

Lloyd M. Pierson

Interviewed by: Jean McDowell December 2001 at Moab, Utah

Transcribed by Detta Dahl.

Jean (J.) Tell me about your family, your profession.

Lloyd (L.) I was born in 1920 in Toledo, Ohio because my Dad was there working at an auto plant, Willys-Overland or something like that. I only spent about three months there. I grew up in a little town in Illinois called Spring Valley, or as the local Italians called it "Spring-a-daval." It was an old coal mining town that by the time of the 20's and 30's when I was growing up, it was already dead. But there was one mine, number three, that was about three miles west of town that was still in operation.

My mother was of English and Cornish extraction. Her dad had been a miner and then he and his brothers went into the zinc mill in LaSalle, Illinois, six miles east of Spring Valley, where she grew up. My dad's parents were Swedish. My great grandfather and grandfather were farmers but granddad got into the grocery business. Great granddad was kind of a religious fanatic. He started his own church in Princeton, Illinois, which is still going. It is sort of a missionary-type church. And that is the background that I came from.

The town that I grew up in was about 5,000 people. It was a company town and a lot of the houses that I used to deliver papers to were just regular little shacks. They were little bungalows that the company had built for them and over time the miners would buy them and fix them up.

I lived in the east end of town on a ridge that dropped down to a creek down below. The whole town was on a bluff overlooking the Illinois River. We spent a lot of time in the woods for one reason or another. The town was a real mixture because we had a Roman Catholic Church, an Italian Catholic Church, a Polish Catholic Church, a Lithuanian Catholic

Church, a Jewish Synagogue, a Methodist Church, a Congregational Church, a Greek Orthodox Church (for the ones we called Syrians but they were actually from Lebanon), and a Baptist Church out on the west end for one or two families, black families who lived out there. I grew up with a real mixture and I never realized it until later in life because we were all mixed up in school together. Some we got along with, some we didn't.

As a kid I spent a lot of time in the woods. My pal, Eddie Thompson and I, even had a natural garden, bringing in plants from out in the woods. It was at the base of my dad's cinder pile, where he piled ashes from the furnace. I am certain the garden did well because of the potash from the ashes.

One of my routines was to go to my grandmother's house, my dad's parents, and look through all the stuff in the attic. It was a big old Victorian house that had all this junk. My grandmother saved everything. The old letters fascinated me and my granddad did a lot of traveling. I remember he had been to Salt Lake City and brought back a Book of Mormon. He had a glass cane he had gotten somewhere. My first museum was in my house at the east end of town displaying these and other oddities. My bedroom had a closet that was underneath the eaves and this is where I had the museum.

J. How old were you then?

L. Probably about 10 or 12. This is about the time of the 1933 Worlds's Fair in Chicago where they had the Science and Industry and the Natural History Museum. Along the line in my reading I got into archeology. There were two books I remember. One was written by Ann Axtell Morris, "Digging in the Southwest," which is a classic; the other was the "Romance of Archeology," by McGoffin or something like that. And of course everybody wanted to know, "What are you going to do in life?" I was never interested in the prosaic like working in the telephone company or the drug store or up in LaSalle at the Westclox factory or in Ottawa at the glass factory. Those were the big employers. Fortunately, in Junior College, I had a Chemistry prof that took us to these factories and it really turned me off. I couldn't believe

these poor buggers working like that. My favorite memory is the watch factory. They had ratchet screwdrivers hanging from the ceiling and these big Polish gals would be working on a Big Ben about four inches in diameter going, BAM! BAM! BAM! And they'd turn the bell on and put it on the conveyor belt and they'd go off in the distance. I can still hear the bells ringing off in the distance. Hundreds of them.

J. Where did you go to school?

L. I went to Junior College after High School: LaSalle-Peru-Oglesby Junior College. It is now a community college in the nearby town of LaSalle. I was thinking I'd like to be a scientist so I took chemistry, mathematics (lousy at it), I did pretty good in the history courses. Sociology, dumbbell English, the whole gamut, but I finally got out of there. Next I went into a CCC Camp. There I sent for information from the University of Pennsylvania on courses in archeology.

I came home from the 3 C's and ran into a high school buddy of mine. Fellow by the name of Ross Johnson who was from the little town just north of us. His dad was a railroad engineer. He asked what I was figuring on doing. When I told him about Pennsylvania he said, "Why don't you come down to the University of New Mexico where I go to school? Good anthropology department." I said I wanted to be an archeologist. He said that's what you have to study, anthropology. It's relatively inexpensive and they need people from outside to make a better mix. His aunt, Frances Johnson married an Indian trader named Newcomb. She lived out on the reservation until her kids were old enough to go to school. She moved to Albuquerque and lived near the university there. Ross and his older brother had both gone to UNM because she took care of them. Ross sounded good so I got everything organized and off I went to UNM to become an archeologist.

The first couple of years I did nothing but take courses. Then the last summer, 1942, I finally got to go to field school. I'd had one course with Bob Lister in field techniques. Of

course I had a lot of anthropology, lots of anthropo-geography off of Donald D. Brand who was a character.

