

## Memories of Trout Creek Guard Station By David Keddy

I've been asked to record my memories of Trout Creek and Colton Guard Station when I worked there in the summers of 1956 and '57 on the Ashley National Forest.

I started my career with the Forest Service after completing my first year of Forestry School at Utah State University. I arrived in Vernal on a Sunday the first week of June to report for work for my summer employment. I reported to the Forest Supervisor's office on the corner of 100 West and West Main (it is now occupied by the Old Towne printing shop right there on the corner, it used to be the Post Office). When I reported for work, the Forest Service Office had only a small staff working which included: a Forest supervisor, a clerk and a Timber Staff Officer. The District Ranger for the Vernal District was Glen Lambert. He had just retired a few weeks before and the new Ranger was expected to be coming soon. The Forest Supervisor interviewed me and told me to go to a grocery store and pick up a weeks groceries and meet him back at the office in a half hour. The Forest Supervisor when we met would take me up to Trout Creek and to the area where I was going to work for the summer.

We drove up to Trout Creek by way of Dry Fork Canyon on the Red Cloud Loop road. The road was gravel and dirt from where it entered the mouth of Dry Fork Canyon to where it connected to Highway 44. On the way up, the Forest Supervisor asked me to drive the Forest Service pickup so he could evaluate my driving skills to issue me a Driver's License. I never did receive a government driver's license like they gave us later on in my career (a formal little card) but I imagine they just recorded on my employment papers that I was qualified to drive a Forest Service pickup. On the way up he described my work duties. We passed Charley's Park junction and drove along the bench where he pointed out the area I would be marking timber. We proceeded up the road to Trout Creek Park.

My first glimpse of the Trout Creek Station and Trout Creek Park left a lasting impression on me and I knew immediately I would enjoy my stay there for that summer. After depositing my groceries, my bedroll and my clothing, we returned back to the bench where I was to mark timber. The supervisor spent about an hour or so training me on how he wanted the job to be performed.

I was given a ball of string, several cases of different colored tree marking paint, two tally wackers and a wooden marking gage. I was shown how to lay out the sale area with string line. We paced off 200 feet from the road to create a leave strip of timber between the road and the cutting area. This was done to preserve the visual effect along the road. We tied the string about shoulder height on tree limbs and ran a line for approximately 600 feet into the woods at right angles to the road. Then turn another right angle for about 300 feet and another right angle back toward the road creating a rectangle area approximately five acres in size. I was instructed to mark every tree 6 ½ inches in diameter and larger that was sound and would qualify for a sawlog or a mine prop. All deformed, rotten or diseased trees were marked with an "X" and designated to be cut and left on the ground. The wooden tree gage was made of plywood with a leather thong attached to it so it hung from the wrist. It was used to determine the trees that would be marked for sawlogs or mine props. The gage had two inserts cut into it, the larger was 11 ½ inches wide and 6 inches deep. The smaller insert was 6 ½ inches wide and 4 inches deep and was inside the larger insert. All sound trees larger than 11 ½" were marked for sawlogs and trees smaller than 11 ½" but larger than 6 ½" were marked as mine props. I only had to use this gage on trees that were questionable in size. The sawlogs were marked with a horizontal paint mark and mine props with a vertical paint mark. They were recorded on separate tally wackers to determine the volume of the timber sale area. All marked trees had to have a stump mark when designated for cutting. When I marked around two thousand trees I changed paint color.

Later that afternoon, someone from the supervisors office showed up to return the Supervisor back to Vernal. I completed the day marking timber and the first day of employment with the Forest Service.

