

# **CROW CANYON**

Second Edition



**Pioneering Education and Archaeology  
on the Southwestern Colorado Frontier**



**Edward F. Berger, Ed.D.**



*Berger Family 2005*

**ators and archaeologists have shared this amazing real-life adventure. The book was never promoted yet thousands of copies circulated as friends shared it with friends. Uncounted programs using an interdisciplinary approach to education and research have started as a result of Ed and Jo Berger's real-life adventure - their quest for the keys to learning, and the way human beings learn best.**

**This story is true. It is the record of a teacher who dared put his dreams into actions which resulted in the founding of the Crow Canyon School and Archaeological Research Center near Mesa Verde in Colorado. This second edition celebrates the 40th Anniversary of the dream that became reality. Crow Canyon programs continue to excite and engage students of all ages.**



**Praise for Crow Canyon began almost immediately when the first edition was released in 1993. Since then thousands of edu-**



**The perfect gift for  
everyone who loves  
Education,  
Archaeology and  
Real Life Adventures!**

*Writing Down*  
CROW CANYON

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*Edward F. Berger, Ed.D*

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*Printed in the United States of America*

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**CROW CANYON**

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*Photographs and Illustrations by Jo and Ed Berger  
Foreword by Dr. Norman Eck*

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PIONEERING EDUCATION AND  
ARCHAEOLOGY ON THE  
SOUTHWESTERN COLORADO  
FRONTIER

THE STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE  
CROW CANYON SCHOOL AND  
ARCHAEOLOGICAL RESEARCH CENTER



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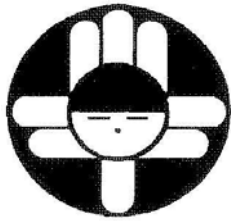
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WRITTEN AS A THANK YOU TO ALL  
WHO BELIEVED IN OUR DREAM AND  
WORKED TO MAKE IT COME TRUE

This revised second edition includes  
an update and additional photographs





## FOREWORD

Few people possess the stamina it takes to transform a dream into a reality. For twenty years, Ed Berger worked to test and demonstrate effective educational programs. During that time he created the innovative educational and philosophical foundation that built and now drive the internationally known Crow Canyon. The support that Jo has given Ed, and the distinctive creativity that she expresses in everything she does, made their creation soar. They are an amazing and effective team!

Ed's willingness to commit and to stay on task in this endeavor has provided a philosophy of education and a working model -- in practical application -- that only a few other great educational leaders have discerned and demonstrated.

It behooves all of us as adults, parents, or professionals to learn from great educators like Dr. Berger. We have much to glean from the Vital Tenets that he provides and interprets for us in his Crow Canyon book. Too much of our lives is being directed by inflexible systems. We must determine how and when we can drive the system. Each of us can then make an important contribution to life no matter what our occupation or status.

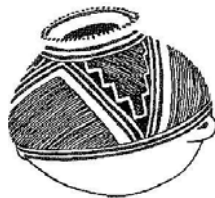
Ed Berger is a teacher's teacher. He has a thoughtful and broad following in the educational and archaeological communities. He has often been accused of being a man too far ahead of his times, but as he says, "We have to have a clear vision of where we are going if we are going to be effective as change agents." His vision is tempered by reality and experience. He is still defining parameters. In the past year he has made exciting breakthroughs

into systemic changes that must be made in our educational system. His adventures and leadership continue!

Ed has given me a special and enriched sense of giving and sharing of ideas and goals. When he asks, and he always asks, "What is your dream?" I can feel him pulling the best from me. As a businessman, teacher, historian, and writer I know that his message in this book is one for us all to study and enjoy.

*Norman K. Eck  
Battlerock in McElmo Canyon, Colorado  
June 18, 1993*

***Update: In 2008-2009 Dr. Norman K. Eck was chosen Alaska State Superintendent of the Year. His educational leadership is remarkable. His contributions to teaching and administration are making a difference. He is one who can lead even in times when few follow.***



## VITAL TENETS

It is not the job of the learner to adapt to the educational system, but rather the responsibility of the system to meet the needs of each student and help her grow toward her potential.

Society has the responsibility to identify the training and skills necessary for each individual to succeed, and to set that body of knowledge into taught curricula in an environment conducive to learning.

The school's function is to provide for the teaching of individuals, even when they are organized into groups or classes.

The responsibility of every educator is to find out what each student needs and then to provide the training and skills necessary for the individual to reach her potential.

The proper function of a professional educator is to understand the petrification potential of institutional programs and to cut through to the real purposes and issues for which the programs are necessary.

It is the responsibility of educators, primarily teachers -- not administrators, politicians, or boards of education -- to inform society about how training and education must take place.



## PREFACE

In writing this account of our adventures on the frontier in southwestern Colorado and on the frontiers of American education I have credited many of the individuals who played significant roles in the development of the dream that became a major education and research center named Crow Canyon. With more than five-thousand players involved, it was impossible to credit every one of our friends who made a contribution to our adventure and who can legitimately claim to have been a builder of the educational and research programs that resulted. Herein, I say thank you to the Bernsteins and the Browns, the McCreas and the Syzinskies. Be proud of what you gave!

I have related most events as I recall them. My wife Jo, and many others have added their perspectives. Some events, especially those parts of the program that we offered more than once, were combined into one story or account.

This is a true story. The first part of the account is more autobiographical than I, a private person, intended it to be. I learned that it was not enough for me to say "One day I decided to start a school and educational research center." It didn't happen that way. The conditions that affected my thinking and shaped my commitments, the way I related to the times, are an important part of this book.

## GOLDEN BARS OF SUNLIGHT

*Spring 1985*

I couldn't focus my thoughts. The warm sunlight falling in bars of gold across my desk were more meaningful than the stacks of papers surrounding me. I sat alone in the small square tower that housed my office. From that control center rising above the campus structures, I could see far down the gentle valley where giant cottonwood trees with shiny green leaves caught and reflected shimmers of southwestern sunlight. White tepees rose from the far side of the grassy meadow near the fast-moving creek. Woven into this pastoral scene were groups of people. From the way they walked, sat, and stood, I could see their relaxed surrender to nature and to the warmth of the spring day.

The sun traveled overhead during my reverie. Only one long bar of southwestern gold remained on my desk. As I watched, a group of teachers returned from a hike through the meadows and along the piñon, juniper, and sage ridge tops that surrounded the canyon. They had come to Crow Canyon for a week's intensive course of study. They were here to learn about the motivational effects the study of man, via archaeology, had upon kids.

I needed to be with them. I was a teacher; actually, I was an active learner. I taught in order to learn alongside peers who could challenge; to see with those who could interpret. I had things to share. Furthermore, I had responsibilities to fulfill as the professor of record for the re-certification course they were taking. Unfortunately, other issues were screaming for my attention. I was headed for Denver, preparing myself to fight the battles necessary for

program survival. I felt the loss a child feels as his classmates depart on a field trip and he is left behind.

Every fiber in my body pulled toward the meadow and those below me. I fought the impulse to leave the tower and join the theater of the day. Paperwork was stacked around me. There were ledgers for budgeting, projections and schedules for fundraising, equipment orders to place and ... I shut the metal-slat blinds. The golden day was gone from my workplace. Opening a ledger, I looked at the long lines of figures.

The telephone rang. I waited, my focus interrupted by the noise from the black instrument on the corner of my desk. Someone in the downstairs office answered the call. I concentrated on the ledger, but to no avail. Cheryl called up to me to pick up the phone.

The call was from a young man working on his doctorate in anthropology. He had to see me as soon as possible. He had ideas about the archaeological dig we operated at Sand Canyon; something he couldn't explain over the phone. I agreed to see him within the hour.

A silver Suburban 4X4 pulled into the parking area below my window. Crow Canyon archaeo-educator Ricky Lightfoot, director of the Duckfoot excavation, got out. I knew he was heading for my office. I closed the ledger and put it aside.

"Ed, we need additional security at the Duckfoot site starting tonight. In addition to the large number of ceramic vessels on the floor of the structure we have confirmed at least two burials. Our preliminary examination of the skeletal remains leads me to believe that we have two adult males. One body is laying across the ash-filled fire hearth. The other was found with burned roof timbers under and

over his body. Ed, the site must be protected until we finish the excavation and removal. If anybody gets in there and disturbs the remains, they could destroy our chances of ever knowing what happened.”

“A body over the hearth? That doesn’t seem like a loving interment ... and a body with burned timbers under and over it? It sounds like something awful happened in that structure. Any signs of how they died?”

“No signs yet. There could have been an attack on the village ... or a sickness. The structure was burned ... it looks as if the burning took place at the time of interment, and I guess, abandonment.”

“I’ll arrange security. I’ll ask our learning assistants Allen Denoyer and John Moore to cover the site. The teachers are in the lab. I know you are anxious to join them. Don’t worry about the site. It will be safe.”

The phone rang again. Soon a voice from downstairs called me to answer. My tickets were ready. Tomorrow I must be on the early flight: Out of Cortez by 6:30, in Denver by 9:00, Chicago by 12:00. I would soon trade Crow Canyon meadow grass for city asphalt. I put tomorrow from my mind just as the graduate student who had called came clumping up the stairs and into the office.

Academic archaeologists were not strangers to me. I had gained insights into the workings of their minds and into their discipline, which was a combination of the humanities and science. I knew that this “Archie” had been studying rocks at the archaeological sites, and I wondered why. I sat him down and the young captive of Colorado University’s graduate school explained to me that he was attempting to begin a program of study. A program he described as: “Vital and necessary research that

would advance our knowledge of early man and thus ourselves; research that would determine the social organization used to build large sandstone-block structures -- pueblos, towers, and kivas -- like those found at Sand Canyon.”

He sat ramrod straight and stared at his hands as he explained that “... the shaping on the faces of the sandstone blocks was done with pecking stones. But we don’t find enough pecking stones, and we don’t know how people were organized to peck rocks.”

My sense of humor should have been squashed flat by the pressures of the job, but it wasn’t. I heard the words he so carefully couched in academic language and postured in research terminology. Unfortunately, what I heard was not as he intended. What I heard struck me as delightfully funny.

“Do you mean,” I interrupted, “that we don’t find their peck...ah, ... their tools?”

“That’s exactly right! They don’t even occur in burials. One might guess that they would be placed with the dead along with the other tools they valued.”

“Do you mean they didn’t bury them with them?”

“Not only that, but can you imagine how many pecking stones it took to shape all of the rocks used to build Sand Canyon Pueblo? We don’t find enough of them. We don’t even know how they were used or how the peckers were organized!”

“So, do you conclude that only the men shaped rocks?” I asked, as innocently as possible.

“Oh no *Sir*, I think the women had their own ... call them kits.”

“Have we ever found a woman’s peck...ing stones ... her sandstone working kit, I mean?”



“No, and that’s why I’m here! I need funds to look for pecking tools. I’ll need additional funds to analyze how rocks were pecked using the tools ... what a well-used tool would look like, you know, wear patterns and such, and to find out how long it took to shape a block. Then I can determine how many people it took to shape the rocks in one structure. With that information, I can estimate the number of people required, and perhaps, and this is the most exciting part, the organizational structure of the village.”

“Wow! All of that from a study of sandstone peckers.”

The young man left my tower office of ivory colored walls. He carried with him my promise to discuss his request with our Research Directors. I also promised support if he applied for a grant.

I turned back to the ledgers. Analysis went quickly. I ran a few trial balances, checked a few entries that looked suspect, and then opened the metal slat blinds and sat back. The day’s last bar of sunlight moved slowly across my desk. It was the end-of-the-rainbow reminder of what really mattered. People really mattered. Being with people, learning, teaching, and sharing, was what Crow Canyon was all about. The pastoral tapestry so visibly woven into the spring day outside my window was a creation, warp and woof, of a dream come true, a dream I dared because I wanted life to be more than I found it to be. I was born into our society at a time when families were disintegrating, individuals were isolated, and the idea of a unified community was alien. I wanted my life to be lived in a community of fellows existing in harmony with nature, a community where learning was more important than consuming. I yearned, dreamed, and worked to make it happen.

I was a prisoner of sorts. The little complex of campus buildings in Crow Canyon, the Taj Majal I looked at from my tower office, was not a tomb, but a center of learning and human interaction. These strange buildings housed human companionship. Its education and research programs were focused upon the study of man, centered upon the study of cultures long gone. People who came to Crow Canyon could walk in the meadows, sit chatting in old rocking chairs on the front porch, sift the dust of past human endeavors through their fingers, and speculate about their reason for being.

Now, because of the success of Crow Canyon and the realization of our tenets, Jo (my partner, my wife, co-founder and co-administrator) and I realized that we had created something beautiful and exciting for others to enjoy. We realized that the mechanics of running the programs demanded too much of us to be free to participate in them. We found ourselves at a critical stage in the development of our dream. A stage of development wherein we did not have adequate funding for support services or personnel, which would have made it possible for us to work normal hours and to enjoy the fruits of our labor.

I understood that as our dream succeeded, and until we could afford more help with bookkeeping, marketing, budgeting, and secretarial functions, that Jo's and my time would be better spent keeping the organization together, rather than participating in programs. That wasn't all bleak. Vital and necessary administration was essential, meaningful, and time well-spent. I had found that effective administration was part of the creative process, a joy. If done effectively, it becomes a way of facilitating operations so that others can put their

energies into their work. The magic was in getting things running so smoothly that no one was aware that they were being 'administered.' That's hard. Jo and I had been able to build a model that worked that way, and we took great joy in it. The work and worry that were wearing us thin and beginning to burn us out were the result of a lack of funds for basic administrative support and of problems with our board and fundraiser.

The teachers were in the lab now. I knew the effects the artifacts recovered from our Duckfoot archaeological site would have on them. The Ancient Ones, the Anasazi, were a people who integrated art forms into all they touched. One might conclude that perfecting art was an integral part of their ways.

Delicate ceramic vessels had been discovered on the floor of a pit house structure the archaeological teams had been excavating. Participants and archaeologists had worked diligently to remove the earth, rocks, and burned, fallen roof timbers that had collapsed to the floor of the underground structure. As trowels, brushes, and whisk brooms exposed the pots, a time capsule 1200 years old began to tell the story of the ancient village; the story of the Ancient Ones who had abandoned the structure and left everything in place.

As the artifacts were removed from the depths of the pit and taken to the lab, the teachers followed to help with the long process of identifying and cataloging the ceramics and the tools. The amazing and beautiful vessels excited everyone, but I knew that today's discoveries of the two Anasazi skeletons would dominate their thoughts and the conversations around the work tables. I could imagine the discussions. Was murder the cause of death? Perhaps the village had been attacked? What had

happened in that ridge top village centuries ago? I knew that the teachers involved in research with our archaeological staff would help solve the mysteries. (Update: In May 1992, Crow Canyon archaeologist Ricky Lightfoot completed his Ph.D. dissertation about the Duckfoot Site research project. The answers so many worked so hard to glean from the ancients may be found *in*: Lightfoot's: *Archaeology Of The House And Household: A Case Study Of The Assemblage Formation And Household Organization In the American Southwest.*)

Participants at Crow Canyon, teachers, adults, and young students alike, worked alongside researchers from many disciplines. Researchers called themselves archaeologists or anthropologists, but they also had areas of focus, like the forensic medicine specialist, who analyzed the skeletal remains; the osteologist, who wrote tomes about diet, diseases, and causes of death; and the botanist, who studied pollen samples taken from the earth. In the labs and in the field with these professionals, participants studied the Ancients. Most importantly, people speculated about people. From that, individuals considered things of an ontological nature, tempered their thoughts with epistemological data, and learning took place. The past was explained to the present and the present was better understood. That was part of what Crow Canyon was doing, and doing well!

Kids from elementary school classrooms and senior citizens came to Crow Canyon to get their hands into the past and thereby learn about themselves. Thousands of people from all over the planet have been motivated by studying in the programs we designed.

Because of a dream that education could be made more vital and that learning could be enhanced by research into how learning takes place, Crow Canyon was created. The school and research center that we built on the edge of Crow Canyon in southwestern Colorado was still in its formative stages. It was gaining national prominence...but then, that gets us ahead of the story. All of the adventures that are recounted here started when a boy got onto a collision course with the education system.



PART I

INCULCATION

## CHAPTER 1

### LEARNING TO BUILD BOMBS

When I was ten, my friend Bob's family and my family moved into a suburban Denver school district at about the same time. We were in the fifth grade. We had done our early work in Denver Public School classrooms that were overcrowded and within which it was easy to get lost. In our new school our fifth grade had fewer than fifteen kids. We weren't lost in the new place, but we soon became the odd-boys-out, along with other new arrivals like Shep and John. We newcomers faced cliques of friends who had come up through the grades together. Teachers didn't seem to recognize (or care) that we weren't accepted. They made our alienation worse by calling us up to do our work at the blackboard while using our errors as examples of how bad and far behind the Denver schools were. Needless to say we didn't assimilate well, and so we formed our own clique and friendship bonds.

When we were graduated from sixth grade into the expectations of junior high school, we still defined ourselves as outsiders. This feeling of not belonging was felt most strongly during P.E. classes held out on the athletic field. The "in" group selected their buddies for the teams while we four stood rejected. They were used to playing together and the coach depended on them for his teams. The coach chose to ignore us because our parents had disdain for contact sports and would not let us play football. As a result, during P.E., we rejects walked around the playground looking for stuff to do, took jibes from the coach who called us "chickens" and "sissies," and generally killed time while the others played in

organized ways. Soon Bob and I, motivated by things outside school, found that we could disappear -- "ditch" -- and get what we needed. We discovered that we could take charge of our time and, in our judgment, better use it.

At the ringing of the bell, Bob and I checked in at the gym and then took off through a side door. We knew a path hidden from watching eyes and made a beeline across and up the street to Bob's house. We snuck easily into his dad's basement workshop through a slit window. There, we studied our 4-H project books, decided to enter the state competition in the electricity category and proceeded to teach ourselves about electricity and electrical motors. We built a model electrical motor out of scrap wood, steel, and wire we found in our dads' shops. We made a base of wood, an armature out of steel wound with copper wire, a commutator with copper brushes, and drilled metal bearings to carry the spinning armature. We hooked a small electric motor from a washing machine to an old automobile generator which supplied our model with safe 6-volt DC power. On the weekends, my mom, the 4-H leader, became an unknowing accomplice when she helped us make large drawings which we would use at the fair to explain our electrical project.

Week after week, whenever we could ditch P.E., we worked in secret on our project. Because no one at school could imagine twelve-year-olds outsmarting the system, we were not caught ... that is until we attracted too much attention by winning second place in the state competition. Then all hell broke loose. Questions were asked. We answered them honestly. We were proud that we had turned wasted time into learning time. How misdirected we were!



The punishments were meted out by the teachers and administrator with the full cooperation of our intimidated parents. (Both sets of parents knew that what the school was doing to us was wrong, but all four had a strong belief that they had to back the teachers because what kind of society would we have if they didn't?) We were separated. We couldn't get together to work on projects at school or after. At school, we were watched to make certain we didn't do 4-H projects or study mechanical things. We had to check in after each bell. We did hours in study hall detention. We were forced to sit and do nothing through P.E. classes. All of our tools and the things that "got us into trouble" were taken away. We were held up to peer ridicule, and generally dogged. For the first time in our lives, we became aware of our propensities for anger and we began to examine ways to get even. Within the year, we learned to build bombs.

Bob had a form of creative genius that didn't take well to being stifled. He invented or discovered bolt bombs.

"Two bolts and a nut, and I'll be the nut," we joked. Two bolts and a nut and five caps made a bomb! We could buy all the caps we wanted at the dime store, in red paper rolls. Each roll contained 50 little pimples of gunpowder, enough for ten bombs.

We tested bombs until we knew just how tight to screw the bolts into the nut so that when we dropped them the bolts would come together in the nut and explode the caps. Then we dropped them or tossed them and felt the power we had at our fingertips as we sent hot metal flying. Soon, bolt-bombs started shaking the quiet corridors of the school. Nobody in power could figure out what made the explosions. The rewards of doing something to

get even weren't nearly as great as learning about electricity, building a 4-H project, and taking second place at the 4-H Fair, but they were all we had.

One day we were caught with nuts and bolts stowed in our desks. We were too smart to leave rolls of caps where they could be found, so we had carefully placed all of the caps in assembled bolt-bombs. The teacher had us gather our 'junk' and marched us down to the Principal's office. We entered the office, bolts in hand. The Principal asked us to put the bolts on her desk. We placed them on top of a green loose leaf notebook. Fate and an inclined plane were to expose the culprits. When the Principal moved the notebook, the bombs rolled off. In the melee, two very bad boys knew that the system was vulnerable.

In our case, the *fact that* we ditched *P.B.* class had so threatened the P.E. teacher that his uproar became a survival issue for the Principal. Thus, no attempt was made to understand our actions, and what we did was made even more "criminal" because of a personnel dynamic we could not have fathomed at that age.

Bob and I never built bombs again. Not because of anything they did to us, but because we decided that being bombers didn't fit into the images we held of ourselves. In time, Bob decided that the system was right. He accepted the message that he was wrong and out-of-step. He learned to deny himself. He lost part of his positive self-image. He decided that school was a hell he was best out of; a place he could not succeed. I kept my center by becoming a smart-ass, sitting back, not participating, and scrutinizing everything they did to or for us students. I failed classes but was passive-adaptive enough not to rancor those charged with my "education." I learned what was taught but would not

give “them” the satisfaction of knowing what I took away. I only hurt myself, but as a teenager I didn’t know how else to survive in the system. I bided my time, sought vital learning outside the school, and promised myself that one day I would become a teacher who would not lose sight of what schools were for.

There are many ways to succeed within an institutionalized world, and I had found one that let me keep my dignity. Over the next few years I was mentally battered and attacked, but fortunately, I never lost my love of learning or the belief that schools could be there for kids. Because I ditched school at every opportunity, I graduated in the lower half of my high school class. The high school principal, a history teacher, and a counselor saw through my act. They got me into college and sent me in the right direction.

## CHAPTER 2

### ALL KIDS ARE AT RISK

In 1961, I became a teacher at Cherry Creek High School. In the first five years I taught in the public schools, I met dozens of students who had gotten in trouble with the system and were “suffering” from the results of going against the program. I remembered my own battles and gradually gained the confidence to become an advocate for kids who were fighting to preserve their dignity against the overwhelming institutions we call schools. Many of these kids were excellent students, seemingly well adapted to the institutions; presumably doing well. Too often we jump to the conclusion that learners who have problems with the institutions all act out and then drop out. There are many kids like that, but there is an equal number -- probably a greater number -- of kids who suffer damage but are clever enough to play the passive-adaptive role and get through the systems. When they finally pass out of the control of educational institutions, they are free to unleash their contempt for what was done to them. When they have children, they do their best to find educational alternatives for them.

I knew I had to figure out a way to change my teaching style to reach all types of kids. I gained inspiration from a science teacher at Cherry Creek whom I came to respect and admire. From him, I learned two important lessons: the difference between training and education, and the importance of real life experiences for kids.

Tom Losasso had sandy-red hair, freckles, and a medium build. His blue eyes communicated that he was always on the brink of some fun

adventure or thought. He was level-headed, sensible, and sensitive. He taught science in an unusual and successful way. He focused upon the needs of the individual student.

Tom was an excellent teacher, respected by students and peers alike. Like most young teachers, he was looking for a better way to support his family. He loved flying and he had applied to United Airlines for pilot training. UAL told him that if he became a licensed pilot, multi-engine rated, they would consider him for pilot training at the University of the Air, near Denver's Stapleton Airport. His economic future was assured.

I had the pleasure of flying with Tom on several occasions. We became friends. We talked more about kids and education than air currents and instrument ratings. Tom understood something I did not. He understood the difference between education and training. As a science teacher and a pilot trainee he had learned how training worked. As a thinking being, he understood the need to educate.

"I need to help kids master the basic skills," I told Tom as we flew high over Denver on a clear and crisp fall day.

"You mean you need to train them," he corrected.

"What's the difference?" I asked, somewhat annoyed that he saw something I didn't.

"The difference is right here in the cockpit," he pointed at the stick and instruments. "I'm trained to fly this Cessna. If I do exactly as I have been taught, if I read the instruments correctly even if we aren't in the clouds, and if I go through a checklist of operations each time we fly, we will not crash due to pilot error. If I interpret what I should do, you know, debate whether the information I have is right or not, or

disregard the instruments because I have a feeling that I know better, or avoid the checklists because I assume everything is operational, then we will have a good chance of crashing. I am trained to fly like I was trained to read, do math, or conjugate a verb.”

“I understand,” I said, aware that Tom was a safe pilot because he was well trained and because he followed procedures to ‘T’.

“Many kids missed disciplined training. It’s time to get them the basics so that they can proceed with their education,” Tom added.

Suddenly, we banked sharply and I grabbed for the handle. Fighting panic, I looked over at Tom as the plane fell away on its right wing, my wing! My fear abated as I saw that Tom had a big grin on his face. He looked over at me.

“Now, what I do with the training, the base information, once I have the skills and the systems down, that’s education! If I’m well trained and then make positive decisions, I will have the full use of this plane, my life, for that matter.” He had made his point!

We educators avouch that our schools provide first training and then education. Training that provides the basic tools for learning and functioning in the world. Education that results in independent thinking. Education that supplies citizens who make a contribution to our society. Education that, through its built-in crap detectors, keeps us free. Education that is the mother of invention and change. That’s what we affirm, but not necessarily what we deliver. If the ideals we espouse are to be real, we educators need to examine our actions to see if what we do and how we perform is the result of well-thought-out self-determination or the programmed misdirection of a system gone awry.

Tom started a flying club in our high school. Students joined in large numbers. One day he asked me to help him chaperon a field trip to the flight control tower at Denver's Stapleton Airfield. It sounded fun so I agreed to go along. That field trip gave me great insights into teaching-for-learning using the real world outside of the school building. It was a milestone event in my development as an educator.

As the students arrived and stood in nervous groups awaiting orders, I got worried. The group was made up of many of the high school's trouble-makers and discipline problems. As kids arrived I identified youngsters who were being threatened with expulsion, ditched school at every opportunity, and were considered "loners," social outcasts. The thought of being responsible for these rebels in the control tower of a busy airport made me want to turn and run.

The kids gathered around Tom. His easy manner relieved the pressure that was building in the group. I stood, odd-man-out. Occasionally a kid would turn and look my way, then look down and turn back into the circle. They weren't sure about me. I knew I wasn't sure about them. We stopped at a White Spot for hamburgers. The group was polite, under control, and a pleasure to be with. On lunchroom duty I often stopped food fights between these kids. I had spent a lot of time forcing them to clean up their trays and tables. Here, there was none of that contemptuous behavior. I began to relax. The kids began to talk to me and accept my presence.

We arrived at the tower and took the tour. Tom and I stood back, out of the way, while the kids asked questions and intently observed the controllers at their work. All were motivated and excited. There

wasn't a hint of a discipline problem. Our hosts complimented the group as we left, "Come any time," they offered, "groups like yours are always welcome."

That evening field trip was one of the best I had experienced. Afterwards Tom invited me to his house to unwind.

"O.K. damn it! What did you do to those kids?"

"Nothing special" he replied as he handed me a cold beer. "They are always like that if they like what they are doing."

"At school they are incorrigible," I said.

"Sure," Tom agreed, "they are the push-outs. They threaten the system."

His words brought to mind my own painful experiences as a kid trying to survive in the school system. Tom had inadvertently placed a burr under my saddle and I began to think about an educational approach that could be effective with kids who were at-deep-risk, push-outs, outlaws.

One year later in 1966, with Tom's support and counselor Virginia Berry's involvement, I started a new program. The target was the push-out, the "bad kid." The program was called Operation Last Word: And That Unspoken. We identified twelve kids who were on a collision course with our school system and so were not attending classes or even school on a regular basis.

The students had several characteristics in common. They possessed a poor mastery of some basic skills, usually in one area, but often in two or more disciplines: arithmetic, English, reading, and so forth. Poor self-discipline and low self-esteem were evidenced by copious detailed notes written in their files by teachers from almost every grade. What I saw was a pattern of poor self-control and little self-



discipline, leading to or coming from poor mastery of basic skills.

The kids, suffering self-esteem problems and the feelings of inadequacy brought on by poor preparation, fought the system as they struggled for control of themselves. Aha, the beginnings of a diagnosis! Now I needed to know what to do for each student in the program. For each kid we needed a prescription for treating their problems.

Virginia and I convinced the administration that the twelve be assigned to us, full-time. (Twelve were identified. One boy took his own life the day before we were to have asked him to be in the program.) We were allowed to rearrange our schedules so that we had a large block of time free to work with the students. Instead of punishment and lectures, we took them away from the school and showed them people at work. (The unspoken message.)

Virginia and I identified industries and businesses in the greater Denver community that we thought would be interesting to our charges. We contacted those businesses and with their help pre-arranged the schedules of their workers so that men and women doing their jobs had time to stop work and talk with our kids. We asked the workers to explain what they did, what training they needed, how they got it, how much they were paid, and how they felt about their work and lives. Our kids were fascinated.

Soon, they began to open up to us and share feelings: mostly fears about school and their lives. The kids responded to reality just as the students on Tom Losasso's field trip had. We diagnosed the areas in which each student needed special help. We counseled them about using the system for their own

needs. "Get in, get what you need from the system, the things we have identified together, then get out and on with your life!" It worked. The eleven students attended regularly, allowed lines of communication to develop and teacher input to be received. They "mellowed out," as they called the process of putting their energies into being effective for themselves, not into fighting the system.

Dr. William Glasser, the "Reality Therapy" man, was scheduled to give a counseling demonstration of his techniques at Colorado University in Boulder. Over three hundred high school counselors would be in attendance. Virginia Berry asked our Operation Last Word group if they would be the "guinea pigs" for Glasser's demonstration. Much to our surprise, they all agreed.

All the Operation Last Word kids were seated at a table with Glasser, in the pit at the bottom of a large semicircular amphitheater lecture room. Three hundred professional counselors glared down at them. They were petrified with fear. Within moments, Glasser put them at ease. He was amazing. In minutes he had them talking with him and answering his questions. They were candid to a fault. They told of their resentment at being treated like babies in school. They had a lot to say about being in charge of their own lives, what they ate, how they dressed, and how they structured their own time. "We can't even go take a whiz," one girl complained, "without asking permission. How many of you," she asked, looking up at the observers "have to get permission to go pee?" The counselors looked thoughtful, as they had been trained to do. I watched hundreds of nodded agreements and introspective smiles.

After many complaints were aired and the students identified grievance after grievance, Glasser

leaned back, looked at the kids for a long time, meeting each pair of eyes with his own, and said:

“I hear you. I agree with you. Things are not as they could be. I need to tell you that they probably won’t change.” He sat forward in his chair while still maintaining eye contact with each person at the table in turn. “Given all of that, I ask you,” and he looked at each and nodded his head as he achieved solid eye contact. Then he continued, “Given all that, what are you going to do now? For yourself now! You are in charge now! What are you going to do NOW, and in your future? You are in charge!”

The kids shifted their energies to solutions. Changes in their attitudes and self-directed effectiveness were observable almost immediately. Virginia and I marveled that it was as if the kids had suddenly learned another language, another way of thinking. From that time forward, they looked ahead and made changes. Glasser’s Reality Therapy worked. I had a new educational tool.

Operation Last Word was a good beginning, but it was not enough. If basic skills development was critical and training needed to be done, if self-esteem had to be built and students needed to learn how to discipline themselves, if individuals were being stifled, then a much broader program was needed. I thought, read, talked, and thought some more. Finally, I had a plan.

Instead of taking off for California with friends, I celebrated Thanksgiving 1967 at my typewriter. By late Sunday night I had a proposal written. I called it the “I” Team.

The “I” Team provided an interdisciplinary team of teachers who would work with at-risk kids who were not dealing well with school, kids who needed support to develop their individual talents and

skills. The team of teachers would be selected because they had demonstrated an understanding and a concern for kids and because they knew the importance of building the basic skills, self-esteem, and recognizing individuality. Each student would be pre-tested to determine his/her skills levels. Each would have a custom-tailored learning program developed for him. There would be no failure, no jibes because a student was studying Arithmetic 5 as a high school senior. The kids would have their own environment, a school within the school, or a special building or place outside the institution's structures. In that separate setting, students and teachers, working as a team, would be allowed to shape the mechanics of the day and program so that learning was enhanced. The student-teacher teams were allowed to determine seemingly trivial things, like when they could go to the john, and major conditions which effected learning, like how time was structured, and how skills would be mastered.

