, George, (my grandfather) would soon marry into the Spencer line (our most polygamous line.) There was some thought they might yet head south, but as they were already in a great tangle of relationships, they too stayed put while the polygamous sector of the family in Idaho later high-tailed it to Canada. Some in our Stevens family line went both south and north.

Other far-reaching effects radiated from those St. George temple services. Brigham Young, intent on furthering the settlements of Arizona and southeastern Utah, set the stage for new missions. But there was an unexpected delay as he died later that same year.

Continuing its plans for settlement of southeastern Utah, the church leaders finally formed the San Juan Mission in the winter of 1878-79. The settlers were gathered from a host southwestern Utah towns such as New Harmony, Holden, Panguitch and Cedar City.

Some 80 families were "called" by the new Mormon leadership to establish a settlement at Montezuma Creek on the San Juan River. The party would take a "shortcut" through canyon country that had never been totally explored. They thought the trip would take them only six weeks.

Other families were "called" throughout southwestern Utah. My own great grandfather, John Horne Miles, escaped being called as he was in the state penitentiary and up to his ears in polygamous problems. It was a real mess. It seems that he fell in love with Emily Spencer, the daughter of the late George Spencer. He married her and his former English girlfriend on the same day at the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. Emily was "sealed" to him first and the former girlfriend was sealed second. But this upset the former girlfriend as she wanted to be sealed first.

Then, after slapping Emily and creating a scene, the former girlfriend ran to federal agent "poly-hunters." The feds quickly threw John into jail for the crime. Finding him guilty, the court sentenced him to five years in the pen and a fine of \$100. Though he appealed the sentence, John was cheated out of the chance to help establish the great "shortcut" through the canyons and to colonize southeast Utah. (And, as a footnote, John's new English wife ran off with one of the U.S. Deputies assigned to the case.)

John had to be content on seeing other of his kin make the journey. This included connections with the Sevy, Pace, Stevens, Perkins and other families of this historic party.

And after settlement, even more of the Spencer family were to drift to the San Juan country. In this regard, Emily Washburn, from the Spencer line, married Charlie Redd's first cousin.

Over 200 people, 83 wagons, each with two or more teams of horses, about 200 additional horses, and more than a thousand head of cattle were involved in the winter of 1879-80.



Hole in the Rock at Glen Canyon. Photo by Edna Fridley

I have heard Charlie's son, Hardy, talk often about stewardship. I think this philosophy runs in the family. Arrington notes that Charlie held that "property rights should be administered under the principle of stewardship." And he notes the Mormon doctrine:

"Men must subdue the earth and make it teem with living plants and animals, Men must assist God in the process of redeeming the earth and making it a fitting abode for God's people. The earth must be turned into a Garden of Eden."

I suppose the Hole-in-the-Rock itself is the most singly significant part of the entire trail. Here the construction of the passageway to the river was extremely difficult. Picks and blasting powder were used to widen the crevice. A road, named "Uncle Ben's dugway," was built on the side of a sheer cliff wall. Stakes were driven into the rock and vegetation, rocks, and sand were piled on top of that. Six weeks were spent here.

They journeyed over 290 miles, much of it through steep-gorged canyon country. The winter journey lasted six months, rather than six weeks, averaging out maybe 1.7 miles per day. Arriving finally at the present site of Bluff, the exhausted and spent party decided to stop and make their settlement. The site was good enough.

My interest in Glen Canyon, the Escalante Canyon and the Hole-in-the-Rock trail inspired me to move to the town of Escalante in the heart of the canyon country. This I did by uprooting my wife and children from Bountiful after giving them good reason they should be uprooted. In Escalante I met relatives that I had never known. My grandmother herself had once lived in Escalante when her father, John Horne Miles, moved there to teach after his appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court had been heard and his case dismissed. (He took no further wives.)

Now that we have rambled through history, let us turn our attention to the Redds' treatment and philosophy concerning the environment.

