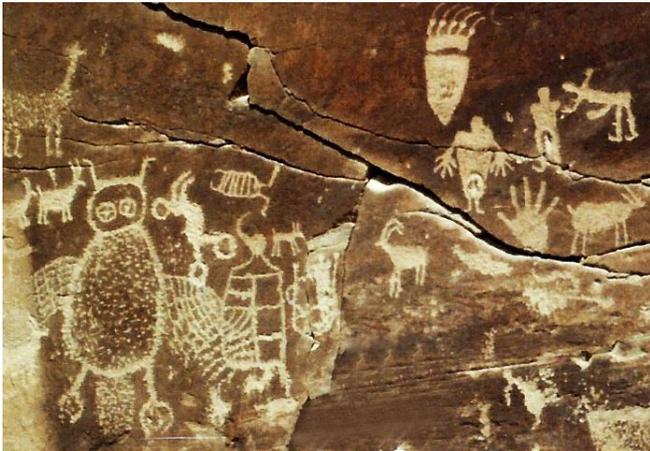


URARA CELEBRATES 40 YEARS!

UTAH ROCK ART RESEARCH ASSOCIATION

Thanks for the Memories
1979 - 2019
From Infancy to Adulthood
And into the Future . . .



This year we are pleased to honor those who had a vision and love for Utah's amazing rock art. People who saw a need and had a desire to share their knowledge with people of like-mind. Visiting rock art sites with friends and family. And who could share in the experience and knowledge gained in a social and academic venue once a year.

Take a walk back in time.....

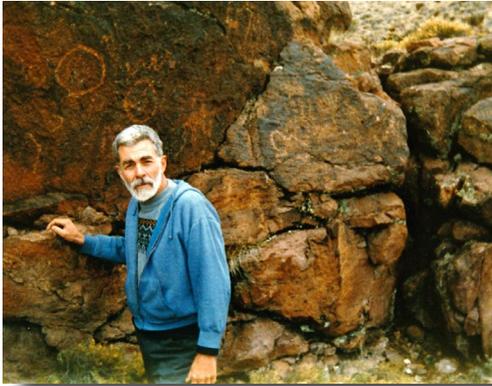
INTERVIEW WITH JIM OLIVE

prepared by Bill Hirt and Oscar Olson on July 8, 2019.

"Jim is the founder of URARA. In 1979 there was a 4-day ARARA symposium in Bottle Hollow, UT (near Fort Duchene) around Memorial Day. Ken Castleton was the instigator to get ARARA to hold the symposium in Utah; he got together a group consisting of Layne Miller, Jesse Warner, Spencer Squire, Jim Olive, and Steve Manning and gave assignments to each one to arrange the symposium. This group of people got to know each other during the ARARA symposium.

Two or three months after the symposium Jim invited this group to come to his place in North Salt Lake to talk rock art. Everybody had a good time and wanted to keep on doing this. The group was informal for the next 1 to 1½ years. After the idea of forming a Utah chapter of ARARA fell through, Jim began the formation of URARA. Jim was against organizing as a formal club at first, but he was president for the first 2 years (approximately 1980-1981). The group had meetings and field trips each month. They met at various venues, including Mountain Fuel, an LDS church near Jesse Warner's house, the Hatch family home in Federal Heights, and Richard and Rosella Rauer's house in Copperton. Layne and Jesse each gave 3 or 4 papers each during the first couple of symposia. Jim had met Ben and Cindi Everitt in El Paso. Ben stayed with Jim when Ben came to SLC to interview for a job with the State of Utah Water Resources Department. Ben and Cindi became early members of URARA. Jim married Dorde Woodruff at a rock art site on Stansbury Island on the spring equinox in 1987. It was a "blue jean" wedding. Richard Rauer filmed 4000 glyphs on Stansbury Island using a movie camera."

FROM THE BEGINNING – JIM OLIVE:



“I was one of the founding fathers of URARA and I was also URARA’s third president (actually I was called The Grand Wizard). At that time, by a unanimous vote, we quit trying to become a state chapter of ARARA and went solo. As the president, that put some organizational responsibility on me. When I was president we sat in my front room and cranked out URARA’s first set of laws and bylaws. Also as president I pulled my hair out (I had very little to begin with) filing all the necessary papers with the Secretary of State to incorporate URARA as a nonprofit corporation with the State of Utah. I also filled out all the paperwork required by the Utah State Tax Commission to be a nonprofit organization that was exempt from state taxes, and I filed those papers with the Utah State Tax Commission. I completed

the forms for the IRS to officially list us as a tax-exempt nonprofit organization with the federal government. I had a terrible time with the federal forms (they were written in “IRS speak”). At that time George and Jean Hatch—who owned the Ogden Standard Examiner, one of the network TV channels in Salt Lake City, and Foothill Village Shopping Mall—were members of URARA and came to my rescue. Jean took the IRS forms I had completed and had their attorneys look over what I had done. Some corrections were made, the federal forms were filed with the IRS, and we were officially recognized as a nonprofit organization.”



Jim Olive & Dorde Woodruff
URARA Christmas Party 2013

FROM STEVE MANNING:

“What was to become “The Utah Rock Art Research Association” (URARA) had its beginnings following the American Rock Art Research Association’s (ARARA) sixth annual meeting, which was held on May 26-28, 1979 at the Bottle Hollow Resort, 5-miles east of Roosevelt, Utah in Uintah County. Jesse Warner presented two papers. They were: “Some Considerations of Style and A Reappraisal of the Western Utah Painted Style” and “Engraved Pebble Style of the Salt Flats of Western Utah”. Several people from Utah, who were also interested in rock art, attended this meeting. Jim and Mignon Olive, who just happened to be my neighbors, told me about the meeting. Unfortunately, I was unable to attend because of my work at the University of Utah.