J. What happened with you in '42? Did you get drafted?

L. I'm coming to that. I'd signed up for the draft. I was 21 years old. They were taking 21 years old then. That summer Paul Reiter took me out to the field school at Chaco Canyon. He picked me up at Thoreau down on highway 66. I was taken to the ends of the earth. I can still visualize - they had a telephone line that ran along the fence posts. A grounded telephone line and about every other fence post there was a damn vulture sitting there. We went bumping along. Must be 60 miles from Thoreau up to Chaco. My job that summer was that the first thing I got to do was to excavate a burial. Nothing with it, just a plain old set of bones. I wound up with an eye infection. We were living in hogans. There was an Indian living with us two or three college kids and pretty soon we all moved outside because no one cleaned up the hogan. My eyes were bothering me. Finally one little old lady in the outfit told Dr. Reiter to get that man down to the hospital. Basically what I started out with was an allergy that got infected. Down at the Indian hospital at Crown Point the old doc fixed me up with sulfanilamide and I came back to Chaco. But Paul wouldn't let me dig any more so he sent me up chasing the things up on the mesa up behind Pueblo Bonito and Cheto Kettle. Up on the mesas there are a lot of structures. Some of them involved with water. We did a survey of them. Out in the fresh air I never had a reoccurrence, but then I knew what to do. It was an allergy.

While I was there at Chaco, the Albuquerque draft board, for some reason or other sent my papers to Gallup who didn't know where the hell I was. They were looking for me and about the time I was back in Albuquerque the Gallup draft board figured out where I had been. They sent my papers back to Albuquerque. I was just hanging around seeing some of my friends and I knew that this was my last year in college. I'd worked in the dining hall so I went back and helped them out, saying goodbye. I figured I'd better get back to Illinois because I was running

out of money. The day I bought my bus ticket to go back home the Albuquerque draft board called me up and said, "We're going to draft you." I told them I just got this bus ticket and they said, "Okay." So, I went back home.

Got back home and for a month nothing happened. A friend and I tried to get into a flying program. But my eyes were not perfect after the sojourn with the eye infection. So we both enlisted because he didn't make the flying program either. I wound up in the Headquarters Battery, 494th Armored Field Artillery Battalion, 12th Armored Division in Camp Campbell, Kentucky.

I had bought a series of books from the Smithsonian and had them in my footlocker one day when we had inspection. The captain looked at them and me as if this were some sort of a strange thing. I was chuckling inwardly. I don't know what he thought except that he had a strange one. I was in the reconnaissance section. We kind of wandered around doing various things. I remember that some of the guys I got to know said, "You better come over here and see this." They'd built a road and stripped off most of the topsoil and then the rain had taken care of the rest of it. Here were these arrowheads and broken tools pedestalled all over this hillside. So I gathered them up, but I don't know what I finally did with them - perhaps sent them off to the University of Kentucky. Anyway that was the extent of that part of the archaeology in World War II.

When I got overseas, I wound up in Okinawa. I got to the Philippines just in time for the invasion of Okinawa. While we were there the old tombs intrigued me. They were built in the shape of an "omega" into a hill. They had an entrance way maybe a foot and a half high by a foot wide. They would put the body in there, seal it up, and after about a year, the body would have rotted and they'd go in and get the bones and wash them off. They had these neat pots that looked like a Chinese temple and they would put the bones in there. They were big enough for the whole burial. Then they would put the pot back in the tomb. There would be whole families back in the tombs. There was a platform at the front of the tomb where they would put the bodies. The ceramic pots they would put further back. Of course, we were told to stay out of them but we found out the damned Japanese were using them for machine gun nests.

So there was no love between the Japanese and the Okinawans. The Japanese had no respect for the natives. Some of the GI's would get into the tombs and use them for a bomb shelter. They'd throw the stuff out if the Japanese hadn't already done so. I found some skulls that I didn't know what to do with. I seem to have an affinity for burials. I wanted to send them back to UNM but there was no way to do it, same with the ceramic pots.

That was about the extent of my archeology there except to do a little anthropology seeing some of the natives. There was one Japanese-American kid that was with us who had grown up, spent part of his life there, and wanted to get up to see his relatives. One time we went up to one of the villages that hadn't had the hell bombed out of it. Practical ethnology, I guess you would call it.

When we got down to the Philippines, down on the island of Mindoro, I did get to do a little collecting. One of the Mongyons (Tagalog for hill people) came in to camp (wasn't too sure it was a guy at first) looking to get some canvas. It was on the days we were about to go home; would have been January 1946. The army in its wisdom wouldn't let him have the canvas. They'd burn the damned stuff. Anyway, I got one of the houseboys who spoke their language and knew this guy to translate. The hill person had a little vest on and he had red lips which I thought wasn't very masculine, but he wasn't female. The red lips were from betel nuts. I started swapping stuff with him. He had a choker around his neck and he had a bolo knife and he had a little basket purse, and earrings. I was swapping shirts, knives and stuff. I sent the whole bunch off to UNM, to Frank Hibben and I don't know what ever happened to it, whether he kept it for himself or put it in the Maxwell Museum. That was the extent of my anthropology. I wanted to go up and visit this character's village and do a little ethnography but there were still Japs up in the hills and I wasn't too sure the Colonel or General or Lieutenant would let me go – another missed opportunity.

J. What was your title in the army?

L. I was a technical sergeant. There were three of us; a 2nd Lt., myself and a staff sergeant that composed a team called the 38th Japanese Order of Battle Team and our job was to keep track of the Japanese units. They were getting prepared for the invasion of Japan. We figured out where the boundary lines were between the various units and where the units were. We worked with the Nisei interpreters quite a bit. It was kind of overkill because, before we got there, there was one master sergeant in the G-2 section, 96th Infantry Division that had been doing the job that the three of us were doing and more.

