

## Deadman Lake Survivor

By Mark



*Mark and Sandy attempt to dry out Mark's sleeping bag.*

Wheezing, coughing, struggling for air, barely able to place one foot in front of the other, heavy backpack digging into my lower back and hips... and this was just one mile in. We still had another six to go. This is my memory of the hike into Deadman's Lake. I figured I'd die before even getting there. I didn't. But now I've got to write about it! I don't know which is worse.

Byron, Michelle, Derek, Jay, Sandy, Justin, and I along with a couple pack horses and their owners (and Tiffany showed up eventually) made the seven mile trek through forests, over streams, up hills, down hills, up bigger hills, and

across meadows to our destination, Deadman's Lake. After Derek, Sandy, Jay, Justin and I had set up our camp, along comes Byron to tell us to move it further away from the Lake (a good rule to follow, 200 ft. or 75 paces from water.) After resetting camp we headed off to the site.

The site is on a small hill to the north of the site. Byron pointed out several depressions that could possibly be living structures. So we began digging, trying to find evidence that they were. The second day brought the worst hailstorm I have ever seen, and halted our excavations for a while. It hailed for about an hour marble-sized pieces that

hurt when you get hit in the head, (don't ask.) But did Byron let us stop working for the day? No way! We continued digging in the cold, wet dirt. Upon returning to camp, after Derek suggested I should, I noticed everything was normal... except for my tent, which was under 4 inches of hail!! Yes... under, my tent had collapsed under the weight of all the hail on top. Derek's tent had a hole knocked in it and had his stuff a little wet. My stuff, on the other hand, was saturated. I received many sympathetic looks (yeah right!) from everyone. But we got it pretty dry over the illegal fire we started to stay alive. Which brings me to the moral of the story: Sleeping in a cold wet sleeping bag is not fun.

After that day, the rest of the week was pretty much the same: nice weather in the mornings, rain and/or hail in the afternoon. But we trudged on. In two of the suspected living structures what seemed to be floors were found, along with several large charcoal deposits. Not much debitage was found, but we filled numerous bags for pollen testing, and radiocarbon dating. We even got to water screen some of the pollen ourselves. But the fun finally came to an end and we made the long trek back to the Blazer. Once we got there, it held yet another surprise for us... a flat tire. Although just about everything that could go wrong did, I wouldn't trade the experience for anything... well, maybe a dry sleeping bag.

*Michelle is all smiles during the hail storm.*



## The Fort Thornburgh Project(s)

By Clay

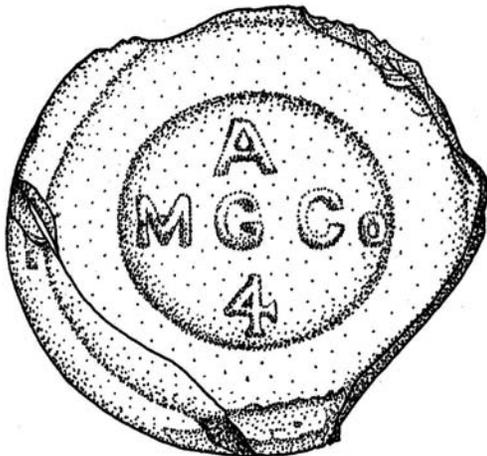
Interpreting the past requires a broad context. The Carter Military Road, which crosses the Ashley, was built to supply Fort Thornburgh. However, the 1880s U S Army fort was located on private land in the Uinta Basin. We were able to do a test excavation in May of 2002 to establish the site of Fort Thornburgh, thanks to some of the famous Loosle creative financing. Byron found a grant that paid for a crew chief and report preparation, and we dragooned all the volunteers we could find, including folks from the Ashley and the local archaeological society chapter (USAS). The average age of the USAS volunteers was about 70...and they about worked us to death! With the permission and cooperation of the landowners, we excavated about 25 square meters, finding privies, two dugouts including a tent dugout,

areas of former structure walls, and trash pits.

