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The Brush Creek Five by Tami



Brush Creek 5

In archaeology perhaps nothing evokes more passion than vandalism. Byron informed his field crew that we would be going down into Brush Creek Gorge to see if forest sites had been vandalized because a nearby site on SF land had been. The crew was still green and the day was on the warm side. The field crew was composed of: Nick from Minnesota, Julie from Denmark, Scott from Australia, Donna from Idaho, Tiffany and myself from Vernal.

We descended the canyon from the northern rim and searched in vain for the trail that supposedly lead into the canyon. This was the first official field day of the season, so we were a bit out of condition and the going was a little slow. From the canyon rim to the floor it drops

almost two thousand feet within a two thousand yard area. The only adjectives to describe the gorge were: steep, rugged, and beautiful. We finally reached the bottom and stopped to have lunch under a cedar tree. After lunch Scott and Nick scouted west, up the canyon, while Byron and the women headed east, down the canyon. We recorded a site by our lunch spot, and then waited for Scott and Nick to return.

Reunited, we headed down the canyon. The farther we traveled the more we observed a couple of our members had begun to show signs of heat exhaustion. A decision was made. Nick and Byron would hike back up out of the canyon, while the rest would hike out the bottom. We would rendezvous on US

Highway 191. On the map the route did not look so bad. The going was pretty good the first little while, but we had to stop and rest often so as not to over heat. As we crossed onto SF land I noticed an easy access out of the canyon through a break in the southern canyon wall. If I had not informed Byron that we would follow the canyon out, I would have taken this route. You know the rule, you always tell people where you are going, and make sure that is the way that you go in case something happens. Rounding the bend we noticed a huge rock face/alcove that had Fremont Pictographs. We came to the conclusion that this was the site that had been vandalized. Makeshift screening poles were on site and several good-sized holes had been dug into the ground. We noted mano fragments and flakes scattered around the site. We did not stay long, but headed down the canyon.

The farther we descended the canyon, the worse it became. The gently sloping walls became steeper and more treacherous until they were almost vertical. To make matters worse the walls were covered with loose sand and rock and sprinkled with razor sharp cactus and grasses. We crossed Brush Creek twice using logs, but the third time we were forced to wade across. Here we noted our time had run out, as the sun was setting. I think we all felt "the road is just around the next bend," but sadly it was not. After we forded the creek we were headed south for the first time, we knew we had to be close. We decided to keep walking, but thirty minutes later it was almost too dark to see. Scott hiked up the steep slope seeking a shelter for the night and a few minutes later found a small rockshelter. A huge deadfall ponderosa pine was conveniently placed about twenty feet in front of our new home. Backpacks were scoured and a lighter was found, soon a fire was blazing

like a beacon in the night. All afternoon we struggled with whether to drink water because girardia scared most the crew. I came to the conclusion early that girardia would not kill you quickly, but dehydration and heat exhaustion would, so I did partake. After we had made camp Scott loaded up water bottles and headed down to the stream. Everyone was so thirsty no one worried about girardia at that point.

We lay awake talking and rotating-to keep warm, and adding more fuel to the fire. Around eleven we noticed vehicle lights shining to the south and wondered what was up. Soon the headlights went out and flashing blue and red ones took their place. At this point we knew we had been "found" by Search and Rescue. Like watchful parents they reappeared almost every hour until about three in the morning.

At five, I informed the crew the sun would rise in a half an hour and we should start. We had only walked for about a half an hour when "Chad," a member of the Search and Rescue team sent to show us out of the canyon, greeted us. The day before we did all we could to stay out of the water, but today we walked mostly down the creek—and boy was it cold. Our rescuer was pleased that none of us was seriously hurt and that we were all in good condition considering what we had been through. A couple of hours later the whole Search and Rescue crew pulled us across the waist deep creek to safety. We were almost done with our adventure. They were pleased that we had built a fire and had notified our panic stricken leader that we were okay. Wrapping us in warm blankets, while we laughed about not having to go on the Eco-challenge, John Larson a Uintah County Police officer, and search and rescue member wrote each of us a trespass ticket for crossing over into SF land (but the trespass case is another epic story).

I have often wondered what I would do if I ever found myself in a situation where I had to spend a night in the wilds. I believe we passed with flying colors. No one on the trip complained about the situation we found ourselves in.

We did not push ourselves to the extreme that we caused injury to someone. Byron had a reputation in the office this year for losing his crew, but we were not really lost, we just ran out of time.

