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## LIFESTYLES



JERRY ANDERSON: Silver Reef's Renown Sculptor  
DAI: Building a Legacy of Fine Communities  
Majestic Lodge at Zion National Park  
Grapevine Radio for Women

Photo by Mark Breinholt  
Colorland Photography



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From the Publisher

PATTI M. EDDINGTON

This issue presents a bounteous offering of great reading and beautiful pictorials representing a fine collection of stories—and some fine writers and photographers added to the harvest mix.

I have known of Jerry Anderson's work since I studied fine art at the university and have always been a fan of bronze sculptures—masterful renditions of humans and wildlife, all in fine form.

A visit to Anderson's gallery and studio at Silver Reef in Leeds, Utah, allowed me an opportunity to get to know Jerry and his wife, Fawn. You'd enjoy this step-back in history with a visit to his gallery, which is located in an old Wells Fargo Pony Express station. It certainly retains the flavor of the Old West. Writer Betty Vickers has captured the essence of Anderson's spirited work, and shares some insights you'll find engaging. We hope it will enlighten you too, and give you a new appreciation for his enduring bronze creations.

Visual beauty uplifts the soul. Zion National Park has always been uplifting—from nature's handprint of geologic forces. Majestic View Lodge is perched at the park's entrance and from this lofty site visitors can behold the majesty of Mother Nature's touch of color and grandeur from their balcony. Beautiful vistas heighten a person's appetite for adventure, good food and drink. Majestic View Lodge combines the best of culinary delights and microbrewed beer, with fine accommodations and a refreshing pool to complement the visitor's experience when ready to retire from a day excursion, hike, horseback ride, or photo safari.



Crisp mornings and bright sunny days with trees beginning to drop their leaves. It's harvest time.

Along the Wasatch Front, Development Associates Inc. is known for its legendary communities which are developed along the hill, dale, and mountainside areas of northern Utah. The partners have perfected these communities for the discerning buyer looking for real estate in prime areas, with a diverse selection designed for young families or empty-nesters. DAI knows that incorporating greenbelts, shade, ponds and plenty of space into the natural environment will ensure their communities will thrive for generations to come.

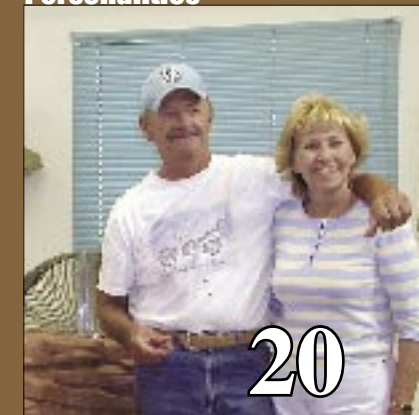
Denny's Wigwam has been an icon on the tourists must-see list for decades. Located in Kanab on scenic byway US Hwy 89, buses by the multitude stop daily, all year round. Want to find some special souvenir for a loved-one back home? Chances are, Denny's Wigwam has the treasures you're seeking.

For the upscale shopper looking for authentic Native American jewelry, pots, baskets, or weavings, we present an informative insider's look at the current offerings in today's marketplace, by Aisha N. Oldham. Her expertise will help you identify between authentic and knock-offs, assuring you get the most value and quality for your investment.

While the grape is on the vine [or already ripened], we've got some great new friends at Grapevine Radio Network and Healthy Wealthy Wow. Two parts inspiration and 20-parts chutzpah, Kim Stilson and Christina Schmidt are pioneers in connecting to women around the world, both on radio and internet podcasts in 47 countries. These women are powerhouses in communication!

Enjoy these stories while you get geared up for the holidays! With the fading autumn colors comes the brisk and silvery snow days which are right around the corner.

### Personalities



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**Jerry Anderson**  
Master Sculptor

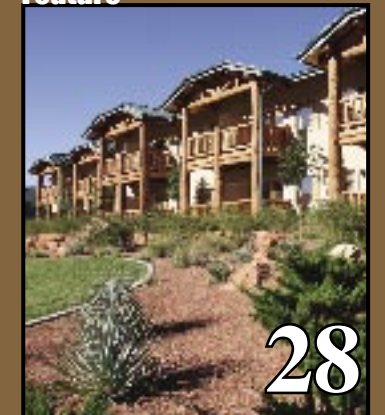
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# CORAL DESERT REHABILITATION



Tony Wrigley, Director  
Coral Desert Rehabilitation

Fortunately, there's a brand new state-of-the-art facility in St. George that is equipped to offer the finest in rehabilitation services. Coral Desert Rehabilitation employs a full complement of highly trained nurses, therapists and support staff. Therapy services including physical, occupational and speech therapy are offered seven days weekly. Also included are home cooked meals, activities, social services and discharge planning. Coral Desert Rehabilitation ensures a continuum of care for the patient who may be transferred from nearby hospitals for in-patient care or referred by their doctor for out-patient services.

## An Environment Cohesive to Wellness - A Facility Offering Unrivaled Care

Co-created and managed by Wrigley, who holds a Masters of Health Administration (BYU) and is a speaker for the geriatric profession in the health care industry, Coral Desert Rehabilitation has achieved what no other facility offers - an environment cohesive to wellness. "My reward in this work is to see the expressions on the faces of my patients after they've recovered and have new-found strength and mobility," he says. The staff seeks to improve the lives of their patients by encouraging them in a well-rounded program of therapy and hard medical management. When the patients complete their rehabilitation and are ready to return home, the results they have achieved can be very gratifying.

Wrigley also enjoys a very active life-style as a husband and father of four, who coaches Little League, relishes traveling (last year he and his family completed a 22-hour ride of adventure to Mazatlan), and boat-ing at Lake Mead and Lake Powell.

## Coral Desert Rehabilitation offers the highest nurse to patient ratio in the industry.

The environ-ment is intended to create a hospitable ... not hospital-like experience. Two 12-passenger vans transport patients to medical appoint-ments, doctor follow-up visits or to activities in the St. George area. With 37,000 square feet of luxurious accommo-dations, people feel more like guests than patients.



Each patient room is well-appointed with an electric adjustable bed, recliner, cable TV, and private phone. A nurse call system allows patients to speak directly to the nurse's station. Fifty-seven beautiful private patient rooms are well lighted and have large windows to let in the warm Dixie sun. Two rehabilitation gyms with the latest in equipment and an indoor heated therapy pool provide a setting for the ultimate therapy experience. Patients who complete their in-and out-patient therapy can return to partic-ipate in the Open Gym Program. This allows for continued use of the gym for a \$30/month fee.

Coral Desert Rehabilitation's staff love their work, and the relationships they de-velop with their patients. The beauty of rehabilitation can be experienced when patients return for a visit to show off their newly found health and independence.

Coral Desert Rehabilitation employs a full complement of highly-trained nurses, therapists and support staff.



## A Changing Horizon of Health Care

Life expectancy for the U.S. population reached a record high of 76.9 years in 2000 (U.S. Dept. Health and Human Services), and with the possibility of the baby boom generation now reaching their 80's, people are healthier and actively pursuing a wide range of recreational activities. Unfortunately, this surge in physical activity likely increase the chances of them suffering a physical trauma or debilitating accident.

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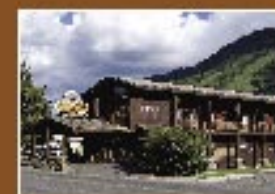
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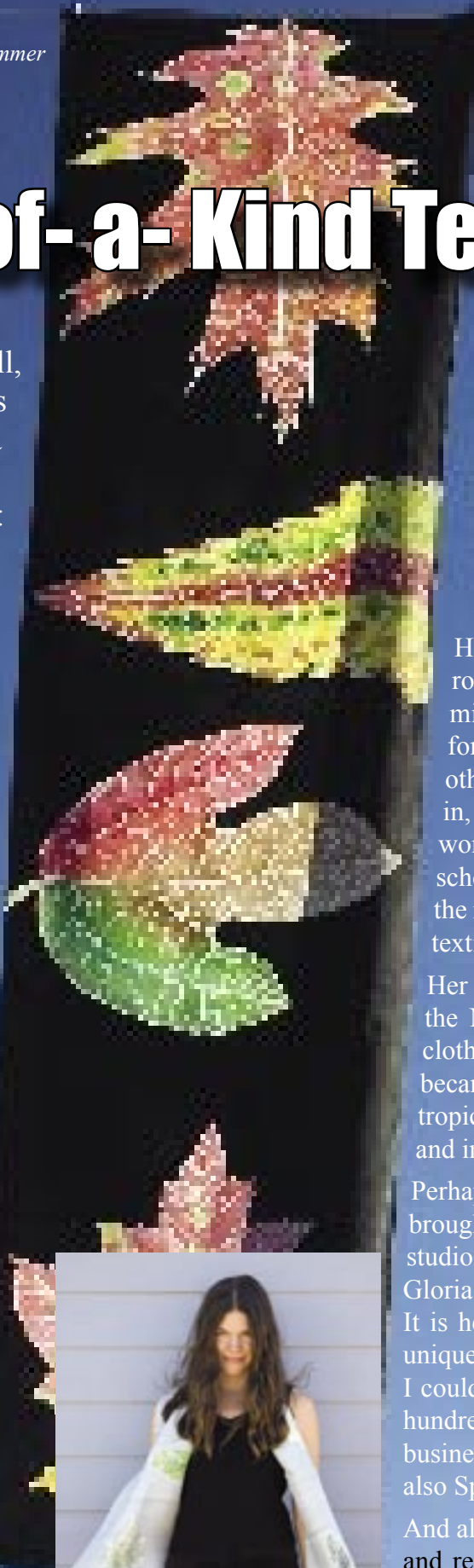


by Fae Ellsworth  
Photos by Stephanie Trimmer

**Gloria Charles**

# One-of-a-Kind Textile Artist

If you sit really still, it unfolds your senses like a creamy piece of hand washed silk: a broad-tailed hawk circling against a blue sky, the trill of the canyon wren, the delicate opening of a cactus flower, the piney scent of Big Sage after the rain. Here, in Southern Utah's Apple Valley, where the Smithsonian Butte is awash in gold light, fabric artist Gloria Ann Charles creates her one-of-a-kind Lifescape silk scarves.



Her idyllic setting is a dramatic contrast to her roots in deep Appalachia, where she was a coal miner's granddaughter and a child with an affinity for cloth. She learned to sew at 11, and while other teens were sipping cokes at the local drive in, Gloria sat with a notepad on her lap, designing women's dresses. This paid off when she received a scholarship from Maryland Institute College of Art, the nation's oldest art school, where she graduated in textiles with honors.

Her prowess preceding her, she then worked in the New York garment center, designing maternity clothing for Lady Madonna, and, after marrying, became a globe-trotter living in places as diverse as a tropical island off the shore of Honduras, in Belgium, and in various Inupiat villages in Alaska.

Perhaps it was the sub-zero climates of Alaska that brought her and her family back to a desert house and studio on the edge of the Arizona Strip, a landscape Gloria deeply resonates with and refers to as "My Place." It is here she focused her design and color skills on unique silk scarves. "I knew the day would come when I could do this full time, and after I researched a 200-hundred-year history of dyes, I decided to call my scarf business Rubia, after the oldest-recorded red dye. It is also Spanish for blond, which I am."

And although her past includes antique quilt appraising and restoring, custom "art" clothing, and even taking classes in Navajo weaving and owning a Navajo loom, Gloria has immersed herself in the "world of the scarf."

"When I started making scarves for friends' special occasions, the first being a young bride who was like a daughter to me, I received such lovely thank you's that I knew I had hit on something wonderful," she says. The bride's scarf had their favorite quote on love around the edges, and illustrated that quote in her colors, of yellow and purple in the center. It took a solid week, but was worth it to see her face when they opened it."

It's been a dream come true to combine my first love, textiles, with painting and healing," she says. I use the scarves to inspire, enrich lives, and console those who have experienced a loss,

At a client's recent request, Gloria used photos of the Yorkshire terrier that had recently died, and did a collage-like depiction of aspects of Muffin's life, from puppy to the day before her passing.

"Whenever I wear my LifeScape scarf," says Muffin's owner. "I can feel the healing memories seep right into my spirit." People are always stopping me to admire the beautiful colors, then asking me to tell the scarf stories, and the meaning of the quote I chose for the border." I used to wear it for special occasions, but now I'll put it over my shoulders just to go pick up a quart of milk. I do have to allow extra time though, to visit with people who appreciate my beautiful scarf."

A self-proclaimed perfectionist, Gloria creates these stunning works of art by laying in the outline of the design with a resist, then painting in her diverse palette of colors, from the vibrant eastern maple leaf in fall that a woman longing for New England autumns requested,

to the deep indigos and musty purples of a desert sunset seen outside her studio window.

Her future? I have yet to make myself a Life Scape scarf," she sighs. "But when I do, I know it will involve



Right: Gloria Charles at work in her studio.

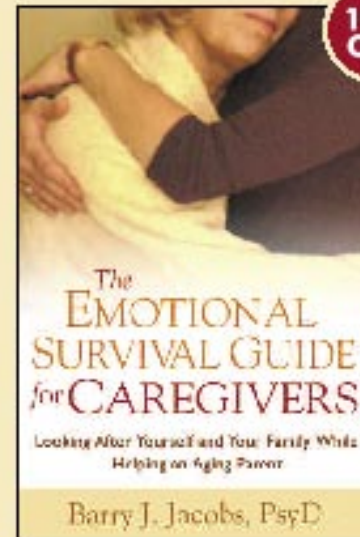




a hawk soaring over the mesa  
against a blue sky. Then  
whenever I travel I can feel as  
if I'm still in "My Place."



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Photos by Hanah Ellis



# LEADBETTER FARMS

GARGOYLES, DRAGONS ❖ LOCH NESS MONSTER  
CAN ALL BE FOUND ON THIS **Washington Coast Estate**

*By James M. Williams*



*Washington coastline estate evokes Cape Cod flair with a Captain's Quarters designed to delight the senses. All photos © James Williams, 2006.*

Gargoyles, dragons and a Loch Ness Monster can all be found on this Washington Coast estate. Other wildlife native to the area include bald eagles, owls, deer, and bears. The natural beauty is as rich today as it was when originally discovered by Lewis and Clark.