At the next ARARA meeting (which was in 1980 in Albuquerque, New Mexico) Lane Miller presented a paper titled “Rochester Cave” (Creek). Jesse Warner gave two papers “The Enclosure Petroglyph Motif: One Possible Interpretation”, and “Problems with Current Element Lists”. Because of these presentations and the growing interest in rock art in Utah, ARARA was approached by several members and asked that the people in Utah be allowed to organize a “Utah Chapter of the American Rock Art Research Association” UCARARA. This was a major topic of discussion (for at least two years). There was such a growing interest in rock art in Utah that a once a year meeting was not enough. So interested people began to have meetings in people’s homes. Nal Morris’s basement was used most often. (I especially remember Diane Orr’s home.) Soon there were quite a few people at these meetings.”

STEVE MANNING CONTINUED:

“UCARARA held its First Annual Symposium in Price, Utah in May 1981. Utah Rock Art, Volume 1, contains the papers presented at the first Utah Chapter of the American Rock Art Research Association. It was published in 1982. Late in 1982, ARARA decided, after more than two years of debate, that the Utah Chapter of the American Rock Art Research Association was not going to be allowed to continue. So hearing this, we had a very short discussion at the next meeting in Nal Morris basement and we created: The Utah Rock Art Research Association / URARA! I can picture in my mind the meeting in Nal Morris’s basement when we decided to name us the Utah Rock Art Research Association: URARA.”



Stansbury Island—Jim Olive
and Dorde Woodruff



Photos Courtesy of Steven
Acerson—Stansbury Island

“As I remember URARA started when a small Utah group of ARARA members wanted to create a Utah ARARA chapter so we would have local access in an organized way to talk about and visit rock art sites. We wanted the benefits of an organization but one that was locally based. Our request was turned down but our disappointment turned us to look at starting our own organization. We realized we lacked the experience to do so. That didn't matter I guess, because we went forward like we knew what we were doing.

URARA was very much a social organization at first. We loved visiting rock art sites, organizing nice dinners and enjoying each other's company. But after a few years we needed and wanted more. I think our first formalized action was limiting field trips to members only and putting some sites on a limited number of visitors. The restrictions were not always well received but were implemented anyway. I believe the formalization of URARA came as the annual symposium drew bigger and bigger numbers, including many professionals in the related fields. I believe that URARA had evolved into an organization that is now comfortable to avocationists and professionals and is benefitting both equally.

I admire those who met around kitchen tables or in front rooms. I have many memories of small groups laughing and telling funny stories from past adventures. Stories such as the small tent tipping over that covered the portable toilet in Seven Mile Canyon with someone in it or Clifford Rayl wearing his baseball cap to a symposium with the Desert Industries Price tag still attached. I remember homemade chili eaten near Robbers Roost that produced perspiration on everyone's forehead and who can forget watching a camera firmly grasped in someone's hand held high above their head disappear into the Dirty Devil River.

URARA is and always should remain a home where serious researchers and those who are searching for a social outlet for their passion for Petroglyphs and pictographs can rub shoulders and feel comfortable.”

JANE BUSH REMEMBERS:

“It was a great organization for our family, and for the other families that were members. There were about six families with kids that showed up most months for the field trips. We mainly just used a Subaru station wagon, but managed to camp out any place, with a rain fly or a couple pup tents. It wasn't as crowded then. And probably safer. The grown up members were good to all the kids. There were so many interesting smart, people from a wide range of professions who were generous with their knowledge. We were older when we had our family, so the girls didn't have many experiences with their grandparents. We felt like our girls had many extra grandparents in our URARA family.”



- (1) L to R, back to Camera is Sarah Bush, blue shirt is Jane, can't remember the next man. Red hat is Kirk Nelson, yellow hat is Jake Bowen, taken Segoe Canyon Oct. 1990
- (2) Eating apples, Sarah Bush, Andrea Bush, Rachel Bush, Cat (Katie) Bowen, Vern Bush, Moab trip Oct 1990.
- (3) Jake Bowen, Rick Allen, Rachel Bush, Feb, 1991 picture
- (4) Parowan Gap Mar. 1990 Newell Morris, Becky Morris, Jake Bowen, Jaden Warren

“I'm sure you have heard stories about Clifford Rahl. He was a machinist for the military, some education, and a smart man, with a wry personality. But he pretended to be a fool. Sorry for anyone that really believed it. He bought his clothes at D.I. And left the tags on. He had an old school bus that he used as a camper. He liked to invited everyone over to have root beer floats in the bus. He liked to surprise our girls with old cow bones, sometimes kind of fresh with bits of skin and bugs on them. He would wrap them up like birthday presents. The girls found a cow's vertebrae that had a floating piece, like a handle. It cleaned up quite well, and they stuck a candle in the center and gave it to Clifford for a night light. Another Cliffordism was his love to mispronounce words. This drove Bill Strange crazy. Bill was the head of the English Department at the U.of O. We were talking about finding similar rock art styles in contiguous areas. Clifford kept saying they were contagious areas. Bill would correct Clifford, and Clifford would keep saying it wrong. If you want to giggle see if you can find Clifford's paper about Rock Art and Cow Dung..”