Swett Cabin Excavation

by Tami

The Swett one room cabin floor was in bad repair and needed to be replaced. The top floorboards were carefully removed and numbered to be re-used after the sub floor was replaced. The rotten sub-flooring was removed and then the fun began! Tex Leflet and a couple of recruits from the Daggett County Jail prepared for some pretty serious digging. Nick King and Marcus Drake were part of the work-release prison crew from the Daggett County Jail. I arrived on Tuesday to meet Heather and Dean, who are seasonal workers for the forest, along with Nick and Marcus. Once the preliminaries were out of the way, we all got down to some serious measuring and then it was breaking out the trowels and buckets for the dirt removal phase of the project.

We worked long and hard scraping away at least fifty years of rodent debris before we could discover what the Swett family had dropped through the floorboards. Byron ran interference between the main house porch, one-room cabin, and screening area. We were told to dig here, watch over in that corner—the dark stain that was revealing itself, try not to inhale too much rodent do-do, and then measure and document everything. I was given the tedious task of detailing or drawing the profile of Square 1. I have come to the conclusion that my mother had to have dropped me at least once, because I can draw the profile, pretty good at it actually, but with one minor

glitch, they are mirror images. Complete mystery as to how that works.

Nan and Evan arrived later to monitor and make sure that we did not really deface the main Swett compound too badly, and see if any gold doubloons were being recovered. A whole wardrobe of buttons along with several coins that were so old they had started to decompose were found. Bones, nails, and scraps of newspaper filled our artifact bags.

Somehow, somehow, the work crew dwindled away until there was just the five of us left. Tex and Byron were sifting, Nick and Marcus were digging, and I was left to play packhorse. The buckets go in, the buckets go out. I was afraid that I would get dizzy and run into the wall of the cabin from all those numerous round trips, but Nick and Marcus kept me laughing too much. I would hear part of a story while collecting the buckets, and then they would have to pause until I returned with the empty buckets and finish what they were talking about. The mental picture of Nick “popping” out of a cake and doing a “strip-tease” for a fellow prison mate’s birthday, was just way too much information! I had a hard time walking upright, for laughing so hard over that one.

Things progress, in the excavation field, only so far, and then it is down to cleaning it all up nice and tidy for a final photo shoot. Nick and Marcus grumbled so much over this process that I thought I

would bust something from laughing so hard. “I have never swept dirt!”—Marcus. “Of all the stupid things that I’ve done in my life this tops the cake!”—Nick. The tirade went on and on, until it was finally cleaned up and the photo’s taken. After

that it was an occasional grumble here and there. It took a week to remove the old floor, excavate, and another week to install the rodent-proof wire, cement, and reassemble the floor—just in time for the opening week of Memorial Day.

Beyond the Realm of the Ford Explorer by Nick

The core of last summer’s survey crew consisted of Tiffany, Julie, Scott, and myself. Of course, a slough of other people also helped more than their share, but we were the usual suspects. We became extremely adept at walking straight lines (this has never been verified!).

During our first week on the job, Byron and Clay took the newly assembled crew on a quest for the source of Sheep Creek quartzite. Our search led us on a long hike nearly to the top of Jessen Butte, where we found that a good deal of the butte itself is an outcrop of quality material for stone tools. Along the way, we found numerous sites consisting of flakes upon flakes of Sheep Creek quartzite. Past people were clearly obtaining material from this area and carrying it with them in tool form to other parts of the Forest. Thus, my introduction to the archaeology of the Uintas was pretty exciting, and it reinforced in my mind the necessity of a good pair of boots and a bottle of water.

Aside from the Jessen Butte excursion, my initial impression of archaeology on the Ashley was based on the gorgeous vistas, chilly weather, and scarcity of surface artifacts we discovered on our first project on Taylor Mountain in early June. Except for the gorgeous vistas, that impression would soon prove false. For Tiffany, Scott, and myself, the Taylor Mountain survey was our second

week on the job. Byron, on vacation for the week, had left clear instructions for the three of us not to find trouble. For most of the week, we followed his instructions to the letter. Then one brisk survey-filled Wednesday, the wind kicked



The survivors of the Jessen Butte Trip. The Sheep Creek quartzite outcrop is in the background.

up and snow began to fall, so come quitting time we were anxious to get home. However, try as we might, the

Explorer did not make it back to the main road (much less Vernal) that night. To make a long story short, we walked a good deal more that evening. The experience reinforced the necessity of safety precautions, a good pair of boots, and a bottle of water.