Several artifacts identified the fort, which was only occupied during 1882-1883. We recovered an 1878 dime with pocket wear from the bottom of a trash pit, a medicine bottle dating between 1878-1883, uniform pants buttons, Springfield rifle cartridges manufactured in January of 1882, and beverage bottles dating to 1880-1882. Only machine cut square nails were found at all excavated levels, indicating there was no continued occupation after about 1886, when round nails began to appear in the west.

In addition to verifying the location, we learned much about daily activities at of this short-lived fort. As a result, we can better interpret the Carter Military Road, and late nineteenth century activities on what would shortly become the Ashley National Forest.

*A beer bottle bottom and coat button from Fort Thornburgh, drawn by Deva Jebb.*



## Christmas in July and Other Narratives of Vernal

By Derek

In the last half of April last year I received a message on my answering machine that has alter my life dramatically since. Dr. Loosle left a message wondering if I had made any plans for the season. I had a great experience with archaeology last season, but this season I was hoping to get something closer to home. My home is in Denver. It is a big city, but not as big as places like New York or Seattle. I was having difficulties dealing with the caged life and Dr. Loosle offered me a position as his crew chief. Needless to say this was a great step up for me. I would be able to continue learning, hiking, and digging in the cultural resource industry.

I hate to call it that because the 'industry' makes the business sound structural. It is not. Dr. Loosle has stated many times on the phone, to my face, and via e-mails that, "Things change from day to day here." He was right, and I would have to adapt to the situation from a hectic to hectic pace.

After he had offered me a chance at his forest, I looked up the location. It turned out the station would be in Vernal, Utah. I had been to Vernal in 1999. I bought gas there in my cousin's 30 mph, sun-faded Volvo. We were on our way to Flaming Gorge for a canoeing trip. I remember the dinosaur welcoming us into the town and the kid's water park. For some reason I recall the welcoming dinosaur being green and not pink.

The apartment we stayed in was the only one in Vernal that would lease a way that the government could lease, according to Byron. The complex was filled with partiers, children, injured oil and gas workers, sometimes county policemen, and missionaries. Most of the folks who were there could be classified as Jack Mormons. I knew this, according to my Lutheran upbringing, to mean that these were Mormons who cursed, drank, smoked and other unscrupulous activities that are frowned upon by the church. Coming from Denver, this was not a big deal.

I spent the first week in Vernal on the Ft. Thornburgh Excavation. This was a military post built by the US Army for the protection of the settlers in 1881. 'Built' is a subjective term in this case because most of the structures were latrines and tents. One day I recall sifting on the screens while there was a horizontal cold sleet pounding down upon the black soot covering my face. Clay Johnson, forest Arch tech was taking pictures, while Tiffany Gibbons, also an Arch tech, sifted his tailings. Byron was planted in a dark test unit with his shoes sticking up. I remember wondering to myself why I did this every season.

Every night I would go back to the bare apartment. People would be shouting, a party would be going, and strangely enough, children would be playing in the busy parking

lot. The interns and I had to rescue several kids from disaster.

Jason Baird rolled in the next week. The first night we met we talked with the neighbors, grilled up some beef links and drank 3.2 Utah domestic. Mark Estes and Jennifer Palmer showed up the next weekend. We never let Mark drink. Mark will tell you that for sure.

A week or so passed and several new neighbor kids later, one of the neighbors left us a brown comfy chair, and a Christmas tree. The neighbor, I think his name was Chris, asked us if we wanted any furniture. We said yes, and received a three-foot fake tree in a box that said it was six feet tall.

In Vernal almost everything closes early. I had a hard time at first adjusting from a city schedule to a small town one. I had stayed in small towns like Laramie and Lander. In those towns there is liquor store open late and a bar. Vernal is a Utah city. The liquor is in state stores, like Washington. In Vernal it closes at 7pm and all day on Sunday. The cuisine is simple, but the Interns needed to watch their expenses.