“Another memory to add, although it was not pleasant to go through. Clifford died at my symposium. I was president of URARA in 1997. The symposium was in Price. We were at the Sunday morning session and Clifford had set up a video camera, Nal was just starting his presentation, and Clifford stood up grabbed his chest, and fell over. We were next to the Police station, so help was close, and nurses and medic in audience were giving CPR. When they rushed him to the hospital he was pronounced DOA. It was the same day Princess Diana died. Maybe Clifford was telling her stories in Heaven's waiting room.”



TROY SCOTTER SHARES:

"I discovered URARA back when the internet was still young. One day I did a Google search on "Utah Rock Art" and ended up at the URARA web site. I was nervous about joining the group. I liked that "rock art" part of the name, but was terrified by the "research" part. I wasn't sure if I needed a PhD in archeology to be a member. That definitely wasn't my background. I read the website over and over again and finally decided that if URARA kicked me out my membership would cost less than a dinner.

I hesitated to join activities. But I saw a note about a field trip to the Rochester Creek rock art site. I had been there and really wanted a "researcher" to explain what was going on with that intriguing site. I planned carefully, arriving at the campsite around 10:00 pm so that I could sneak in after everyone was asleep. Much to my dismay, everyone was still awake, gathered around a big truck where fried chicken was being distributed with wild abandon. To my relief I got a wonderful reception. I don't think anyone on that field trip had a degree in archeology (although we have members who do). Rather they were people like me who love rock art, camping, being in the desert, photography, hiking, and the intrigue of the past.

I had a great time that weekend. I saw more rock art in those two days than I had in my whole life. Bob and Sue Ludtke drove me around. Craig and Nina Bowen along with Glenn and Margaret Stone decided we should hike to a site while everyone else drove. We got lost and would probably still be hiking around the Swell if the rest of the group hadn't started to honk their car horns. I discovered many other friends with whom I have enjoyed adventures for almost twenty years.

I've learned a lot in that time. People who know a lot more about rock art and archeology have taught me in the field and through presentations at our symposium. I'm now active in our conservation program, I enjoy documenting sites, and I work a lot with the government figuring out how to preserve cultural resources. I even lead the occasional field trip and occasionally help build a new website. I don't think I've ever become a researcher. But I am a happy member of URARA. However, no one has ever explained what the Rochester site means."



Rochester Panel

JANET LEVER-WOOD REMEMBERS:

“As far as I can remember, the first meeting of URARA that I attended was in Blanding, UT. Everything was new, exciting, remarkably friendly, surprisingly welcoming. Here was a group of folks with the same curiosity about rock art and archeology that I had been naively exploring for a few years. I don't remember the papers or the banquet; I do remember the Green River melon social. I also remember the day of the field trip that was 112 degrees out towards John's Canyon. The road was in need of repair and impassable for those driving; the rock art visited and photographed was minimal. Someone knew of a cool running stream on the way out that seemed a far healthier choice to consider. So not a lot of rock art panels were contemplated; perhaps we were more focused on survival practices, lowering core body temperatures, and inevitably laughing and enjoying new friends.

The second meeting was the October after 9/11- I think it was in Moab. That year I had submitted a paper earlier in the fall and was looking forward to sharing slides and words with like-minded folks. Everything changed with that horrendous event that took place in NYC, Washington DC and Pennsylvania. Somehow considering the pleasure and passion of rock art adventures seemed a little silly in the light of the trauma that the whole country was experiencing. I have always written letters, poems, essays and decided to share a more personal set of images and accompanying text. URARA has always held an openness for unique perspectives; I felt heard and accepted. So here it is -an organization that has kept going for 40 years with some real characters: archeologists out in left field, talented artists, dedicated scientists, thoughtful writers and speakers and patient and kind individuals who care about a cultural geography and about each other.”



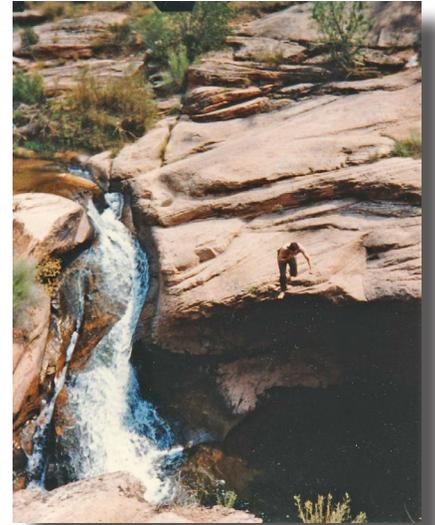
Photos Courtesy of
Sandra Sandberg
Nine Mile Canyon and
Kanab area



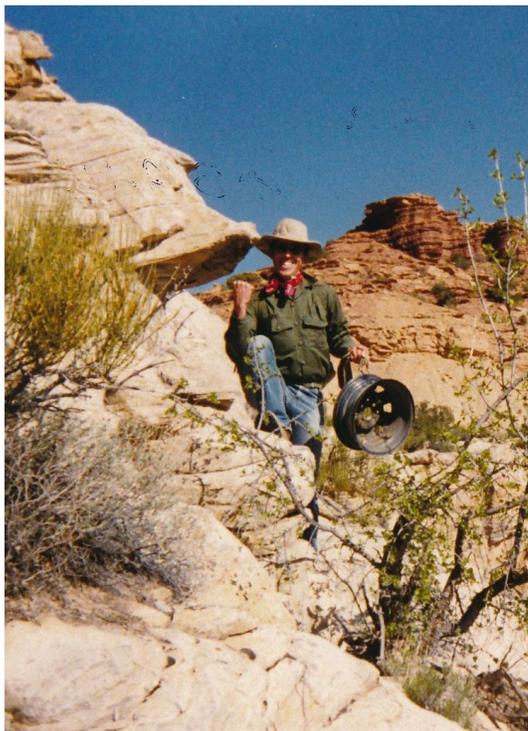
BILL HIRT SHARES:

“This happened back in the late 1980's. On a URARA field trip hike in the Moab area, possibly along Mill Creek, we came to a place where there was a pool of water beneath a cliff-like drop off about 20 feet high. Jesse Warner bet me \$5 that I would not dare to jump off it into the water. I took him up on it, and he took a picture of me in midair on the way down. Jesse paid up!