I presented the "I" Team concept to the administration and anxiously awaited their approval. They liked it, The Superintendent wanted to get it funded. I was elated.

One winter day, my classroom was disrupted by a call blaring out of the PA speaker on the wall. "Mr. Berger, please report to the office immediately! A substitute teacher is on her way to your room to relieve you."

My heart leapt to my throat. Suddenly my thoughts were dominated by a sense of dread as my mind conjured up all sorts of emergencies. I met the sub at the door and headed for the main office. Inside the office a secretary handed me a telephone note with a downtown Denver address and room number written on it.

“You get downtown to that address as soon as you can.” The secretary conveyed.

“What’s happened? Is it my Dad?” I asked, Later she told me that I had looked pale as a ghost.

“No, it is some kind of meeting and they need you there, like yesterday! The Superintendent called ... said it was urgent.”

I left suburbia and headed for downtown Denver as fast as I could drive. The address was a hotel. The room number was cast in brass on the door of a conference room. A small cardboard placard read: Welcome: State Department of Education.

I caught my breath, straightened my tie, and lost my nerve. Cold sweat formed in beads on my forehead as I leaned against the wall and let myriads of paranoid thoughts run rampantly through my self-confidence. I could not imagine what I was facing in that room. Then I knew! This was it! The School Board and the State Department of Education were going to draw and quarter me for something I had done ... something so bad that ... but then, I thought, I haven’t done anything wrong ... or have I?

Before I could do myself more damage, the door opened, the Superintendent came into the hail, spotted me, captured me, and motioned for me to follow him into the room.

Sitting at the far side of a large oval table were five men, all in gray suits. All were wearing regimentally striped, dark ties. I knew the uniform. Sitting at my side of the table were three administrators from my district. I recognized them, but had a hard time seeing their faces because they were looking down, and wouldn’t look at me. The Superintendent took his chair, and a gentle voice

from across the table said "You're Berger? Please sit down!"

"Hi," I said meekly, and I looked directly at the gray-suited men who I assumed were my judges. A tall man, the one with the gentle voice, smiled at me. Fluttering a stack of papers on the table, he began to speak.

"We seem to have reached impasse here." He looked around the table at the others. "It seems that we have a very good proposal here," he rippled the pages again, "one we want to fund." Then he paused and an angry, tight-eyed grimace crossed his face as he looked at the administrators on my side of the table. "That is," he continued in a less gentle voice, "if someone from your district can answer a few questions about it." He picked-up the papers and looked me in the eye. "This "I" Team proposal, did you write it?"

For the first time since that squawk box had gone off in my classroom, I was aware of what was happening. I looked at the representatives from District #5 and saw that they all had their heads down as they studied the grain in the fine mahogany. I reached over and scored a copy of the proposal, looked it over, and looked back at the state department team.

"It's my idea. I didn't put it in this form."

Jack, one of the administrators, looked up and said "Mostly Ed's ideas, I put them together in grant format."

He had done a good job.

What followed was a delightful hour of questions and answers. The guys in gray suits and I almost forgot that the others were present.

"I like it! It's right on target and just what we have been looking for. Ed, we'll fund this, thank you!"

The superintendent thanked me for coming down, and eased me out the door.

"I know you need to get back to your classes, Ed," he said in a not unfriendly voice.

Several months later, I read in the *Chalk-Talk*, a district publication, that the "I" Team had been funded. After my classes, I went to the principal's office to find out more. He was nervous and nasty, terribly threatened as usual.

"It's not your program or your business," he growled, "it's funded under an act for Behaviorally Handicapped Children. You're not certified to teach the handicapped are you?"

Well, I rationalized, It's not who does it, the important thing is that it gets done. I wasn't comfortable with the way I had been left out, but then hundreds of kids have benefited from the "I" Team and the program, albeit modified, is still serving kids.

Ten years later, "I" Team students came to Crow Canyon to participate in a program that I had developed which was, in a way, the end result of my years of perfecting interdisciplinary education programs. For me, the circle had closed, and my heart laughed.

## CHAPTER 3

### WORKING WITHIN THE SYSTEM

It was hard for me to deal with those who had power over my life; who could defeat my attempts to experiment and teach successfully. As a young man, it seemed to me that for every action of mine there was an unequal reaction from some administrator who was trying to keep me in line. I remember trying to gain an insight into the concerns that they had about what I was doing. After all, I thought, seeing only my own side of the argument, I was doing something extra for kids and I was doing it on my own time without pay.

An old-time administrator who had retired from the Denver Public Schools spent some time trying to explain a teacher's role to me. He told me that teachers were like plasterers: "You arrive in the morning and prepare your materials, right from the bag, by the book, according to pre-determined formulas. During the day you apply what you have prepared, stopping to test that the stuff sticks. You keep a clean workspace, keep the noise level down, and keep out of the way of others working on the job. If you do that, Ed, you will find that the administration will leave you alone."

One of the administrative staff who was most concerned about my commitment to individualize instruction contended that I wasn't hired to create new programs or experiment with teaching techniques. I was employed to teach five classes a day, do lunchroom and study hall duty, keep order in the halls, and take tickets at sporting events. That was all I was to do. He was adamant about what he saw as my direct responsibilities to my contract. He



felt that if I found teaching under existing conditions frustrating, then I should seek another job. "This is what we hired you for. Do it and go home. Don't invent more work or make problems."

He clearly reflected a management prerogative that allowed him to hire workers to do tasks that he identified, and nothing else. I knew that way of thinking and I knew he had been given that kind of power. It was an administrative mode of operation that came from labor management. It did not fit a profession that had the responsibility of educating children. The scars left by my childhood school experiences were a poignant testimony to the damage inflicted by this managerial approach.

I learned that a large number of administrators were proud of their school buildings and felt very strongly that if they could get rid of about half of those damned kids, "...you know, the ones that shouldn't be here anyway," and about a third of the teachers, "the troublemakers," that things would be perfect. Their buildings were spotless. At any time of the school day, one could walk the hallways and not be disturbed by children, noise, or disorder. They surmised, after long years of running schools, that kids and teachers came and went, but a building was permanent, something stable and important. To them, edifices were education. My conversations with administrators and friends helped me understand why my actions were of concern.

Prior to 1966, I had spread my attention between teaching, building the Cherry Hills Saddle and Surrey Club, building businesses, and making money. I wanted to be a teacher, but I was certain I wouldn't be able to stay in education as I couldn't make enough money teaching to have the things I

wanted, not even a decent car or my own home. I was constantly torn between teaching or business.

As I toyed with the option of putting all of my energies into teaching, I realized there were consequences I must expect. Being a full-time educator would mean that I had to let go of my dreams of building businesses, construction companies, marketing and publishing projects, and the excitement of creating wealth could no longer be my focus. I would have to forget about the lifestyle I wished to become accustomed to. I would have to deal with the psychological impact of a salary at the time (mid-1960s) of less than \$6000 a year, in a society that puts low price tags on things it doesn't value.

I learned that the hardest thing I would have to adjust to was the stigma attached to being a young, male teacher. As it happened, friends, girls I dated, business acquaintances I worked with, suddenly saw me in a different light when I told them I was thinking of leaving the world of business to teach full-time. I learned that most of them looked down on teachers. They made no attempt to hide their contempt for a decision I might make which they believed was economically unsound. In their eyes, I was perceived as a "young man on the way up," a man with a future, someone with coattails that might carry them. Now, if I left business, I was going nowhere! One business acquaintance told me that if I stayed in teaching, I would be a grown-up who was still in high school as far as he was concerned.

As I debated about the focus of my life, my teaching philosophy was influenced by the new information appearing almost daily about how learning takes place and human beings develop. Many of my fellow teachers were also trying to

incorporate this new body of knowledge into our educational system. Armed with this new information and the strength of our own idealistic convictions, we believed that we could do a better job of helping prepare kids. We believed that the techniques and approaches we used in the public secondary schools were not very effective because they did not consider the developmental needs of the human mind; how children learn. This belief, that we should examine how we were educating kids and if necessary reorganize our schools, was especially threatening to many administrators, political leaders, and board members.

Time after time, as I discussed educational shortcomings and my frustrations in trying to be an effective teacher, other teachers and school administrators made the over-used excuse that there was no proof one system of education worked better. The point they made was that anything I tried to do differently was for my own ego, my own benefit, and not for the kids.

I argued that a professional educator, a teacher, has responsibilities not dissimilar from those of a medical doctor or a lawyer to their clients. Some scoffed at me. I argued that as a professional I had an obligation to give my charges the maximum benefit of my experiences and talents. To diagnose and to prescribe, to prepare the best approaches for each unique case, to see individuals and treat them, to spend any amount of time required to do the job, and to create new programs and treatments as needed. Some of them said, "How nice 'How naive that is not the way schools are run and that is not the way teachers are trained. That is not what you are paid to do. But of course, we understand, and we will let you do the things you propose. If we didn't, you

would probably use your influence with the board of education and get approval to do them anyway.”

Fortunately, it was true. In that school district, I did have a power base made up of parents, kids, fellow teachers, some administrators, and several board members. I had grown up in the district. Even though I had rebelled, I was a product of its schools. I had gone away to college only to return as a student teacher. I had been contracted, was tenured, and had been teaching in the district’s high school for five years at the time I started to change the way I taught. Parents of the students I was now teaching had known me since I was little. They had watched me grow up at Belleview Park, a family country club my parents owned, and of which many of them were members. Some of these parents had encouraged me to become a teacher because I had done “such a good job” teaching their kids to swim.

I thought about the years I had taught as I had been taught, years of trying to fit into the system. I had tried to make myself into the type of teacher that school’s expected. I became sick-at-heart because I knew I wasn’t really teaching. I had been, and still was expected to baby sit, provide entertainment, and supervise custodial care. I had wanted, still wanted, school teaching to be something else, something special. I concluded that the schools were not organized around the needs of learners. Schools were, rather, designed to fit a 19th century factory-system, Protestant ethics model. Even the length of the school day and the length of the school year were remnants from other times.

In most schools the bus schedule is more important than the student’s learning needs. Our high school was considered progressive in that it was experimenting with modular scheduling and an open

campus. We were experimenting with flexible time-blocks for different disciplines, and that was good. We gave our students freedom, like a college, yet, we failed to teach them responsibility or to help them recognize the consequences of their actions. Youngsters did not have to earn their freedom by demonstrating that they could handle it. We weren't teaching those skills and we were doing the students a great disservice because we weren't.

All schools, it seemed to me, kept the students "little" and took care of them. The students never had to take responsibility for their own actions or their own education. We teachers and administrators knew what was best, and we did it all for kids. We didn't take their input because schools ran better that way. If a kid tried to be involved in deciding what direction his day, education, or life would take, he was quickly put down. We were masters at protecting the system from kids.

The frustrations I felt as a teacher, even as I taught at Cherry Creek during its "golden age," were not unlike those of the students. I was a mature and capable man. I had been responsibly involved in my family's business since I was fourteen years old. I was in charge of my life! I had joined what I thought was a profession when I became a teacher. If I had gone into medicine or law or become a businessman I would have been treated as an adult. As it was, as a teacher, I was often treated by the administration and school board as if I were a laborer and a child.

If there is someone I can "blame" for getting me to put all of my energy into education, it is my first principal, the man who had the most impact upon my teaching career. A man who constantly urged me to choose education as a full time profession. His name was Leonard Shillinglaw. Years after he left the job of

high school principal for another district position, he was still on my case. Each time we met he urged me to focus my life on education and fight to make the system work better for kids.

Back when he was Principal the students called him “Fang.” He had a reputation for being rough and direct. It was well deserved. One day in 1966 he called me into his office, pointed a finger at my chest, and with the full force of his Navy Court-Marshall Officer’s training yelled at me, “Goddamn you Berger, you son-of-a-bitch, what in the hell are you doing?”

That was Shilly. I can still feel the force of his personality across time. I cringed, but I knew if I stood my ground he would back-off.

“Goddamn you! I don’t care what you do as long as you can explain it to me,” he continued, his face inches from mine.

I didn’t know what he was talking about, but he definitely had my attention.

“Do about what?” I asked.

“You could be a good teacher. When are you going to decide if you are going to be a teacher or a businessman?”

Aha, so that was it! Leonard Shillinglaw, a man I respected, a man who had been my high school principal in 1957, the year I was graduated from Cherry Creek High, a man who was the principal who hired me and had kept in touch with me through the years, was going to force me to make a choice between business and education.

“Teach with all of your energies or get out!” he bellowed. Then, mellowing back into the man-inside-the-monster facade, he became what he would call “personal,” as if the attack hadn’t been personal. I was amused but still shaken.

“Ed, I’ve known you since you were a kid. Remember, I pushed you into teacher’s college! I got you on the staff here. I’ve pushed you harder than most, hell, I’ve been tough on you. Do you know why?” He leaned forward again, relaxed but ram-rod straight. He had a way of licking his lips, his tongue avoiding the twisted front tooth that had given him his nickname, “You could be a good teacher if you gave it your energies. You’ve got to make a decision.” He sat back, his big hands open at the end of long arms which he elbowed into the sides of the chair. I sat at attention.

“I love education--teaching--learning, but I hate school !” I said, hoping he would understand the differentiation I made. “Shilly,” I lowered my voice and got eye contact, “the schools have become institutions. Institutions that have evolved out of programs that are necessary and important. The ‘institutionalization’ begins when the program is to be offered again and again. As replication dominates, the program becomes more important than any one of those it serves. Our school is an institution that is that way; it formed that way and that is why it doesn’t serve kids.”

“That is exactly why education needs you -- our school needs you.” He moved his hands together in a silent clap, his index fingers pointing at me. “School is not education, and education is often limited by school. You see the difference. I see the difference. I’m past doing something about it. You can make it work!”

Shilly was a great man. He had fought the system, established our high school, selected an amazing teaching staff, and won battle after battle. He brought teachers and parents together to work for kids. He had driven his staff, demanding

professionalism and excellence. He taught us how to teach and how to test and how to be more effective helping kids, He had taken a drubbing from Superintendents and Boards of Education that he did not deserve. He drank to forget the pressures of the battles. In time, alcohol weakened his resolve and brought him down. He lost the strength to fight the battle but he never lost our respect and the place of a hero in our hearts. Now, he was chiding me for splitting my energies between business and education. He was urging me to give-up business and become an educational leader.

"I'll stay," I answered. "I've already decided to limit my business activities. I just sold the Saddle and Surrey Club. I intend to give teaching my full time."

"You had better be damn good," he said, smiling.

Shillinglaw had the opportunity to create an educational program at the high school level dominated by competent teachers and involved parents. Few administrators would dare to hire teachers who were willing to take the educational lead, question administrative decisions, and call for the re-evaluation of accepted educational dogma. Shilly didn't fear strong people. He knew that if education was to become vital, strong teachers working with parents would make it happen. He hated weak and poorly trained/educated teachers. He did everything in his power to drive them out or to make them take a stand for kids.

The school boards of all school districts are charged by laws with the control of the educational process. They willingly take the power, but because they are incapable of taking the responsibility they delegate the educational process to the administration and then try to ignore it. Boards hire



administrators and teachers to carry-out their programs, or at least that is what they say. Actually, because they have no idea what kinds of programs are necessary, they demand the maintenance of the status quo and hire accordingly. Most will not allow teacher control of the educational programs, or the programs themselves to evolve and grow.

Too many administrators empowered to run the Cherry Creek Schools defined the actions of the errant Shillinglaw and the high school teachers as a threat to management's authority. (It is not clear if they considered the benefits to children. Usually, these issues are seen as not connected.) They defined the high school as "out of control." As those threatened became a majority, many administrators hired after Shilly were instructed that their task was the "winning-back" of the school from the teachers and parents.

Today, in the 1990s, politicians still tell us that the focus of our nation is upon education. Governors' conferences and other high-level meetings are held. As has always been the case, no teachers are involved in these meetings. Few superintendents are included. Obviously, the politicians perceive that the school systems have selectively hired passive-adaptive educators and driven out those who demand professional input into education. Too many of those left in our schools don't make waves. They are people in positions of power who won't lead.

I asked a politician who claimed to be an education governor why teachers were left out of the "Focus on Education" meetings.

"Ed," he said through his teeth, "the damned teachers always say the same things. What we need are new ideas."

I thought long and hard about what he had said. He was right. Teachers usually said: "Lower student-to-teacher ratios so that we can know and work with individual children. Allow us to diagnose individual student needs and then prescribe courses of learning for each child. Allow teachers input into the educational process so we can evolve the process to meet current needs." Yes, teachers usually said the same things, and those in power couldn't figure out a way to address those concerns. As a result, then as now, politicians avoided the solutions to the problems of education and went about calling for change because it was politic.

It took almost a decade to level the amazing educational system Shillinglaw had put into action. The teachers he had hired in the late 1950s and early 1960s were tenured. The parents he encouraged to work with the teachers were powerful. Even though the high school grew in size until it had over three thousand students, the teaching staff, led by the strong educators he had hired, through a faculty senate, fought to maintain a child-centered environment.

During that decade of educational growth and advancement, the high school became nationally famous as a leader in education. It stood out because it was pioneering methods of teaching, structuring time, and classroom approaches that made sense to teachers and were beneficial to kids.

I was fortunate to have been a teacher in that environment and to have been among educators who challenged traditional ideas and who tried new ways. It was a brief time in the sixties, in a small school district, when teachers had permission to be professional.

As the “golden age” at Cherry Creek began to fade, new administrators came into power and lists were made of teachers who were “problems,” and would need to be squashed. My name appeared upon those lists. So did the names of most of the young men and a few young women who sought input into the system, and professional respect. We were labeled “troublemakers,” or “angry young Turks.”

As teachers, we were expected to learn the rules of the game as it was played in public education. Paramount was the rule of reward: The further you are away from the grubby job of teaching kids, the higher your pay and the greater your power.

“When are you going into administration?” everyone would ask.

“I’d like to teach part-time and be in administration.” I would answer. People would shake their heads. Who ever heard of such a thing, a laborer in management?

## CHAPTER 4

### PROGRAMS THAT WORK

As a result of the close cooperation between parents and teachers in the 1960s, many revolutionary changes were made in the way we were able to help kids. I was open to, and looking for, new instructional approaches. I learned that all students needed to be involved in a meaningful way in the schools and in the world outside of the school. High school kids were weary of receiving canned input and having things done for them. They needed to make a contribution to their school and society. They wanted to be involved in experiences in the real world.

A few of my colleagues and I worked to create programs that provided individualized instruction, hands-on, real world experiences, apprenticeships, and volunteer service opportunities. We were committed to changes in the public educational system which would vitalize education.

Al Thompson was a science teacher who was known for his innovative approaches in the teaching of physics. He was a strong academic whom Shilly hired because he knew that Al had a deep concern for kids. From Al I learned that students could make a contribution to others if they had training and support. Al suggested that students could benefit from the experience of tutoring others. He felt that his students' math and science skills would be enhanced through tutoring, and he was certain that their self-worth and self-motivation would increase because of the contacts. He did not assume that tutors could function without preparation, so he developed a program called Mutually Aided Learning (MAL).

MAL prepared students to be effective in elementary science and math classrooms. Through MAL, AI trained elementary teachers to utilize high school kids as aides and tutors. Because of the MAL training, the high school kids could work as teachers' aides with little supervision from the teachers. They were volunteers who did not drain the teachers' energy.

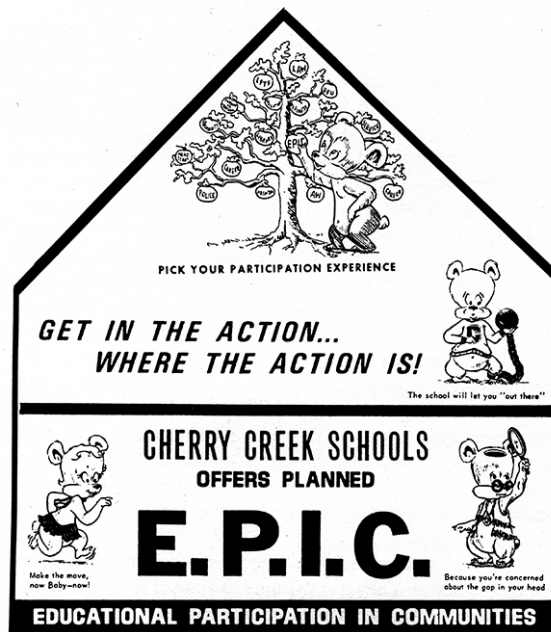
As a result of the MAL program hundreds of high school kids wanted to tutor or in other ways help others. To provide opportunities for them, AI's concept was expanded and developed with a broader base. A service program called E.P.I.C. - Educational Participation in Communities was created.

I had the privilege of directing the EPIC Programs. At one time, I was responsible for over eight hundred students involved in volunteer service-learning work in the greater Denver area. Students served in almost every niche in our community. Some tutored little kids and some worked as hospital Candy-Stripe aides. Many volunteered in service-learning activities (community apprenticeships) with the police, fire departments, and rescue groups, like the Civil Air Patrol. EPIC students were apprenticed to lawyers and businessmen.

My job was to contact individuals and agencies, explain the program, give them guidelines for working with the students, and match them with students from the EPIC program.

Kids who volunteered got into EPIC programs after meeting with me. Together, we went through a checklist of interests. If they could apply what they were learning in classes, build skills by teaching others, and/or make a contribution to the community, they were enrolled, for credit, in the program. Many volunteers provided their own transportation to their

EPIC work. Most of the students spent four or five hours each week at volunteer activities. All kids spent dozens of hours giving of themselves



The impact of MAL and EPIC programs upon student's attitudes and motivation was greater than we were able to measure. Cherry Creek graduates still rate the programs as the most valuable educational experiences they had in high school. Teachers who utilized the volunteers saw impressive growth in their students' self-images, basic skills, and attitudes towards school.

The programs were so effective that the School Board adopted a graduation requirement that

all students must have at least one quarter of volunteer service work to be graduated.

MAL and EPIC were supplemental school activities. They took place outside the classroom. At the same time, teachers were effecting exciting changes within the classroom, within the disciplines. The irritant that prodded change was the way the school structured time. Seven, forty-two-minute periods, five days per week, did not necessarily result in quality education. A more flexible schedule was needed. For example, language teachers evaluated the poor record of results from classroom-based teaching. As professionals, they created a language laboratory where students could go to listen to tapes and practice speaking. That was not enough. What the language teachers needed was thirty minutes each morning to meet with the students in a group, and about one and one-half hours of individual and lab time at least three times per week.

Math teachers, too, were frustrated with the way the school structured time. They wanted contact with students twice each day. Once in the morning to check the previous day's lessons and to introduce the new lessons, and once in the afternoon, after the students had attempted the lesson, to help kids master them. Most math teachers felt that work done at home was not as profitable as work done at school where the student could get help from the teacher.

Social studies teachers wanted time blocks long enough to complete lessons. They wanted time to show a film and have a discussion. They suggested that if time was blocked in one and one-half hour periods, three days each week, they could teach more effectively. They suggested that they could set up a congressional-style debate, or run a mock UN Assembly, if they had time. With adequate

time, they knew that they could introduce a concept, do large and small group exercises, have students read or write in class, and evaluate student progress. As it was, the social science teachers were blocked in what they could teach by periods that were too short.

Physical education teachers knew that exercise enhanced learning. The best of them wanted to structure time so kids would exercise between academic classes, not in one P.E. class, but in many exercise periods. Most P.E. teachers believed they could demonstrate the positive effects of exercise on learning if time was organized so that they could do so. The short programs they advocated included dance and movement, calisthenics, and games.

Teachers from each department and discipline had ideas about how they could enhance learning by using time more effectively. Counselors, teachers, and administrators searched for a way to make scheduling flexible. As a result the school day was broken into thirty-minute modules. Blocks of time, and days on which these blocks would be scheduled for each department, began to appear. The task of scheduling became complicated and mind-warping. Strange as it may seem, the mechanics of scheduling was placed upon the backs of the counselors. As a result, they had little time left in which to advise and guide students. It was not surprising that most of those involved in the mechanics of scheduling wanted to go back to the easy, six-period day. Educational imperative prevailed. Most teachers argued that scheduling problems should be dealt with if kids benefited. A window into another way opened and great things began to happen. Unfortunately, the English



department refused to be flexible. They argued that they must have forty-two minutes of the student's time each day. Little flexibility remained around the way time was taken by the English department. Soon we had a modular schedule that was simply a six-period day broken into twelve parts. The window closed.

The traditional length of the school day was also questioned. What if we had courses at night? What about early morning or late afternoon classes? Couldn't the school buildings be better utilized if the school operated more than seven hours each day? Maybe, but first there was a problem that had to be solved if the day was extended. The District was in the transportation business.

Bus schedules were dictated by the other schools in the District. The cost of extending the bus schedule for high school students was too great, or so the teachers were told. The teachers and parents demanded shoulder-hours and shuttle transportation. As a result, shuttle-buses running on the half-hour got MAL and EPIC kids to other District schools or to the public bus lines.

Activity buses, once run solely for the benefit of the athletic programs, could also pick up and deliver kids in academic programs. In addition, many juniors and seniors could drive. The transportation problems were solved. It cost more, but the expense was justifiable. Educators had not bought the excuse that the educational program could not be improved because of the bus schedule.

In my department, teachers began to question what we taught and when we taught it. We had hard data from Piaget's research and others that fourteen-year-olds did not/could not comprehend history. Without a personal history, the average student

would have no way of associating the history of nations into his own understanding and range of vision, his ken. So why did we teach World History in tenth grade? Were the students ready for American History in eleventh grade? When should we teach World Geography? We were confused. What should we teach, and perhaps more important, what shouldn't be taught?

We looked at the World History text we used. It was about two inches thick covering fifty thousand years. The American History text was over three inches thick covering about two hundred and fifty years. Were we missing something?

As social studies and history teachers, we realized that most of our teaching, in fact, most of the time spent with students, was wasted. Little "taught" information was assimilated. What could we do about it? We tried mini-courses to supplement the history and civics mandated by state law. Some were useful. We tried to teach more effectively by using games, debates, or films to enhance our lessons. We were never satisfied. We constantly searched for more effective ways to teach.

As I struggled with my conscience and the challenge of learning how to be an effective teacher, I attempted to change my teaching methods. The results were rewarding and I discovered some amazing things about teaching.

I knew I needed to find out everything I could about how learning takes place. I had read that scientists were exploring right and left lobe brain functions, chemical reactions that take place when stimuli enter the brain, and other amazing things. I had heard of sleep learning, "sorting" alpha waves which organized and stored information, visual learners, audio learners, and experiential learners. I

had read about eastern European experiments with “non-pressured learning” and the use of classical music in the classroom. I knew that mnemonic devices were used in medical school by some of my friends. It was an exciting time in my “professional life.”

As I started asking questions about how kids learned I suddenly became aware that I didn’t even know how I learned. I was shocked and amazed. I had to admit that I had missed something in my education. I had a B.A. from one of the best teachers’ colleges. I was certified to teach at both the elementary and secondary levels, had been teaching for over six years, and I didn’t know how I learned. I was ashamed. How could I teach others if I didn’t know that basic information about myself? How can any teacher teach a classroom full of students who may each have different ways of learning if he doesn’t understand how it takes place? What happens to the kids who don’t learn in the way the teacher structures the lessons? Questions like those forced me to re-examine how I taught.

I searched my past and began to understand. My parents had helped me get my basics by doing, not by being told. They helped me internalize learning by having me teach or explain concepts to others, or by doing something practical with the information. They provided a learning environment where there was a practical application of the information taught. Remembering, I came to the realization that I must change the way I was teaching. I must teach by focusing upon individuals, by individualizing instruction.

I observed that learners fell into many learning-pattern groups. To be an effective teacher, I would have to learn to teach using a variety of

approaches. I needed help. When I went to my principal, third in a line of six I worked with after Shillinglaw, to discuss what I had observed, I hit a wall!

“That’s their tough luck,” the administrator who had recently been placed in charge of our school told me after I shared my concerns, the challenges I saw before me.

“If a kid can’t make it in the system that tells us something. We need street sweepers and laborers. Hell, if they can’t pass muster they’re out!” His irritation at being asked for help was very evident. He scowled at me and kept slicking back his black hair with nervous hands. He said he was certain our educational system screened out the unfit, and that the unfit were those who didn’t do it our way. I knew he was right. That was the way our system worked. I was challenging the system at a most fundamental level, its way of sorting kids into socio-economic stations. Our most successful graduates were well prepared for a passive life in the military, a factory, or an office. Our failures, those kids sorted out of the system, were channeled towards what educators called menial jobs. Many misdirected educators thought menial jobs were in the trades, reached via vocational schools.

My problem was I believed we could prepare all kids in a way that would enhance their creative abilities. I believed our system discriminated against creative children. The system swept them out with those kids who had true learning disabilities.

I had assumed that educators at the teachers’ colleges wanted to do a better job preparing teachers. Most do. I was aware of petrification, and the unmanageable bureaucracies that perpetuate large governmental systems. Now, in addition, I

learned that the professors in teachers' colleges are limited in what they can teach by the knowledge that they would be creating misfits, young teachers who would know too much or have expectations that were too high to fit into the public schools. I couched the problem in other words which are as vital today as they were then: Inflexible, at impasse, the education institutions remain without change even though they will bring the U.S. to her knees.

The thought haunted me. The United States could only be as great as its educational systems allowed it to be. Change within the system was too slow to keep pace with what must be done. The administrator and I sat in his office, he behind the bulk of his desk, I on a straight-back chair, alone upon the stage of his room. The desk insulated him from "boat-rocking" teachers like me. He used it well. Like so many administrators, he believed that his position made him superior. He was management. I was labor. He had been hired to win back this "outlaw" high school from the parents and teachers. I questioned his superiority without attempting to do so. He had been a mediocre teacher, a poor coach. He had stumbled his way through several school administration courses when he was in the military. Finally he received a certificate that said he was a secondary school administrator. Now he had power. God help anyone who threatened him.

He feared me and so was patronizing. He smiled and said: "Always ready to sit down and talk education with you, Ed." He sat in his over-stuffed vinyl chair. Both of his arms were straight out in front of him. Both elbows were locked. His hands were pushing against the desk to hold it between us. "You come in here thinking you have observed something new," he was trying to make his voice sound fatherly.

Instead, his words were a taunt. He was nervous and beginning to sweat. "In elementary schools, kids get personal attention," he said in a lecturing, know-it-all voice. "In elementary schools, teachers need to know all of that stuff about learning styles and kids' problems," he pushed back further, leaning forward in his chair to keep his hands on the desk. "In elementary schools, teachers have to coddle the little bastards," he smiled at me like he was sharing a confidence, "In elementary schools, you've got to mother 'em."

He decided he had made his point, relaxed and pulled himself up so that he could place his elbows on the desk. He began to fondle a model of a jet fighter plane. Then, afraid that he hadn't completely made his point, he added: "This isn't an elementary school. This is a high school. We do it differently."

"I know this isn't an elementary school," I said, tired, frustrated, afraid. "I also know that the most traumatic and difficult time for kids is when they enter the junior high and we force a new system on them that doesn't fit their needs, a system that assumes that they are all alike, a system that ignores human differences, human needs, the way humans beings work." I concluded and sat back in my chair. He scowled. His face became cloudier, damper.

"What the hell," he growled, "it's called growing up! It's called standing on your own! It's called survival. It is what we do here. We teach them to survive in the world out there." He motioned towards the window as he rose slowly until he was standing behind the desk.

"Now, I know you aren't completely wrong, Ed," he made an attempt at being fatherly again as he walked back and forth behind his desk, hand-to-

chin in a thinking posture. “We do a lot to recognize the differences in kids. That’s why we have majors. A kid that is good in music can major in music. A kid who’s good at math can major in math. Any kid can find a place to achieve here, if he has it in him.” He smiled at his own brilliance, “In fact,” he continued, obviously on a roll, “this whole school is set up to do just what you accuse us of not doing. We have remedial, middle and high ... er,” he corrected himself, “accelerated classes. We have a library full of books written on different reading levels. We have...,” he paused, unable to think of anything else that would make his argument.

I interrupted. “That only proves my point. We do have a few ways of dealing with human differences. Differences in the way people learn. What I am trying to say is that there is so much more we could be doing.”

