



“DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, BLACK ROCK CITY NEVADA...”

I never realized just how many letters were in that until it was getting tattooed into my calf. But there I was laying face down in Skitch's makeshift tattoo trailer just next to the metal shop, getting the logo that makes things happen hammered into my leg for all posterity. (I plan on having the tattoo tanned after I'm gone, ya know. Wall hanging in the Black Rock Saloon, perhaps?) I remember in the weeks prior to getting this tattoo, as with any tattoo, there was much deliberation of whether or not to do this thing - but this tattoo was different. It had a different set of bags attached to it. It carried a life time allegiance with it. Kinda like when that Grasshopper Kung Fu guy burns the Kung Fu markings into his arms and runs screaming into the night! No getting out of this one, gang. It's a tattoo, and I must continue to live up to it.

So as I was sitting there in Skitch's trailer in those final moments when there's still time to back out and wondering if I was worthy, a final deciding thought came to mind. All at once, I realized that I had been spending some of the most wonderous times of my life

with the DPW. I had had more fun - I mean the kind of fun where you can't even breath fun cause the fun meter is to the stars fun! - locked arms and minds with the closest friends, cleverest people and craziest kooks I'd ever met - stretched my endurance levels to the max - experienced a grand spike in how I had grown as a person by surmounting the massive spectrum of daily challenges I had faced over the years - and saw God in every direction and in the most unusual places. Never had I been more validated and utilized. And all under the flying banner of this proud DPW logo! "Hell yea! Skitch! Pop that sucker on there!

DPW gets it's ten year pin this year, and I've had the good fortunes to help it grow and change from the start. Of course, just as any beast, it has had to adapt to survive over the years. It has had to endure many stomach cramps, broken bones and the headaches of growing pains for sure, but all in the name of staying alive and keeping the edge. But one thing's for sure, the heart that beats in the burly chest of DPW will always be forged from the same rowdy blood that I have always known - and honed and machined by an ever wizeden mind that works together to create the diesel engine that it is. After all, an engine ain't nothing but a wild explosion that has been captured and shot into one direction. Helping to drive this engine is what brings me back year after year after year after year.....! That and the constant element of surprise - of all the things DPW is, it is seldom boring. But then again, only the boring get bored.

See you on the dance floor!

Coyote Nose