J. You were over in the Pacific when they bombed Hiroshima?

L. I was on an LST between Okinawa and the Philippines when we got the word that they dropped the first atomic bomb. I'll never forget that either, cause there were no loud cheers. There was a bunch of infantry on board. We knew about the invasions, we knew that they were going in on Kyushu next and we weren't in on that invasion, but we were slated to go in on Tokyo Bay. Okinawa and Iwo Jima and some of the other battles taught us that it was pretty obvious that everybody and their brother, even the two-year old kids would be out there throwing sticks at us or something. Of course, there were a lot of Japanese soldiers on Okinawa that gave up. Don't know why, maybe they thought we were getting close to home and they might as well give it up. The philosophy of the Japanese soldier was to fight to the death and take no prisoners. The Nisei had to beg to get the GI's to bring in prisoners so that they could find out what was going on out there.

J. Then you went back home?

L. I sat around for about 3 or 4 months. I must have been in some kind of semi-shock. I got my days and nights reversed. I was staying up all night. All of my friends were gone; all my old girl friends were either married or somewhere else. I wrote Paul Reiter, UNM archeology professor, about getting into graduate school. I said, "My grades aren't that great and I didn't

get all the stuff that Dr. Brand thought a person should have to be an archeologist. What do you think?" I asked. He said, "Come on down." That June he had a tour, literally a tour, right out from Albuquerque that went down to southern New Mexico. We visited the digs; Paul Martin's dig in eastern Arizona.

When we started out, the first thing I did was to get hay fever again. We were riding in trucks and I was kind of miserable until we dropped off the Mogollon Rim into Arizona. All of a sudden everything cleared up and I was feeling great. The others looked at me and said, "You're not the same guy we started out with." After that summer tour of '46, I got back to school at UNM and met Marian. The next year, '47, we had a field school out at Chaco. I surveyed the canyon for my Master's thesis. I had a crew of kids that would do the recording and collect sherds. The crews would switch off, some surveying, some digging and others cleaning and cataloguing. They tended to stick the gals with washing sherds and kitchen work in those days. Marian worked in the kitchen mostly. We were going together. I got most of the survey done that summer but had to come back in the fall to finish up. I lived by myself out there in October. That's when I decided we'd better get married.

J. Did Marian also become an archeologist?

L. Yes she was. After the field school in Chaco then we went down to Mexico, to Chihuahua and spent about 6 weeks there. We had these army trucks, two 6 by 6's and a little 4x4 and that was quite an adventure. Paul got us all the necessary papers to work in Mexico, mostly on the Bolson de Mapimi which is a great big playa. Nobody in Mexico picked up arrowheads. We found one old one-armed fellow we called "Papacito" until he got mad at us because he thought we were calling him "little potato." And we had another kid who had been in the U.S. Army that came with us for a while until Paul got mad at him. They were our guides.

On the Bolson one could see all the beach strands. We would get a bunch of kids and drive down the slope letting one or two off at each strand. One would find half an arrowhead

and about four feet away you'd find the other half. We came back with bone boxes full of these arrowheads. Some of the guys went back that fall to do further research.

We also dug a cave called Cueva del Diablo. It was right across the road from a boys' school. We ran a trench in the cave. Paul made me go down this tunnel into the cave. Just a straight shot. I turned around and here was this Army nurse we had with us. She had a ball of string, she wasn't going to get lost. We got about 300 to 400 yards down into the cave and there was a plank going across a gap and down below we could hear water running. I declared no Indian in his right mind would have gotten further and we left.

J. What kind of light did you have?

L. I don't remember, flashlights maybe. We ran a couple of trenches through that cave and came up with some early stuff in the bottom of the trench, great big points. Some of the kids from the school tried to steal some of our drawing equipment. That's another story, but that's the extent of our archeology down there. The guy that made out the best was our conchologist, our friend Jake Drake (Robert Julius Drake). He would be out in the rocks and see these little shells just about an inch long. Just kind of weaving. He made quite a collection. He had 2 or 3 different new species. Meanwhile while we were down there we had a difficult time in some places because of the rain and mud.

J. Were you still a student then?

L. I was a graduate student, got paid 150 bucks for the month or so I was down there. Maybe it was for the whole season. I don't remember which, but I was on the GI Bill. That fall of '47 Marian and I got married in Albuquerque in the parsonage of the Methodist Church. Then I thought I better find a place where I could get a job and write up my thesis on Chaco. I was really done with the survey. I had surveyed just the pueblos and skipped the shrines and stairways and stuff like that. Because we were interested in the population estimation, we

figured out that if a ruin was occupied for a certain period of time it would have examples of pottery from various periods of time. Figuring out the number of rooms from the square footage of the ruin based on previous work and estimating the number of rooms occupied during each period based on pottery percentage and using a people per room figure based on contemporary pueblos we came up with a population estimate for various time periods.

We did ours sort of crudely but years later when the Park Service did the big program at Chaco a friend of mine, Al Hayes, who worked for the Park Service, he redid the survey, and he had a big crew and a lot more time. He did a population estimation and he came up with the same damn figure that I did. He got kind of a kick out of that too, I think. We figured the high population was about 4,500.

J. When did you start working for the Park Service?

L. I asked Paul Reiter, "I want to get a job and settle down at least until I can get my thesis written." He says, "Why don't you go up and talk to the Park Service?" Paul had already made us all take the exam that fall for the civil service, so we did. Marian and I went and talked to John Davis, general superintendent of the southwestern monuments. He was an old navy officer. I took Marian because the Park Service is always stressing family, you know. He said he was going to send us to Aztec, the Aztec Ruins (National Monument) as he had a ranger there that wanted to get back home to Bandalier. That's when I wound up there in Aztec in February of 1948. I was not only in charge of the stupid monument but the superintendent had a 14 year old daughter and an eleven year old son.