Here is the story of how Ben Everitt, Bob Frix, and I made a 20 mile hike carrying two wheels after having two flat tires, along with some pictures to illustrate what happened:



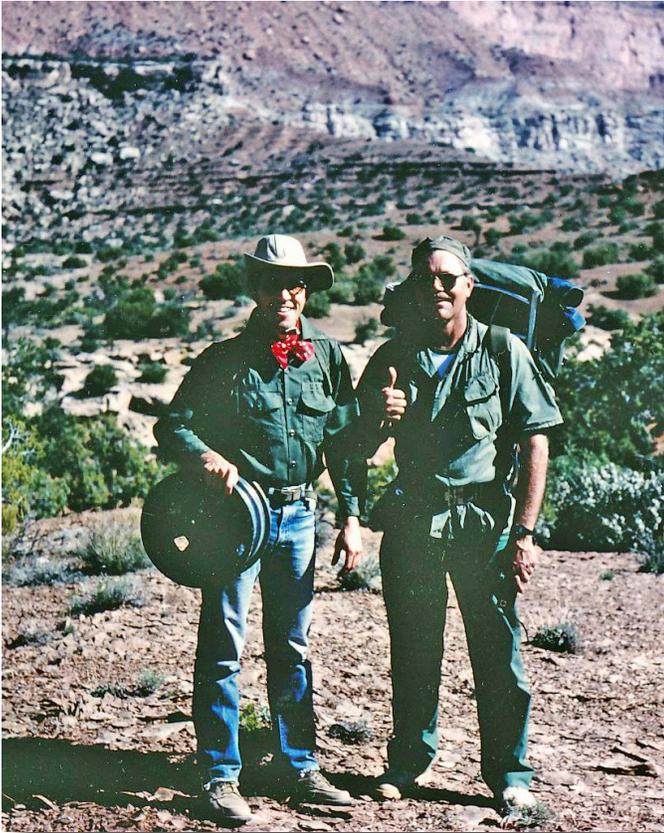
Bill Hirt and Ben Everitt, we have the tires off of the wheels.



In April 1988 fellow URARA members Ben Everitt, the late Bob Frix and I took one of Ben's cars into the Maze area of Canyonlands National Park to meet up with the other members on a field trip to the Maze. Bob was a Navy friend of mine, who joined URARA after meeting me. We decided to leave SLC a day earlier than the official start of the field trip; our plan was to see some interesting things on the way into the Maze, and meet the other members for the official start of the field trip. The trip started okay. We came through Hanksville, stopped by Lake Powell, saw a gold placer operation that Ben knew of, and then drove towards the Maze from the southwest. Bob Frix was driving the car along a good gravel road.

Bob had a problem with his eyes; it may have been a stigmatism. Anyway, at one point when we were well out of civilization in the middle of nowhere, Bob got the car a little too far to the right hand side of the road at a place where there was a sharp stone lying on the edge of the road. I heard a sound like "putt, putt". That was the sound of both tires on the passenger side being slashed open by the stone. Both tires went flat instantly. So there we were – two ruined tires and only one spare tire, and we were miles from civilization. It was late afternoon, so we decided to camp, figure out what to do next, and have supper. Ben got out his topographic maps to see if we could locate ourselves approximately. We could either walk back the way we came, or keep going the way we had been driving. We decided to hike north to the Hans Flat ranger station, which was over 20 miles away, in the hope that they had a radio phone and the means to change tires. So we took the tires off of the wheels. Then we had supper.

BILL HIRT CONTINUED...



The next morning after making breakfast we fixed up some carrying straps and rope that we used to sling over our shoulders to carry the wheels. We carried some water and a little food to keep us going. Then the three of us starting walking, taking turns carrying the wheels. It was a very long day of hiking, some of it cross-country in order to cut down on the distance we had to go. Part of it was up the Flint Trail. Bob loved music and he entertained us along the way by occasionally breaking into song; he knew old time Mexican songs, German songs, and American 50's and 60's hits; also he knew a French marching song that we dubbed "March or die". At one point we scaled a slope that would be classified somewhere between a steep hill and a cliff, also to save on our hiking distance.

My feet got very sore as the day wore on, but we kept putting one foot in front of the other and eventually we made it. A short distance before we reached the ranger station along came another URARA member, the late Leith Ellis, in his International Scout, who gave us a ride the rest of the way. What a relief it was to see Leith! We were lucky; there were people at the ranger station, they had a means to communicate with the outside world, and they had a tire changing machine. We called our URARA friends Earl and Shirl Vitus, who lived in Grand Junction and asked them to bring us 2 new tires. Fortunately they had not left their home yet and they bought the tires and brought them to us the following day. Earl and Shirl were wonderful people, who have since passed away. I remember that it felt so good at the end of our hike to get off of my feet and just sit down to get my weight off of them. I have never walked that far in one day since then. That day was something I'll never forget."