By the time August rolled around, we were fairly experienced at spotting surface artifacts and features, which came in handy as we encountered sites left and right on our Alabama Flat project. By this time, Julie had become a firmly established member of the crew, and the

rest of us still seemed to get along A-ok. We recorded a number of lithic scatters of Tiger chert and Sheep Creek quartzite; none very far from some of the larger occupation sites Byron showed us closer to Swett Ranch, which included several pit structures. For me, it was a fitting conclusion to an exciting summer, reinforcing in my mind the importance of breathtaking spots for lunch, along with safety precautions, a good pair of boots, and a bottle of water (except for trips like the Brush Creek epic where at least 3 bottles of water were needed).

Reaves PIT or 42Da1005 by Grant

Sunny days, moose visiting the campsite, great food, and lots of artifacts. The 2001 PIT dig at the Reaves Site 42Da1005 was both productive and enjoyable. Some fifteen volunteers attended. They traveled from as far away as Louisiana and Boston.

The Reaves Site was an assumed winter encampment. It has southern exposure, is protected on the north by low cliffs, and has lots of sand. Two suspected pit houses determined the positioning of two of the trenches. A third trench was placed to the west and a fourth some distance downslope. It was quickly established that the site would have been a great winter camp. It was HOT! Likely, even in the depth of winter, the site would have received sufficient warmth from the sun. In June the sun, sand, and rock combined to create a virtual oven. (Unfortunately, it now appears the site was used in the spring – based on plants remains we recovered.)

The team was quartered at the Summit Guard Station, some 15 miles away and about 1,000 higher in elevation. Green grass, a pair of moose that

appeared most evenings, plus indoor plumbing made the station a welcome sight when the workday was done. The pleasure of return was then followed by the rush and jostling for the shower! Certainly indoor plumbing on a PIT dig is rare. Hot water, sufficient for everyone, is unheard of.

The trenches had a broad range in the quantity of artifacts. The westernmost trench, supervised by Nick, was extremely unproductive (and various mutinies had to be brutally suppressed). However, right next to it, perhaps a shovel toss of dirt away, Michelle's trench produced dozens of artifacts. These included points, grinding slabs, manos and more manos, and finally a bone bead -AKA "A mouse doughnut!" Such beads are very rare as animals quickly consume them for the minerals and salt. Kudos to sharp eyed Tiffany. The volunteers voted the bead, the "Artifact of the Dig."

Michelle and Byron added a new twist to the traditional end of the dig find. As Murphy said: "You find the best stuff on the last day (corollary: "and you don't have time to excavate it.") On the last

day, Michelle noticed that the upper corner of the last pit had a strangely placed rock. Doing a little creative sidewall chasing, she argued with Byron as to what the feature was. Repeated visits by Byron and more digging by Michelle resulted in Byron's admitting to a higher and higher percentage of convincing, until finally a slab-lined basin was revealed.

Tami orchestrated the evening entertainment. She quickly renamed the atlatl "Arrow Flingee Thingee" and everyone made an attempt to throw the darts. It was fortunate that the food was already on hand. The targeted box survived several nights unharmed. There were also cutthroat games of Chinese checkers plus discussions far into the night.

Clay and Scott seemed to have moved the most dirt with their trench. Then again when you hit bedrock a few inches down it does look productive. With the dirt was mixed high percentages of carbon. It wasn't a surprise when they excavated a slab-lined basin. What was surprising about this trench was the

appearance that the bedrock formed the living surface.

Food, always an important consideration, was purchased in bulk prior to the dig and cooked onsite. Byron's Navaho Taco's started a week of great eating. Among the memorable sights were coffee drinkers hunched over pots of "Cowboy Coffee," cups at the ready. The coffee was best described as "Chewy."

Wednesday, giving in to hot days and exhausted volunteers, the crew broke early and explored the attractions in the region. One party went south to Vernal to explore the rock art at McConkie Ranch in Dry Fork Canyon. Walking, climbing ladders, and some rock scrambles, resulted in an extremely pleasurable experience.

Our initial hypotheses for the site were incorrect. The site was used primarily in the spring to gather plants during the Archaic period (we thought it would be a winter Archaic occupation). We didn't find any evidence of pit houses, although we did find a possible Fremont brush structure.

THE ASHLEY N. F. PIT SONG

By Albert Vetere Lannon

June 25-29, 2001

(To the tune of Come Together, by The Beatles)

Here come us PIT folks,
We got sharpened trowels,
We got heavy buckets,
We got metric measures,
We got pads down below our knees,
Workin' in the Ashley at nine-five
degrees;
Come together, archaeology, on the
Ashley.

