

My “Anasazi” Summer

Remembering BYU Archaeology Field School 1972

with apologies for misstated archaeological, biological, and illogical facts, mistaken memories, and misidentified or misrepresented individuals - **PLUS an Addendum - Archaeology Field School Reunion 2023: The Relics Revisit the Ruins**

David Mudrick

NOTE: This memoir was my contribution to an anthology compiled in 2023 to commemorate the Brigham Young University Archaeology Field School, which operated in the summers of 1969 to 1977, and its founder, Dr Raymond Matheny. I attended the second half of the 1972 session and briefly revisited the camp in 1973. I was surprised by the detailed memories I retained some fifty years later, and I was further aided in my recollections by others, especially Rita Souther. I also gleaned information from the 35mm slides I shot at the time, fifty-eight of which are included in four picture sections below, along with a map of the Four Corners region in which we operated.

Backstory: Long Months’ Journey into Provo

In late May 1971, Pat McDaniel and I were married by her bishop in the home of mutual friends in Wheaton, Maryland. We remained in the Washington, DC, area for the next several months until we decided it was time to leave that rapidly developing and hectic region for points more rural and farther west, perhaps Northern California. We quit our jobs with their relatively well-paying combined annual salary of \$20K and acquired a used, bright-orange Dodge A100 window van for \$1,200. We dubbed it *Truck a l’Orange*, in keeping with Pat’s sister Alice’s pickup, *Toulouse Lautruck*. After performing some necessary mechanical repairs on Truck a l’Orange, greatly aided by Martin Borger, an old family friend, we outfitted it with a home-made plywood folding seat-to-bed storage structure, window screens, and plaid curtains.

In early May 1972, we loaded up the few worldly goods we hadn’t given away or left in Pat’s mother’s closet and attic in Wheaton and headed west... except initially north by northeast. For the next two months, we either camped or stayed with family and friends as we journeyed via Boston, Massachusetts; Concord, New Hampshire; Warren, Vermont; Montreal, Trois-Rivieres, and Quebec City, Quebec; turning westward into Ontario to Toronto and London, then up the east edge of Lake Huron to Sault Ste. Marie and west along the north edge of Lake Superior to Thunder Bay; reentering the States in Minnesota at Grand Portage. We spent the next week hiking in Isle Royale National Park on the large Michigan island of the same name in Lake Superior, which we accessed by boat, the Wenonah, out of Grand Portage. I was hoping to see the island’s wolf pack, as I had interacted with a local pack during a summer on the northern coast of Ellesmere Island in the Canadian Arctic Archipelago four years earlier. Instead, we only heard them, while also hearing, seeing, and dodging moose. Back ashore in Minnesota, we pushed on to Duluth and Minneapolis; south to Omaha, Nebraska; Topeka, Kansas; and Denver, Georgetown, and Grand Junction, Colorado.

We had decided enroute to settle in Provo, Utah, for the time being. On Monday morning, July 3, as we descended Spanish Fork Canyon toward Provo, radio station KSL announced the death of Joseph Fielding Smith, Jr, tenth President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. President Smith had died quietly at home the night before, sitting in his favorite chair. (My mother’s father had died the same way the preceding December 28th.) Once in town, we found a one-bedroom, ground floor apartment in an old house on West Center St. Our living conditions were pretty spartan, more like those of college students. Our belongings were few, especially our kitchenware, which consisted of two camping mess kits plus on-

the-road acquisitions of a couple of red Texas Tumblers, a smaller orange drinking glass, and unmatched plastic bowls and utensils from a stop at a Dairy Queen. Furniture was practically non-existent, except for the foam sleeping pad from the van. It was time to settle in and find jobs, if only to pay the rent, buy groceries from the nearby Ream's discount market, and acquire a few more dishes and a couple chairs.

Enrolling for Field School

Pat soon found work as a file clerk with the Brigham Young University Alumni Association. She was a 1971 alumna and would, a couple years later, return to BYU as a graduate student, earning her master's in library and information science. She interviewed with the association president who was one of the LDS missionaries that had taught her mother back in Wheaton before Pat was eight. I continued looking unsuccessfully for employment until Pat suggested I take a break to nurture my interests in archaeology and Southern Utah. She convinced me to apply for the second half of that summer's BYU Archaeology Field School in Montezuma Canyon, where Bruce Verhaaren, a friend and former home teacher of hers at school, was attending.

Accordingly, I went up to campus to the administration office in the Abraham O Smoot Building to enroll. They informed me that the class was full, both sessions having been completely subscribed during registration that spring. Although disappointed, nevertheless, I went to the Karl G Maeser Building, where the Department of Anthropology was housed and where I found Greg Patterson, seemingly the only other person in the building. It appeared that everyone else, if not on summer break, was down at field school. When I told him my situation, he said that enrollment was never full and took me back to the administration office, where he somehow convinced them of the same thing. He told me that some people would be coming up from Camp Cottonwood, where the field school was housed, in a couple days for supplies and that I should be able to ride down with them. As it turned out, he was not able to connect me with the resupply crew, so he gave me directions to drive there on my own.

According to today's map apps, it's about a five-and-a-half-hour non-stop drive, so longer in those days, plus any stops I might make. Greg recommended one at the Bureau of Land Management field office in Monticello to check on the current condition of the road in Montezuma Canyon, which I would be traveling for the final hour or so after leaving the main highway. The canyon road would be mostly gravel, rock, and dirt, with multiple crossings of Montezuma Creek, the meandering watercourse that had carved the canyon, by way of hopefully now dry or shallow fords. He warned me before entering the creek if there was water flowing to first determine the depth and nature of the roadbed beneath the surface and to beware of flash floods that could suddenly wash down from storms farther up the watershed.

Surprise Arrival

So, a couple days later and with Pat's encouragement, I hit the road south in Truck a l'Orange, leaving her back on Center Street with a newly acquired green women's bicycle for her daily five-mile round trip to work. (She didn't always ride, as she was an inveterate walker, having trekked for a month across southeast Utah with a BYU youth leadership outdoor survival class just prior to our marriage. Also, during my absence, she unintentionally solo hiked to the 11,753-foot summit of Mt Timpanogos, a fourteen-mile round trip with 4,900 feet change in elevation.) After some number of hours, including the stop in Monticello, I turned left south of town onto the road that would lead into and down Montezuma Canyon. From there I descended through geologic time into a widening valley, conspicuously bounded by smooth cliffs of late Jurassic Entrada or Navajo sandstone. It had rained briefly while I was in Monticello but stopped shortly afterward. Still, the sky remained dark as I drove southward along the

creek. I was perhaps a third of the way down this stretch of some 30 miles, largely unpopulated save for an occasional ranch house, when Truck a l'Orange became Stuck a la Mud in a patch of goo impersonating a passible roadbed. I had seen no other people in the canyon and no vehicles had passed me in either direction, so after trying all my solo tricks for backing out of deep snow, some of which involved providing traction with any scrap of wood or board I could find or was carrying with me, I began to ponder the possibility of being caught in a flash flood.

Following a short, earnest prayer, a yellow school bus appeared coming up the canyon from the south. The passengers piled out and provided enough girl, boy, and man power to quickly push my old van backward out of the mud. (I later learned this was a class that had been on a field trip visiting Camp Cottonwood.) After many thanks to that crowd and to a benevolent God, I set off again, giving the muddy stretch a wide berth. I proceeded this time with more haste for fear of flooding from the rain clouds behind me and overhead, but simultaneously with more cautious examination of the road surface. Not too many miles from my destination, as a light rain began to fall, I stopped abruptly where, once again, the road descended into the creek, this time with more water flowing in the stream bed than I had seen previously. I decided to follow Greg's advice, which was to wait to see if the water slackened. I took a short walking tour of the immediate country on my side of the creek, finding some gray pottery fragments (potsherds, as I would soon learn) on the top of a nearby knoll. Some of these were decorated with black painted designs. Pocketing a couple, while making the best notation I could of their location, I decided the creek wasn't about to rise or fall anytime soon, and I drove across it toward Camp Cottonwood.

My next stop was at what would be the final ford, this time wider and perhaps deeper than the previous one. I assumed the increased flow was due to rain up canyon, but it was more likely from the confluence with another stream that I hadn't seen. I stopped the van and turned the engine off, getting out to assess the situation. Without the motor running, I could hear what sounded like a generator drifting through cottonwood trees across the water. As I waded barefoot, pants rolled up, into the stream to measure its depth and probe for obstacles, I was met by a couple people coming from the direction of the noise. Yes, they were residents of Camp Cottonwood, but who the heck was I?

My appearance in camp was a surprise to everyone there, not only because enrollment for that session really had been full, but, in particular, because of the direction from which I arrived. Apparently, no one from BYU, at least no one in their right mind, ever came from upstream, but rather by way of one or two routes out of Blanding, which was about 20 miles farther down the highway from Monticello. (I don't know why the school bus had come out that way, but I was grateful it had and grateful it hadn't passed my mudflat on its way north prior to my getting stuck there.) They didn't know who I was, although a couple of them had been puzzled by a rumor they had heard when back in Provo for supplies and to pick up some "legitimate" second session attendees that another student would be coming. I was grateful I hadn't connected with them in Provo because they might have told me then and there not to come. It turned out that one of the students from the first session had left early, so there was another spot available after all, along with his empty army cot in the male students' dormitory tent. As a result, I wasn't summarily sent back to Provo, neither by way of Blanding nor up Montezuma Canyon.

Sweet Home Cottonwood

Camp Cottonwood lay among a large grove of its namesake trees in a wide bend of Montezuma Creek, beneath the sheltering cliff of a low mesa to the north. It was the product of the vision and dedication of BYU professor Dr Raymond Matheny, who wanted students to be able to better understand the world of the ancient peoples they were studying—beyond just the facts and experiences gleaned during classwork,

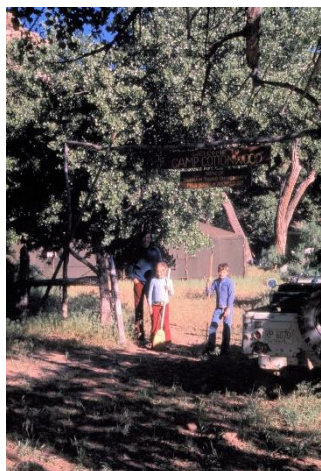
field trips, and short overnight studies—including acquiring a feel for day-to-day life in their environment. A few years earlier, he had provided the initial financing and created Camp Cottonwood on property leased from one of the ranching families in the canyon. He also donated vehicles he had overhauled and acquired surplus equipment, among which were large canvas tents that provided shelter for many of the camp's initial functions, including housing, laboratory, classroom, food preparation, and dining. Over time other structures were constructed or acquired, perhaps the most important of which were two large sheet-metal buildings housing the kitchen-mess hall and the lab and darkroom. During the summer of 1972, three of the tents, now on raised wooden platforms, provided housing for the students: one for the guys and two for the gals. ("Guys" and "gals" were still accepted parlance at the time, except that in Utah and elsewhere in the West, "guys" might refer to a group of both sexes, as in "How are you guys, today?" Nevertheless, in the strict context of BYU standards, the "guys" tent was unambiguously male-only.) There were additional smaller support structures such as a generator building, wash facility and shower stalls, and a John and Jane—his and hers outhouses—plus at least one labeled "Staff Only." There was also a random collection of personal tents, mobile homes, campers, and travel trailers housing some of the staff and married students and their families. With housing, dining, and workspaces assured, the shade of the cottonwood trees, along with the presence of an artesian well, made the camp a blissful oasis. The valved pipes of the wellhead, protruding from the ground like a piece of steampunk industrial sculpture, provided a steady flow of potable if distasteful water. Methods to mitigate its sulphury flavor included the addition of copious amounts of Kool-Aid powder, but since the latter was reputed to corrode aluminum pitchers like the ones we used, I willingly became acclimated to the native taste of the water. As a result, any un-sulphury water I encountered elsewhere and for some time afterward tasted somewhat flat, or at least incomplete.

Dr Matheny, as most of the students called him, or Ray as he was addressed by others, and Dr Dale Berge were the BYU anthropology department faculty on site. They, other staff, and the students that season comprised a population of about thirty, plus spouses and children, several of whom volunteered or worked in support roles. I had graduated from the University of Maryland with a BS in physics two years earlier, and as a non-anthropology/archaeology student and a non-member of the LDS Church—I was married to a member—I assumed I would be a bit of an outsider. I was told once or twice that I looked "Eastern," which was either a polite euphemism or was because of the plaid lumberjack shirt I wore in the evenings. At 24, I was older than most of the undergraduates, although some of the students were also older, married, non-BYU, and/or non-LDS. One young woman from Scarsdale, New York, Ellen Young, apparently no relation to Brigham, was Jewish, like me. She wasn't married but had a fiancé back home. The longer-term camp denizens got along well, having been together for five weeks including some initiatory and bonding experiences. Other than some polite curiosity about my take on the world, I never felt any disapproval or distance from anyone, well, none that was undeserved.

Day by Day

I quickly fell into the weekday routine at camp: rise and shine by 6:00; breakfast in the mess hall at 6:30; prepare to depart 7:00-7:15 for our assigned field work, either the archaeological survey of upper Montezuma Canyon or the excavation of nearby site 42Sa863; lunch at 11:30 back at camp or in the field depending on the distance to your current stopping point if on survey, followed by continuation of field work; return to camp between 4:00 and 4:30 to process the day's finds, record our data, and prepare for supper, which was at 6:00; after that, clean up and free time until lectures Monday through Thursday from 8:00-10:00; then literally lights out at 10:30, when the generator was shut off for quiet and to preserve fuel. (My thanks to Rita Souther, Deanne Gurr Matheny, and others for many of these and other details I had forgotten, misremembered, or never registered.)

Picture Section 1: *With the exception of Bullwinkle's hat trick, the pictures in this memoir are from three rolls of 35mm slides I took in 1972 and 1973 that I recently relocated. (The addendum on the 2023 reunion contains some pictures by others.) I was able to access a scanner at our public library to make reasonably sharp digital images from the slides. While writing this manuscript, I realized that I hadn't taken any pictures in Camp Cottonwood during the 1972 field school session. The first four below are from 1973, when Karl Stice and I visited the camp briefly, enroute to planting trees in Colorado, dropping Karl at his parents' home in Oklahoma, and continuing back east to rejoin Pat.*



Karl Stice and Lisa and Danny Matheny clean up the camp entrance, 1973. The overhead signs read, "Welcome to Camp Cottonwood" and "Home of Brigham Young University Field School of Archaeology."



Rita Souther behind the counter in the kitchen-mess hall in 1973 when she was the cook for the BYU-BLM survey crew.



A tire swing by the lab, 1973. The lab was one of two sheet-metal buildings, the other the kitchen-mess hall.



Another picture taken in Camp Cottonwood, 1973. The figure appears to be walking toward a backhoe. That tall object might be a utility pole, but not a telephone pole since there was no phone. Rita said the hill could be seen from the Jane but couldn't name it.



This 1972 picture, left, may be from a campfire on the mesa above camp. I don't remember what was stirring them to arms unless they just didn't want to be photographed. Left to right, Don Miller, Bruce Verhaaren, Glenna Nielsen, Ellen Young, Gary Steggell (foreground), Donna Organek, Betty Klein, Dee Hardy, Rita Souther, Nan Card, and maybe Lisa Matheny.



1972, one of three slides in which I tried to capture the rising moon; I decided National Geographic wouldn't be interested.

Crew assignments were rotated during the ten weeks of field school. I had arrived halfway through the season and was assigned to the survey crew, then switched a couple weeks later to the excavation at site 42Sa863. Survey involved being dropped off at the previous stopping point and spending the rest of the day, save breaks for water and lunch, on foot, aka "shanks pony." We were looking for sites of habitation or other activity within the canyon walls, around its bluffs, and on the canyon floor and floodplain. Montezuma Creek now ran through an arroyo or ravine, fairly deep in some places, that had begun cutting farther into the flood plain toward the end of the canyon's prehistoric occupation. We carried a compass, aerial photos, and other survey tools to record the type, location, and probable archaeological period of our findings and collected representative samples of potsherds, stone tools, small eight-rowed corn cobs, and other artifacts in labeled bags. (Basically, this was what I had done at my stopping place enroute to camp, without knowing I was performing a survey and not possessing a baggie. I was gently ribbed at the time for being a pothunter—one who plunders ancient sites for personal use or profit—when I told them about my "find," not realizing I was in a locale where not finding potsherds would be more telling than finding them.) When uncertain, we called on the more knowledgeable staff or students on hand to date our finds, based on pottery type and decoration, remnants of structures, or other evidence.

The survey crew chief was Norm Steggell, a US Navy veteran of the Korean and Vietnam wars and a student at field school the previous summer. His wife Janet ran the kitchen crew, and some of their kids worked with her or took part in field work, a very nice bunch. In our current survey area, the canyon floor was wide and a bit hilly, devoid of any obvious architectural ruins poking above the sagebrush and other low vegetation, which would probably have been surveyed previously. We were looking at ground level for telltale signs, such as potsherds, flint arrowheads and axes or the flakes from their manufacture, the dark outline of a firepit, the disturbed soil of a midden or refuse heap, or a few stones in alignment indicating the former presence of a wall or storage pit. Whoever had the 35mm camera that day would label and record the site on film, if appropriate, which would be developed back at camp in the lab's darkroom. Jim Walker, along with his family, was at camp, among other reasons, to oversee photography and teach those skills. (I had experience with taking pictures, developing black-and-white film, and printing photographs from my high school and university days, but I don't remember doing any of that on behalf of the field school. I did take a couple of my own rolls of slides. Seeing them again, now, I wish I had had more film or at least had taken fewer shots of the night sky or whatever it was that resulted in multiple undecipherably dark images.)

"Educational" Aside

[Surgeon General's Warning: The following descriptions do not represent the opinions or teachings of BYU Archaeology Field School staff but, rather, the author's (mis)understanding of archaeology and other scientific disciplines. They should not be cited as authoritative but are provided for entertainment purposes only, mostly for the amusement or chagrin of bona fide practitioners of those fields.]

[Sturgeon General's Warning: Smoking fish may be hazardous to their health.]

[Either General's Warning: Consider yourself warned.]

Prehistoric occupation in the Southwest was divided by scholars into several chronological periods according to migration patterns, level of technology, social organization, artwork, and the like. These may be determined by artifacts and other evidence left behind, such as dwellings and other building structures, basketry and pottery types and their decoration, hunting implements and other tools, rock art, and organic matter like corn cobs. In 1972, the delineated periods covering Montezuma Canyon were labeled Basketmaker I, II, and III, followed by Pueblo I, II, and III, with perhaps some Pueblo IV activity,

but that period was developed more fully in other areas. Basketmaker I was originally proposed as a hypothetical transition to the Basketmaker occupations in the Southwest. It was never confirmed in the field and subsequently was eliminated or renamed. (To avoid confusion with research already earmarked Basketmaker II and III, those labels were retained, which of course is confusing to the newer audience: "Where's Basketmaker I?") In Montezuma Canyon, the Basketmaker and Pueblo occupations stretched from maybe 200 AD to 1300 AD, when the puebloans left and other peoples began occupying the area.