“Now Ed, you’re young. What you don’t have is trust, faith! What you don’t know is that great minds, I mean really great minds, much better than yours, have thought this thing through. This educational system didn’t just happen. It was brought about because people more intelligent than ourselves created it. Great people, like Horace Mann and...,” he paused, unable to think of another name. “What I mean, is that this system has stood the test of time and the scrutiny of the greatest minds. Study it. Stop attacking it before you understand it. Have faith in minds that were much greater than yours.” He walked around the desk, passed me, and opened the office door, “Come in any time. I really enjoy helping my teachers,” he said as he showed me out, being careful not to touch me. I heard him exhale loudly and then kick the door shut behind me.

I left the office quietly, hat in hand. Who was I? What made me think I could add to a system that was universally accepted? Was I trying to be smarter than the great minds who had shaped American education? Or was it that these times were really different and that the information available to me--to anyone who studied the situation--was more complete than the founders of our system had when they set it up? (If, in fact, one person or any group had designed our public education system, as he implied.)

I knew I was an average guy observing the world from the vantage point of my times and my unique experiences. Perhaps I was wrong. I was willing to admit that. But then, what I had seen and done and learned made sense. I knew I had to keep searching. It wasn't okay not to try.

How could I teach effectively? How to custom-tailor learning experiences for the one hundred and fifty different human beings I met, thirty at a time, each school day. How to take the subject matter which had been identified as important for students to learn and help them learn it? In teachers' college, in all of my time as a teacher, no one ever addressed such problems.

In good conscience, I couldn't go on teaching the way I had been taught; the way I was expected to teach. It would be like investing in a project and anticipating ninety per cent losses. I felt it was ethically wrong.

If I could figure out a new teaching approach, how could I get it approved by my new superior? Would my fellow teachers support me? Would parents? I knew two things were basic and had to be included in anything I did. First, I had to teach the subject matter approved for the courses. Second, I



had to custom-tailor my teaching to each student's way of learning and their competence level. I had the syllabuses and texts. I could easily identify facts and concepts that were to be inculcated. When it came to the students, I had little knowledge.

If I were to learn about my students, I had to design a way of analyzing where each student was. I had to know their reading level, self-discipline, existing knowledge of the subject, and motivation. I had to find out whether a student learns best with pressure or without, on her own or as a member of a group, by reading, by hearing, by writing, by repetition, by teaching others, by association, or other techniques. I realized I must also know about the student's emotional state. Were the parents getting a divorce? Was the kid using drugs? Had a loved one recently died? Was she pregnant? Was he only interested in football, sex and cars?

It would be impossible to be that well informed about ten people, let alone one hundred and fifty. No teacher could know all that about each student. Yet I saw the situation as analogous to a physician treating hundreds of patients. If a physician could get enough information to diagnose and prescribe, then so could a teacher. I had to try. I was determined to change the way I taught, so I made a leap into the unknown.

For the students in my classes, I developed a contract system to individualize instruction. Each student was required to meet with me at the start of each quarter and fill in a contract for the work to be completed. The form I developed helped us determine the student's strengths and weaknesses. First we focused upon the student's reading level. To do that, I had them read aloud to me from graded texts. Next I had the students list their interests and

we tagged things they cared about. By interviewing them, I tried to determine their level of self-direction. Filling out the contracts with the students allowed us to select a course of study for each that was realistic and yet challenging. Once I knew more about the students' needs, I could direct them towards books about things they were interested in. Many young women said that they hated history but were interested in fashion. Many young people who didn't think they liked history were already collecting coins, or wanted to study war and weapons. Most students agreed to read books if they "weren't boring." From some students I required written reports and research papers. From others, often those unable to read and write well, I required oral book reports, and got them started writing term papers. For each task outlined on the contract, there was a due date and a place for a grade. Each student contracted for the quarter's grade they were working for. If a project or task was completed and graded below the level contracted, they could re-do the work until they received the grade desired.

The contracts spelled out class attendance. I had some students who did well on independent study and others who learned best when working under my supervision. When a contract was filled in, the student took it home, explained it to his parents, had them sign it, and brought it back to me. Once mutually agreed to and signed, few students failed to do the work.

"What a crazy move!" one of my fellow teachers observed while he graded a stack of standardized tests with a punch-key. It really was! Asking parents to be aware of their child's work and work schedule, and to guarantee that they would oversee their child and make certain the work was

done, was asking for trouble. I had broken another one of the unwritten rules of public secondary education. I had involved parents in the learning process.

Surprisingly, it was the success of the contract system that led to problems. Students started coming to me and asking for help with specific assignments. For example, a girl studying military uniforms worn during the Revolutionary War, a boy reading about Paul Revere, or a team working on capitalism and the stock market, would ask for special help in understanding the context of their study. I began to schedule special "lectures" that would help them understand the overview of the period or concept. As more requests came in, I began to schedule more "lectures" by request. I used the green boards along one whole side of the room to list the special requests (the students could write in their requests), the length of the program, the period of the day when it would be given, and any other pertinent data. I did this for each class. Soon the boards in my classroom were covered with information about special presentations I would be giving. The board space reserved for my economics class caught the attention of students in my American history classes. Economics students saw programs they were interested in which were scheduled for my world history class. Soon, kids began appearing for lectures in times other than their regularly scheduled classes. It wasn't long before students I didn't have in class were attending lectures. The day came when I learned that some students were ditching classes to attend my programs. That was the day when other teachers began to complain about me and I was told to stop disrupting the school.

In retrospect, ninety-eight per cent of the students and their parents loved the individualized contract. Hardly a day passed that I didn't get a note or a phone call thanking me for introducing it. Parents appreciated knowing what their kids were doing in my classes, what work I required, when it was due, and how well their child completed the assignments. Students liked concrete objectives, input into their own education, and the sense of power the contracts gave them. The problems that arose came from a very vocal two per cent of the parents, five per cent of my students, a school administrator, and more than a few members of the teaching staff.

The calls to the administration from the "loving two per cent" of the parents who were opposed to being involved in their child's education were direct. How dare he (meaning me) ask them to sign a contract guaranteeing that their son or daughter would do the class work? That was the school's responsibility, not theirs! The principal couldn't have agreed more. This time Berger has gone too far!

I was interested in the reactions of the students who didn't like the contract. I thought it was straight, honest, and fair. I wanted to know why they objected to it. I held a meeting and asked anyone from my classes to attend that didn't like the contract system. I got an ear full.

First, they did not want their parents involved under any conditions. Second, they didn't like having to sit with me and write a contract. They didn't think it was my business to know if they had a reading problem, couldn't spell, or didn't intend to do any school work. I was forcing them to agree to work that they didn't intend to do and because of that I was forcing them to admit at the start that they intended to fail the course. Other teachers let them get by until

mid-terms or sometimes the end of the course before they evaluated their work -- or the lack of it -- and failed them. I was holding them accountable right from the start, and they didn't think that fair! They were honest. A majority of them ran to their counselors, claiming "severe personality conflicts with the teacher," and were placed in other classes. A few of them stayed and failed, saying they liked the class. (At the time I did not realize that many of these kids were audio learners.) I stayed with the individualized contract system of teaching and found it was part of the answer I sought for custom-tailoring education to fit the learner's needs.

The contract experiment was a success, but I could not continue to deliver. At first it had been a challenge to prepare so many diverse lectures and programs, challenging, and a real learning experience. Sadly, I found that I couldn't keep up. In addition, I was trying to meet with each of one hundred fifty students on a weekly basis. There wasn't time. Students caught me before and after school, anywhere they could to get me to read a report, grade a paper, or sign a contract. Wherever I went, even Friday night sports events, I found myself surrounded by students who needed my time. It was obvious to the other teachers and the administration that I was trying to win the "most popular teacher" award. I was in serious trouble!

With fewer students or a team of teachers, the contract system of individualizing instruction would work well. I was forced to modify my new teaching approach. I kept the contract system and enhanced it. I scheduled lectures during class time and most students were required to attend. Because some students learned well on independent study their contracts were written to include only those classes

and lectures identified as important for them. I reorganized my lectures so that they served to connect things together. I concentrated upon the flow of history. I likened this type of teaching to hearing the symphony, not requiring kids to tell me who played the oboe in the third chair. It worked well!

One of my most successful applications of individualized instruction began in a Social Studies Department meeting. Someone brought up the idea of involving students in recording local history. "Living History," it was called. Bing! A bell went off in my head. I could take students out into the community to interview old-timers, to record historical viewpoints, and to visit historic sites.

I incorporated "Living History" as an elective option for my American History classes and my senior-level courses. Soon many of my student's contracts had living history projects included. We would go out weekends and explore. I would set up interviews with old-timers and we would tape their recollections of the settlements along the Cherry Creek drainage southeast of Denver. Important research was being done. It made American history come to life for us all.

As a boy and as a young man I had explored the then-open lands southeast of our home-place, which was located east of where the Highline Canal cuts under Belleview Avenue. I knew secret places out there where rings of stones told of tepee encampments of the Utes, Arapahoes and other tribes. I had found and hiked the trails used by the early settlers and gold seekers. Their names were like a magic language to me: The Smoky Hill Trail, The Starvation Trail, The Twelve Mile House, The Black Forest, The Parker Stage, and The Cherry Creek "Milk Run" railroad.

I knew where to stand to see the notches worn by wagon wheels where the trails cut across the ridges near the small towns of Elbert and Kiowa. I had seen toppled gravestones marking the final destinations of unlucky travelers. I had often walked the Cherry Creek bottoms and drainages and found the ruins of what I believed were the first gold mines up Samson gulch (probably brick-clay mines). I had listened to “old timers” telling about the encampments of the Ute “Biscuit” Indians and about the burial of a Ute chief along the Cherry Creek near the site where the Belleview Bridge, burned and long-gone now, once stood.

When still a boy, I loved to ride my chestnut mare, Rose, bareback, out across the land. From the warmth of her back, I imagined June tornadoes along the Parker Ridge and the ceremonies of interment at the Lewis family cemetery. Once, on a long ride out to the south of our place, a can of peaches for my noon meal jouncing heavily in my coat pocket, Rose snorted and planted her front feet. I slid up her neck and almost fell over her head. Luckily, I got a grip on her long dark mane and regained my seat on her smooth, sweat-slick back. I was about to brain her when I saw she was pointing her muzzle and ears towards the bluffs near Daniel’s Park. I followed her gaze and saw my first mountain lions, a pair, running playfully down a sandy gully. We watched them until they were out of sight. Rose snorted her disapproval and wouldn’t go forward. In fact, neither of us felt like going further into the outback that day.

Another time, in the late 50s, I sat with my dad and the Greenwood Village sheriff and listened in awe as they talked about the bear killed east of our place, near where Belleview Road goes under the Valley Highway. Sightings such as these were rare

and unusual. This land had felt the weight of man's hand. It had been homesteaded and proved up and then lost for taxes. It had been used and then abandoned. Now it was managed in large ranches by families like the Kistlers, Gearys, and Phipps. Soon it would be subdivided and a sea of homes would cover the prairie.

Although the land had a "history" and had felt the plow, it still had a wild frontier feel to it. I loved it. But even as I visited the deserted foundations of failed farmsteads, I sensed the sprawling subdividing "ruin" of the coming decades.

One Sunday my living history students and I were out near Parker, a community in a neighboring county, interviewing Bels Lytle, an old bachelor farmer. He proudly showed us his prize possession, the original Cherry Creek Schoolhouse. He had purchased it at an auction in the early '50s and moved it to his ranch. He once had great plans for remodeling the old building. Fortunately for us, he never acted on his plans. Though the old building was dilapidated and partially stripped of its blackboards and interior trim, it was as it had been when he bought it.

After leaving the old man's place, we had a serious meeting in another old school house, the Melvin School, then serving as a bar and cafe. (It has since been restored by the Cherry Creek Valley Historical Society as a Schoolhouse Museum.) We agreed that the original school house should come home. We would buy it, move it to the center of Cherry Creek Campus, restore it as a museum, and use it to house the history of the area.

As a Key Club (high school Kiwanis) sponsor, I offered the project to the membership. Most of the students were also in my classes. It was decided that



the Key Club would raise the money to buy the school and have it moved. By mid-May we raised the money. However, there was a problem. I wouldn't be around to place the school on its foundation and get the renovation started. I would be gone for one year on sabbatical leave.

Enter Shillinglaw to the rescue. In my absence he took over. Shilly knew the community. He believed in the Old Schoolhouse Museum Project. When I returned a year later, in the fall of 1970, the school was on its foundation and awaiting renovation by the Key Club and volunteers from my classes.

I coordinated the Schoolhouse Living History Project, but the work was done by students. Kids worked to refurbish the building and research its history. They located desks and other furniture, authentic or otherwise suitable, to make the building usable. I was given the 1973 Annual Award by Historic Denver, Inc. for my part in the project. The students received something much more lasting.

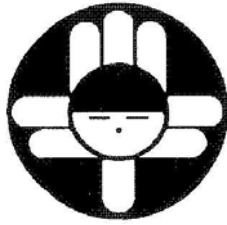
In 1971, when the kids finished the renovation of the old school, I hung a sign on my classroom door in the high school. It read: "I have returned to 1872. Classes will meet in the old schoolhouse." I spent several wonderful years teaching in that warm and friendly place.

While the living history project was in its formative stages, I was dreaming about educational programs which would enrich our classroom-centered curriculum. I believed that enrichment programs -- I called them supplemental programs -- could enhance each discipline and result in the educational effectiveness we were seeking. I knew that these new programs would have to be off campus in environments which stimulated students and teachers. I was actively looking for a place to

start an interdisciplinary (including all disciplines) supplemental “school.”

That fall, I was asked by Ralph Remmes, a fellow social studies teacher, to help chaperon a field trip to southwestern Colorado. The trip had been planned by Dr. Sid Margolin of the University of Colorado Medical Center. Dr. Margolin had been working with the Ute Mountain Ute Tribe and the MultiCultural Studies Board, in the Cortez area. In December, we rented two station wagons, loaded fourteen students, and drove the 425 miles from Denver to Cortez. That was the first time I had been in the Mesa Verde region. I fell in love with its frontier ruggedness and natural beauty, but most importantly, I found everything I had been looking for: A location for the enrichment programs I dreamed about. The field trip focused my energies. The educational programs that became Crow Canyon began to develop.





PART II

TENETS APPLIED

## CHAPTER 5

### THE FRONTIERS

*December 1967*

I was in a desert canyon hiking with fourteen high school students in the wilderness of southwestern Colorado. My head was filled with educational idealism. I had found a new land, a place where I hoped my educational ideas could take root. I can close my eyes and see that desert canyon, vividly in my mind. The white light of the winter sun on the rock cliffs towering above me had a purple-pink hue. I marveled at the pastel shades that gave the sheer walls life-blood colors. The sandstone that rose in steep, smooth-faced escarpments above was alive.

I forced my legs to take me higher up the rugged side of the canyon. I told myself to learn to sense the planet as the Ancient Ones might have before they abandoned this area seven hundred years ago. I tried to imagine their perceptions of the world, their sense of life forces, of time, of space.

As I continued to climb, I had the feeling I was trespassing. I could feel eyes looking out at me from the cliff caverns and clefts. Were these the eyes of ghosts? Was the strange feeling that made me aware of another energy in this isolated and beautiful place the attempt by ancient spirits to warn me off? Did they try to communicate with forces carried by the gentle breeze that touched my cheeks? Was that the sound of wind crying around the rocky prominence or did I hear the voices of their children at play? I had never experienced such mystical sensations.

There was something special about this desert canyon that had been the home of an amazing people. I wondered if the fourteen students that followed my path up the canyon slopes felt these forces as I did.

Back down the trail, I saw the ragged line of teenagers making their way up the trail on the almost vertical hillside. They chattered loudly at each other, making careless noise, tripping over rocks, and sliding on loose talus. Few seemed curious about their surroundings. Fewer still seemed to sense that this place was special. I understood. These were kids who were not used to being out-of-doors in wild places. They were conditioned by the form of their education to do as they were told and not to put their own energies into interpreting things. They were "normal" high school kids who could have been from any school any place in the U.S. As I observed their progress up the slope, I reflected that this contact with nature and the past might help them understand the natural world, other energies, and themselves. Perhaps -- and I feared it could happen -- this excursion into the wilds would frustrate them and they would never want to be away from paved streets, electricity, and citification again.

I had grown up learning the wonders of the natural world. I had learned to sit and observe the animate and the inanimate around me. Sometimes I would sit for hours in a place, becoming part of it. I had wandered alone in man-less places. I had learned to listen, to see, to clear my head, and align with the natural world. The special insights gained by these quiet experiences helped me sense nature and to know myself. They helped me be a better teacher and formed the basis of my understanding of the canyon opening before us.

As I climbed, I looked for a level place large enough to bring the group together. A place where I could get them to stop, observe, and focus upon the canyon and its mysteries. I needed a place where I could teach them how to recognize delicate things and how to walk so that they wouldn't damage fragile plants and artifacts. I picked out a path that was relatively easy for them to follow. Still, I had difficulty finding footholds in the crumbly blue-black shale and the yellow-red sandstone that was rotted by freezing and thawing, heating and cooling, and the extremes of erosion.

On these steep hillsides, tiny plants struggled for root-holds and life. Pre-historic "sign" was everywhere. Not infrequently, I observed broken bits, shards, of Anasazi pottery. In an area around the base of a large sandstone block, I saw stone flakes which some ancient person had pressured from a stone core as she made a knife or tool. Intellectually, I knew that the sign was almost a thousand years old; emotionally, I felt it was as recent as the hour. Preservation in desert canyons is amazing. Time takes on a different meaning. Today, yesterday, and a thousand years ago are all side-by-side. Only tomorrow is distant.

I intensified my search for a gathering place. I knew the kids were carelessly destroying plants and artifacts. I needed to stop them and explain the damage that a boot heel could do; to tell them that artifacts could be crushed and lost, and the plants lose their battle against drought and nature's extremes, because of their careless steps.

The canyon's side was steep and rugged. We would have to climb to the base of the vertical escarpment to find a meeting place. I stopped to get my breath and bearings. The magnitude of my

surroundings made me feel as a seed, insignificant in size, yet full of power. My mind raced. This place was beyond comprehension. Beauty is before me; all around me, I thought, borrowing part of the Navajo poem, "To Beauty." Rock walls towered. Deltas of sediments fell away from the cliff base and down into the deep cut of the canyon. Here and there the sediments formed benches of rock and soil sparsely covered with junipers and shiny green-needled piñon pines. The green of the trees against the red rocks and soils was in counterpoint.

I recognized the miniature plants at my feet. They were gambel oak trees! They had been dwarfed by drought and the harsh conditions in the shadows of cliffs hundreds of feet high. The tiny oaks grew as a forest only half an inch tall. If these plants had sprouted in a mid-western forest they would have grown to mighty heights. Here, in this high desert, they were stunted, vigorous survivors, proving nature's willingness to adjust life to the land.

I looked back and saw that my followers had also stopped. I knew the kids did not want to catch up. They stayed behind with purpose. Our relationships had not developed that far. They defined teachers as "them." The "us" and "them," "kids vs. adult" roles still separated us as people. Peer groups were safe places in strange environments. I would have to win their trust and confidence. I would have to become one with them, a part of their group, before I could share information and experiences; before I could be an effective teacher.

The group stayed back pulling at canteens or doing "social dances" which helped form a pecking order for the trail. If any noticed the beauty around them they did not let on.

I dropped slowly to my knees and placed my cheek near the ground so I could sight through the tiny oak forest. I was a monster Paul Bunyan. On a whim, I could level the oaks with the sweep of my hand. In ignorance I could grind those trees into the red loess soil without even knowing what I had done. Life was so precious here. Humans have the power to destroy or protect. Mostly we destroy. I regained my feet and found a trail far to the uphill side of the beautiful forest.

I came upon a tumble of sandstone blocks which were uniformly shaped like flattened loaves of bread. The rocks lay in a frozen cascade, or fall, extending out at my feet in a delta of debris. I stepped back to see the place from where they had fallen. Up the cliff about twenty feet, tucked into a protected alcove, was a stone dwelling. I studied it and saw a man-laid rock wall. It was plastered with reddish mud and ran across the opening of the cave. The wall was unbroken except for two windows, a single doorway, and a jagged, gaping, man-sized hole at the bottom. Pothunters had blasted a "V shaped hole in the cliff dwelling wall.

I stared up at the cliff house, Soon, I was joined by several students who stood beside me and stared as I did. In minutes the whole group stood together. They began to ask questions and talk among themselves, quietly, as if noise would bring the inhabitants of the cliff house to the door.

The gaping hole that had been blasted or punched through the cliff house wall was the source of the shaped stones and debris at our feet. It was from that ragged mouth that the rubble had spewn, obviously thrown out by vandals robbing the place of the possessions of the dead.





Poethunters had blasted a “V” shaped hole in the cliff dwelling wall.

I climbed on to the pile to get a closer look at an object partially buried in the fallen rocks and rubble. It seemed basket-like; it contained some kind of gray fur. Several kids now stood at my side. Their attention was also focused upon the strange bundle.

“Get it out with my stick,” Anne suggested. She turned her head sharply swinging her long blond braids out of her way as she handed me a stick she had been carrying.

I took the stick and made my way to the bundle. The footing was tricky. The rocks were loose and tended to roll and settle beneath my feet. “Be careful of your footing!” I ordered, as more kids began to move onto the delta of rubble. I used the stick to balance myself. Anne moved at my side, using my arm to steady herself.

"It's got pottery in it," she exclaimed to the group. "I can see the cream-colored rim of a pot." I looked closely. "Wait!" I ordered. "Don't touch it! Don't move it!" Several others with sticks had started to pry and poke at the strange bundle. They stopped at my command, "Part of the stuff in this pile is pack rat midden," I explained. "Pack rat middens are full of cactus spines. If they stick you they will really hurt. The thing is covered with spines. Don't touch it!"

"It looks like a mashed basket made of sticks," a boy observed.

Others agreed. It was a basket of sticks with a rabbit-fur blanket inside. The dry sticks were loosely interwoven and tied with yucca fibers. I saw the cream-colored object that Anne had described as a pot rim. I studied it carefully as I rearranged my feet so I could bend down close to it. The object was not ceramic at all. The cream-colored object was a tiny human rib!

Through gray-white rabbit fur the empty orbits of a tiny skull looked at us. "A baby! A burial!" I exclaimed. My voice was too high, too stressed. Its tenor sent a shock through the group as they struggled to see. In unison they moved back and away from the bundle. I looked up. They were all looking at me, waiting for a signal to run or stay.

"It isn't a pot rim. It's human bone. It's a basket with a rabbit fur blanket wrapped around a tiny baby's skeleton. Don't touch it!"

They weren't about to touch it. We studied the bundle from afar. I motioned for everyone to follow me. We moved away. It was time to talk.

We gathered on a flat place at the foot of the towering red-rock cliff. We sat on the bare earth with our backs fitting into the undulations of the warm rock. Our feet were pointed out towards the canyon,

forming a fence along the edge of the drop-off, a fence of assorted footwear: Kletter boots, worn tennis shoes, and veteran red-wing boots with re-soled treads black against scuffed leather. We sat staring out at the spectacular view framed by our toes. We were hundreds of feet above, where, in times of flash floods, the waters raced to fill pools and basins and washed a cargo of sandy soil into the McElmo creek far below and three miles south of our vantage point.

I began explaining our responsibility to the site, the fragile land, the past culture, and the archaeological sign I had seen. I tried to convey my deepest feelings about the canyon, the spirits that had touched me, and the amazement and wonder I felt at the discovery of the miniature oak forest. I knew from the student's eyes, as they looked intently at me, they understood. Perhaps some of them felt the same way. The beauty and mystery of the place touched all of us. The discovery of the tiny burial had dominated and overpowered self-centered thinking. The kids were tuning in. We shared the experience, the mystery, and the beauty together. We were suddenly fifteen as one.

From our vantage point, we could see the east wall of the canyon. Its rugged facade was dented with southeast-facing depressions forming shallow caves. Many of the deeper overhangs held mud-plastered cliff houses similar to the one above us. What was now a deserted canyon in the far outback of Colorado once had been a thriving community in the center of the prehistoric Anasazi world. When the Ancient Ones were here, this canyon was as dry and delicate as now, but then hundreds of people lived here. We were sitting in the midst of a lost village, a hamlet that was as strange

and wonderful to us as finding a lost civilization in the red rocks of Mars.

The winter sun near Capricorn was weak but its rays warmed us as we sat in that protected southeast-facing place. Masses of cold arctic air roll down across southwestern Colorado and chill one's bones. The cold stuns to sluggishness the hairy black tarantula and the ant colony with its tunnels in the freezing earth. The southeast-facing cliffs are warmer, protected vessels holding the radiant energy of the sun. Ancient people used this solar heat. These canyons were, at least, a winter place used by the Anasazi for uncounted centuries as they waited for the equinox and then the rising of certain stars that told of spring to come.

There were so many things to explore! There were mysteries that begged for answers. We never dreamed such a place existed. Reverting to my role as teacher, I shared my thoughts with the others.

"We Americans believe we discovered this continent. We have been conditioned to think of this land as new, virgin, wild! We are unwilling to deal with the significance of advanced cultures that disappeared long before Columbus set sail. Our national ego is buoyed by thoughts of ourselves as the first to set foot upon this land," I lectured the group. "How untrue. We may be the last!"

The kids stirred about in the dust, uneasy, uncomfortable with the observations.

We sat there in that wonderful classroom of time, space, and other days, our eyes searching the textures of the land. Our minds racing to see, sort, and store new data. In our cultural shock, we needed this quiet time to sit and let our discoveries sink in. We wondered loudly, asking questions and answering them as best we could. Finally, it was time

to get going. We had promised to meet the pickup truck our hosts had loaded with our lunches and gear. Audrey Allmon, the Battlerock School teacher, and her friends were driving to a prearranged place on the dirt track that wound its way up the *cuesta* to a well-head, far across the canyon. We could hear the low growl of the truck engines and the squeak and rattle of their bodies as they climbed to our meeting place.



Heading up canyon to the trailhead for our hike.

We stood, stiffly, brushing fine dust from our rears. I suddenly remembered that we had not reburied the tiny bundle. I had shut it out of my mind as had the others.

“What should we do with the baby...uh, I mean the burial?” I asked, before the group could start moving away. I knew what we must do, but I wanted the kids to come to the same decision.

“Can we take it?” John asked.

“No! We must bury it here,” several kids said loudly and together.

“You’re right,” I agreed quickly. “We must bury it here!” I tried to sound like I was speaking for the group. I don’t think I fooled anyone, yet there was now unanimous agreement. Re-burial would protect it and place it back near where its family had laid it to rest.

“Can we take a picture of it?” John, who had wanted to take it back with us, asked.

“A good idea,” I agreed. Others nodded and started getting their cameras ready.

“We can give the pictures to the BLM along with a description of where we found it and where we re-buried it,” I offered.

We set out then, back along our trail to inter the tiny Anasazi we had met and were afraid of. The sad and emotional re-burial completed, we set out again. We cut a trail sharply downward toward the deep part of the canyon. We went single-file, stopping in dangerous places to post strong boys who would help the others down, around and through the dangerous terrain. Mountain mahogany plants provided handholds. Juniper roots either tripped us or supported our feet like steps. Lenses of conglomerate rocks rolled under our feet like ball bearings. The group assembled on the sandy canyon bottom and waited, out of breath, while we searched for an easy trail up the other side.

We started up the steep east side on an animal trail. Grunting and breathing hard, we, one by one, reached the top of a narrow *cuesta* not far from where the trucks were parked and our hosts were waiting. Kids found places to flop down and “relapse,” as they called it. Soon our hosts built a fire.

Exposed on this table-like flat, we felt the bite of the north wind. The sweet smells of coffee boiling and of cedar and piñon smoke wafted around us. It made our peanut butter and jelly sandwiches taste like some exotic fare. The group was quiet; introspective. For a long time no one spoke.

"I never saw a buried dead person before," John said.

"Me neither," another voice agreed, sadly, quizzically.

"That baby died more than seven hundred years ago," I said.

"It's like it just died...I mean when we found it," a boy sitting next to me observed.

"It's like no time has passed," Linda added.

We sat there and let our thoughts follow the flames from the fire. Fifteen people focused by a common experience, staring into a fire, watching energy change form, and monitoring thoughts that bridged more than time. I imagined the people who lived in that protected place that death had found, as they wrapped the dead baby in its soft fur blanket and gently placed it in a hole they had scooped from the floor of their home. I imagined the grief of the mother and father. I grieved with them as they slowly placed a woven basket and the dirt that would separate them forever from the body of the child. I felt the family's comfort in knowing the baby was there close to them if its spirit wanted its mother during the long nights ahead. I saw a tear or two fall from youthful cheeks and hid my own.

I stopped imagining and looked around at the group. Each had been lost in thought.

"They buried it in the house so it could be close to its mother ... so that it wouldn't be lonely." Cathy stated for the group.

Surprised looks spread upon the faces around the circle. Had we all shared a common vision?

The memory of that tiny skeleton which had been ejected from its centuries-old burial place by pot-hunters and carelessly thrown out as trash is still fresh in my mind. That experience, in a wonderland of nature and beauty where other people sought life so long ago, opened the door to southwestern Colorado's rich offerings and swept those of us who dared into a place that we came to love and feel part of.

Our hike into the canyon had been planned when Cortez High School hosts took us down McElmo Canyon to visit the Battlerock School, one of the last one-room schoolhouses in the country. That visit, into what seemed to us another time, changed all of us. I remember my first impressions as we pulled our station wagons into the school's dirt parking lot on that cloudless December day in 1967. We were greeted by nineteen first through sixth graders. They streamed off the wooden porch steps of the old sandstone block building and came running toward our cars to greet us. Giant cottonwood trees, a few crisp leaves clinging to their branches, formed a canopy overhead. Water still ran in the irrigation ditch that divided the school yard from the parking lot.

The bridge over the four-foot-wide lateral was made of graying, old, rough-sawed planks. The ground was covered with yellow-orange leaves that crunched underfoot and caught the sunlight in hand-like mitts.

As our high school kids pried themselves from the confines of the station wagons, the Battlerock kids took their hands and led them away to play on a giant old swing in the schoolyard, or they took them



across the sandy playground and showed them, with giggles and shy laughter, the white-washed outhouses, the privies, that had served students and teachers alike for almost sixty years.

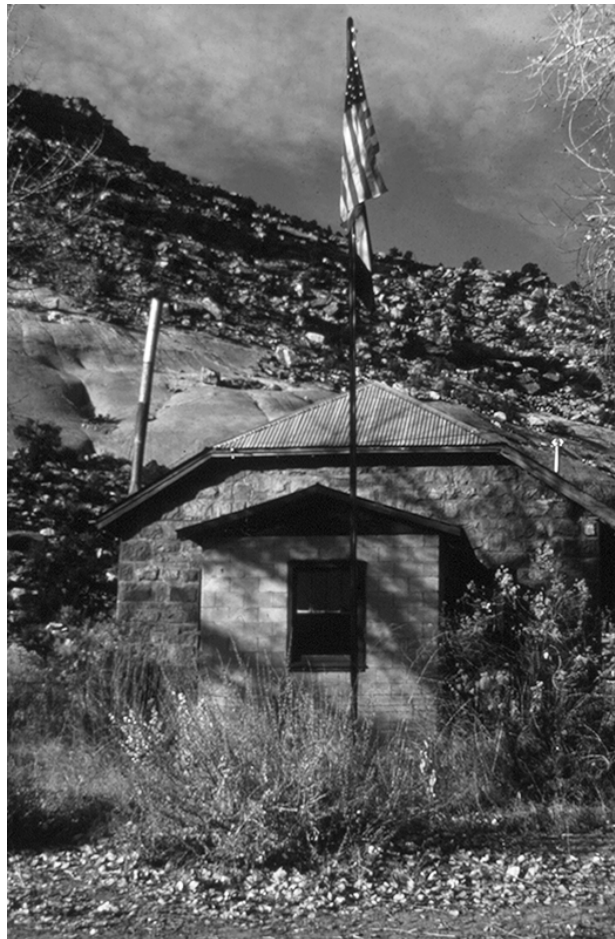
Big kids and little kids were playing together, exploring and getting acquainted. We two adults, big city educators, were invited to play, but thinking we had better not, we made our way into the warmth of the old schoolhouse. There, in the center of the room carefully placing another lump of coal into the Warm Morning stove, was the school teacher.

“Just doing some chores,” she said laughingly to us as she wiped coal-black off her hands. “Out here the school ‘marm’ does everything. Come in and help me move some chairs up so your kids can sit. My kids have been practicing a Christmas program and they would like to present it for you.”