J. How did that work?

L. Well, Mom and Dad had gone to California and left the two of them so they could stay in school. The old gal that ran the trading post, Dean Kirk's mother, that was right across the street, kind of looked out for them and I'd go talk to her because once in a while the younger

one would come in and say, “Mr. Pierson, can I go play with Johnnie so-and-so?” I’d ask, “Does your Mother let you play with Johnnie so-and-so?” He’d say “No-o-o-o.” And I would say “No-o-o-o.” It was a cold February. Got down to 15 below. I didn’t have many tourists, shoveled a lot of snow. We stayed there until July. There was an old guy there by the name of Sherman Howe, amateur archeologist. As kids they dug a hole through one of the roofs in Aztec and lowered him down in there to see what was there. He remembered that; he wrote a little book about his experiences. He asked me to help him dig a room that was back in a bank. There was only a beautiful Mesa Verde mug there. I don’t know what he did with it.

We stayed there until July when they decided to move us to Tonto . While there it was decided the lower ruin should be excavated. We had nothing but an old Bolsey 35mm camera for special equipment. The ruin had been stabilized and mapped.

I didn't want to dig through some of the floors, but going back later I might as well have. The squirrels had dug them up. So the big project was this Room 16 which was full of debris. At the bottom of a test pit here's this Wiggly gum wrapper, so I figured it had been churned, which it had. I hired three guys, prospectors, one of them was young, hell, they were moving dirt faster than I could keep up with.

J. Did that afflict your allergy?

L. Oh, I was smarter by then. We had to get masks which we wore. Kept the stuff out in front. We screened it pretty well and we were running into all sorts of dry material. The thing that started it, I guess, and part of my job was taking tours through the ruin. I saw a piece of matting in one room sticking out of the floor. So, not to get in trouble, I went to Charlie Sharp, th superintendent and said, “Charlie, there is something up there and we’d better take it out before somebody rips it out.” So Marian got the job. It was a burial of a child. Probably Salado but it could have been Yavapai, a later culture, because it had material with it which could have belonged to either one. But we decided it was Salado. The little male had a little hat. After we got the mat out, here was a cradle board out of woven bear grass with slats on the

sides, but it had been cut right down the middle and stacked together. Underneath that was another mat and then the kid and the kid had a bundle of arrows, no points, they were wooden tipped. He had a little gourd pot with strings on it to make a cradle. He had several small baskets, cornhusks, beans, jack beans, can't remember what else. I guess that triggered Erik Reed in the regional office and that's when I got the \$800 bucks to excavate. We cleaned out Room 16, which apparently was a work room because we'd find bean pods, amaranth, parts of sandals, corn cobs and other vegetable material. Marian was in one room; the floor was kind of uneven and she was picking up worn out sandals they'd plastered in to repair the floor. She just took a trowel and flipped them out.

J. When did you have kids?

L. We had one down there; that was Dale. We finished (Room 16) and there was another ruin. I hadn't used up the \$800 bucks and I wasn't about to give any of the money back. Another ruin just east of the main ruin; kind of hard to get to but it was under an overhang and it was a shelf and down below there was a terrace. So we cleaned it out; there wasn't much excavation but we did find some stone hoes and another burial.

J. Did you write this up?

L. Oh, yes. Finally, after about ten years, it got published along with some other work at Tonto. We were living in a little trailer that caught fire because of the regulator on the butane tank had popped. Or come out, but anyhow the gas had leaked and come down, the gas got ignited by the pilot light in the hot water heater so I learned about butane, propane, whatever. So we found out from a friend at Montezuma Castle that they had just got rid of an alcoholic ranger who had a house. John Davis told me it was a ranger position. I told him I was qualified to be a ranger and the job was the same as Tonto, taking tours and stuff. He was going to bring

in a trailer or some damn thing. I'd had it for two or two and half years. Dale was born in Phoenix just before we moved to the Castle and lived in a house.

J. It sounds like you talked yourself into a job.

L. Well, I almost fell out the Castle once and I took the last trip through it. I did a survey of the Castle grounds for an archeological base map. Over at the well, we did the same thing. A friend of mine I'd gone to school with was over at Tuzigoot and he had a plane table and an alidade so we were able to do some real mapping. There were ruins around the well. That was one thing I accomplished there.

Then they were building the new roads through there. May have been the start of the interstate. There was a cave that was involved. In those days we kind of worked for free on weekends and I salvaged what we called Richard's Caves. They had 1150 A.D. homes in there. Years later when I was down in Mexico in the Tarahumara country, I saw the same damn thing. What they did was they built walls up and they didn't put a roof on them, but they didn't have too because they were in a cave. But they wanted some privacy.

In retrospect I think the Apaches had been in there (too) because in the first layer was some Apache basketry. One room I think was a kiva. Didn't recognize it at that time. It had a platform at the back and loom anchors in the floor.

J. When did you come up north?

L. I was working my way up. We also excavated a Hohokam pithouse and I was writing up the stuff I did at Tonto. One of the seasonal rangers that lived up the creek went to work for a chicken farmer and he came in one day and he told me that they cleared off this area to put up a chicken house and he says, "There's a lot of ash and stuff there. I think you'd better come and look at it." It was a whole Hohokam style pithouse, we excavated half of it - the other half was underneath the fence. We got the biggest part of it. This was a 900-1100 A.D. pithouse.

Nothing in it. A few pot sherds and that was about it. That was the extent of my archeology there.