During that period, society evolved along with technology from smaller hunter-gatherer bands to larger groups supported by the cultivation of plants like maize, squash, and beans, to the establishment of extensive communities dependent on complex agriculture and irrigation systems with channels and check dams. Housing developed from rudimentary habitations such as rock shelters and encampments in alcoves and under overhangs in the sandstone cliffs, to partially submerged pit houses with post and wattle-and-daub construction, to multistoried adobe and masonry pueblos, located on the canyon floor or for defensive purposes back in the cliff faces. Cliffs were also utilized for granaries. Pottery largely replaced baskets and changed over time in form, function, size and decoration, making it one of the best ways to date a site. Carbon dating and other more technology-dependent dating methods existed during field school, but they were only applicable to certain finds and required that many factors were carefully controlled. The cost and complexity of sending samples collected in the field to a facility elsewhere to be analyzed presented additional obstacles.

Even as I was learning the basics of surveying and acquiring a rudimentary education in Southwest archaeology, I found additional interesting, if nonacademic, aspects of our work. One was the invigorating (or stifling, depending on the weather) miles of walking, mostly head down, scanning the surface in and around scrub bushes and tumbleweeds for prehistoric evidence. We were also on the lookout for current hazards, from life-threatening rattlesnakes to skin piercing cacti and yucca to only annoying fresh meadow muffins, aka field roses, road apples, barnyard biscuits, cow pies and puckies, or any other "manure" of speaking. And speaking of, or with, euphemisms, another interesting, unacademic aspect of field work was "making a telephone call" or "seeing a man about a horse," meaning accommodating toilet breaks out in the middle of the canyon. This was usually not an issue for the boys, who could turn their backs a short distance away, but required more creativity or farther sojourns for the girls. I can't describe their solutions, as we would, of course, avoid tracking them.

The Sound of Silence, or Not

The telephone call euphemism was particularly funny because there were no telephones, neither at camp nor in the field. Regarding the former, a camp phone probably would have been prohibitively expensive, assuming a maintainable line could have been run there, and as to the latter, hand-held mobile phones weren't invented until the following year and weren't in popular use for at least a decade or two. Had they existed, I suspect that Montezuma Canyon would have had zero bars of reception. Even today, half a century later, coverage is spotty as shown in maps of the area and by experience. I have a vague memory of the camp having some walkie talkies, but I haven't been able to confirm that, and even if true, these would have had a small range and depended on the short-lived "classic" batteries of the day. Commercial alkaline batteries appeared in the late '60s but were expensive and subject to leaks for some time.

For all practical purposes, for those on survey, there was no way to get a message back to camp other than to wait for our ride to appear when it was time to return in the evening. Neither was there a way to get a message to the outside world, short of traveling to Blanding to phone or drop off and pick up mail. Even there, public phone service through an operator was not always reliable, making it more difficult to

communicate with Pat back in Provo, assuming she was home during my infrequent times in Blanding. So the ad hoc camp post office shuttle was our primary means of communication. At one time during the summer, families were invited down for a day. Pat and I made plans for it, but it wasn't until Pat didn't show up, sending word through another family, that I found out she wasn't able to come. That was disappointing, of course, as I deeply missed her and wanted to share this special place with her directly.

Along with becoming reasonably adept at field work, I was also beginning to acclimate not only to the water but to life in the desert and perhaps to tap into the local zeitgeist. Eventually, sometimes I could scan an area and tentatively identify a probable site; then confirm it was one. People across time have similar needs and desires, such as the availability of resources, protection from the elements, security from unwanted visitations, places for interaction with the Divine, and "good views." While not being able to "walk like an Egyptian," as the rock song suggested fourteen years later, maybe I was beginning to "think like an Anasazi," which was the name used to identify those ancient residents of the Southwest by archaeologists. The Anasazi were assumed to be the ancestors of the current Pueblo nations in the region, but even in the '70s, that label was bothersome to those descendants, because Anasazi comes from Navajo for "ancient enemy." Since then, the accepted term to refer to these prehistoric peoples has become "Ancestral Pueblo" or "Ancestral Puebloans." Herein, I've used Anasazi only when appropriate to the context and my time at Camp Cottonwood.

Part of thinking like those ancient peoples was just coming into harmony with life in the desert. We were interlopers there, but we couldn't help adopting an easier pace of life, living on sun time instead of daylight savings time. On sunny days just after sunset, a breeze would pass through the canyon, as that solar line-of-sight radiant heater was switched off for the night. On particularly hot days, toward late afternoon, thunderheads would begin to boil up into the sky above the sunbaked land, with dark clouds trailing tendrils of rain. More often, these appeared up canyon or down canyon, but rarely overhead. In desert climes it is possible for rain to evaporate before reaching the ground, and, for whatever reason, it rarely rained on us. As a result, unlike other times at field school, we never saw a flash flood, although I think the route to Blanding got a bit more complicated as the summer wore on. Perhaps the desert was adopting us, rather than us adapting to it.

Seeking familiarity with nature had its drawbacks, like the time Ric Hauck, my partner on survey that day, was lifting a heavy rock just as I was practicing my rattlesnake mimicry. After simultaneously screaming, jumping backward, and pitching the rock forward, he was ready to throw it at me after discovering the real source of the *tsitt-tsit-tsit-tsit*. Similarly, Wes Carpenter, an older married student and mailman from central Utah, didn't appreciate my awakening him early one morning doing coyote pants and calls outside his travel trailer. He had made the mistake of telling me that they sometimes disturbed his sleep, howling or running up and down a nearby wash. (Actually, my coyote howls were an adaption of the wolf howls I had shared four years earlier with the pack on Ellesmere Island, as well as the one on Isle Royale just months before camp. The wolves hadn't been impressed, either.)

Life on the Edge

Other close encounters with Mother Nature could be debilitating. While we all took care to watch for rattlesnakes not just on survey, but anywhere in or out of camp. There were other animal hazards, surprisingly one of which was rabbits. Previously, students and others had contracted tularemia from contact with them, which stayed in the system and could cause recurring bouts of debilitating fatigue and sickness. (One of the first initiation rites for those arriving at the beginning of the summer for field school was to receive an inoculation against tularemia. For some reason, I was spared this, as well as

cautionary lectures on other dangers.) In addition to these reptilian and mammalian hazards, there were the invertebrates. Pat's friend, Bruce Verhaaren, and I sang an ode to six-legged biting critters with our modification of "Buffalo Gals Won't You Come Out Tonight" to "Buffalo Flies..." I guess we were "honoring" not only a specific insect, but rather all bugs buffalo, be they flies, gnats, or midges, as well as any other flying and biting thing, like horse and deer flies. Further hazards or annoyances were the creepy crawlies. I don't remember seeing any black widow spiders or the more harmless tarantulas and bird spiders, but I still shook out my boots every morning to evict any scorpions that might have crawled into them during the night. That was a trick I had picked up as a young boy watching episodes of Jack Douglas' *I Search for Adventure* on our black-and-white TV, and in all those intervening years, I never dislodged any scorpions, and, in fact, had no idea what color a scorpion was in the flesh or in my boot.

One of my more memorable moments on survey occurred late one afternoon as we were working our way south. I was surveying an area along the western edge of the arroyo, the mini canyon in which the creek currently ran. At that point it was fifteen to twenty feet deep with vertical walls and a sharp drop off. I think Dr Matheny was advancing a theory that the ancestors had abandoned the region in part because of arroyo development due to intensified runoff resulting from their deforestation of the surrounding areas to build their pueblos, fuel their fires, and otherwise support themselves and their technology. This would have dropped the water level below a point from where they could divert it into their fields for irrigation. We did not survey in the arroyo because its very existence meant the destruction of archaeological sites or strata, rendering finds there meaningless without a physical and chronological context. However, as I looked at the far wall about forty feet away, I noticed a thick dark gray horizontal layer thirty or forty feet long lying a few feet down from the top. Imbedded within the dark area was what looked like a metate—the traditional grinding stone of those ancient peoples—cut in cross section. This area held the possibility of a "charcoal lens," the remnant of an ancient firepit, perhaps a cook site, along with other indications of long-term occupation. A large chunk of the arroyo wall about the size of a Volkswagen Beetle had broken off and lay on its side on the talus bordering the creek bed. The side of the fallen chunk presented a dark gray pattern, suggesting the piece had split off from the exposed section on the wall above. I decided to climb down into the arroyo to see if any artifacts accompanied the alleged metate. First, I had to walk downstream a bit to find a safe place to descend and then walk back upstream. Once there, I verified the matching gray soil and noticed what looked like the bottom of a bowl protruding from the fallen section. Archaeologists are trained to excavate artifacts very carefully, recording them *in situ*, or in their physical context. If worth further investigation, this situation was different for two reasons: First, excavating here would have to be done soon, on a salvage basis, as the next appreciable flow of water down the canyon would likely wash away the underpinnings of the fallen chunk and eventually the entire mass, and second, the soil of the fallen piece was too hard to remove easily, and I didn't have the requisite tools—hand pick, trowel, brush, etc.—to dent it or otherwise disrupt any stratigraphic evidence. (As I reviewed this manuscript, I realized that I must have been alone, with no partner. Maybe I'd driven the rest of them off over time doing animal impressions.)

Our shift was nearing its end, so, after climbing out of the arroyo, I noted my location and met the arriving ride back to camp. There, I described the site to Dr. Berge, and we went back out after dinner to see it. On first examination, he, too, thought the exposed partial dome was a bowl bottom, but it was getting too dark to probe further. The next morning, I was relieved from survey duty to return to the site with Dr Berge. As he worked with the proper tools to clear the earth, he soon realized that our supposed bowl was the top of a human skull. We had come head-on into a burial, and as he excavated further, we found that the individual was in partial or full-flexed position, with knees drawn up into their chest, and with a small greenstone scraper between their jaws. He told me it was typical to insert an implement, perhaps one they had used themselves, into the deceased's mouth at burial. The bones below the skull,

including the spine, rib cage, pelvis, and legs, were pretty much gone, having deteriorated while buried for the last several centuries in what was probably initially a pit that collected water. It's apparent from my recently rediscovered 35mm slides that Dr Matheny and others visited our "dig" during the day, but I don't remember when. I recently learned this included another survey crew working in the area. My uncertainty may be due to having Dr Matheny and Dr Berge there simultaneously, which made the site a "paradox."

I did find an actual bowl there, a figure-eight shaped double vessel formed by two cereal-bowl sized halves joined with a common wall. The black-on-white decoration on the fired clay was a zig-zag pattern painted with very fine lines of four parallel rows running around both sides. The bowl was intact, except for a hole punched into the bottom of one side, perhaps as a burial ritual to render it dead to further use. We collected artifacts, including the bowl, skull, other bones, and scraper, and returned to camp. (Months later, after returning from field school, I saw the bowl on display in the Maeser Building in the Department of Anthropology's small museum in their downstairs lobby.)

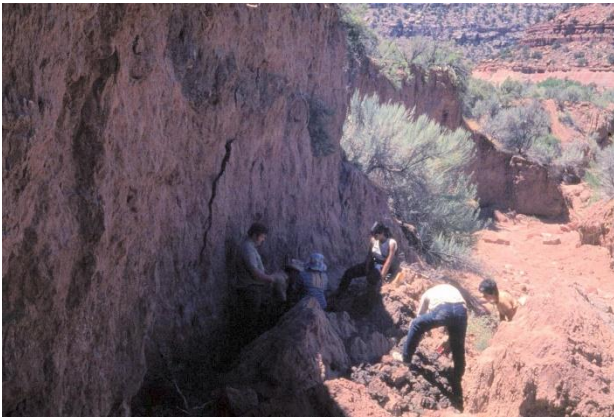
That evening, in "honor" of my discovery, I was given the task of cleaning the skull and remaining bones by removing any material deposited in the subsequent centuries and applying a stabilizing agent or preservative, which I think was gesso. Following evening activities, I spent the next few hours in the lab after lights out picking dirt from the skull by the light of a Colman Lantern, accompanied by the hiss of its glowing gas mantels. It was a sobering experience, as I already felt a bit uncomfortable having disturbed the formerly "final" resting place of a fellow human being from a people with whom I had begun to feel some kinship. I remember when I finished, well after midnight, making my way quietly across the sleeping camp by a now dimmed lantern casting its long beams and shadows.

What's the difference between an archaeologist and a pothunter? Rather than setting up a joke, I just want to point out that any difference is not always discernable to those outside the field, sometimes including the locals. In the last century, the somewhat aloof and self-justifying academicians in anthropology and archaeology, as well as paleontology and other field-work intensive disciplines, have learned to work more closely with residents and indigenous peoples, sometimes the descendants of their study subjects, and to respect and incorporate native practices, knowledge, and sensibilities in the discovery, retrieval, and examination of finds. Improved scientific methods, along with evolving legal and legislative actions, have allowed or required that finds removed for study, are returned to their local stewards for their own management when sufficient data has been gleaned. (Some sites, after being sufficiently worked or having no anticipation of further examination, are reburied to discourage plundering.) In the case of returned human remains, they may be reburied with appropriate ceremonies. This practice of working together has proven beneficial to both parties, and, accordingly, Native peoples and organizations have learned more about their own prehistories, sometimes finding significant correlations with their legends and traditions. In some cases, they have created museums and educational and research programs and facilities of their own. Traditionally, tribes have had different sensitivity about the dead or about disturbing ancient burials. Navajo beliefs regarding the *chindi*, the malevolent spirit of the deceased that may hang around the place of death, might discourage them from taking part in excavations, whereas Hopis may have no such qualms. A couple years after my time at Camp Cottonwood, a Navajo friend of ours related that her grandfather had led a party into a pueblo site where he found an ancient sandal. He tried it on, and sometime after that his foot shriveled. Causal or not, the tale probably discouraged his descendants from messing with the remains of their "ancient enemies."

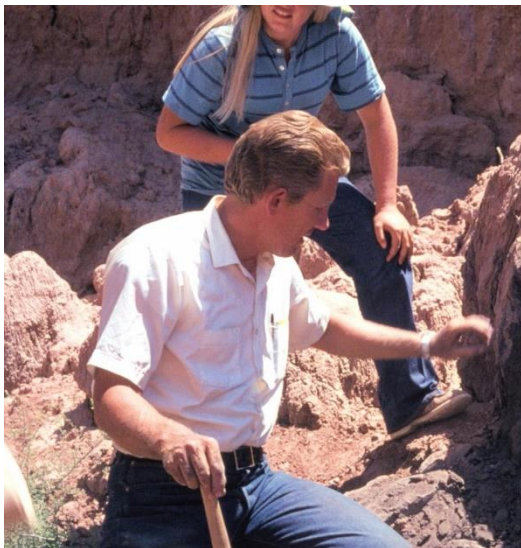
Picture Section 2: *These slides are from our salvage excavation of the burial in the arroyo. This should give you some idea of how the streambed level has dropped since prehistoric times.*



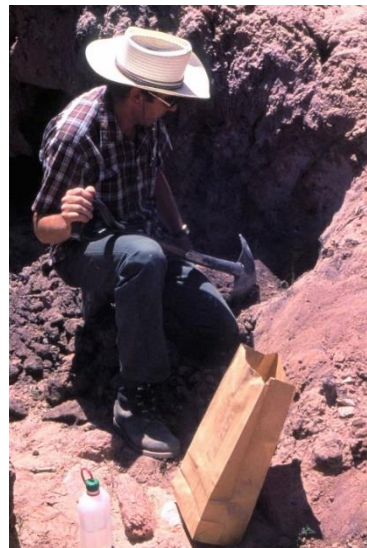
This is the view from within the arroyo. Two-thirds of the way up the face of the wall, you can see the dark "charcoal lens" and occupation layer in cross section that I saw while walking survey along the opposite rim and looking down into the arroyo. Note the bright metate-shaped fragment in the dark patch. The large wall fragment in the foreground appears to contain the same dark soil on its right side and is similar to the one that held the burial prior to Dr Berge's excavation of it. The group in the background, probably examining his work, includes Ric Hauck (left), Susan Steggell (light blue shirt), Norm Steggell (in the cowboy hat behind Susan), Dr Berge (white shirt hunched over), Ellen Young (ponytail). I don't know who the woman with short hair bent over to Ellen's left is.



Another picture of the same group, which gives a better feel for the extent of the arroyo, although we are seeing less than half its width in the foreground. In this picture we are looking approximately south, down canyon. Visitors from another crew came to the site that day, which might account for the unidentified woman, as would my faulty memory. If this is the burial site, by now we had cleared away the bulk of the fallen fragment.



Left, Dr Berge has excavated a substantial section of the fallen wall fragment, revealing the burial. (I cropped it out of the slide in deference to the current descendents of the Ancestral Puebloans.) Susan Steggell looks on. Initially, only the top of the skull was exposed, which Dr Berge and I thought was a bowl bottom in the fading light the previous evening.



Right, Dr Matheny collects samples in a paper bag... unless that's his lunch. My old scout water bottle stands in the left foreground. By then I'd carried it and my compass, Cutter snakebite kit, and rock (actually mason's) hammer with me for a dozen years. The simultaneous presence of both Dr Matheny and Dr Berge made this site a "paradox."

Meals, Music, Mornings, and Evenings

Meals were communal, and while I can’t recall many specific menu items, they were satisfying and filling. If I remember correctly, pies were popular, as were the pitchers of Kool-Aid with other than spartan individuals like me. Salt tablets were also available. Some felt they staved off dehydration and kidney stones, given the tendency to unknowingly not consume enough water to replace sweat that evaporated sometimes unnoticed. There was a portable phonograph in the kitchen-mess hall, and music was common. Maybe albums were few, or else it depended on who had control of the turntable. Either way, I heard the same Carpenters albums over and over, although as far as I know, Karen and Richard were no relation to Wes. Music occurred at other times, sometimes as impromptu as “Buffalo Flies” and sometimes around a campfire or other gathering. Dr. Berge knew many old songs and played the guitar, while I had my harmonicas, picked at the guitar, and contributed such works as “I’m Being Eaten by a Boa Constrictor” and a ballad I learned from the New Lost City Ramblers, “Come All Ye Texas Rangers,” which had been rendered in plaintive pentatonic harmony by Ian and Sylvia. (The Native Americans were the winners in that one.)

Mornings had their own routine. I quickly learned to wake early, before both sunrise and most of the other campers. This provided uncrowded access to the washing facility, and, afterwards, I and a couple of the other “older” folks would sit in the webbed lounge chairs outside the kitchen-mess hall, waiting for the breakfast gong, quietly conversing or just watching the bats finishing up their late-night/early-morning hunting runs. Their echo-locating pings sounded like the plucking of high-pitched piano wire as they wheeled overhead in the lightening sky.

Evenings at camp, after dinner and cleanup and before class time, were devoted to personal activities, like writing letters home. Now, over fifty years later and without the benefit of notes, I am struck by my lack of memories in some areas in contrast with sharp clarity in others. For example, regarding evenings, outside of specific incidents like cleaning the skull and a campfire I will discuss shortly, I have just a general impression of people milling about or interacting quietly as darkness settled slowly and gently into the cottonwood trees, whose branches were illuminated from below by whatever light stood nearby. Absent any other sources of light pollution, our normally clear night skies were awash with a bright uncountable star field, broken into patches within the confines of camp by the interwoven tree limbs overhead.