We got tiger chert flakes,
We got quartzite biface,
We got little burnt seeds,
We got tiny bone bead,
We got metates and manos and stone
that's been ground,
Diggin' in the dirt so that the lost can be
found;
Come together, with Byron Loosle, on the
Ashley.

We got hot-cooked breakfast,
We got sandwich lunches,
We got evening dinners,
We got Tammy's cobbler,
We got horseshoes and arrow flingie
thingies at night,
Makin' S'mores by the fire while the
mosquitoes bite;
Come together, co-ed bunkhouse, on the
Ashley.

We got Fremont pot'ry,
We got Archaic p-points,
We got pit cooking places,
We got cactus stickers,
We screen lots of dirt and pick out lots of
flakes,
And at the end of the day we all got lots
of aches;
Come together, happy faces, on the
Ashley.

Deadmans Lake by Michelle

Deadman's Lake. . . a surprisingly fitting name for such a lovely place; for, if we didn't freeze to death, then we were going to kill Byron for bringing us there. But, just as every woman must forget the pains of childbirth before she is willing to bear another, I too have forgotten the perpetually cold rain, the daily hailstorms, and marsh-camping (ok, ok, maybe I didn't forget all of it). Regardless, practicing archaeology in high-altitude locations has its rewards. The scenery can take your breath away, the air is fresh and clean, and the archaeological sites are, for the most part, untampered with by modern-day collectors. Besides, how many archaeologists can say they spent the week working above 10,000 ft.?

In August of 2001, Byron led a group of fearless students to the upper reaches of the Uinta Mountain ridgeline for a week of survey. Our last day was spent surveying up the Deadman's Lake drainage and around the lake itself. Deadman's Lake is located on the south slope of the Uinta Mountains at 11,000 feet above sea level. It is considered to be in the alpine zone, meaning a lot of grasses, forbes, rocks, and krummholtz trees, though there is a small stand of

spruce trees that surround the lake offering welcome protection. The lake has been utilized heavily in both prehistoric and historic times. Archaeological evidence on the surface consisted of Archaic-style projectile points, Protohistoric ceramics, metates, a depression, and a historic miner dwelling foundation and associated trash. Because the area was so heavily utilized in the recent past, it is likely that what was on the surface at one time is no longer there for us to study, although there may be some mystery left at this "lakeside resort."

Our first task was to excavate two of the many hunting blinds located on the talus slope just to the east of the lake. We had hoped to find some debitage but all we got was a lot of dirt. Suddenly, as we were midway through the first blind, a large black thunderhead with flashing lightning came rolling over the hill toward us and we ran for the krummholtz trees; in the nick of time, I might add. We students thought "surely, it must be time to head back to camp," but our fearless leader took charge and, at the height of the second hailstorm of the day, ordered - I mean asked - us to excavate a 25 cm

test pit in the depression while he dutifully took notes under the protection of a large spruce tree. The test pit yielded a small fragment of obsidian debitage, a thin lens of charcoal, though it cannot be determined at this time whether it was cultural or natural, and stratigraphy. It appears the depression is what is left of a prehistoric dwelling. I must admit we were pretty jazzed about the depression and what we found, so we forgave Byron.

Two PIT projects will be held this summer at Deadman's Lake to excavate the depression as part of my Master's thesis -isn't free labor great? I am interested in learning if this site was a base camp, the age of the site, what were the occupants hunting and processing

here, if there was a change in subsistence strategy over time, and which side of the mountain these people came from. Since I am mostly interested in the importance of the role of women at high altitude sites, part of what we will be collecting is soil samples (to test for plant processing), which is something that has not been often done in the past - Chepeta Lake excepted.

Things I have learned from last summer's trip: cotton gloves do not work in the rain, ski shells are no substitute for a good pair of rain pants, marmots are cute - no matter what Byron says, and no matter how miserable I think I am while I'm up there, I always miss the mountains when I get back down.



The enthusiastic crew digs in Nick's carefully created 25 cm test pit.

A Path Through the Uintas

by Scott

It is February in Korea where I am temporarily based, teaching a strange Australian-English hybrid to local kids. I am in a rather a personal, to be real blunt-an Orwellian-small city called Gangneung in the NE corner of South Korea, 40 miles from the DMZ with North Korea. This is a place possessing its own beauty and rugged natural marvels of limestone and granite peaks, with their own legends and stories. Byron petitioned me to write this piece on the Painter Basin PIT projects, so here I sit on my traditional heated "ondol" floor with a cup of ginseng tea...and cast my mind back, back...