Arrington notes in his book that when the Hole-in-the-Rock settlers arrived in Bluff in the Spring of 1880, the range had already been heavily grazed. In the late 70s and

early 80s, thousands of cattle from Texas and other western states arrived in the canyon country to feed on the free grass. There came a race to "use up the grass before someone else got to it." Sheep were introduced in the 1890s, and along with the cattle, the rangelands were being destroyed. The Redds acknowledge that.

Charlie Redd, noting the deteriorating ranges, struggled to reclaim the range lands. Building hundreds of miles of fences, he concentrated his cattle in areas in which he wanted them concentrated. He built stock water holes and troughs, range trails, and seeded thousands of acres of range land. He ripped out many acres of sagebrush, juniper and pinyon pine and planted crested wheatgrass in their place. Arrington reports that good grass stands were obtained and the watershed was greatly improved.

I don't agree with all of the measures taken by Charlie Redd, under today's conditions, (chaining for one.) However, in this book we are looking through the eyes of a very successful rancher/stockman who came to really know his business. And he learned it well. This book portrays five generations of land management through the eyes of the Redd family.

This book, though very enlightening, has not changed the way I myself view land management. In my opinion, certain grazing lands can be successfully managed by responsible ranchers without greatly damaging the resources. I have no problem with zoning certain lands for proper grazing practices, just as I have no problem in setting aside wilderness areas for other purposes. The point is that we each must manage lands the very best we can. We cannot afford to destroy the very things on which we are dependent or those things we hold of great value.

I have heard Charlie's son, Hardy, talk often about stewardship. I think this philosophy runs in the family. Arrington notes that Charlie held that "property rights should be administered under the principle of stewardship." And he notes the Mormon doctrine:

"Men must subdue the earth and make it teem with living plants and animals, Men must assist God in the process of redeeming the earth and making it a fitting abode for God's people. The earth must be turned into a Garden of Eden."

He quotes Brigham Young: "Men shall be stewards over that which they possess." and he repeats another Mormon saying: "The earth is the Lord's."

Charlie Redd and his wife, Annalee, accomplished a great deal. One of their greatest accomplishments must surely be noted. In 1972 they established the Lemuel H. Redd Chair in Western History and the Charles Redd Center for Western Studies at Brigham Young University. The Center has been extremely successful and much good has come from it.

Charlie Redd died in 1975 in his eighty-sixth year. I wish that I had met him when I had the opportunity. He left a great legacy.

FOR MORE ON CHARLIE REDD:

http://www.byhigh.org/Alumni_P_to_T/Redd/Charlie.html



KEN SLEIGHT still lives at Pack Creek Ranch near Moab.



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VLACHOS' VIEWS

America through the lens of PAUL VLACHOS



1. Wilson, NC - 2015

The hidden hand that painted this, the generations of Wilsonians who walked by and took note, who maybe had a tingling of the tastebuds, then went and bought a pack of Wrigley's gum, as the sign exhorted them to do. There's a lot we don't know here. Just a fragment on the wall. Very simple on the face of it, but what dramas unfolded in front of this little advertisement, placed at eye level? That's going to be the theme of this issue's photos - "mysteries and secrets." I actually didn't plan it that way, but I had to pull a bunch of photos to prepare for this issue and I knew I'd be writing it on the road. I'm in Lincoln, Nebraska at the moment, but that's another story. A long one. After I pulled this batch of photos, then let them sit for a day or two, I looked them over and it struck me that they were all about secret and hidden things. Of course, that's true for almost every photograph ever taken. I recall Diane Arbus's famous quote: "A picture is a secret about a secret, the more it tells you the less you know." Think about that quote, maybe, as you scan these other photos, presented here for your enjoyment and delectation.