One evening we held a campfire on the mesa above camp. There’s a picture of a crowd brandishing a deer horn and other implements that I think I took that night. The campfire was delightful, and once it was over, Nan Card bravely made the descent in the dark, aided by her compatriots, despite an intense fear of heights. On another night, somewhere outside of camp as indicated by the unobstructed sky, I attempted to take pictures of the moon ascending above the horizon. The result was three dark slides with a tiny light spot above a darker bottom layer. If you remember film-based photography, then you may also remember that, unless you had a Polaroid camera, you had to develop your exposed rolls before you could see the results. Other than the photo lab in camp, which I don’t think supported color film development, film had to be taken or sent to a commercial lab to be made into slides or prints. This meant not seeing mine before leaving field school and returning to Provo. (In fact, that roll wasn’t developed until November.)

On (and Off) the Road Again

Saturdays were devoted to field trips throughout the region, usually involving a long drive in the camp vehicles, which, among others, included a GMC Suburban and an old Dodge A108 van, the stretched

version of Truck a l’Orange. (Back to tricks of memory, I remembered the van as being blue, and others remembered it as white. Recently, I saw field school photos from Betty Klein and others that showed a blue Dodge van encircled by foot-wide white horizontal stripe.) My experience maintaining British sports cars, which required maintenance all week to hopefully render them useable on the weekend—the first reliable British sports car being the Mazda Miata—and the several months preceding field school rebuilding and crossing the country in our van enabled me to make a couple road-side repairs on the vehicles when more competent mechanics, like Ray Matheny, were not around. One time on a canyon road the coolant hose to an auxiliary heater burst. I doubled an unbroken section of the hose into a “U” that eliminated the path to the heater and allowed the remaining coolant to circulate back through the radiator and engine block. We had to replace the fluid lost during the rupture with creek water, but the diluted mixture sufficed as we balanced engine and ground speed, maintaining lower revs to keep the motor from heating up too much while moving fast enough to force more air through the radiator.

Since I arrived after the first session’s field trips, one of my first was July 22nd to Aztec Ruins National Monument outside Farmington, New Mexico, over two hundred miles and almost three hours from Blanding. It lay roughly diagonally across Four Corners from us. The road took us onto the Navajo Reservation, past working oil pumps at Aneth, then through the Ute Mountain Reservation in southwest Colorado, and back onto the Navajo Reservation in northwest New Mexico. There, the 7,177-foot-high volcanic-plug formation of Ship Rock—*Tse Bit’a’i*, “rock with wings” in Navajo—dominated the landscape as we approached and passed through the nearby town of the same name. Looking at the map today, I see that following Ship Rock, there is a seemingly insignificant place called Kirtland, although the name itself should have been highly significant to the church members in our group. From there the road continued to Farmington and the impressive misnamed pueblo ruins of the national monument, which were most certainly not Aztec, just as Montezuma Canyon had no direct connection with that Aztec leader. (If my back-of-the-envelope calculations are correct, the Ancestral Puebloan occupation of both the ruins and the canyon probably was ebbing or over when the Aztec civilization was starting.) The “Aztec” and “Montezuma” labels might have put off some, including those concerned about the term “Anasazi,” but I’m not aware of any controversy.

Speaking of Navajo, on one trip, maybe that one, we took a detour to visit the Four Corners Monument Navajo Tribal Park, which contains the point defining the southeast, southwest, northeast, and northwest corners, respectively, of Utah, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico, as established by an 1875 survey. In more recent years, it was shown that the survey was off, but that’s a moot point because in 1925 the Supreme Court ruled the earlier survey, agreed on by all parties at the time, would define the borders. So, there, on the delineated crosshairs in the monument’s plaza, you can stand, sit, or lie in four states simultaneously. This begs the question, if you committed a crime on the spot, which police force would arrest you? The answer is no state authority, but rather the Navajo Nation Police, because the site is operated by the Navajo, lying within their jurisdiction. We disembarked long enough to visit the marker and patronize food, souvenir, and craft stalls, while avoiding any detainable criminal offenses.

The field trip the weekend after Aztec Ruins took us along portions of the route to Farmington and continued at least another hour and a half beyond to Pueblo Bonito, an astoundingly large Ancestral Puebloan site in Chaco Canyon National Monument (which was expanded and renamed Chaco Culture National Historical Park in 1980). We arrived after dark and attended a lecture in a great kiva, unroofed and open to the stars visible overhead. We spent the night wrapped in our sleeping bags on the ground beneath the cliff face north of the pueblo. Since then, much more information on the Chaco culture has been discovered or determined, especially concerning its regional influence and the far-flung extent of its detailed, accurate constructions involving astronomical and solar alignments.

On the way to Farmington and Chaco, occasional road signs pointed to Cuba, New Mexico, farther to the east on the road to Albuquerque. Of course, either Bruce or I would break out with, "Take this bus to Cuba!" a takeoff on "Take this plane to Cuba!" itself a reference to the not infrequent hijacking of commercial airliners either to Cuba from the United States or vice versa that was peaking at the time. Although our "bus" cry was usually met with general silence, it, too, was not infrequent, unfortunately for our comrades. Probably on the Aztec Ruins trip, during a break in Farmington, Bruce and I were standing on a corner watching pickup trucks roll by and broke out in song with the Eagles' lyrics, "Standing on a corner in Winslow, Arizona," which city lay well over 250 miles to the southwest. (I just learned via Google that the song, "Take It Easy," was the group's first single, released May 1st that year, just about the time Pat and I left Wheaton. It was a big hit when we arrived in Provo two months later and peaked at number 12 on Billboard's Hot 100 chart July 22nd, the day we were singing in Farmington.) Apparently, we weren't too shy about clowning around and not necessarily only in song. As I was recently reminded in an email from Rita, we were fond of reprising, if not whole episodes, the inane dialogue that preceded advertisements on *Rocky and His Friends* or its later incarnation *The Bullwinkle Show*: "Hey, Rocky! Watch me pull a rabbit out of my hat!" followed by "Again?! That trick never works!"

Some stops were necessary to fill or refill our gas tanks and were not always without incident. On one trip, I think not too far from Blanding, we pulled into a station to top off the vehicles. In those days self-service was not the norm, and when we stopped, someone at the station put the nozzle into our gas tank filler pipe and turned on the pump. We all got out to stretch and use the "facilities." Returning to the vehicle, Steve Hayes noticed gasoline was running down the side, across the pavement, and into the road. The automatic shut-off on the pump handle had failed or perhaps there wasn't one. Either way, Steve shut it off and went into the station to report the problem. He asked for a reduction of the amount on the pump but was told they didn't start the pump, so it was our problem. Steve firmly told them we didn't either; apparently whoever had didn't work for the station and had walked away. Without too much contention, they compromised on a figure based on the total on the pump minus the difference with the approximate amount we needed. Stops were also a chance to rest our sore backs and numbed bums, confined to the sometimes-unsprung seats of the camp vehicles. We would ride shotgun whenever possible, not to avoid conversation with our peers but because if the seat were no better, the view was, which also allowed you to brace yourself for bumps, dips, and turns. Rita reminded us that when not driving her tendency toward car sickness gave her first choice.

Our field trip August 5th passed through Blanding and then took us about thirty or so miles to the southwest, as the raven flies, to Moon House, a complex cliff dwelling high up under the caprock ledge of a narrow canyon. If not Moon House, other sites similarly located had been discovered during small plane flights below the rim. Among a plethora of other skills, Dr Matheny was a competent pilot. A US Army Air Corps and later Air Force veteran of WWII and the Korean War, in 1944 at age 18 he was serving as flight engineer and top-turret gunner on a B-17 when his plane's right wing was blown off by a German fighter. An explosion in the falling aircraft blew him out of the forward hatch as he was attempting to secure his parachute. He was knocked unconscious and was in free fall, he estimated, for about two miles before awakening and pulling the ripcord. The chute deployed, but falling debris from the plane partially collapsed it. He landed in a frozen canal, breaking through the ice. He was captured by German civilians, who treated him, and he was eventually imprisoned in Stalag 17-B, where he spent his next two birthdays. He was generally soft spoken, and I didn't learn all that about him until many years later. In addition to numerous articles, papers, and books about archaeology, he authored *Rite of Passage: A Teenager's Chronical of Combat and Captivity in Nazi Germany*, published in 2009.

The bumpy ride to Moon House ended at a place where we had to descend on foot into the canyon and ascend the other side to the ruins. The strenuous activity of the day caused one of our party, I think Shelly Malloy, to be carried out later because of dehydration. Despite the site's remoteness, bikers had found it and overnighted there, fashioning beds from torn out sections of the ancient waddle-and-daub mud walls. The site's name derived from a very long pictograph in one of the rooms showing phases of the moon. Pictographs and petroglyphs, the rock art found throughout the region, are graphic evidence of previous residents or visitors. Pictographs are painted or otherwise deposited on a surface, such as a wall or cliff face, whereas petroglyphs are carved into rock. On the surface, no pun intended, rock art seems difficult to date with certainty, unless it is obviously part of the surrounding site, but carbon dating can be used with organic material found in the pigments of pictographs, as can dating tools found nearby used to carve petroglyphs. Obviously, the art is newer than the surface it overlays or is carved into, but that might be on a human time scale, as a pictograph created on a wall, or measured in geological time for petroglyphs, which, though humanly ancient, may still appear bright chipped out of a dark rock face stained for prior millennia by deposits of compounds like iron oxide, a surface feature known as "desert varnish."

Very striking for me were the "signatures" left behind inadvertently in the fingernail marks and fingerprints of potters in their clayware and builders of the mud-lined walls of kivas and other rooms. It was moving to realize that a specific, if unknown to me, individual had worked this pot or plastered this wall centuries before. (Hence, Pat and I used "mudkiva" in some of our online applications, a pun derived from our family name and desert experience.)

The field school veterans introduced me to so-called "Nacirema Culture" artifacts, including petroglyphs, sometimes found within the rock art of the Ancestral Puebloans. These were much easier to date, since they were sometimes carved through the older glyphs, but more importantly because they pictured subjects like mounted cowboys or settlers' covered wagons. Some very recent ones contained English inscriptions or dates, raising the question of where to draw the line between historical artifact, innocent graffiti, and vandalism. The humorous label Nacirema is "American" spelled backward. Another hilarious, at least to archaeologists, inside joke was the alleged existence of the very short Moki Indians. The "legend" of the Mokis stemmed from the presence in cliff dwellings of structures with small rooms and low doors. In fact, these were granaries and storage structures. Moki, Moqui, or Mochi, is a legitimate name for real Native tribes and individuals, so we will let our regional mythology remain within its local confines.

Blanding Friday Nights and Sunday Mornings: the Mundane and the Sacred

Friday evenings were free time, and sometimes people would venture to "nearby" Blanding to take advantage of its advanced civilization, for example, to do laundry if our camp machine was broken, to shop, or maybe for a burger at the Patio, ice cream at the Dairy Queen, or even a movie at the single-screen theatre, otherwise patronized only by old Navajos, according to Rita. Other than laundry, I didn't partake in these opportunities for budgetary reasons, but I did enjoy the small-town ambiance, where the local teenagers hung out at the DQ until it and the town went dark at 10:00 pm, and then moved across the parking lot to the only remaining bright light downtown, the flashing sign of the all-night ice machine.

The trip to Blanding was thirty miles or so of gravel and dirt roads, including sizeable rocks and dicey fords. There were also blind curves with cliff faces rising on one side and long drops on the other. Still, it was better to be the driver or shotgun passenger rather than one of the hapless bouncing objects in the bench seats. Truck a l'Orange made some of these trips, but we usually minimized the number of necessary vehicles by coordinating with whoever wished to go into town.

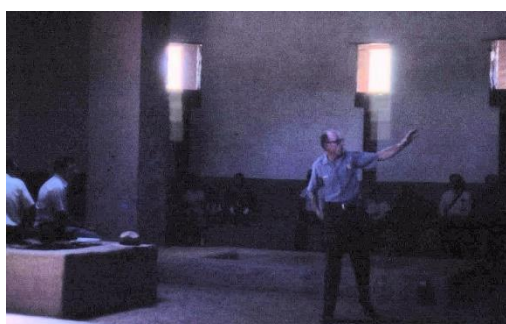
Picture Section 3: *These slides are from our field trips to Aztec Ruins National Monument and Moon House, plus photos of rock art from other locations.*



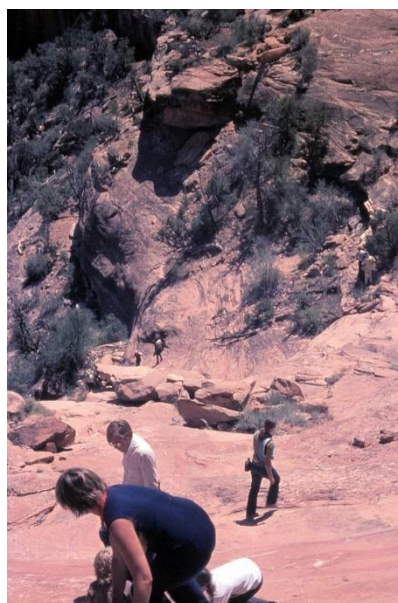
Left, at Aztec Ruins National Monument on the outskirts of Farmington, New Mexico, a Park Ranger points out the greenstone stripe on the pueblo's outer wall. That may be Nancy Carlton and Bruce Verhaaren in the foreground.



Right, multiple sets of aligned interior doors like the three here are another iconic feature of this complex site.



We attended a lecture in a great kiva, left, and toured some of the excavations underway at the national monument, center. Dr Matheny and Betty Klein are on the right. A non-field-school group is on the left. The friendly, hand-written note, right, to "Keep your ass OUT of our kiva," demonstrated that one can be an academician and still show passion and intensity.



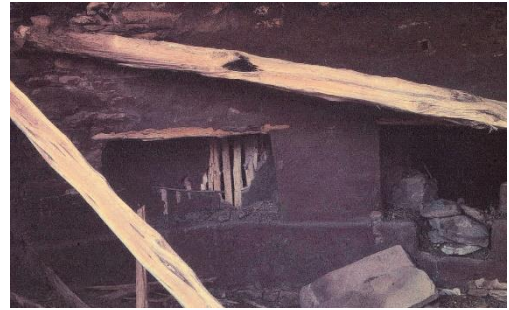
The drive to Moon House was much shorter than to Farmington, but not the walk. We had to descend a steep canyon, top left and right, and climb up the other side, bottom left. Top left, we only identified Nan's hand on Rita's shoulder below her blue floppy hat, and Dee Hardy (white shirt, dark hat); right, Shelly Malloy (in blue) and Alan Spencer (standing, white shirt), with Glenna Nielsen farther down facing right. Rita says Nan is in the tangle between Shelly and Alan.



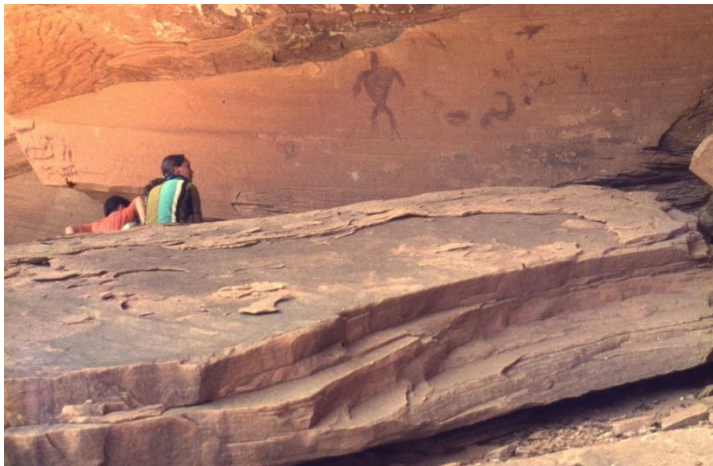
Left, you can see two people just to the left of center, one in blue (Shelly?) slightly below the other in a white shirt (Steve Hayes?), climbing up to the ruins, visible under the overhang. As in the previous pictures, it would be easier to identify folks if I were taking photos at the head of the action instead of from behind.



Ric Hauck stands by a small portion of the iconic pictograph of lunar phases in the room for which Moon House is named. In mud walls like these, you could see the fingerprints of the artisans who plastered them, which reminded us that they were living individuals, each with their own joys, sorrows, triumphs, and bears to cross.



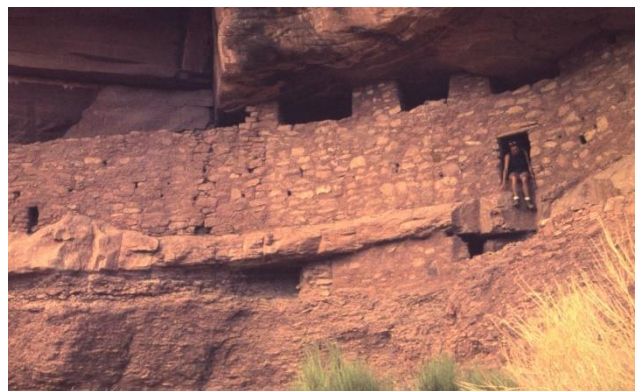
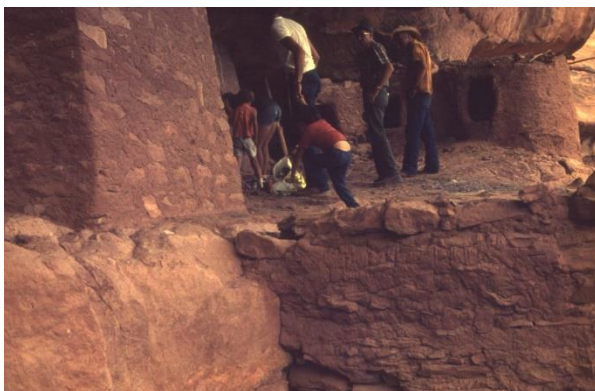
Bikers visiting the site had ripped out some of the waddle and daub wall for bedding. This may be part of that vandalism.



Glenna Nielsen and Gary Steggell behind her examine a group of pictographs in the Moon House site.



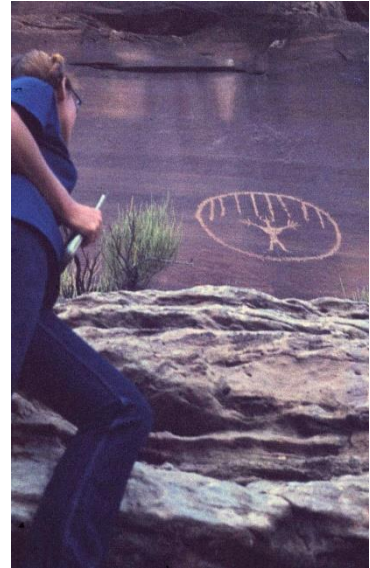
This was a storage bin in a granary at the site.