Known as a hiking haven, Leadbetter Point State Park is also one of the best bird-watching areas in the western United States and is neighbor to the privately owned Leadbetter Farms. Leadbetter Farms is a 600-acre retreat located on the Long Beach Peninsula, that was created by Craig Tillotson with the help of J.M. Williams and Associates.

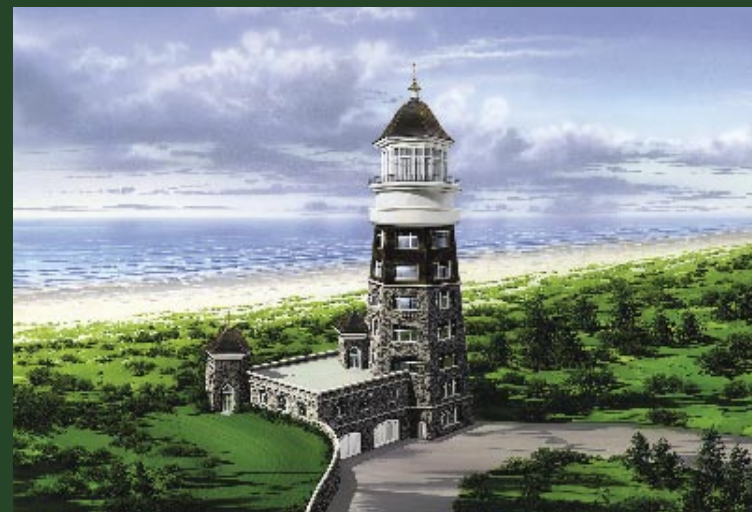
The main house is an oak-timber frame, barn-like structure nestled between the forest and the coastline, literally a cast away from the ocean with a seemingly never-ending beach extending in both directions. At certain times of the year the beach is lined with people digging for oysters. As evening arrives and the sun sets, campfires sparkle like stars along the coast. Restaurants in nearby towns serve an array of oyster dishes. For fish lovers, the local sturgeon is a must.

The oak-timber frame is one of the largest in the country. The “barn” has the charm of Cape Cod architecture, but with a medieval twist. Instead of light airy colors, darker tones were selected, more in harmony with local weathered buildings and the medieval theme. The exterior is clad with slate-like shingles, copper, sidewall shakes, and stone. An occasional dragon or gargoyle can also be spotted. The property has authentic antique European gates at each of its drives.

Adjacent to the “barn” is a man-made lake where you can find a life-size Loch Ness Monster slithering from its depths. The monster is, of course, also man-made. A grounded ship has been refurbished and serves as guest rooms, rivaling any stateroom cabin. If you want to go sailing, there are two seaworthy boats on the lake. The lake is stocked with fish, including sturgeon which can be four- to five-feet long. If you are going to fish for these you’ll want to make sure you are in good shape; it’s quite a workout. Other amenities include the horse pasture, garages with living space above, and a tree house or two.

A water-tank tower, made to look like a lighthouse soars 140 feet high, making it the tallest structure in the area and a local icon. The lower levels will provide additional garage and living space. The terrace or roof patio on the lower portion of the building will have a panoramic view of the ocean. Once completed, it will also include an exterior fireplace, hot tub and trellis. In the opposite direction will be vistas of the lake and forest. Of course the most breathtaking views will be from the top of the tower.

*Continued on next page.*



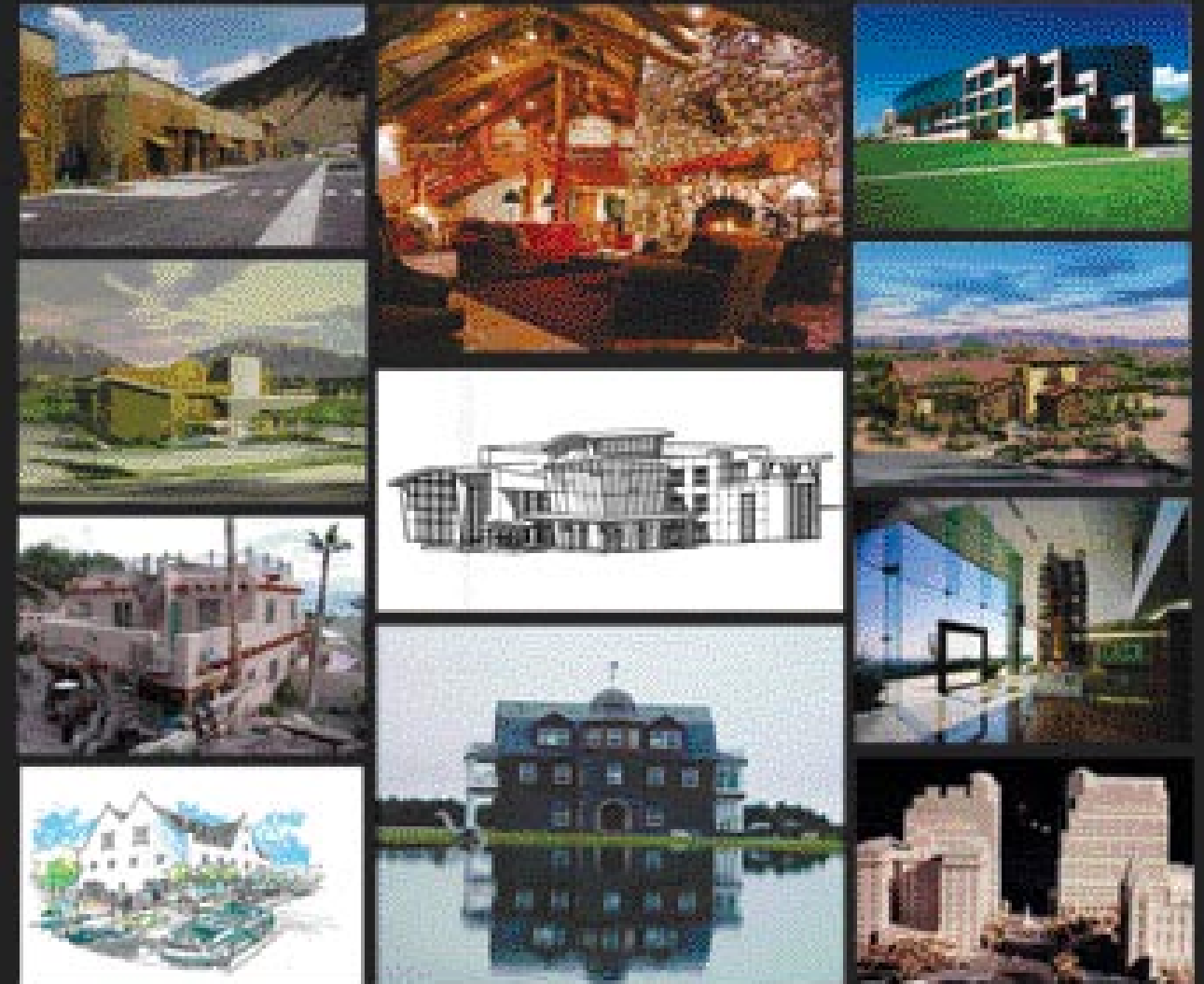


The construction of the water-tank tower is no small undertaking. Ocean-front property must be able to withstand harsh weather. Winds will result in bearing pressures under the tower of 600,000 pounds and an uplift force of 200,000 pounds. The main structure is a steel frame supported on a 3.5-foot thick reinforced concrete pile cap and over 80 steel piles extending approximately 50 feet below grade. The tower will be finished to match the other buildings with sidewall shakes, stone and copper, among other things.

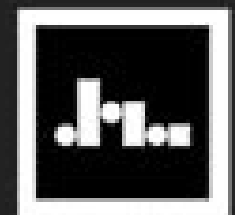
The project is a composition in which every building and structure complements the others. Buildings, although different in size and use, have similar finished materials, architecture and themes.

There is discussion of making this destination available for corporate retreats. This estate property is truly an heirloom that will provide enjoyment for generations to come.

*James M Williams is president of JM Williams and Associates Inc., 2875 S. Decker Lake Dr., #275, SLC, UT, 801.575.6455, and cofounder of AE OPUS, www.aeopus.com. Call 801.575.6455 or visit the JMWA website at jmw.com*



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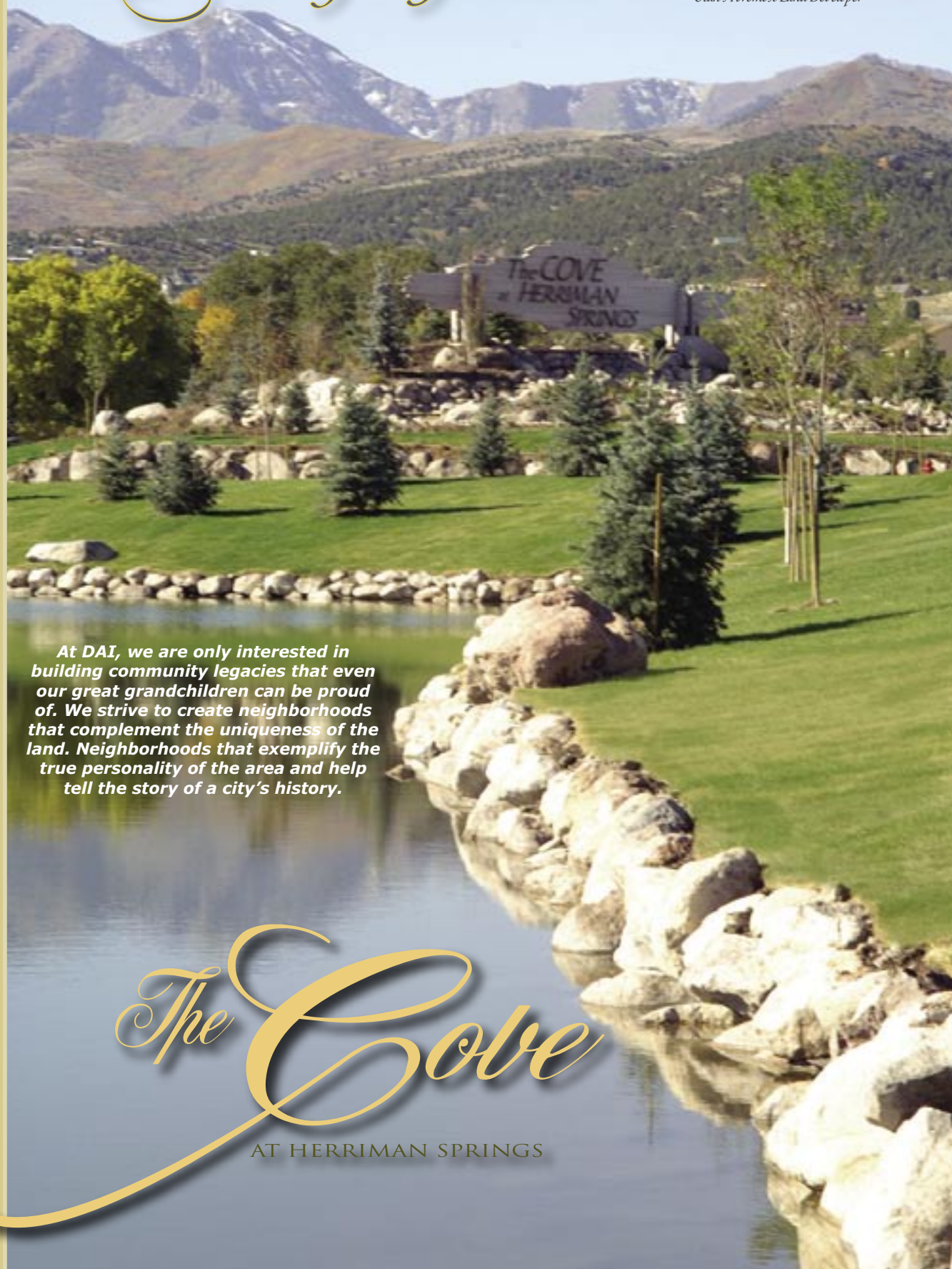


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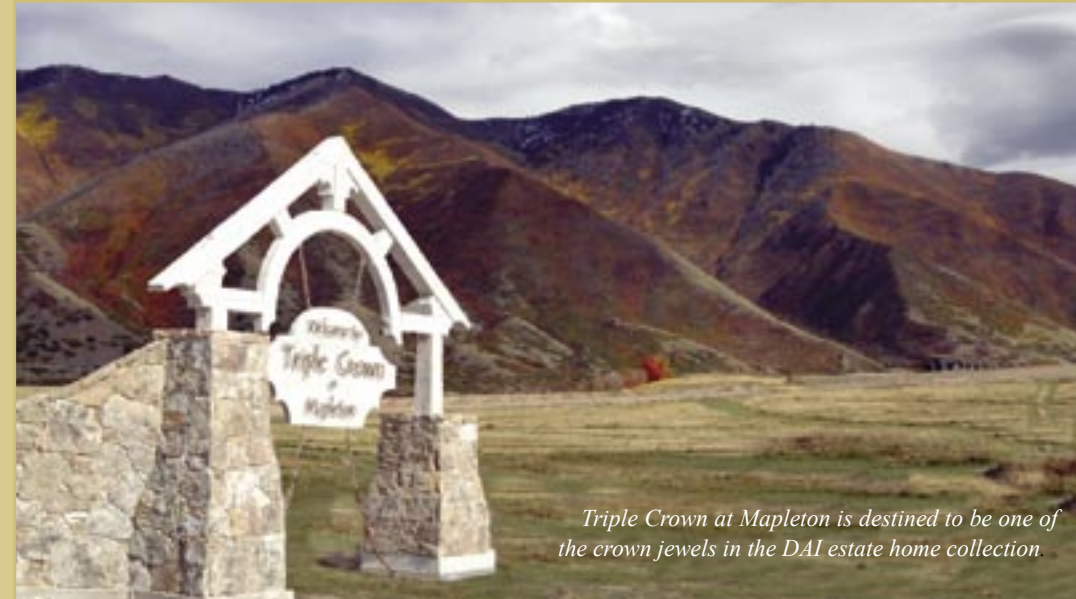


*At DAI, we are only interested in building community legacies that even our great grandchildren can be proud of. We strive to create neighborhoods that complement the uniqueness of the land. Neighborhoods that exemplify the true personality of the area and help tell the story of a city's history.*

## The Cove

AT HERRIMAN SPRINGS

*"DAI is an exceptionally good corporate citizen," says Steve Young, who founded the firm on the bedrock values upon which its foundation now rests: integrity, quality, trust and compassion.*



*Triple Crown at Mapleton is destined to be one of the crown jewels in the DAI estate home collection.*

When builders, investors, and individuals searching for the perfect building lot need to know the lay of the land in Utah, they quickly learn where to turn: Development Associates, Inc (DAI).