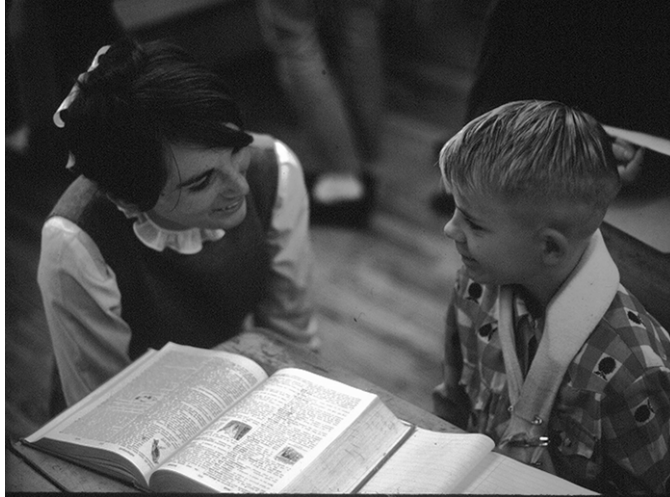
Audrey was in her thirties, lithe and energetic. She had the healthy, natural look of a person who spends a great deal of time outdoors. She was relaxed and friendly. It was obvious she was in complete control of this isolated world and the kids who came to her for schooling. The kids called her by her first name – everybody did. I never heard her referred to as Mrs. Allmon by any of the canyon people.

Audrey moved around the one-room schoolhouse adjusting seats, changing assignments on the blackboards, explaining that this was the first grade area, these were the third grader’s desks, and this assignment is for the sixth graders. “This model is being constructed by my fifth graders. All of the kids are collecting bugs. Here are some they have mounted to study. Please excuse me, I have so much to do while my kids are at recess.” She tugged on one end of a large upright piano and had it into

position before we could help her. She set up a mike on its stand and plugged it into an old amplifier that sat on a window sill. "The kids will hang the sheets," she announced, as she tightened a wire the sheets would hang from, forming a backdrop to a stage.



The Battlerock School in 1967. One of the few remaining one-room schoolhouses in Colorado.



Bridgette meets Calvin at Battlerock.

While we high school teachers, unused to the variety and richness of an elementary school classroom, examined projects laid out on the counters that ran around the perimeter of the room, Audrey picked-up a long-handled, old-fashioned school bell, walked through the front door, and out onto the wooden steps. The ringing of the bell was followed by silence in the schoolyard, then a collective groan, then, shortly, by the sounds of galloping feet as kids, big and small, ran for the schoolhouse. Inside, in control, the little kids seated their guests and then proudly took their own seats.

“Audrey,” a small girl with long, ribbon-tied pig-tails asked, “can we eat our lunches on the dinosaur rock?”

“If everybody wants to hike up there,” Audrey answered. “But first, we would like to do our

Christmas program for our guests. Everyone knows what to do, let's get started."

Kids were running about the room, hanging sheets, putting on costumes, readjusting microphones, and going over scripts.

The Battlerock kids ran the program. Audrey sat at the piano, banging out Christmas songs, accompanying skits and solos. As a scared and poorly coordinated little girl began her act, Audrey watched her closely and adjusted the music to match the girl's movements. As the awkward little girl pulled her body into positions as best she could, Audrey made certain she was always in step with the music. The child succeeded. She completed her act and received the applause and cheers of us all. Ralph Remmes, my fellow teacher, and I looked at each other with "did you see that" looks. For us, visitors to this magical place, it was one of the most important insights we had ever had into true teaching. We were to learn that Audrey usually taught that way.

Later, when Ralph and I had time to discuss our visit to the schoolhouse, we noted that neither of us had ever experienced that kind of student-centered teaching. The schools we knew were places where students were supposed to learn how to keep step with the music. The music was more important than the child. Our schools had set curricula and systems. If a kid couldn't keep in step then the kid was wrong. Get the kid out, or use peer pressure to make the kid try harder. Make the child bend to fit the system, but never adjust the system to fit the needs of the child.

During the past 2 years I had explored many places between Denver and Colorado Springs, like Perry Park, the Black Forest, and foothills locations along the front range looking for a site for my

Supplemental School. None of these areas had the right combination of ingredients to nurture what I had in mind. Now I had found the right mixture of wildness, archaeology, and communities. I knew I could focus my energies and build a model educational program in southwestern Colorado.

Things fell together quickly. As the December 1967 field trip came to an end, I left committed to return to southwestern Colorado and start a summer program. I asked Audrey to help me make arrangements. She agreed to coordinate things on the Cortez end.

I set up a course named Introduction to Field Service and Social Studies Field Techniques. The course description explained two, three-week sessions in southwestern Colorado near the town of Cortez. Students would be placed as volunteers in living/learning/service activities throughout the Cortez community: In the Head Start programs, community service agencies, and in a free tutoring program offered to elementary school students. We would learn about archaeology and explore southwestern Colorado and southeastern Utah. Participants would get to know Ute Mountain Ute Indians. We would build our own working community. The student participants would be responsible for all of the living and learning experiences: Budgeting, shopping, cooking and time scheduling. A tuition fee of \$165.00 included everything but personal articles. I asked the students who had shared the winter field trip to help recruit participants. The program filled within days.

## CHAPTER 6

### GAINING A FOOTHOLD IN THE NEW FRONTIER

As the spring of 1968 brought warmer weather to the high Colorado Plateau, I became anxious to fly to southwestern Colorado. I had to find a country house to rent that was large enough to accommodate fifteen students.

I had been in contact with Audrey during January and February. She had located several old houses for me to look at. She described one old place that sounded perfect for our summer needs.

The day arrived when I had a break in my schedule; a weekend free. On Friday, after meeting my classes, I packed a few things in a small bag and got a friend to drive me to Denver's Stapleton Airport. Everything was coming together beautifully. I had a program approved by the school board, fifteen students enrolled, and a district bus for transportation. Now all I needed was a house.

The drive across town at rush hour was nerve-wracking. We arrived at the airport with only minutes to spare. I rushed to the ticket counter to check in and stood there out-of-breath as the uniformed lady behind the counter informed me that the flight was delayed.

"We will call the flight. Please wait!" she announced through a smile, motioning towards a line of seats across the terminal.

I sat in a stainless steel and vinyl chair. As I looked out the window, I thought about the lands southeast of Denver that I had come to know as I grew up, lands that were now changing so rapidly I

could hardly recognize familiar features. The greater Denver area had been growing at an unbelievably fast rate. Pollution often obscured the mountain view from the plains. The slower and more agrarian way of living that I had taken for granted as a boy was now, little over a decade later, almost gone. Population pressures and poor planning were eroding the quality of life. Suburban sprawl was covering the landscape like a mold raging over a piece of cheese. Planning had been thwarted by “againers” who would not believe that adequate road systems were necessary. They saw Denver as a cow town, but in truth it hadn’t been a cattleman’s empire for years.

Suddenly I realized why southwestern Colorado held such a magnetic attraction for me. I was unconsciously looking for a new land; a protected place where population pressures and all of the inherent problems associated with growth wouldn’t come about for a long time. I loved the eastern slope rangelands and their history. The land was a part of my soul. But the things I loved most of all were almost gone beneath a sea of homes, roads, and parking lots. More and more of my time was spent sitting in traffic, breathing fumes, and watching mega-bucks create more facilities to house strangers from the East.

I knew then that I would leave the area if I could find another frontier. That day, as I waited in the airport, I accepted the fact that I would leave my family, the front range of the mighty Rockies, and the high plains where I had grown to manhood.

I boarded the fat Frontier Airlines Convair 580 that finally arrived at the commuter gate. I sat back in my seat as the plane powered into the thin spring air. We took off to the east, circled back south over downtown Denver, and then, nose pointed west and

up we fought for enough altitude to take us over Corona Pass and the Front Range. The peaks of the mountains were still buried beneath winter snows. Near their lower skirts, the aspen were beginning to leaf out with delicate yellow-green softness. Ski slopes slashed down timbered peaks like wide firebreaks. Winding highways corkscrewed up and down, hosting tiny cars and trucks that seemed to be standing still. Thin lines of watercourses twisted through valleys still partially frozen, the sunlight glinting from stretches of open water. The land undulated beneath us. Soon the high peaks gave way to long, flat-topped mesas. The plane nosed down. We flew the Colorado River course until the snow was gone below us and the land turned into gray-white hills, dry and wasted beneath the late afternoon sun. Irrigated fields and orchards lay in the folds between the dull mounds of shale. We landed over the tops of them, in the Colorado River Valley, on the strip at Grand Junction. Trucks and men hurried out to service the plane. Passengers departed. No one boarded. Doors were slammed shut. Engines whirled up roars. We taxied and then took flight once again, heading west-southwest towards Moab, Utah.

Studying the ground, I could see formations of convoluted sandstones eroding out of the overburdening shales and sedentary capstone. Giant red rocks, free-standing pinnacles, rose out of the desert. Shiny-green globes were the tops of cottonwood trees growing in dry washes. Larger monuments of red sandstone reached toward the bottom of the plane. Mesas appeared, true tables with escarpments on all sides. A patchy fur of piñons and junipers clung to their rocky tops, and an army of soldier-buttres marched off their westward sides. The



land was rosy-red, rocky, and swept clean by wind and sometimes raging flash-flood waters. My neck became stiff as I strained to stare out of the tiny window. The pilot's voice, heard through the crackling static of the airplane's worn speakers, pulled my thoughts back into the cabin. Then his words sent my eyes back to look out at the wonders below.

"Folks this is one of those perfect days we pilots love. The air is clear and stable. Visibility is ... oh, let me see, I would say about one hundred and fifty miles or more. Folks I'm going to turn a three-sixty here so you can see the country below. Then we will head southeast and back into Colorado. I just got word that there are no passengers, on or off, at Moab."

I had never suspected that lands like these existed. Below us, hundreds of miles from any major population center, was a wilderness frontier that might remain unchanged by man for centuries. I studied its vastness. I wanted to feel that sandy soil down there and let it slip away through my fingers. I wanted to feel the heat and taste the alkaline waters in the hidden pools beneath the twisted cottonwood trees. I promised myself that this was a land I would know.

We were heading away from the red rock country now. In the distance I saw what looked like the long green line of the Mesa Verde escarpment. Soon I saw the Ute Mountain standing alone at the edge of the high Sonoran desert. The rugged volcanic uplift seemed to be guarding the southwestern exit of my destination, the beautiful Montezuma Valley. As we came closer, we overflowed the McElmo cut, a deep westward-flowing canyon that drains the Montezuma Valley and separates the

Ute Mountain from Goodman Point, a circular, dome-shaped uplift formed millions of years ago by a bubble of magma and gas far below the surface of the earth.

As we circled counter clockwise to begin our landing approach, I could see to the east the high, snow-capped La Plata Mountains. As we turned to the north and west, the Abajos, also called the Blues, and the Manti La Sal Mountains of Utah were framed in the tiny window. I hadn't seen them before. I was surprised by their beauty and the contrast of green mountains with the redrock desert from which they jutted. Visible to me now were two distinct environments as different from each other as one could imagine.

The metal skin on the plane's wings made a deep drum-like noise as it bounced upon warmer air currents that tried to lift us back into the sky. Warmer air from the irrigated and farmed lands below us was rough, then smooth, then not there at all as we sloughed into an air pocket and, then, just as suddenly, were thrown upwards again. The wheels thumped down into landing position. I could see the geometry of Cortez streets and then the highway. We crossed a road, perhaps fifty feet above a line of cars, and touched down on the runway of the Montezuma County Airport. I felt a wonderful magical feeling similar to the one I had experienced five months before, the first time I had seen the valley. That feeling told me that, somehow, I belonged here. I wondered if I did. Could I make a home in this magic land? I deplaned and sought transportation into town.

"The country is so beautiful you don't give a damn about the town," a short, oddly shaped man driving the Turquoise Motel station wagon quipped as

he helped me load my bag into the back of the vehicle. "Not that the town ain't something special. In fact he paused and then questioned me, "you been here before?" I nodded. He continued. "It's a town that's going to be something, someday." He started the car with a jerk and we were off towards town. "I'm a wealth of information if you need any," he continued.

By the time the old station wagon turned off Main Street into the motel parking lot, I had learned that I could stay at Johnson's Turquoise, eat at the Pony Express restaurant, and get my rental car at the desk as I checked in.

"At the desk?" I asked, having a little fun with him. He looked sideways at me and then grinned. "Hell, yes. They will hand you over a Buick, but don't take it to your room, motel regs say cars must remain outside." We laughed. He was relieved to know I had been kidding him. "No cars in the rooms," he said again and walked away.

The sun had set by the time I finished dinner. As I ate I watched a string of cars and pickups, kids dragging Main, turn into the Safeway parking lot across from the motel. Cars pulled up side-by-side as young people visited or shared cans of beer. Then they headed out again, going the other direction. The circle of cars seemed endless. After I was certain I had seen the same vehicles go around three times, I quit watching, finished my coffee, paid at the register, and headed up to my room. I needed a good night's sleep. Tomorrow I would meet Audrey at Battlerock School and we would go to see the house she had found for the program.

As I lay in bed I was doing less processing than usual and more working out details of the new program. Taking a group of high school boys and

girls to a place 425 miles from home and starting a communal-type program in an old farmhouse is something I planned out of conviction, without fear or serious doubt. When I had suggested taking high school boys and girls to a remote part of Colorado, finding an old house and living in it as a group, some people thought I was crazy. Everyone knew, and most went to extremes to tell me, that the kids would be grabbing for body parts and having sexual encounters on every occasion. All of the girls would get pregnant. Social diseases would spread as fast as legs. I knew they were wrong.

I held a belief that I could make a contribution to public education in an environment conducive to learning. Since making the commitment to put my full energies into education, I dreamed about this program. I was not unlike an architect who designs and re-designs dream houses in his mind's eye, or a surgeon who visualizes a surgery in his mind long before he ever picks up a knife.

In retrospect, by going with my convictions, I had set into motion dynamics that resulted in remarkable experiences. In that special environment, I began to evolve my ideas, design effective learning situations, and hone my educational tools so that they could be applied concisely and effectively. Perhaps the programs worked well because there was a kind of magic in what we were doing, a romance, a Camelot. I hope so. Those are wonderful dynamics that shouldn't be left out of our lives. From the intensely positive feedback I received from kids and parents, I confirmed that I was on the right track.

I awoke to the reverberating hum of a Freightliner passing in front of the motel. My body seemed separate from my mind. It lay there thick and sleep-deadened, refusing to take commands or to

allow more blood to circulate into its stiff appendages. It sent messages to my brain that it was being robbed of needed sleep, cheated by being awakened at this early hour. Like a leaden statue, it sank into the mattress, obtuse and useless. I forced my feet over the edge of the bed. It had been a long night, I remembered, fuzzily recalling the thoughts I had carried to sleep with me. Another rumbling vibration, the squeal of brakes applied lightly during a turn. I remembered where I was. Like the bursting of hundreds of tiny dams, blood circulated through my frame. I was awake and anxious to be out in the day. A hot shower and a cup of coffee would put me on the road.

I joined the early crowd of tourists, delivery van drivers, and storekeepers in the Pony Express restaurant. The tourists were looking at maps and talking quietly about beating the crowds to Mesa Verde or to the Durango Narrow Gauge train. The storekeepers were meeting about some sales tax problem. The delivery van drivers were busy looking over open metal clipboards, and comparing orders and itineraries. The hostess flew from table to table with a steaming glass coffee pot in her hand, her pony-tails, the real one attached to her head and the cloth one attached to her skirt, flying behind her. She was as awake and bright-eyed as the morning, and it was one of those rare and beautiful spring mornings that make birds chirp and people take deep breaths.

I climbed into the dun colored Buick rental car thinking of the little man who had picked me up at the airport. Soon I was through town heading south. I found the road heading west just beyond the Port of Entry and a weathered McElmo Canyon sign.

With the sunlit Ute Mountain on my left I headed down canyon. The road, if all of the

washboards were ironed out and the curves straightened, would probably reach all the way to Salt Lake City instead of the short distance to Aneth, Utah. The Buick, a hard 40,000 un-serviced miles on its odometer, seemed to dive into every depression and then launch itself out and up over the next several feet of graveled corrugations. On the washboards it tried to move sideways instead of forward, especially around the tight curves. I held the wheel and slowed to a crawl, pushed along by battered pickup trucks with steel pipe stock racks and families of Navajos squeezed into every part of the cabs and beds.

Trucks passed me, one by one, leaving me in their choking dust. In time, I was alone on the crooked road. I began to anticipate my visit to the Battlerock School. I remembered the intriguing and somewhat magical aura of the place caused by Audrey the energetic teacher. I drove thinking of the reactions all of us 'Big City' folks had when we visited last December. We had seen Audrey work her everyday wonders upon the small children in her charge. She wasn't putting on a show for our benefit. She was teaching! In our short time in that one-room schoolhouse it became obvious that she taught in a natural and loving way.

I had a dilapidated pickup behind me. I'd been driving too slowly. I pulled over to let it pass. The Buick got a spray of gravel in the windshield and a covering of fine dust for my "reward." The Battlerock, a solid lump of sandstone about ten stories high, was in sight. Soon, not far down canyon, I saw the Battlerock School.

The small building was bathed in gentle sunlight. The new pale-green leaves on the giant cottonwoods were a shimmering canopy over its

rusted metal roof. Its walls were pastel earth tones of sandstone blocks which had been quarried nearby, matching the textures and colors of the rocky canyon walls. This was the center of the McElmo Canyon community. It was Saturday and even though the flagpole was bare, the parking lot was filled with half a dozen battered and mud-covered pickups. Each had its steel-pipe stock rack with oak slats bolted across the frames. A gun rack with scoped rifles hung in place in the back window of every truck. These four-wheeled mules were the indicators of life in this back country. They were driven over the awful roads through all kinds of weather as their owners made their way up and down dirt tracks to homesteads carved into the remote canyon.

Parents, kids, and Audrey, were cleaning the schoolyard and preparing the garden plot for this year's plantings. Everywhere I looked there was activity. This school belonged to these people. For some it also served as a church on Sundays. Community meetings filled it with adults, many of whom had attended as children. Audrey, who began teaching when she was sixteen, had spent most of her teaching time at Battlerock School. She had taught many of the parents. Now they were helping to get the place in order for their kids. That was natural. People helped keep their school going. So what if the school was now part of the reorganized District #1 and a school board really hired the teacher and "ran" the place. It was still their school and damn anybody from town who suggested that it be closed and that their kids be bused into Cortez.

Audrey greeted me warmly and introduced me to those who gathered near the schoolhouse steps for a draught of cold water from the tin cooler placed there by a lanky cowboy. She told them I had

asked her to help set up a summer program for a bunch of high school kids from suburban Denver. She explained that she and Lee, her husband whom I hadn't met, had found a big old country house for us to rent, if I liked it, even though it needed lots of work.

I helped rake some leaves and trash from the yard and generally made myself useful. The canyon people were kind and helpful, yet suspicious. If Audrey thought I was okay then so be it. They would get to know me. I knew I would have to prove myself in many ways before I could be accepted by these folks. They weren't easily impressed.

After lunch was shared from large coolers on pickup tailgates, people went their separate ways. I followed Audrey's "black-widow" Ford pickup back down the canyon to their house, where we picked up Lee. The three of us headed through Cortez to a place about eight miles north, called Arriola.

There, in a setting right out of some movie script, was the house. It was old and it looked haunted. It sat back of a large un-mowed lawn, its steeply slanted roof shedding green asphalt, its windows vacant and grime covered. White had been the color last applied to its siding. Blue was the color of the trim. Large trees grew against the ancient shell, their boughs trying to brush life back into the vacant place. It was beautiful! Just what I had hoped to find.

Inside and to the right as we entered, glass-paned French doors set a formal parlor aside from the rest of the house. Behind the parlor we explored a dimly lit and dismal bedroom. It had an attached shed-roofed add-on bath.

To our left as we entered the house was a large empty room, perhaps a dining room, with its floor covered by torn strips of paper and dust balls. A



kitchen, much in need of repair, opened beyond a wide doorway in the east wall.

Straight ahead as we entered the house was a flight of steep, narrow, wooden stairs. Creaking our way up them we came to a cramped hallway. It opened to the right and serviced three bedrooms that looked as if they had been abandoned in haste decades before. On the left side of the upper staircase landing was a strange half-door. There was, upon our examination of its placement, no reason for any door to be there. I opened it and a hot blast of stuffy, moldy, dusty air blew into our faces. We recoiled, contaminated, disgusted.

Looking into the attic space formed by the slant of the roof I could see two cardboard boxes. Mice and squirrels had chewed runs through the boxes and in places old clothing had been pulled out into the musty space for nests. In the dim light I could see a headless dress form on a filigreed cast-iron pedestal base. It was stitched into the attic with spider webs. It seemed to stand there waiting for some end. I closed the half door and twisted a nail back over the jam to hold it shut. I would lock the door. I didn't want kids exploring that cranny of the old house.

The house needed everything. It lacked appliances, beds, light bulbs, and a hot water heater. It needed structural braces under parts of the floor and hinges fixed on doors that now only leaned into their frames. New panes of glass could be found to keep the wind and bugs out. The water lines could be repaired and we could build an outside shower. The lawn could be mowed and the trees that brushed with strange scratching noises against the house could be trimmed back.

I recall how right I thought the place was for the summer programs and how relieved I was when we rented it. Boys and girls could have separate quarters. There were no neighbors to bother. There was plenty of room for kids to be kids. If the old mansion was haunted, as it seemed to be, the spirits were probably benevolent and would leave us alone. The job of fixing it up would pull the first group of students together, thereby focusing them around a common and necessary task. Once the manse was livable, it would be their place because they had formed it. The old house would protect us from the summer weather and do wonders for group dynamics. It was more than perfect. It was educational!

I made a list of the appliances and furniture we would need. Audrey and Lee volunteered to locate most of the items. Some I would bring with me in June when I arrived with the first group of students. Cleaning and repairs would only take a few days - at least the preliminary repairs. I would explain to the kids that the old country house where we would headquarter had been vacant for years and was in need of TLC.

"Its better than tents,' I told the kids. Those words might now be thought of as the program's motto, they were used so often over the next decades.

I flew to Cortez four more times that spring to organize the program. On each trip I would visit around town and in the county making friends and explaining the program I was starting. I described to them the things I would have the students do as volunteers, and I asked for their help. On those hurried trips I established networks that would help the program be effective and survive. Most of all, I

began to learn about the community and its unique ways.

After our discovery of the “burial” in Rock Canyon, I planned to include a basic archaeological unit in our summer programs. As we planned the two 1968 summer programs, I asked Audrey if she could help me locate a ruin that we could study. Through her many friends and contacts she located a large ruin that had been badly pot-hunted and vandalized. The owners told her that it had been ‘dug’ for years and was cratered as if it had been bombed. Audrey told me about the site and asked me if I was interested in it. I knew that a site already damaged was a good place to start teaching kids about archaeology because our chances of damaging anything of scientific value were lessened. We would find broken pottery, middens of ash, trash, broken sandstone, and an occasional human bone. The kids could learn to grid, collect samples, and master the rudiments of mapping and recording provenances on a site. We accepted the Wilson’s kind offer of a part of the site called Yellowjacket.

Who hasn’t daydreamed about finding a lost city or a cave full of gold? The images of Carter opening Tut’s tomb and Schliemann discovering Troy stir the imagination. Television and adventure storybooks glorify archaeologists as they uncover the secrets of the past. The popular image of an archaeologist is one of an adventurer and treasure seeker, an Indiana-Jones-type figure.

I was not expecting the impact our attempt at learning about archaeology and the ancient inhabitants of the area would have on us or the structure of the educational program I was building. Archaeology was a key which opened a new door through which we could reach and motivate students.

It has been argued that archaeology is an intellectual pursuit with limited purpose other than creating reams of stored data, artifacts for museums, and jobs for archaeologists. I learned that archaeology, combined with education, was a key to understanding our own times and experiences. I wouldn't have guessed it then, but the combination of education and archaeological research was destined to order the program I was creating, and the program was destined to alter public involvement in archaeology and create Crow Canyon.

Early in 1968, I had proposed a free summer school program for Cortez area elementary kids. Thanks to Audrey, the tutoring program was approved by the RE-1 Board of Education. Audrey would be head teacher. The high school kids would assist her. In addition, we made tentative arrangements to become involved with the Ute Mountain Ute Tribe Head Start Program. I learned that our students could help at Towaoc, if I could get approval from the Tribal Council member in charge. I visited Towaoc, and found the man.

His name was Philip Coyote. He was a large man with heavy, black braids. His complexion was dark and his features broad and Mongolian. He dressed in blue jeans held up by a thick leather belt with a large buckle containing the tribal emblem. His life experiences were so different from mine that it was a wonder we could communicate at all. I wanted something from him, He wanted nothing from me. I wanted his approval to place fifteen city and suburban, WASPish high school boys and girls in a Head Start program for Ute Indian kids on his reservation. He was suspicious.

“And what are you going to teach us?” he asked bluntly and somewhat humorously. “You going to save our souls? Civilize us? Make us white?”

“No, nothing like that,” I answered, trying to remain calm. “We would like you to teach us. We want to come here to learn.” I was serious. It had never dawned upon me that we could teach them anything.

“You learn from us? Nobody comes here to learn from us. What can your kids learn from a bunch of Head Start kids? Indians?” He had stopped walking and stood, hands on hips, leaning against the railing which ran around the porch of the Tribal Office building.

“I don’t know for sure. I only know that if we don’t try we won’t learn anything.” I felt awkward. “I do know that my kids can help your teachers and that they won’t be in the way.”

“No one ever came here and said they could learn from us. What religion are you from?”

“No religion, all sorts of religions. We aren’t a church group. We’re from a public high school near Denver.”

“You here to save us poor Indians?”

“You here to save us poor whites?”

We were both smiling, now.

“You can do it because you are a coward,” he said with seeming malice. “You are a coward!” he said again, looking right at my nose and throwing the words in my face as a challenge. I winced, confused. “You cut your hair off so we can’t scalp you!” He paused and enjoyed my reaction. “In old times cowards did that.”

I put my hand up to my bald head and began laughing. We both laughed. He was making a

scalping motion with his hands and a make-believe knife.

“Bring them kids. See if you can learn something about the Indian way. Ute kids will teach you.”

He turned and entered the Tribal Offices. He was the first Ute Mountain Ute person I met on a one-to-one basis. If they are all like him, I thought, I’m going to like the Ute people a lot. Little did I know that this was to be only the first of many wonderful experiences that we would share with the Ute people.

## CHAPTER 7

### THE PROGRAM UNFOLDS

In June 1968, at 6:30 in the morning, I was rushing around the sides of school bus #35 directing the loading of our gear, comforting parents and students, and giving last-minute directions. Soon we would wend our way through Denver's Hampden Avenue traffic and drive up Turkey Creek Canyon, bound for Kenosha Pass and points southwest. In eleven hours, after crossing the continental divide at Wolf Creek Pass, and then driving west along the southern boundary of the state, we would arrive in front of the old white house.

We arrived at the old house late in the afternoon. After everyone had unpacked and had a chance to explore, I called the kids together for a meeting. They had a number of questions about the house and the "Indian stuff they had collected from the ridge upon which it was built. I explained that the amount of broken Anasazi pottery and shaped sandstone lying along the ridge told me an ancient farmstead once flourished here. While exploring the house, the students discovered that the basement, really a two-room storage cellar, was a part of an Indian ruin. I explained that the settlers, sometime around 1890, had dug out the fill from the ancient rooms and used the solid sandstone walls for the cellar of the house. I mentioned that salvaged rocks from other parts of the ruin were used to build the dry-stacked rock foundation upon which the two-story house stood. Those answers gave the students a lot to think about. Under the floor we sat on was an Indian ruin! I paused to see if there were any more questions, answered a few, and then began to set

the basic parameters of the program and explain my expectations.

I told them they were expected to develop their own, mutually agreed upon, governmental system to handle the necessary jobs and planning. I explained that I would live within their rules as long as the rules did not endanger safety, our relationships with the community, or cost too much, if an organizational system failed, we all suffered. If a lack of planning meant that inadequate food was purchased or prepared, we all went hungry. If time scheduling resulted in our missing an event in town or a departure time, we all paid the price. Then I left the room and let them create. Leaders slowly emerged, an organizational structure was agreed upon, and the basic dynamics of "community" began to unfold.

Fixing up the old house pulled the group together. They began to think of the house as their own. Soon they were involved in many living and learning activities such as cooking, cleaning, budgeting, planning, repairing, and time scheduling. As they took responsibility for the everyday necessities of living together as a group they began to think of the "Cortez Program," as they called it, as their own. They enjoyed each success because they knew they had made it happen. They examined each failure without shirking responsibility or blaming someone else. They stopped being the victims of somebody else's system and started putting their energies into problem-solving and making something special out of the course.

The students soon learned there were consequences for actions and for inaction. That gave them all a sense of power over their own lives and the program. I was not needed to intercede or to



rescue. I had to let them make mistakes or even fail, and then I had to go hungry or be late and pay the consequences with them. We spent one weekend camping with a chuckbox full of applesauce and ketchup. I was often tempted to jump in and rescue. Sometimes I did, and regretted it in the end. It was so easy to “parent” and interfere. A question from me could ease the situation: “Did you pack the can opener? Why not put one person in charge of the shopping list? I realized that learning from mistakes was a vital lesson that shouldn’t be denied. The kids soon sensed what I was not doing and some of them liked it -- once they accepted responsibility for their own actions.

The ‘school’ the students created was an active place. The days were filled with adventures in the community, at Towaoc on the Ute Mountain Ute Reservation, and at the archaeological site. Evenings were times for crafts, singing, and making music. The kids invited community people they met for dinner. Small groups of kids met and planned. Some studied books and maps to prepare for our weekend camping trips. There was never a time when the learners complained of being bored.



Oops! We forgot the can opener.

I had worked with many high school kids. I knew that teens were curious about body parts and about “making love,” as certain mutually agreed upon acts are described. I also knew that dealing with sex openly and discussing why it wasn’t acceptable to engage in it during the program was the best preventative. We discussed group dynamics and how the group as a whole would be affected by people who would pair up and thus exclude themselves from the group. We decided it wasn’t fair to deprive other members of the community of the opportunity to get to know you. Romances did bloom, but the program was never compromised by sexual escapades. If sexual encounters did happen, the kids involved were discreet enough to keep it private.

Drugs were another matter. I learned to use peer pressure and “logic” to get kids to be straight, at least for the duration of the program. I tried to teach them how to turn on to beauty so that they could see the world without the filters of drug-induced highs.

I couldn't understand the attraction drugs had. I didn't even like booze. I was poorly informed about the effects of drugs and the different types of drugs. My head was filled with images of drug-mad killers gone insane because of smoking marijuana, and the unspeakable madness caused by LSD and heroin. These images had been placed there by government films we teachers had been shown, which were made by producers who believed that scare tactics would keep kids from using drugs.

The kids tolerated my ignorance and misinformed counseling. They ignored my lectures and comments about the horrors of chemical addiction. They threw out and rejected the truth and the misinformation in my arguments. Later, I learned more about drugs and why they were dangerous. I became a credible source of information on whom kids could rely. However, in those first years, I was not an effective counselor because I did not have the facts.

An impressive thing did happen at the start of each program. After the group formed and began to take responsibility for the program, I would bring up the subject of drugs. I would explain that the entire Cortez Program would be closed forever if any of our group was found using drugs. I asked kids to try life straight for a time, to really explore themselves without chemicals. I pointed out that this was a safe place to be their real selves and get feedback about themselves from people who cared about them. With trust, the kids handed over their stashes. I promised to return the lids and pills at the end of the program. However, faced with a drawer full of junk, I got paranoid. What if the police searched the house? What if some visitor opened the drawer? What if we had a fire and...? I decided to flush the stuff down the

toilet. It is interesting to note that at the end of the programs no one asked for their stash. Maybe the program did make a difference.

Working with the Ute children at Towaoc, and then working with town kids at Mesa and Downey schools in Cortez gave my students abundant opportunities to teach, learn, and internalize. The tutors were well prepared thanks to MAL and EPIC experiences. In addition, Audrey taught them to use every adventure at hand, in and out of the classroom, to stimulate the students' curiosity and learning. They had kids singing, acting, reciting, painting, teaching, sharing, drilling, and collecting in a learning environment that was under control and in which strict parameters were set. Not a quiet classroom, as many school administrators required, but a humming, noisy environment full of activity.