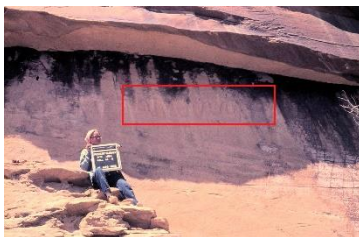
We ranged over the site, as these pictures of our distinguished, if indistinguishable party show. However, the three standing figures in the first picture may be Dr Berge, Dr Matheny, and Norm Steggell, with Gary Steggell in the red shirt.



In a rare picture of people from in front of them, left to right, Donna, Bruce, Glenna, Don, Gary, and Ellen bounce along in a camp van enroute to I'm not sure where sometime between our visits to Aztec Ruins National Monument and Moon House as determined by the order in which my slides were taken.



In Montezuma Canyon, maybe near Devil's Canyon, BJ Earle looks at my favorite petroglyph, a horned, claw-handed figure beneath descending stripes. As for what it means? Perhaps it's a rain motif or maybe a vision of the nuclear fallout from government weapons testing that would blanket the area in the 1940s and '50s.



Glenna holds a sign board identifying this spectacular serpentine rock art as a 1972 Forest Survey site. Can't see it? Use the inset, left, and blow-up, below. I took the picture but don't remember its location and can't tell if it's a pictograph or petroglyph. It may be in or near Cliff Dwellers Pasture.



Rock art reminds us of the art of Rocky and Bullwinkle, unfortunately mutilated by Bruce Verhaaren and myself. [Picture credit: *Marquee de Sells: Chris's insight outlet* (<https://sellsbrothers.com/12719>) probably copyright Jay Ward]

On Sunday mornings, most of the camp traveled to Blanding for church, and I accompanied them as I had done for years with Pat. In 1972, before the introduction of the three-hour meeting block, which is now the two-hour block, priesthood, and then Sunday school and junior Sunday school, met in the morning. Members returned in the evening for an hour-and-a-half sacrament meeting. Relief Society was held during the week, as were primary and mutual—young men’s and young women’s activities. Because of our remoteness, the men would leave early Sunday morning for priesthood, to be joined later by the women and children for Sunday school. In the opening session of both adult and junior Sunday school, the sacrament was served, followed by song practice and breaking for classes, after which all would return to camp. Since sacrament meeting was held later in the day, it was impractical to return for it.

Wearing the closest thing I had to “church clothes,” I enjoyed the experience. During hymn singing I discovered new associations for the words of “My Country, ’Tis of Thee,” gleaned from my desert experience. “I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills” conjured up visions of our desert landscapes, with shrine-like mesas rising on the horizon, and “Let mortal tongues awake, let all that breathe partake, let rocks their silence break, the sound prolong” suggested that cliff face and canyon, pinyon and juniper, rabbit and rattlesnake could all be in harmonious union with the Holy Spirit. Add to this the singing of the town and ranch folk of Blanding and my heart was stirred.

The Blanding Ward was probably a bit overwhelmed by the seasonal increase in attendance; they set up a separate class during the breakout session for the BYU students, perhaps to keep them from mingling with their own impressionable youth. I perceived that Blanding and Monticello had something of a rivalry. I’m not sure how they could have avoided one since each town had its own high school. In church one Sunday, one of the locals mentioned that their ancestor had had a vision of a future LDS temple in Blanding, and, accordingly, a local site had been named Temple Hill. In 1972, there were only 15 temples, with the dedications of the Provo and Ogden, Utah, “birthday cake” style buildings earlier that year having been the first additions since London, England, in 1958 and Oakland, California, in 1964. The notion of a temple in Blanding seemed far-fetched, if possible. Still, twenty-five years later, in October 1997, I chuckled slightly to myself when the plan to build a temple in Monticello was announced in General Conference. Despite a tremendous increase in temple building since 1972, with over 300 temples currently operating or announced worldwide, as far as I or Google knows, there is still no temple in or planned for Blanding. By the way, even if you might look Eastern, if you don’t want to sound Eastern, remember that the “c” in Monticello for the Utah town is pronounced like “s,” whereas in the Monticello of Thomas Jefferson it has a “ch” sound, as in cello, the instrument.

Digging Archaeology

The second half of my summer sojourn was spent on the excavation crew. This is the better known and much romanticized face of archaeology, involving the unearthing of ancient civilizations and treasure, or so it’s assumed. Unlike our salvage of the burial site, normally excavation is exacting, painstaking, and sometimes excruciatingly slow, as it must detect and uncover and then preserve or record its finds without losing precious data to be analyzed later or possibly reinterpreted in the future. Rather than an unending stream of spectacular discoveries, it is more often a tedious amount of sometimes backbreaking blister-producing pick and shovel work, punctuated by the occasional appearance and careful exposing of an artifact or two. In the meantime, each shovelful of material between finds must be screened for tiny fragments of cultural or other organic or inorganic material that may be clues to the past. One example found during my stay at field school was a pierced fragment of mother-of-pearl, perhaps from an ornament, indicative of trade with oceanside cultures far from our desert home. Since then, there has

been a great increase in our understanding of the staggering extent of trade, communication, and other interconnectivity across the continent in prehistoric times.

In our excavation of nearby site 42Sa863—nicknamed “Kiva Pueblo” because there was a kiva there, and later renamed “Three Kiva Pueblo” because, well, it had three kivas, and which you can now search in Google Maps—we had to shovel and hack down though six or seven vertical feet of material thrown into a walled room to fill it by later occupiers of the site who grounded their structures at the former ceiling level. Steve Hayes, our crew chief, invoked God’s blessings on the Ancestral Pueblo women who had filled our room with dirt instead of river cobbles, as we worked our way down. By the time we removed several feet, we had to turn our backs to the wall beyond which the screens were placed at ground level above us and pitch each shovelful backward over our shoulders and hopefully into one of the screens. As we descended, the screens were eventually over our heads. Our best digger by far was Glenna Nielsen, a farm girl from Idaho, who could out-shovel all the rest of us, working all day and never missing a screen. She had grown up digging corrugations, irrigation ditches, on her family farm. I think she had the nickname “the Idaho backhoe.” We got some respite when, finally, we approached the level of a packed earth floor. Then the shovels were put away and the more intense work of exposing the floor and its contents, without digging through it, began. Now the tools were hand trowels, dental picks, and brushes.

The Nephi Stone and the Anasazi Urinal

Nevertheless, sometimes an artifact must be removed, and not just because the next layer of the dig below it needs to be exposed. This was the case toward the end of my summer sojourn, during my rotation on the excavation crew. Someone uncovered a flat stone, roughly half a foot wide by two feet long by a couple inches thick (or more scientifically rigorously, if no more accurately, approximately 15 cm wide by 60 cm long by 5 cm thick) on which was carved the name “Nephi” in Hebrew! This was a find of such potential significance to the church, if not world-wide, that it would need to be carefully evaluated and verified before any word of it leaked out. If not directly attributable to ancient Nephites, it might represent some tradition retained or rediscovered by the ancients a millennium after Book of Mormon times. As an outsider, I was quick to point out that the characters were in modern Hebrew script, not that of any BoM or Biblical period. I also detected slight traces of a metallic tool used to inscribe the text, so it was definitely not Ancestral Puebloan, in fact, most likely very late Nacireman. I knew all that because I had prepared it in my spare time, at some distance from camp to muffle the sound of my mason’s hammer, and then salted it in a small area I refilled with previously screened dirt as a joke for my Latter-day Saint companions. Of course, everyone else immediately realized that, too, and ultimately the joke was on me, because that heavy object could not be left there. I had to remove it from the site and from Southern Utah, altogether. (I carried it back to Provo, where I eventually traded it for an old pair of cross-country ski boots.) I’m not sure why that wasn’t the case with the “Anasazi urinal,” a small, ready for wall-mounting, enamel-coated metal object, decorated with black-and-white patterns in “Magic Marker” (an older, once popular term now usually referred to as “Sharpie”), that I was shown afterward, which was unearthed by Rita earlier in the summer. (She was set up as the hapless excavator, sent to reexamine an area already dug.) That artifact still lingered within the confines of Camp Cottonwood. So, sometimes you have to be able to take a joke, or at least take it with you, and sometimes not. (My biggest concern was that I had used the proper character for “fey,” the Hebrew “F,” my alphabet being rusty and having no access to a library. I just saw a photograph by Betty Klein of me and the Nephi Stone, and sure enough, that character was upside down.)

In all fairness, I need to point out that these BYU archaeologists were not trying to find evidence confirming the Book of Mormon or any LDS theology, even in digs they carried out in meso-America, in

areas presumed by some church members to have possibly been the site of scriptural stories. They were working within the strict confines of their discipline to advance the discovery and understanding of past cultures and peoples in the academic and scientific context of archaeological research—at least to the extent that any science can be considered untainted from nonscientific considerations. Over the years they have made substantial and credible contributions to their field.

Off the Record and Off the Beaten Path

In addition to our planned class field trips, we had unofficial and impromptu excursions. One time a few of us—I think Bruce, Steve, Shelly Malloy, and I—drove Truck a l'Orange down to Hatch Trading Post. Closed now for years but with a new owner who may plan to reopen, it lay half an hour south of Camp Cottonwood at the lower end of Montezuma Canyon on the northern border of the Navajo Reservation. We departed camp later in the afternoon of a beautiful day and drove quickly down a well-graded road. Having left late, we arrived after they had closed. Rita wrote in her notes that Hatch was a popular destination for Native items, Old Red Eye cream soda, and ice cream bars. The latter were particularly treasured because the generator at camp was turned off at night to conserve fuel and preserve quiet, which meant the freezers in the kitchen, while safe for the storage of food, were never continuously cold enough to maintain ice cream in its solid state. Hence, if we did have pies, we didn't have pie a la mode.

On our return, whoever was driving that stretch dropped the right front wheel into a narrow, hard-to-see ditch that had cut part way across the roadbed on the passenger's side. Our abrupt stop came as a bolt out of the blue, literally out of a clear blue sky. The wheel was suspended in the ditch, with the right side of the van behind the wheel and the right corner of the bumper in front of it resting on the ground on either side of the drop. The four of us couldn't lift the van and simultaneously reposition the wheel on the road by hand, and no yellow school bus appeared on the horizon, but drawing on my physics background, we placed the jack under the bumper and raised it to its limit, which lifted the wheel out of the ditch. Then we pushed the teetering van backward off the jack. It landed once again on four wheels, and we were able to back up and drive around the hazard. By the way, my definition of physics, at least up through Newtonian mechanics, is common sense codified. I would tell people, only half tongue in cheek, that I studied it not to become a physicist, but because it was the closest you could get to truth outside of revealed religion.

Lessons Learned and Remembered

Although I wasn't the driver as we returned from Hatch and I don't fault whoever was, I am a bit chagrined as I recall some of my own driving on those unpaved roads, never reckless but maybe sometimes with an excess of enthusiasm or a lapse of caution. So let me caution you beyond my previous mention of flashfloods at fords, innocuous looking mudflats, and hard to see ditches: Driving on desert and mountain roads requires careful preparation, constant vigilance, and the humility to forgo thrill seeking or testing your skill. One of the blind turns I mentioned enroute from Blanding to camp reinforced in me a timely lesson. I was driving one of the camp vehicles full of students back from town and started up a narrow rocky pitch with a steep cliff face rising on the left and a drop just as steep on the right. As I proceeded forward, the brow of the hill concealed the stretch that followed beyond it. I crested the hill at climbing speed, realizing with sudden horror that the road curved sharply to the left rather than continuing straight ahead, which instead presented a panoramic view of the valley below. By God's grace, no one was coming from the other direction, and I was able to drop my left wheels into an eroded ditch on the inside of the curve and kept us upright as we half skidded to the left, not too close to the right-hand drop. No one else seemed to have noticed, probably due to the normal erratic shaking and

swaying from driving even slowly on rocky roads. I slowed down after that, faster than my heartbeat slowed itself, and thanked God for our deliverance from my stupidity.

Another instructive incident for me occurred returning from Blanding, this time at night. The route back to camp took us north out of town on the highway, past the smoking wigwam burner, then turned off the road onto Alkali Ridge and a series of gravel roads that eventually intersected Montezuma Creek near the camp. On a relatively flat stretch that let you get up to speed, I noticed a dark shadow band cast by our headlights across the road ahead at an approaching ford. I slowed to examine it, realizing that had I remained at normal speed, the sharp drop into the wash, although part of the road, could have caused our front bumper to strike the bottom and maybe even flip us over.

Other nighttime hazards included deer and cattle suddenly entering the road or appearing around a curve. Of course, those were daytime hazards, as well, and one day while driving in Montezuma Canyon, I did have a rabbit dart under me from the right side of the road as I passed. I tried to catch sight of it in my sideview mirrors, but I didn't see anything emerging from under the van. Maybe if it didn't make it through, it was karma for the rabbits that gave our students tularemia in the past. I also saw snakes crossing the road, which weren't necessarily a safety hazard, but more a test of our charity toward animals; I avoided running them over as a courtesy to all desert fauna other than mosquitos, buffalo flies, and the like. Another courtesy to follow when driving ranch and rural roads is to re-close any gates you have opened, perhaps preventing some of those close encounters of the cattle kind. (A study worthy of a research paper would be the effectiveness of virtual vs actual cattle guards, the former being those painted parallel stripes mimicking the latter, parallel pipes laid across wide trenches at road crossings that cattle find difficult to walk on. There might be an anthropological aspect to it but probably not archaeological.)

I've talked about mechanical failures on the road, some of which might be avoided through advanced preparation or remedied with innovation. Sadly, mechanical failures can be worse than inconvenient and sometimes even fatal. The main highway approaching Blanding from the direction of Hanksville and Lake Powell to the west made a sharp ascending 180-degree bend as it transited the upper end of Comb Wash, a spectacularly deep box canyon. Way down at the bottom lay a semi-tractor trailer that had failed to pass through the loop. I think I was told that it had come to a stop going uphill, then rolled backward over the edge carrying its hapless driver to his death.

Our Desert Home

Montezuma Canyon, on the eastern edge of San Juan County paralleling the Utah-Colorado border, contained long-range vistas and overlooks typical of the high desert of the Four Corners region. Our vicinity wasn't as spectacular as other, better-known parts of the county, like the portion of Canyonlands National Park that lay within its borders or Monument Valley or the area now comprising Bears Ears National Monument, but for me, this was part of its attraction. It was beautiful and stark, but on a more human—ancestral or modern—scale. A single butte topping a talus skirt could be as captivating as miles of standing spires stretching to the horizon and might have served as my reference for "templed hills."

Surveying on foot gave us a greater appreciation of the land not only from a distance, but also "up close and personal," bringing us into intimate contact with the desert flora. It was adapted by adversity to survive in that harsh environment as illustrated by the waxy leaves of the creosote bush that help it retain water and might weaken the rodents that eat them. Similarly, the leafless photosynthetic green stems of *Ephedra viridis* eliminate water loss through leaves altogether and increase its drought resistance. (It is known by several names, two regional ones being Brigham Tea and Mormon tea.) The flower spike of the yucca, towering above its defensive fortress of literally spiked leaves, makes its blossoms more

accessible to pollinators, while its foliage discourages the deer and the antelope, as well as the non-native cattle, from foraging too closely. (Let them play elsewhere despite the encouraging words of "Home on the Range.") Even the dead bundle of a tumbleweed, a strategy employed by several species in which a portion of the plant dries out and is detached, is a successful adaptation, allowing its source plant to cast its seed far and wide as it rolls with the wind. A particular tumbleweed, the alien invasive Russian thistle, has also thrived there, allegedly having first appeared in South Dakota among shipments of flax seed in the late 1800s, but now tumbling along with the other tumbling tumbleweeds, here, there, and everywhere.

One of the hardest things I had to do that summer involved desert flora. The excavation of site 42Sa863 was completed, to be followed by its partial restoration. Standing walls were stabilized and capped with cement; Kivas 2 and 3 were backfilled to maintain the stability of walls above them; and we began the reconstruction of the roof of Kiva 1, whose circular room would be accessed by means of a ladder poking through an opening in the ceiling. This was the pattern for these sacred structures, which may have been so shaped and dug into the earth to harken back to their Basketmaker ancestors' pithouses. Accordingly, the new roof, built in keeping with the ancient way, had to support people walking on it. The construction consisted of cribbed and crisscrossed logs of pinyon pine and juniper, stripped of their branches and fibrous bark. The latter was overlaid in a dense mat atop the logs and then covered with dirt. (Thanks to Don Miller for details.) Many trees would have to be sacrificed, a hard thing to contemplate when every plant and animal is barely hanging on while also contributing to the local web of life.

We received a permit from the BLM to harvest enough trees for the project. I had envisioned perhaps cutting the trees one at a time with chainsaws, which would have been painful enough, but the method we used was chaining. This involved dragging a large anchor-type chain in a U shape between two vehicles separated but moving forward parallel to each other. The chain tore out or snapped off the trees it straddled, dragging them and any other plants and unfortunate animals along with it. I felt like avoiding the scene, but it would have been hypocritical to use the felled trees without knowing the extent of their sacrifice. I could imagine them screaming, unheard over the engine noises of our vehicles. It was not lost on us that one of the factors that may have driven the ancients out of the area was their deforestation of the environment to satisfy their need for building materials and fuel, even though, I'm sure, their approach to the plants and animals they harvested was more respectful than ours, if less efficient.

The desert is not a single biome, but rather many different ecosystems. Water or the lack of it in the form of rainfall or snowmelt is a defining factor, but so are elevation and latitude. Mountains festooned with aspen and scrub oak and even year-round fragmentary glaciers (at least for the short-term future), like the one that was on Mount Timpanogos overlooking Provo, can exist in the center of arid stretches of desert. They catch the passing moisture which is deposited as seasonal snowfall at their higher elevations and cooler temperatures. Camp Cottonwood and much of the Four Corners region lay in the pinyon-juniper woodland environment, but within that area a mesa top and its bottom might differ from each other in their local vegetation and animal life. Despite that, one of the last field trips we took was the exception to the rule. We traveled into a small, relatively flat canyon at about 7,800 feet in the Abajo, or Blue, Mountains, known as Cliff Dwellers Pasture. A natural arch adorned one end, but to me the canyon floor was its most intriguing feature. It was pointed out to us that almost every habitat from the region seemed to be present, with plants from different and normally widely separated biomes growing together. There, too, I saw my first live, albeit small, rattlesnake of the summer, chugging along with its tongue out and rattles raised. We had encountered a larger one once before on survey, but Blaine Miller had dispatched it just before I arrived and was talking of making a hatband. His cowboy approach to coexisting with nature was more practical than mine.

Departure and Return

The final days of the 1972 season at Camp Cottonwood brought some cooler weather and lengthening nights. Near our departure date, an indoor festive dinner, with awards and entertainment, took place in the kitchen-mess hall. There may have been Carpenters' music, but we wouldn't have minded. I don't think Bruce and I volunteered or were invited to perform "Buffalo Flies" or "Take It Easy," but my still somewhat outsider perspective and sense of humor were acknowledged when I was presented the Golden Plates Award for discoveries in trans-oceanic contact. The accompanying trophy was made of paper plates spray-painted gold and bound together with book binder rings. Nevertheless, with no takers for the Nephi Stone, I loaded it into the van before our final day in camp.