The Christmas tree ended up being the prime entertainment one night. Jennifer and Ramona used some flagging tape as garland. We used the flagging to mark sites that we had found but needed more time to document. Soda cans became ornaments. Mickey Mouse became the angel on top. This tree was left outside that night and created a great stir with the children. News spread fast among and for the next few months we were probably known as the Christmas tree people. I hope those kids thought that.

The land lord made us put it up the next day. After that it remained to gather dust in Mark's room/ the living room. Children would see it through the door and for months they would ask the same question. "Why do you have a Christmas Tree?" We'd say various things as an answer. The kids were very vocal about it for a while. Every week a new child would appear and ask a question about it. Around July Christmas questions declined. Every week a new child would appear and ask a question. Several times we thought about taking the fake tree to the forest and planting it, although we never acted on that impulse.

Someone did act out of impulse towards the brown reclining chair that accompanied the tree. All in the house coveted the recliner. It was the most comfortable and it rocked without a squeak. I would sit on it and eat. Jay sat on it and surfed the internet. Jen rocked. Mark's ambitions for the chair were greater than ours. He said one night that he would steal the chair. Mark said this so slyly that we all laughed it off. When he left Vernal at the end of the season, he left early in the morning. He took the chair and piled it into his father's truck and left a note. The note explained the departure of the only comfortable chair. When I read the note I felt that in the love affair people have with sitting down, this was like the losing a mistress. I believe this is an opinion that would be felt throughout the Cultural Resource Management world, especially since the kidnapping of the chair has yet to be reckoned for.

This is one of the reasons I'm looking forward to new field season

with Byron, Clay, Tami, Mark, and some others I've only heard of, but know I will like. I should run into some of the people I met in Vernal. It is a small enough place to get to

know someone. This year I am determined also to make it over to the bowling alley that closes at 6:30 for the pot luck at 7:00.

## **Anthro Mountain Excavation**

By Michelle

In June 2002 the Ashley National Forest invited a team of volunteers, staff, and interns to Anthro Mountain for two weeks of excavation. The site, which is just north of Nine Mile Canyon, was targeted because of the presence of a small cluster of cultural features, though it was not known at the time what the function of these features were. The site is at 9,000 feet above sea level amid groves of aspen trees that shelter really big elk (that "visited" our camp in the middle of the night) and one attack sage hen (if you ask me in private I might tell you the story). Since the site was in a dry field of sagebrush, our faces got a good dose of sandblasting during those two weeks as well, but in general the weather was cooperative.

After everyone had a chance to settle in, we designated crews for the next day. First time Passport in Time (PIT) volunteers learned the finer skills of excavating an archaeological site, such as when to use a trowel and when to use a shovel, and what to look for in a screen full of dirt. Volunteers also learned about the more tedious job of site documentation, though no amount of beseeching could convince them that this was more interesting than digging (and who can blame them).

Well, I guess that's what crew chiefs are for.

A gray lens and possible post-supporting rocks at two corners of the site may be indicative of a small brush structure (possibly as large as 8' x 7') unearthed by Byron's crew. Another distinct occupation in the form of an activity area may exist there as well. At the gray level, in the vicinity of an interior storage pit, the crew found debitage, charcoal, ceramics, and fragmented bone. Derek and his crew excavated what was believed to be a possible teepee ring based on an arc of stones and the presence of debitage on the surface. Although artifacts were found, including a possible metate, the interpretation of the feature as a teepee ring is inconclusive.