Audrey and I spent hours discussing the tutoring programs. She would marvel at how this young boy or that young girl had responded to the help received from the Cherry Creek kids. She noted how Jenny had finally learned her multiplication tables or Danny had ceased to be a hellion. I, on the other hand, had stories to share about how the high school kids had learned, improved, gained insights, or were acting more mature.

Who learned more, we asked, the tutors or the tutees? One thing was certain. I had several kids in my group who had missed some of their basics and had been having a difficult time in secondary school because of it. Now they were learning arithmetic or improving their reading skills as they prepared lessons to teach the little kids.

"They think I'm an adult. They call me teacher!" Bruce Crinkley observed.

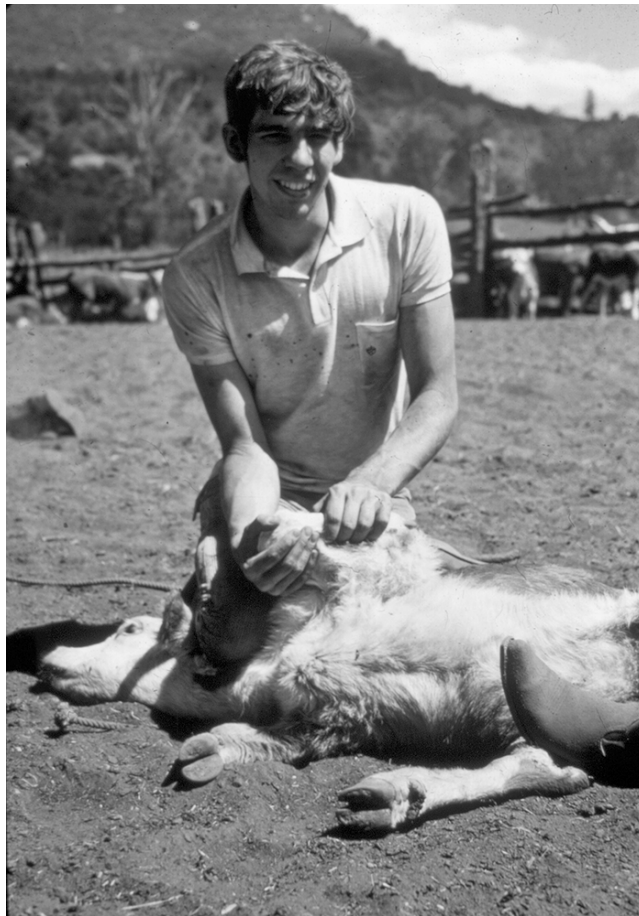
"It's true," I commented, "little kids see you as grown-up. Remember how you felt as a child when you were around big kids?"

"Boy, if they only knew!"

One weekend Audrey asked us to come into the hills and experience a cattle drive. We went above Dolores, to the old Lisenberry place, to observe the Zwickers' cattle operation and the gathering, vaccinating, castrating, and branding of their stock. Some of the kids were in culture shock, reeling at the sights and smells. But others, like Steve Miles, were sparked. Steve got right into the maelstrom with the cowboys. It was obvious to us all that he enjoyed the work. That summer, after participating in a three-week session, he returned to work as a ranch hand and was hired to buck bales of hay out of the fields. The next summer Steve worked for the Zwicker family on their home place down McElmo Canyon. He learned about animals, ranching, haying, and the community. He also developed carpentry and woodworking skills and a love for farm equipment. We were impressed by his mastery of the rural life.

The Cortez experience was powerful. It was the kind of experience one never forgets. The learning/living environment we created allowed kids to be open, honest, and trustworthy. They learned they could be themselves in a safe environment. They could drop their masks. We did not have discipline problems and I didn't take abuse. The aura generated by those who shared the old house was loving and mellow. Kids were learning, doing, and making a contribution with their time and skills. Governmental systems were created, failed, and patched together until they worked. Human relationships bridged gaps between lonely people.

The adventure motivated each of us and accelerated our learning. For three weeks our minds expanded with intensity and purpose. As a result, the kids and many parents urged me to keep the programs going and to keep expanding them. I did.



Maybe I'll be a cowboy? Steve Miles holding down a calf at the roundup.

## CHAPTER 8

### ALONG CAME ARCHAEOLOGY

During the first week of the first session of 1968, on the night before our first visit to the Wilson's site at Yellowjacket Canyon, I was rereading a field archaeology book to refresh what little I knew about setting up a dig. Audrey drove up and delivered a phone message to us. Two men from KOA TV in Denver would be arriving in the morning to do a film report on our program. They told Audrey they would like to tag along with us for a day or so and do "a day in the life" TV report for "SCOPE," a KOA TV news documentary program.

We had a full day planned, with tutoring and community service in the morning, and archaeology in the afternoon. I didn't have time to add or delete anything for their benefit. We decided to "just be ourselves" and do what we did.

Leo McGuire and Jerry Kernan arrived early the next morning. They were friendly and relaxed with a way of making us feel at ease in front of the camera. The kids hardly noticed they were being filmed. The filming started with the after-breakfast clean up. The team then caught a meeting where the kids planned the next five meals, prepared shopping lists, and decided who was to do what. Next, they filmed us in the bus heading for Towaoc and the Ute Mountain Ute Head Start program. On the way, I dropped several kids off at the police dispatch office in the City Hall where they were working as volunteers. The morning went well. We enjoyed the activities and forgot about appearing "cool" on TV.

At lunch, reality hit me. Leo and Jerry were making a film report that would be seen in Denver by

parents, administrators, critics, and friends who would judge the programs by what they saw on TV. I was certain the film shot in the morning was a positive reflection of the program. Now, we were about to leave for an archaeological site I had never seen, and start a program I was poorly prepared to teach, on the site of an ancient culture about which I knew very little. What I could eat of my lunch lay in my stomach like lead. I tried to act natural. I was certain the film taken at the archaeological site would expose more than silver bromide crystals. It would document how poorly prepared I was.

Jerry filmed the bus as I drove it over a rutted dirt track to the site. His shots of kids unloading shovels and screens, setting- up datum points, and reading compasses were from many interesting vantage points. I helped stage the shots by organizing the kids and getting them started on projects. The lump in my stomach started to ease. We might get out of this okay, I thought, as I explained some basic archaeological techniques.

Leo, who was as excited about the dig as the kids, asked me if he could get some digging shots. The lump of lead was back. I agreed, my mind racing to figure out how to set up an excavation shot that looked professional. I knew enough to know that if our excavation looked like a pot hunter's, I would be in trouble with the archaeological community. If that happened, any future plans I had of doing archaeology and enlisting their aid would be stopped.

I looked around the cratered site hoping to find a clue as to where to dig. About fifty feet away from where the kids were setting up a grid was a large pile of earth kicked out by some long-absent badger. For a reason I couldn't explain I decided the badger's back pile was the place to stage the digging



shots. Off I went, followed by students carrying shovels, trowels and a large wood-framed screen.

I had the kids set-up the screen and start shoveling dirt from the pile onto it. I prayed something would show up, anything that would make it look as if I knew what I was doing. As we watched the kids sift the earth, as the camera ran, delicate stone objects began to appear on the screen. As the dirt filtered away, three beautiful red, white, and black arrowheads appeared. Suddenly I knew everything was all right. The lump I had been carrying since lunch disappeared. I had, thanks to an obliging Anasazi spirit, passed my first screen test. It was obvious to everyone there that I knew what I was doing; I was an archaeologist; I could find stuff! The film captured the proof of my expertise.

I vowed never to be unprepared again. I would get help from a professional archaeologist and I would teach myself about the Ancient Ones and the humanistic science called anthropology.

The rest of the afternoon we explored the large site. In the sagebrush around recently pot-hunted burials, we found human bones where the grave robbers had tossed skeletons out of their resting places. Pot-hunters dug into graves looking for funeral offerings. We were appalled at their thoughtless disrespect for the dead. Their contempt for another culture reflected gross ignorance. For the young people, the pot-hunters' callous treatment of the inhumed was beyond comprehension. Not since the discovery of the basket-burial - the tiny baby the students on the first field trip had found - was I forced, as an adult and a teacher, to deal with student reactions to human death. In addition, it was almost impossible for me to explain the mentality of people from our own time who had so much contempt for the

ancients that they wouldn't re-bury their remains after plundering their graves.

In the following weeks, we revisited the site many times. Our "excavations" were limited to sifting back-dirt piles and tracing architectural features. The students learned to map and record. They could identify ceramic materials, stone tools, animal and human bones. Most importantly, they gained insights into their own mortality. The opportunity to touch another culture was an opportunity to probe our own. By studying the ancients, the students were forced to examine their own lives, society, and values. As I listened to their comments and observed their enhanced motivation, I decided archaeology could be likened to a solderer's flux which drew things in and helped tie things together. Archaeology/anthropology actually helped students make sense of things. I found it added reason to their own lives. Everything humans did and do is there to be examined. Archaeology was one of the "special motivators" educators dream of finding.

As a result of my observations at the Yellowjacket site, I gained an awareness of the relationships between education, recreation, and archaeology. As I became open to the possibilities of adding archaeology to education and recreation, I observed others who were challenged by the import of the combination.

George and Sue Kelly were horticulturalists who dug in the earth to nurture and plant, not to find riches left by those that had gone before; that is, until they bought 100 acres near Moki Point in McElmo Canyon, about twenty miles southwest of the Yellowjacket site, west of Cortez.

Moki Point Ranch was a desert ranch with sagebrush, rabbit brush, willows along the creek, and

a few piñon and juniper trees on the crests. Giant cottonwoods clung to the sides of eroding gullies. In many ways, the land was unchanged since the Ancient Ones called it home. It was a perfect place for horticulturists to study agriculture and thus gain insights into how the Anasazi had grown enough food to survive. The land could be made to provide. It had not defeated the Ancient Ones, but it had driven out more recent homesteaders. An apricot tree grew from the roof of an early settler's dugout cellar, and two mulberry trees were there to remind the Kellys that within the twentieth century others had struggled to make a home on the canyon bottom, and failed. As the ranch came under the Kelly's steady and callused hands, erosion was checked, gardens produced an abundance of corn, beans, and squash. Sue's roses flourished. A southwestern adobe style home was built.

George was a powerhouse who worked dawn-to-dusk. In 1968 he was in his seventies but seemed a young fifty. Everywhere he went, his worn shovel was in his hand. When he wasn't setting a fruit tree or jabbing at a noxious weed he was following a wall and unearthing an ancient room. At night, sitting within the cool, thick walls of their beautiful home, we would be taken on journeys by George and his marvelous color slides. He would lead us in songs about Colorado: "C-O, L-O, R-A, D-O" his squeaky voice would proclaim, "I'm a mile high and feelin' fine!" He would set moods that still follow each of us, his guests, through our lives.

George's hands were special because of what he did with them. His hands plowed the earth, pressed soil around fragile roots, and held the handles of an ancient one-wheeled cultivator as he pushed it down long rows of new plants. His hands

picked and pruned and nurtured flora. They were cracked and callused and as rough as bark. Earth was part of their seams and textures. His nails were split and chipped from use. To hold his hand was a wonderful experience. George's hand seemed part plant, part gentle human being.

George, even in his late eighties and early nineties, would take the kids down into the eroded creek bottom and show them rows of new trees he had planted. "Were going to need more wood in twenty or thirty years," he would lecture, as he balanced upon a knobby stick and pointed to the green sprigs. "In the meantime their roots will hold the soil and give other living things a chance to take hold."

Sue's great passion in life was roses. Pungent, sweet fragrances floated on the warm currents in the canyon. Her rose garden was a place of peace, beauty, and quiet meditation. Sue Kelly was the Earth-Mother personified. Her depth of knowledge about people, plants and animals combined into a way of communicating "life.' She was the strength that supported George's quests; she gave each of us a life model to follow. She gave her love openly and embraced life with a twinkle in her eye. She always took care of her "youngins" and created a sense of belonging, a sense of family. From Sue we learned that one could grow old, and die, with dignity and purpose. Each session I brought a new group of students to the ranch and placed them under her loving care. Sue adopted us all.

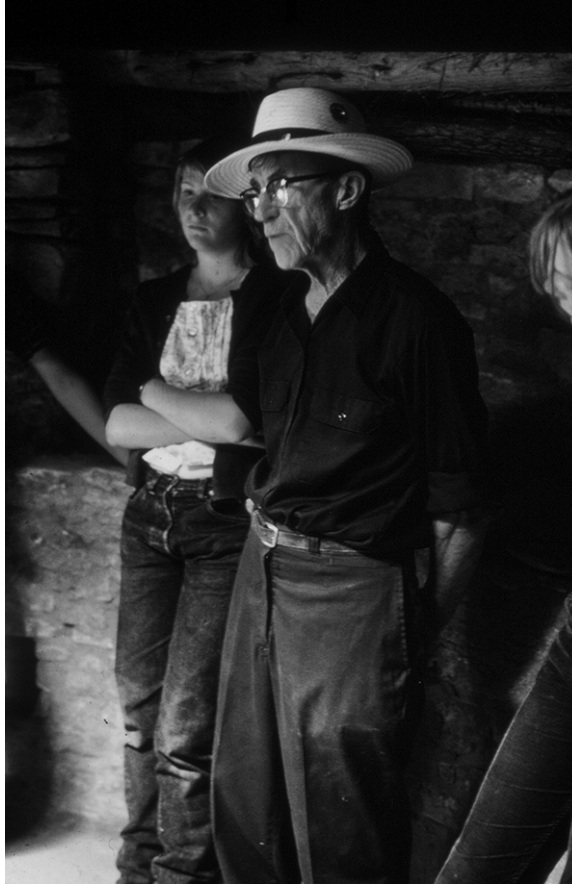
In time we all realized that George and Sue, so different, were the two parts of one entity. Either one without the other was incomplete. They epitomize an ancient model. We know of them from

many legends, as they have lived before, live now in each of us, and will live again.

The Kellys became amateur archaeologists because wherever they dug to plant a tree or shrub, they found ruins. They found themselves on top of alluvial deposits that covered ancient Anasazi farmsteads, kivas, and fields. Sometimes they found human bones. Most often George or Sue found broken pieces of beautifully formed and painted pottery. Stone tools and arrowheads lay in their back-dirt piles. The tops of sandstone walls formed outlines of buried rooms in their gardens. As they dug to plant, whole vessels appeared, beautiful black-on-white kiva jars, bowls, and small effigy jars in the shapes of ducks and mountain sheep.



George Kelly explains the uses of a kiva to one of John Engle's classes.



Groups of visitors of all ages came to the Kelly Place, as Moki Point Ranch came to be known, to meet George and Sue to learn about life, plants, and archaeology. George entertained his guests by taking them down into ancient kivas that he had dug out and then re-roofed in the Anasazi way. He took them into the dimly lit circular structures and, looking every bit the ancient priest, he told them stories about the Ancient Ones. It was obvious that he was

in communication with spirits. We imagined George transcended time.

The Kelly's library, so full of well-used horticultural publications, now had a widening section on the ancient Anasazi. At night they talked quietly about how they would share the cultural treasures beneath their feet with young people. Both had hearts overflowing with love of nature, each other, and anyone who visited and wanted to learn.

My mother had been a friend of the Kellys when they lived in Littleton, near Denver. I met George and Sue when my mother came to visit Moki Point Ranch and urged me to bring my students to the ranch for a visit. One hot afternoon, we were all gathered around marveling at mom's pastel drawing of the canyon cliffs, when George called us together and told us to fill our canteens with spring water. He had tapped the springs trickling from strata in sandstone formations high above the ranch and brought the clear, cool waters to the house via an amazing "aqueduct" of old garden hoses and plastic pipes. Once our canteens were filled, George led us away from the house on a "short hike."

A short hike was to George what a climb among Pike's Peak pinnacles would have been to a mountain goat. He ordered me to follow the group with a handful of needle-sharp yucca leaves aimed at the rears of stragglers. "It'll keep 'em from getting too far behind," he commented in his raspy voice.

While the rest of us gasped for breath, George went on at full speed, talking all of the time without breathing hard. Even the strongest, most athletic kids fought to stay up with him and hear his explanations about plants, animals, strange geological formations, and anything else he passed. As we hiked, George offered us tastes of wild

parsley, wild cabbage, or cactus fruit. Sometimes kids gagged and grabbed for their water bottles to wash the strange tastes from their mouths. "Well you'll have to admit it kinda tastes like cabbage," he would say.

High along the white rim of Sand Canyon or in the red rocks' alcoves and caves, George led us to a few of the thirty-five-hundred ruins he had mapped in the canyons above his ranch. He took us to towers that still stood over 700 years after they had been built. He showed us pecked artwork on sandstone walls, ancient springs, some poisonous, that gurgled from below, and potholes in gully floors that made fine bathtubs.

In 1968, on a long hike, George took us to a ruin that was so vast and complicated in its fallen and eroded state that we could only stare at it in astonishment. It was gigantic, not a village site but a large town-sized ruin. He had named it the Lyman Ruin after a native of the area, Lyman Black, who had taken him there. Some old timers called it the Johnson Ruin after a family that homesteaded nearby. It was located in a spur near the head of the vast Sand Canyon System. Few knew of its existence. We felt the thrill of discovering a lost stronghold.

As I stood on a large pile of rubble in the center of the amazing ruins complex I had a strange feeling that without a shadow of doubt, my future was inextricably tied to the place. I did not know that our future excavations at that site would cause southwestern archaeologists to re-think and rewrite much of the history of the Anasazi. I did know that we had discovered a lost town or stronghold - perhaps a ceremonial center of great significance. We guessed that the ruin, hidden now by fallen rubble and thick



vegetation, was a planned complex, a thing that was not supposed to exist, at least according to the archaeological knowledge of the time.

Fifteen years later, crews from Crow Canyon, the final extension of the Cortez Program, would map and start scientific excavations on the Sand Canyon Pueblo.

## CHAPTER 9

## THE TIMES DEMANDED EXPLANATION

The last three-week session of the summer was over and bus #35 sat back home in the district's bus compound. We travelers who had shared common adventures got together to view slides and photos and to reminisce. We discussed the Yellowjacket site and speculated about "guesstimates" that Yellowjacket had up to twenty-five-hundred rooms. We compared what we knew of Yellowjacket with the site George Kelly had shown us in the upper spur of Sand Canyon. The Sand Canyon site was a mystery. To us it was a lost city only a few had seen. We imagined the treasures buried in the rubble. We wondered if the two-hundred depressions we had counted were rooms or kivas. We all agreed that the complex begged to be known again.

The 1968-1969 school year was filled with challenges. My students and I were caught up in the strange dynamics of the times. My mind retraced, analyzed, and tried to sort meaningful patterns from all that was happening in our world.

The students were demanding answers and involvement. Perhaps it was because they still had the words of the late president ringing in their heads. Kennedy was still calling out to them asking them to give: to become involved in serving their Country. They believed in and felt good about serving their Country, just so it was not in the military; they even felt needed. They pressured the teachers and the schools for programs they could become involved in - service programs.

These demanding and motivated kids paid attention in my social studies classes. They asked

questions that were difficult to answer: questions that most adults were threatened by. They wanted to know about the Constitution and human rights, poverty in the U.S., political ethics, women's rights, Black rights, and other issues most adults didn't talk about. Some students even read the Declaration of Independence and thought it had a message in it for them. Kids watched TV news broadcasts and specials. They began to unearth the lies we had told about our history and ourselves. They heard politicians lie to the people and they didn't like it. Students began to demand answers. Those demands threatened many.

College kids, like those at Michigan, Berkeley, and San Francisco State, went to the administration and asked if classes could be disbanded and meetings held to determine a new curriculum which was vital to their educational and social needs. The school administrators at San Francisco State agreed, never dreaming that the governor of California would fire them and then try to beat the kids into submission with barbed wire, helicopters, dogs, and police brigades. Ronald Reagan's solution started mass student demonstrations across the country. He knew that if idealistic and politically naive kids were allowed input into the systems it would only be a matter of time until they were asking politicians, like himself, embarrassing questions. The blind trust that had cloaked political deeds for years was being threatened by a bunch of idealistic kids. They had to be stopped! With unbelievable fury the protectors of the establishment began bashing heads. They called upon the ignorant, the haters, and the confused to support them as they fought to "save America" from its own children.

Many confused adults found themselves cheering as police rioted and beat young people senseless. It would be a long time before the average American realized that our children were not the enemy. People wanted desperately to believe our leaders were honest and ethical. They were told that the young radicals would have to be stopped. The system, they concluded, not its people, was precious and must be preserved at any cost.

In our high school the young people were asking to be involved in service to the school and community. They wanted input of a service nature. They asked to be released, part-time, from school so they could volunteer as teacher's aides, hospital aides, big brothers or big sisters, nursing home helpers, and in dozens of other service roles.

Although I tried to stay with the syllabuses and prepared outlines for my classes, students had more pressing needs. They wanted to talk about the Gulf of Tonkin, the rights of 18 year olds to vote, and the televised reports on poverty, the rights of Blacks, and Women's Rights, so that is what we did.

Poverty in America was of greatest concern. The televised horrors of the war in Vietnam were a close second. Kids talked about careers in Vista and the Peace Corps more than they did about finding jobs in Corporate America or the business community. Parents, afraid, confused, and threatened by what they were hearing from their children, turned to groups who offered simple solutions to the complex problems. Soon many parents were organized by fanatics and zealots into action groups. They called the schools and demanded that the administration enforce the teaching of their approved versions of American History. They claimed that Commies were

undermining our schools by teaching that our heroes were fallible human beings, or by teaching that the lack of the enforcement of our Constitution was depriving equal rights to all Americans. Anyone who taught anything that they didn't approve was a godless Communist intent upon undermining the moral fiber of our Nation. Verbal attacks on teachers became common.

Obviously, these frustrated haters said, the kids were incapable of thinking and acting for themselves. Teachers were using them to undermine America. Parents came into our classrooms to take notes. Text books were scrutinized for "godless commie" messages. (It is interesting to note that by the 1970s, the haters had changed their target to the "godless humanists.") The hateful wanted our World History textbook banned because it had a picture of a black and a white hand clasped in friendship, references to world peace, and it contained a section about the United Nations.

With all of these changes and pressures I supposed I should be driven by fear. These were scary times. Nonetheless, the attempts by the hate groups to intimidate teachers only made me feel part of the events taking place around the country. My job as a teacher was suddenly more challenging than it had ever been. For the first time, I was addressing classes that were attentive and concerned. Students volunteered for research assignments. They stayed after class and asked questions. They questioned things I said as I lectured and they did their homework assignments if they were convinced that the assignments were other than busywork.

Exposure to the real world, via television, had opened minds and created "a horrible manifestation of a cultural lag," as Dr. Welling, one of my college

professors, had called such events. Young people who had bought-into concepts of fair-play and ethics had become aware that they were being lied to. On television they learned that the military lied about Vietnam body counts. They knew first-hand that the police and government lied about the effects of marijuana. Alcohol was a killer drug; grass was not! Government officials and the President were willing to lie and cover for the alcohol industry. Consequently, they lost all credibility. The history books lied about American heroes. Politicians, businessmen, and almost everybody else practiced situational ethics. Kennedy, their hero, had lied. Johnson was caught in lie after lie. Parents and teachers lied, Liars were people over thirty.

I was part of an educational system that had carefully instructed students in moral and ethical conduct, the ideal, as those in power wanted it to be. Our curriculum contained only those examples that affirmed the story as those in power wanted it told. We teachers went along with the tales, like those about George Washington and the cherry tree, which left out the parts of George Washington's life that were more human. We taught about Abe Lincoln, but left out his fallibility as a man. We taught of our past presidents as if they were gods. Even our Space Program's leaders represented astronauts in a way that kids were unable to equal. Astronauts were made "perfect" by those who believed kids would model after them and be perfect. Young people realized that they were not capable of being superhuman as the astronauts and they turned their interests elsewhere.

I taught the lies even when I knew the lies were propaganda lessons designed to fit a W.A.S.P. vision of American history. There was no room in our

textbooks for Black history, Native American history, or women's contributions. I would be fired if I tried to teach things outside the "party line."

Now, as a result of the effects of TV and effective education, kids were tearing down the facades and seeing the hidden realities. They needed someone to trust. Their choices for adult role models ranged from Timothy Leary and the drug culture to parents and church leaders. Unfortunately, most parents and church leaders were caught-up in protecting the system. So were most teachers. Without adults whom they could trust, the kids turned to mystical solutions: the Hesse mythologies, the gurus, and the mind-expanding promise of drugs.

Occasionally, kids found an adult who would work with them to help them make sense out of our very confusing times. A few teachers were straight with students and thus enabled the kids to work through problems without going to extremes. I wanted to be that kind of an adult, that kind of teacher. To do that required a change in my thinking.

I could understand their need to participate, but I didn't accept drugs, long hair on boys, or some of the acid rock music. I was offended by dirty clothes and surplus military clothing. I liked the peace symbol, and thought making love, not war was a good idea -- one that should have come along when I was in college.

The times were challenging and the kids were motivated. The school year passed quickly. Spring came and we teachers prepared to say goodbye to the students, now the class of 1969, who had dared us. In eight years as a teacher, I had known some special students but I had never worked with so many talented young people. I was one of the class sponsors, teachers who work with the students to

make certain that class activities are well coordinated and that students are graduated in a dignified ceremony. It was an honor to be associated with that amazing group.

The graduating class wanted to share their perceptions of the future with parents, teachers and friends. The class leaders requested that they be allowed to do something other than the traditional graduation ceremony. They requested that we allow them to dispense with the usual "Now you are ready for the World" speech. They would provide the program on graduation night. Fearful of what the kids might say, the administration agreed, but only if they could approve the speeches in advance, and if we class sponsors would guarantee that no one would make a scene on graduation night.

I knew there was no need for them to fear. The graduating class mirrored our society and reflected it back to us. They were our society's products formed over the last decade and a half. Their values were obtained from us as they followed our examples and as we expressed our idealism and caused them to believe in it. The inculcation of our values, morals, and idealism was amazingly successful, even if not entirely honest or realistic.

As one of the inculcators, I knew the student's presentations would be acceptable to "us." Two of the student presenters had participated in the Cortez Program the summer before. I knew they would lead with good judgment. The transition rite would be a special gift to their parents, teachers, and to each other. It was easy to guarantee that graduation night would not turn into a demonstration.

The students representing the class got up before the large crowd assembled in the school gym and delivered their messages of poetry, narrative,



social comment, and idealism. “America, love it and serve it. We promise to leave it better than when we found it” was their message, contrasting with the word of the day, “America, accept it as it is or leave it.” The audience was moved. Moms and dads had tears in their eyes, looks of pride on their faces, chins up, as they watched the transition rites.



Jo brought music to soothe every heart.

At the end of the program, Joanne Hindlemann, a slender, willowy seventeen-year-old with long dark hair and a quiet, composed manner, came to the podium. She lifted a silver flute to her lips and began to play. Then she spoke softly into the microphone. Her words filled the auditorium. Once again the sound of her flute echoed throughout the

hall and her music told the story of kids caught in difficult times; the story of her times. Her composition was mutually understood because music is the language of all. She communicated ideas and feelings with sounds that words were unable to form. By the time she finished playing, seven hundred souls had ventured out of shells and touched, briefly, before applause chased them back inside.

After the services, I visited with Joanne's family. I told her parents about how Jo had brought music to the Cortez program the past summer, how special she was, and how much I was looking forward to having her participate in all three sessions during the coming summer. I explained I was planning to use learning assistants, students who had gone through the program and shown special aptitudes for helping others, as part of the staff. Jo would be one of the first learning assistants. Her parents liked the idea and agreed to let her be in Cortez all summer.

Because of Jo, music became an integral part of the Cortez Program. It rode on the bus with us during the eleven hour trip from Denver. It flowed around us on warm summer outings as we sat watching evening turn into night. Music went camping with us. In the deserts it was dry and clear, sharp with clarity carrying across sandstone mesas and falling, spiraling, into deep canyons, or rising forever into the thin air. In the mountains, music was heavier, humid, and wet. Music clung closely to us and, instead of drifting away, it was absorbed by the giant trees and our heavy woolen clothing.

During our weeks together, the sounds of harmony and counterpoint followed the kids to tutoring. Little people danced and sighed, sat and listened. Music cut through the walls around each of

us and let our souls reach out cautiously to touch. I, for the first time in my life, came to understand a world with music as a language for communicating, teaching, and learning.

"I should have known!" I thought as I observed the magical effects of music on our group. In all of my preparation, my search for educational approaches, for keys to learning, I had missed one of the most important threads. It had been so obvious, yet I had failed to see that music was a key. I had failed to recognize its power.

I began to analyze the effects of music upon human beings and human learning. Aural learning and the counterpoint of melodic lines and of aural, visual, and motor combinations, augment the attainment of knowledge for many. Educational approaches must recognize that the art of organizing sound may trigger higher mind functions and thus enhance learning for many students. I thought of anthropological studies I read and films I had seen. In them "primitive" peoples all used music as a part of their ceremonies, traditions, and teaching. It was a natural thread through their lives. Yet, in our culture we separated music from learning, from working, and from our lives. Why? Why is music in the schools allowed only as a separate class that kids are forced to attend and where dominating music teachers bellowed orders at little kids so that they wouldn't screw up the Christmas program?

I knew the answer. Strange people with protesting ethics had once decided that things such as joy and fun and hearts that smiled interfered with learning. Schools were not to be fun. Schools were to be places of work. Work was hard. Life was cruel. Schools were places with hard surfaces, dark woodwork, hard benches, and stick-wielding

teachers. "Discipline! That's what the little bastards need! A laugh is a wastrel's weakness; music the devil's way."

I recalled pictures I had seen of dark factories with tall smokestacks and rows of gaunt, suffering children forced to labor in the dimly lit and filthy interiors. Our concepts of what schools should be were formed in those industrial wastelands and times. Music was not welcome then. Well, things must change in the public schools. Music was a welcome part of our programs, and it would always be.

## CHAPTER 10

### COFFIN LID DOORS, A ROPE, AND ARCHAEOLOGY

Prior to the graduation ceremonies of 1969, I received a telephone call from Audrey. The owners of the old white house wanted us to lease the house on a yearly basis. She understood that I couldn't afford to do that, so she had located another old two-story house nearby. Would I come down and see it, or should she go ahead and rent it for the summer?

"Rent it!" I said, "It sounds as if it will do nicely." Later, when I had the opportunity to fly to Cortez for a weekend, I marveled at the good choice Audrey had made.

Our new summer house was located only a mile from the big white house. Audrey gave me the "cook's" tour. The house was in fair shape. An attempt by some previous inhabitants to remodel it was unfinished. In addition, the house was settling and cracks were opening between the sandstone rocks in the East wall. I turned to Audrey and asked her if she knew how we could get a look under the house. We searched for an opening to a crawl space or basement. Finally, under worn linoleum on the back porch, we found a cellar door.

"Oh no!" Audrey exclaimed as she looked down at the wooden door. "No one will ever believe this!"

The door was shaped like the lid of an old coffin. It was widest at the shoulders, narrow at the feet. The top angled in, making it narrower at the head. It had a rusted ring-pull which I got out of its holder and placed my finger through. I tugged. The

door creaked and opened up out of the porch floor and into a vertical position. Spiders ran for cover. A sweet, musty smell wafted over us. Audrey brushed away the webs and started down the damp sandstone steps into the blackness of the unknown.

There was no way on this green earth I would have gone down those steps. I could feel the spiders dropping down my neck even as I stood there, safely above the hole, holding the coffin-shaped door. I didn't need the real things crawling about my body. Audrey, on the other hand, feared nothing. She lit a kitchen match and disappeared into the cellar's depths. I heard something rattle, then a dim light shown from hell. She had found the pull chain of the lone, bare light fixture. It was quiet for a moment. I decided to follow her. I braced the door so it wouldn't close. I began forcing my cowardly feet down the mossy stone steps.

Suddenly she gasped. It was quiet, too quiet!

"Audrey?" I called into the dimness. I heard her move. The light went out. She brushed past me and didn't stop until she was well clear of the porch and out the back door.

I jumped out of the hole and kicked the brace away from the lid. It slammed shut with a loud crack. In moments, I joined Audrey in the bright sunlit yard. She had a strange look on her face. "There is something down there," she said, "something sitting against the far wall ... something brownish and lumpy looking."

"Gad!" What else could I say?

We replaced the linoleum and tried not to think of what sat below. The rest of the house was fine. If there were structural problems, we would ignore them.

The upstairs would be the girls' area. I would sleep in a room at the foot of the stairs. The boys had a room in the house, and if that wasn't large enough we could pitch tents in the back yard. The kitchen was adequate. We could turn a shed in the backyard into an air-conditioned shower using water from the hose.