The time for departure arrived, with people leaving by various means. In mid-August a couple of us, including Bruce and I, drove out at night in Truck a l'Orange, caravanning with Dee Hardy in his large old maroon Chevy sedan, which I don't remember having seen move before then. Even though he had come in by way of Blanding, if I remember correctly, a portion of that route over Alkali Creek was now worse, which his low-slung car might not be able to cross. So, ironically, it was determined that the best route out for him would be the same way I had arrived, by way of Montezuma Canyon Road and its junction with the highway south of Monticello. Dee's car had a couple other issues, some he was aware of and others we found out along the way. I shouldn't have said we drove out at night, as we left in the late afternoon or early evening, but his car bogged down a couple of times in stretches of sand, maybe the late summer cousins of my mudflat, so by the time we were pretty far up the canyon it was quite dark. Dee's car also started to overheat, and we would have to stop periodically to let the engine cool and refill the radiator. I don't remember if we kept that up all night or stopped for sleep, but I do remember that, sometime the next day as we were preemptively trailing Dee on a stretch of highway north of Moab, my windshield was suddenly covered with black specs. They were a mixture oil and anti-freeze; Dee's head gasket had blown. At his request, we left him in Green River, where he made arrangements to have his car towed. We saw him driving the car in Provo some days later. Being from Hawaii, Dee had some other unique Utah experiences, including having a store clerk refuse his check because it and his Hawaiian driver's license were "from another country."

In October Pat, I, and our kitten moved from Provo less than twenty miles north of us to what was in some ways another country. We relocated to the BYU Alumni Association's Aspen Grove Family Camp about 7,000 feet up on Mount Timpanogos at the source of the Provo River, where I would serve as the off-season caretaker until late May. We were about 1,000 feet lower than Cliff Dwellers Pasture but at a higher latitude and in a different biome. We wintered over in a tiny uninsulated frame cabin without running water, heated by two space heaters when power wasn't knocked out by storms. The 30 feet of snowfall that season gifted us with a continuous 8 to 10 feet of packed snow. Early in the winter our highway access, the Alpine Loop, was closed at Sundance Ski Resort, two miles by road and 1,000 feet of elevation below us. Truck a l'Orange remained at Sundance for the next five months. Most days Pat would cross-country ski down before sunrise to open the snack bar, and I would join her after my day's work was done to accompany her home or to give us access to the van and the "outside world."

My job at Aspen Grove would be done about the end of May. We planned to work for a season for a contractor reforesting a section of San Juan National Forest in southwest Colorado, where I would be planting seedlings and Pat would cook for the work crew of forty. However, unseasonal snow continued to fall in that area, which delayed the work and forced us to change plans. Pat returned to Maryland for a visit, and I prepared things at Aspen Grove for the returning staff, hoping to still get in a few days of tree planting before driving Truck a l'Orange back east to rejoin her. In late May Karl Stice, another friend of

Pat's who had soloed at Aspen Grove the previous two winters, joined me on the first leg of the trip to hopefully earn some money on the planting crew and then be dropped off at his parents' home in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Our southeast route took us past Blanding, so with work still uncertain, we stopped to visit Camp Cottonwood. I suppose our arrival once again was a surprise, not because of the direction we came from, this time Blanding, but because we still couldn't call ahead. We hung out there for a few days, living in the van and eating our own food. The 1973 field school sessions hadn't started yet, but a BYU-BLM contract survey crew was there, comprised of Bruce, Blaine, Dee, and Ric, with Rita as their cook.

While there, we took another field trip, unofficial and limited in scope, to see Betatakin, an impressive cliff dwelling within Navajo National Monument. Along with any bum blisters the trip may have raised, it also raised a few hackles, at least temporarily. Two vehicle loads of us set out for those famous ruins, which lay south-southwest of Blanding and west of Kayenta, Arizona. The first group was in a private car, which I think was owned by Blaine. We followed in Truck a l'Orange, with me driving, accompanied by a few others including Bruce and Rita. The car quickly pulled ahead of us once we reached Blanding and the highway south. We followed through Bluff, planning to pass the microtropolis of Mexican Hat and from there cross the Arizona state line enroute to Kayenta and Betatakin. I was eager to go through Mexican Hat, where an auto salvage yard I dreamed of operating one day could be seen from the road. (Years later, I learned that Jim Lindsey, a co-worker of mine in California and Arizona, had the same ambition viz that same auto salvage yard. In truth, I'd only seen it from the road, but I pictured a quiet life there with Pat, selling or trading reclaimed auto parts and chilling out in the desert.) However, I made the mistake of stopping for an old Navajo gentleman hitchhiking at an intersection some 15 miles before Mexican Hat. Being a veteran of standing at desert crossroads in Utah for hours, thumbing for a ride, I asked him where he was headed. He said his home was across the San Juan River, just past those trees. The river crossing was a short distance down the left fork, and since we were making good time, we beckoned him aboard and turned left, planning to drop him off and backtrack to the intersection. After crossing the river, which was also the northern border of the Navajo Reservation, and passing some trees that weren't "those trees," I still felt committed to getting him home.

Stands of trees but not the correct ones continued to appear, while the roads he directed us down deteriorated. As those trees became "the trees behind the hills beyond the windmill" and our catch-up time buffer had long ago run out, I was driving faster and faster on worsen and worsen roads, cutting the apex on turns and letting the backend drift slightly on the red sand surface. The old Navajo was laughing as he rocked back and forth sandwiched by BYU students on the plywood bench seat. Finally, after the correct windmill, followed by the right hills and trees, we turned up a drive and approached a small frame house and some people, with other structures, maybe a hogan, around it. Our passenger disembarked, and, after gleaning a few directions from what I assumed was his family—who were probably as perplexed by the arrival of Truck a l'Orange as the residents of Camp Cottonwood had been—we headed south to eventually intersect another highway near Mexican Water, that would take us southwest through Dennehotso to Kayenta. We were navigating with a gasoline company roadmap that didn't show all the reservation roads but let us proceed in the right direction, aided by keeping the now-descending afternoon sun on our right as we pushed on south by southwest. I guess you could say we had reprised Rocky and Bullwinkle's old schtick in the form of "Hey, Rocky! Watch me pull Mexican Water out of Mexican Hat!" followed by "Again?! That trick never works!" only this time it did... sort of.

Once back on pavement and identified roads, we sped toward our goal. Long after the expected time, we arrived at the parking lot at Betatakin, where we were surprised to see no sign of the other car which should have arrived long before. We decided to head back to see if we could find them—once again, life before cell phones, and maybe even today before reliable cell phone reception in the Four Corners region.

Sometime before re-reaching Kayenta, they passed us heading toward Betatakin. We both pulled off the road. "Where were you?!" they demanded. We never saw you on the road!" They had gone back to Blanding to see if they could find us. Dee Green, the BLM archaeologist there, asked them, "How can you lose a bright orange van on the only road between here and there, a two-lane blacktop, at that?" I thought better of it, but not for long, and explained, "We must have been in a time warp. We drove into a mist approaching Mexican Hat and found ourselves farther down another road." This was the story my passengers and I had cooked up after dropping off our Navajo friend, and they backed me up. Nevertheless, the others were not amused. We proceeded together to the monument after that, while they never let us out of their sight. By the time we arrived, the park was near closing, so we were unable to hike down to the ruins, which sat impressively across the canyon from our overlook. We satisfied ourselves with the picnic lunch of fried chicken and potato salad prepared for us by Rita over the objections of the rest of the camp kitchen crew, which we ate in the monument parking lot, then headed back through Kayenta to home. They quickly drove off ahead of us and were soon out of sight, probably not wanting to see us again for a while. If not in the parking lot, we eventually told them the truth, but I can't remember when or how. I'm still sorry about spoiling the whole archaeological part of that trip—Betatakin looked like a very interesting site—but we did end up with a good story; well, maybe not from the perspective of the other car. If you guys are reading this, I hope you eventually got to tour it. But then, we did amuse one Navajo elder.

Rita relates the same incident in her notes, with some variations. In her telling, I misunderstood the elder, who at some point just wanted to be let out, so if laughing, maybe it was in terror. The other vehicle was a BYU van, and some of our passengers differed, with Blaine being in Truck a l'Orange. In either account Rita was undoubtedly riding shotgun, having car-sickness privilege. I'll admit her recollection could be closer to the truth, but, again, we both might have hazy memories of the incident, having been transported through that paranormal mist.

Karl helped out around camp while I took part in some of the survey work down canyon. There, the valley widened out, with far reaching vistas and different land formations as the exposed strata changed from those bordering the upper canyon. We were surveying for sites, sometimes from aboard the camp jeep while it was slowly driven over areas that looked the most promising. A couple of us scanned the passing ground from our seats, while Bruce, riding on the hood, directed Ric, the driver. We found indications of Basketmaker occupation along with other periods. One site featured a stone wall built up to the base of a house-sized boulder that looked as if it had rolled down from above only a couple days before. Potsherds co-located with the wall revealed that it had been there no less than a thousand years, the rock more likely for millennia. It made me marvel at the fragility of human endeavors, which depend on the stability and reliability of our environment, much as fleas existing on the back of a dog never know when their world might be plunged into a bathtub, or even that bathtubs exist. As I let the canyon seep back into me, I looked up at a cleft in the cliff above us with an unusually eroded feature. It struck me as a sacred spot, and when we hiked up to it, we found potsherds and pictographs. I could picture those ancient artists, while pausing to rest, looking out over the canyon and feeling physically and spiritually at one with the surrounding scene.

Picture Section 4: *The pictures below include some representative slides of the area and its flora, as well as of the field trip to Cliff Dwellers Pasture, the reconstruction of the kiva roof at site 42Sa863, the 1972 end-of-season departure from Camp Cottonwood, and my brief visit the following summer along with Karl Stice on our way to plant trees in southwest Colorado. The picture section is followed by an epilogue and a map of the Four Corners region, to which I have appended an addendum describing our September 2023 field school reunion in Monticello and Montezuma Canyon.*



These photos, taken sometime after the trip to Moon House, may give you a feel for the region. Some were shot in or near Cliff Dwellers Pasture. Top left is typical of the Entrada or Navajo sandstone in upper Montezuma Canyon and elsewhere in the area. I think this formation is fossilized crossbedded sand dunes. The sweat lodge looked to be recent, if not current, and the log and stone wall struck me as Nacireman, far rougher than the work of the Ancestral Puebloans. I remember taking the picture of the shadowed tree limb, which I found striking at the time, or maybe I'd just tripped over it. Note the small herd of cattle between the trees in the lower center of the bottom left picture. The bottom right picture is in Cliff Dwellers Pasture, in the Abajo Mountains.





Left, the arch in Cliff Dwellers Pasture. The ground sloped up to the arch and continued uphill once inside it.



Right, under the arch, looking toward its rear opening. You can make out two figures in the darkness. Bruce in the foreground and maybe Blaine Miller.

The remaining slides in this section cover roofing the kiva at site 42Sa863, my aside on desert flora, and the departure from field school.



Top left, Norm Steggell and Craig Harmon secure trees harvested for the kiva roof in site 42Sa863 to a trailer as Nan Card and Susan Steggell look on; Don may be to the left. Top right, Blaine prepares mortar as (maybe) Wes Carpenter adjusts the mixer. Middle left, Craig scans the logs on the kiva. The eight people in the background stripping bark may include Donna, Beth and Susan Steggell, Ellen, Don, and Nancy Carlton. Two other people are partially visible behind the wall to Craig's left (as in "How many animals are hidden in this picture?"). Middle right, Rita, foreground, Nan, and Dr Berge examine the bark layer topping the logs. The site, now called Three Kiva Pueblo, with this kiva further restored, is open to the public and accessible from the canyon road.

Looking down into the room we excavated pitching shovelfuls of fill over our shoulders into screens above our heads, struggling to keep up with Glenna, "the Idaho backhoe."



From my experiences in the Southwest, Israel, and Ellesmere Island (an Arctic desert), It's impossible for me to take desert wildflowers for granted. They are conspicuous in their presence or absence. These yucca (left) and beehive cactus blossoms (center) in the vicinity of camp differed greatly in appearance, but each had perfectly evolved to fill its niche in the environment, as were the pair of photo-bombing yellow desert sunflowers beside the yucca. The spring following field school, Pat and I left the continuing snow in Aspen Grove to accompany a BYU youth leadership class for a week studying and collecting wildflowers from Utah into Nevada, through Death Valley, across California to its northern coast, and back to Provo. Over time, I've dedicated a lot of slides to these little buggers. Truck a l'Orange and two BYU vans completed the trip despite some issues.

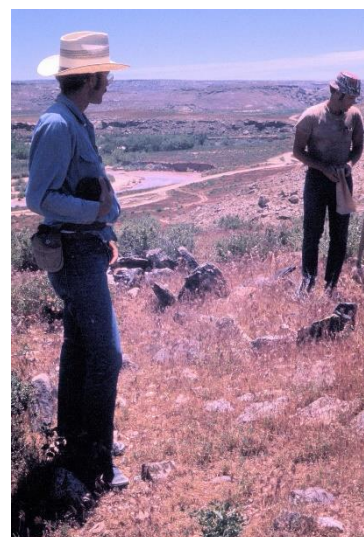


Leaving Camp Cottonwood, 1972: Speaking of issues with vehicles, left, Ellen and Dee stand by Truck a l'Orange and Dee's Chevy, probably during one of several breakdowns heading up canyon that evening. Right, on the highway enroute to Green River, this may have been after Dee's head gasket blew. Craig, Ellen, and Bruce appear to be watching as Dee cranks the engine.

The final slides are from 1973, when Karl Stice and I visited camp on our way to plant trees in southwest Colorado, including two pictures from the infamous field trip to Betatakin that I unintentionally derailed..



I joined in the survey work in the lower canyon, which was partially carried out from a moving jeep. In this blurred photo, which reflects our passage over the terrain, Ric is driving slowly as Bruce directs him from the hood and the rest of us scan over the sides.



One of the sites we found included these rings of standing stones, indicative of Basketmaker storage bins. Bruce and Blaine examine them and collect samples.



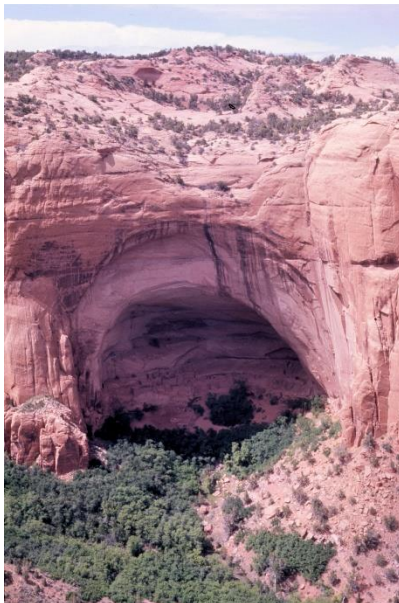
This ring of pricklypear cactus flowers is another site worthy of closer examination and consideration, but it's better and less painful to not collect samples.



That solitary butte on the horizon may have been the inspiration for my tempered hills.



Ric, Blaine, and Dee stand by the jeep at the entrance to camp.



Even from across the canyon, the ruins at Betatakin are impressive, maybe even more so as they fill the floor of the giant alcove. Unfortunately, we couldn't get a closer look. Rita, Blaine, and Bruce take in the view.



Looks like Karl, with the authority of Cap'n Crunch, is telling me it's time for the two of us to set sail. Apparently Bruce agrees.

As we make our way out of Montezuma Canyon, we stop to visit a few of the sites, like this pueblo tower ruin. This is the only picture of me in my slides.



I think Karl's looking to the east, toward Sleeping Ute Mountain, in the direction we are heading to plant trees.



These Navajo ponies barely take notice of a passing orange van...



that by now is pretty much a part of the ancient red hills.

Epilogue (the logue being either juniper or pinyon pine)

In the summer of 1974, again with Pat's encouragement, I furthered my amateur archaeological experience by joining Bruce for eight weeks at the excavation at Tel Sheva in Israel's Northern Negev Desert. He and several other BYU students were accompanying LeGrand Davies, a BYU and Tel Aviv University archaeology professor, in the sixth season of the dig. The tel, the archaeological mound marking the site of the ancient city of Be'er Sheva, rose high above the surrounding desert hills. Pat, pregnant with our first child, spent the summer working among the hills of San Francisco with her

mother, who had been relocated there from Maryland by her company. (Back in Wheaton, Pat's sister, still living in their mother's house, discarded our closeted belongings but missed the ones in the attic.) On the last day of the season in the field, as it often seems to happen, I made a startling discovery that would have to wait for the following year to fully uncover. Potentially it could have overturned competing theories held by the Israeli archaeologist running our dig and his professional rival, both of whom were esteemed in their field. The next year it turned out to be a bit of a red herring—although unlike the Nephri Stone, not planted by anyone—leaving the two archaeologists and their theories safely at odds.

In closing, I wrote the first draft of this memoir from memory, using Google for some fact and date verification. After further discussions with Rita and others, reading the anthology contributions as they began accumulating, and recovering my slides from my time at Camp Cottonwood, I was surprised to find that my memories, now fifty years old, were mostly correct, an indication of the profound effect my half summer there had on me. In particular, I was struck by Deanne Gurr Matheny's description of Dr Matheny's rationale for creating the camp and field school: *When Ray was hired at BYU, he wanted to establish a field school of archaeology where students could live in the same environment as had the ancient people they were studying. He wanted to provide a comfortable setting where students could enjoy learning without most of the distractions of modern life.*

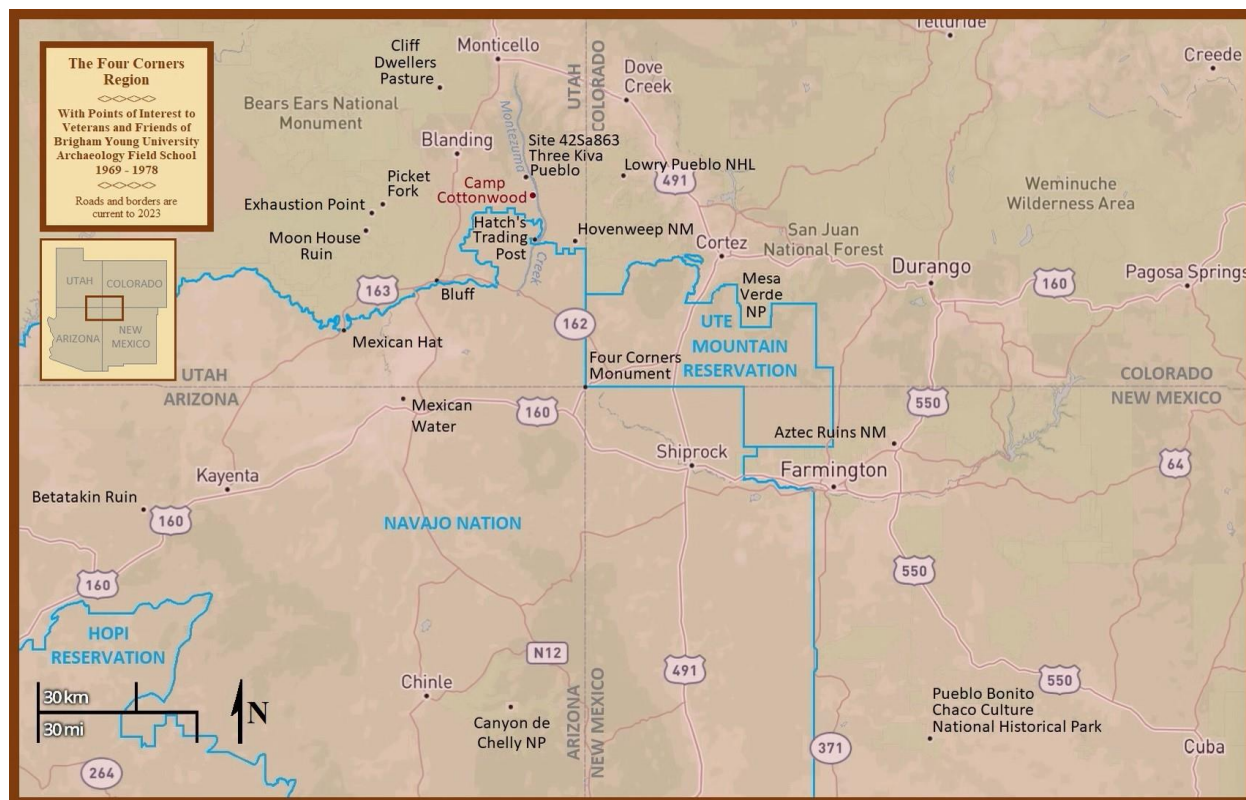
That was certainly true for me, my camp sojourn filling me with an increased appreciation of that environment and empathy for those Ancestral Puebloans. For that, I will be forever grateful to him. I am also grateful to the staff, students, and other residents of Camp Cottonwood that summer session, to Greg Patterson for getting me enrolled, and, of course, to my eternal companion, Pat, for proposing and supporting the whole endeavor. That said, if any of you from the field school family have read this far, consider this to be dedicated to you, too.