I was doing it under the auspices of the Museum of Northern Arizona. They made me a research assistant on weekends. That was when Janet was born in the hospital in Cottonwood.

I got a call to move to Chaco Canyon. They decided they needed an archeologist there. It was a ranger job and they promised me a raise but they weren't sure. They needed me, I knew Chaco and they knew I knew Chaco. It was funny. The superintendent that was there Glen Bean. Later on he became an assistant director in Washington. While I was there I was in charge most of the time because Glen was off on a Mission 66 Committee and he would leave me there as the ranger to run it.

While we were at Chaco, we went in to town about once a month. On the other weekends we decided to redo the survey that we did for my Masters. Everything! By then we had some maps. We didn't have any maps when we did the original survey.

When Judd dug Pueblo Bonito he had somebody from the army do a map. But he wouldn't let it out. He was afraid somebody would do, I don't know, what. By then he'd published his big tome and the map was out. So we had a map to work with. It always helps to have a map. People today don't realize all the fancy gadgets they've got. We redid the survey. That gave us something to do on weekends; we'd take the kids. Dale became old enough to go to school and we began to worry. All he had for company down there was his sister and Bean's two little girls. He kind of ignored them, kind of went his own way most of the time. We had some Indian friends that had one little boy for a playmate. Katherine (Cly) had worked at the field school in '47. The trader had children too. I guess the Park Service got pretty snotty and the trader moved out of the canyon. When Harry (Batchelor) bought the trading post it was outside, about a mile north. He ran the trading post at Nageezi later, then retired, moved to Florida and let his kid have it. From Chaco we came here.

J. What opportunity was here?

L. To get Dale in school. Out in the Arches. They transferred me here, still in the Park Service. It was years before they built us a house. While we were here we did some good. We excavated that pithouse down on the Potash Road. We dug the burials out in Mrs. Polley's front yard. Got involved in the museum. The entrance station was out at the Balanced Rock, a dirt road going in there. That's where Ed Abbey hung out. Best part of course was doing Canyonlands from '56 to '61.

J. You remember the beginnings of the museum?

L. Yes, they were gung-ho days because Moab was full of people who wanted to get things done. They were fairly well educated and the locals had always wanted a museum. They recognized the fact that their history was kind of important and different than the rest of Utah. One of the schoolteachers was head of a committee called Bootstraps that initiated the museum by setting up another committee. Charlie Steen had just built his mill out there in 1956. I did a lot of work myself. I remember crawling under the floor, propping up the weak spots. The Rotary Club – well, it's in the *Legacy*. How Marian worked sponsoring the museum. She got the gals going cataloguing and accessions.

J. She did an excellent job of recording the accession numbers.

L. Yes. And built up that photo collection. A lot of the local people, not so much the LDS bunch but not entirely outside of it, contributed. The history of Moab, the early stuff was not done by the Mormons. They were busy going to church or ranching or something. People like Corbin, Taylor of the newspaper were the movers. The telephone company was "outside" the church. The Mormon Church had to send a Bishop in here, because most of the Mormons here were sort of "Jack Mormons" of one sort or another. I always got a kick out of that. Stewart was the bishop and a polygamist. Ila Corbin pushed hard for the museum.

J. You were right here at the beginning?

L. Maybe two or three years after the Uranium Boom started. The head of the Museum Association, Lew Painter, superintendent of the Uranium Mill, was an interesting guy. He would invite us down once in a while for cocktails from Lew's chemistry set. He did a lot of entertaining and he had all of these liquors and he was always trying some new fancy drink. Sally and he had a son, Allan.

While we were here we got involved with the Utah Statewide Archaeological Society. I was editor of their newsletter for about a year and a half. Archeologist Jim Gunnerson would come down and we would help him in his survey work. We also dug a cave up in Mill Creek because they were talking about a dam up on Mill Creek. The dam fell through but the cave was another place where they had a still. But around the edges there was some interesting stuff. Pendergast wound up at the Royal Museum in Toronto. He was the state archeologist replacing Gunnerson at the University of Utah. The dam was supposed to go in right above the power house to get both branches. What happened? People bellyached or they ran out of money or what the hell, never did build it.

The Bureau of Reclamation came through here before World War I, drilling interesting areas to see if they could put dams in. There was a dam down at the confluence proposed, one at Dewey about where those ladders are. My information was that those ladders were involved before WWI. Things last forever here. Here again that dam would have flooded every thing clear up to Cisco according to the maps from about 1942. I don't know why Mill Creek dam fell through.

I worked here five years with Bates. I was a GS-6 and Bates was a GS-9. I was running the place about 2 days a week or more because Bates was gone quite a bit. I thought I ought to at least be a GS-7, especially when they raised Bates to GS-11. They had this system of adding up points. If you needed 96 points to be a GS-9 and you only had 95, then tough. I appealed to the Civil Service Commission. I found out that they were getting everyone up to a 7. A while later everyone came in at a GS-5 and a year later became a GS-7. Because I was giving

them a hard time but all of a sudden everybody was a GS-7. I'd been in the Park Service for ten years and I was on the same level as those that came in a year ago.