Of course, "anyone who was anyone" was flocking around where my crew began excavating. I would like to say it was my "charming field personality," but it probably had something to do with all the features we were exposing. Between my crew, Tiffany's crew, and Clay's crew, we uncovered 11 square meters of flat bedrock slabs, possible storage pits, groundstone, debitage, small artiodactyl bone and teeth, a possible clay floor, and lithic tools. My crew established the trench, which uncovered sloping bedrock

slabs believed to be indicative of the edge of a structure. Therefore, Tiffany's crew and Clay's crew worked north and west of the sloping slabs so that, if it was indeed a structure, we could expose some of the floor. Exposing the floor is important to determine what human activities may have occurred at the time of occupation or just before abandonment. The bedrock did slope inward in the squares northwest of the original trench, but the overall shape of the rock alignments is not typical for a habitation structure. While we jokingly may refer to this feature area as "canoe storage," in truth we do not fully understand the function of this feature at this time.

Of course, it is not all work, work, work. Wednesday is typically the day that Byron designates as "field trip day" so that volunteers get an opportunity to see some interesting, and usually well-known, sites in the

region. Since Nine-Mile Canyon was not too far away, it was the perfect place to visit to see some of the best Fremont rock art in the world. The road was treacherous at times and nauseating at others, but we all made it in one piece (though I can't say the same for the trucks). Byron was informative as always and we all got a good lesson in rock art. Another one of Byron's traditions that the PIT volunteers enjoy is the contest at the end of the week where we all vote in a secret ballot for the best artifact. Sandra from Clay's crew won first and second prize for a projectile point and a large biface which, by the way, was found in the square *my* crew was about to excavate before Clay's crew *invaded*. But, all is fair in love and excavating, and we excepted our defeat with all the grace a group of exhausted wind-torn, sunburnt excavators could muster, sob.



*Derek and Sandy unload the straw bundles and mats used to protect sites after fire.*

## **Heritage and the BAER**

By Clay

In 2002, Heritage had its initiation by fire. The magnitude of the fire, and the torrential rains that quickly followed, stressed Ashley folks to the limit. Just from our perspective, the Mustang fire burnt over an area with nearly 300 known archaeological sites, including important sites that had been the subjects of earlier excavations and interpretive reports. It is only recently that Heritage resources have been considered in BAER (Burned Area Emergency Response). We tried to use the relatively sparse R4 guidelines to identify and protect at-risk sites, while at the same time doing clearances for burnt areas ahead of reclamation activities.

Post-fire treatment of archaeological sites is almost the opposite of treatments to protect other resources. Archaeological sites are limited in area, but occur in all sorts of terrain. The goal for archaeological sites is to prevent

both erosion and deposition that would alter the sites themselves. Rather than building erosion control features on-site, or at preferred locations to take advantage of the terrain, treatment for archaeological sites should ideally occur off the site itself, and be aimed only at protecting the (not always obvious) cultural materials that make up the site. We needed to design individual treatments for each site, and to treat the sites themselves. Since prehistoric folks often didn't think to build their camps near roads, Derek and Sandy and Clay lugged sledge hammers, wire pins, bundles of wooden stakes, twelve-foot-long straw wattles and rolls of erosion blanket over rocky hill and gully, through snags and ash layers. We learned much about the design and implementation of control measures, and about how fire and the aftermath can affect archaeological sites.

## **Tiffany Gets Marred**

By Byron

A brilliant blue sky and cool, perfect hiking weather greeted us as we left the Deadman Lake campsite for the final time. We hiked the quarter mile from our camp to the site to make sure the excavation equipment was ready for the horses to carry out, and waited for the rest of the crew to catch up. As we were waiting, I noticed someone come

over the ridge toward us. This was kind of an odd sight that early in the morning. As I was making observations and guesses about the identity of this mystery person, I heard Tiffany mutter, "the pig." That kind of terminology is usually reserved for someone who is a glutton, ugly, or selfish. You know, the kind of person you are not

particularly fond of. Rarely would you use such a blunt term to describe your fiancé. Justin was not on any white horse, but he had come to rescue his maiden in distress.