The kids fixed up the old rock house and made it their own. The basic structure of the programs remained the same. Weekdays were spent tutoring, volunteering in the community, and exploring archaeological sites. Thursday afternoons we loaded our food and gear into the bus and took off on a three day adventure somewhere in the Four Corners region.

The first two sessions of the 1969 summer programs went well. I was amazed and delighted by the way the students learned to take charge and face responsibility head-on. Our headquarters in the rock house was perfect. I was mother-father-bus driver-counselor-economic advisor-chaperon and teacher. The kids treated me like a royal personage. I treated each of them the same way. We had created a rich learning environment which stimulated us. We went through each adventure side-by-side. I let them experience the power of being in charge, the power of thinking what to them was a new thought, or striking out on a course that was new.

I had a 9th grade science teacher who would listen as I had stood and presented an answer to his question. He would cruelly say "Brilliant of you Berger! Henry Ford had that idea fifty years ago, what other great thoughts will you share with us?"

Continually embarrassed by his attacks, I avoided science and studied history. Remembering that "teacher," I vowed never to take away the thrill of

discovery from students. I wanted to let the students enjoy their own powers of thought and observation and to experience the thrill of discovery. Discovering the natural world around us was exciting and highly motivational. Without preplanning, or “forcing” things to happen, we were able to find adventures that enriched our lives and added to the quality of our experiences.

One such adventure occurred in July as we explored the high San Juan Mountains between Ouray and Silverton, Colorado, along the Million Dollar Highway. I stopped the bus high above timberline near Red Mountain Pass, sitting quietly in that high and bare rock “moonscape,” we listened to the radio and the reports from the Lunar Lander. We were as close as any human beings on earth could be to our astronauts walking on the moon, a moon that shone in the afternoon sky. That was an experience that none of us will ever forget!

One hot summer day while the kids grocery shopped I waited in the shade of the school bus in the City Market parking lot. I could sense something was being planned without my input. After loading groceries and getting everyone back onto the bus, I became aware of a large coil of thick rope in the aisle near the back. To my question about what it was for, came the answer “It’s a surprise!”

As I drove back to the rock house, I tried to imagine what kind of surprise a thick rope could be used for. I couldn’t imagine anything. I was puzzled and concerned. When we got home all of the boys disappeared. I looked for the coil of rope but they had taken it with them. No one present seemed to know anything about where the boys had gone or what they were doing. By lunch time the boys were back. The rope was not. I was beginning to get worried.



Had they tied up a neighbor's cow somewhere? Had they strung the rope across the road to stop cars? Was the program in danger because of some silly prank they were playing?

"It's a surprise. You'll find out this afternoon. Trust us!" was all they would say.

The afternoon heat was almost unbearable. We had planned to go out and work on our archaeological site but no one relished the thought of working under the sun.

"Let's go swimming," they begged.

"Great idea," I said, "where would you like to go?"

"We know a perfect place," they offered in unison, "its near here. We can walk. It's a great place!"

I was sold. "Okay, let's go!" I followed them out the front door.

The place they led the group was on an irrigation canal that ran near the house. They explained they had found a wide place where the vegetation was minimal and the depth of the canal was a safe four feet. Yes, they had checked the bottom for snags and they swore the place was safe. The water was clean and not too swift. There, hanging from a high branch in a large cottonwood tree, was the thick rope. A knot at the bottom formed a handhold. The swimming hole was complete. We spent some wonderful afternoons there. Many a Tarzan and Jane came flying through the air and landed in the water with great form and a gigantic splash.

Each Thursday we packed the bus with all our gear, books about the area we would visit, and hopefully, enough food. Off we would go, anticipating adventures in the deserts or mountains.

One dark night, on one of our weekend excursions, while camping near Dead Horse Point in Utah, I told the students a campfire story incorporating the prehistory of the area. The story centered around giant sloth-like things that lived below the surface, and might come to the surface through openings in the cellars of houses built upon old Indian ruins. At the end of the story I “accidentally” mentioned that the cellar in our house might contain a passageway into the underworld. I told them about the coffin-shaped access door, and the strange thing Audrey had seen sitting in the dark cellar. The kids pretended they could hardly wait to get home to prove I was pulling their collective leg. At least they hoped I was!

Audrey was at the house when we arrived. She was mobbed by kids asking her about the cellar. “If there is a coffin door, show it to us!” A tough young warrior taunted.

Audrey, getting into the fun of the coming adventure, made a point of getting my permission to show the kids the coffin-lid door.

“I don’t think we should disturb things down there,” I said, trying to sound thoughtful and worried at the same time. “We haven’t had any trouble. They’ve left us alone. Why don’t we forget it and pretend there is nothing down there?”

The psychology worked. Audrey led the kids to the back porch and asked several of the boys to remove the linoleum. With the removal of the brittle cover, the mood in the room turned sour. Fear crept out of the cracks around that still closed hatchway, or so it seemed, because as soon as each one saw the coffin-shaped lid, they were caught up in the aura of fear loose in the room. Now, no smiles were left to dance across pink faces, the game had gotten out of

control! There WAS a coffin door. The story must be true!

Audrey led the brave, though fear-struck warriors, down the moldy steps. She pulled the chain and a dim light shone. Flashlights beamed their darting spots of light about, and came to rest, in unison, upon a moldering, rotting thing that sat against the wall. It was covered with a fine fur of gray mold. Bold seekers of the unknown world turned to run away and fight for-knowledge another day, but their path was blocked by others who had not yet fixed their eyes upon the pile of rotting flesh, and who were forcing their way forward towards the quest. Confusion!

Words as harsh as one could hear, cries of "let us out!" was all that those of us above the floor could hear. Then through it all came Audrey's voice above the rest, a quieting force in all that mess.

"It's a pile of rotting apples, there is nothing else here!" she said, lowering her voice as the noise level fell in the dampening half-light of that spooky place.

"It's only a pile of rotting apples," said an adventurer's voice in a tone that tried to say to us that he had known it all the time.

"But look!" another voice behind a flashlight's eye called out. "Look over there! There is a large slab of rock held in place with that big beam." There was a slight tinge of hysteria in her voice. Her find confirmed my story. She knew the slab blocked a passageway to the underworld. "This is it! This is the house in Berger's campfire story. There is the slab covering the tunnel into the earth."

Her words stopped all other racket. I heard them through the opening of that basement cell. No one was as surprised by them as I, except perhaps

Audrey, now leading the pack out of the soon-to-be abandoned cellar.

“Have you heard about the Chappell collection?” Audrey asked me one evening during the summer of 1969, as we sat, digesting a wallpaper-paste and bruised-tomato spaghetti dinner a group of boys had prepared. “There is a couple in Mancos, twenty miles east of here, who have collected Anasazi artifacts. They have one of the finest collections around.” We sipped Wyler’s lemonade and let the acidic liquid attack the lumps in our stomachs.

“Can we visit them and see the collection?” I asked.

“I’ll call and make the arrangements ... it won’t be a problem. I’m sure Ruth won’t mind these kids in her home.”

A few days later on a warm summer evening we filed into the basement of the Chappell home. There, before us in glass-front cases, was the most amazing collection of Anasazi artifacts I had ever seen. Cliff Chappell was showing a tall, strongly built man and a group of college students his notebooks and records.

“I’d like you to meet Art Rohn, Dr. Art Rohn, from the University of Illinois at Urbana,” Ruth Chappell began the introductions. “Art, this is Audrey Allmon and Ed Berger. They have a summer program for high school kids.” She moved back so she could view the whole room and everyone in it. “Kids,” she continued, “you’ll have to introduce yourselves, there are so many of you!”

Art Rohn, I thought. Art Rohn the great southwestern archaeologist! He was only in his forties and already a legend. I had heard a lot about him. He was a tough academician in the strongest

traditions of Harvard. He was a “dirt archaeologist,” one who actually dug. He was the archaeologist who had recently excavated Mug House, a large cliff dwelling on Wetherill Mesa, in Mesa Verde National Park.

I studied him. He was tall, suntanned, wearing clean but worn field clothes, dignified. In his large hands he held a beaten and pinched cowboy hat. The crown, so often held along the folds, had split open in parallel cuts. Through these opened creases the print of the red bandanna, which he wet before stuffing it inside the crown on a hot day, showed through. We gathered about him. He had a delightful warmth and charisma that attracted us to him and made us comfortable. I liked him immediately. We were to become friends.

“I want archaeology to be part of the programs we offer high school students,” I volunteered as we visited. “I know we can do a lot of damage if we don’t do it right. Audrey knows a man who has a large site he is going to plow and get rid of. He says we can dig there first if we want. We’re going to dig! Can you help us? I mean make certain we do it right?”

I wasn’t the first layman to approach a professional archaeologist and ask for assistance in digging a site. I may, however, have been the first who had my own students. I wasn’t asking for diggers, money, equipment, or free help pot hunting.

“What would you do with the artifacts?” he asked, obviously interested in finding out more about me.

“Display them, keep them for studies, take a representative collection back to school to teach with.” I answered, thinking carefully as I looked about

the room at the thousands of artifacts displayed by the Chappells.

"The site will be destroyed, you know that for certain?" he quizzed me.

"I'm told it will be plowed, leveled, and planted in grass."

"Would you dig it even if I wouldn't help?"

"I understand that I know enough about archaeology to be dangerous. I know I can learn how to run a dig but I know a lot will be lost while I learn." I paused to think, and then continued with more conviction. "I want archaeology in the programs, not for the sake of archaeology or training archaeologists, but for what happens when people touch another culture." I stopped and thought about how to describe the effects I had seen on students, the changes I had personally experienced because of contact with the Ancient Ones.

Art interrupted my thoughts. "Ethically it is not acceptable to dig a site solely for the purpose of educating students. It's been done, but it is against our professional code."

He looked directly at me to see my reaction. Before I could "Yes...but" him, he continued. "You say this site will be destroyed. That makes a difference. You say you don't want to proceed without help but you will dig regardless. What type of site is it?" He waited for my answer.

"I don't know" I answered. "Audrey has seen it. Perhaps she can tell you."

Audrey described a site that dog-legged along a ridge running roughly north to south. She said the ridge was covered with sagebrush. There were no walls of sandstone blocks that she could recall, but there were slabs of sandstone standing in rows, their tops barely exposed above the red soil. Art listened

carefully. She continued, "I found some gray pottery pieces. Nothing with painting or designs. Oh, Lee Scott, the owner, showed me a point he found on the site. It looked like a tiny Christmas tree."

"It sounds like the site is from the developmental period ... what we call Pueblo I," Art explained. "I am doing research on sites northwest of the one you describe. Some are also from the developmental period." He thought a few moments and then, leaning forward, he said, "I think we can work something out. I'll get back with you."

Dr. Rohn invited us to visit the site he was currently excavating in the pinto bean country northwest of Cortez. During our visits he took time to talk with us and to detail the reasons for the excavations. We were fascinated. The opportunity to see a dig in progress and to have a guide who took time to explain, answer questions, and draw thoughts from the students was exciting.

On the site, swarms of "no-see-urns," black gnats that sucked blood, flew in cloud-like formations. The college student diggers had lit smudge fires hoping that the smoke would drive the attacking insects away. The fires didn't seem to work. In defense the "archies" smeared their bodies with thick baby oil and concoctions of smelly repellents. Gnats still attacked only now they drowned in the oils while they bit. Dust from the excavating and the screens soon collected in the oils, making each digger look as if she was wearing brown paste streaked with lines where sweat made its itchy way along creases. Strange garb, shirts, headgear, and water soaked bandannas, completed the fashions of the day.

Being an archaeologist might not be as romantic as we had thought. The diggers worked hard, tried not to scratch, and melted under the sun.

If they were lucky they would get to water and a shower every few days. This crew lived in an old dry-nester's cabin and in tents placed around the yard. Their cook was a local ranch lady. Her carefully prepared meals were the key to preventing a mutiny of the crew. If the food was good, the archaeological research got done. She seemed to be the most important person in the program.

"There are some things you need to know, Ed, about archaeological research." Art Rohn and I were sitting on cedar logs in front of the rustic old cabin. Dinner sat heavily in our stomachs. I had eaten one too many freshly baked rolls. I think everyone had. Rohn's students were either flat-out in their tents or sitting quietly rewriting their field notes. The high school students had hiked to the top of a ridge in back of the cabin to watch the light show of sunset.

Art shifted his position so that he could look directly at me. "If I sponsor your archaeological work there are some things I will need to have," he paused, crossed his legs while rubbing a sore knee and continued to look directly at me. "First, we need a research design. Because your site is similar to ones I am presently working on, that won't be a problem. Some of my graduate students will need to be involved to develop a specific approach ... a design for site research." I nodded I understood. "Second, the artifacts and the provenience records and other data about the artifacts and, in fact, all records, will go to the University for study and safe keeping. After that the collection must be curated and preserved. If you cannot provide permanent curation then the materials will stay at the university. The landowner must agree to this. Third, I have graduate students who are excellent academically. They need



practical experience supervising lay people on sites and handling the logistics of a dig. We will need to work out an arrangement which will cover the expenses of the excavations and two or three of my best students.”

I nodded. It sounded good to me, like a dream coming true. Art was shifting his weight on the uncomfortable log as he looked out over the bean fields and dark corpses of piñon-juniper forest. Suddenly he turned back towards me. “Ed, I am presently negotiating with Wichita State University ... Kansas. I may move there. It will be at least a year before I can help you get something started.”

“That’s perfect,” I said. “I will be gone a year so there won’t be a summer program. When I get back, in the fall of 1970, I’ll call you. We can start the program in the spring of 1971.”

## CHAPTER 11

### SELF-DIRECTED LEARNING

During the last session of the summer of '69, I agreed to change the format of the program. Chuck Kettering, an educational consultant and some very influential "avant garde" educators suggested that if the environment was rich and stimulating students would be motivated and take charge of their own educations. They suggested that teachers should set the environment, make libraries and other resource materials available, and then get out of the way.

To test the theory, I agreed to plan a nomadic three week-session. We would travel around the Southwest in a well- equipped school bus. I believed part of Kettering's hypothesis and I thought the experiment worthwhile, although I knew a condition existed which would not give the "set the environment, get out of their way" theory a fair test. The students were conditioned by ten or eleven years in a system that did not reward self-motivated learning. We discussed that problem. The consultants felt that the motivational impetus of an exciting environment or a challenging new idea would be enough to get the kids to source materials and to pursue learning on their own, We would test the theory in the field and see if it worked. After all, I rationalized, I had been motivated to learn outside school. Why wouldn't the same approach work for others?

In August 1969 we packed the school bus with our gear; loaded "Chuck," the large food box Lee Allmon had made for us; and installed our library. We would be on the road for three weeks living out of the bus and camping where darkness stopped us. Lee

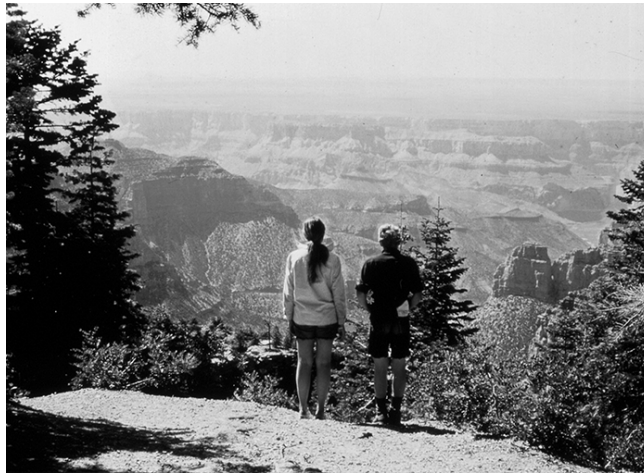
Allmon and I were the drivers and 'counselors.' Fifteen participants, a few more girls than boys, were the lucky adventurers. We would explore the mountains, deserts, canyons, and plateaus of southwestern Colorado, southeastern Utah, northeastern Arizona, and northwestern New Mexico. We formed our itinerary as we traveled. If the bus could get in, we went by "Yellow Taxi." If not, we hiked. It was the type of adventure I had dreamed about. Who wouldn't? Yet, it was more than an adventure. It was an educational experiment.



Bus camping. Lee Allmon, 1969

The first hard test of the theory came when we visited the Grand Canyon and sat on the rim marveling at the wonders of geological time exposed below. Kids hiked and explored and talked in excited voices about the canyon and its beauty. They asked questions about how the canyon had been formed, the types of rocks, and the changes in vegetation. I

answered that there were books in the bus library about geology and the flora and fauna of the region. I pointed out that there were park publications that would answer their questions. During our time there, and the days that followed, not one student turned to the library to seek out information on his own. Several continued to ask me to tell them about what they were seeing, but no follow-up research occurred.



Set the environment but don't get out of the way!

Later, as we as sat around a campfire, I discussed the experiment with the students. I asked them why they hadn't pursued information on their own. I was surprised when they vented anger and strong feelings about what had happened.

"That's not the way it's supposed to work! If you wanted us to learn then you should have told us what to learn and assigned the readings to us. That's your job, not ours."

They had been carefully taught to do what they were told to do and nothing more. I hoped that it wasn't too late to teach them they were responsible for their own education.

As we continued our discussion the kids began to get angry with me.

"It's easy for you," they complained, everything is so easy for you. You know how to do everything, and you expect us to know everything you know."

"I'm no smarter than you are," I retorted, upset. "I had a tough time in school. I found it hard to learn in classrooms. What I've learned or accomplished I had to work for."

"You expect too much of us. We are doing okay. Most of us do well in school, we get good grades, we aren't failures! You want us to believe that if we don't learn out here, the way you want, we aren't going to make it."

No one spoke again for a long time. We all sat staring into the coals of the dying fire. I thought about what they were saying. I did have expectations far different than those of the system the students and I had come up in. Most of the students did okay in the public schools, and they were right, I didn't think the learning skills taught were adequate. I had come to believe that a skill necessary to succeed in the "real world" was self-directed learning.

I had become a self-directed learner because of my experiences outside the schools. My friend Mark, a fellow teacher, called me "a man for all seasons." It was a reference to what he called the "renaissance" way I had been brought up. How had it happened? Was I the product of an educational philosophy? No, it had happened without planning.

Quite by accident my parents had created an educational environment that I had benefited from.

I picked up a log and threw it on the fire. "In 1951," I began, "my folks purchased the beautiful Kistler Estate on Belleview Avenue southeast of Denver. They had intended to sell off parts of the land and buildings and keep the high, beautiful hills for their own home. At the time of purchase my mom and dad had no idea the estate had potential as a country club. Upon taking possession of the place they were approached by a delegation from the local community. Would we continue to keep the pool open and let them swim? By the end of the summer, we were in the country club business."

"Dad 'retired and worked full-time building and repairing the facilities. He was, at 52, forced to learn a whole new way of life and the skills necessary to build and operate a country club. I was his right-hand 'man. I learned wondrous new things with my Dad. We designed water filtration systems, a bath house, and a new type of swimming pool. That opportunity to learn with my parents, and to be a part of something our whole family was building, is what changed me and challenged me. The schools could not compete with that type of intensity and motivation. Yet, that way of learning was not unlike the way boys and girls had learned at their parent's side, or as apprentices, for thousands of years. The schools have veered away from an important and effective way of teaching."

I paused, glanced around the circle, and allowed the calls of night hawks to invade our campfire.

"I had to learn how to get information so I could do the things necessary to run a business and to understand all of its facets. I taught myself about

engines, pumps, figuring board feet, and determining structural integrity. I had to find out where to get information about 'everyday' things and that in turn helped me develop the skills necessary to explore the academic and the ontological. I learned where to go to get information and then how to apply it. As a result I could be a teacher, a carpenter, a plumber, an electrician, a bricklayer, or a businessman. I sought out information without going to school first or having a teacher lay the work out for me. That is why I know something about architecture, drafting, building codes, and how to lay out things like septic systems, or write an essay on the American Revolution. What I know about business I started learning when I earned money for my first car by selling my horse, which I had bought with money I had earned raising sheep and pigs in 4-H. Those skills were applicable to many other things I wanted to do."

"I took charge of my own education. The motivation to develop practical skills, gain self-satisfaction, and profit led me to educate myself. For me, education did not happen in a place. It was a self-directed process that had no bounds. It enhanced living. As the club developed, our home was visited by people from all over. Exciting people who, in the evening, would share adventures with us. My mother was becoming recognized as an outstanding ceramicist; a porcelain doll-maker and an artist. Dad was an introspective metaphysician who would talk for hours about people like Manley Palmer Hall and Evelyn Underhill. I would rush home from school to help Dad or to sit and listen to 'adult' conversations, or, perhaps on a quiet evening, to listen to Jan Peerce records. Members of my family were avid readers. Dinner table conversations were

never dull as we learned to defend our points of view with vigor. Dad and I shared a love for science fiction. Asimov and Bradbury were as familiar to us as were some distant members of the family.”

“Everything I have been trying to accomplish as an educator seems to root from these adventures. The kind of adventures we are now experiencing. I know all of you don’t have control over your home lives. I’m telling you these things about my past to challenge you. I hope this information helps you organize things differently in your lives now, for your future.”

“My past prepared me in an interdisciplinary way. Because of that, I have learned to think in lineal progressions and in circular, comprehensive paradigms. I have learned to follow an idea from point-to-point linearly, logically, while at the same time visualizing the complete idea with all of its dimensions. I learned it is only our cultural predilection that pushes us to think linearly, and not in the comprehensive, circular mode. I believe a school should teach both the linear and the comprehensive modes of thinking. Both ways are necessary for self-directed learning. That’s what this nomadic experience is all about, that’s why we’re here.”

We sat there. I was expecting a quantum leap in their understanding. They were angry because I expected them to identify what it was they needed and to take the responsibility for getting it. Was it to be a stalemate or an educational irritant? Time would tell.



## CHAPTER 12

### TAKE CHARGE OF YOUR OWN EDUCATION

I kept close track of the students who had been in the summer programs in 1968 and 1969. The students all felt better about school and they did better in their classes. Parents and teachers contacted me and commented upon the positive growth that had taken place. Parents marveled that communication had opened up in their families as a result of my emphasis upon discussion.

The students had learned to work and plan together in Cortez. Back at school they helped each other get elected to the Student Council and class offices. In fact, until the program ended in the mid-seventies, every Head Boy and Head Girl of our high school had first participated in the Cortez Program. There they had learned about leadership and “working within the system.” I was pleased with the students’ progress in school. It affirmed for me that some of my educational approaches were effective. I kept studying, observing, and planning the next summer programs. There was so much to learn and so many educational approaches to test. I also kept searching for other educators who would help me develop an understanding of what it was I was doing, educators who would help me do what needed to be done.

To be credible as a “professional” educator, I would have to go back to school and get higher degrees. I knew going back to school meant taking more courses from the education departments at the state’s universities. The undergraduate education

courses required for my elementary and secondary certification had not addressed the vital issues of learning and teaching. Graduate level courses I had taken had not begun to address the problems I was having as a teacher. Now, I had to consider courses for re-certification, a M.A. degree, and perhaps an Ed.D.

I opened the college catalogs and searched for courses that would help me be a better teacher. For all graduate work, I was required to take Introduction to Graduate Study, and Statistics. The catalogs listed numerous courses, required and elective. I read through the course descriptions and discovered that no course was offered which pertained to how children learned, or how to pattern teaching so it followed realistic learning expectations. There were no courses about how to adjust teaching approaches that don't work. No courses about how to individualize instruction, effect interdisciplinary education, improve academic skills, or...? I feared my new career commitment had doomed me to hundreds of hours in the wastelands of schools of education.

As an undergraduate student, I had thought I was getting away with something when a course turned out to be easy or worthless. My buddies and I thought ourselves clever when we could pass a class without opening a book. As kids we thought that was okay. Now I know we cheated ourselves. I had little respect for the educational institution that had been so lax.

Inside my mind tapes played of memories of some of my undergraduate education courses. One in particular still causes anger and frustration to well up inside me whenever I think about it.

I had enrolled in a class required for elementary school teaching certification. It was designed to teach us how to teach reading in the elementary schools. I looked forward to it. At the first class meeting, I noted I was one of only four males in the class. The other three men were middle-aged. To me they seemed to have the hang-dog expressions common to men who felt trapped. I assumed they were looking for security, a teaching certificate. I had met many men in similar circumstances at teachers' college.

The professor began the class. She smiled and began to instruct us in the soft, condescending tones called "baby-talk," also known as "lazy-mouth" syndrome. It is the way some elementary teachers talk to little kids, and the way some little kids talk. I couldn't stand it. The women in the class didn't seem to care, perhaps they thought that was the way to talk if you majored in elementary education.

Even though I tried to concentrate on what the professor was saying I let the style of her speech get to me. I became increasingly angry. Weeks passed. I reacted to the professor's questions from what would be called the "critical parent" state. She got angry. She gave me angry looks as warnings. One day I was exceptionally rude.

"Mr. Berger!" she jabbed, getting my name from her seating chart, "Just what is it you need to be civil in my class?"

I thought a minute. "A mother instinct," I said smugly. What I got was a "D" grade for "B" work, and some satisfaction.

In time, as I matured and became more self-directed, I re-examined my undergraduate record. I decided I wanted more out of graduate school, yet I couldn't find the courses of study I needed. Perhaps,

I reflected, it was time to take full responsibility for my “higher” education.

I read everything I could find about alternative education. (There was no literature base for supplemental educational programs). I attempted to locate information about how other countries organized their schools and their curricula. How were private, international, overseas, and alternative schools in the U.S. and in other countries organized? What made them work? Why did so many of them fail? Did some of these non-public schools have a curriculum that was learning-centered? Student-centered? Was I reinventing the wheel in my attempts to demonstrate supplemental and enrichment learning programs? Were there schools somewhere in the world that already did what I wanted to do? I had questions, and I was actively seeking answers. I wasn’t having much luck finding them. If I were to educate myself, where could I find the information I needed? I was unable to get the answers by researching what others had observed and written. I knew I must search out information on my own.

Early in 1969, I asked our superintendent for help in my quest for education. As superintendent, he had the reputation for being a “change-agent.” He was hired by our board of education to bring about more effective schools. He knew that changes would be effective if they were introduced at the elementary school level and then brought up through the grades. He was supportive of creative approaches on the secondary levels, but his main emphasis was upon establishing change in elementary schools. I agreed with his interpretation, yet I feared secondary education would not be ready for the new types of students who were on the way. I met with him and

vented my concerns about not finding successful models that I could study.

“You have a sabbatical leave coming up. Why don’t you plan visits to other countries where you can visit their schools and see if they have approaches that we could benefit from? I have contacts in several International schools and overseas schools in Asia and in Europe. Perhaps you could use those schools as bases and trade your time teaching or lecturing for their help in getting you into the national schools. They could even provide you with English-speaking interpreters who are familiar with the national systems.”

I couldn’t believe my ears. Ed Pino was offering me the opportunity to seek out information anywhere in the world I wanted to go. I sat forward in my chair, ramrod straight. He continued: “The year will probably cost you between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars. You will only receive half-pay from the district (\$3800) if we approve the sabbatical plans you submit. Are you ready to make that kind of commitment?”

We talked for over an hour. He would contact his friends and help me develop an itinerary. I needed to identify the countries and schools I would be visiting and write a brief description of what I hoped to learn in each place. I would identify schools in countries where he didn’t have contacts, write them for permission to visit, and ask for their help in exchange for anything I could offer them.

“What about getting credits for my Master’s degree?” I asked.

“Can you imagine a university school of education that wouldn’t jump at the chance to sponsor primary research of this type!” he exclaimed.

He was excited for me and I knew he looked forward to the results of my studies.

At that time neither of us suspected that the state's major university and school of education would react to my proposal with disdain. Later that month, when I presented my twenty-two nation study proposal and itinerary to the head of the department of education, he looked it over and commented: "You will be out of the classroom, not with any professor. How can we be certain you will learn anything? The most credit we can give you for the year would be five semester hours, I can't promise that much, but I think I can get it approved by the Department."

I left. I can't say it was one of the times I kept from getting angry or remained tactful.

Oh well, I thought, so much for college credit for my learning. At least I will get what I need.

I began to plan my sabbatical year. I bought the necessary airline tickets, luggage, and clothing. I got my shots for typhus, cholera, and other strange diseases. I would leave in late August for Hawaii and then go on to Asia only days after completing the 1969 summer sessions in Cortez.

## CHAPTER 13

### SEARCHING FOR EXCELLENCE

During that year, August 1969 through August 1970, I traveled thousands of miles and in every type of ground and air machine. Wherever I traveled, I tried to live “on the economy.” I stayed away from the stainless steel and marble palaces of Intercontinental, Hilton, and western-style hotels. I wanted to feel the cultures around me, not surround myself with my own culture. I ate, and often slept, where locals did. I tried to avoid the “Ugly American” image by learning the basics of the local languages and customs. I will always carry with me an appreciation for other peoples and places. I will always be able to return to special places I visited. They are only a quiet recollection away.

I lectured, primarily about U.S. education, the Southwest, Indians, archaeology, the Anasazi culture, and the American West, at International, Overseas, private and other English-speaking schools. In exchange, the schools provided an interpreter/guide who took me into the native schools and explained them to me. I learned more than I could internalize. I saw things that I can, only now, place in correct perspective. New information was coming at me faster than I could process it.

Often, I got lost as I traveled. I would tell myself that “lost” didn’t matter because I didn’t have to be “found” for almost a year. I felt free to head out in any direction; explore anything I thought interesting. Occasionally, as I took trains and buses through countryside marked by signs written in languages I couldn’t read, I sensed I was in danger. I usually was. Many thugs saw opportunity in a person

traveling alone. Somehow, however, I didn't get robbed or beaten or killed. I developed the survival instincts of an antelope-- I got the blazes away whenever I sensed I was being stalked.

Many an evening found me alone in some uninteresting hotel room in a place I did not wish to explore alone at night. I read, thought, and wrote the letters home which formed my travel diary. I also had time to explore my own mind.

My father had discussed metaphysics and the powers of the human mind with us. Now, for the first time in my life, I had the opportunity to form a mental thought-probe and begin exploring my brain. Dad had taught me how to be calm and how to meditate. He had warned me about probing, opening doors into rooms within my mind that should not be opened. I was cautious and prepared to slam a door shut if something was in there that shouldn't be let out. I stimulated parts of my brain with my thought-probe and experienced sensations that came from lobes, memory, and sense centers. I learned how to stimulate visual recall and the third, "pineal eye," as some call it. I explored and found parts of my mind that were closed off and sealed away. Years later, Carl Sagan's book, *Dragons of Eden*, confirmed for me the nature of those zones.

When I had wandered enough and could process no more new information I found a hotel or boarding place, laid, fiat-out on my back, eyes closed, and let the alpha waves sort and file the new sights, sounds, smells, and fears that had overloaded my circuits. Once, in Calcutta, it took me a full day in that state to get over my cultural shock and get functional again. I wrote this letter to a friend:

*Great 'Eastern Hotel, Calcutta, India*



*I lie in my bed. 'The windmill fan above me turns upon flat-sided ball bearings. A gray-brown rat jumps upon a buzz-hissing roach. I can hear the crackle-crunch as rat eats evil roach. The fan motor stops. The light near my head goes off. I lie in the fumes of a lumpy mattress under a brown and yellow-stained sheet. My skin crawls. My dignity pulls inside me and calls for shock or sleep. I am wide-eyed; my ears tuned to every fearful sound; my leg muscles tight and cramped. If friend rat touches me I will explode like a shrapnel bomb.*

*The morning takes its sweet time creeping into the dank hole. I rise and shower my sweat onto silverfish playing with my toes. I put on musty clothes — and all the while I wonder how I can survive my stay in "The Best Hotel" in downtown Calcutta.*

Perhaps, because I had been reading Hesse and other authors and listening to "great teachers" and "enlightened prophets" from India and sister lands, I believed I would discover great wisdom in ancient civilizations. I expected to find cultures which had evolved far ahead of our own in many ways. In fact, I did discover ancient sources of religious and philosophical wisdom. However, I didn't discover any place where this ancient wisdom was practiced in a way that served the basic needs of human beings.

A Brahman guide in India pointed out to me, as I fought to stay out of cultural shock and to understand his concepts of the world, that what we westerners called "positive effects" were not positive at all. The suffering of the lower castes was beautiful. It would prepare them for their next life. He said I had to learn to see the beauty. I never did. If the wisdom is so "right," so powerful, why doesn't it benefit the people in the lands where it was spawned and where it is the dominant philosophy? Why doesn't it improve

the quality of life for the masses of people? Why did the religious leaders and philosophers explain human suffering away by saying, "It is beautiful and necessary." Of course they only said that when it was someone else doing the suffering.

