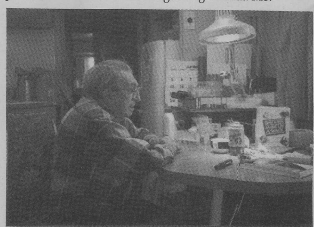


Tom wanted to keep the Z going. Thanks old friend. And the Guff Family and Ring Cyclery. I think they only missed a couple issues about ten years ago when I pished them off over something...imagine that. Me?



Back of Beyond Books has been a solid advertiser for 19 years, since the day they opened, first under the ownership of Marilyn Brodell and Bruce Hayse (and the steady hand of Jose Knighton), and for the last several years with new owner, longtime Moabite Andy Nettle. I cannot thank you enough.

And the Tex's Riverway Boys...Darren, Devin and Dirk Vaughan, who hopped onboard in the early '90s and never had the good sense to get out.

And my friends Jim Collar and John Andrews, the Footprints guys, who have not only been buying ITWO ad each issue for years, they are the brains behind the Footprints "Top 10 List."

My friend Al of Mazza's in Salt Lake City, has been a great friend and offered moral support in hard times. Good grief...This really is impossible.

There's Salt Lake Roasting...in the Z since 1994. Thanks John. And Brad Boyle of Wallabout Travel, who is the only advertiser who I also arrested in a previous life.

And Scott at Lazy Lizard and local carpenter Dave Wagstaff. Both of them regular supporters.

And Lynn Winter! My Kentucky pal who chose to put all her advertising monies into a newspaper that was "only 1531 miles away." (But Lynn...stand still for a minute!)

And Catherine Shank, who not only has been a loyal advertiser but also kept me limber in stressful times.

And Joseph Day, who I still haven't met, but who keeps the Zephyr alive on the Hopi Reservation.



The Back of Beyond Cat... the old news stand is all yours now...

And Browntrout. Thanks Marc and Wendover. How do you make all those calendars!

And Eddie McStiff's. Thank you Ed...and I will get those shoes for you, as soon as possible.

And Joe Kingsley. I've made Joe mad, many times, but we never seem to be able to STAY mad. Thanks Joe for your patience and open heart.

And Julie Fox, my neighbor for more than 15 years and my dear friend and owner of Eklektica, and her lovable, albeit irresponsible hubby, Ken Davey.

And my beloved Janis Adkins, the garden gal, and Brother Bodner, and that crazed Scotsman, Howard Trisholme who makes great egg salad sandwiches, and the Red Rock Canoe folks...first Bruce and Lisa, and then lately Theresa.

And Kelly and Anthony and Judy at Archies Realty. And Dave Bierscheid, who not only supported this paper for almost 15 years but who had the courage to oppose the Book Cliffs Highway, during his city council days, when

nobody else would.

And Faye Carpenter, whose hair carving skills I miss BADLY. And the Mad Man...Mark Austin, whose James Watt secret will never escape my lips. And Norma Nunn, who supported The Zephyr for 15 years and who also helped me buy my Locust Lane home. And Paul Swainstrom, who is without doubt, the greatest bush pilot on the planet.

And the Whipples, Doug and Karen, who advertise a plumbing biz and the Peace Tree café in the same ad!

And Gene Schafer, who once said to me, "Damn Stiles...you look like shit. I'm gonna get you some steaks." He is one of the kindest and most decent men I have ever known. I miss him...and his damn steaks.

And then there have been the writers. How many gaps can claim that Ed Abbey donated a story to the premier issue? One of the great blessings of my life was having Edward Abbey as a friend.

And it's an honor to say that his old pal, Ken Sleight, is still a buddy of mine, almost 35 years after we first met at the Arches National Park visitor center. Ken was supportive of this paper, financially (he and Jane ran ads for Pack Creek Ranch for 16 years) and creatively—he was a regular columnist for almost 15 years.

From the get-go, I looked for a diverse mix of writers who represented the spectrum of political and social and environmental thought. Someone once said, "The Zephyr is full of boneheaded radicals and radical boneheads." Well, I did something right. The staff changed over the years, but there was always someone to disagree with—from John Sensenbrenner and Jane S. Jones on the right, to Jack Campbell and Lance Christie on the left. I ran a column by Scott Greene and SUWA for more than a decade but also provided space for anyone who chose to disagree with them (including ME, of course!).

**Someone once said,
"The Zephyr is full of
boneheaded radicals
and radical boneheads."**

**Well, I did something right.
The staff changed over the years,
but there was always someone
to disagree with...**

Ken Davey, the Dean of the Moab Press Corps in the early 1990s, was a regular voice of unflinching candor and honesty in *The Zephyr*.

Eraatic contributions from someone who calls herself Chirle Miller have enlivened these pages from time to time, but I do not know if Chirle really exists, or if she does, in what form.

Sasa Woodruff did some great work for *The Zephyr* in the late 1990s. She is now a producer/editor for NPR in Los Angeles. Keep up the good work, Sashinator.

Martin Murie came to *The Zephyr* as a writer in 2002, though we met years earlier at Carl Rappe's "Main St. Broiler." Martin's words of wisdom and his friendship have been indispensable to me.

And there's the cantankerous and brilliant Ned Mudd, who I still haven't seen in the flesh but who claims to live in some hell of hell called Stinkingham, Alabama. His crazed notes from "the crawlspace of history" consistently 'nail it'.

I had some memorable readers over the years who took the time to write...readers who became friends. I would not begin to attempt mentioning all or even some of them here, though let me at least send a salute to one...Chuck Miller. I met Chuck just once, at the Dos Amigos during the Golden Days of Maroonie. Somehow we always stayed in touch. A couple years ago, Chuck sent me some photos of a long ago visit to the canyon country in the '50s. On page 15 is one of them. Thanks Chuck for thinking of me from time to time.

Marge and Larry Fleenor, former owners of the Printing Place, put up with my lack of computer skills for almost 15 years. They set my headline and advert type in the early days on an old Compugraphic machine and even did all my half-tone images when I was too intimidated by technology to engage a scanner. Marge died a few years ago, and I am sorry I never had the chance to tell her how much her patience and generosity meant to me.

Young Lance Lawrence, a recent BYU grad and recently married (!), has been doing the Salt Lake City distribution for a few years now. He is also a passionate advocate for restoring Glen Canyon and sometimes I do believe he has a bit of Hayduke in him!

Linda Vaughan has been doing my bulk mailings for years now...I can't even remember who did it before her. Thanks Linda.

And the Rock of them all...Jose Churampi has distributed *The Zephyr* in Moab for most of the last two decades. Always a gentleman and always fair, it has been my honor to be his friend all these years.....next page

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