Along came an offer from Shenandoah National Park. They needed someone old - I was 42 or so. Taylor Hoskins (Superintendent) needed an older ranger. I talked with George Vonderlippe, assistant chief ranger. When I was at Chaco he had just started out at Aztec and the Superintendent at Aztec wouldn't tell him anything about administrative forms, purchase orders or such. When I was in town I'd go to him and I'd show him what to do within regulations and rules. He was happy as hell to have me. He was a GS-11 at that time. He'd gone up, zip, zip, zip. He was a good guy. So, I wound up back there as South District Ranger. I didn't know "diddly-squat" about fires or such, I was a GS-9 but I had been back in that part of the world during the war when I was at the Military Intelligence Training Center right on the Pennsylvania-Maryland border. When I got back there, after spending all my time in the Southwest I couldn't see a thing - it was dark. The woods were dark.

I did one little job (archeological) there. The chief naturalist went down through the woods and there was a cave there and he wondered if there might be something in there that somebody might pot rob. He'd spent some time in the Petrified Forest so he was aware of this sort of thing. I went down there and what I ran into was charcoal and broken bottles. It had been a still. Another still. I said, "Forget it."

I had one of the most expensive fires in the park. Bates had said, "This man needs to be in some area where they have fires for experience." They sent me down to Kennesaw Mountain for a month to take over for a guy that was having a heart attack. I guess I ran the place to their satisfaction for they sent me down to Desoto National Memorial as Superintendent. They had an unwritten law, for most people, that you could only make a lateral transfer into a superintendency. There were guys that got a promotion, but I didn't. I was only down there about three months when they wanted to send me up to Russell Cave. It had an archaic site. One of the first they had excavated back east. A friend of mine, Zorro Bradley, was the superintendent there. We had visited him. This was outside of a little dinky Alabama river

town. About as narrow minded as 19th Century Alabama. They wanted me to replace Zorro. I said, "Oh no." I told them what I thought about it, so they sent a bachelor there.

I spent two years at Desoto, enjoyed it because we'd go swimming and ate lots of sea food. While I was there I excavated a ruin back in the mangroves on Shaw's Point. Shaw had settled there about 1840 after Spain sold or gave Florida to the U.S. He lived there until the Seminole War started and he got scared and tore down the wooden part of his house. Took all the nails and wood and went down to Key West. This thing had tabby construction. They would burn old oyster shells from the Indian mounds and they made a cement from them. To build a tabby wall you'd set up a couple of forms, connected with a peg in between to hold the forms together and pour in this mixture of shell and cement one had made from the burned shell. The tabby was not very big, about as big as half of this room (Jean's home). There were also stories that it might have been a Spanish fort or this or that. The British, Spaniards, Cubans had been through here. I wrote the regional archeologist and said I wanted to run a trench through the tabby and do a little testing to see what was there. So he came down, John Griffin, and let me put the trench in. Someone had been looking for treasure and they'd run a trench all around it. Torn things up. I was able to get a trench that ran from the inside of it all the way out through the trash on the outside. Found out the pottery was about early 19th Century English. Wrote it up for the Florida Anthropologist.

Got to be pretty good friends with John Griffen. He and Cal Burroughs, a former classmate at UNM, were going to do some excavation down in the Everglades (National Park). So they invited me to take a week off and go down there with them. We went down to the ranger cabin on the mouth of Lost Man's Creek, a neat little cabin that was our headquarters. We had a couple of boats to go up the Lost Man's River up into the glades. There was one key, Onion Key, which had apparently been an Indian village. We were doing an excavation there.

I should have dug a trench through the shell mound at Desoto Memorial. Desoto was about 24 acres on Tampa Bay. Most of the mound was stripped off so they could throw the

stuff on the roads for gravel. The Colonial Dames had put a big monument on top of what was left of the shell heap. I should have run a trench through that.

From there, Appomattox. I don't know why they sent me there, a damn Yankee. They were doing the Civil War Centennial there and it was barely organized.

J. It sounds like you may have got your interest in history there.

L. Dale got some interest. I've always had an interest in history. I found out much about Camp Verde when I was at the Castle. It was an army post along the Verde River. I found out it was kind of mosquito-ey. A pioneer family by the name of Wingfield lived in Verde. Howard was a pot-robber and Marian and I catalogued his collection. They finally set Camp Verde aside as an historic park. I did the history of Camp Verde. We were there when Jerome became a ghost town.

After I integrated Appomattox I became quite a controversial character. The first time I ever had more than one job offered to me. My friend Zorro who was in Washington, he's the one that had to handle me. He says, "We have a job in Jordan, a group going over to do some work at Petra. Your family will stay in Athens." They got over there and caught in the Seven Days' War, that's what happened to them. They had another job as manager of the New York City Group. They had one out west in Omaha as archeologist. They had promised the Bureau of Land Management they would find them an archeologist for two or three years. Zorro got in trouble too, wound up in Alaska.

J. So the BLM was back here in Moab?

L. The BLM was in Denver which I understood it was to be a Washington office experience. One of the guys who worked with me at the Arches was in Denver. We moved in with him for a while and I told Marian to go buy a house. Used my GI bill to buy a house. The BLM was

something else. As the only archeologist for the BLM for a long time, I did almost everything. I didn't do any excavation but I did a lot of survey. The best one was when I got to come over here. I surveyed the Four Corners Power line that was coming across. The state director jumped on the power company because the company had come and said, as they usually did, "We're running a power line here. Period." And the state director said, "O-o-oh no you're not." First time it ever happened, but this guy was kind of a hard-headed character. So they said they were going to move off the line that they had. I went down to check it out. The guy that had the contract to survey the line had a range pole that must have been about 25 feet tall. He had a radio and he had some kid with the range pole and he had his transit and he could see over the pinyon and juniper. I found the kid out there and told him who I was. He told the guy with the transit who I was. The guy with the transit told him, "Don't talk to him." He was mad about something. That was one of the jobs I had.