Our rescuers; from left Earl Vitus, Shirl Vitus, Lori, Joann from Grand Junction

DID YOU KNOW?

(A Little 40 Year Celebration Trivia)

URARA has grown over the years. Members have come and gone. The organization has thrived. But did you know there was more going on than just rock art visits, preservation, and research? Behind the scenes were a group of ladies making things happen. Of course, we know that goes on all the time. But this is special. For us “Newbees”, to find out about the “*Legendary Symposium Quilt*” was really exciting. I found this announcement in one of the earlier Vestiges as I searched for interesting stories for the 40 years Celebration.

FROM JANE BUSH:

*“The Legendary Symposium Quilt. It is quilt making time again. This is a project which is a top priority for our Symposium auction, and a great money contributor to our coffers. I am requesting help from all of you talented artists for 12x12” quilt blocks of Rock Art motifs. Please send your creations to me, or bring them to our next meeting. And thank you in advance.
- Elva Ogden.”*



What a valuable tradition to carry on. Although I haven't heard about a group gathering in recent years to work on a quilt specifically for symposium, I know there are still a lot of quilters among the URARA membership, as evidenced by quilt donations still happening at our auctions. Thanks Elva, for the memory. And thanks to all the great quilters out there donating their time and talent to help URARA be successful in its mission.



Quilt: Andrea Bush, Rachel Bush, Barbara Green, Elva Ogden and Nina Bowen.

Andrea, Jane, Rachel Bush,
Barbara Green, Elva Ogden
Nina Bowen.
Urara Quilt 2004

PAULA QUAY SHARES:

“I heard about URARA through a public service type announcement in Price, advertising the Symposium being held there. I had become fascinated by rock art in Utah after seeing the sites in Sege Canyon, and I was extremely excited to find out more about it. I decided to give it a try. Despite my knowing nothing about Price, symposiums or how it all worked, I registered and showed up knowing absolutely no one.

During my first day, which was a field trip to Prickly Pear site, I made the acquaintance of Boma Johnson, who we sadly lost a few days ago. He was getting together a casual group to go look at some sites in the Swell on Sunday afternoon and asked me along. We got our little group together and headed out, but while going down several correct, (and incorrect) dirt roads looking for the rock art, one of our little band had to pull over with a flat tire, creating a short delay. Maybe only in a group of rock art seekers would we have not one, but two people in our group who were taking native American flute lessons and actually had the flutes in their cars with them!

It didn’t take too long for them to break out the flutes and entertain us with the incredible sound of native American flute playing, under the bright blue sky surrounded by desert and sage. I was thrilled and knew I would never forget that moment. I even grabbed a picture of Christine, which I have included.

I’ve had many friendships formed, unique field trips, and special moments during the following years of membership with URARA. I am so glad I found this amazing and special group!”