A South Jordan-based firm, DAI has emerged as the state's foremost land developer since its founding in 1986. Its standout communities sparkle from Davis to Iron counties, and it has even more-ambitious gems on the drawing boards and under construction.

But buyers aren't the only ones sold on DAI. So are the firm's principals and associates. Many of them live in the communities they've helped craft.

Steve Young, one of the firm's five managing partners, lives in a DAI development. So does Randy Campbell, who serves as

the company's Vice President of Sales and Marketing and in-house broker.

"There isn't a DAI community or neighborhood that I wouldn't be happy living in," said Nate Shipp, a managing partner.

And why not?

DAI's developments are well thought out, unique, and the proverbial living end — even for the pickiest buyers. For starters, there are the locations. DAI's building sites are sights to behold. At Elk Ridge, for instance, residents brush up against majestic mountains and look down on sweeping vistas of the lake and valley below.

"We are bullish on southern Utah County," says DAI partner Dave Millheim. "It's a beautiful area that is a short commute from employment and shopping centers, and yet you still feel like

you're away from it all."

That's not to say people in places such as Thousand Oaks rough it.

The lots and homes there may be in the shrubs, but they are anything but scrubs. Most homes in this pristine area range between \$750,000 and \$1 million. What's more, Stillwater in Saratoga and South Hills, a master-planned community set to sprout in the Herriman Foothills, are also developments buyers are going to DAI for. Adjacent to SilverLake in Eagle Mountain, is Evan's Ranch with its enticing amenities and feeling of open space and freedom that Eagle Mountain provides. Freedom and open space also abound at Triple Crown in Mapleton where buyers find a neighborhood of very few homes on very

large lots. Crescent Hollow, Farnsworth Farms, and Castle Ridge are three small, high-end neighborhoods carved out of the most ideal areas on the Sandy benches. "It has been really satisfying to offer individuals and builders the opportunity to build in Sandy as there are very few lots still available here," says Randy Campbell. He goes on to say, "Edelweiss is another community coming on line in Draper that we are very enthusiastic about as we have taken painstaking care to maintain the scruboak and vegetation there."

DAI officials not only have a vested interest in their communities, they invest in the people who live in them. They have a real sense of community. For example, under Nate Shipp's direction, the project recently donated a 7-acre amphitheater to the fledgling city of Eagle Mountain in west Utah County. "DAI is an exceptionally good corporate citizen," says Steve Young, who founded the firm on the bedrock values upon which its foundation now rests: integrity, quality, trust and compassion.

In the beginning, real-estate broker Milt Shipp and Steve put the firm on solid footing. Young's son-in-law, Jim Giles, is now a partner, along with Shipp's son Nate. So is Millheim, who Young says was an "arrow added to our quiver" to keep the developer on target.

"We're very picky about who we work with," says Millheim,



*The partners of DAI include (from left to right): Milt Shipp, Jim Giles, Nate Shipp, Dave Millheim, and Steve Young.*



*Greenbelts and open spaces are vital and inviting components of all DAI communities.*



former South Jordan city manager. “There’s a lot of synergy around here...We all get along well together.”

DAI leaders’ backgrounds keep the firm at the forefront. Young, for example, is a third-generation developer who learned the business at 14 from the ground up — laying pipe and excavating for his father.

Milt Shipp served a similar apprenticeship. His business mentors also inspired him

Nate Shipp and Jim Giles work with city planners and fathers to sire projects that are beneficial for everyone.

“I love to landscape parks, communities and improve surroundings,” Giles says. “I like to create something new and take it to the next level.”

DAI is certainly reaching new heights. The Cove at Herriman Springs, something you really have to see to believe, comes with seclusion, views, streams with gently flowing waterfalls, and a one-of-a-kind

Then there’s Strawberry Pines Resort that is taking shape on 1,000 acres near Strawberry Reservoir, where DAI is developing two miles of lake frontage, enlarging marina facilities and enhancing equestrian and snowmobiling trails.

“We’re creating a year-round destination resort that allows four-season usage,” Milt Shipp says.

Such ambitious projects don’t happen without some grind and gobs of groundwork. Still, Millheim doesn’t belabor the labor. He takes the job’s busy pace in stride.

Set amidst maples, quakies and evergreens, Thousand Oaks offers sweeping vistas of the mountains, Utah Valley and Utah Lake.

to help DAI become a company with a conscience.

“When we develop a community and can see it’s large enough to have a school or a church, we’ll contact [community and church leaders] and tell them, ‘We’ve planned for you in our project because the community needs it.’ “ he says. “Sure, it minimizes our profits . . . to a degree, but it is the responsible thing to do.”

DAI’s community-savvy approach extends farther afield — to such far-flung places as the Ukraine, where it sends proceeds from its golf tournaments and other philanthropic efforts to support orphanages.

fishing pond. Also coming to Herriman — Lookout Ridge. “Lookout Ridge is poised to be one of the premier high-end communities in the Salt Lake Valley. When prospective buyers see Lookout Ridge, they buy. The community sells itself as it is truly spectacular,” says Giles. At Palmer Estates in historic downtown Farmington, DAI has hired an arborist to preserve the area’s stately cottonwood trees. Also in Davis County, is Valentine Estates in Woodscross where a unique layout of open space, single family homes, and townhomes make this a much sought after community.

“I work hard and play hard,” he says. “Have you seen that old Nike poster of the guy on his bicycle? It says: ‘Eat right, drink plenty of fluids, get lots of sleep and go like hell.’ ”

With a spate of new projects scheduled for 2007, DAI’s business looks to become even more brisk. Millheim says that pace brings the firm more than money or fleeting pleasure.

“We all love seeing raw ground and turning it into a community,” he says.

“We love seeing parks, homes and families come together in an area.”

The Cove at Herriman Springs features a pond brimming with bass, trout and bluegill.

Strawberry Pines Resort boasts over 1,000 acres with lake frontage, marina, and equestrian facilities.

“We’re creating a year-round destination resort that allows four-season usage...”

Development Associates Inc. (DAI) has been developing land into communities for over 15 years resulting in over 3,500 residential building lots as well as four commercial centers. DAI communities span from Davis to Iron County with over 4,000 entitled lots either under development or projected for future development and 1,000 mountainside acres under development near Strawberry Reservoir as the future site for Strawberry Pines, a destination resort community. Current projects include:

- Valentine Estates in Woodscross
- Palmer Estates in Farmington
- Farnsworth Farms in Sandy
- Crescent Hollow in Sandy
- Castle Ridge in Sandy
- Edelweiss in Draper
- The Cove at Herriman Springs
- Lookout Ridge in Herriman
- Stillwater in Saratoga
- SilverLake in Eagle Mountain
- Evan's Ranch in Eagle Mountain
- Triple Crown in Mapleton
- Elk Ridge Meadows in Elk Ridge
- Thousand Oaks in Woodland Hills
- Grandview Offices in South Jordan (commercial)
- Greyhawk in East Layton (mixed use of retail, office, and multifamily residential)

CURRENT 2007 PROJECTS:

- A master-planned community in Grantsville
- Foothill Village in Santaquin
- The Ridge in Payson
- Skycrest Ranch in Emigration Canyon
- Mapleton Fields in Mapleton
- Farnsworth Farms II in Sandy
- South Hills in Herriman adjacent to Rose Crest
- The Rivers in Springville

Because DAI is a true developer -- not a home builder, we bring a variety of talented and professional builders into each community offering diversity in home choices and creating a community with distinct personality and unique appeal. We know the builders best suited for individual communities and know to count on them for a quality product and follow-through. DAI remains focused on the outline of the community itself -- we invest our time and resources into the amenities, landscaping, and general community functionality and aesthetics. We design and cultivate communities for lasting appeal. Our reputation relies on creating communities which grow more beautiful over time. Like the communities we shape, DAI is here for the long-haul.



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Views across Utah Lake from Stillwater and Silver Lake show majestic Mount Timpanogos as a backdrop.



# Jerry Anderson: master sculptor

## TALES FROM THE BRONZE AGE.

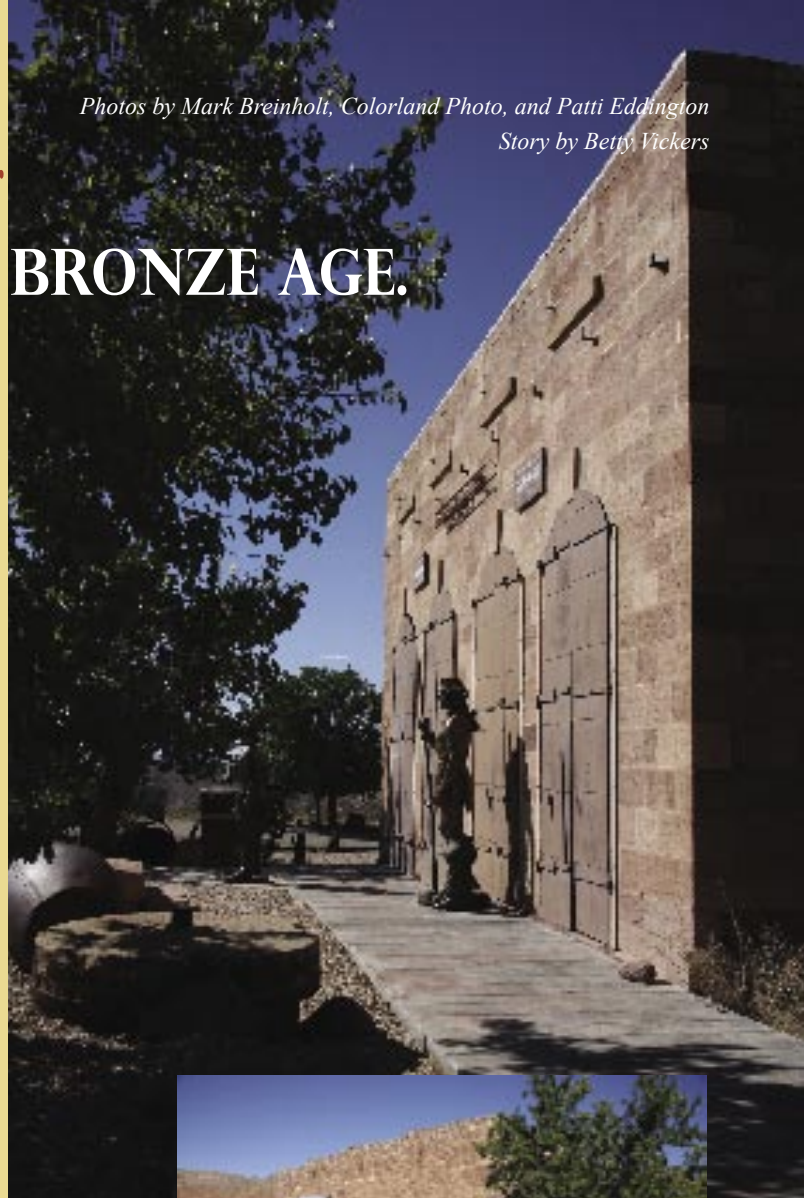
Jerry Anderson possesses the soul of an artist, but that does not mean he is timid. From white-water rafting to sky diving and skin diving, from building and racing soapbox go-carts and cars to riding motorcycles and piloting small planes, Anderson has always been attracted to the rugged and exhilarating side of life, and his art reflects that passion.

Although he readily expresses gratitude to all his mentors, he especially credits former President Gerald Sherratt at Southern Utah University with contributing to his early success as a sculptor. President Sherratt commissioned Anderson to create bronzes of 12 famous persons including Leonardo Da Vinci, Aristotle, Marie Curry and Albert Einstein. Five years later, the sculptures were finished and placed in the rotunda at the university amid the admiration of national dignitaries and the strains of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

But honor and popularity didn't come overnight for Anderson, and he looks back in wonder at the long trail leading up to his status as one of the best bronze sculptors showing today. He and his wife, Fawn, were living in California where Jerry was in the structural and ornamental steel business with his brothers. When the couple moved back to Utah in 1979 and settled in the Silver Reef area, it was by design. Jerry, long intrigued by the old Wells Fargo stagecoaches, had earlier carved a wood sculpture of a coach, and was immediately mesmerized with the old Wells Fargo building in Silver Reef. It seemed to shine like a beacon in the wilderness to show him the next step, and he immediately bought the ramshackle building and several acres of land.

Then taking a page from his Dad's book when he bought an 80-year-old schoolhouse in Manti to remodel for the family home, Jerry then renovated the Wells Fargo building into the fashionable Anderson's Gallery and Museum. In fact, Jerry's first attempt at sculpting was as a boy drilling wells with his dad. A bored Jerry eyed the pile of mud from the hole, picked up a handful and went to work forming a mud fence over stones. "Even at age 10," Jerry said, "I really had the feel of what I could do with clay."

Photos by Mark Breinholt, Colorland Photo, and Patti Eddington  
Story by Betty Vickers



As a young man, Jerry began studying art formally when he enrolled in a Draw Me correspondence course advertised on a matchbook cover in which the would-be artist was required to sketch a woman's face in profile. "That first art course was one of the best things I ever did for myself," Jerry said. "It was that course—the anatomy, composition, perspective, linen folds, animal anatomy, fashion design, facial moods, the study of hands, eyes and ears—that gave me the edge to work past most of my competitors later on."