A week or so earlier Tiffany had submitted herself to some local witchcraft, by a supposedly reputable doctor. He had tested her reaction to a particular medication by placing some on her hip. The “normal” reaction Tiffany experienced was development of a huge, nasty, oozing, dark blister that covered about a six-inch square area of her hip. This condition presented a number of concerns and discomforts only a couple weeks before her wedding. But, being the understanding boss I am, I was most worried about how she was going to carry her backpack and gear to our Deadman Lake camp. But no need to fear, Justin came to the rescue. Not only did he bring Tiffany and her backpack in, there he was Friday morning to carry her gear back out. To arrive at Deadman Lake when he did, he had to leave Vernal in the wee dark hours, drive the two hours to Chepeta Lake and hurry down the eight miles of trail to meet us. Then, he turned around and hiked back out fully loaded – all before noon! Perhaps this was all some sort of premarital test, and Tiffany being the sensible person we’ve trained her to be, was not going to let Justin get away.

On August 23, 2002 Tiffany and Justin Caldwell were married in Vernal. I’ve known Tiffany since she was nine and am still not adjusted to the change. I recently received a call requesting a reference for Tiffany Caldwell. I was glad it came on my voice mail because it took me a while to figure out whom they were referring to. The crew had a grand time at the Caldwell reception. It was a beautiful summer evening. Tiffany avoided the traditional Vernal wedding fare of cake and punch and instead laid out a scrumptious fare of shrimp, veggies, and an array of pies and other sweets. We took over a table on the edge of the outdoor garden and enjoyed the food and wonderful evening. Sandy polished off three heaping plates of food to supplement the meager victuals she could purchase with her *intern per diem*.

A sad note on which to end this romantic story. I thought by hitching Tiffany to a local boy who has opportunities/obligations to work for the family business each summer, I could guarantee Tiffany’s indentured servitude for years to come. But alas, it appears I have been foiled again and we have to bid her a tearful goodbye and wish them well in the future. Her parents still live around the corner and allow us to keep close tabs on her.

## HISTORICAL RESEARCH - BEHIND THE SCENES

By Cris

About 2:30 that afternoon, while I was at camp, shoeing a horse, two soldiers from Ft. Duchesne rode up and informed me that the Indian agent had instructed that I be arrested and taken in to the agency. I hardly knew what to do. Joy and Park were out on survey. I argued with the two officers that we were right and tried to show them our authority, and further, I promised that if they would wait until the next day, we would come to the agency and see the agent. This they refused, saying they had come for me and were going to take me in. They were both armed and at the time I wasn't. I stepped into the tent for my hat and gloves and incidentally, I buckled on the long forty-one Colt that was usually hanging on my hip, and during that time I made up my mind that I wasn't going with them this time, or until we were all there at least. I came out of the tent and said, "Did the agent send just two of you to take us?" Receiving an affirmative answer, with some punctuations that didn't set well, I then remarked, "Well, if you two think you can cut the mustard, either start at it or get going." I didn't go down that night.

This is just one of the many stories related by our first forest supervisor. Among the different learning opportunities I had while working with Byron on the Heritage program, my last project was a historical research into the life of our first Forest Supervisor, William Anderson. The proposed question was: What happened to William Anderson after he left the forest service? We had his autobiography and some files from the national archives, but they only detailed his years with the Forest Service. Not much information had been gathered from his personal life and the stories were contradictory in many cases because there were many Andersons in the area at that time.

Our first Supervisor was a very energetic person, involved in many different social and job related activities at the same time. He was a

member of the Vernal Gun Club, secretary to the Commercial Club, organizer of many dances and social gathering, and member of the Odd Fellows fraternity. He actively participated in the organization of a short term hospital for people affected by the flu epidemic of 1918 and later the local Red Cross. It is difficult to believe that a single person could accomplish so much during the sixteen years he lived in Vernal yet, his name was mentioned over one hundred forty times in the Vernal Express from 1906 to 1921. It was from these short descriptive sentences that we gained an appreciation for the extent of his work.