J. Did you go back to the Park Service?

L. One Monday morning for about an hour. That's another story. I retired from the BLM. I saw a lot of the West and Alaska while I was working for the BLM.

J. Did you come back to Moab to settle?

L. Marian's parents were here. We liked Arizona. They screwed up the Verde Valley when they paved the road to Phoenix. Everybody and their brother decided to move up to get out of the Valley of the Sun. It was pretty clobbered up. We liked Florida. We had fun down there, but pretty expensive, but not if you knew where to go and didn't want to live on the water and have a boat and do all that sort of stuff.

J. What year did you move back here?

L. In 1975. We bought that lot from Dr. Mayberry and we moved up on the hill We could look out there and see about three houses, Mann's and the one across from us, Johnny Sparks, and Louie Kesida's who started the subdivision. That was about it.

J. What do you think about the changes?

L. If you're going to be a tourist town , you've got to take care of the tourists. It's just a matter of controlling the development. I keep seeing houses popping up on the cliff near mine. I don't like that. We were up on Johnson's Up On Top one time. Ray Tibbetts was all hot and bothered, wanted to move the airport there from where it is now. They have problems with the Mancos shale, and always will have. It became too rough for the Frontier pilots. Well, the old one in the valley was the same thing; it was too rough for the Frontier pilots. The wind would blow them off the runway. But they got the idea they would put one up on Johnson's Up On Top. I figured out that when they would come in to land, they would come flying right over my house. I didn't retire to get up at 5 o'clock in the morning to some stupid airplane going over. They said they'd only be only small planes. I said, "Horse manure. It won't be long until 2-engine, then 4-engine planes will come."

J. Do you think you talked him out of it?

L. I wrote the FAA (Federal Aeronautics Administration). "You had better do something. The one in the valley down below was moved because of problems with the wind. You better do some checking on the proposal. I live at about the same elevation and I know that sometimes the wind blows like hell out of the southeast."

In Denver there was a gal named Jacki who had married a neighbor kid. His old man was a Dutchman, Bakker, who married an Indonesian woman and had a bunch of kids. Hans was one of them and Jacki was an Acoma. Hans looked Indian. We went down to Acomita to their

wedding. Jacki answered my letter to the FAA with a phone call. She was their secretary. They never built it, never got anywhere with that airport.

We worked with Bates who got Canyonlands set aside. When I went to work for the BLM, the first trip I took over to Utah, going down to Monticello where the district office was at that time. My boss had been the recreation specialist in the BLM state office in Salt Lake City. I told him where I was going; he says, "You better go to Salt Lake first." "What for?" "To check in with R.D. Neilson, the state director." So, I got up to get on the 6 o'clock plane. Got in to SLC at 8; got to the office. Sitting there. R.D. is opening his mail. I'm sitting there. About 10 o'clock this nice little man comes out. R.D. will see me. R.D. starts chewing this poor little guy out. What the hell is this? I had only had one course in management, but I knew that you didn't do things like that in front of strangers. When that was over R.D. opens up his coat leans back and asks, "Well, what do you know about Utah archeology?" I didn't know what to say. The little guy says, "R.D., this man lived in Moab for five years." I said, "Yeah, and you might as well know it, I'm one of those SOB's that helped steal Canyonlands away from you." He gave me a hard look and from then on we got along fine. No more problems. I told my boss, who had worked for him and he said that was the way to handle it. Perfect. R.D. was a curmudgeon from the word go.

J. Was R.D. a senator?

L. No, he was a political type but held never gotten anywhere.

J. So, you just went to him because you were in the BLM?

L. Yeah, well that was pretty standard. When you were sent to work in somebody's area, you went in to talk to the district manager or in some cases the state director. I quickly found out you could determine the personality of the manager by his shoes. There were several kind of

shoes. Out in Oregon the guys had these caulked boots, they were foresters out there. Then you'd run into cowboys and even run into guys that wore saddle shoes.

J. What kind did Nielson have?

L. I think he had cowboy boots. I remember Gene Nodine. I worked with him first in Baker, Oregon, then out in Las Vegas. In Oregon he had cowboy boots on, in Vegas street shoes. When you had to get along with cowboys you dressed like them. If you went to a squaw dance you had to dress like an Indian.

J. When were you out to Las Vegas?

L. Many times. I was working as the archeologist in the service center in the Standards and Technology Division. We were supposed to write manuals and provided technical help. I had eleven states and back east. Having lived in Florida paid off. While I was in Florida I'd gone up to O'Leno State Park for a training session. That's where the Santa Fe River goes underground and shows up somewhere else in Florida later on. This is an interesting place.

In Washington, D.C. the BLM had an Eastern States Office where they handled a lot of the leasing on Forest Service land for minerals and some land back there that they still had the mineral rights on, the surface being private. And "relicted land," whatever that means. This young fellow had an Environmental Impact Statement that he wanted me to read, on a phosphate development down in Florida on forest service land near O'Leno State Park. They mentioned stuff but they didn't say how they were going to take care of it. There had been an historic trail through there associated with the battlefield during the Seminole War. And there had been a couple of natural areas and some archeological sites and they didn't say what they were going to do. Having been there I knew a little about it and I wrote a kind of nasty review. We were called in before one of the Associate Directors. What he said was, "The guy who causes the problem has to pay for it," i.e. the excavation. Meaning the division or organization

of the BLM that was causing the problem of destroying the resource would have to pay for the mitigation. My boss accused me one time of having too much fun. I said, "I can't help it, I like my work."