During the four years he penciled his way through the course—with lessons graded by Norman Rockwell—Jerry continued his steel job during the day. After dinner, he would hit the art books and work past midnight—a

"Even at age 10, I really had the feel of what I could do with clay."



practice that helped him finish one lesson a month.

"At no time in those days, did I ever think of giving up," he said.

He wanted to become a commercial artist, but that goal never materialized. After finishing the course, he discovered that commercial artists earned far less money than he was making in the steel business, and Jerry had a family to feed.

When his artist soul urged him forward, he experimented with painting oils and watercolors. Destined for disappointment once again, Jerry realized his talent did not include creating flat art, so he turned to constructing three-dimensional steel art instead.

Jerry got his introduction into the lost wax process of sculpting quite by accident. While helping an acquaintance move into an apartment, he carried in a suitcase that seemed to weigh 100 pounds. Surprised, Jerry asked the man what was in the suitcase, and he opened it to show Jerry a stunning bronze of an owl perched in a tree with a mouse cowering below. Jerry was hooked from that day forward. He went out and bought some clay, and the young man gave him his first solid instruction in the art

of sculpting.

The budding artist made small clay pieces and took them in his RV to an art show in Death Valley where he met Lyle Johnson and several other sculptors. Johnson liked Anderson's work and took him under his wing. He showed Jerry how to fashion an armature—a skeleton of aluminum wire—over which to mould the clay. By the end of his six months apprenticeship, Jerry was thoroughly smitten with the art of sculpting and ready to strike out on his own to produce his distinctive flavor of Western art. Now he favors creating the larger than life-sized bronzes, and produces about five major pieces a year.

Anderson's art comes from the heart of a true western man. He's a history buff who loves the outdoors, and he favors Levis, western shirts, and cowboy hats and boots. According to Dolan, Jerry's son, his father especially likes boots with the big riding heels. "The gaudier they look, the better dad likes them," Dolan said. Jerry refused to stop wearing the boots when a doctor told him they were aggravating his back pain. Dolan asked his dad how he could stand to wear cowboy boots when they're so uncomfortable. Jerry answered, "No one said it would be comfortable or easy—it's hard to look good."





Music has been Jerry's second love ever since he played clarinet and saxophone in the school band. He credits Fawn, his pole star for over 50 years, with encouraging him to develop musically. They met when Fawn was a 14-year-old cheerleader, and married on her seventeenth birthday. Shortly thereafter, she learned to play the guitar, and Jerry joined her. After he took up the banjo, they were both soon performing in country and bluegrass bands in a wide variety of settings. He also writes songs and pens poetry.

"I love music," Jerry said. "It's the same as art. I listen to bluegrass while I'm sculpting. You need both music and art to make you content through life."

Fawn agrees. "His art is like music," she said. "He's the conductor who fits things in where they belong, and Jerry's life runs like bluegrass music—very fast."

Jerry smiles and says, "We're going to continue playing and making music until our fingers, hands and voices let us down—which is coming pretty close."

Although the famous sculptor is intrigued with the American Indians portrayed in many of his bronzes, he has also created a number of modern-day pieces. Examples include the spectacular bronze tree gracing

the Dixie Regional Medical Center, a bronze of former Boston Red Sox hurler Bruce Hurst pitching in the World Series, and a piece honoring the Triple Deuce.

Many people are well acquainted with Jerry, the renowned sculptor and accomplished bluegrass musician, but who is Jerry Anderson, the man?

To begin, he's a living model of his deceptively uncomplicated philosophy. "Life and life's problems pretty much guide you to different, sometimes difficult, crossroads. I believe it's how you handle those decisions that make a difference. Here's the deal: 99 percent of us never use our brains enough. The sooner we all start thinking, the better off we'll be. That's what you've got to do—think and work hard." He's also a staunch supporter of other artists' work, and of the ideals for which America fights.

Besides being a hardworking artist and family man, Jerry is a man of seeming contradictions. Despite suffering a plane crash as a boy, he later earned a pilots license. He hates spiders and snakes, yet is an accomplished outdoorsman who loves hunting and fishing. He won a bronze medal swimming in the Senior Olympics, enjoys boating and skin diving, yet will not go on a cruise. An



Powerful composition with bear, mountain man and horse, with cub bear hiding in tree trunk on opposite side, entitled, "If it's not one thing, it's your mother!"



Fawn and Anderson's granddaughter, modeled for this touching and delicate rendition of a child sharing a secret with her mother.



His heroes are John Wayne and all men who stand up for their beliefs.



aficionado of the heat and roar of motorcycles and fast cars, he is gentle enough to love cats and to sculpt bronzes of each of his granddaughters. His heroes are John Wayne and all men who stand up for their beliefs, but he also honors simple people doing what they love. When asked to name his favorite bronze, he's apt to cite the spiritually tender *Come Unto Me* piece displayed in a mortuary in St. George rather than one of his beautifully wild and fierce bronzes.

Finally, the heart and soul of the man and his art could be summed up in Jerry's quick and simple response to the question, "What's the best bronze you've ever created?"

"I don't know," he said. "I haven't made my best piece yet."





# POCKET CHANGE

## HOW I LOST MY WALLET AT PENN, BUT FOUND SOMETHING WORTH MUCH MORE

MY WALLET IS MISSING—MY BRIGHT RED, UNIVERSITY-OF-UTAH-INSIGNIA-BEARING WALLET.

I notice it's gone while sitting in cathedral-esque Irvine Auditorium at the University of Pennsylvania. My wife and I have been listening to the school's president tell hundreds of proud but pensive parents why they should send their sons and daughters to the Ivy League school.

Our older son is down to his final three college choices: The George Washington University, the University of Utah, and Penn.

If Zachary chooses GW, he'll live in dorms in Washington, D.C., just down the street from the White House and around the corner from Watergate. It's a wonkish wonderland for a political junkie like Zack. The Beltway Buzz seems to reverberate just below the din of the honking horns throughout GW's eclectic blend of townhouse offices and multistory classroom buildings.

Zack isn't sure about a major, but he's leaning toward journalism. He was the editor of his high school paper his junior and senior years. If he sticks with newspapering, he will have an edge at GW. He was one of the few freshmen admitted directly into the private university's journalism school, with its high-class digs and top-flight faculty located in the heart of the world's premier news town.

If he opts for *my* alma mater, the University of Utah, he'll inherit a college with a pretty fair journalism school (it has kept me in the business for nearly 25 years) and an even better football team. He'll save us tens of thousands of dollars a year, thanks to in-state tuition and at-home room and board. And we won't need to replace his wardrobe—all those U. coats, sweaters, shirts, pants, socks, and ties that have made the campus bookstore our family's favorite one-stop-Christmas-and-birthday-buying shop.

If Zack picks Penn, he'll get to live in an Oxford-inspired, Hogwarts-style dorm—complete with ornamental towers, majestic arches, enclosed courtyards, and gargoyle-like figurines—just west of the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia. Penn has no journalism



From his percussion perch in the Quaker scramble band, Zachary Noyce basks in Penn's pounding of Yale at Franklin Field.

school, but it boasts a communications major and one of the nation's leading think tanks: the Annenberg School for Communication. By attending Penn—Benjamin Franklin's experiment in “useful, practical” higher learning that dates back to 1740—he'll live in the birthplace of American democracy. Across the river sits Independence Hall, where the nation's birth certificate was conceived and crafted and its constitutional system established and nurtured. For good measure, he will be able to call himself a Quaker. Now how many tobacco-shunning, alcohol-abstaining Utahns can proclaim that in their Mormon Sunday School class?

It really isn't a contest. GW and Utah are fine schools. But Penn is, well, Penn, one of the nation's most distinguished universities. The Philly school just reeks of Ivy League brains. I feel out of place on campus, like Mr. Rogers at a Calvin Klein fashion show. Zack, however, looks right at home this spring day, surrounded by the Gothic buildings, the tree-lined walks, and the finals-absorbed bookish students.

He fits.

But will a Penn education fit our modest budget? It will cost more than \$35,000 for

tuition and housing his first year alone. Even counting a generous scholarship, we'll be coughing up \$1,600 a month. Gulp.

Maybe that's why I find myself in Irvine Auditorium checking for my bright red, University-of-Utah-insignia-bearing wallet. I had moved it from its usual home in my right rear pocket to my right front pocket. I had read someplace that wallets were less likely to be stolen from a front pocket. Of course, the article said nothing about them being more likely to be lost from there.

Anyway, I search all of my pockets. No wallet. I look under my chair. No wallet. I ask my wife, Beth, if she has it. No luck. I even ask the parents sitting behind us if they found a wallet. No, they say.

Panic sets in. Beth and I dart out of Irvine and find the nearest Penn hostess. We tell her about the lost wallet. She sympathetically jots down the details. We send off Zack with a group of prospective students to check the dorms. He faces a big decision and must press on with the tour. I decide to retrace our steps on campus while Beth calls the credit-card companies and alerts them.

With map in hand, I chart a course for the Penn Bookstore. Without Zack, our navigator, who seemed to know where everything was the moment he set foot on campus, I could easily wind up losing more than a wallet—namely myself—if I wasn't careful.

I head west, past a giant Penn insignia, through Perelman Quad, an immaculate expanse of granite and brick pavers lined by flowery beds, leafy trees, and a sculpture of William Pepper, the provost who helped transform the school into a major research university in the late 1800s. The quad is tucked between Houston Hall, a turn-of-the-century brick building that houses the nation's first student union, and College Hall, a greenish Gothic castle that cartoonist and Penn alumnus Charles Addams reportedly used as his model when he created the mansion for the hit TV show *The Addams Family*.

While gazing at these magnificent sights, I begin to wonder: Can we really afford this place? Sure, Ben Franklin preached that “a

While gazing at these magnificent sights, I begin to wonder: Can we really afford this place? Sure, Ben Franklin preached that “a penny saved is a penny earned.” But what Poor Richard didn't say is that you have to save 3.5 million of those pennies to earn one year of enrollment at his university.

penny saved is a penny earned.” But what Poor Richard didn't say is that you have to save 3.5 million of those pennies to earn one year of enrollment at his university.

If Zack picks Penn, we will have to start draining cash from my retirement account. And we have three other kids to put through college. My eldest child, Amy, is already racking up A's at the University of Utah. The other two—Megan in high school and Samuel in junior high—are ambitious and smart as well (they all take after their mother, thankfully) and could wind up at Brown or Brandeis, Dartmouth or Duke, or Penn. At this rate, if our youngest goes to NYU, we may have to write him an I-O-U.

But school always comes first for our children. A neighbor tells her kids “homework comes before housework.” I like that philosophy. My son's algebra assignment is more important than the dishes, and my daughter should clean up her *Beowulf* paper before tidying up her bedroom. (And, judging from her bedroom, she spends a lot of time on *Beowulf* papers.)

It's worth it, though, because college grads clean up in the working world. The Census Bureau reports that employees with at least a bachelor's degree earn an average of \$23,000 more a year than those with only high school diplomas. Tack on graduate degrees, and the income gap widens to more than \$46,000 a year. So, in the labor market, higher education truly leads to *hire* education—i.e., jobs—and higher salaries.

To that end, Beth and I vowed long ago to do all we could to help our children earn their degrees. We joke that our kids might have to take care of us in our old age because there might not be much left in our retirement fund. Social Security? Their blue-chip educations will be our social security. For years I have sung that longtime Democratic tune that education is an investment, not an expense. Now, rushing through Penn's luscious learning environment, I realize the time is fast-approaching for me to put my paycheck where my politics are.

I turn north on 36th Street, which functions as a pedestrian pathway in the heart of Penn, and pass through an ecumenical

intersection of sorts that includes the ARCH building, a 1920s throwback that used to house Christian undergraduates, and Hillel, a Tudor revival house and former center for Jewish students. Aaah, all these wonderful old buildings. Neither the U. nor GW can compare. Looking back now, I understand what Pulitzer Prize-winning author Norman Mailer meant when I heard him cite his Law of Architectural Precedence: “If the building you are in is less inhabitable than the one across the street, then the one you are in was built later.” Still, I can't erase the thought that sending Zack to this pretty Penn will cost us a pretty penny.

At last, I reach Walnut Street and 36th. On the corner is the multistoried bookstore. We had gone there earlier in the day and scooped up Penn shirts, sweaters, and caps along with Penn pens, pencils, and notebooks. All told, we dropped a couple of hundred dollars in the bookstore. I must have dropped my wallet there, too. I go to the information desk and ask if someone turned in a bright red, University-of-Utah-insignia-bearing wallet. I leave the store dejected, like a little boy whose favorite ice cream just fell off its cone.

My next stop: the financial-aid office. The wallet must be there. Surely, I am not the first person to lose my wallet—literally, not figuratively—at Penn's financial-aid office. We had stopped there to talk about Zack's scholarship. I walk into the office just east of the bookstore on Walnut Street. I ask at the counter, look in the waiting area, and even peek in the counselor's office where we had sat just hours earlier. Three strikes. I'm out.

I head back to Irvine. I don't see where my bright red, University-of-Utah-insignia-bearing wallet could be. But I do see something

else—something far more valuable—as I walk along meticulously manicured Locust Walk. I see my son in the faces of the students I pass. I see Zack, four months hence, sitting at a carrel in Van Pelt Library poring over Graham Greene's *The Quiet American*. I see him drifting asleep in his Quad dorm room with his Chicago Cubs baseball poster above his bunk. I see him cheering at cavernous Franklin Field as the Quakers roll past Cornell. I see him at the historic Palestra basketball arena with his new Penn pals belting out the school song after shooting down archrival Princeton.

I see Zack in a basement lecture room at the Annenberg School, scribbling notes on the dangers of media conglomerates. I see him bickering with a professor and defending affirmative action. I see him guzzling skim milk and wolfing down a



Dorm rooms in Penn's historic Quad offer castle-like accommodations—a la Oxford.

Continued next page.