Finally, if you're still awake, yes, I did join the church, about three years after leaving Israel and after we moved out of Utah to Coronado, California. And yes, my archaeology experience was a supporting factor, but if you base a testimony on such, you build on fill, rather than solid rock.



At the intersection of different adventures in my life, this cartoon is from my book *Living Too Far North*, *Drawing Humor from a Winter in Alaska*, a commentary on cartoons I published during the 1986-87 school year that our by-then family of seven spent in rural Alaska. You can read it on my website at <https://tomduckandharry.com/living-too-far-north>.

Map of the Four Corners Region



This map (compiled on a base I copied from an online US Geological Survey map viewer) features locations highlighted in my memoir, state and Native American nation borders, and additional points of interest to field school alumni and staff, such as the major destinations for field trips and other activities. Many smaller locations could not be shown. For example, the Cedar Mesa area encompassing Moon House, Exhaustion Point, and Picket Fork contains too many such sites to plot them all. Similarly during the years that field school operated, participants surveyed and/or excavated a huge number of sites within Montezuma Canyon. A detailed map of the canyon is included in the Addendum below, which is based on one in the field school anthology. Although the canyon is not singled out above, its watercourse is, and rightly so, as Montezuma Creek was the force that created the canyon and provided the home for the Ancestral Puebloans of our study and in which we, too, lived, learned, labored, and played.

NOTE: An addendum describing the September 2023 reunion of field school alumni and staff in conjunction with our compiling the commemorative field school anthology follows, with four sections of pictures, mostly mine, plus a map of the reunion sites visited. There is also a fact sheet on the anthology.

Addendum

Archaeology Field School Reunion 2023: The Relics Revisit the Ruins

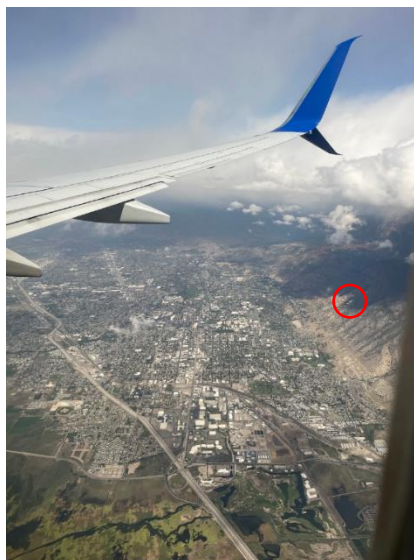
In conjunction with the production of the anthology commemorating the history of the BYU Archaeology Field School, now forty-seven to fifty-five years later, depending literally on who’s counting, eleven Camp Cottonwood veterans and five of their family members were able to gather for a reunion. My children convinced me that I should attend, and my son-in-law, Josh Ostraff, offered to accompany me in light of my own health issues. He would also be able to visit his family in Fairview, south of Provo. So, 9:30 am Saturday morning, September 23, 2023, found us in Monticello, Utah, assembling with the rest of the group outside the Rodeway Inn on US Route 191 where most of us were staying. [Yelp take note: If you’re planning a stay at that Rodeway Inn and you have a hankering for salt, make sure to bring your own. When asked for some, the manager declared unapologetically it was bad for you, and they didn’t provide any. There was black pepper despite some claims that it is a neurotoxin. While I’m at it, also note: The pictures below are mostly mine. If otherwise, they are so noted and/or used with permission.]

The largest reunion contingent from a single year was mine, 1972, comprised of then-students Blaine Miller, Don Miller (not related), Glenna Nielsen (Grimm), Rita Souther, and me. The remaining veterans included Judy Conner (Propper) (crew chief 1969), Grace Stitely (Duffy) (1969), Deanne Gurr (Matheny) (1971), Pam Wilder (Blaine Miller) (1971), Winston Hurst (1973), and Giovanni Tata (1977). Five of the alumni had also participated in subsequent years in other activities based at Camp Cottonwood, as lab supervisors and survey cooks, crews, and crew chiefs. Deanne’s failing health precluded her from joining us in most of our activities, and, sadly, less than a month later, on October 17, she passed away. Her daughters Julia and Nikki accompanied her to the reunion, as did Don’s wife Tamsin, Giovanni’s daughter Hannah, and, of course, my son-in-law Josh.

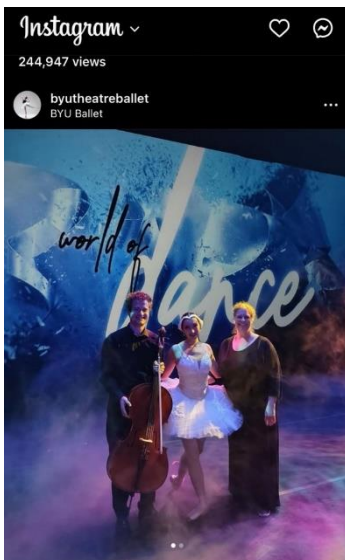
Josh and I had flown into Salt Lake City Thursday afternoon in time to get our rental pickup truck before heading south to Provo... well, in time to attempt to pick up the pickup, which I had reserved specifically to ensure better clearance on the canyon roads over the weekend. After waiting an hour or so with no surety of ever getting the truck, we settled for a small SUV at the same rate and with nominally better clearance than a sedan. With less time than originally planned, we headed south to Provo where we found a little family-owned Mexican restaurant specializing in tamales for dinner, made a quick visit to the Museum of Art at BYU, which was presenting works by Maynard Dixon selected from their collection, and headed over to the Marriott Center, where my granddaughter/Josh’s niece Isabella was performing “The Dying Swan” in BYU’s *World of Dance* spectacular. She was spectacular. Following the show and a brief visit with the alive and well swan, Josh drove us for another hour south to Fairview where we spent the night at his parents’ home and where Josh was able to visit with his grandmother.

The next morning we were on the road to Capitol Reef National Park, which lies within the 100-mile long Waterpocket Fold, to meet up with Josh’s youngest brother Ethan. As Josh drove, my just seeing the changing vistas of pinyon-studded hills, layered sandstone, and sculpted buttes was balm for the soul, not having been back to that part of Utah for a few decades. The small towns—Gunnison, Loa, Lyman, Bicknell, and so on—spaced like a handful of beads on a long string, invoked memories of past adventures and of a dear departed friend, Julia Anderson. We arrived at Ethan’s government housing, from where he took us in his pickup for a long backroad tour of the Cathedral Valley portion of the park. Then Josh and I were back on the highway for three more hours that included changing views of the mythical Bears Ears as we navigated southeasterly to a gap in Comb Ridge and pushed on to the unsalted inn where we would spend the next two nights.

Picture Section A1: *Pictures between Salt Lake City and Monticello, Utah, enroute to the reunion*



Approaching Salt Lake City from the south over Provo. Brigham Young University's block letter "Y" (highlighted) is visible in the cloud shadow on Y Mountain.



Granddaughter Isabella and her accompanists in "The Dying Swan," one of the numbers in BYU's *World of Dance* presentation.



Maynard Dixon's singular ability to capture the essence of Southern Utah is evident in this painting, *Diana's Throne*, in an exhibition of his works at the BYU Museum of Art that Josh and I viewed on Thursday evening after our arrival in Utah and prior to Isabella's performance.

Arriving at Josh's parents' home in Fairview late at night, we headed south the next morning through Maynard Dixon's country to Capitol Reef National Park to meet up with Josh's brother, Ethan. Just being back in the desert lifted my spirits. Through the car windows we got a progressive lesson in geology and geography, from irrigated fields hard against rock formations to upturned strata showing differential erosion to the small towns strung like beads along the road.



Even the least spectacular vistas held my gaze, so it was good Josh was driving. The terrain became more stratified and vertical as we approached Capitol Reef from the west, as you can see out Josh's side window. At Ethan's government housing in the park, the cliffs rose right across the street, top and bottom right, so close their tops were mostly blocked by the modest overhang of his porch.





Josh and I stand next to Glass Mountain enroute to Cathedral Valley in Capitol Reef National Park, with the tall Temple of the Sun and small Temple of the Moon in the background, outlier outcrops of Entrada sandstone. The "mountain" is a deposit of translucent gypsum crystals. All three of these formations are the result of softer materials having eroded around them, leaving them exposed. Ethan was wary of an annular solar eclipse scheduled to pass directly over the region soon after our visit, that threatened to bring hoards of people to this spot because of its sun-moon association. The mostly unpaved trail we drove to arrive here, not to mention the fragility of the desert environment, would not easily accommodate an overflow of enthusiasts in cars lacking sufficient road clearance.



This relatively smooth stretch of trail, left, accesses the Cathedrals, vertical sandstone ridges capped by a paler rock.

Ethan and Josh contemplate the Gypsum Sinkhole, right, an anti-Glass Mountain. A gypsum plug buried here dissolved over time, creating a cavity that collapsed, forming a 200-foot deep pit.



Hours and miles later, after leaving Ethan, Josh and I passed two controversial landmarks, left, an upper arm of Lake Powell almost empty from extended drought and oversubscribed water-use, and right, the crouching Bears Ears, iconic bellwether for a battle over government vs private land rights in Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument.



Farther south, we approached the great wall of Comb Ridge and the notch through which the road would pass, left, to which we ascended, below, and passed through, heading east to Blanding.



The view north from Blanding to Monticello was dominated by the Abajo Mountains and increasingly obscured by bug hits.



After shopping in Monticello, we headed to our motel in the fading light as my camera focused on the day's insect collection.

Saturday morning we found Blaine, Pam, and Rita at the salt-free ad hoc breakfast bar in the hotel lobby. Rita was the only field school classmate other than Bruce Verhaaren with whom I was still in touch, although I hadn't seen her for a few years. The remaining adventurers appeared from their rooms or arrived at the hotel prior to our 9:30 rendezvous time. In the interim I caught up a bit with Blaine, Don, and Glenna. I wanted to introduce myself to Giovanni Tata and ask him about his BYU job title, Director, Creative Works, and motioned Josh over to join me since his dad was an art professor at the Y, but before I could open my mouth, Josh told Giovanni that Josh had been in Giovanni's home. Josh's father, Joe, and Giovanni were friends through the school.

Winston, an alumnus and a denizen of the area, would be our guide for two days of touring significant archaeological sites, including some of our own excavations, and other places of interest. Once on the road, he led the way in his pickup south past the expanded precincts of Monticello and then turned left onto a deliberately unmarked gravel exit off the main highway. From that point on, his lead vehicle raised a rooster tail of dust to be eaten and enlarged by the rest of us. Still, the road surface seemed better than when I traveled the same route on my solo drive from Provo to Camp Cottonwood in July 1972—better as in less unimproved and with no extreme wash crossings or quick-mud flats—although I had forgotten the impressive drop in elevation from the highway to the canyon floor, some 1,400 feet in only a few miles, which I assume hadn't changed since field school. However, the upper reaches of the canyon now looked greener to me, in some places almost overgrown, unlike the sparse desertscape typical of southern Utah. This was due in part to the preceding winter and spring's heavy snow and rainfall, during which temporary new waterfalls appeared everywhere along the canyon walls. It looked like Montezuma Creek's arroyo had widened, especially farther downstream. In fact, we learned later that portions of some ancient sites had been washed away in the process, which reminded me of my sighting a fallen section of the arroyo wall that contained a burial when on survey in 1972.

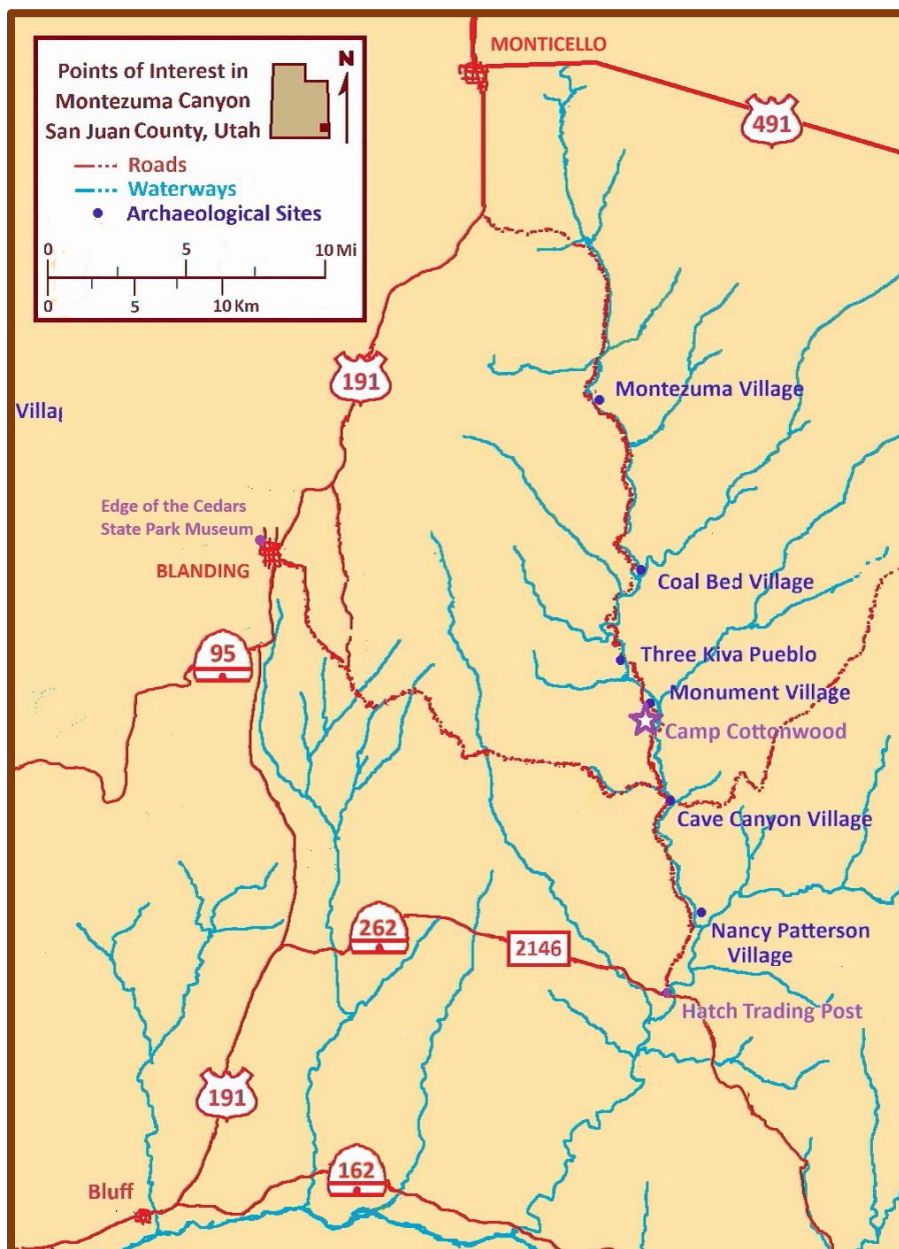
As we drove down the upper reaches of the canyon floor, the area also seemed to me to be almost densely populated—by local standards, that is—meaning I could see more than one habitation at a time, in some places one following another in quick succession. Modernity had also arrived, with handsome houses looking as if they had been planned, as opposed to settled over time. The formerly thinly distributed pickups were replaced by myriad up-to-date cars, trucks, and SUVs. Several of the numerous natural alcoves in the sandstone cliffs bordering the canyon, favored by the Ancestral Puebloans for some of their houses and granaries, now sheltered fuel tanks and trailers, sheds and storage structures, and even homes, indicated by walls and windows spanning the natural arched openings. Most startling to me was a commercial vineyard, with its rows of grapevines stretching away on both sides of the road. However, the profusion of local flora still included pinyon and juniper, rabbitbrush and creosote bush, and desert sunflower and thistle. To be sure, the area was still remote and sparsely populated in the normal sense of those words.

Our first stop was at the home and ranch headquarters of Hoot and Lyla Ransdell, longtime canyon residents and avid supporters of the local archaeological work. Hoot confirmed my thoughts that the arroyo had expanded significantly since the '70s, which he blamed on years of cattle grazing that had removed vegetation that would have slowed further erosion, supplemented by the past season's surprise precipitation. In 2021, the Ransdells, significant landowners in the canyon, transferred ownership of land containing the ruins of a major site now labeled Montezuma Village, minus their five-acre homesite, to the Archaeological Conservancy for long-term preservation. From their front porch, it was a short walk through a gate in a high barbed-wire fence onto the site. There, impossible to miss, sherds of broken pottery littered the ground underfoot, ranging in size from large pieces to fragments and varied in material, decoration, and the time period in which they had been created. Under the Antiquities Act

and/or other rules concerning public lands, unless you had a permit, any artifacts found, including the ubiquitous potsherds, were only to be examined and left in place.

Winston pointed out various pits, mounds, and wall remnants, identifying them as once having been kivas, a multistoried great house, and other structures. A few of us, not including me, were already familiar with the site. Dr Matheny had been instrumental in first surveying and excavating this large Ancestral Puebloan village, including some pioneering survey work by small plane. I was told some of his ashes had been scattered there at an earlier reunion. This morning Deanne, his widow and former field school student and staff member, had been too weak to accompany us on our tour of the canyon, but her daughters drove her down later to visit the Ransdells, who were good friends of theirs.