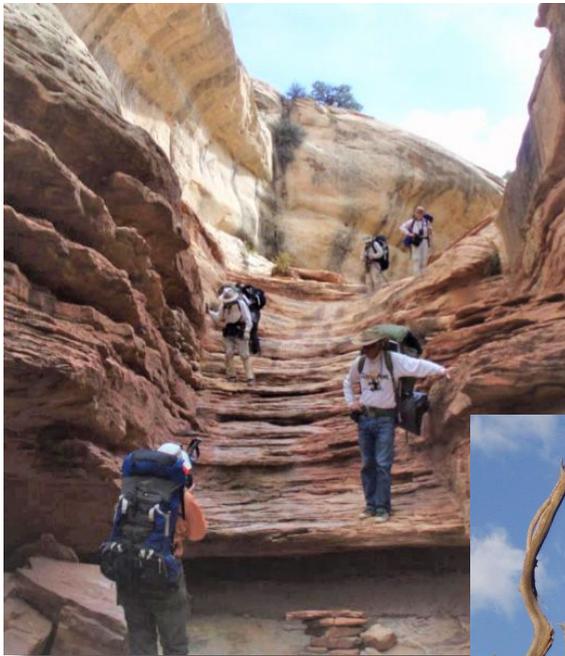


SYMPOSIUM HISTORY

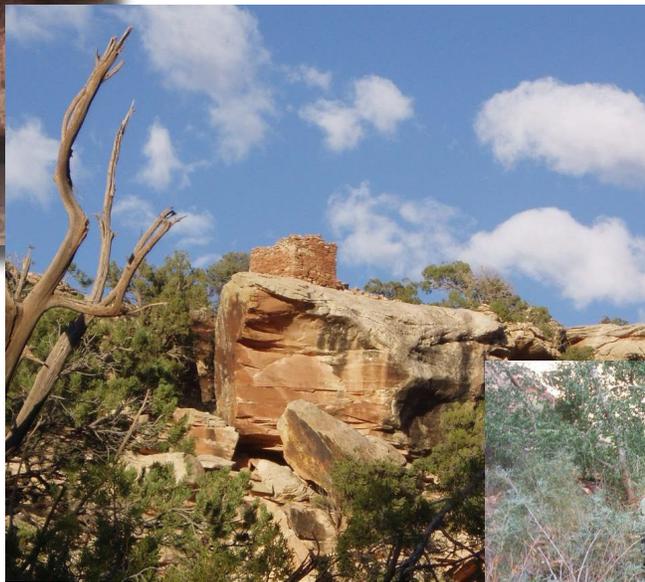
| From | To | Location | President |
|----------|----------|----------------------|-------------------|
| 10/6/01 | 10/8/01 | Moab | Craig Barney |
| 11/9/02 | 11/11/02 | St. George | John Macumber |
| 10/10/03 | 10/13/03 | Green River | Layne Miller |
| 10/8/04 | 10/11/04 | Kanab | Layne Miller |
| 10/7/05 | 10/10/05 | Price | Troy Scotter |
| 10/6/06 | 10/9/06 | Vernal | Troy Scotter |
| 10/5/07 | 10/8/07 | Moab | Troy Scotter |
| 10/10/08 | 10/13/08 | Escalante | Steve Robinson |
| 10/8/09 | 10/12/09 | Cedar City | Steve Robinson |
| 10/8/10 | 10/11/10 | Blanding | Jeff Allen |
| 9/23/11 | 9/27/11 | Price | Jeff Allen |
| 9/21/12 | 9/24/12 | Vernal | Ben Everitt |
| 10/11/13 | 10/14/13 | Moab | Ben Everitt |
| 10/10/14 | 10/13/14 | Kanab | Ben Everitt |
| 10/2/15 | 10/5/15 | Escalante | Richard Jenkinson |
| 9/30/16 | 10/3/16 | Delta | Richard Jenkinson |
| 10/5/17 | 10/9/17 | Green River | Steve Acerson |
| 10/4/18 | 10/8/18 | Bluff | Steve Acerson |
| 9/26/19 | 10/1/19 | Hurricane/St. George | Werner Duecker |
| | | | |

URARA GRAND GULCH BACKPACK TRIP OCTOBER 2010 - Ben Everitt

“We arrived at the BLM Kane Gulch Ranger Station at 8:00. Puddles spoke of last night’s rain. The forecast said more rain. We decided on Plan “B” which was to forego the long possibly muddy car shuttle into Government Trail, and just go in and out via Bullet Canyon, so that we weren’t committed to a long march through a possibly flooded canyon. I jettisoned a liter of water to make room for my tent.



A trip into Grand Gulch is a spiritual journey. After wandering among junipers on the plateau for a while, the trail drops over the edge of the mesa and descends, layer by geologic layer, into past time. It is like climbing down the ladder, rung by shaky rung, into the kiva to visit the ancestors. The walls close in. The gray sky recedes. The ruins of a square watch-tower perch on the distant rim above. Ruins appear; granaries tucked under ledges, small houses, here and there a glyph or a painting. The weather was ambivalent, cool and cloudy, neither encouraging nor discouraging. There was a sprinkle of rain, just enough to make us don rain gear.



Larger ruins appear. Lunch at Perfect Kiva ruin. The stream channel is narrower and the brush thicker than I had remembered. Our camp is on a high bench at the confluence of Bullet and the main Gulch. There is supposed to be a spring here, but all we found were some brown pools from the last rain. The clouds were breaking, so I elected not to pitch the tent I had lugged all the way there, and threw my bag in a dry spot under a ledge. A gentle rain during the night showed that I fit nicely just inside the drip line. The morning dawned partly cloudy.



The consensus was to go upstream in the Gulch to Shiek’s Canyon and the Green Mask pictograph. We buttoned up camp, grabbed some lunch and water, and went. We crossed the dry creek bed just above camp and followed a good trail on the west bank. Every alcove has a ruin and some glyphs or paintings. One of the favored themes is snakes and/or lightning. Are they trying to tell us something? Here a bug-eyed lightning figure peers out from under a ledge.



photo Scott Steinberg

consensus said to beat feet back to camp. If anything, this group does have a really good consensus. The facts are these: The trail is on the west side of the creek. Camp is on the east side. The east side of the canyon is impassable because the creek runs against the wall in several places. If the creek should rise before we get to the lower crossing, we will be in a tight spot.

We didn't make it. Just as it began to rain really hard, an alcove presented itself, and we ducked in. Perched on a dry ledge, we watched the rain splatter on the slickrock all around. A perfect time for afternoon tea, and not a stove among us.

The rain came down in sheets. Then the slickrock began to work its magic. To our left, a jet of water shot out over the cliff as if Engine Number 8 had just turned on the pumps. The snout of the flow hung in the updraft for a moment, then wafted away as more water poured over the edge, and the whole river worked its way slowly down through the windy air. Soon we were looking out from behind our own waterfall. Water raced down every wash and gully toward the creek faster than we could run. We knew we had been outflanked.



photo Scott Steinberg

still up in the tamarisk and willows. It will be dark soon, and no moon. Not a good time to be wading a cold fast river full of snags and floating trash.

Just above the Ruin of the Red Deer, the trail crosses back to the east side and we were surprised to see a good flow of muddy water. Odd, because there had not been any just downstream.

We ate lunch at the Green Mask, and filled our water bottles at the spring. Talk of afternoon exploration was interrupted by a gathering darkness and the rumble of distant thunder. The gusty wind smelled like rain. The con-

When the rain let up, we squished our way down the trail to the crossing where we could look wistfully toward our camp and our dinner across a hundred yards of rolling brown waves and whitecaps. The late afternoon sun came out. We spread our stuff to dry in what little light was left, and measured the water level. Still rising. We found a large boulder that we could all fit under and took an inventory. A cigarette lighter and 3 matches. Two emergency space blankets and a ground cloth. Someone had a couple of loaves and some fishes, and soon we had enough for supper and maybe breakfast too. The sun set. Measured the water level again; down a foot, dropping fairly fast, but

Having had their show, the spirits smiled upon us. It could have rained all night, or snowed, or frozen. The clouds rolled away and the autumn stars came out. The Great Bear dipped below the horizon looking for a place to den up for the winter. Jupiter glittered down through our skylight. Some time after midnight Orion strode crisply over the eastern rim.