On Penn's campus, students share a space with some of the nation's top minds—even its founder, Benjamin Franklin.

maple bar near Huntsman Hall (named for Utah industrialist and Penn benefactor Jon Huntsman Sr.) before scurrying off to class. I see him grabbing a front-row seat at Kelly Writers House to hear historian David McCullough discuss John Adams. I see him perched cross-legged beneath the Ben Franklin statue outside College Hall, cramming for a history midterm.

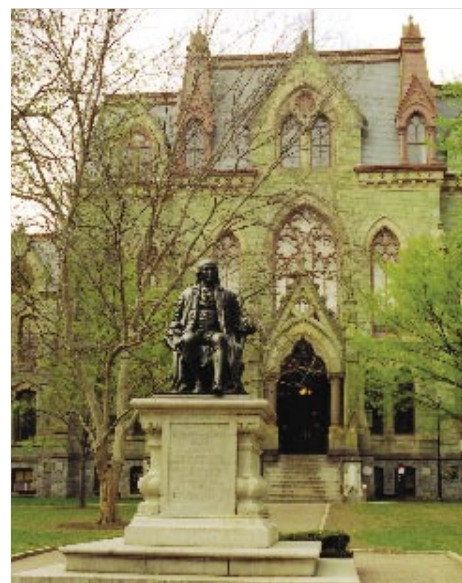
I see my son ...

At Penn.

This is truly where he belongs.

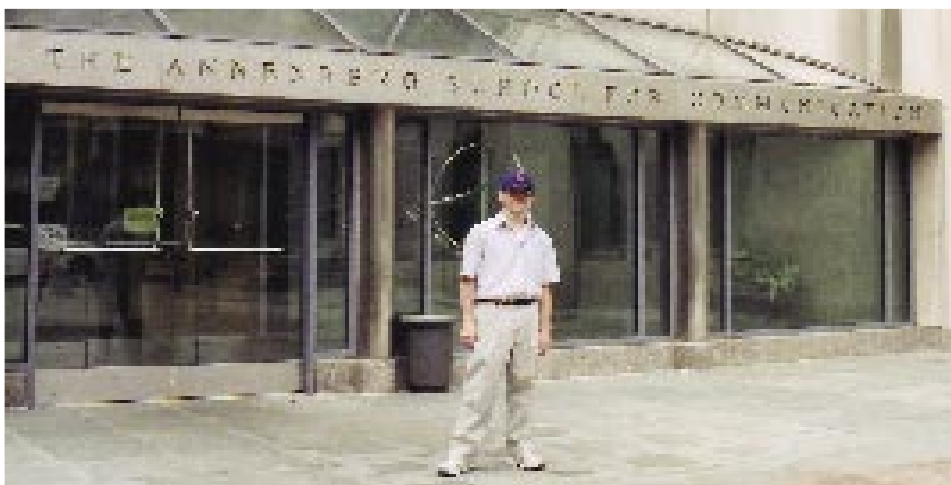
I hurry back to Irvine, where I fill out a report for the Penn police. Zack gets back from his dorm tour. He's pumped, like a 10-year-old after his first roller-coaster ride. We tell him the wallet is gone. He heads back into the auditorium for one last look.

Moments later, Zack returns holding a bright red, University-of-Utah-insignia-bearing wallet.



Outside College Hall, a statue of Benjamin Franklin overlooks the school he created. A year's tuition at Poor Richard's university tops \$30,000.

*At Penn, my son found a new love for old books and rejuvenated an old thirst for new knowledge. He toured museums, Independence Hall, the Constitution Center. He found a diversity of people, places, philosophies, and experiences he never would have come across in Utah.*



If Zachary Noyce pursues journalism studies at Penn, he will take a number of classes in the renowned Annenberg School for Communication.

"Where was it?" I ask, opening the tri-fold and finding everything in order—license, cash, credit cards, family photos.

"Oh, it was lodged in the side of the seat where you were sitting," he says with a shrug.

I had looked underneath my seat, next to it, behind it, and in front of it. I had spent a couple of hours scurrying to the bookstore, the financial-aid office, and practically all points in between. I checked with receptionists, clerks, counselors, hosts and hostesses, even the police. And here comes Zack and, in a matter of minutes, he finds the wallet. Yep, it's just one more sign he belongs at Penn.

In the end, Zack found a lot more at Penn than my wallet. During his freshman year there, he found a home in the Fisher Hassenfeld wing of that Hogwarts of a dorm, where Penn would begin to work its magic. He found a spot in the living-and-learning Media and Communications program, which took him to Washington one weekend to be schooled by politicians, pollsters, and pundits. He enrolled in a class taught by a leading political scientist. He sat at the feet of some of the world's top scholars on Africa, Asia, and Europe. He wrote a biweekly column for the *Daily Pennsylvanian*. He pounded the drums in Penn's scramble band, which took him on road trips to New York, New Haven, Boston, Providence, and Princeton. He packed his calculus sign (somehow he concocted a "Go Penn" banner using a mathematical equation) and cheered on the Quakers in an NCAA

women's basketball game against UConn. He heard the Rev. Jesse Jackson speak about social justice and black empowerment and sat awestruck when legendary playwright Arthur Miller—in one of the final curtain calls before his death—read from his latest work at Irvine Auditorium.

Zack's Philadelphia story continued when he joined the Penn Democrats. He protested. He politicked. He produced and plastered up posters. He heard Democratic presidential nominee John Kerry speak in Philly. He even saved a parking place for former Vice President Al Gore.

At Penn, my son found a new love for old books and rejuvenated an old thirst for new knowledge. He toured museums, Independence Hall, the Constitution Center. He found a diversity of people, places, philosophies, and experiences he never would have come across in Utah.

"I remember for once—maybe the first time in my life outside of my home—feeling like I belonged somewhere," Zack says now of his freshman year. "I fit in, not because I was so alike or any such thing. I fit in because I was completely different. And at Penn, that's OK. ... Penn was clay. It would fill in around me, rather than trying to force me to mold to its hole."

Yes, Zack found himself at Penn—who he is, what he believes, how he feels. In short, he found *his* school. And I found reasons to keep writing those monthly tuition checks. Bless the Penn Payment Plan.



*Digital Restoration*

*Instant Digital Portraits*

*Family Heirloom*

*Class Reunions*

*Architectural*

*Landscape*

*Custom Coloration*

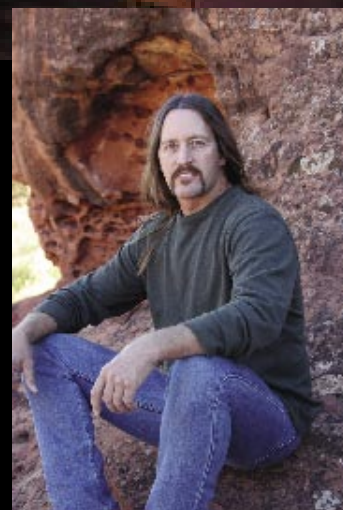
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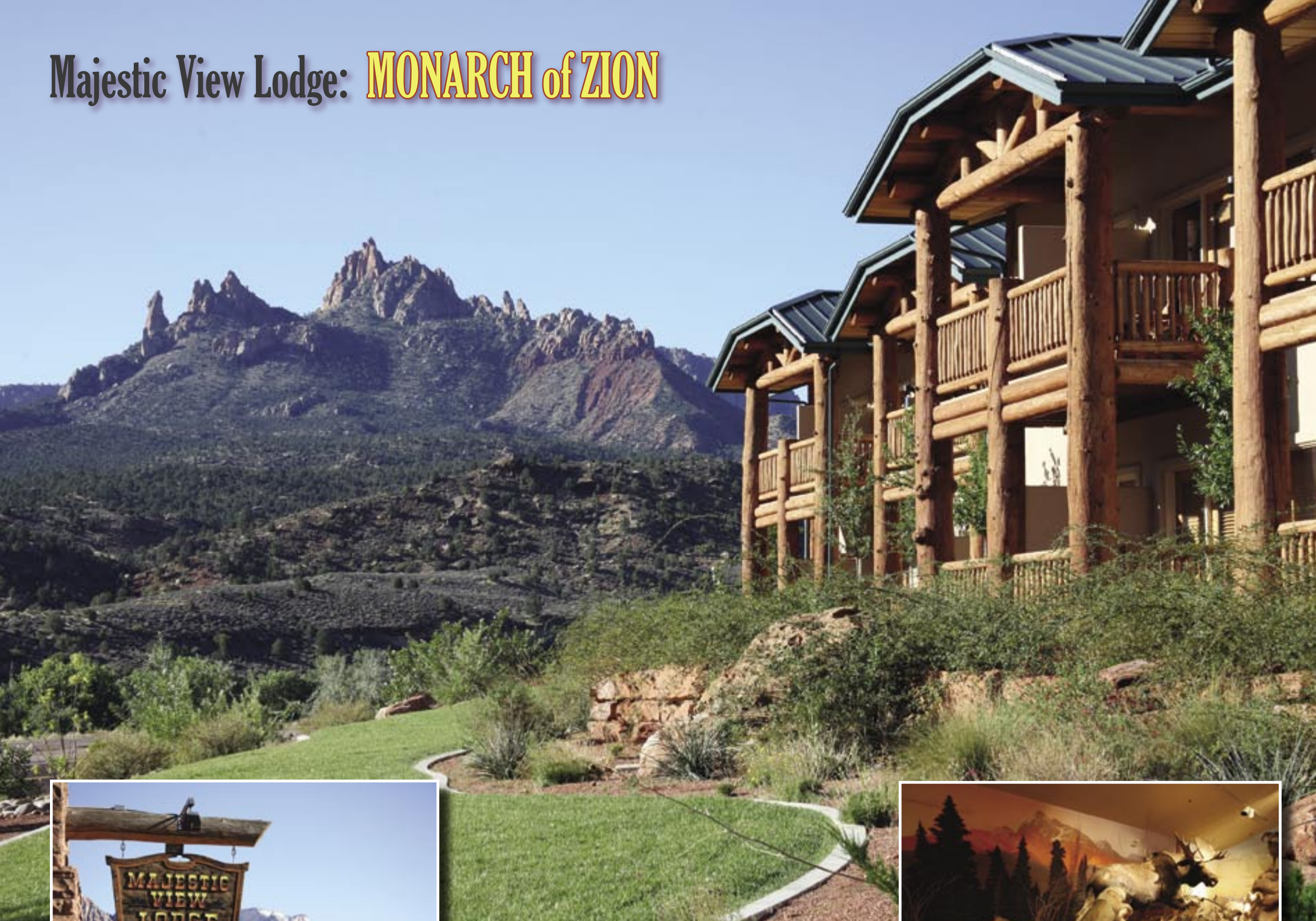


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# Majestic View Lodge: **MONARCH** of ZION



By Betty Vickers  
Photos by Mark Breinholt, Colorland Photo

HOTEL Reservations: call 1-866-772-0665  
RESTAURANT Reservations: call 1-435-772-0765  
*Hours vary seasonally, so call ahead*



**M**ajestic View Lodge—one of the most elegant and unique resort lodges anywhere in the world—couldn't have been named anything else. The views literally go on for miles in every direction, and actually begin as you leave the small town of Hurricane, Utah, and start up Highway 9 toward Springdale. By the time you park at the Lodge, your senses may be on beauty overload, but more of the same is yet to come when you enter the main lobby.

Tim Marolf, general manager, formerly of the St. George Holiday Inn, goes to great lengths to maintain the outdoor mood inside the rustically tasteful lodge. It is immediately evident that every detail has been addressed in the well-appointed and welcoming lobby sitting area, and in the artistic ambience of the Trading Post gift shop just inside the front door. The building's distinction begins with the stripped logs taken from trees burned in the 1988 Yellowstone wildfire. Builders have carefully integrated these magnificent heavy timbers to extraordinary effect in each section of the spacious lodge, saloon and steakhouse dining room.

You will want to see everything the Lodge has to offer all at once, but you may opt for checking in first where you find that no aspect has been spared in the elegance and comfort of your accommodations. Each AAA-rated room is adorned with authentic Southwest décor using colors warm as toast and butter. The gorgeous authentic log furnishings in the 66 rooms and four suites have cushioned sofas and chairs that invite sinking into for a rest, and the rich textures of the bed and bath linens complement the total character. Every room, whether it is one of the log cabins or regular rooms, has spectacular views of the red rocks of Zion National Park just beyond your private deck or patio. Between side trips to enjoy all the beauty the area has to offer and to see the many attractions, you are certain to appreciate spending time relaxing in the inviting outdoor pool and spa.

Majestic View Lodge is the only place in Springdale open 365 days a year. In fact, Thanksgiving and Christmas are very popular times with guests seeking a sunny break from the snow and wintry weather of the north. Unusually reasonable prices are another feature of the Majestic Lodge with amounts varying according to the different types of accommodations and seasonal and holiday adjustments.

No resort worth its salt stints on the food selections and portions, and the Majestic Steakhouse and saloon is dedicated to providing the very best of both. When it comes time to tuck your feet under a table, you can choose to sit in the spacious dining room, the saloon or, weather permitting, out on the popular fresh air porch. The steakhouse décor continues the rustic motif with the emphasis on Zion National Park views accompanied by the music of an indoor waterfall. Nicholas Theodore, executive chef who began cooking at age 16 and recently came



# Zion Brewery

By Will Eastburn

Finding year round work in a resort community can be a challenge, one that two Springdale, Utah, brothers, Derek and Dale Harris, faced in 2005. Dale considered leaving the area to continue his education, while Derek re-evaluated his own career choice in the restaurant business. Because visitors to the area restaurants often asked for the local beer and Utah microbrews were being successful, the brothers scratched out a business plan to open their own microbrewery in Springdale. There was just one minor problem—neither brother knew how to brew a vat of beer.

Fortunately, common sense, hard work and mechanical aptitude are the primary ingredients required in the art of beer brewing. “Making beer is the easy part,” Dale said. “Making beer that tastes great is the hard part.”

Microbrews, as the name implies, are created by breweries that produce less than 15,000 barrels of beer per year. That might seem like a lot, but Anheuser Busch produced 101.1 million barrels of beer in 2005. Because of concerns for water usage, the brewery is limited by

the cleanest beer possible,” Dale said. “All beers contain small amounts of bacteria, but we use a series of filters and other methods to eliminate bacteria and cloudiness.”