Picture Section A2: Montezuma Canyon map and Reunion Day 1 through Montezuma Village



This map features sites visited during the first day of the reunion, plus the Edge of the Cedars State Park Museum the next morning. From there a small contingent traveled to Cedar Mesa to look down on the cliff-embedded ruins at Picket Fork, off this map some 26 or so miles southwest of Blanding.

I traced features from Scott Ure's map in the anthology to create the base for this map. The archaeological sites are limited to those related to the reunion. Road indications are questionable, especially off the numbered routes, as are many of the waterways where I tried to trace what appeared to be the upper reaches of canyons. If these exist and do have water, it's likely only seasonal. The main channel of Montezuma Creek, running south through the reunion sites and beyond Hatch Trading Post, and the east-to west bed of the San Juan River which the creek intersects at the bottom of the map are fairly accurate.



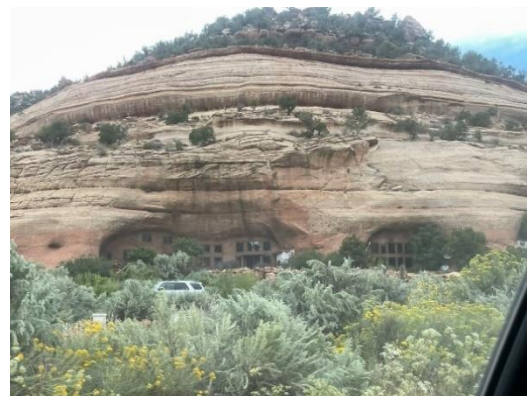
Saturday, September 23, 2023, "We few, we aging few," the Relics Revisit the Ruins Tour officially kicks off under the awning of the Rodeway Inn in Monticello, Utah. Kneeling, L to R, Don Miller, Glenna Nielsen-Grimm, Julia Matheny. Standing, L to R, David Mudrick, Grace Stitely Duffy, Josh Ostraff, Hannah Tata, Rita Souther, Giovanni Tata, Pam Wilder Miller, Blaine Miller, Winston Hurst, Judy Conner Propper (holding the anthology draft), and Nikki Matheny. Absent from the picture but shown in the insets are Deanne Gurr Matheny, top, recovering from illness, who joined us for dinner and for the visit to the Edge of the Cedars State Park Museum the following day, and Don's wife, Tamsin Miller, bottom, who took the group picture and Deanne's. I'm not sure who took Tamsin's but it was in her picture file.



Winston's white pickup, two vehicles ahead, led our little caravan south out of town. He suddenly turned left onto the unmarked, unpaved canyon road and kicked up a rooster tail of dust. Being third wasn't too bad, but it got progressively worse for the rest.



For longer than I remembered fifty-one years later, the road dropped in a series of sharp switchbacks and steep descents, as the canyon rim and the highway we had left rose higher and higher above us.



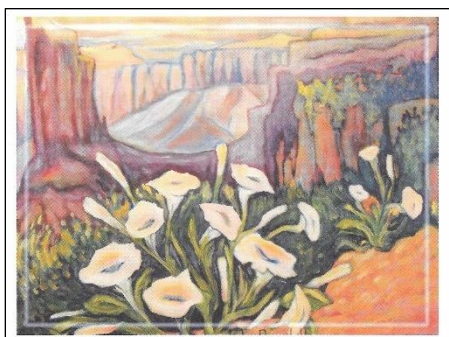
The Entrada and/or Navajo sandstone strata forming the upper canyon walls and found throughout the region supported the formation of alcoves, which provided a sort of prehistoric climate control for the early inhabitants of the area. Perhaps first employed as shelter, eventually permanent structures such as granaries, homes, and entire settlements were constructed within their protective ceilings. In the canyon today, on private land, modern homes, garages, and other facilities echo their ancient predecessors, perhaps proving that even across subsequent eras the more things change, the more they stay the same.



Along with the expanded population, other obvious changes to the physical environment included excessive greenery for this arid locale—maybe not so arid, partially due to the preceding year’s unprecedented snowfall and melt. This may have contributed to increased erosion of Montezuma Creek’s arroyo and affected the vineyard straddling the road to our east, left, and west, right.



As I was writing this, I decided to look up the vineyard and found the website for Montezuma Canyon Ranch & Vineyards, LLC, which contained the aerial photo above (© 2024, Montezuma Canyon Ranch & Vineyards, LLC). It looks north up canyon toward where we entered. The land has changed, at least superficially, but Mother Nature is never fully compliant. Their website relates that a catastrophic freeze in the winter of 2021-22 caused their vines to die back to the ground, from which they are recuperating. Not sure if the recent wet weather would have been helpful or harmful. You can see the arroyo winding its way south from upstream, center left, behind the line of trees, to the right side of the photograph.



Our first stop was at the Ransdells’ ranch headquarters and home, which stood next to a large quonset hut, upper left, that was kind of an inverse copy of the sandstone alcoves, a metal “outie” vs the rock “innies.” We visited with Lyla and Hoot, center (Tamsin’s photo), on their spacious porch, upper right, then walked behind their house and through a gate in a high barbed-wire fence into the adjacent site of Montezuma Village. The Ransdells’ primary home is in Fruitland, New Mexico, so we were fortunate to see them here. Lyla is an accomplished artist, and she and Josh, a college studio-art professor, talked about art and art education. She gifted him with a pack of note cards featuring some of her artwork, which she also sells locally at the gift store run by the vineyards. To me her style is whimsical and informed, true to her desert home, as illustrated by this card, “Jimson Weed,” left (© Lyla Ransdell, 2017).



Under darkening skies, worrisome but blocking the hot sun, we walked through scrub to the mounds and pits comprising the remaining exposed features of the South Great House at Montezuma Village. Some of us, with canes, walking sticks, and poles in hand, navigated more carefully than others.



Winston, pointing down, describing the site to Glenna, Rita, Judy, Blaine, and Josh. This "village" was once a major population center in the canyon.



My compromised balance, above, forced me to look down at potsherds of which Josh's photos, below, provide a sampling.



Back in the day, I might have identified this as PIII black-on-white ware, but I'd be making it up like I am now. The ability to classify and date these artifacts is an important key to labeling sites correctly.



Is this or is there a PIII black-on-white ware?



This is corrugated ware, used for domestic purposes. The coils building up the pot are left unsmoothed but are crimped together with a burnishing tool or finger. Sometimes fingerprints are visible in the clay. Sometimes you can't make this stuff up.

Surgeon General's Warning: I feel compelled to remind you to take any archaeological references herein with a doubtful heart and a whether eye (as opposed to weather eye), as in whether or not there could be anything accurate in them.



Speaking of weather, maybe we had a drop or two of rain before the sky lightened and we set off south again, but not enough to clean the dust-and-dead-bug medium on the windshield, left and right. So, on to Coal Bed Village, our next destination.

The next stop farther down the road on the relics-visit-the-ruins tour was the archaeological site of Coal Bed Village. The following passage from an informative sign at the rustic parking area provides a brief introduction to the site:

This large Ancestral Puebloan community center is now referred to as Coal Bed Village. Hundreds of people lived here when the village flourished around 1150-1250 CE. It may have been the center of a broader community in this part of Montezuma Canyon and part of a larger political network. During this period, the climate became hotter and drier. It became harder to farm on the high mesas. People moved into canyons like this that had good access to water and formed strong community bonds.

A short hike with some uphill stretches led us from our vehicles to an ancient entrance plaza, probably used for ceremonies, which contained the remnants of a wide staircase bordered by a row of standing stones. From there the site wrapped around the hillside flanks of a small butte. Much of the site had eroded away due to its position on a slope overlooking the creek, but in what remained, archaeologists found the ruins of two great houses, kivas, and other structures. A steep trail which we didn't have time to follow led to the top of the butte, which Winston reported contained an additional ruin.

Our aging crew had various abilities and disabilities, with some of us being more agile and sure footed than others. I surprised myself by being able to keep up with Winston, despite my cane and the loss of the balance center in one ear. We each knew our limitations and acted accordingly, although these were people who in field school and in their careers in archaeology had scaled cliffs and dropped into precariously located sites in the course of their work. I, too, had had some similar experience climbing and spelunking, including a 140-foot free rappel into Hell Hole, an infamous sinkhole in West Virginia, but those days were in my ancient past. Josh accompanied me on this trip in part to drive the long distances, as well as ensure my safe passage across the airports with their interminable terminals.

Winston showed us USGS LIDAR images of the region that indicated a great number of previously unidentified ancient constructions, including extensive ritual roads and vast areas with agricultural berms and other water and erosion control structures, stretching into the Chaco Canyon area of influence toward Mesa Verde far to the east. Such an infrastructure would have been necessary to support the population indicated by the size and number of sites found in Montezuma Canyon and the surrounding area. These discoveries may revolutionize our understanding of the Ancestral Puebloan environment. Winston has presented some of his findings and I assume will continue to do so in the future.

After returning to the parking area to lunch on our bag lunches—Josh and I had sandwiches purchased that morning from the Subway in Monticello—our caravan continued down Montezuma Canyon. We stopped briefly to observe the stone and adobe structures of Honeycomb and Bradford Canyon Ruins, perched in the cliff faces above us, from the road. The next full stop was at Three Kiva Pueblo, the renamed and partially restored site 42Sa863 that we excavated over the years of field school. The BLM had replaced our roof on Kiva 1 with a more robust one capable of supporting a stream of visitors... or at least a steady trickle, considering the relative remoteness of Montezuma Canyon. Returning to the site after fifty-one years was less surprising than I might have expected, partly because I had recently seen YouTube videos of the area including a visit to the kiva. The second restoration of the kiva had been thorough and substantial. After descending the permanent ladder through the square opening in the roof, we could see the thick logs forming the cribbing that supported the remainder of the ceiling. The niches and other ritual features stood out in the light coming in from overhead.

We took group photos on the roof, after which people wandered the site to identify and examine areas where they had labored in the past, shoveling fill into screens or brushing a newly exposed packed-earth

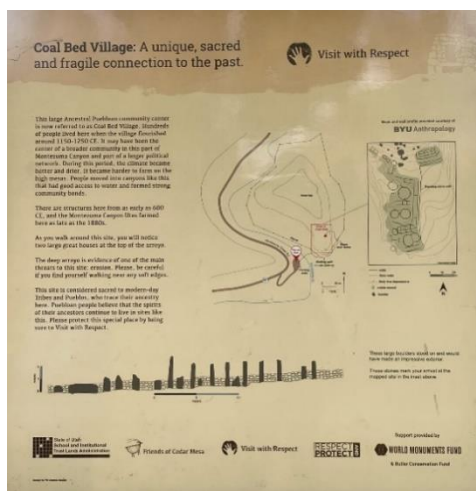
floor or running to push a wheelbarrow up a board to dump excavated earth onto a growing mound away from the site, all the while battling whatever Nature had to throw at us, from fire ants to heat stroke. Only the top courses of the stone wall enclosing Room #5, which Glenna, I, and others had dug down to where we had to pitch shovelfuls backward over our heads remained above ground, the room having been refilled to stabilize the kiva on the other side of the wall. It is a common practice to rebury excavations that are not being left exposed for some other purpose.

A short drive downstream from Three Kiva Pueblo brought us to the large meander in Montezuma Creek that had formerly defined three sides of Camp Cottonwood. The enclosed area still contained a large stand of cottonwood trees, but several of the more venerable ones had succumbed to the inevitable triumph of gravity. The buildings and other indications of what had stood there were gone, having been removed or auctioned off after the final season of field school. Only the valves capping the artesian wellhead remained. Once more we lapsed into reminiscent pointing and speculating—"The lab was... here!"—accompanied by the taking of more individual and group photographs.

After a sufficient and respectful time, we mounted up and continued south through the widening southern reaches of the canyon. I recognized some of the features from my slides and remembered others, like the triangular-rectangular high-tension-line towers that fifty years ago I likened to a battalion of giant kachinas marching in well-spaced single file across the landscape. We stopped briefly and stood by the road to identify an intervening canyon, farther up which lay the "rainmaker" petroglyph I discussed in the 1972-73 memoir. The next stop-and-point spot at the site of Cave Canyon Village, which was comprised of two components, the Basketmaker on a mound on our side of the road and the Puebloan on the other side. We had time to visit neither and shortly moved on to stop on the road once again opposite the large, privately owned site named Nancy Patterson Village, which lay on a hill across Montezuma Creek. It had been excavated by archaeologists and exploited by pothunters. Our last stop for the day was the more recent historic site of Hatch Trading Post, closed for years but allegedly being restored by a new owner, where we broke out bottles of cream soda brought along for the trip in memory of the Old Red Eye brand once sold there. The interior, to which we had access through Winston, who got a key from the owners, was new to me as on my only previous trip to Hatch's, we had arrived after closing time and then dropped our right front wheel into a ditch on the way back to camp. A brief pow-wow determined that the position of the descending sun indicated our need to return to Monticello in time to prepare for our group dinner that night. The drive west to the main highway, then north through Blanding to Monticello gave us different perspectives of Comb Ridge, the Bears Ears, the Abajo Mountains, and the Sleeping Ute, each backlit or illuminated by the lowering sun depending on whether they lay to our west, north, or east.

We dispersed to our various rooms and lodgings to shake off the palpable canyon dust and wash for dinner. Like the missing salt, the hotel swimming pool was unavailable to aid our efforts, "closed for maintenance," which I suspected was scheduled to end at some yet to be determined far future date, but no doubt not filled with salt water. We reconvened that evening at the Granary Bar and Grill in the Grist Mill Inn just off the road that ran east from town to the Colorado border. Our obsequious server, Charles, I think, spent the first ten or fifteen minutes taking down the individual orders from our group members who now numbered eighteen. I would have liked to have been able to hear the band we had passed on our way to our larger dining room, which was playing an old folk-country standard as we were ushered through the bar. The menu was limited and the fare passible, with conversation mostly only possible with our closest neighbors due to the length of the table we occupied. Poor Winston, a seemingly gentle, retiring soul, was seated to my right and therefore subject to my relatively uneducated questions about archaeology and an occasional obscure joke, although I tempered my repartee on his behalf. Deanne and her daughters arrive a bit after the rest of us, who were all heartened that she was able to attend.

Picture Section A3: Coal Bed Village through the end of Reunion Day 1



Left, at Coal Bed Village's rude parking area, Blaine, Pam, and Judy read an informative sign, that, center, shows a walk of about 1,000 ft across the creekbed to the entrance of the site, where there is a wall alignment of standing stones, called megaliths, right (photo by Tamsin Miller). I photographed the sign because I decided it might help later, as in this memoir.



In this patchwork panorama, above, extracted from a video clip, Blaine is near the megaliths; Pam, Glenna, and Judy are listening to Winston's description of the site; and Rita, Tamsin, and Don are viewing things in three directions. The site was significantly larger than this.

Not far off to the right of Don, above, where Tamsin might have been looking, Josh, right, is either viewing or photographing what looks like a line of potsherds or maybe making an offering to the god of canyon roads that nothing would tear a hole in the undercarriage of our not-a-pickup truck rental car.

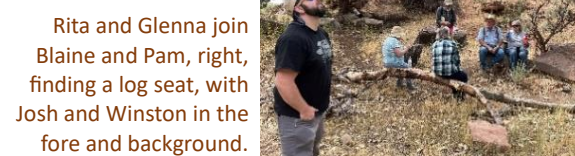
Left, much of the site lay along a deep arroyo and was succumbing to erosion, dropping into the creek bed beyond these foreground ruins.



Winston shares LIDAR images, below, indicating previously unimagined Puebloan agricultural and ritual road development. Giovanni looks on, left, as he describes some area specifics.



Left, we spread out for lunch on the hill overlooking the parking area. Notice the site sign in the background.



Rita and Glenna join Blaine and Pam, right, finding a log seat, with Josh and Winston in the fore and background.



Enroute to Three Kiva Pueblo, we stopped to view some cliff dwellings, above, at the junction of Bradford and Montezuma Canyons. Another party was in the parking lot in the background, so we remained in a pullout at the side of the road.



At the entrance to Three Kiva Pueblo—the name given to site 42Sa836 by the BLM—Don and Tamsin, left, and the 1972 alumni, Don, Rita, Glenna, Blaine, and me, right. We were all in Steve Hayes' excavation crew, which stabilized the site and roofed Kiva 1. (Photos from, if not both by Tamsin Miller)



Left, the field school alumni with the exception of Deanne pose atop Kiva 1: Left to right, Judy, Grace, Pam, Winston, Blaine, David, Rita, Glenna, Don, and Giovanni (photo by Josh). Note the up-canyon vista. The BLM reconstructed the roof to literally support tourism. Below left, Rita stows her walking stick and trademark floppy hat to descend the ladder into the kiva. Below center, you can see the beams and cribbing supporting the roof over Josh and Giovanni. Below right, Winston, Glenna, Blaine, and Pam at the north wall, I think. If so, the overlay outlines Room #5, which I think is the one Glenna, I, and others excavated over our heads in 1972 and which was then refilled to stabilize the kiva.





The alumni band has returned to Camp Cottonwood, or at least to the location of the once historic and now mythic Camp Cottonwood. There's not much obvious physical evidence of its existence at the site, most of it having been above ground level and subsequently packed up and carted away or auctioned off and removed. I suspect that below the surface there was less presence than the footprint of a prehistoric pit house. The natural site was recovering, and some of the larger cottonwood trees had toppled during the intervening fifty or so years. We speculated on what had been where, not always agreeing (photo by Tamsin Miller).



The artesian well head, right, was the only remaining tangible camp artifact I could find and probably one of the few locations we might all agree on.



Rita found a bleached skull that might be bovine or cervid (deer), so we'll accept the most logical answer, extraterrestrial.



I took this picture to have at least one with our two photographers Judy, left most, and Tamsin, next, cameras at hand, but neither looked this way. Blaine, Don, Glenna, Winston, and Pam complete the sweep to the right.



After a respectful period of time, with the site going back to Nature, "breeding sunflowers out of the dead land," left, and with no Jane from which to view Rita's unnamed hill, below, it was time to saddle up and wheeze on down the road, right.



On the way to Hatch Trading Post, we stopped a couple times to view sites from the road. Left, Glenna points to the Basketmaker component of Cave Canyon Village, where she was a crew chief in 1976. The Puebloan component lay on the other side of the road. Similarly, farther down the highway, Nancy Patterson Village, right, a large, privately owned site, lay across the unpaved canyon road and beyond Montezuma Creek. I remembered hearing about mechanized pothunting at the site during my brief return in 1973. I also remembered the single-file march of the kachina-like power-line towers, center, that crossed our path between Cave Canyon and Nancy Patterson. I may not have been the only one who thought much about it, especially if there was an archaeological survey of the planned route, but I'm pretty sure no one else wanted a picture of them.



At Hatch's, Winston had a key from the current owners, who have plans to resurrect it in some form. From somewhere a dog barked the whole time. Above left, Giovanni, Hannah, and Tamsin head inside. Above right, Grace is beguiled by the old horseshoe-studded bench and happily succumbs, right.

Inside, old display cases and goods are reminiscent of past times, but not for me, as my one trip to Hatch arrived after closing. Outside again, we rescued Grace and drank a toast with bottled cream soda brought for the occasion to the Old Red Eye once sold there.