As I sought answers to these questions, I came to a new understanding of our own Americanized Judeo-Christian belief systems. At least, I thought I could see the positive effects of these beliefs upon some Western cultures.

I developed a long list of things I would search out as I traveled. On my list were the following questions: How were schools operated? How were private, Overseas, and International schools financed? How were they administered? What made them successful? What made them fail? How did they raise funds? How did they survive politically in foreign countries? How good were they compared to the public and private schools I knew in the USA?

Paramount on the list was the idea that one could predict the future of the world's development by analyzing each country's educational system and projecting the results of that system into the future. The assumption I made was that the future would be as good, or as bad, as their children, the products of their educational system, were being prepared to create. If I found exciting approaches to education, and liberal and humanistic educational programs with emphasis upon human needs, individual worth, the environment, and service to the nation and the world, then I would be able to project the future of that country was bright. If most countries were found to be that way, then, I projected, the future of Earth's multitudes was bright.

I didn't expect to find what I did. I was not prepared to find any country that was not hope-filled

and improving. As it happened, I found only three nations of the twenty-two I studied that had any hope for improvement in the future -- that is if one accepted my hypothesis and looked at how they were educating their youth.

Israel was one of those nations where education was different. "Come on! Be the best you can be! Prepare yourself! You are important! We need you!" were words reflecting a philosophy refreshing to me. It was new and unusual. I had discovered a new ingredient in an educational approach. I was in a country that wanted its children involved. A country that encouraged each child to prepare herself because she was needed, important! I was amazed. It was such a simple concept. It was common sense. Why were we in the USA doing almost the opposite in our schools? We told kids: "Don't participate! Don't give input! Oh no, don't drop-out! Stay in school because we haven't a place for you! We don't need you in the work force or anywhere, except perhaps to fight a war!"

We are a nation that acts as if it doesn't need its children. Most nations do not need their children. Israel was a country that did need its children. Its education system was different because of that simple concept. The schools focused upon each child, urging them to be all that they could be. Kids responded by trying to be their best, by giving more of themselves, by learning as they were trained, and thinking as they were educated. My school visits in Israel gave me a lot to think about. I took away with me a clearer picture of how it could be, should be, in a school that focused upon those educated and a governmental system that was not threatened by an educated populace.

Throughout Asia I had the time to be introspective. I digested cultures so alien to my own that I often compared my adventures on planet Earth to those of an explorer of space finding different worlds. Although I had taught geography, and "People and Places of the World," I was unprepared for what I encountered.

I had wondered what it would be like to travel alone. Now I knew. Alone is when I saw a beautiful sunset over the China Sea and took a photograph of it while imagining sharing the beauty with someone I should have been there with in the first place. I took lots of photos to share and I captured images in my mind that would always be part of me. It was a great experience. I kept wandering alone until the day I found myself in paradise.

*King's Palace Hotel  
Syntagma Square, Athens*

*I step out of the tub and stand dripping on the plush mat beneath my feet. I dress in front of the full length mirror. My formal suit, maroon tie, maroon shoes, are in place. I catch the elevator and request the palatial lobby. I dine with a princess, and all the time I wonder when I will have to leave beautiful Athens.*

*The Kings Palace Hotel in Athens had been recommended by one of my better teachers, Jack Mack. He must have anticipated what I would need after traveling in the Far and Near East. I arrived in Greece, probably babbling to myself in late November. Suddenly I wasn't introspective. I wasn't alone. Within hours I was doing duty as an escort for dozens of lovely flight hostesses from the airlines of many nations.*

*Evenings would find us in the Old Market District of Athens getting charged on ouzo or retzina contaminated wines. The men would dance. I played Zorba and did .Kazantzakis proud. The women would dance. Then the women would join the men and the uproar caused by such insensitivity would chase a dozen of us out to dance our way up the hillside trails to the crest of the Acropolis. There, in the moonlight, we would marvel at the open book of Athens: The binding where the valley formed; the pages which were the hillside. We would pass a bottle of spirits around our small group and I would not be unaware that I was the only man present. Ahhh, it was lovely! Educational research makes strange bedfellows.*

When I finally left Greece, I made my way north. During a stop in Yugoslavia, I had friendly visits with American Field Service students, one of which, Zoran, I had known in the States. When I got to Germany I purchased a VW pop-top camper. For the next eight and one-half months, I explored the countries of Europe "in style," having a place to unpack, relax, and entertain. As in Asia, my travels centered on visits to schools.

Several schools were so unusual that I think of them often. While in Granada, Spain, playing Washington Irving at the Alhambra, I had the opportunity to visit a local school, It was *for* boys and it was run on the military model.

The school was overcrowded. Students sat at desks in the hallways which made passage through the building difficult. I was welcomed by the officer in charge and given a complete tour. Of course, whenever we entered a room, the students had to snap to attention, regardless of what they were doing. As we left each classroom and re-entered the

hallway, the students there had to come to their feet and stand at attention again. Into a classroom, and the kids in the hall would regain their seats while those inside would snap-to. Back into the hall, and those kids would be up again. As we visited each room down the long hall we completely disrupted everyone. The kids in the hall were up and down at least five times by the time I was taken to see the cafeteria and the yards.

Upon our return to the main office, the hall kids were forced to their feet once more. I felt terrible. I apologized for the disruptions my visit had caused. The officer assured me that he toured the building each hour anyway and that my visit had not altered their routine. I wonder if those students are still going up-down, up-down, up-down. I know they never had time to learn; well, that isn't exactly true, I think they learned a lot about living under a military dictatorship.

In most schools, students were controlled by fear, the fear of failure. In some countries, Japan for example, thousands of kids reacted to this pressure by killing themselves. Others, rejected and broken, blew their minds by sniffing glue, gasoline, paint thinners, or taking mind-warping drugs. The student districts were full of burned-out shells of children.

I had hoped to find an educational system or approach that centered on the way humans learn. Instead I found system after system which was patterned after British, French, or American institutional models; systems that were designed to educate a chosen few -- in most countries, the ruling class. The idea of educating every child was abhorrent to many.

Educators from several countries went out of their way to explain how destructive an educated populace could be to their system of economics and

government. "What would all of those educated people do? How would we control them?" they asked. In America, I knew that too many people were asking the same questions and concluding, falsely, that it may be too dangerous to effectively educate blacks, Hispanics, and other minorities.

I found schools that were bleak factories where minds were shaped in ways determined by political-religious leaders. In them, those students who were passive-adaptive and had photographic recall did well. Others were "tracked" into non-academic pursuits. In many schools, the teachers appeared, lectured, and departed without interacting with the students. In most European schools there was little or no interaction between students and their instructors.

In the USA, many politicians were accusing our schools of failing to prepare kids as scientists or mathematicians. Many gave examples of how kids in Japan or kids in Europe were better prepared. True, some were, but most were not. In addition, Japanese and European systems tended to drive out some of their most creative and intelligent kids. Many countries were "seeding" the world with very bright 'drop-outs" from their schools, corporate, and political systems. It seemed their most creative and independent thinkers were forced to fade or flee. The USA often inherits these creative young people.

I met and had candid conversations with many types of administrators. I found most of the English-speaking schools abroad were organized like schools are in the U.S. Most foreign school administrators, like most U.S. administrators, were politicians and opportunists. A high percentage were ex-coaches who had returned to college and taken administrative degrees. Few cared to discuss kids,

learning, or new ways of helping teachers teach. An even smaller number could discuss business operations, spread sheets, or financial statements. It was difficult to find educators or business-oriented types running the schools.

I visited and observed. A new reality began to sink in. Education was not a profession because it did not have professional standards. It was directed and operated by nonprofessionals. Politically attuned administrators were hired by boards of education made up of non-educators. These heads of schools were charged with appeasing the taxpayers or tuition-payers, not developing an educational program. The cost was damaged children. The damages were difficult to measure so they were ignored. The bottom line was that educators did not control their own "profession."

I thought of an analogy in the "what if?" category. What if medical doctors were not allowed to have any but the most superficial input into the treatment of their patients? What if medical doctors were supposed to treat groups of patients instead of individuals? Or what if the treatment of patients and the support systems in hospitals were determined by politicians? What if the opportunity for patients to benefit from research and new treatment was limited because new approaches threatened the system and the system was thought to be more important than those it served? The analogies scared me. If the medical profession was organized like the "profession" of education, I would not want to be a patient.

The administrative model I sought was not a management- labor model. It was a professional model. A model which benefited from the input of those working with the students, those actually



delivering the services. What if we had a way of administering schools that would result in a professional staff working with a coordinating principal teacher for the benefit of the children?

I saw this type of professional model operating in a few schools I visited. Most were elementary schools. I have never found an entire school district or system that operates on this model. I once believed the National Education Association was in favor of a professional model which served children. However, the NEA leadership gave up professional standards when it went to the union labor-management adversary model, several decades ago. At this time, there does not seem to be a professional association for educators, including both administrators and teachers. Kids are cheated because no such organization exists.

I wondered why concern about the educational leadership of schools was not a priority of boards of education. I searched in vain for an answer. Everywhere I went, I sought out the educators in administrative positions, administrators that were principal teachers. I found too few of these rare professionals.

In London, I met such a rare individual. His name was Harry Hurtt. When I met Harry he was the acting principal of the American School in London elementary and high schools. Harry urged me to visit an inner-city elementary program he believed special.

I found my way into the core of old London to an old brick warehouse-style building. Inside I was given a tour by an outgoing and friendly headmistress. In the hallways, during a break in schedule, little kids moved about chattering loudly. These kids, however, were speaking myriads of

different languages and were dressed in fashions from many lands. My hostess registered my surprise.

“Harry didn’t tell you about this school?” she commented, as though she had been through this before. Then she continued, “This is the first stop for kids from all over the Empire. They arrive in London with their parents from Uganda, or India, or Southeast Asia, or wherever. Few speak English. Our job is to make them functional in the language as rapidly as possible and get them into the appropriate schools.”

We entered a classroom just as a bell called the kids back to work. Teachers and aides moved between groups of children who were seated at tables or on the floor, wherever they were comfortable. Cardboard cut-outs of cows, dogs, houses, planes, cars, and other familiar things were lying about for the kids to pick up and run through a special machine. I examined the cut-outs and found that each had a strip of magnetic recording tape attached to its base. As the children ran the cut-out through the machine, the machine said: “Cow” or “Airplane” or whatever the cutout represented. The children would then repeat the word often, over and over again.

I learned that children who came to this school with no knowledge of the English language would, within weeks, know the names of common things, numbers, colors, and the basics of how to ask for what they needed. I was amazed. I was told students were integrated into English-speaking classrooms within months of their arrival in London.

Through Harry and his wife Pamela, I also learned of the Leicestershire County Schools. I bought a copy of Van Wyck and Mason’s *In Our Experience: The Changing Schools of Leicestershire*

and read some of the most exciting educational materials I had seen. Harry urged me to get a copy of Lady Plowden's report, and I knew I found something of significance. What really hit me was the way some U.S. educators were "borrowing" ideas from these English schools and calling them their own. Much of the new organizational structure being proposed for U.S. elementary schools came directly from work done in places like Leicestershire, including the concept of the 'non-streamed' (non-graded as U.S. educators called it) and the idea of open-space schools, schools without walls.

England was a treasure of educational information and approaches. Harry took me to London University area book stores that had more information about Piaget than I had found when I visited his institute in Geneva. There was more about the Progressive Movement than I imagined existed, and more about Neill's Summerhill failure than I cared to know. I feasted upon accounts of educational experiments. I learned of Lila Berg's account of the closing of a remarkable school in *Risinghill: Death of a Comprehensive School* (Pelican, 1968). I read the works of many other challenging writers and educators. I was able to expand my own philosophy of education through these works.

While bumping about the world, I had the opportunity to visit educational systems in various stages of development. Some schools were just starting up. Some had established themselves and were in a maintenance mode. A few had become petrified systems that cracked and crumbled kids.

New schools were usually exciting places. To build a new educational program, the administration needed the input and cooperation of the teaching

staff. Teachers were asked to give extra hours, contribute time to curriculum development, school rules-and-regulations committees, time-structuring, and dozens of other tasks. Their professional input was needed to create something new. The administration and staff were willing to give extra time, do extra work, because they were part of something new and special. Kids' needs were discussed. Idealism was okay. The teachers and administrators thought of themselves as a team.

I thought this the most desirable model for administering a school. Would it be possible to maintain this level of excitement and professionalism long after the newness was gone? I believed so, but I've never seen it happen.

I found that as schools became 'established,' the separation of teachers from administrators was the first indicator of change away from the team-for-kids approach. It was done. It was in place. There was no longer a need to create, to change, or to work together. Teachers, who had willingly given hundreds of extra hours of their time, found they were no longer needed in that capacity. They were urged to put in their required day and go home. If they did extra duties, they were contracted separately for them. The school ceased to be theirs.

"If you are unhappy here," they were told, "there are dozens of other teachers who would love your job. You are not special. We don't need you!"

It was obvious to me that many schools "maintained" on that level for years. Finally, and most educators have seen this happen too often, a thoroughly inadequate administrator would be placed over the school. As the administrator worked out her own frustrations and problems upon the laborers, the staid and now inflexible teaching staff, they would

crack under the mismanagement. The joy they once felt, the excitement they had once communicated to kids, was gone. Some of these dead schools continued on for years. In time, they became so bad they were closed. During the process, countless children were damaged.

I observed, I remembered, and I began to sort out my thoughts about how to create effective administration that enhanced the education of children. New data often corresponded with management tracts I had read about business administration and personnel management. Nothing I was discovering was new. It was just new to education. As I worked to develop a management style, I held one thing above all: A management style must not block the input or growth of those managed. Like good teaching, good management must draw the best out of everyone involved. If it does that, the organization is pulled up by those who work for it. They make it vital. They make it work.

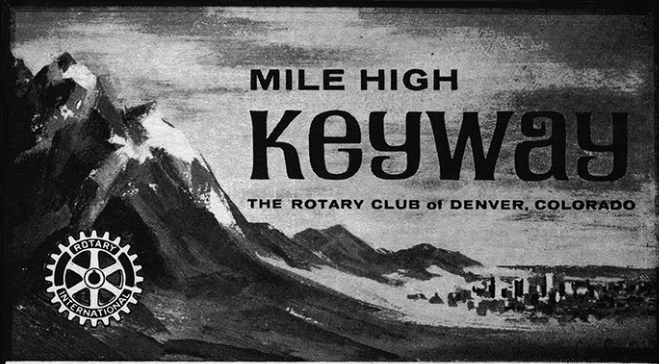
In the years preceding the trip, I had gained some information about the rise and fall of public and private schools in America. My visits to schools operating in foreign countries, and my visits to the national schools of each country would, I hoped, complete my understanding of how schools were operated successfully. I was seeking information that would help me form an interdisciplinary, supplemental 'school.' I wanted to learn how to design a school that would survive. What I learned boiled down to a few common denominators: Don't incur large debts, pay as you go or don't go. Don't do laundry. Don't build buildings that require massive overhead to operate and maintain. Don't go overboard with transportation systems. Don't let communications break down between the director

and the board, or board members be selected who aren't in communication with the Director. (I didn't learn this lesson as well as I should have. The fund raiser/president was allowed to build the board and information flowed to them through him, not me.) Don't let parent groups, ego-driven board members, or fundraisers set priorities. Don't let the not-for-profit corporation be taken over by a corporation or private business that needs a 'clean' front organization for illicit activities -- political activity, laundering money, or channeling corporate benefits to themselves -- in other words, don't let anyone operate the public service foundation or not-for-profit organization as a private, for-personal-profit, business.

What I saw also reaffirmed what I had observed in the U.S.: that private schools developed along similar lines. There is always a founder who is willing to make sacrifices and out of whose vision and hard works the school comes to be. Then, when the school is running and "a plum ripe for picking," it attracts "supporters." The supporters feel stymied by the popularity and power of the founder. They challenge the founder's ideas about programs (usually the founder wants to limit the size of the school to maintain quality programs.) The founder dies, retires, or is shuttled aside. The school operates for several years under a more "political" director and a board jockeying for social position. During these years, the school becomes increasingly mediocre and institutional and its operating costs rise, while return on investment of time and dollars declines. More energy goes into infighting than into programs. A lack of educational leadership results in lackluster performance. Enrollment drops. The school either closes, or, at its lowest ebb, when the disenchanted board members and fundraisers desert it, it is given

over to someone who has a dream and is willing to sacrifice, fight, and build. I have yet to find a private school or a non-profit organization that doesn't fit into that cycle.

Too soon, it was July and my year of wandering was almost over. I met an administrator from a Department of Defense school in Munich, while taking a course at Montreaux, Switzerland, and we decided to travel into Denmark, Norway, and Sweden to study schools and examine, first-hand, Scandinavian feminism. We traveled north to Oslo, across the peninsula to Stockholm, then on to Finland. From Helsinki I flew to London, across the Atlantic, and home. Traveling and learning with intensity was now in my blood. The two things that brought me back were my family and my commitment to the program in southwestern Colorado. If it were not for those things I would have preferred to stay in Europe for a few more years and teach or work for a business that would keep me traveling.



**MILE HIGH**  
**Keyway**  
THE ROTARY CLUB OF DENVER, COLORADO

CLUB NUMBER 31 • Organized Oct. 25, 1911 • DISTRICT NUMBER 545

**LUNCHEON MEETING**  
Thursday, May 4, 1972 — Noon  
Silver Glade, Cosmopolitan Hotel

*Cherry Creek High School Teacher—*  
**MR. EDWARD F. BERGER**  
**“THE SCHOOL IN A NATION THAT DOES NOT  
NEED ITS CHILDREN”**

One of our members writes—“Ed Berger is considered an outstanding teacher for many reasons. The youngsters he teaches love him. He has excellent communication with his students.

“He heads up the ‘Epic Program’ which is a program outside high school activities. For example, he takes a group of students to Cortez to work with the Indians at various times of the year. His main thrust is in social studies. The school teacher is an extremely important member of the community, and Ed Berger will show this.”

Mr. Berger attended and received degrees from Colorado State and the University of Colorado and other universities where he majored in history and social studies. He did graduate work in Switzerland, and in 1969-70 did a 22-nation intensive study of educational systems throughout the world. His teaching career, which began in 1961, has been at Cherry Creek.



## CHAPTER 14

### EDUCATIONAL CHANGE AND DEVELOPMENT

When I returned from my jaunt around the planet, I was full of energy and ready to devote my time to educational projects. I had a teaching job and good credit, but if I wanted to build a model education program I had to do something about making money. I decided to start investing in real estate and a construction business. I bought land and made plans to design and build custom homes.

I had been back several weeks when I called Audrey in Cortez to find out about a house for the 1971 summer program. Audrey informed me that no big country rental houses were available. The Cortez economy was recovering from the "bust" of the sixties, and country houses were at a premium. She had no ideas about where we could locate. She asked me to come down and look at some houses that were for sale.

"There's nothing I would rather do," I told her. "I'll head to Cortez as soon as a long weekend arrives and I can get away." As it happened, Jo Hindlemann and Rod Lister drove to Cortez with me. Not far from the house we had rented in 1968 was a fourteen-acre farm with a nice home and a solid barn. The owners wanted to sell, and I could assume a private mortgage. We examined the house and determined it could be fixed up for our programs. The basement would work well for a girls' dorm and a fruit room would make an excellent photo darkroom. The barn loft, with a little remodeling, would provide quarters for the boys. It would also be a fine place to

have barn dances. The garage could be modified into a ceramics lab and crafts area. We sat under the giant weeping willow tree in the backyard and imagined what we could do with the place.

That night, after considering all of the angles, I knew we had found the right place for the programs. I bought it the next day. As we headed back to Denver, envisioning how we would utilize the large house and barn for our school, we planned the future of our interdisciplinary and supplemental enrichment programs.

That fall another event modified my plans and business strategies. A beautiful and bright high school counselor named Marsha McInnes and I were married in December. I was 31 years old and ready to settle down. During the winter and spring that followed, I prepared for the Cortez Program, taught, worked on investments so I could support my education "habit," and studied.

When I returned to Cherry Creek High in the fall of 1970, I met another new principal. He was a sincere individual who was teetering between being an educator or an educational politician. He wasn't threatened by the teaching staff's power. He had few problems dealing with the Faculty Senate. I liked him and trusted him. He had recently received his Doctorate from the University of Northern Colorado (UNC). I discussed my lack of graduate work with him. He set up a meeting for me with Dr. Bruce Broderius, Dean of the College of Education at UNC. Within an hour of meeting Dr. Broderius, I knew I had met someone who would help me seek the knowledge and certification I needed. He liked the Living History Project, EPIC, and the I-Team. He said he would help me continue my developmental work toward the creation of an interdisciplinary,

supplemental educational program and curriculum. He warned me that he would set tight academic parameters to keep me focused.

I applied and was accepted to The School of Educational Change and Development at UNC. Dr. Broderius helped me select professors for my resource board who would support the work I was doing as long as it met the highest standards of their departments and the University. I could take courses from other universities and select professors who were accomplished in the fields I was studying; for example, Chester Nolte in Administrative Law at Denver University, instead of a less experienced professor at UNC, and William Campbell, a counselor and psychologist who offered specialized training that was not available at UNC. I could build, with their help, a studies program utilizing the resources of the world as well as the university. The only catch was I had to pay full tuition to UNC and tuition to the other schools I attended.

Once I was enrolled in the program, Dr. Broderius saw to it that I received credit for the Cherry Creek programs I had developed, the Cortez Program, and my year-long sabbatical expedition to study educational systems and approaches around the world. He arranged credit for the experience by waiving some of the required courses, I was on my way to a Masters degree and on the Doctoral track.

For the first time since becoming a college student in 1957, I had professors who took a personal interest in my educational needs. Doctors Broderius, Bear, Green, Welsh, and Fielder were tough educators, each from a different discipline, who really cared about what I was doing. Each taught me by his example what professional education could be.

I got in, got what I needed, and got back into the real world where I put my education to use.

My Doctoral dissertation was titled *A Guide For The Creation Of Interdisciplinary - Supplemental Schools For Public Education*. The written document was basic and, as far as I was concerned, uninteresting. The actual dissertation project, the achievement that astounded those who knew of it, was the design and implementation of an operating education program in southwestern Colorado: The creation of a fully functional School and Educational Research Center. I was graduated in 1975. I had earned my “certification” and the title “Doctor.”

Sparked by my travels abroad and my doctoral studies, I was ever more convinced that the practical application of a concept, fact, or process was necessary for the internalization of that information. By internalization, I mean the process whereby one not only remembers the information, but is also able to apply it to other situations. I had observed it was necessary to internalize knowledge to be able to teach it. I had observed that the “each-one-teach-one” concept had benefits beyond the spreading of knowledge. If a student can teach a concept to another, then that is one way of measuring her mastery of the data. There are other ways, but children teaching children is one of the most visible, perhaps the most beautiful ways to view a student’s mastery of knowledge. Al Thompson had known that, and the EPIC programs had demonstrated it over and over again. The tutoring component of the Cortez Program demonstrated yet another application of the oldest teaching method known to man.



Jo at Ed's graduation. I finally got my  
piece of paper.

At Cherry Creek High, I met with several of my colleagues *from a variety of disciplines* and we began planning the School-Within-A-School Program. It was a logical extension of the ideas I had when I wrote the "I" Team. The School-Within-A-School program was a way to help kids who were not doing well on the standard educational track. It did not target "Behaviorally Handicapped" kids. I had learned that lesson when I was not allowed to work with the "I" Team participants. School-Within-A-School was a way to take kids with special learning

needs and help them develop the attitudes and skills necessary to re-enter the regular system.

The unique thing about the School-Within-A-School was its interdisciplinary team of teachers. The team cooperatively evaluated and diagnosed each child's needs -- educational, psychological, and physical. Working together, the team designed multi-disciplinary lessons for the kids. We were able to team-teach each unit. In one class period, a student might have three or four teachers giving perspectives from math, science, social studies, and English.

To plan, the team used a lesson-planning guide that I developed. Each lesson had a focus we believed kids would be interested in. The focus could be on skiing, cars, motorcycle racing, fashion, communications, or whatever the students' interests were. Once the focus was identified, each member of the team, aware of their departmental requirements for student proficiency, designed a way to teach the required skills via the focused area or theme.

Our team demonstrated that a slight change in the way we planned and taught could help students who were on a collision course with the traditional school program. I wanted to expand upon that information and develop an interdisciplinary team approach for kids who had even poorer basic skills, worse lack of motivation, and worse self-images. In addition, I wanted to include students who were doing well but needed to be challenged or needed coaching. Many gifted students were distraught and needed help. Many were suffering from their attempts to be individuals and to take care of themselves. The kid inside me sensed their anguish and I reached out to them. I believed that all students could benefit from the things we did with students in our School-Within-A-School Program.

I began to look for something of interest to kids and teachers that would serve as a focus for our teaching units. I bought Tom Lossaso's 1928 Model A Ford Sport Coupe. It was in pieces and in need of restoration. I knew an interdisciplinary team of teachers could teach everything anybody wanted to know via that old car. I proposed that kids restore the Model A. It was a real task filled with the immediate and practical application of what was being taught. For the very bright students who needed challenges, the math and physics necessary to understand how the engine worked would keep them busy an entire quarter. For all kids there was a need for research, lots of reading and writing, about the Model A and the effects automobiles had on the American economic system. Kids could find out what was happening in 1929 when the car was built. Arithmetic skills, math, English, social studies, science-- the old car could teach it all!

Those of us who were members of the interdisciplinary team believed the School-Within-A-School Program had proved itself and should become part of the high school's educational program. We requested evaluation and a thorough investigation of the results of the program. The evaluation took place and the evaluation team, mainly educators from Denver University, gave the program rave reviews. The results of the evaluation were announced at a special dinner program attended by parents, students, teachers, administrators, and members of the Board of Education. We were showered with compliments and assured the program would continue.

The School-Within-A-School program was "killed" by a new high school principal within the month. In fact, as the decade of the 70s got

underway, most of the innovations made in our high schools, were eroded and began to disappear. Another principal was brought in to replace one who didn't perceive active teachers as a threat. Like others before him, the new principal was hired to bring Cherry Creek High School back under management's control. He was of the labor-management school and the "education only takes place in the classroom and on the athletic field" mentality. In conversations with him, I learned that everything in education was likened to the game of hockey. I didn't understand hockey analogies. He didn't understand mine.

This new principal began to work for the deletion of the volunteer service graduation requirement and a major cutback of MAL and EPIC programs. It was then I knew that attempts to enrich our high school's programs were doomed. Institutionalized child-sitting was back in fashion. Those of us who had fought for quality education had made a dent in the system, but like a sponge, it was resuming its original shape, unchanged.

The few "out-of-control" teachers left on the staff had little peer or parent support. Times had changed. Within months, every teacher who had assumed responsibilities beyond her particular contracted duties was confronted, transferred, or stripped of the power to effect educational change. The School-Within-A-School team was split up, sent to different buildings, promoted, or in other ways isolated. Enrichment programs were cut and then scrapped. Graduation requirements were re-written. The "Golden Age of Education" at Cherry Creek High was over. The school became identical to other large high schools in the area. It sought to excel in athletics.



Despite the efforts of the administration to retard educational progress, the Cortez Program filled and continued to operate. The program survived because it was becoming separate from the District, and thus insulated from district problems.

In 1972, while studying school law as part of my graduate program, it became obvious to me that the school district in which I taught was compromised by a program operated outside district boundaries. To insure the continuation of the Cortez program, I created an entity that would exist apart from the school district or myself. I formed a not-for-profit corporation and took it through the IRS 501(c)(3) process.

The new corporation got its name in my lawyer's office as he checked the documents and asked what I was going to call it. I thought and thought. Finally, he asked me what it did. He wrote down my description: Interdisciplinary-Supplemental Educational Programs: I-SEP, Inc., and that is how it got its strange name.

Initially, the officers of the corporation, once it was filed and operational, were staff members Jo Hindlemann, Jim Cable, Lloyd Hayne, and myself. I was President or Chairman, and they held the other offices, kept most of the records, and learned to run the business.

The success of the I-SEP Cortez Program was communicated by its participants wherever they went. A constant stream of observers made their way to southwest Colorado and visited us. Students went on to colleges and universities and wrote papers about their educational experiences in the program. Newspapers carried articles about us, TV programs were made. In a small way, we were becoming known.

The model we were developing was exportable. Educators contacted me and received my help in creating and operating enrichment programs for their own school districts. I was asked to speak at conferences and educational retreats, Administrators from my school district gave presentations about the program at national Conventions and meetings. I was corresponding with educators from all over the country.

As spring 1971 came, I looked forward to an exciting summer in Cortez. Marsha and I had built a new home in Happy Canyon south of Denver. I could hardly wait to share the Cortez Program with her. School ended, we packed our bags, picked up the school bus, loaded the students, and headed off to southwestern Colorado.

## CHAPTER 15

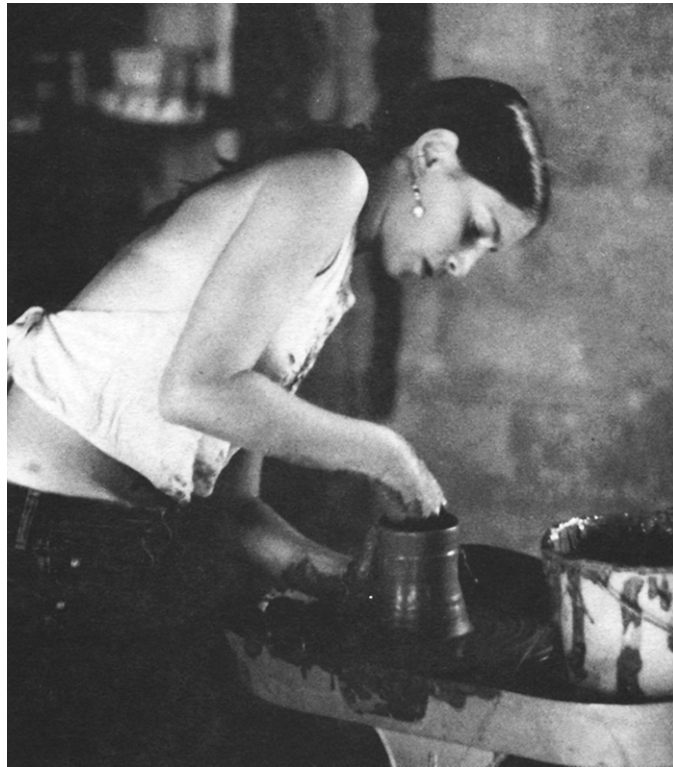
### THE CHERRY CREEK HOUSE

My purchase in 1970 of the house and fourteen acres near Arriola, Colorado, about eight miles north of Cortez, proved to be a wise decision. Now we had a place students could modify to suit their needs. Soon a sign appeared on the driveway gate that told passers-by that this was the Cherry Creek House!



We built a pottery, weaving, and crafts area in the spacious garage. Lloyd remodeled the large fruit room in the basement into a photographic darkroom. We added outside stairs to the barn, making the loft accessible and bringing it into compliance with fire escape codes. The loft was a perfect place for square dances. At the beginning of each session, the students were reluctant to do a square dance or fly-

down-the-line in our version of the Virginia Reel. But then Audrey and Jo would play and call, teach and cajole, until everyone was dancing. It was fun and it built group interaction. I noticed it did something else. It made people listen to directions. Kids had learned to turn off their audio systems when adults talked. Calling out the dance steps made them listen. I guessed that the level of the average student's audio acuity increased tenfold during a dance.



We converted the garage into a crafts area.  
Amy Weinstein throws a pot.

It stayed up for days. Group dancing became a part of our programs. We planned a square dance or took the kids to a local dance every chance we had.

The archaeological thread that made our program so *effective* grew stronger. Dr. Rohn's promise to help me develop a scientifically responsible archaeological program was fulfilled when, in 1971, Rohn's Wichita State University (WSU) graduate students were the investigators and Cortez Program participants were the diggers and recorders on the Lee Scott Site (then known as G-4) near Arriola. The partnership worked extremely well. In the next years, we sponsored additional primary archaeological research on the Mustoe-Goodman Point site. Art Rohn recommended one of his students, Ron Gould, as crew chief.



Ron Gould. The program's first archaeo-educator.



The Lee Scott site, 1973. WSU and ISEP students at work.