The beer-making process takes about two weeks from start to finish. Unlike wine, beer does not need to be aged for taste. “Beer is similar to baked goods or other foods that are better served fresh,” Derek said. “That’s a big reason why microbrew beers have grown in popularity.”

Brewers agree that the first step in making quality beer is to begin with premium ingredients. “Our grains come from Germany and Canada,” Dale said. “We use high quality hops that are grown in Oregon’s fertile soil and are ideal for making IPAs.”

Hop Valley India Pale Ale (IPA), originally brewed in England for export to the British Troops in India – is one of their signature beers.

Hop Valley IPA, a full flavored bitter, is crafted as a beer to savor and enjoy. Because the brothers wanted to capture the essence of Zion Canyon

in their product assortment, Hop Valley IPA was named in honor of nearby Hop Valley, where hops grow wild. Additional offerings include Jamaican Style Lager, Springdale Amber Ale, Extra Special Bitter and Virgin Stout.

Brewing, sales and marketing, deliveries and maintenance are all part of the working day of the small brewer, but the brothers have made much progress. “We’re working nine hour days now instead of sixteen hour

days,” Derek said. “Our beers have received very positive feedback and we sell all that we can produce.”

Zion Brewery beers are available on tap at the Majestic View Lodge and most Springdale restaurants, as well as in establishments in Brian Head, Cedar City, and St. George. The art of crafting beer is a time-honored tradition dating back thousands of years. Given their hard work and desire to succeed, the Harris brothers hope to enjoy the same success as other artisans who live in the eclectic community of Springdale.

from Coral Canyon Golf Club’s kitchen, continues to perfect his savory artistry at the lodge.

You’ll find daily menu specialties, or you can choose from a full range of prime cuts of beef, chicken, seafood, elk, buffalo and pasta dishes. Breakfast selections are sure to please, and lunch choices include salads, soups and sumptuous sandwiches. If you are an aficionado of Reuben sandwiches, here’s your chance to sink your teeth into one of the best you’ll ever taste—and it comes with tangy potato salad or tasty French fries. The service is outstanding and, here again, you’ll find reasonable prices and excellent value. The main restaurant easily accommodates 140 guests and the banquet room serves 45 diners.

The saloon, decked out with the same Southwestern décor, has a sports bar atmosphere with large TVs to keep you apprised of the current scores of games of all types. The saloon features superb mixed drinks, has an extensive wine list, and serves beers from the squeaky-clean and up-to-date microbrewery. The various beers, available on tap and in bottles, are the delectable results of the skills of the two master brewers, brothers Derek and Dale Harris.

After dining, take a turn through the Trading Post and the adjacent Wild Animal Museum. The Trading Post is one of the best you will shop anywhere, and has the tone of a fine boutique. It carries only quality items such as authentic Indian dolls, blankets, carved wooden bowls, basketware, statuary, artifacts, books and cards, beadwork and fine silver jewelry made by Montana silversmiths. The shop also carries cuddly soft Minnetonka moccasins to wear in your room after a day of hiking or walking in the bracing air of the park. You will find manager Melva Benson—who comes from England—and her staff cordial and helpful in selecting just the right gifts for your family and friends. Melva says, “We’re the best-kept secret in Utah. When people find us, they love us,” Benson says.

The Native American Art & Wildlife Museum, a 3000 square feet museum with startlingly realistic birds, reptiles and animals shown in lifelike stances. The goal was to show wildlife in natural surroundings and accurate detail, and that goal has been artistically achieved in every display in the museum. Each animal—most notably the huge woolly bison—is so lifelike

you almost expect to see them breathe or blink a wary eye. Of course, you will not hear the rattlers posed on the Western Diamondback just inside the entrance to the right, but the dynamic stance may make you want to take a step backward. The museum’s other inhabitants include elk, sheep, a polar bear with two babies, deer, pheasant, quail, hawks, moose, antelope, bobcats and Kodiak bears. Happily, admission is free and cameras are encouraged.

The Majestic View Lodge, located near the entrance to Zion National Park,

is within easy reach. It is less than an hour’s drive from St. George, about two and a half hours from Las Vegas, five from Salt Lake City and seven hours from Los Angeles. This accessibility—considered along with all the other factors of the luxurious accommodations, excellent food and drinks, and the short distances to the natural wonders of the area—ensures a quality vacation experience for anyone lucky enough to plan some time at the Majestic View Lodge in southern Utah’s Color Country.



the city of Springdale to 5,000 kegs of beer per year. The brothers planned early for the future and purchased equipment that is capable of filling 25 kegs per hour or 2,400 bottles an hour.

Quality and freshness add to the appeal of microbrews—a tradition the Harris brothers are diligent in pursuing. Zion Brewery, located on the lower level of the Majestic View Lodge in Springdale, contains the most advanced brewing equipment available, and visitors immediately notice the high degree of cleanliness. “Our goal is to produce







by Beth Moore



TROOP A115TH CAVALRY WAS ONE OF THE LAST IN THE UNITED STATES TO BE DISBANDED

## Once There Was a Cavalry

Hooves thundered on the hard-packed soil as horses, manes and tails rippled in the wind, raced to where a man stood waiting. He had pushed open the big, creaking doors of the cavalry barn. The sound meant food.

As a little girl, sitting in the loft of the armory, I had never watched anything so grand, nor anyone as brave as my father standing in the entrance of the stable. When those big horses reached him, they stopped. A few impatiently pawed the ground. Not one tried to go through the large door until Dad stepped aside.

Each horse walked to his stall, paused a second, and looked at the name painted on the stall above his head, then pranced in and began to eat.

I know horses can't read and so do you. As a little girl I never doubted they could. Not many days passed, even in that little town, that someone didn't come to watch the horses 'read.' Often, while the horses ate, visitors would stop to visit with my dad and listen to his tales. He loved to spin his stories almost as much as he loved his horses. His friends used to call him the "Will Rogers of the Big Horn Basin."

His official title was stable sergeant in the National Guard. A full-time government job during the Great Depression meant we always had a home and food. There's no such title today, I'm sure, because stable meant what it said. He was in charge of a stable that housed 50- to 60 feisty, big, dark-colored geldings – dark colored so they would be difficult to see in times of battle.

Dad had another man to help with feeding, watering, and grooming the horses, and he soon learned he'd better do a good job. Young men in the National Guard would

often come to practice their riding, and they usually gave Dad a hand too. He always had time to listen as the young recruits would bend his ear with their problems or successes. They were his boys.

During the summer the men and boys dressed in their uniforms, mounted their horses, and assembled in formation for a parade. The high school band led the way, and off they went. They drilled in the big field next to the armory. The parade and drills usually lasted from early evening until dark.

Again I watched from the loft, but at these events women and other kids kept me company. The smell of hay tickled our noses, and some of us chewed stalks which had a faint taste, matching how the hay smelled

The big doors in the loft where Dad pushed the hay out to the horses stood open, and I managed to get close, but not too close, to the edge for the best view. The distance to the ground frightened me, and Mom held tight to my arm. Chattering voices surrounded me, and I wondered why everyone didn't keep quiet and pay attention to the drill preparations. Didn't anyone else see the beauty in the movement of the horses as they tossed their big heads, and pawed the ground periodically in protest? The men and boys, full of themselves, sat ramrod straight in their saddles. When the drum beat a cadence, other spectators stopped talking, and we clapped enthusiastically in rhythm.

After it was over my brothers went to help Dad, because he wouldn't leave until he made sure every horse had been properly watered and rubbed down by its rider.

Even with Mom by my side, it seemed spooky at night when the people left.

Constant cracks and moans filled the old tin barn as it cooled down. Otherwise active pigeons, who claimed the exposed beams in the unfinished ceiling for their home, had settled in for the night. Their droppings, a worry in daytime, ceased with dark. The movements of the horses, such fun to watch in the daytime, scared me at night with their restless sounds. A small breeze filled the air with the smell of manure – a strong smell that still, though it wrinkles my nose, brings back precious memories.

Finally Dad, my brothers, and the in-training soldiers came, satisfied that all was well. Tired, but happy, everyone went home.

Troop A115th Cavalry was one of the last in the United States to be disbanded. I like to think that it was because Dad cared so much about the horses in his charge. He won more awards than any other stable sergeant for the condition and behavior of his horses at the yearly summer National Guard Camps in Guernsey, Wyoming.

World War II ended the cavalry. What a sad day it was when Dad put his horses on the train. Ironically it was the same train that carried the National Guard with his boys on their way to war. Now boys and horses would end up in different destinations because the cavalry was outdated. It wasn't only my father who had tears in his eyes. Many of the boys watched the horses being loaded into the cattle cars choked with emotion and wiped at their eyes when they thought no one was looking.

Even as a little girl I shared his sadness. I stood close to him and slipped my hand in his. He squeezed it in acknowledgment, but kept his eyes fastened on his boys and horses. Tears trickled down my cheeks as

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I remembered those happy times I'd watched Dad's horses read as they came in to eat. And how I'd thrilled seeing them race in the field with their tails held high. Never would I forget the evenings in the hay loft watching the exciting maneuvers. Scenes that lived only in my memory as this part of my childhood was over.

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## Always in Good Taste

**Cosmopolitan:** adj 1. having worldwide rather than limited or provincial scope or bearing. 2. Having wide international sophistication...

Curiously at home in the tiny southern Utah historic mining town of Silver Reef, lies a dining treasure that is pure gold.

The Cosmopolitan Restaurant, replete with Old World atmosphere, is located 18 miles northeast of St. George, Utah, in a charmingly remodeled historic building. This is where owner/master chef Imi (ee'mee) Kun, known as "Chef Imi" and his wife, Susan have brought a taste of Europe to America.

Born and reared in Hungary, Chef Imi's youthful appearance belies years of culinary experience. In addition to his charmingly accented English, he speaks five other languages: French, Italian, German, Dutch and of course, Hungarian. As a 14-year-old in his native country, he began the rigorous training required of a master chef. Working up the executive chef ladder takes nine years, and he has owned his own restaurants for more than two decades.

And as if his credentials weren't impressive enough, Chef Imi also has competed in a myriad of international competitions sponsored throughout Europe by the Hungarian Culinary Association, similar to today's Iron Chef format. The chefs are given a number of ingredients and an hour in which to prepare a dish, using each and every ingredient. "If you think about it for more than five minutes, you have used up your cooking time," he says. From one successful competition in Italy, came his goulash soup, which is a Cosmopolitan house favorite.

Ten years ago, he and his family emigrated to America and have created a rare commodity – a private European-style family restaurant with ambience, live entertainment, and an unforgettable dining experience.

As you enter the restaurant, you notice the real table linens, candles gracing the tables and fresh flowers. The knotty pine walls are graced with original art, letters of appreciation, the Hun family crest, and photos of an older son's wedding. The young son, Thomas, happily works in the restaurant.

"He was trained the same way I was," says Chef Imi with a proud smile. "He has always been near by my legs since he was little."

His dark eyes also sparkle when he talks about food and the names of his famous dishes roll off his tongue as if he were savoring their delicate tastes: lamb osso bucco, chateaubriand, tendered charbroiled filet with a balsamic glaze, black angus-filetto gorgonzola, a charbroiled tenderloin with a burgundy



[Editors note: The Cosmopolitan Restaurant is located next door to Jerry Anderson's Silver Reef Gallery.]

sauce, topped with mushrooms and melted gorgonzola cheese.

"Fresh" he says, punctuating each word. "Fresh fish, fresh meat, vegetables, and herbs. All fresh."

Having added a successful Mardi Gras evening, Chef Imi now includes a luau featuring the Pacific Pearl Polynesian Group. A party of 10 drove two hours each way to attend the luau, and in addition to authentic Polynesian food, and entertainment, each guest gave Chef Imi an appreciative hug as they walked out the door.

I recently dined at the Cosmopolitan. My dining partner started with the stuffed grape leaves in a thick sour cream sauce, and declared it to be the most amazing stuffed grape leaves she'd ever tasted.

She opted for the Hungarian paprika chicken, which Chef Imi describes as "the more everyday food in Hungary." One taste inspired me to pick up Hungarian paprika the next time I was in a deli. I ordered lamb osso bucco, slowly braised lamb shank served with garlic mashed potatoes and a medley of vegetables, composing a symphony for the taste buds in the key of delicious. The apple strudel for dessert is not overly sweet, and contains just the right amount of cinnamon. For the complete menu, see <http://www.cosmodining.com>.

A second visit will be required to sample the wild game on the menu, though Chef Imi shared his secret for his seasoning tender wild game. "I marinate it for up to four days," he says.

Succulently delicious food, a charming host who genuinely adores his guests, the formal but not stuffy atmosphere and superb service earns The Cosmopolitan a rave review: two silver spoons up – way up.



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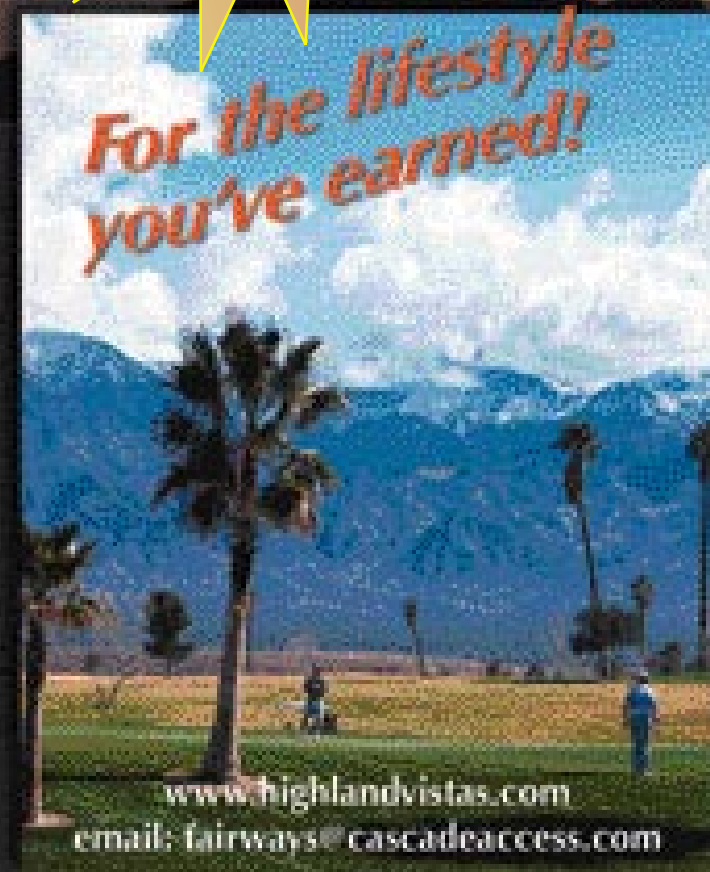
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## Vintage Conversation Goes Global

The staff at Grapevine Radio includes guest host Geoff Power, Kim Stilson, Melanie Anderson, engineer Leonani Poteat and Christina Schmidt.