Crawling out of bed in the wee hours of a brisk August morning in Vernal, the field survey-hardened crew of Tiffany, Nicholas, Michelle, Julie and Yours Truly, loaded up the Forest Service rigs. Post haste we zip after all, we are on Government time, through country I'd only seen on movies, and with blink-and-you'll-miss-'em towns of Lone Tree and McKinnon (who said "progress" was always better, anyway?). Ah! And like a dream sequence arises the north face of the High Uinta Mountains in all their majesty. What a backdrop, they rise above the high plain like a curtain. They, as well as the people who share this same country, were the reason why I quit my job in Japan to be here again (or maybe it was working in a classroom the size of 3 phone boxes, hmmm!).

Our own destination this Monday? Henry's Fork Trailhead as access point to tackle the gargantuan, grueling and tortuous hike up (and up!) to Gunsight Pass, then down to Painter Basin. Indeed, such was the romance of archaeology in the heady summer of 2001.

At the Trailhead we rendezvoused with the other lion-hearted, courageous PIT volunteers, Tom and Carol, Jerry and Helen, and in fine form we made the 8 mile hike up to Gunsight Pass through forest and babbling brooks, while all the time wrestling with my backpack I dubbed the "purple beast" (and its myriad sharp protrusions like heads of the hydra). The foraging moose in the willow came to say "hello" as we hiked, leaving the timberline, and the panorama on top of Gunsight Pass was spectacular. Below us to the South, like a tapestry, lay Painter Basin at a respectable 10,000 feet, and Kings Peak rose above to the west.

Guided by a progression of cairns we set up camp on a finger ridge that rose like a small island out of the alpine meadow, in all its squishy glory, it rains A LOT, and this is a truth that can't be fully told but experienced. Mike DeVito, Nick and Christy Oprandy with their horse team, our guardian angels on Uinta PIT projects, arrived with all the essentials of stove, foods and...coffee!

Byron established teams led by crew chiefs Michelle Knoll, Nicholas Smits, and himself, with the keen experienced volunteers and interns to help survey Painter Basin in wide, sweeping transects. We soon found this high alpine environment yielded a series of sites in great density on shallow benches, in particular. Twenty-nine sites were located in total. There was also a cluster of sites around the south face of Gunsight Pass. A significant number of groundstone pieces, projectile, worked tools, as well as a diverse array of lithic tool stone, such as chert, jasper, obsidian and quartzite, -some of which had traveled a long way. This is

perhaps an important trail for earlier Native American peoples as part of a major avenue of season movement, a trade corridor, as well as a place to procure certain plants and food types.

Looking over the High Uintas surveying one morning I stopped to reflect why I was here. It was Tuesday morning and a moon was rising with very sharp clarity in the fresh blue sky, and all around were the moraine covered domes and crags of the peaks, rising like pyramids. Unforgettable. It gave me a sense of timelessness, and it could be so quiet at times here the silence was...loud. There was this sheer sense of space, too, around those barren scree-covered slopes. I was left wondering about the lives of the people that lived on the land here since time immemorial, who passed through these same valleys where the High Uintas stand sentinel, and wondered what their own dreams and hopes were.

The Painter Basin trip was also a place not to underestimate the human need for a rain jacket, when the time demands! On my own surveys with Michelle, Mike, and Nick, we shared some great times huddling under krummholtz for protection from the wild elements, having a "yarn" -an Australianism for a "tale". On Friday we decided it was time to make a "strategic withdrawal" - in other words...run! - and head back, as we had covered our ground and the weather was intensifying in bleakness. It is a sharper, harsher environment than down "in the valleys", but (and I feel I can speak for all Painter Basin PIT project participants here) what an experience it provided us in the cathedral, the mosque, the sacred ground, of the Uintas and to learn about the scope of history in this part of the High Uintas.



Painter Basin from Gunsight Pass

Browne Lake Survey by Sheila

Browne Lake Survey took place during the first week of August and once again demonstrated that Ashley National Forest contains a wealth of prehistoric and historic sites. The survey encompassed high meadows, sagebrush covered ridges, steppes, slopes and knolls as well as mountain tops covered with stands of lodgepole pine and numerous fallen pines over which many of us climbed, jumped or fell! The area is considered high elevation, about 8000 feet plus, and makes one ponder why and when prehistoric people used the area. Was it part of their range that also included the High Uintas? The historic Old Carter Trail, built in the late 1800's, also traversed the project area.