When I returned to Trout Creek I had a chance to look at the station and the grounds to get a good picture of the home where I was going to spend the summer. The station had three buildings. The main cabin, consisting of the main front room, a front porch and a smaller room in the back; there was a garage with a storage room on the east side and a barn to store hay and tack. The garage was filled with firewood and chunks of wood to be cut up for the wood stove for heating and cooking. The room on the east side had tools to be used to work around the station and a fire-cache with enough tools for a twenty-five man crew. In addition, there was an outhouse located behind the main cabin and just east of the garage and storage room. There was a small fire cache located next to the road near the front porch of the station. It was painted red and looked like an outhouse. It contained hand tools for firefighting and was locked with a metal seal that could be broken when the tools were needed. Anyone who saw a fire could get the tools. It was primarily used by volunteers who worked in the woods ie loggers, grazing permittees etc. who were familiar with fighting fire (most of whom were contracted and trained by the Forest Service and were listed as per diem guards). If a fire occurred, they would take action and put the fire out, then report the fire to the forest ranger, and be paid for their work.

The main cabin had a large front porch as you entered from the south. There was a hand crank telephone on the left-hand side of the door in a wooden box that was used for communications. There were no radios in use at that time on the District. The telephone was a primary source of communicating between the Forest Service employees and the District Ranger's Office. The phones were also on the outside to make available to the public in case they had an emergency and they had to get help. Inside the cabin as you entered the front door, on the left wall there was two iron army cots for sleeping. On the right side or the east side, was a washstand with a basin for bathing and cleaning up, a bucket, mop and broom for keeping the cabin clean and then on the center of the wall was the sink that was fed by a spring. On the back wall, which would be the northeast corner, was the stove and woodbox. A few feet from the stove was a cupboard that had a fold-down door which served as a table. Inside this cupboard were your dishes, pots and pans and a little tray of utensils for cooking. Next to the stove and the sink was a wood box. The

little back room was about six to eight feet wide, wide enough to put a bunk-bed, or a couple of bunk-beds if needed for extra crew members, and a few shelves for storage. It's pretty much the same today except for a few modifications.

On the inside of the front door were the instructions for living in the station. They had instructions on how to light the gas lantern. The instructions included that you go outside whenever you filled the gas lantern with fuel and light it before you came back into the cabin for fire protection. It also had instructions on maintaining the cabin. Every morning you were to sweep and mop the floor, do all the dishes and put them away and make your beds. It was almost like being in the military. You didn't consider the cabin your private living quarters, it was a common area anybody could drop in at any time and spend the night. The Ranger occasionally spent the night when he was in the area and working in that part of the District. At Colton Station it was a lot different. I will get into Colton Station a little later.

My first week at Trout Creek is one I'll never forget. It was my first experience working for the Forest Service and was the first time I would be alone. I spent my evenings after work fixing dinner, cleaning up, washing up in the basin after heating the water, and then going out on the front porch and looking out over Trout Creek Park. I would just sit there enjoying the sunset in the evening hours. If the mosquitoes were heavy, I would be inside the cabin with the door open and the screen door closed and looking out enjoying the fresh air and quiet evening hours. Occasionally I'd see the cloud of dust of a passerby or a logger or somebody else but there would be many nights that you would see no one. The phone didn't ring during that first week and I didn't bother trying to call anybody. I wasn't sure how to use it even though there were instructions inside the phone box telling you the different number of rings for each station. When I wasn't looking at the country and enjoying the solitude, I would be reading a book until it got dark. After dark, I lit the lantern and read a little while longer then was generally asleep by nine o'clock.

I woke up early before daylight, started the fire, heated water to wash in and then prepared my breakfast. My normal breakfast was fried bacon, fried eggs and fried potatoes. It surely was no low-cholesterol diet. After breakfast I would make my lunch, clean the station, then when it was light enough, I was out the door and off to work (before 7:00am). Then I drove to the timber sale area, spend the day marking, and return again (around 6:00pm).

At the end of the week, I went back to Vernal and I was told that I could sleep in the Forest Service warehouse yard which is next to the Armory. The same place it is located today in one of the old CCC buildings which was on the north side of the yard. There was a room with a couple of cots and if I brought my bedroll, I could sleep on one of the cots and use the outside, frost free faucet for water. The faucet provided water for the horses that were sometimes kept in the yard. There was a fifty-gallon barrel cut in half for watering the horses and I could use that water to wash in. When I arrived in town I put my clothing away, washed up and then walked into one of the restaurants to eat. The best one at that time was 7-Eleven on south Main Street, the same location it is today. After I ate my dinner, I generally went to a movie, then went back to the warehouse yard and slept for the night. On Saturday I'd take my dirty clothes in to the laundry which was on North Vernal Avenue then eat and walk around town. When the swimming pool opened, I'd go swimming and get a good shower for the week and enjoy myself at the pool. I'd spend my days that way until it was time to go back to work on Monday morning.