Christina Schmidt and Kim Stilson, founders of Grapevine Radio and Healthy Wealthy Wow

**WHEN FOLKS TODAY HEAR THINGS ON THE GRAPEVINE, THEY DON'T GATHER AT THE BACKYARD CLOTHESLINE TO SWAP GOSSIP OR EXCHANGE GREETINGS.**

Instead, they tune in to Grapevine Radio, a syndicated Utah show produced by Kim Stilson and Christina Schmidt that spans the globe and acts as a bridge to bring people together.

To their credit, this dynamic duo have strung together a radio show that has tethered listeners to their car radios and home computers. Their "Healthy Wealthy Wow" program features and eclectic mix of guests, goodies and services that has the audience juiced and thirsting for more.

Financial advice? The Grapevine has it covered.

Cool authors and hot books? Got that too.

Holistic and traditional medical tips? Dispensed in liberal doses.

Upscale dining and down-home cooking? Stilson and Schmidt dish it out in heaping platefuls.

And all of the program's fare is peppered with a feminine perspective. One example: Kathy Brandon, a popular weekly guest who helps women get a fix on finances.

"Very few women even know what their portfolio mix should be, what their goals and investment horizon is," says Brandon, vice president of Women's Financial Group for Zions Bank. "They seldom even know what these words mean."

Brandon, however, says more women are intent on learning how to boost their bottom line with top-flight investments.

"I've seen a huge difference

in the last decade, with women coming in to start a new business and asking for help," says Brandon, whose mother was widowed at 39 and had to raise four children alone.

Other memorable guests include Ben Gunn, who crash-landed in Alaska's icy waters and lived to tell listeners about his near-death ordeal via The Vine.

Another guest was not above giving the hosts and their audience the straight poop.

"We had a miniature horse breeder and she brought in her tiny equine," recalls Stilson, who co-hosts the show with Schmidt. "My leather jacket was on the floor behind my chair. The little horse relieved himself and deposited a healthy dose of manure on my jacket. Thanks goodness the next guest was a carpet-cleaning company owner."

Since there's rarely a dull moment on the show, it's little surprise that nearly one million listeners in 47 countries have taken a shine to "Health Wealthy Wow." The Grapevine reels in its far-flung audience with its daily live 12-hour podcasts as well as its live weekly radio show. And with the success of their nationally syndicated program, Stilson and Schmidt are expanding to new frontiers, possibly by opening another studio in New York, California or Connecticut.

"We want to be able to accommodate our growth," Stilson says. "We [have] discovered there are lots of men who call in and respond because they love the live show — and to . . . order cookbooks."

No, the women don't expect to oust Oprah from her perch atop the ratings charts. But they don't balk when touting the power of their talk radio to transform and empower women.

"We have a vehicle that delivers to women the information they need the way they like to get it — and the connection and relationship lasts for life."

### THRIVING ON THE VINE

First aired in March 2005, the Grapevine has attracted a loyal following. "We created Grapevine Talk Radio Network," Schmidt says. "It's about connecting to people."

The industry certainly gets the connection. The National Association of Broadcasters recently hailed the Grapevine's founders for being cutting edge and listed their program as one of the nations



Kathy Brandon, of Zions Bank, is a regular guest on Grapevine Radio.



# Grapevine Radio

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BROADCASTERS RECENTLY HAILED THE GRAPEVINE'S FOUNDERS FOR BEING CUTTING EDGE AND LISTED THEIR PROGRAM AS ONE OF THE NATION'S TOP 10 RADIO SHOWS.

top 10 radio shows.

"We're on the radar screen now," Schmidt adds.

When not hosting their program, Stilson and Schmidt often are speaking on the lecture circuit or penning books. Their book, Health, Wealth and Wow, reaching the World's largest consumer group, is expected to hit the shelves at area bookstores soon.

They also are pitching their program via online podcasts.

"People love what we're doing," Stilson says. "We focus on a broader group with much more attention. Broadcasters would never call Internet streaming 'broadcasting.' [But] we are one of the top broadcasters in the nation. Average life span of these programs is nine months but . . . we've been around twice as long."

Schmidt says combining the strength of the group's seven workers has been key to the venture's success.

"All of us have a strong sense or desire to reach across the world through products, services and concepts," she says. "We all collaborate together for the bigger picture."

That reach seldom exceeds the grasp of would-be listeners. Nationally, the program's largest audience is in Utah and Idaho, followed by California and New York. Internationally, it lures listeners from Belgium to Bulgaria, Guam to Ghana and China to the United Kingdom.

"We've never been to Guam or these other countries," Schmidt says. This is the Grapevine at work."

### GIRL TALK

Originally from Long Island, N.Y., Schmidt was a teen when she moved with her parents to Utah. Her father is Cuban and her

mother is an Irish-Catholic who doubled at the time as a palm-reader.

"What a mix," Schmidt says. "It was hard for us to relate socially with many individuals. We found ourselves pairing up with people who were not Mormon or from Utah."

For her part, Schmidt was an artist who loved creating, painting and doing murals. While attending Westminster College in Salt Lake City, she found she had a passion for people as well as painting.

"I realized I love to understand and help people," she says. "I get emotional about it. I worked with women and children for a very long time."

That explains why Schmidt graduated from Westminster with degrees in art therapy, psychology and fine art. She also logged time at the Children's Center, training with therapists, working with children and helping with after-school programs.

"What I did was amazing," she remembers. "I helped children and . . . took them from no talking to speaking. I took them from being emotionally stifled to expressive — and they blossomed. I trained a gal and we collaborated on a . . . lovely book for children, which I illustrated."

Stilson is no less remarkable. She worked in public relations, diplomatic relations and marketing for 17 years in New York City, Los Angeles and Japan. She is fluent in Japanese and knows a bit about politics as well. She helped out with one of Utah Sen. Bob Bennett's campaigns.

"I'm the first in my family to graduate from college," says Stilson, who earned a degree at Brigham Young University.

Stilson's father is English. She fondly recalls the summers she spent across the pond in the UK and hanging out at the racetracks in California.

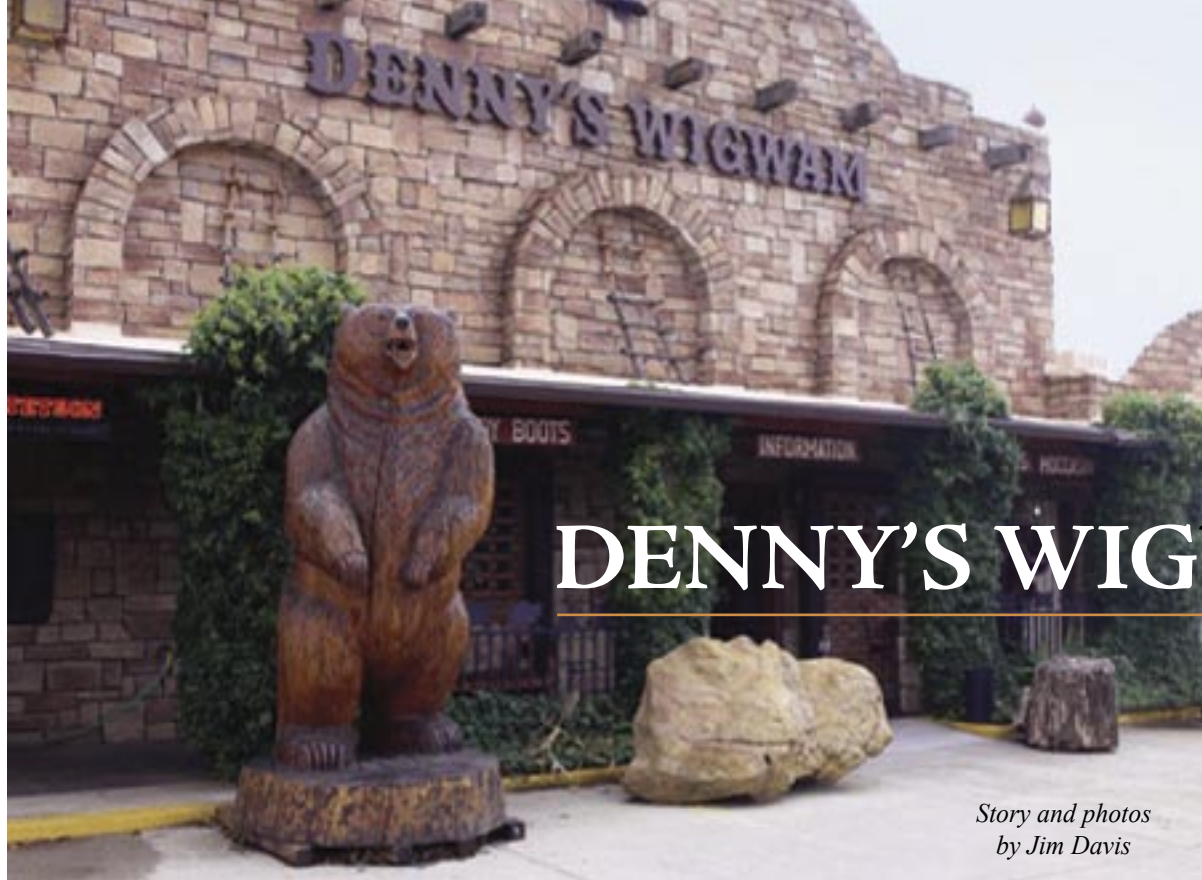
"My father was an entrepreneur and raised race horses," she says. "They were stabled in Santa Anita and Del Mar. I was raised at the racetrack."

Stilson's Japanese experience came after BYU, when a friend told her she would be good at diplomatic relations in Japan. Once there, she taught scientists and business leaders how to acclimate to U.S. customs and culture. She also authored a yet-unpublished book about her experiences.

As accomplished as they are, Stilson and Schmidt don't rest on their laurels. Their experiences have connected them with the wider world. The Grapevine is the common thread they share in their joint effort to help others feel that same connection.







# DENNY'S WIGWAM

Story and photos  
by Jim Davis

After selling western and southwestern ware for a quarter of a century, Victor Sandonato thought he had pretty much seen all there was to see in the retail business.

Until last February, that is, when he purchased the popular Denny's Wigwam in the tiny southern Utah town of Kanab.

"You think you know this business and then you find out that there's one thing you didn't know much about," he laughs.

What makes the Kanab store unique is that more than 50 percent of its business is due to the tourist bus trade. Busloads of people from France, Japan, Germany and Italy regularly swoop down on the store for a frenzied half-hour of shopping before they jump back onto their buses, adhering to a tight schedule that has them visiting another tourist spot on down the road.

"You can be standing here doing nothing and then have 150 people in your store who have 30 minutes to get out," Sandonato says.

Such occasions occur regularly when several buses appear at the same time. Denny's Wigwam is a large store, but with four or five buses and the resultant 200 passengers, it can get to be crammed pretty quickly. Cash registers ring, questions fly, and a sense of urgency hangs in the air.

"There's no other retail business I'm aware of that's like this. It's a frenzy. I thought I had experienced most everything in retail. It's a unique animal. When they say they're leaving in 20 minutes, they're leaving in 20 minutes," Sandonato says.

What brings these people from around the globe to Denny's Wigwam is an eclectic collection of western goods that evoke memories of the day when the cowboy was king – of the airwaves, at least. Television and movie westerns remain quite popular abroad, and Kanab, setting for dozens of such films, is a natural stop on the bus circuit.

"We're a bus stop. That's what we do. This is all magical to (the tourists)," Sandonato adds.

Cowboy boots, cowboy hats, Native American jewelry in all shapes

and sizes, western-style leather coats and jackets, and a wide mix of mementoes of the Wild West cram every nook and cranny of the store. And the top seller? According to Sandonato, the western belt is the prizewinner, with European customers often walking off with a half-dozen belts in a single purchase.

An additional treat for visitors can be found at the rear of the store, where a western skit is performed for large groups as part of a leased restaurant that features a western motif.

Despite the popularity of the store and the wide array of goods, Sandonato is considering several options that could make the



Photo by Patti Eddington

Wigwam even more appealing to travelers.

He is thinking of adding a shooting gallery and a photography studio with western regalia, and would love to add a saloon, thereby increasing the store's allure to tourists and hopefully getting bus companies to consider longer stops in Kanab.

Longer stops would at least let the staff members catch their breath.

When Sandonato purchased the store from long-time owner Denny Judd, one of his first decisions was to expand from six days a week to seven. He lost some employees due to that decision, but has retained a core group of 20 people who he describes as very dedicated.



The pace slows dramatically during the winter months, but current plans are for the store to remain open 12 months a year.

"It would pay for me to close financially," he admits, noting that there are some days during high tourist season when sales total more than for the entire month of January. But, he says, working 12 months a year is important to many of his workers, so he will attempt to stay open.

What he asks in return is a cheerful staff that always offers a smile in addition to service.

"This is the most fun business there is," he says. He wants his customers to feel the same way when they walk out the doors of Denny's Wigwam.



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# An Insiders Look at Native American Art

By Aisha N. Oldham

## ANTIQUe SILVER JEWELRY

While the art of Indian-crafted silver has flourished in the 20th century, all Indian jewelers can trace their art to a Navajo named Atsidi Saani, who learned blacksmithing at Fort Defiance, Arizona, in the 1850s. (It is generally believed that the Spanish colonizers of the Southwest purposely kept the techniques of metal working from the region's native peoples.)