J. Seems like you're pretty busy, being retired.

L. I enjoy retirement too. Keep busy doing research, the latest on place names. Have these been mentioned in some of the records?

J. Fisher.

L. It's been kind of a mystery. I know that there was a Fisher that did some geology in that part of the world (Fisher Towers) but I don't think he was famous enough. I will check it out.

J. Cindy Hardgrave found it in *Utah Place Names*. We have this exhibit about how places got their name. First I said, "No one was named Fisher" because the DUP book, *Grand Memories*, said that.

L. DUP did a lot by rumor. José Knighton had his idea of where Moab came from. It was Peirce. He keeps spelling Peirce the wrong way, has to be "ei" backwards. You have to be careful with your sources. I want to look up Tomasaki, he's the guy I want to find out about. I'm glad that you put me on to Bill Chenoweth, he has been a big help. He and I are on the same wavelength with the Salt Lake Wagon Road. I've got a paper on it that is finished now. He had a lot of information on his end of it from Westwater east. Stuff that I really needed and couldn't get a hold of.

J. We recently got a map about the Westwater.

L. Recently? One of the reasons I came back here was because of the museum. Down in Florida, I'd see these old goats from up in Ohio and Indiana just retired from the farm. They'd never learned to play. They didn't have anything to do. They would go fishing, buy a boat for about two years and then "spttt." They didn't have any hobbies.

J. Did you become acquainted with Dan O'Laurie?

L. Yes, that was kind of strange. Dan was always around so I didn't make any special attempt to patronize Dan. He was a stamp collector. He liked the museum and was a member. One time, while I was gone, Billie Provonsha was running it and Dan paid for Virginia's wages. While Marian and I were there he sent Darby up with a \$5000 check and told us to put it in the building account, which we had none. I'm not much for begging, it's a hard thing for me to do, and a lot of people too. Another time, Dan sent Darby with a stock certificate to give us. The stock never went anywhere. One time in the First Security Bank there he was sitting there and he had stock certificates in his lap - the Mississippi- whatever Company. I always suspected that they were selling slaves or something. He was getting rid of his so I think I convinced the Board that maybe they should get rid of ours too.

He gave us enough money so that we could build the back room. It didn't cost much; it's not a fancy building. We decided to name the back end of the building after him. I liked old Dan. When you changed the name and added "Canyon Country," Darby got the wrong message. He thought you were changing the name, period, getting rid of the "Dan O'Laurie."

J. Outsiders don't necessarily know what "Dan O'Laurie" is, that's why we added "Canyon Country."

L. It worked out. It's a good little museum. Especially the photographs, they show up in all sorts of places. I sent a bunch of photographs in to the New Mexico Magazine. I won, I'm going to get another T-shirt.

J. We'd like more of your photographs. Rusty is getting them into computer files.

L. Some day I'm going to dump all of my historic photos on you. I got lots of them. Some of them aren't worth much.

We went to Taos one day. They were having a Veterans Day dance, and they had flags, lots of white people. One white female was dancing with the Indians; she must have been the wife of one. A lovely day. Blue skies. That's the one they picked. I got a kick, the guy calls me up and says, "You're a runner-up in the photo contest. We're going to send you a t-shirt." I say, "Oh great. We don't have any t-shirt shops in Moab." He laughed and said, "I've been to Moab, I know better." I haven't got it yet but it is supposed to be a New Mexico Magazine t-shirt. I'll probably wear it in Mexico. I don't photograph to be esthetic, I just take snapshots.

J. Snapshots are important because they show the people and cars. Tom Till takes perfect pictures of the scenery.

L. And historically they have no value. That's what I figure.

J. You said you had some written material we'd like to have.

L. I've written that for my grandkids.

J. When this is done we'll give a copy of this for you. But we need pictures of you for the cover.

L. I've got some. I emptied my Grandparents' home, Marian emptied out her aunt, her uncle, her parents and her other aunt. We did get rid of a lot of it.

J. Did she teach school here in Moab?

L. When I left here, I lost more money than I gained by going back east, because Marian was making money and her folks were here and they had TV. Marian was librarian at the HMK, Marian the Librarian. After five years, a house! It was under Mission 66. Finally got around to it. They built the house out there with the detached garage and the Visitor Center at the same time.

J. You moved out there at Arches?

L. During the war, they hauled in these trailers. The walls would fold out and the roof would fold out and they made it three times as big as it originally was. The Park Service picked up a bunch of these. They had been used in the war plants. The ranger before me had lived in it. We looked at some houses in town, at some of the houses in Mountain View but they looked pretty cheaply built. Then Marian's folks moved in and they built a nice brick home. The old shack we lived in, Bates had pushed up another old shack against it and that was the kids' bedroom.

J. Down where the employee housing is now?

L. Yeah, they were fixing it up for the seasonal ranger. I said, "No, you're not. This is going to go, enough of this." We stripped it, got all of the appliances out of it. I went there one day and here was old Bervil Rose with the front-end loader. He was going to knock it down. I said, "No, let me do that. That's my pleasure." I got out and ran that loader into the wall, lifted the

shack up, banged it down until it was a pile of rubble. We set fire to it. Pulled the frame out and pushed all the ash back into the basement hole. It's gone.

J. No historical thing of Lloyd.

L. No history there. There are two of them down there on the street with the post office, where the old Seventh Day Adventist Church is now. Maybe the school district still has them. Let the teachers live in them. I don't know. They used to have a garden out in front.

J. The Sego exhibit. Some of those houses they moved into town. Serena said, "Oh, yeah, there's one of my houses."

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