On Monday morning, the second week, I found a note inside my pickup giving me instructions for the next week's work. I still had not met the new Ranger although I knew he had arrived. His name was Dean Rowland and the note said he'd come up and see me sometime that week. I picked up my groceries, drove back up to Trout Creek and began my routine again. During that week I had some visitors because there was a note inside Trout Creek Cabin and the note said: "We thought we'd catch you here, we wanted to meet you" something along those lines, "We'll see you later" and it was signed Virtus McConkie. At that time I smoked a pipe and had a container of pipe tobacco on the window sill ledge above my bed. I'd generally smoke in the

evening after I ate. When I filled my pipe that evening I detected a very unusual odor and when I took a couple deep drags, I had to spit out the pipe and cough. Someone had cut up little rubber bands and put it in my pipe tobacco. I was drawing in the smoke of the burning rubber. I was a little mad and didn't know who had done it until I got into bed that night. I had a mummy sleeping bag and had crawled into it when I felt some lumps in the bottom. I got out of my bedroll and dumped it out. It was a pile of horse turds that was stuffed down in my sleeping bag with a note saying something along the lines: "Well we caught you this time - Virt". I knew I was going to be working with a bunch of practical jokers and was wondering who this character Virt was.

Later that week the Ranger showed up. I met him outside near his vehicle. We introduced ourselves and he said he would be right in. It was after dark when he got there so it must have been around eight or so that night. He turned the light on inside the cab of his truck and was writing in his little notebook filling out his log book (recorded his mileage like we were supposed to do every day). Then he came in and brought me several notebooks; it was a Forest Service daily diary for a two-week period. It was stapled sheets in a little, yellow cover about six inches long and about three inches wide. We were supposed to keep a daily record of everything you did when you worked for the Forest Service from the time you got up until the time you went to bed. In it you recorded the hours you spent on the job and what you were doing. This book was to serve primarily for pay-roll purposes and a record of accountability on accomplishments. So that was my introductions into the Forest Service way of keeping records.

I remember the Ranger telling me that if I failed to complete my diary I wouldn't get a pay check. He summed it up with an old Chinese proverb saying when you took your laundry into a Chinese Laundry and you came to pick it up - "No ticket, No shirtee; No diary, No pay check".

The next day, the Ranger took me out on the district and showed me several of the sales that I had to monitor and administer. I think there was about seven of them in all, some had activity and some didn't. Several of these little sales

had portable saw mills set up. The largest one belonged to Brian Rye; it was up the North Fork of Ashley Creek near Center Park where the old Carter road went through and we had to cross the old corduroy road to get to the sawmill site. His mill was set up there and he had some activity going on. The Ranger introduced me to the scaling stick showing me how to measure the volumes of the logs to check the estimated volume against the actual volume being harvested from each individual sale area. I got my day's training in scaling and then we looked at some of the other sales. We went to a sale that was just getting started logging using heavy equipment. They were using a catapillar tractor to build roads and skid the logs. All the other sales used horses for skidding and loaded their trucks by cross hauling the logs onto the truck beds. Most of the small sales had portable mills on the forest. They would skid the logs to the mill and cut them into lumber before hauling it out. These mill sites were a fire hazard and an eye-sore. I was told the forest service was not going to issue any more permits for mill sites and that the existing ones would be phased out. After that day with the Ranger I had a pretty good idea what was expected of me in performing my duties. He also gave me a list of maintance tasks to do around the Trout Creek Station when it rained hard and I couldn't get out and do my other duties.

Later that week and the week after, as I made my rounds checking the small sawmill operations, I had a few experiences that I'll never forget. One was at a sale that was cutting mine props and peeling them on site. It was early in the season and the bark would slip off easy as the sap rose in the trees. These props were highly valued in the Bonanza Mines for mining gilsonite where the mine props had to be clean so they wouldn't contaminate the gilsonite by bark slipping into the gilsonite they mined.