Morning dawned bright and clear. The creek was back in its banks. We stepped across dry-shod. Our camp was relatively unhurt by the storm. After breakfast and double coffee, we packed up and set out for home, stopping by some sites we had missed on the way down.

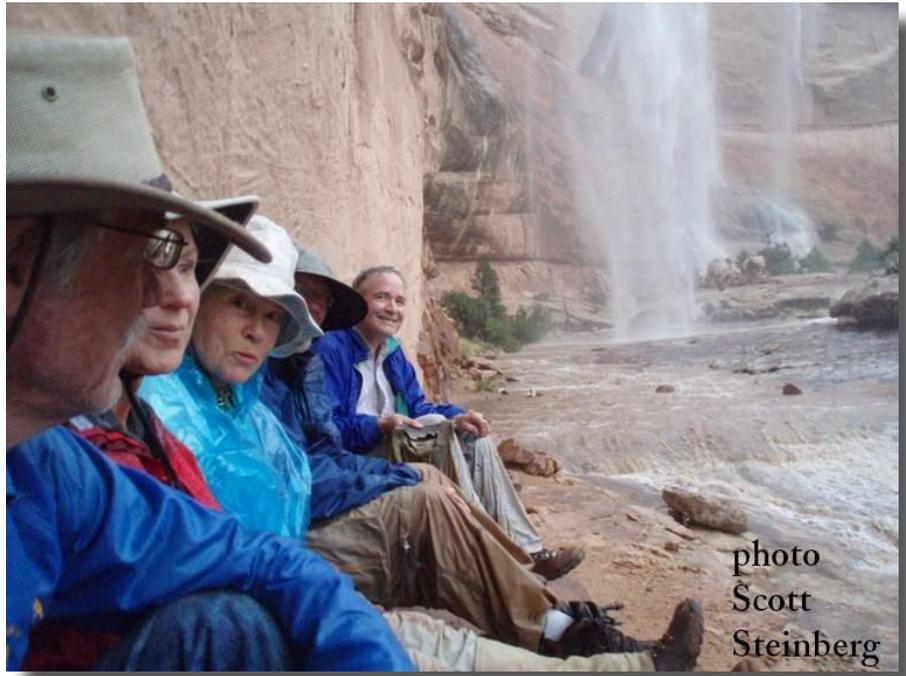
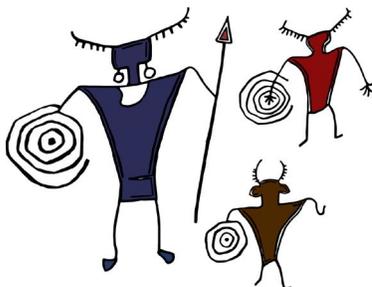


photo
Scott
Steinberg



The trail was hard to follow. Not washed out exactly, but covered with new sand bars, and, at the creek crossings, obscured by mats of bent willows. Joe had GPS'd our track on the way down, which helped a whole lot to find it on the way back. Scott scouted ahead to look for cairns that had survived the flood.



We passed a little shrine tucked under a ledge near a granary. On the back wall is a sketch of the Lord of Thunder-clouds himself, with bug eyes and lightning biceps. Done in red mud, he looks out over the flood plain, its bent willows and piles of driftwood. It is easy to think that he was painted by some long past traveler just like us, sitting under this ledge, waiting for the water to go down, and scraping the mud off his sneakers. We left a handful of Fritos corn chips to say thanks for letting us pass unharmed through his wild and beautiful country.”



**BELOW IS THE FIRST LIST OF MEMBERS
1980 -1981.**

| | |
|-------------------------|-----------------|
| G. Lee and Joyce Beard | Salt Lake City |
| Jim & Norma Benson | Salt Lake City |
| Ruth Bracy | Salt Lake City |
| Ed Bronsky | Salt Lake City |
| Kenneth B. Castleton | Salt Lake City |
| Ben & Cindy Everitt | Salt Lake City |
| Phil Garn | Salt Lake City |
| Steven & Elna Manning | North Salt Lake |
| Layne & Karen Miller | Price, Utah |
| Jim & Minion Olive | North Salt Lake |
| Richard & Rosella Rauer | Salt Lake City |
| Spencer Squire | Salt Lake City |
| Bill Thompson | West Jordan |
| Jesse & Judith Warner | Salt Lake City |

BARBARA SAXON RECALLS:

“We were active in URARA for a few of the early years but then drifted away but still maintaining our membership and always thinking we would get back into the group.

With luck one day we bumped into an ongoing URARA field trip hiking a lava area near Meadows. We recognized no one except Nina Bowen's, I think she recognized us first.

Since moving to Denver my pictures are in total disarray and most were slides that faded badly and I chucked most before packing.

I think we joined when URARA was in its second year of existence and only had a few members. We all fit into someone's living room, with room to spare for our get togethers.”



Special Note:

Barbara always worked hard to produce a successful Christmas Party every year in Salt Lake City. We looked forward to her call to let us know what to bring. She and Barbara Green always made the Christmas Party a special event. Barbara has since moved to Colorado. Thank you Barbara for your dedication to URARA!

Barbara Saxon and Diane Orr
Christmas Party 2013

JAN GORSKI REMEMBERS:



“John Macumber was a special guy. He hand-carved hiking sticks and gave them to people who served on the URARA board. He presented several of these during symposia to deserving people. You might be able to find some photos in the old Vestiges.

