

CANYON COURIER

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Sculpture perfect

SOUTHWESTERN UTAH SCULPTOR
Lyman Whitaker places one of his kinetic sculpture pieces with other installations June 30 at the Evergreen Fine Art Sculpture Garden.

BELOW, WHITAKER STRAIGHTENS out a piece of his kinetic sculpture before installing it. The sculpture installation should be completed by Friday.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MATTHEW JONAS | FOR THE COURIER



Friends remember Main Street's philosopher, musician

By **VICKY GITS**
Staff Writer

A free spirit who became part of the living scenery of downtown Evergreen, Mark Cairns will be remembered as a gentle soul who had few possessions other than an enduring passion for music.

Cairns got the nickname "Walking Mark" because he never had a car and was always seen around town on foot, sporting a white ponytail, guitar on his back, wearing brown corduroy pants and a gray

"I knew I'd be a guitar player for the rest of my life. ... In my heart I knew it was my calling and proceeded in secret."

— from Mark Cairns' bio on MySpace

sweater. Cairns died the evening of June 19 of undetermined causes. Sources said he was taking a shower at a friend's house when he suddenly collapsed. An autopsy has been performed because authorities could not determine the cause or manner of death.

The coroner's office is still trying to contact relatives, said Katherine Loughrey-Stemp, the Jefferson County coroner. The results of the autopsy will be available in about three months.

About 150 people packed the Ice House on June 25 to pay tribute to Cairns on Open Mic Night, one of his regular venues.

To many in Evergreen, Cairns was something of a throwback to the '60s counterculture that valued pursuit of the arts, individuality, kindness, frugality and spirituality.

Before he died, Cairns had found a benefactor who was just about to publish a

Mountain movie magic

Evergreen residents line up behind local indie producer

By **STEPHEN KNAPP**
For the Courier

It's a story as old as romance: Stinging from a recent breakup, an ordinarily passive woman lets a more gonzo friend drag her to a local honky-tonk for a little re-immersion therapy. The beer runs cold, emotions run

hot, the band is smokin', and when she spies her one-time lover burning it up on the dance floor with his new flame, things heat up fast.

Just another Saturday night in downtown Evergreen?

Try Sunday morning, June 21 — Day 11 of independent filmmaker Julie Gallahue's

marathon 16-day shooting spree. She had a big scene to film and, with a shoot scheduled down the street at Evergreen National Bank that very afternoon, little time to waste.

The cast and crew of Gallahue's cinematic labor of love, "Left Unsaid," had risen with

Please see **MOVIE MAGIC**, Page 12A

Please see **REMEMBRANCE**, Page 13A

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

Neighbors	2A Sheriff's Calls	5A Puzzles	18A Outdoors	3B
News	3A Meetings	11A Spirituality	39A Healthy Pets	4B
Opinion	6A Sports	14A UpSlope	1B Classifieds	7B
Obituaries	8A Happenings	16A Arts calendars	2B Health briefs	12B



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