I met a young couple cutting the mining props on one of the sales. The woman was pregnant and probably over six months because she was quite large and the young man was cutting and skidding the logs in with the horses. She was stacking the logs as they came in to the landing. She was unhooking the props from the horses and stacking them. I was afraid that she might have a miscarriage from the lifting so I ended up spending most of my time on that sale helping her stack mining props. They lived in a little wall tent without a

stove for heat, slept on an old bedspring mattress and they cooked their food outside on a camp fire.

On another sale operated by a man, his wife and two children, they had a large skid-horse that the youngest son rode back and forth. He was bringing the logs in from where his father was cutting to the site where his brother was loading them onto the truck. When the son was not loading the logs, he was out there with an axe limbing the trees they were cutting. There were quite a few small operations on the district at that time.

The largest sale I had was south of Trout Creek on the Red Cloud Loop road going into Measer. The Thomas Brothers had a sawmill in Dry Fork. They were the only ones using mechanical skidders and a Cat to build roads. All the other sales did not have roads except what they could drive on by cutting the stumps at ground level and clearing a path for their vehicles to load their logs or get to their camp. They called them stump roads at that time.

The District Ranger asked me to watch the road construction and the skidding operations very carefully because he was concerned they'd do too much damage to the land using the equipment. When horses were used there was very little damage caused by skidding and very little soil movement. The Thomas sale was quite rocky and there was potential for some soil disturbance as the skidders turned over rocks.

On Monday morning the next week I met Virtus and Vaughn Sowards at the warehouse yard when we received our instructions from our District Ranger, Dean Rowlan. Now I knew who the persons were that played the tricks on me with my pipe and bedroll. Virt and Vaughn were to bring up the horses for trail maintenance and work out of the Trout Creek area for a while. I knew I'd have some house guests the next few weeks. During that week Virt brought the horses up from his ranch in Dry Fork and Vaughn drove the truck up with their gear. Virt had an arrangement with the Forest Service where he would rent his horses to them every year if they were needed. Because we were going to be together for the week, we bought groceries at the Measer store before we went up on the mountain. We shared the cost because we were



going to eat together and figured it'd be much cheaper that way. It was inconceivable at that time to prepare separate meals for each person. If anybody dropped by the station you always fed them if it was close to dinner or breakfast time. Conversely, if you were out on the District and dropped in at a sheep camp, you never left without getting a meal or without getting a hot cup of coffee. Everybody was hungry for socializing or just having someone to visit with.

The day Virt brought the horses up, I remember waiting for him with Vaughn out on the porch until just before dark. We didn't want to start dinner until he arrived. Virt brought the horses up from Dry Fork by way of Dry Fork Mountain, through Charley's Park, to upper end of Ashley Creek, by trail to Alma Taylor and Frenchs Park, to the North Fork of Ashley Creek then to Trout Creek Park. He arrived just after dark because he had to clean some of the trail on the way up. We turned the horses out into pasture for the night and had a late dinner. The Trout Creek Station enclosure was fenced in with a log worm fence which protected the area from the sheep herds that grazed around the area. There was always good horse feed and the little stream running through that provided a good water source. It was also a place to watch the deer come out in the evening to feed and water at night and provided good entertainment for us.

I wanted to go with Vaughn and Virt doing trail maintenance but couldn't because my duties were different than theirs. My experience of trail work had to come secondhand through our conversations at night when they got in from their job. As they worked further and further away from the station they set up a tent camp and for a while I was alone at the Station.