Crew chiefs Julie, Nick, Byron, and Michelle led veteran PIT project volunteers such as Nate, Val, Sheila, Gabe, Scott and Scott in addition to new recruits like Sandra, Tom, Tim, Corbin and others. Participants came from Utah, Colorado, New Mexico, and Washington. It was hoped that a PaleoIndian site would be found, but one wasn't, at least not this time. Nevertheless, fifty sites were recorded or revisited during the five day survey. Most were lithic scatters probably Archaic or Fremont. Not very many diagnostic artifacts were observed but some seen included an Elko Corner-notched point, a Rose Springs point, a Desert Side-notched point and a probable McKean point. Other artifacts observed were manos, metates, bifaces, and lithic debitage. The predominant lithic materials were Tiger Chert and Sheep Creek quartzite. A couple of sites were unusual in that they had a disproportionate number of tools to flakes.

Some historic artifacts were also observed along the Old Carter Trail such as hinged tobacco cans, sun colored amethyst glass fragments, opal glass liners for zinc mason jar lids, fragments of mason jars, and hole in top and hole in cap cans.

The weather was typical for the place and time of year. Days were mostly sunny and hot while evenings were cool. One afternoon it showered. One evening we were treated to a powerful and beautiful thunder and lightning show.

Midweek the group toured other places in the area. One pair went to view the McConkie Ranch petroglyphs. The rest of the group went to Swett Ranch and saw the newly repainted farm equipment and restoration done by a previous PIT project. They also visited Allen Creek, a 1997 PIT excavation project. Along the way, slab lined basins and a vandalized rock shelter were pointed out. Several members of this project had participated in the Allen Creek project.

As always, participants got lots of exercise, laughs, and information. Byron attempted to seek revenge on two interns and succeeded in frightening them as well as almost being caught by nonparticipants while he was slinking around the campsite in the middle of the night.

Much appreciation goes to Byron and his crew leaders for continuing to provide opportunities for educating the public about the national forests' archaeological resources and for allowing the public to help record and hopefully preserve the forests' heritage.

It All Started With Culturally Scarred Trees

by Cris

When I received the assignment to contact Ute tribal members to help identify culturally modified trees, the first thoughts that came to mind were the works of Napoleon Chagnon and his inspiring work among the Yanomamo of the jungles of Venezuela, with Margaret Mead and Indiana Jones in close second. So luscious forest was a common theme, albeit the vegetation here is considerably different from that in the tropics. So, I set myself up for a summer of adventure!

I gathered the information available, mainly photographs taken in the last 20 or so years by Mr. DeVed and others, who have received information about the use of cambium for food and medicinal purposes by Ute people. Finding Ute people was easy, finding people who would gladly provide information to a complete stranger with a strong South American accent proved a little more difficult. After establishing some contacts at the senior center in Fort Duchesne, and meeting with several people, some issues concerning the use of forest land and products were brought up. Did Ute people need permits to harvest poles for their ceremonies? Do people need permits to keep gathering medicinal plants? Who? Where? How

many?, etc. etc.

Three elders offered to go with me to Paradise Lake and surrounding areas to show me where they used to gather plants and what they used to gather. It was on a hot summer day, too late in the season to be gathering much, especially the wild potatoes so widely used a hundred years ago, but we found some of the plants they are still using today. One of the ladies has family in New Mexico and they exchange medicinal plants regularly. Traditional medicine is still practiced by many tribal people, but their use is guarded carefully.

It was a very enlightening summer, not a Napoleon Chagnon kind of experience, but as it happens, I listened to many stories and shared some very interesting conversations that much resembled a Carlos Castaneda book. An accurate census taken among the Navaho would probably reveal that there is one anthropologist assigned to every family on the Navaho reservation. In contrast, not much anthropological work has been done in recent years in the Ute Reservation. They are our neighbors and we share many things with them, but their culture is alive, very rich, and waiting to be re-discovered

Another Southwest Trip

by Tiffany

After stuffing everything and anything in Byron's good ole' black 4-runner, and a quick trip to the bank, we were off. A hot, sunny, afternoon, plenty of driving time, and don't forget the music. Luckily this time we had more than one cd. (These trips are mostly about tradition - Francisca's in Cortez, a day in Montezuma Canyon, an evening at