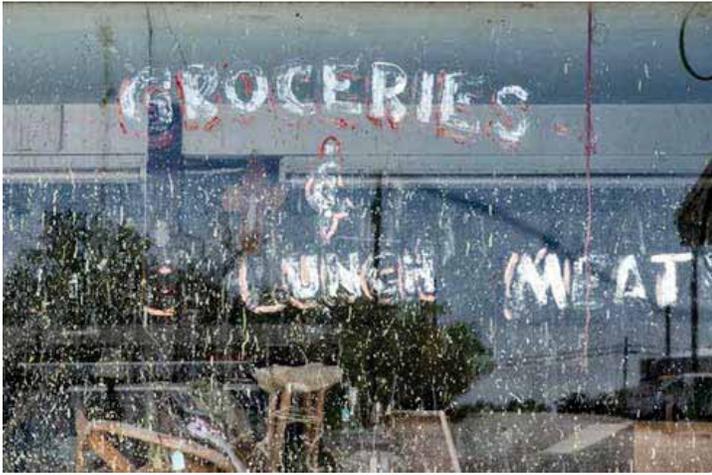
2. Mina, NV 2005

I love to pass through Mina. It's filled with untold stories. A small, empty town on a busy, yet lonely road, it sees a lot of traffic passing through. Not the worst place to put a car out for sale. This car has seen a lot if you look at long enough.



3. Ukiah, CA - 2006

How many high school games ended up at the Frostie? Young birthdays with the whole, awkward family? Dates and heartbreaks? How many old guys secretly got a cone on the way home before dinner? Seems like a real loss for this town in the northern part of the Golden State. All that's left is the concrete pad and the sign. And a million memories.



4. Comstock, TX - 2014

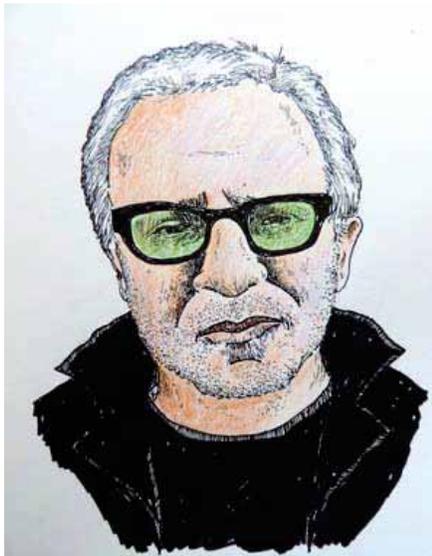
A lot going on in this long-shuttered store so close to the border with Mexico. Jesus on the cross, what looks like a doll to his right, a wicker basket, a set of crutches, loosely tied together with light twine. There's more, but we can't see it, of course. And why "Lunch Meats" in the window over all else they could have painted there?



5. Pecos, TX - 2014

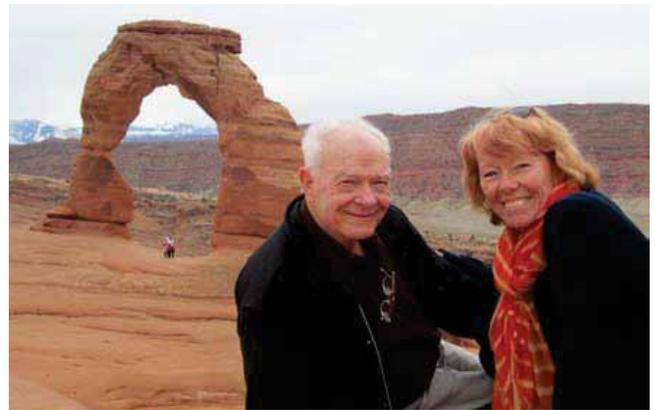
I have a soft spot for corrugated metal buildings. I was shooting the magnificent one next to this little structure when I became more interested in this, with its corrugated shutter and doors, borrowed from its neighbor. Was it a store, a little bar, a small workshop? Somebody in Pecos probably knows. I wonder what's inside?

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