While they were staying at Trout Creek it was an enjoyable time. Our routine at night was, whoever got in first, was to start the fire, heat the water and start peeling the potatoes for dinner. We always had fried potatoes with some type of meat and we ate very little vegetables; it was pretty much a meat and potatoe diet. Before dinner started, Virt always carried a gallon of wine in his little black satchel and we started out with a few glasses of wine that got our spirits up. It put us into a good talking mood so we had a slow enjoyable

dinner. After we ate and cleaned up, we sat around and played cards or just told stories. Through those stories, I learned a lot about life on the mountain and the people that spent their summers up there working, the sheepherders, who they were, and the cowherders. Especially Orsen Hall, who worked for the cattle association on Tailor Mountain, (a very unusual character which I have many stories and experiences to tell, maybe some other time I'll relate them), and then the people who ran the dam outlets for Oaks Parks and East Park Reservoirs that provide the irrigation water.

When we went to bed between nine and ten o'clock, (later than if you were alone), sometime during the night (around three o'clock) I'd see a headlamp go on in the back room. It would be from Virtus McConkie who was a very early riser and couldn't sleep any more. He would turn on his Forest Service fire headlamp and read for an hour or two before he got up and started rummaging around in the kitchen starting the fire and getting the coffee going. Soon as the room warmed up it was time to get up and start another day.

One of the most enjoyable jobs I did when I lived at Trout Creek was to help maintain the phone line that hooked all the stations together. The line came from Vernal which had a connection to the Ranger's house, the Forest Service Office, probably the warehouse (I'm not too sure if they had one there) and then there was an outline at the phone line in Dry Fork that Virt McConkie was hooked to. The line then ran up Taylor Mountain, a branch line went over to Colton and then from Colton it went along the main Highway 44 over to the Manila District into the Ute Lookout Tower. From Ute Lookout down to Summit Springs and then into Manila. Trout Creek was hooked into the Colton line and that's how we were tied together on the Vernal District.

One of the first tasks of the summer season was to make sure the line was operating and to clear off any trees that happened to fall across it periodically. We would reconnect the wires if they were broken after a storm then hang them up on the trees on their insulators to get the system in operation. While I was at Trout Creek this job was already completed and we had our contact with the ranger by telephone. If there was any change in our instructions or in the event of a fire they'd contact us and tell us to go to the fire. We got a

call while Virt and Vaughn were at Trout Creek and they took me to a fire for my first experience. My safety training and on-the-job training in firefighting came by going to that fire and my instructor was Virt McConkie. He kept me close to him on the fire-line showing me how to use the hand tools, how to construct the line and then put out all the burning logs within the fire-line once it was contained. When it was over I felt I was pretty competent as a firefighter. The day after it, or twenty-four hours later, the ranger asked me to return to the fire to make sure it was out. I was to spend the day checking for smoke and feeling for any glowing embers around the fire line. I was happy to do that and I enjoyed it. The fire was somewhere down in the Davenport country on Diamond Mountain.

While on that fire, Virt McConkie told me of his experience on the big Davenport fire that started when they put the pipe-line through to Clay Basin in the early 50's. The fire started on the divide south of Little Hole in Davenport Draw and it turned out to be a pretty good sized fire. Virt was called to this fire as a volunteer before he started working for the Forest Service. When the fire was over, he and one other person had to spend thirty days patrolling the fire-line to make sure the fire was completely out. Rather than keeping a larger crew on to do a complete mop-up operation, they had their horses and set up a camp. They took their tools with them every day and made the circle around the fire-line constantly checking to make sure the fire did not go outside the line and slowly do a little bit of mop-up work as the fire cooled down. They had to stay until there was no more smoke showing. Because of that experience he became acquainted with Glen Lambert who later hired him the next season to work. That's how Virt started his Forest Service career.

Back to phone line maintance: One day before the fourth of July, our phone line wouldn't work. Virt came to the Trout Creek Station from Colton and said there was a break between us because he couldn't contact me. He asked me to help him check the line. Our process went something like this: we would leave the station where we could visibly see the line until it entered the timber, then we'd get out of the pick-up and one person would then walk the telephone line as it went through the forest until the line crossed the road or

some other visible part where you had access to it from a vehicle. A person would walk that section of the line; if it was cleared he then picked up the pick-up at that point because the other person got out and started the next leg of the journey then take the pick-up to the next point where you could get access to it with the pick-up. So we leaped-frogged through the system so-to-say, until the line was repaired. If we found a break we repaired it and then connected the handset to the line to see if we could get through. If we could get through then we knew we had the job completed, if not, we had to continue until we reached the next station or the next break in the line.