I was pretty new to URARA, had just started volunteering and didn't really qualify for this honor, but I lusted after one of these unique masterpieces so I asked John if he would make me one and he surprised me one day.

So attached are some photos of my hiking stick - its really hard to depict what it looks like since it is a natural piece of wood with crazy curves, but the close ups will give you an idea of the craftsmanship & creativity. This was not awarded to me at a symposium, just given to me as a kind gesture.”



Dear Member,

Just a short communication to let you know of the progress of our organization.

Our activities this year have included a field trip in February to Danger Cave, Juke box cave, and other sites near Wendover, Utah. The wet spring and subsequent floods prevented our planned Grand Gulch trip; however, in May Clear Creek was pleasant and the rock art, so far, has been undamaged by the construction of I-70 through part of the canyon. In late May (Memorial Day weekend), A.R.A.R.A. held their annual symposium in Price, Utah. Jim Olive was the chairman for this event. Under Jim's guidance and with the help of many of our members, A.R.A.R.A. had their physical arrangements made for them and guided field trips organized. Field trips were scheduled for three days instead of the customary one day. Thanks to Jim for a job well done. In June, we floated the San Juan River from Montezuma Creek to Mexican Hat studying and recording the rock art along the way. Members also enjoyed local scenery in Valley of the Gods, Geosenecks of San Juan, and also the rock art in Canyonlands. In July, we had a barbecue for members, spouses, and children at Hillsdale Park which was well attended and fun for all.

Our accomplishments so far this year have been rewriting the Constitution and Bylaws of our organization to better structure them to our club's goals. These were approved in our March meeting. On July 19, 1983, we filed our Articles of Incorporation with the Lt. Governor's Office in the State of Utah. Bill and Anette Thulin are to be thanked for their work in writing these Articles of Incorporation up for us. We are working on I.R.S. form 1023 to officially designate us as a non-profit tax exempt organization. Whew! What a job that is. As soon as our Articles of Incorporation are officially accepted, the Utah State Tax Commission has assured me that they will recognize our tax-exempt status upon receiving a letter from us requesting same. The Utah Tax Commission has already reviewed our Articles of Incorporation and approved them as meeting their requirements of a tax exempt organization.

We are involved with the University of Utah, professional archeologists, various state and federal agencies, the State of Colorado P.A.A.C. program, and several organizations with archeological interests in developing a curriculum and program that will lead to certification, recognition, and the authorization to conduct archeological surveys. Victoria Sounart, one of our new members and a BLM archeologist in Canon City, Colorado has been very helpful and instrumental in providing us with information on a similar program in Colorado (P.A.A.C.). She has also written several letters and made many long distance phone calls regarding this. Joel McNamara, in the Archeology Department at the University of Utah, is the spearhead on this

program by pulling together various government agencies and groups to get the nucleus together and the ball rolling.

We have several committees formed and active - Executive, Education, Publications, Legislative Action, etc.

The proceedings of the Second Annual U.R.A.R.A. Symposium have been published. Copies are \$5.00 for members and \$8.00 for non-members.

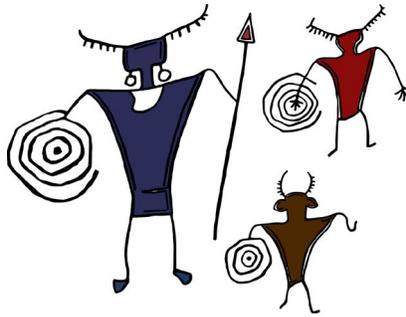
Jim Olive has "got us out of the church" (where we were meeting) and offered us the use of his new business at 2032 West 2200 South in the Decker Lake Business Park. (See enclosed map) Jim is not in the chair or furniture business, so you will have to bring a stool or folding chair with you (aluminum lawn chairs are just right). If we like these facilities - the rent is right, nothing - we will play Mother-in-law, and come to stay.

How are we doing so far? We'll need your input to plan our field trips etc.

Plans are being finalized for the third annual Utah Rock Art Research Symposium. If you are planning on coming to the symposium, we would like to know! Please fill out the enclosed preregistration form and mail it immediately.

Sincerely,

Phil Garn
Norma Benson
Steve Manning



ON BEHALF OF THE 2019 ORGANIZERS,

We wish to thank the wonderful people, those still with us and those who have passed on, who got together one afternoon in a living room in 1979 with the desire and foresight to create the organization that became the Utah Rock Art Research Association. We are grateful they could see the potential. Their foresight, love of rock art, support of each other, along with those who joined them as beginning members, set the course to making URARA the great all volunteer organization it is today.

Also we wish to thank those who contributed to the production of this publication with preparation, editing, stories, and photos, creating this “walk back in time” that we hope you have enjoyed:

**Jim Olive, Bill Hirt, Ben Everitt, Layne Miller, Steven Manning,
Nina Bowen, Jane Bush, Troy Scotter, Janet Lever-Wood, Jan Gorski,
Paula Quay, Sandra Sanberg, Tina Okubo, Steven Acerson,
Barbara Green, Barbara Saxon, Oscar Olson,
Diana Acerson and Brian Gibbons.**

This document was produced for distribution to URARA members as a gift for the Celebration of the 40 years since the gathering of the original group that became URARA.

A copy of this document will be uploaded to the URARA website and a hard copy saved in the URARA Archives in the City of Green River, Library.

All copies of photos collected for this production will also be available for viewing at the Library.

Produced and Printed September, 2019
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