Newspaper Rock, and every Dairy Queen between here and Albuquerque. So, Scott and I started a new tradition a few years ago of listening to the Cars - rock group - on Southwest trips.) What an experience the first night was (at Newspaper Rock), I remember sleeping under the stars in an unknown place, just waiting for something to crawl in my

sleeping bag with me. It was quite an experience seeing things you usually wouldn't see on the normal family vacation. Trying out the Anasazi foot and hand holds was a knee shaking, heart thumping activity, although I can't even imagine what a taller cliff wall would have been like (this one was all of 12 to 15 feet high). I thought it was so awesome the many secret little places Byron showed us, we walked through mud, dust, rocks, cactus, you name it. It was very hot and sometimes the heat and hunger made us a little ornery. It was always hard for

everyone to agree on what we wanted to eat. We sampled a couple of Mexican places, ice cream, cactus, and more ice cream (They were just lucky the Moab DQ was closed, but Hatch's Trading Post in Montezuma Canyon is still a "thriving" establishment.) Chaco was absolutely amazing! If I learned anything, besides the fact that traveling without the luxury of a hotel is okay, is a greater appreciation and admiration for the Native American people. The land around them was their grocery store, their home, their life!

Swett Ranch Cow Barn Restoration by Nanette

The cow barn at Swett Ranch, located approximately one mile north of the main living area, was in danger of collapsing. After all, the building is 70 plus years old. A Passport In Time (PIT) project was planned and volunteers, employees and bystanders were recruited to take on the task of stabilizing the building and completely re-building a new roof for the barn.

The volunteer couples that signed up for this project arrived ready to go to work on Monday, September 10th. After everyone was settled and introductions were out of the way, we discussed our plans for the project and walked to the site so we could see exactly what needed to be done.

First we had to straighten and brace the walls. Using a crane truck, we pulled the sagging walls back to a vertical position and braced them with 6X6 ties. They should be set for another 70 years. This took about half a day. Then the roof was completely removed. It was easy pulling off the aged wood, as it was pretty much falling off on it's own. Everyone had fun with this part. We stacked the old

Tex supervises the installation of the roof wood out of the way and started cutting



and putting together the rafters. Installing

the rafters wasn't so bad, but attaching the cross boards to the rafters which would be used for the outer part of the roof was a little scary. The weather was cold and rainy during this part of the project and the wood was getting slippery. Climbing on slippery rooftops is a little un-nerving, but we finished without any falls or broken bones.

Rough cut lumber was purchased for this barn so it would be more like the original building. About three days into the project we started attaching the roof

made with boards and bats instead of shingles. This is the way it was originally constructed and it is a beautiful building. After day five, clean up was the only thing left to do and everyone helped out. All the tools, supplies and equipment were returned to their proper place.

This barn can be seen from the Greendale Overlook and I hope when people stop to read the interpretive signs or have a picnic, they appreciate the hard work that went into preserving this little piece of history.

A Canadian Rocky

by Clay

The Fifth Biennial Rocky Mountain Anthropological Conference (RMAC) took place in Waterton, Alberta, Canada in late September of 2001. Conference attendance was somewhat lower than in previous years, perhaps because of the travel distance involved, and as an effect of the aftermath of Sept. 11. The Ashley National Forest contingent included Byron, Tami, Michelle, and Clay, who presented papers, and Scott and Julie (token international citizens and guaranteed audience for the above presenters). In the wake of the September 11 incident, the border crossing near Glacier National Park in Montana was interesting. Our Customs officials ushered us out of the U. S. with friendly alacrity. I expected cheerful, helpful Mounties in red uniforms and black boots would man the Canadian side of the border. I had the part about the black boots right. A black-clad Canadian SWAT team stood us against a wall and went through our Government vehicle as if it were a camouflaged assault unit. An international incident loomed when one inspector found a carton of our *Dutch John Excavations* publications, which we distribute free - and freely - at

professional conferences. Apparently, Canada frowns on distribution of free literature by agencies of foreign governments. Fortunately, the inspectors were pressed for quitting time, and let us off with a stern lecture about the tariff they could have imposed.

Waterton Park is pleasant in the off-season. The weather in late September was as warm as back home in Utah. Waterton has a relaxed, slightly unpolished ambiance, and a delightful currency exchange rate. The laid-back pace was a change from other conferences, where everyone seems to be concerned with following a schedule. Byron presented an overview of Uinta Mountains prehistory, Tami described the basketry from the Forest, Michelle discussed 42Da1005 - our 2001 PIT project on the Reaves, and I discussed slab-lined basins on the Forest.