Anderson wrote about his first experiences in the newly formed Ashley National Forest, and his early encounters with the local cattlemen. While trying to explain the rules of

the newly organized forest, one of the cattlemen “put his right hand on the butt of a big pearl handled forty-five, slowly drawing it from the scabbard”. Anderson survived to tell the story, but many confrontations between cattlemen and shepherds occurred, and finding bodies on ditches or open fields was a common occurrence. It was the real “old west” without movie cameras, John Wayne or Clint Eastwood. It was harsher than any present day

“Survivors” story could portrait. After learning about this exceptional life, I located his son, now living in Houston and we had a very interesting exchange of information.

So much to tell...so little time! One thing is certain; the stories will still be there in a couple of years, when I hope to come back to Vernal from the sunny beaches of Haiti. For now, Au-revoir, hasta la vista, see you all later!

## **Swetting, Chinking, and Daubing**

By Derek

Confusion abounded this year on the Swett PIT. project. The original design for this year’s work was to replace the roof on the calving barn. Tex, from the Flaming Gorge Ranger District, worked with the prison crew the week before. They were successful in taking the roof off in record time. Some may argue that they were too successful because they had already replaced most of the roof by the time the PIT crew arrived. This situation created a number of impromptu projects for our six volunteers (seven if you include Velvet the dog).

The first order of business was to acquaint everyone with the history of the turn of the (20<sup>th</sup>) century cabin. Tex and Roberta (Bert) led the tours after a picnic lunch. A consensus was forged on a suitable project for the week. We endeavored to replace the antiquated cement daubing on the horse stable. The real work commenced on the second day.

On day two, Tex got us started with jokes and a general explanation of what to do. He later left to

supervise the prison crew. Bill Morelan helped fill in the details. Over the course of the week we learned that Bill’s uncanny knowledge of this kind of work had its genesis from being employed in every occupation known to humanity. The speed that Bill worked led us all to believe that he retired decades too soon for everyone’s own good.

The work of day two started with Mel (Mr. Concrete) Bashore mixing up wheelbarrow after wheelbarrow of cement, while the rest of us began daubing the cracks between the logs outside the stable. Daubing cement with a trowel is an art that must be practiced. We all, except Mel, learned the best technique for this by the end of the week. Mel was content to mix enough cement to rival the Bureau of Reclamation’s quota. Eventually on Friday, he tried his hand at daubing.

As with almost every PIT project, the weather turned on us. The second day’s afternoon sunshine changed into rain. Our cement turned into slop, our sun hats were

transformed into bonnets, and Tex's jokes somehow changed into social commentaries.

The rain was actually a nice event because it allowed us all to explore the ranch closer and to warm ourselves by the wood-burning furnace.

Wednesday started with a cool fog that sprinkled for a while. The daubing started up and then was soon cut short because of the rain. In the morning Bill brought out the skill saw to cut wood for "chinking". This was needed on the top of the horse stable walls where they connected to the roof. Pieces of wood were placed in the openings to facilitate more daubing. Chinking lasted on and off, weather permitting, for two days. The stable resembled Poncho Villa's car at the beginning of the week. When all the chinking and daubing was finished, it looked fabulous, like Annie Oakley's sitting room.

When the rain prohibited us from working outside, Tex suggested that we "tackle the tack" in the horse barn. We loaded up rags with saddle

soap and cleaned the horse harnesses, bridles, and collars. Ginger shined up a saddle while Izzy explained to us what this crazy looking leather gear had been used for. Jim used some Linseed oil and stain in a hand sprayer to weatherproof some of the buildings, fences, inconveniently placed trashcans, and the dog.

After Thursday's work, we all had a chili supper with three different kinds of chili. Some of us are still affected. Nan's progeny were inflicted first because they started jumping around and wiggling. It is possible that they sampled her chili before the rest of us. The only comfort available was Sandy's cornbread. The lump it produced in your stomach distracted your attention for a short time.