When you were alone at any of the stations, (the Lookout or the Guard Stations) and the phone line was working, you could communicate with the other workers by listening to the phone or ringing them up and asking what they were doing. As soon as the phone rang everybody seemed to pick up their phone to find out what was happening. It was an interesting system of communication and one of the social activities that you had while staying at the Guard Station.

On the Fourth of July weekend, our Ranger, Rowland, called us and asked if we would stay up there and work overtime because of the fire danger. He wanted us to do some patrol and contact all forest visitors, picnickers, fishermen etc., that we encountered and warn them about the fire danger, especially if they were building a campfire. So that weekend Vert, Vaughn and I stayed at the Station. For a uniform the Ranger told us to wear our hardhat and pin a Forest Service badge on our work shirt so the people we contacted would know we were Forest Service employees. It was the first time I had a Forest Service badge and I wore it with a great deal of pride.

I patrolled the west side of the District, the South Fork and the North Fork of Ashley Creek while Vert and Vaughn patrolled the east side of the District around Oaks Park, East Park and Colton area and up to Iron Springs. We didn't meet many people; a few people were in the campground along Kaler Hallow, Iron Springs and Red Springs campground and I only found a few people on the road towards Hacking Lake. At that time, the road was not completed to Hacking Lake and the road crew was in the process of

constructing a new road. There was a trail or a two rut road, very rough, that went to Hacking Lake. I remember that road very clearly because I was impressed with the construction. At that time the Forest did all their road construction work through their construction and maintenance crew.

When we got back that night and compared our notes, Virt decided he would call his wife and daughters to come up and bring us a picnic lunch so that we could celebrate the Fourth of July the next day. When they arrived that evening, we went to Kaler Hollow at dark when our patrol was over. We had a little party on the concrete slabs that were left after the old CCC camp was dismantled. We had a wind-up phonograph machine with some forty-five rpm records that we played and danced to late into the night. We had good food to eat, Sadie brought up a complete meal for us and that is when I met my future wife, Rita.

I had other visitors to Trout Creek during the summer. One was a young man doing a range survey on the District. I think he was working for the forest at large and not specifically on the District. Primarily they were inventoring the areas that were suitable for cattle and sheep grazing and the range condition at that time. John Hooper, who was another forest employee, was working at the Manila District, marking timber and administering small sales in a ponderosa-pine zone, in and around Greendale Junction and Green's Lake area. John I knew from school. He was a year or two ahead of me in his Forestry classes and we got together occasionally and had to work marking timber on larger sales towards East Park area. Besides that, we had no other visitors except maybe the occasional logger or fishermen who came to the cabin for information or wanting to use the telephone.

In 1957 I returned to the Ashley National Forest in late July after I had completed my summer camp at Forestry School in Logan Canyon. I had other duties this year and I had a new boss. The new Ranger was Tom Sievey. Tom replaced Dean Rowland who took a Supervisor's position at the Supervisor's Office co-ordinating the activities at the Flaming Gorge District, which was then still the Manila District. The construction of campgrounds and recreation facilities as funded from the Bureau of Reclamation to support

the recreation that the lake would provide. Dean had a new job and I had a new boss. Tom was a totally different personality; easy going, very friendly and very out going. My duties had changed. I was assigned to work in recreation doing maintenance and cleanup. I was responsible for Red Springs, Iron Springs and the small camp site in Kaler Hollow, and dispersed sites along the south fork and north fork of Ashley Creek. I painted signs, replaced sign posts, built log barriers at Red Springs and stiles over the log worm fences.

I was again stationed at Trout Creek and shared the quarters with other work members. The crew on the Vernal District grew by a few more people. I can't remember their names, one was Dave and the other one was a big, heavy set fellow. They were doing timber work and things that I did the year before. We also had a school teacher from Vernal that was working so the crew grew from three to about five or six.