When Navajo people returned to their beloved mesas and canyons in 1868, following their four-year internment at Bosque Redondo, their new, more settled way of living led to many changes.

Among other things, they were no longer nomadic and they had greater opportunity to learn from each other. The People had long admired and used metal ornaments and horse equipment. They had used brass and copper wire to create bracelets and coins to fashion buttons.

Atsidi Saani applied his metal working techniques, as appropriate, to silver, and he began to teach others.

Perhaps the best advice for prospective collectors is always to buy from reputable dealers and to ask plenty of questions about the materials and techniques used, and about the jeweler.

Today, almost all silver is signed or marked, or the maker is identifiable.

Look for the mark, and keep in mind that in New Mexico, it is illegal to proffer non-Indian jewelry as Indian-made. A reputable dealer should be able to provide proof of authenticity in writing. If there is any hesitation or avoidance, find another dealer.

Many buyers think they should shun treated turquoise. However, much turquoise used today is treated in some way to strengthen it. In its untreated state, the stone is porous, often mottled, and marked

with imperfections or inclusions.

There are various types of treatments, including coating, dyeing, infusing with hardening agents, and even reconstituting ground turquoise. Ask the seller if, and how, the turquoise is treated. Obviously, collectors will weigh the advantages of different types of treatments.

Finally, collecting Indian silver should always be enjoyable. It is still a very affordable art, and collectors enjoy a wide range of styles and designs. Learning about the history, techniques, materials and the makers offers insights into cultures that are often trivialized by our mass society.

A fine, well-made piece of silver has universal appeal; it wears well anywhere, anytime and with almost any style of dress. Buy what you love and wear it often.

## NAVAJO WEAVINGS

Navajo people tell us they learned to weave from Spider Woman and that the first loom was of sky and earth cords, with weaving tools of sunlight, lightning, white shell and crystal.

Anthropologists speculate Navajos learned to weave from Pueblo people by 1650. There is little doubt Pueblo weaving was already influenced by the Spanish by the time they shared their weaving skills with Navajo people.

Spanish influence includes the substitution of wool for cotton, the introduction of indigo (blue) dye, and simple stripe patterning. Besides the "manta" (a wider-than-long wearing blanket), Navajo weavers also made a tunic-like dress, belts, garters, hair ties, men's shirts, breechcloths, and a "serape-style" wearing blanket. These blankets were longer than wide and were patterned in brown, blue and white stripes and terraced lines.

Navajo weavings are statements defining the artist's relationship to her natural surroundings and her personal standards relative to geometry, color, proportion and spiritual relation to the Earth.

One cannot view early Navajo weavings without recognizing the suggestion of regional rock formations and deep space.

These visual observations or perceptions, combined with natural dyed wool whose

color source is derived from plant, animal or mineral pigments, results in a tapestry of relationship and relatedness revealing an appropriate holistic cultural statement in "art" form.

## PUEBLO POTTERY

There are probably countless reasons why pueblo pottery is so appealing to the eye, so valuable.

Chief among them, however, are the tremendous artistry and patient effort that go into making a piece—techniques that, in part, trace back to those used in creating the crude, undecorated pottery that appeared in the Rio Grande Valley around 700 AD.

Pottery then was utilitarian, providing for food storage and preparation, water transportation and the like. It was not until the late 1800s that Indians began producing pottery for tourists and collectors.

And from the 1950s to the present there has been rapidly escalating appreciation of and encouragement given to continuing the traditions, elevating the craft, and developing innovative aesthetic expressions using age-old materials and techniques.

While you can collect pottery of many different shapes, kinds of clay, and varieties of surface decoration, there are some characteristics that consistently make one piece more valuable than the next.

The interior and exterior of the vessel should be symmetrical, smooth, and free from lumps or pits.

A uniform rim, smoothly applied slip, even burnishing, and evenly spaced designs are also important.

Design outline should be sharp and "painted" areas filled in with uniform brush-strokes.

If you are considering

carved pottery, look for uniform depth of the carving. Also, give the pot a careful feel—many thin-walled pots ring like bells when gently struck (if not, there may be a hidden crack).

## NAVAJO SANDPAINTINGS

For the Dine, or "People" as Navajos call themselves, sandpainting is a sacred healing art linked to the time of myth and memory. For good reason, one Navajo term for sandpaintings means "place where the gods come and go."

Once, those Holy People—First Man and First Woman, First Girl and First Boy, Corn People, Snake People, and others—lived underground. When their Black World was extinguished they moved to Blue World. When Blue World ended they went to Yellow World. Then Yellow World died in a flood and First Man led them up a reed to this, the Glittering World we Earth Surface

People now inhabit.

Sandpaintings are gifts from the Holy People. In one story Monster Slayer, one of the Hero Twins fathered by Sun, rewards an intrepid Navajo hero by placing four sheets of sky bearing such powerful objects as stars and lightning in each of the four directions: a white sheet in the east, blue in the south, yellow in the west and black in the north. "Such pictures you must teach your people to draw," he says, advising the Navajo to memorize the images Holy People use in curing ceremonies. "They cannot do this on sheets of sky as we do, but they can grind to powder stones of various colors and draw their pictures on sand."

Sandpaintings help restore hózhó, an idea related to such concepts as beauty, blessing, holy, and balanced. But this middle ground is difficult to maintain and may vanish because of witchcraft or the violation of a taboo. "Don't throw a rock from a mountain," adults admonish children. "The Holy People put it there and might be angry." Only those willing to risk losing hózhó ignore this sort of advice.

A Navajo plagued by the loss of hózhó visits a Singer, or medicine man (though

sometimes a woman), to restore the cosmic balance. The Singer has served an apprenticeship to a knowledgeable elder and obtained the power to prescribe the proper sandpainting ceremony for curing a patient's ills. Each of the 500 different sandpaintings

catalogued by anthropologists—half of those in the tribal repertoire—belongs to a "Way" received from the Holy People.

Today, many Navajos create "sand-paintings" with colored sand on glue-covered particleboard, a technique dating to the 1930s when a pair of white sign painters, E. George de Ville and his wife, Mae Allendale, introduced the practice in Gallup, New Mexico. These are commercial efforts, some quite elegant, and strictly secular: intentional alteration renders the designs harmless to buyer and seller alike.



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professionals who share his zeal and determination to provide the highest quality service. Bob works in tandem with a Buyer's Agent, Shauna Jo Larkin, and dynamic staff including a Transaction Coordinator, Listing Coordinator and Marketing Specialist.

Together they create Bob Richards & Associates, an industry leader. They have a simple mantra: "Consider It Done!"

By nature, this single event of buying or selling a home can be one of life's most stressful events. "Our goal is to provide a 'Ritz Carlton' experience and assure that our clients' real estate transaction will be smooth, seamless and worry-free," says Bob Richards.

With a background in the hotel industry and degrees in marketing and management, Bob took a leap of faith moving to St. George to begin a career in real estate. He started off with a BANG earning ERA's National Rookie of the Year award in 1992. Since then he has consistently been ranked one of the top five REALTORS in Utah. "Those are an indication of hard work, but the true measure of success

is in the relationships my team and I have built with our clients. Our philosophy is that each client becomes a friend, not just a former customer and that our service to them extends far beyond the closing."

To his credit, Bob has put together the perfect work environment for himself and his associates - all female. Bob is quite content to be surrounded by this talented, amiable group of women. The secret-SYNERGY, TRUST and RESPECT. This attitude is echoed by his Buyer's Agent, Shauna Jo: "I could not have hand-picked a better group of people to work with. We get to help people achieve the 'American Dream' and we understand what that means to our clients."

Productive and proactive, Shauna Jo explains the shared dedication to staying "on top of the game." "Bob and I are both focused on increasing our knowledge and skills and implementing thorough, effective and efficient ways to provide service for our clients." This quest for excellence is evidenced by the advanced designations Bob and Shauna Jo have earned including ABR (Accredited Buyer's Agent), CRS (Certified Residential Specialist), GRI (Graduate REALTOR's Institute), SRES (Senior Real Estate Specialist), and ePRO (an advanced technology designation). Less than 6% of REALTORS

nationwide hold even ONE of these designations. Just one more way they separate themselves from the crowd. Shauna Jo, a well-read, happily married wife and mother of four, is the sole bread winner for her family. "That can be quite a balancing act," she explains. "We are good at protecting our family time. Bob ensures that we all take time for our families." Bob has a full personal life too. When he's not working you can find him spending time with his beautiful wife and two amazing children. He also enjoys boating, golf and reading. He even finds time to play bass guitar in a local band. When it comes to time away from work Bob recognizes the trickle down effect...good things for his team members trickles down to good things for his clients.

To sum it up, Bob Richards & Associates has found the perfect blend of personalities, professionalism, empowerment and service. Next time you find yourself in the need of real estate services or information, Bob would invite you to call on Bob Richards & Associates and

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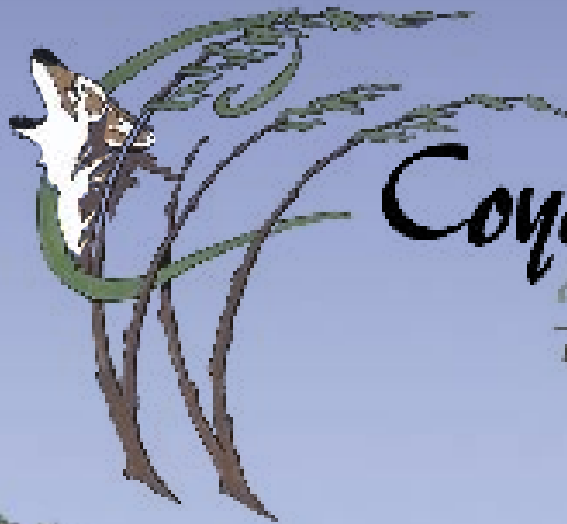
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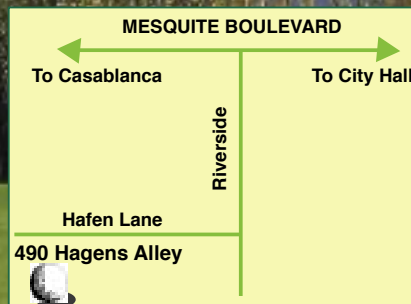
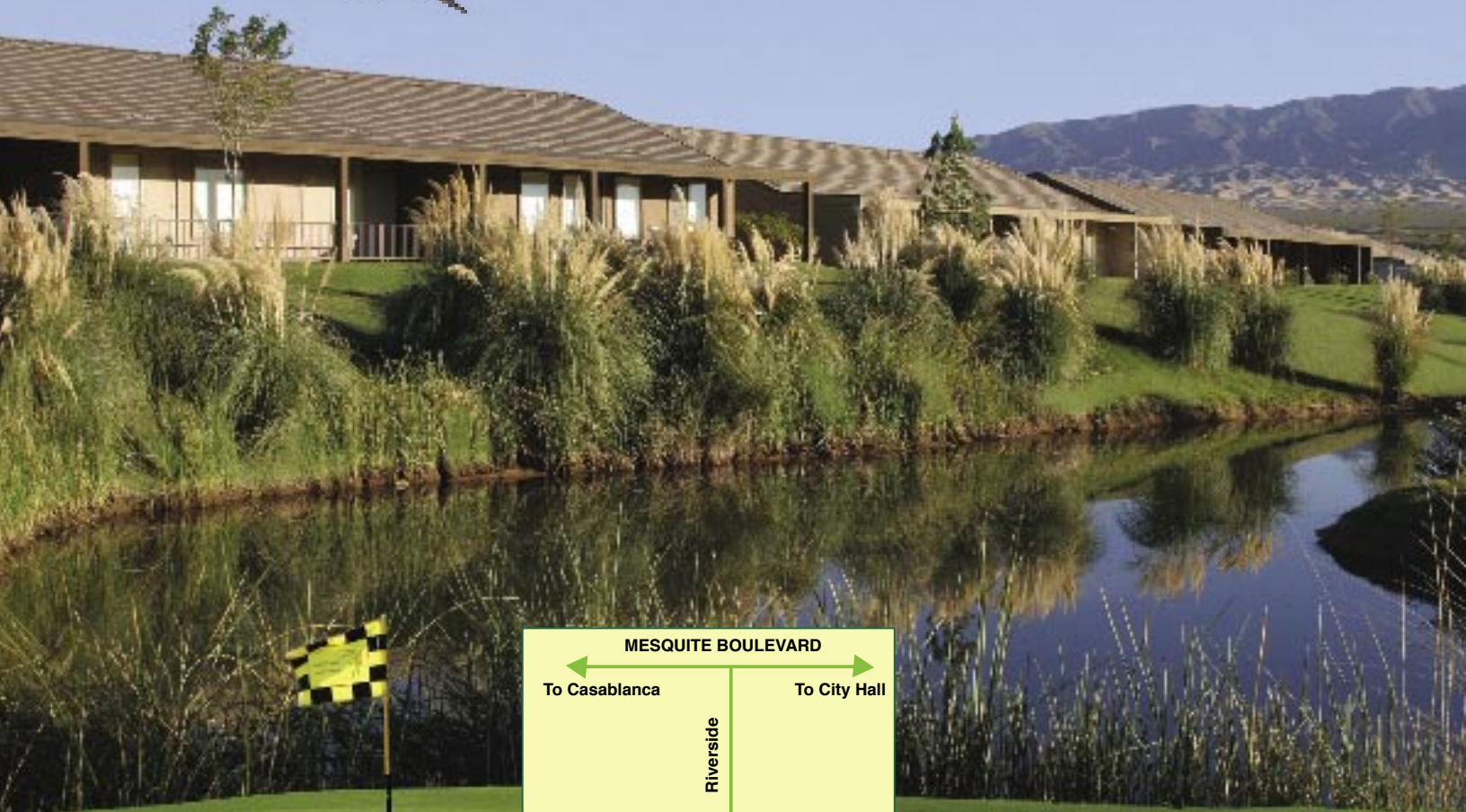
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