Friday saw the end to the daubing, chinking, and swetting. A short field trip to the Ute fire tower and Sheep Creek Geologic loop ended this year's rewarding and entertaining Swett Ranch P.I.T. project.

## **Great Basin Conference**

By Clay

The (biennial) Great Basin Anthropological Conference was in Elko, Nevada in October. This is an opportunity for Heritage personnel Byron, Clay and Tami to get current on archaeological thought, and to present Ashley National Forest and northeastern Utah archaeology to audiences of professional archaeologists, students and the general public. Heritage personnel made presentations on the prehistory of the Uinta Mountains in

general, on two specific high-altitude excavations performed in 2002, on textiles from Ashley National Forest, and on Fort Thornburgh, the terminus of the Carter Military Road.

In addition to three intensive days of lectures and discussions, we joined other R4 Heritage people and Jill, the Washington PIT coordinator in touring Elko's excellent museum, and in checking out sources of good Basque, Chinese and Mexican food. This last could be considered

anthropological research, since all three cultures were well represented

in the settlement of the Elko area.

## Heritage Publication Completed

By Clay

At last! Boxes of *Prehistoric Uinta Mountain Occupations* (a new Ashley National Forest Heritage publication) briefly obstructed the SO halls in January, when 750 copies of the nearly 400 page volume arrived from the print shop. The book, which describes prehistoric human activity across the Uinta Mountains in Ashley National Forest, is a companion volume to *Dutch John Excavations*, which described the prehistory of a four square mile area involved in the Dutch John Privatization effort. This new volume examines evidence from Ashley National Forest to describe and interpret prehistoric human activities across the entire eastern end of the Uinta Mountains.

Until recently, little thought was given to prehistoric use of mountainous areas of the West. Most previously published descriptions of northeastern Utah prehistory were written more than two decades ago, based on limited investigations at lowlands sites in the Uinta Basin. *Prehistoric Uinta Mountain Occupations* uses

information developed from Heritage surveys and excavations of the past decade to describe a rich Uinta Mountain prehistory. The new information challenges some long-established ideas about mountain use, lifeways, and the Uinta Fremont culture. Although technical, the volume includes photographs, descriptive text and discussions that make it accessible to anyone interested in human prehistory.

We sent copies of *Prehistoric Uinta Mountain Occupations*, to more than fifty libraries and educational institutions, and to selected agency, academic and CRM archaeologists in the Mountain West. This volume also offers tangible results to those who have volunteered their efforts on our Ashley public outreach Passport In Time projects. Archaeologists and educators we meet at conferences and other venues are always eager for copies, and members of the general public who have interests in archaeology or history often request copies.

I am sharing a crew with the BLM this summer. When they are gone I will need some help, so please consider working with us this summer. 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](mailto:bloosle@fs.fed.us)

**Browns Park Survey - June 23 – 27th** – This project will mostly be on BLM land in historic Browns Park. We will be looking for Paleoindian sites and Fremont structures specifically. Bask in luxurious accommodations – we'll be staying at a campground for once!

**Goslin Mountain Survey – July 7 – 11th** – This is a very interesting setting, high above the Green River. We hope to find some interesting sites. Not long ago we found a piece of pottery that might be Anasazi made in this neck of the woods.

**Ute Tower – August 4 – 8<sup>th</sup>** – A small group of volunteers will help repair Ute Tower. You must not be afraid of heights for this project.

**Swett Milk Barn – PIT – September 8 – 12th** – We'll replace the roof on the milk barn. This is the building just west of the main complex.

**Utah State Field School** - Professor Bonnie Pitblado and a Utah State University field school will be on the forest between the first of June and mid-July. Dr. Pitblado is specifically looking for Paleoindian sites. I will be helping them as often as I can and you're welcome to join us.

**Mustang Fire** – Clay and Derek will be monitoring the effects of the fire on numerous archaeological sites known in the area. If you'd like to help them and see what a fire can do to the landscape give Clay a call.

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

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Ashley National Forest

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