Upon reaching the border after the conference, we found the Canadian Customs building deserted, but the U. S. officials searched our vehicle. Apparently, everyone is happy to see us leave their country, but nobody likes to see us arrive.

Hands and PAWS

by Julie

Kids love to compete, play, and have time out from school and last summer's PAWS presentations meant the inclusion of all three favored components. The presentations focused on telling the young 2nd to 6th grader audiences about archaeological, wildlife, biological information while using hands-on activities and direct participation. In order to keep these PAWS kids interested their hands and appendages, not to mention their wits, needed to be fully involved.

More specifically, the various talks explored were atlatl throwing, mano/metate grinding, fish and wildlife, rock art, material culture/classification, and so much more! Some of the

locations for the presentations were in Myton, Neola, and Vernal Elementary.

Various key points that the youngsters learned involved, for example, the methods to atlatl throwing, what prey were actually hunted, what archaeologist actually do and what they look for in the field, classification techniques, the discussion of rock art panels, farming and soil samples, present versus ancient diets, and the list goes on. Although, the heat was hot and steady during the presentations, the kids were enthusiastic and interested in gaining knowledge about new subjects concerning local past and contemporary practices.



And the French Judge gives the young man a 5.9!

A Divine Wind

by Clay

The *Uinta Mountain Occupations* draft gusted through the office at gale force in 2001, disarranging desktops and leaving windrows of field samples piled in the corners. *Kamikaze* translates as “divine wind”, but *kami* also translates as “paper”. Considering the amount of paper the publication has generated to date, “paper wind” is quite apt. *Uinta Mountain Occupations* is our attempt to put together a coherent description and interpretation of prehistoric occupation at all altitudes on Ashley National Forest in the eastern Uinta Mountains. Many *Heritage Times* readers have participated in excavation of at least some of the sites discussed, which include the Allen Creek sites on the Swett Ranch, Summit Springs, Chepeta Lake, The Hayes shelter, and the Reaves (Gun Range). In addition, the new publication incorporates information from nearly seventy radiocarbon dates from Ashley National Forest, Tami Merkley’s analysis and discussion of five burden baskets found on the Forest over the last four decades, a discussion of the Hayes snare bundle, some intriguing and atypical Fremont ceramics, and identification of a Sheep

Creek quartzite quarry. It is exciting to see fragmentary information from isolated excavations come together in patterns indicative of prehistoric mobility and land use. This publication, based on a decade of excavation and analysis, offers a new and more complex picture of mountain occupation in general, and of the Uinta Fremont people in particular.

The draft is currently in review. One reviewer claims to have identified many sentences without verbs. What? No verbs! Unbelievable. Initial comments include criticism of both use of passive voice and of active voice sentences using “we”, both small print size and document thickness. Since the commentary extremes tend to cancel out, I’d argue we have a good document, but Byron just now referred to it as the “Uintas Occupation Daft”. Fortunately for my peace of mind, I’m just in archeology for the money (like most of you out there); I’m doubling my depression medication and ignoring the critics. *Uinta Mountain Occupations* should be available some time in 2002. Please let us know I you’d like a copy.



Scott forgot the historic sites! A Painter Basin cabin where shepherds stored salt.

There are several projects this summer. In addition to PIT projects we will need help on some other activities. In the past we have not received a lot of support for the nonPIT projects. Do we need to give you a personal invitation through a phone call? **Please help** – give us a call (435) 781-5156 or Tami (435) 781-5115 and Clay (435) 781-5138. I can also be reached by email at bloosle@fs.fed.us

Anthro Mountain Excavation – June 17 – July 3 – The PIT project for this project is the week of June 24th. We will have a smaller crew there the week before and the week after to make sure everything is finished properly. This is a site at 9000 feet in elevation and appears to have several large structures. A dirt road cuts through the site and we will have a primitive camp near by.

Deadman Lake Excavation – PITs – July 22 – 27 and August 12 – 17 – Michelle will take a crew backpacking seven miles back into the Uintas. Nights will be cold, and there will be lightning and large mosquitoes. A packer will take our equipment and food in on horses, but crew members will have to carry their personal gear in. Michelle will also have two weeks of nonPIT excavation at the same site. She is looking for a few hardy souls to assist with those weeks too.

Swett Calf Barn – PIT – September 9 – 13 – We'll replace the roof on the calf barn, one of the outbuildings at Swett. This is the dugout building not far from the cow barn we roofed last year. Some painting and other activities may happen at the ranch around the same time.

We are updating our newsletter mailing list and would appreciate any corrections or updates of names and addresses.

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