I married Rita McConkie, Virt's daughter, that summer on August 24<sup>th</sup>. After we were married, we moved up to Trout Creek to spend the summer together. We were there only a few days when more crew members moved in so Rita and I had to move out to the garage for privacy. We ate with the crew members and lived in the main building until it was time for bed. Our sleeping arrangements were a little more primitive than it would have been if we were in the cabin ourselves. After a week or two, the Ranger moved us over to Colton Station where we thought we had more privacy and freedom. We weren't there very long when they moved more people over to join us at Colton. I spent that summer mostly out of the Colton Station.

One day the Ranger called and asked me to get his horse in from pasture. He was going to ride one of the allotments on a range inspection. Rita, her little brother Dru and I looked for the horse. We found them but could not catch him. We tried to coax him in with grain, to corner him along the fence and to herd him to the corral. All our efforts failed. When the Ranger got there, I was real embarrassed that I couldn't complete the job he asked me to do and he told me not to worry because one of the horses that was in the pasture was

real mean and really difficult to catch. He wasn't sure we could do it, and wouldn't have been disappointed.

It was much nicer at Colton as far as the living conditions. The house was more modern and had a beautiful setting in the aspen. It had a bathroom, a little bedroom and a kitchen that was separated from the front room. The front room could sleep several people. Overall it wasn't much bigger than Trout Creek but it was just a better arrangement. It was more difficult to heat because it was chopped up into smaller rooms whereas in Trout Creek you had one big, open room and the stove kept the whole place much warmer. I remember there was a rancher (a permittee I should say) who had a livestock camp down the draw from Colton Ranger Station. He made his own cottage cheese and when Virt and Vaughn was there one day, we went down and got some cottage cheese from him. It was very good because it was so fresh. I didn't know how they made cottage cheese. He just kept the fire going real slow and kept it on the back of the stove and slowly warmed his milk until it clotted then he drained the milk off of it and strained it through cheese cloth and salted it to season it a little. It was delicious mixed with some fresh cows milk.

Rita and I were at the Colton Station for the rest of the summer. We worked together and Tom Sievey remarked (to Dean Rowland or somebody else one day) how much they were paying Rita. They said: "Nothing, she's just volunteering and was living with her husband". Rita worked right along with me and helped me a great deal. We constructed the log barrier at Iron Springs campground to keep the vehicles away from the tables and to provide a parking area. We also built a stair stile over the log-worm fence that gave access to the spring for water. We cleaned up the campgrounds, Red Springs campground primarily, and we constructed an incinerator to burn the garbage.

The original incinerator (or I should say garbage disposal area), was a hole in the ground with a metal platform over the top of it with a trap door. It was reinforced with angle iron and layed over an open pit. All you had to do to get rid of your garbage was pick up the trap door and drop your garbage in the pit. When it became full, you took the metal top off and ignited the pit to burn it

off with diesel fuel until there was ashes left. Then you dug out those ashes and hauled them over to a disposal area away from the campground. You could keep reusing it, but they decided we'd be better off with a modernized incinerator. One made out of concrete that looked like a large manhole that you'd put in the ground a few feet and tapered up into a chimney top where you could throw your garbage into. It was about five or six feet tall. There was a little side door on the bottom of it that you could ignite the garbage and keep it burned out, then dig out your ashes out of the bottom and dispose of them. It was supposed to be more efficient. I don't know how it ever turned out but I remember we spent several days digging it. John Hooper from Manila came over to help and this other Dave and I and Rita. It was dug into the side-hill and took us about two days to dig the new pit in which to set this incinerator.

We also replaced the top logs on the log worm fence that summer. The graveling on the main road to Manila had progressed to a point just almost to the cattle guard that separated the Vernal District from the Manila District. Progress was moving right along on the construction of the dam or preparation for the construction of the dam.

While we were at Colton one of the most enjoyable things to do in the evening was to look for deer as you came in from work or just take a walk in the evening. We would walk away from the Colton Station down the draw or out through the aspen on the hillside just to the west of it and see if you could see any wildlife. There was a lot of activity happening on the District that year especially with the construction of the Flaming Gorge Dam starting and the access road to the dam being constructed. It was an exciting time but you could also see that many things were going to be changing in the near future.