Leaving Hatch's, we drive west, far left, toward Comb Ridge and the Bears Ears, to intersect US-191, then north toward Blanding, left, with the Sleeping Ute in Colorado on our right to the east, and on to Monticello and dinner.

Sunday morning we gathered at Edge of the Cedars State Park Museum on the west side of Blanding. Josh and I had started for there early, after packing and checking out. As we drove south from Monticello, we noted the unmarked left-hand entrance to Montezuma Canyon Road we had negotiated only a day before but an adventure later and watched the Bears Ears, which were poking above the horizon, this time on our right, track us for miles. We arrived in Blanding with plenty of time to make our scheduled rendezvous, so we did a quick tour. Blanding surprised me with its vitality. My former association with it was admittedly limited, but it seemed then to be a dusty Mormon desert ranch and farm town, with a bit of a locals-versus-archaeologists attitude. I use the term Mormon fully aware that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has asked that its members, the press, and others no longer refer to it by that name, which I use in the same way as Anasazi, in the context of its time. It was a label coined by enemies of the church, although that spirit has diminished over the years, similarly to the Navajo term Anasazi for their "ancient enemies" being applied to the ancestors of today's Pueblo peoples instead of a label in tune with their own prehistory.

Blanding seemed now to embrace its prehistory, as well as its future. The sign for the Blanding Visitors Center sported an Ancestral Pueblo motif. Welcome banners from Utah State University Blanding Campus hung from the streetlamps that lined the main road. Therein lay another story, with the town's church-member founders in 1897 envisioning a future higher educational resource, not only for their children but also for the Native American children in the region. That dream struggled to become reality over the next eight decades but appeared in 1977 as the fledgling Blanding extension of the College of Eastern Utah, then centered in Price, eventually to become part of USU, which is responsible for education in rural regions of the state. BYU was a contributor to an earlier effort, and Winston, Blanding born and raised, had co-founded the White Mesa Institute, which brought in notable outside university authorities during their off seasons, as part of the CEU educational offerings.

The Edge of the Cedars State Park Museum, a "Museum of Native American Culture and Art with an emphasis on the Ancestral Pueblo Culture" according to its Facebook page, was the embodiment of that spirit, as well, celebrating the ancients in an attractive, educational, and professional manner. It housed an impressive collection of artifacts and presentations on the prehistory of Four Corners and its peoples. It also showcased contemporary art and cooperative efforts with the local communities. Winston led our tour, speaking authoritatively on the artifacts, having excavated a number of them himself or otherwise being familiar with their discovery and significance. He and other field school alumni had contributed significantly to the development of the museum. Coincidentally, I recently learned from a friend in our ward in Reston, Hugh Redd, that his own family, long-term Blanding residents, had donated many artifacts to the museum following the tightening of controls over the disposition and ownership of antiquities. A partially restored great house complex lay on the museum grounds and included an accessible kiva similar to ours at Three Kiva Pueblo. Informative signage spoke to important aspects of what we were seeing and its larger context. At 6,100 feet elevation, although 1,000 feet lower than Monticello, the museum grounds offered an impressive panoramic view in all directions.

Several of us, including Josh and me, departed the reunion from the museum to begin our return home. Winston led those remaining, Grace, Judy, Don, and Tamsin, to Cedar Mesa some thirty miles to the west and up not quite impassible roads to look down onto the cliff dwellings at Picket Fork tucked under the overhanging rimrock and now unreachable in our present stage of life. Josh and I had agreed to forgo that last excursion to allow us to arrive in Fairview in time for dinner with his family and to give him more time with his grandmother Nola. She had been declining in health rapidly and, in fact, died about six weeks after our visit. Her condition was one reason that Josh had accompanied me on the trip, although he was also keen on visiting the archaeological sites and learning more about that field from the ground

up... and down. He returned to Utah afterward to attend her funeral, but he was grateful to have been able to spend this additional time with her while she was still alive and cognizant, as was I, who had visited her and others of Josh's family over the years.

We took a different route back to Fairview that would definitely be more trafficked than our Friday trip via Capitol Reef, and not just because of weekend traffic. The road ran north through the heavily commercialized strip connecting Moab and the entrance to Arches National Park, then on to meet I-70 at Crescent Junction. In 1970, I had used that intersection as an excuse to exit from a promising east-bound ride while hitchhiking to Boulder, Colorado, on my way back to Maryland after visiting Pat in Provo. The east-west road then, prior to the completion of I-70, was US Rt 6. I had gotten the ride around Green River and was sharing the back seat with a couple also hitchhiking, when the front-seat passenger said to the driver, "I wonder whose car this is." He opened the glove compartment and read the registration, "Dr [so and so], Portland, Oregon," which he then tossed out the window. They had stolen the car there and were now proceeding at a rapid rate east toward Denver. Figuring they would sooner or later be stopped by the Utah Highway Patrol, I announced that I had a sudden hankering to visit the recently established Canyonlands National Park south of Crescent Junction, which we were approaching. With mixed feelings I watched them disappear into the desert to the east, abandoning hope of reaching Boulder by sunset. In fact, it wouldn't happen until a full day later. I was stuck there for the next two hours trying to flag down another ride, including a UHP cruiser that had been parked up the highway watching me for a half hour. They roared by. Traffic was almost nonexistent. The very occasional freight train rumbling past on the Denver and Rio Grande Western (Dirty Rotten Going West) tracks that ran parallel to Rt 6 and the Book Cliffs to the north were almost as frequent as the cars heading east. I occupied myself by singing over and over the words of a recently released Charlie Pride song about hitchhiking, "Is anybody goin' to San Antone or Phoenix, Arizona?" only he was dealing with wind and rain while I was standing in the hot sun.

Flashback over, Josh and I stopped briefly at the classic (as in old and funky) gas station at the junction before driving west on the interstate past Green River, where we turned northwest on the liberated US Rt 6 toward Price, the reverse route I hitchhiked fifty-three years before. Less than an hour later, we exited that road to head southwest to Huntington, then northwest to Fairview, following a lovely route through the mountains. Fall was not far off, and the first changes of color, crimson stands of scrub oak and maple and golden groves of quaking aspen, were appearing on the slopes above and around us. Josh pointed out an area where he and his dad had shot an elk. Within two months of our flight home, Josh would return to Fairview for his grandmother Nola's funeral, sometime after which, he and his dad would take down another elk in the same area to provide meat for the coming winter. By late afternoon we descended Fairview Canyon into the Sanpete Valley to Josh's parents' home. Monday morning we drove to Provo, where I was able to visit Bruce Verhaaren in his home, his health having prevented him from attending the reunion. His memories were sharp although his movements were unsteady. Josh took a parting photo of Bruce and me before we set out for Salt Lake City and the airport, the rental-car return, and the gates of security.

In closing I want to express my admiration for the field school alumni and staff I have known personally or only by name or through myth. I'm impressed by what I hear of your lives and accomplishments since field school, within or without archaeology, and the contributions you have made to your communities and world. For example, I'm sure the awakening of public interest throughout San Juan County in its ancient history and the desire to ensure its preservation, as well as the appearance and development of resources like prehistory and history related state parks and museums, were due in more than a small part to the efforts and legacy of our alumni. When Dr Matheny established Camp Cottonwood in a remote canyon tucked into a corner of Southern Utah, he set in motion effects that continue to reverberate

throughout the region and the world at large. I am extremely grateful to him for my having been present back then, as I am now to you who organized and executed the reunion and to Josh for making it possible for me to attend. My heart is fuller for new friendships and the rekindling of old ones while saddened by the loss of Deanne Matheny and Nola Ostraff. Still, I am comforted and restored by remembering my past and recent passages through the everlasting mesas and canyons, where some of my heart will always remain. (Apparently, part of my mind is still stuck in Crescent Junction, as well.)

— David Mudrick, July 11, 2024

Picture Section A4: Reunion Day 2 and our return home



Sunday morning, above, off our right side, the Bears Ears tracked our progress south to Blanding, center, where the town has embraced its prehistory, in no small part due to the work of various BYU Archaeology Field School alumni, and, in particular, Blanding born-and-raised Winston, right.



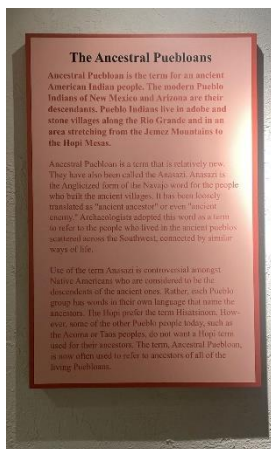
We rendezvoused, left, outside the Edge of the Cedars State Park Museum, center, with its evocative regional architecture, to await its opening, where Grace and Don, right, inadvertently startle one of Rita's extraterrestrials crouching among the outdoor sculpture.



Inside, we viewed exhibits from one of the largest collections of Ancestral Puebloan artifacts in the Four Corners area, any item from which Winston, right, seemed able to elucidate or may have had a hand in its excavation or acquisition.



Deanne's daughters, left, Nikki and Julia, stand behind a black-on-white canteen. A PIII one? (Photo by Judy)



The exhibits and signage provided a comprehensive educational resource. The case, far left, is interactive through a special workstation. The sign, left, is about the change in terminology from Anasazi to Ancestral Puebloans I've discussed in this memoir. I'm sure it's more accurate than me.

Is Don, in the background, photographing Tamsin instead of the reverse?



Left, Julia and Nikki follow Rita, Winston, Grace, and Tamsin outside to the next stop on our museum tour, a partially reconstructed Great House and kiva (photo by Judy). Informative signs are scattered throughout discussing site-specific and regional topics.



Above right, the interior of the kiva is illuminated by the light coming through the roof opening. The wall is partially plastered in mud, for example, behind and to the left of the ladder, reminiscent of Moon House, where we could see the fingerprints of the ancient plasterers. Note the amount of lumber required for this kiva's construction. Overtime, the pressure of harvesting trees for raising buildings, fuel, heating and whatever else took its toll on the environment.



From atop the kiva, Blanding lies to the west and southwest behind Blaine, Winston, and Pam, left. The Abajos rise to the north behind Josh, right. A commanding view in all directions may have been a reason for placing the Great House here.



Deanne had arrived at Edge of the Cedars with her daughters but was too weak to accompany the tour. In this photo, taken there by Tamsin, she holds up a draft copy of the anthology, into which she poured so much of her expertise, memories, and precious remaining time. She is flanked left and right by Judy and Grace, who were the other principals responsible for bringing the project to completion. As Josh and I and several others departed from the museum and the reunion, we didn't know this would be the last time we would see her.

As we headed north, we happened to come up behind Glenna's red car, below, which we recognized from our caravanning in the canyon.



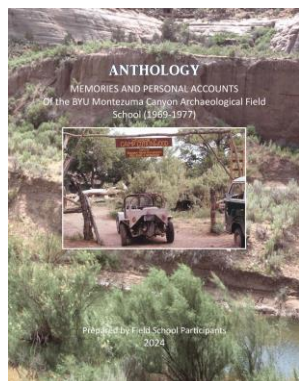
We passed an interesting array of geologic formations, including this outlier, left, that seems to mimic the state-highway beehive signs, and a sturdy road-side arch, above.

The weekend congestion around Moab and Arches National Park slowed us a bit but thinned before we reached Crescent Junction, right, where I couldn't resist a selfie with this strange looking individual. (I'm talking about the car.) Still a remote intersection in the middle of the desert as when I drove and hitchhiked through in 1970, the junction's traffic has increased since Arches' changed status from National Monument to Park and the completion of Interstate 70 to its termination at I-15 at Cold Fort. We stayed on I-70 only as far as Green River, where half a century ago we left Dee Hardy to await his car, turned northwest, trailing a pair of motorcyclists, below left. Fall began to appear as we ascended into the mountains, starting with stands, then hillsides, of quaking aspen turning gold and crimson scrub oak and maple, below left and center.



We descended to Fairview, where Josh was reunited with his family and failing grandmother, above right. His young niece Wren's presence took the edge off the impending future. Next day, after breakfast, on to Provo, where Josh photographed what may be the last reprise of Rocky and Bullwinkle, left, in the guise of me and Bruce Verhaaren. Then, the Provo kachina power-pole battalion passed in front of Mt Timpanogos, right, to bid us farewell as we departed for Salt Lake City and home.





Anthology Artifacts: Cover, Citation, Link, and Contents

Matheny, D.G., Propper, J.C., et al., *Anthology: Memories And Personal Accounts of the BYU Montezuma Canyon Archaeological Field School (1969-1977)*, BYU Museum of Peoples and Cultures, Provo, Utah, 2024 (unpublished manuscript).

https://drive.google.com/file/d/1vT1Vl94COzqHzJR7yQFD920gxcE5en8t/view?usp=drive_link

This link is temporary, so download the file if it works. If not, message me for help through my website at <https://tomduckandharry.com/contact-us-1>

TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. INTRODUCTION (Deanne Matheny, Judy Propper) 1	10. 1976 FIELD SEASON (Glenna Nielsen) 315
1969 Map of Montezuma Canyon 2	11. 1977 FIELD SEASON (Wayne Howell) 323
Organization and Objectives of the Anthology 8	The Strafing Run (Wayne Howell) 326
Map of the Four Corners Region 9	The Backhoe Incident (Wayne Howell) 327
List of Field School Participants 10	12. 1978 FIELD SEASON – CLOSING UP CAMP (Deanne Matheny, Diana Christensen) 331
Interview with Dr. Matheny (Dick Miller) 16	13. SUMMARY OF FIELD SCHOOL INVESTIGATIONS 337
2. CAMP COTTONWOOD MEMORIES 21	42Sa863, Three Kiva Pueblo (Don Miller) 337
The Development of Camp Cottonwood (Deanne Matheny) 21	42Sa971, 971N, Monument Village (Judy Propper) 349
Field School Vehicles (Deanne Matheny) 31	42Sa2096, 42Sa2756, Cave Canyon Village (Wayne Howell, Glenna Nielsen) 361
Field Trips (Don Miller, Judy Propper) 41	Montezuma Canyon Surveys (Judy Propper) 379
Hatch Trading Post (Judy Propper) 55	14. MONTEZUMA CANYON RESEARCH PRODUCTS 387
The Initiation Ceremony (Judy Propper) 58	15. FRIENDS OF THE FIELD SCHOOL 391
Spiders, Snakes and Tularemia (Grace Stitely) 68	Jim Walker (Deanne Matheny) 391
Water Fights (Grace Duffy) 72	Dee F Green (Judy Propper) 396
The Earnie Awards (Judy Propper) 75	Dale Berge (Don Miller) 398
Ray Matheny and Flying (Deanne Matheny) 81	Merlin G. Myers (Don Miller) 402
3. 1969 FIELD SEASON (Judy Propper) 95	Dick Smith (Judy Propper) 407
Larry Davis Recalls the First Field Season (Judy Propper) 104	Keith Hooker (Deanne Matheny) 408
The Day We Almost Burned the Field School Down (Judy Propper) 106	Martin B. Hickman (Deanne Matheny) 409
Preparations for the First Field School (Grace Duffy) 107	M. Wells Jakeman (Deanne Matheny) 411
1969 Initiation Ceremony (Kathy Malley) 108	Ross T. Christensen (Deanne Matheny) 413
Pothunters! (Judy Propper) 110	The Daltons, Ransdells and Hatches (Winston Hurst) 415
Judi Davis's Birthday (Judy Propper) 112	16. FIELD SCHOOL REUNIONS (Judy Propper) 419
Trail Ride to Keet Seel (Judy Propper) 113	1984 Reunion 419
4. 1970 FIELD SEASON (Grace Duffy) 115	2004 Reunion 426
Memories of the Field School 1970-71 (Rich Stamps) 126	2021 Memorial Gathering 435
1970 Flash Flood (Lucinda "Cindy" Walker) 131	2023 Field School Anthology Reunion 439
42Sa863 Kiva 1 Reconstruction (Don Miller) 133	17. LATER DEVELOPMENTS IN THE CANYON (Judy Propper) 471
5. 1971 FIELD SEASON (Deanne Matheny, Pam Miller) 141	BLM Interpretation of Three Kiva Pueblo (Judy Propper) 477
1971 Field School Memories (Pam Miller) 148	The Nancy Patterson Archaeological Field Schools (Joel Janetski) 480
1971 Article from BYU Today 150	A Second Matheny MA Degree from Montezuma Canyon (Deanne Matheny) 502
6. 1972 FIELD SEASON (Rita Souther) 153	2019 SAA Montezuma Canyon Symposium (Don Miller) 505
Summer of 1972 in Montezuma Canyon (Dale Berge) 170	Montezuma Canyon Today (Judy Propper) 509
Bits and Pieces, Memories of 1972 (Donna Organek) 174	18. FRIENDS WHO HAVE JOURNEYED ON 511
Large and Small Things (Steve Hayes) 179	19. TEACHER, MENTOR, FRIEND: TRIBUTES TO DR. RAY T. MATHENY 513
Field School Poetry (Nan Card) 181	Teacher, Mentor, Friend (Glenna Nielsen) 516
1972 Manti-La Sal Survey (Deanne Matheny, Pam Miller) 188	Keeping Up, Tribute to My Dad (Dan Matheny) 520
Kathy Bateman (Malley)'s Letter Home 196	Ray T. Matheny (Deanne Matheny) 521
My "Anasazi" Summer (David Mudrick) 199	Tributes from Legacy.com 523
7. 1973 FIELD SEASON (Blaine Miller) 233	Tribute to Dr. Ray T. Matheny (Don Miller) 529
The First and Last River Rat Expedition (Deanne Matheny) 249	The Legacy of Camp Cottonwood (Bruce Louthan) 531
1973 BYU-BLM Montezuma Canyon Survey (Deanne Matheny) 251	2004 Letter to Dr. Matheny (Judy Propper) 532
The Trip to Montezuma Canyon for BYU-BLM Survey (Rita Souther) 254	20. LIFE AFTER FIELD SCHOOL (BIOS) 535
Other 1973 Adventures - Cook's Eye View (Rita Souther) 257	
8. 1974 FIELD SEASON (No Field School but Other Projects) 261	APPENDICES 549
Wooden Shoe Excavation (Terry Walker) 262	Appendix A: Early Montezuma Canyon Field Trips (Don Miller) 549
Wooden Shoe Memories (Deanne Matheny) 270	Appendix B: Cave 'N Kiva, Vol. 1, No. 4 567
Memories of Wooden Shoe Data Recovery (Bruce Louthan) 272	Appendix C: Dick Smith: He Lived (and Flew) Life to the Max (Larry Davis) 571
Dry Mesa Survey (Deanne Matheny) 273	Appendix D: 1989 Three Kiva Pueblo Brochure 579
Milk Ranch Point Project (Bruce Louthan) 276	Appendix E: Photos of Zoom Meetings 581
Milk Ranch Point Memories (Blaine Miller) 297	
Sullivan Canyon Survey (Blaine and Pam Miller) 299	
Pinto-Abajo Survey (Don Miller) 301	
9. 1975 FIELD SEASON (Craig Harmon, Deanne Matheny) 305	
The 1975 Fire (Deanne Matheny, Craig Harmon) 313	