The Lee Scott Site pithouse excavation.



Ed studying burial excavation.



Artifacts from the Lee Scott Site.



Mustoe Site tower excavation.



Jo explaining ceramic pot construction to visiting elementary school students.



Ron was a WSU graduate student who would soon enter the University of Texas at Austin as a doctoral candidate. Because of the opportunity provided by WSU and I-SEP. He dug the Mustoe site as part of his doctoral research.

Ron Gould was I-SEP's first archaeo-educator. His wonderful way of using archaeology as an interdisciplinary teaching tool and of relating the past with the present authenticated and refined the use of research as a part of education. He was a pioneer in a new field. Ron showed me the way to dove-tail research and education together in a meaningful way.

Jo Hindlemann, and other students like her with special gifts of human empathy, leadership, and proficiency in the arts and teaching, returned as learning assistants and made valuable and remarkable contributions to the programs. I had learned the lesson about drawing from, not turning off, the creativity and genius of the staff. I urged each staff member to make the program their own. They did. The program that evolved from my original ideas was created by many dedicated people, most of them young, who dared to believe. Some of the most remarkable contributions were made by staff members who, although in college, focused their lives and talents upon the dream we all shared.

Jim Cable was one of those remarkable young people. During the first session he attended as a high school student, the first session in our own place, I became aware that he had a special gift. He had an aptitude for mechanical and physical systems. Someday, I thought as I watched him figure out our cistern pump water system and other complicated mechanical things, Jim will be a fantastic civil or specialized engineer. On a hunch, I asked him

to return and help me as a learning assistant in charge of the house, grounds, and, if all worked out, vehicles.

During the next session, Jim changed from a shy kid into a happy, outgoing, common-sense leader. He had a delightful laugh, and a disposition that was fun to be around. He could learn to fix anything. He was always there to help. I never had to ask him to do things or bug him. He saw what needed to be done and he did it. I realized the program, and the responsibility, came at exactly the right time for him. Each benefited, and that was the ideal.

Lloyd Hayne was known as "Smiles." Jo wrote a beautiful piece of music inspired by him. It was called "Just Smiles." Lloyd was that kind of person. He was a student with something special, something that developed and was nurtured by the program. As it happened, the program and his development came together at the right time. Lloyd became a learning assistant because I saw in him a special warmth, a quality of empathy and understanding that was good for others.

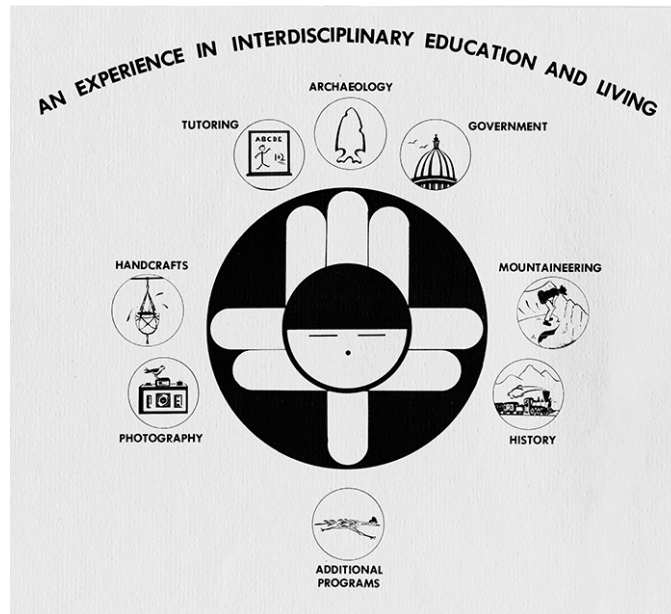
I found that Lloyd had a genius for creating photographic darkrooms in fruit cellars and sound systems out of junk radios and old speakers. I liked the photography program because it taught students to see -- to observe the world around them as they composed and framed a piece of a scene into a photograph. I also liked the way students disciplined themselves, learned the rules and regulations, were checked out by Lloyd in darkroom procedures, and were then allowed to use the room and equipment. The darkroom was in such demand it was scheduled late into each night. Lloyd was an effective teacher.

Jeff Gross was involved in the EPIC Program I directed at Cherry Creek High School. He was identified by teachers who worked with EPIC as someone with special aptitudes for loving and communication. These were rare qualities to find in a six-foot-three, 180-pound, athletic high school boy. Jeff believed in community. He visualized people living and working together. In another time, he would have lived in a tribe or clan or small, self-contained community. His luck was to have been born in a time and a culture when people were going it alone.

The Cortez program provided Jeff with a community of friends and supporters. He was a natural leader and a fine learning assistant. After graduating from high school, he went on to form communities and to build an Arizona group to support our programs. Later, after college, Jeff started a community on Staten Island that is still very successful.

Marsha spent two of the three three-week sessions with me in Cortez. She was popular with the kids and added a civilized touch to the programs. I found it difficult to give up our private lives to the program. The camping and archaeology were strange to her, and although she tried to enjoy the rough outdoor life, we became aware that it was too difficult for her. To be with me, and to share my dream of building a model educational program, she forced herself to do things she was not meant to do. She tried very hard. By her third summer it was obvious that although she believed in the program she did not want it to be her life, and she did not want to live in Cortez. I wanted to move to southwestern Colorado and commit to the new school on a full-time basis. We knew that one of us would have to change. We cared a lot for each other, and respected one

another. Neither of us wanted the other to change. We decided to go our separate ways, still friends, still supportive, but too different to stay together. By June 1975, we were separate people again. Together we had helped each other grow and develop as human beings. We had also done well financially. My part would go into building my dream. She would use hers to get her doctorate and position herself so that she could make contributions to counseling and education. Our time together had been good for both of us.



The Cortez Program brochure.

## THE CORTEZ PROGRAM



### SOUTHWESTERN ARCHAEOLOGY

I-SEP, in cooperation with Dr. Art Rohn and Wichita State University, offers a program in archaeological field techniques and Pueblo Culture. Under the direction of competent archaeologists the students excavate and do original research. The results of their efforts become part of the story of the lost civilizations of the southwest. The students recreate a culture from the past, and in so doing, gain a greater insight into their own culture. We are presently excavating an entire village near the Mesa Verde, on Goodman Point.



### COMMUNITY GOVERNMENT & SERVICE INVOLVEMENT



### TUTORING

Under the direction of Mrs. Audry Allmon, 1973 Colorado Teacher of the Year, the students may participate in a unique tutoring program for the elementary school children of the greater Cortez Community. The I-SEP students change their role and become teachers. They share their knowledge and they accept the responsibilities involved. This program has generated interest and motivation in the educational field for many students. It has proven to be a great learning experience for the student tutors and a vital service to the Cortez community.



The heart of any community is its government and the services offered by its citizens. We believe that to become an effective member of a community one needs an insight into the mechanisms by which it works. With this in mind I-SEP has arranged with government officials and business leaders to place students where they can observe government and business practices firsthand. The students may involve themselves in various apprentice and service type programs, such as VISTA, Headstart, Cortez Service Clubs, The Newspaper, Four-H, Police work, offices and agencies.

## CHAPTER 16

### THE DEVELOPMENT OF TALES, TRADITIONS AND LEGACIES

The events and adventures we experienced in the program were so profound they inspired a series of stories and traditions. These legacies developed from real situations and events. They were also ways of teaching. They were an oral tradition that evolved with the programs.

The ancient manse that served us that first summer in southwestern Colorado had cast its spell upon us, and tales soon shaped themselves around its strange aura. As we explored the damp, root-invaded cellar, we had the creepy feeling something was down there with us. We joked about the uncomfortable and eerie place, which was an indicator of how it invaded our collective consciousness.

No one would enter that subterranean world willingly. During the second summer, in the house with the coffin-shaped door, we were always aware of the 'presence of that underworld. If I wanted to threaten someone to get their attention, I simply mentioned that I would send them to the cellar to clean it or to find the creature that lived there and chase it out. I got their attention and cooperation.

I remember one night, a spooky, windy night, when the aura of our underworld creature escaped the confines of the cellar and began wandering about outside. Kids would not leave the house. Fear spread faster than a call for dinner, even to the strongest in our group. It was silly. We all knew it. As fear spread,

it became real in the same way a campfire ghost story becomes real. We wanted to believe it.

We were living in the Cherry Creek house. On the property the students discovered a skull and mandible that resembled that of a giant ground sloth which had lived in the area ten thousand years before. The only problem was the skull they found was less than twenty years dead. As a teacher, a storyteller, I began to capitalize upon this magical teaching opportunity. Here was something the kids were focused on and having fun with. They were attentive, motivated to learn, and fascinated by the idea of something on the loose from the underworld via the Indian ruin the homesteaders had used as a cellar.

During the next weeks, I began to invent a story about the creature. I decided to incorporate history and information, the same stuff I had been learning about the Ancients and the area, into story form. The kids would remember the story and they would remember the facts. What a fun teaching tool it became. It was the oral tradition, the mnemonic device, and entertainment all in one. Over the next eight years, "The Story of George," would grow, change, and be tailored to each new group. Oddly, something else happened with the telling of the story, something out of my control. Parts of the story started coming true.

By the early 1970s, after hundreds of students had shared the Cortez Program and the story had been embellished, expanded and told a dozen times, we began observing happenings that I knew were not possible. I had made up the story of George, the giant sloth-like creature, out of fact and imagination. Now it was coming true. Sightings of the creatures I had invented were reported. Students told

about how they were trading things with “Georges” who came in the night and exchanged gifts. Footprints were found in the soft earth near our quarters. Finally, the unnerving discovery of the skull and mandible with curving tusks (still unexplained I must add) made me come to grips with my greatest fears. I knew I had invented the creatures and their ways. The history and facts I incorporated were true, as was the record of giant sloths who had lived in the area ten thousand years before. The story was a teaching device. I don’t know what happened to change it. What I suspect is that if a dozen or more human beings all focus upon and visualize something, then that ‘something’ is created. Each time I told the story, I had the complete attention of fifteen to twenty people. As I painted word pictures, they visualized them. Unfortunately, what we created still roams these lands today.

Soon, whenever I told the story, I warned the listeners not to visualize the story’s images in their mind’s eye. I warned them of what I suspected was happening as minds focused upon and visualized the creatures. I think it helped, but it was difficult to sit around the glowing embers of a campfire in some wild and remote canyon and not picture large sloth-like creatures emerging from the world beneath ours to search for the dead or to learn of our ways or to do whatever it was they did.

One summer evening, I prepared to tell the George story. Our small group was camped under the canopy of the piñon-juniper forest. The campfire glowed. The evening breezes ceased. The smoke rose straight into the air. Jo was in the woods, moving about as she played hauntingly beautiful music on her flute. I began the tale that created so much trouble. Everyone stared into the embers of the



fire. Every soul hunched slightly against the things that wandered in the darkness beyond the fire's protection.

### The Story of George

The kachina cults of the modern Pueblos seem to have developed after the 1300s, after the fall of the Mesa Verde cultures and the abandonment of these northernmost lands, I said as I began the story in earnest.

But where did the Black Ogre Kachina, one of the first Kachinas identified by the ancient pueblo peoples, get his start? Had the Ancient Ones found the bones of a giant three-toed sloth in some cave and decided monstrous things must still be alive in the high mountains or desert canyons? Did they have oral traditions that told them their ancestors had been driven from the northern lands by such beasts? Had they imagined the bones were of a creature from the world before, the underworld, the third world told of in the myths and oral traditions of people like the modern Hopi? Had they actually seen something like a three-toed sloth and remembered it in their ceremonies and in the stories they told their children? The stories tell about a Kachina, large and humped-over, with a long snout and sharp teeth, who came and took bad children away, cut them up, and ate them. Is that where they got the idea of the Black Ogre Kachina?

Does it seem strange to you, I would ask the assembled fire-watchers, that peoples of every culture have stories about an underworld and similar descriptions of the creatures who live there? Is it possible that all peoples have observed creatures from the underworld? What about our image of the

devil? How different is he from the Black Ogre Kachina? Is it possible that in this wild and partially unexplored land a connection with an underworld exists? Is that why we had strange feelings in the rotting cellar of the old house? How can we, as modern and educated people, using scientific approaches, determine if there are such creatures? And more importantly, how can we discover if the doorways to the underworld open here in these canyons or on these mesa-tops?

In the late 1880s engineers and miners punched a hole through the ridge that divides the Montezuma Valley from the Dolores River Valley, I began again as the group around the campfire adjusted their seats and refilled coffee mugs. Dolores river water could now be directed into the Montezuma Valley and used for irrigation. Geologists had discovered that the magma under the land had pushed up that ridge eons ago and the river which had carved the Montezuma Valley was forced to turn north and take its water to the Colorado River instead of the San Juan. So the valley that had been cut by the waters from the high mountains to the north and east, had gone dry. It was dry when the Anasazi settled here. It was still without a river when they left. Then, suddenly, in 1889, people brought the waters of the Dolores River back into the valley. Instead of another river, the men formed miles of irrigation ditches and laterals for the water to flow through. Water tables began to rise. New seeps appeared in canyons and low spots.

Now you may wonder, I continued, what that water project has to do with the underworld and its inhabitants. Some believe that as the water filled the underworld, the creatures there were forced from their homes and came closer to the surface. It's easy

to understand how encroaching waters were bringing the sloth-like creatures into contact with the new settlers. They had to move up or drown.

There are as many stories about underworld creatures carrying away the dead as there are cultures. Perhaps there is an explanation for the missing bodies of the Anasazi, the Ancient Ones. I would pause and stare into the fire until someone would ask, "What missing bodies?"

It first became evident during the excavations at Chaco Canyon, down in New Mexico, I explained. Archaeologists unearthed the large D-shaped complexes of Pueblo Bonito, the mysterious Chetro Ketl, the Mesa Verde-like Kin Kletso, and dozens of other pueblos in the canyon and along its rim, they realized that they weren't finding enough burials. They projected, by counting the number of living spaces, the approximate population in the canyon in the year 1000 A.D. The problem was they couldn't find where the dead had been placed.

Archaeologists on the Mesa Verde were also counting living spaces and estimating populations. They had many ways of ascertaining there were large populations. However, there was one major problem: they weren't finding enough burials to match the size of the communities. What did they do with their dead? Did they cremate them? If they did, there would be evidence of cremation. The archaeologists were unable to find any sign of partially burned bone or large discolorations in the soils where crematoriums had been located. Had they placed the dead under the sky on scaffolds and let the elements break down the bodies? Again, the archaeologists could find no evidence of such a practice. Was there a secret burial ground hidden among the rocks? Many an archaeologist, and as

many adventurers, have sat around campfires and dreamed of finding such a burial mound or a cave lull of artifacts and the thousands of missing dead.

At Chaco and on the Mesa Verde the canyon walls have been scoured by searchers. The environs around sites had been surveyed over and over again. Canyons and mesas were searched but no mass burial ground has ever been found. Roads were discovered in Chaco Canyon going in most directions. Could these roads lead to cities of the dead? The Egyptians had them! Why not the Chacoans and Mesa Verdeans? Towns were found at the end of the roads but they had been living towns not cities of the dead. It was soon discovered that these outliers also lacked sufficient numbers of burials.

Is it possible that creatures from the underworld took the dead? Is that why the pueblo peoples had the sipapu - the navel of the earth - a spirit gateway to the underworld? Is that why spirits were thought to enter and depart this world through the sipapu? If so, then the answer to the riddle of the missing dead at Chaco and at Mesa Verde might be found in the stories of the ancestors of the ancient people. Has anyone read *The Book Of The Hopi*, by Frank Waters? I would ask. It's in the library we have with us! I would pause to let that information sink in.

What kind of creatures would live underground? How would they survive? How many of them still exist? Have they tried to make contact with us? There are more questions than answers. One thing we do know is that after the Anasazi left this land the surface sat empty for at least a century before wandering Utes and Navajos began to include these lands in their food gathering circuits. If there were sloth-like creatures, what were they doing

during this time? Did they prosper? Probably not, for something awful had happened to the land.

The Ancient Ones, the ones the Navajo called the Anasazi, had left this land in terrible shape. They had used its resources for more than 700 years. It is estimated that in the year 1100 A.D. over 30,000 pueblo people lived within the Montezuma Valley, in the hand of the land where the winter sun set over what we call the Sleeping Ute Mountain, in a place that had been rich, a breadbasket, as we would call it. They had used up natural resources. In this semi-arid zone, natural resources could not recover quickly. The piñon and juniper trees they cut for cooking fuel, or heat, or firing a ceramic pot, or building a house, took over three hundred years to replace.

They had slashed and burned vegetation to open fields for their corn, beans and squash. They harvested trees and sagebrush, cleared the grasses, and had eaten the animals. They had denuded the graze so that deer and other large game animals foraged elsewhere. The land of abundance, once the food producer for the Anasazi world, was no more.

Is it possible that the reason the Ancient Ones left this beautiful land is they were warring with the gods? Fighting spirits? Is that why we cannot find signs of organized warfare in the cultural debris left by the Ancient Ones? Not even the tools of warfare, or evidence of armed conflict with a mortal enemy who might have been trying to take their food, lands, and homes? Was the enemy they fought something they could not touch with an axe or an arrow?

How did a people without a written history record the changes of their land from a rich paradise to a stripped desert? In their oral traditions, the stories they told their young to keep their ways alive,

they must have described the land as the breadbasket it once was. Now, in an age of hunger and disease, they sat and pleaded with the gods to bring back the prosperity of their fathers. What could they do to appease the gods? What were they doing wrong? Would the construction of kivas, underground ceremonial structures, towers, and large 'D' shaped edifices in ceremonial centers, appease the gods? Would human sacrifice? Would anything?

And the answer was nothing, it was too late. Finally, a time came when those who could flee, fled the cursed land. Behind them they left edifices of stone, water systems gone dry, and the spirits of their dead. The land was cursed, they would never return. In the last days of the last years, insanity reigned, evil lurked. Those that fled and survived thought of themselves as the chosen, the good. Perhaps they told new peoples they met far to the South that their world, the Third World, was gone and only evil was left behind.

Think of the effect that had on the creatures who lived below. Perhaps they did turn, forced by necessity, to collecting the dead. Perhaps they were omnivorous and could survive that way. We can only surmise what happened to them as the Anasazi culture declined and disappeared. Who knows how they survived during those centuries when the land was left alone to slowly recover until it was forested again? Perhaps one of us, sitting by this fire tonight, will make a discovery that tells us what really happened? Perhaps one of you, hearing this, will be challenged to a life as an archaeologist.

I would pause, and wait. The group would remain quiet.

There is a history of the discovery of doorways to the underworld that you should know. I

have pieced it together from the bits of information I have been told by old timers who first re-settled these ancient Anasazi lands. As I tell the story, use your own judgment as to whether it is plausible or not.

I paused, took a sip of coffee and continued:

In the days when electrical power was first being brought to this area, a young lineman and his wife bought some land near Arriola and began building a house. The man's friends and fellow workers tell about how he cleared the sagebrush from the high point on the land and how he found a well-preserved Indian ruin. As was usual in those days, he excavated the ruin, intending to sell the artifacts he found for a bit of spending money, and use the old walls for his cellar and loose rock for his home's foundation. He worked every evening and most weekends until his house was 'weathered-in.' Finally, in early fall, he carried his bride across the threshold and they settled in.

One day, his friends related, he came to work quite excited. He had found a large slab of rock at the bottom of a wall in a ruin he was excavating for a fruit cellar. He had banged on the rock slab with his shovel, he told them, and heard a hollow sound. He described to them how he had placed his ear against the rock and heard a very empty, booming sound, like a distant compressor. He was excited about his find and talked about it all day. He hurried home from work explaining that he was going to open the tomb, as he called it, and find a treasure.

He didn't show up for work the next day, or the next. His friends got worried.

Telephone lines had not yet stretched north of Cortez. Roads were poor and un-graveled. After work, his buddies loaded into a truck, a high-wheeled Model T, and set out for their friend's homestead.

What they found is still of great importance today because it is one of the few undocumented openings of a doorway to the underworld and sightings of a creature.

They found the remains of their friend and his wife in the house. They had tried to make a last stand, or so it seemed from the evidence. A cabinet had been placed against the back door, but something powerful had pushed it aside like a weightless ash as it forced the door and came in. The bodies had not been eaten. They had been torn and slashed. Large gashes, three claw marks each, had ended their lives.

Bloody, three clawed Thing-tracks led back out of the house, The trail was not straight. It looked as if the thing that made the trail was hurt, staggering, confused as to its direction. The trail circled, as if the creature was looking for its earlier path. Then the trail disappeared into the sage and piñon-juniper forest surrounding the homestead. The men were stunned. The Thing was out there, and probably wounded, It might strike them at any time!

A careful examination of the farmyard showed another trail, a human one. This track, when followed backwards, led to the recently excavated fruit cellar. There, to the gut-wrenching surprise of the men, was the record of the beginning of the tragedy that had unleashed the killer-thing and resulted in the deaths of their friend and his wife. The large sandstone slab had been pried aside. Through the opening they could see a long tunnel falling-off sharply into the depths of the earth. Later, although they couldn't agree exactly as to what they saw, each reported seeing some kind of light, possibly a bluish ultraviolet light, emanating from the dark tunnel into the earth.



A pry bar lay where it had been placed when the slab was moved. A shovel lay at the far side of the excavated room. Marks on the sandstone showed where the shovel had struck the wall with terrible force. The handle had shattered. The blade lay useless. One of the men, possibly out of force of habit and a respect for tools, went to where it lay and picked it up. He screamed Gaugghh!, tossing the blade away from him and stepping back in horror. He was staring at his hands. They were covered with a grayish, slimy substance, and long grey-black hairs.

The strong men surmised, once they had time to calm down and evaluate the evidence of the tragedy, that their friend had moved the slab aside with the pry-bar, set the bar down, and picked up the shovel. Something had come at him out of the depths of the ground and he had struck it hard with the shovel blade. It had hit the shovel aside, knocked it out of his grip and came after him. Defenseless, he ran to the house and barricaded the door. It had entered, sought him out, and killed both of them.

From the evidence, they agreed that he must have hurt it badly. It had staggered about, possibly looking for the doorway and tunnel that would allow it to get back into the earth and safety. Finally, unable to find its return passage, it had sought refuge in the darkness of the forest. It was still out there!

The men talked quietly and decided what they would do. Two of the men would head to town and notify the sheriff. Two would stay with the bodies. It was dark now, a dark fall night with a sliver of a moon. The men who stayed behind were brave beyond any level of measurable common sense. Would you have stayed at that dark and remote place, with a killer thing loose, possibly nearby, a

doorway to the underworld open only a few yards away?

Those around the fire would express their unwillingness to be as brave by saying "No, not me." or, "No way man, I never would stay there!"

Have you ever heard a horse scream in fear? I would ask those gathered at the fire. Come silently upon a horse at night when you are walking in the dark, being quiet so you can hear night sounds. The scream will chill your blood, stop your heart, and make it impossible to breathe. There is no noise I know more horrible than that sound. Imagine then how those two men must have felt as they sat in the darkness outside the carnage in the house and listened to the night sounds.

Suddenly, a horse in a nearby pasture screamed in terror. Then they could hear the pounding of its hooves as it galloped away across the fields. New sounds reached them. Birds, nesting in the strip of sage to the north of the house, suddenly took flight. Squawking loudly they flew into the darkness. A noise reached them, a heavy breathing, a groaning noise, the sounds of footfalls, and the swish of brush tugging against a moving object. Then, in the pale light of the sliver of new moon, it appeared. They had no guns, nothing at hand to defend themselves. They were frozen as they sat, paralyzed, unable to move or cry out. It saw them!

It is impossible to say how much terrified men can remember with accuracy. Both agreed, later when they had drunk liberal helpings of whiskey, that the thing stopped when it saw them, raised its short thick arms, paws up, pads out, if you could call them pads, in a gesture of helplessness and peace. It shook its long muzzle from side-to-side, gently, and began to back away. Its arms, they both said they

saw it do it, opened, in a gesture like “What’s going on?” Or, “What can I do?” It was backing away, but somehow it had communicated it was lost and confused. One of the men understood. He pointed towards the excavation of the fruit cellar. Then he stood, faced towards the cellar and pointed again. The thing, its white, quilted belly still visible in the darkness, turned towards him, bowed slightly as if to say “thank you,” and disappeared into the darkness in the direction of the fruit cellar.

Later that night when the other men returned, in the yellow-white light of the Model T’s headlamps, they followed the three clawed tracks to the cellar. There, they observed a fresh trail into the tunnel, down and out of sight. In a matter of minutes they replaced the slab and began filling the old ruin with earth.

In a few days the sheriff arrived. He had been out of touch for two days investigating a robbery in the town of Big Bend, on the Dolores River. Nobody believed the story the lineman’s friends told of the creature. The men, seeing their credibility in danger, and perhaps the loss of their jobs, agreed to stop telling the truth. Soon, although they were reluctant to do so, they joined the sheriff and helped him post flyers offering a reward for the arrest and conviction of “The Slasher,” murderer of the lineman and his bride.

The years passed and the country filled with farms and ranches. Once in a while a cowboy out riding fence in the area would see strange tracks. It seems there were always unusual three-clawed tracks around after the dark of the moon. A local cowboy observed, “It’s that thing that killed that lineman guy, I seen it onc’t,” he told me when I asked him about it. “I seen it and it’s not out to hurt nobody.”

There have been strange sightings in this area for years. In every group of old-timers there is at least one person who has seen a large humped-over creature making its way across a road or field on a dark, moonless night. There is one old man who says he has come upon a group of the hunchbacked, bent-over creatures, sitting in a half circle and swaying to the music of flutes they played. I have seen places, there is one at the foot of each canyon that flows into the McElmo Creek, where images of hump-backed flute players are pecked into the rocks. These same images are found throughout the Southwest and even in Mexico and Central America. Today we call them Kokopelli, the God of fertility. Perhaps they are the record we seek of a vanishing race of creatures who live below?

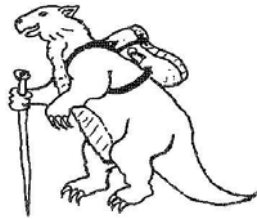
Whenever you are out camping, or just wandering and exploring the canyons and secret places, be aware you are being watched, there are eyes observing us right now, from the circle beyond the light of the campfire. Don't be afraid! If these creatures meant us harm they would already have attacked us and torn us apart. What could we do to protect ourselves? I mean, if they jumped into this circle right now and began ripping and tearing with their three clawed paws, what could we do to defend ourselves? Nothing! Obviously they don't want to harm us.

Perhaps they are unlike humans in that they don't try to kill everything that is strange or different, that they don't understand, or that they don't like. I think they are different from us in that way. We humans have the power to destroy our lands, our world, in fact, all living things. The Ancient Ones used up the resources of this land and then died out. We have done more damage to this environment in fifty

years than they did in five hundred. We proceed with what we call "progress" without thought for other living things or the balance of nature. If I were a powerful creature, able to compete with humans, I would want to destroy humankind before humankind destroys the world.

There would be a long pause and then the sounds of uneasiness from those around the fire with their backs to the night and the unknown.

Humm, perhaps we have more to fear than I thought.



## CHAPTER 17

## LAND AND EXPANSION

By 1973, I knew I would leave public education, and I did leave in 1976. Reality taught me that working within the system took too high a toll on my energies and creativity. I projected, and rightly so, that the years ahead would be times of backsliding in the schools, reflecting the old adage that you take two steps forward and then slide back one. I knew that if I quit the public schools I could make a good living on my own and have time to fulfill my dream. I began to plan my departure from the school district that had been part of my life since I entered the fifth grade. I was ready to give up the conviction that had once motivated a more idealistic “me,” a creed which said I should work within the system to change it.

Exciting things also led me away from public education. The I-SEP School was bursting with enthusiasm and energy. The programs were unfolding; demanding all of the time I was willing to give. Major decisions had to be made about the school’s future. The fourteen acres did not provide enough room for expansion or insulation from neighbors. The Cherry Creek House was too small. The highway which ran in front of the house generated too much noise. Trucks shifting gears dominated quiet time and disturbed the processes of learning. As a result, I was working on a campus design in graduate school, and imagining a place where there was room to grow.

I met with Jo, Jim, Jeff, and Lloyd. We discussed the growth of the programs, the limitations of the Cherry Creek House, and our future options. They knew we had outgrown the house and that we

needed to find a large piece of land and build facilities. Still, they loved the house and land. They told me they, and many of the kids, would be disappointed if I sold it. They urged me to keep looking for a bigger place they would accept if it was a better place. I contacted a realtor friend, listed the Cherry Creek House, and asked him to look for a large parcel of land on which the school could develop.

I relied heavily upon the staff to help me make the decision to buy new land and sell the house. I did not imagine, at that time, how instrumental Jim Cable would be in the opening of a new campus.

I sold the house and fourteen acres in August 1974. That day I purchased eighty acres of wild land northwest of Cortez, on Crow Canyon. That night we had our first adventure on the new land. The staff and the eighteen participants enrolled in the August program were apprehensive.

When we gathered for dinner, I promised them a surprise. From their questions and comments I learned they were more than a little concerned about what had happened. They knew the Cherry Creek house and land had been sold. They had seen the realtor and the man in the chartreuse jumpsuit shake hands. They were sad and angry.

Everyone loved the Cherry Creek house, the big barn, the orchard, and the fields of red-topped grass. The great willow tree was theirs, but now I had sold it. They weren't unfriendly to me, yet I was shown enough shoulder to know they felt I betrayed them. They listened skeptically as I promised a surprise. They would listen, but they wouldn't be bought by some cheap revelation. It wouldn't be easy for them to forgive me.

I explained that we must wait until dark before I could share my secret with them. Twenty-one people waited quietly on the porch or out under the big willow in the back yard. The dishes were washed, the kitchen cleaned up. They waited, but only because there was nothing else to do.

When it was dark, I had Jim turn the bus around and he told everyone to load up. I saw a few faces light up. Perhaps they thought I was going to take them to town and pacify them with ice cream. I didn't acknowledge questions. In the large rear view mirror of the bus I met their glares and gave them a "don't push me look." I drove the highway towards town and then cut off onto the country gravel roads. It was black outside and impossible to see. None of them had ever been that way before. I parked where the forest began at the west end of the land I had purchased that day. We unloaded at the edge of a plowed field.

The night was pitch-black. There was a slip of a moon disappearing behind the Sleeping Ute Mountain. High clouds filtered the starlight into a silver haze high in the heavens. The air was humid, more than usual, soft as it brushed our cheeks. We walked into the forest. I led, hoping I could find the almost invisible trail. The twisted cedar trees made dark shapes with gray, outreaching arms. The forest closed in behind us. Behind me there were sudden bursts of nervous chatter, then "shhh's" hissed from a dozen other mouths. I kept the North Star over my left shoulder through the lacy canopy of treetops. The ground was soft, our footfalls muffled. The air became hotter, heady with the smell of piñon pitch and the cedar fragrance of junipers. Shallow gullies cut our path. We crunched across rocky outcroppings. A long sagebrush flat opened before



us. We passed, as shadows, and began to drop off the hill heading for a dark, wide stain, which was Crow Canyon.

The tops of giant cottonwood trees became visible. They were as parachutes and umbrellas against the sky. The twisted piñon and juniper trees grew sparse. Patches of silver-glowing sagebrush appeared. A steep deer trail led us down to the grassy bottom and the creek.

The air on the bottom was sweet with the essence of the damp earth and grass. We stood in awe. The high cirri cleared and the stars seemed to be held up by the canyon's rims.

"This is it," I said softly, proudly, bursting with a love of the place.

A realtor friend, Jerry Wolf, had done the impossible. He had found us a wild, wonderful eighty acres and a buyer for the Cherry Creek House at the same time. Now we were sitting in the tall grass under the stars.

"This is where we will build our new place," I announced. "Do you like it?"

At the end of the summer of 1974, we moved out of the Cherry Creek house and took our gear to the new land. It was a quantum leap forward, and not without problems. We had only a few months to make the land suitable for our use. I was aware there were "a few" impediments we would need to remove before the summer programs started in June. There was no road, just a jeep track into the new land: no electricity, no drinking water, no usable buildings, and of course, no telephone. Other than that, the land was in need of grooming, there were dangerous old shacks that would have to be torn down, and there were piles of trash that thoughtful neighbors had been dumping in the forest for years. Other than that,

the land was close to town, isolated and private. It had acres of beautiful trees, meadows, sagebrush flats, and views. It was perfect as far as we were concerned. Now all we needed was a miracle to get everything ready by summer!

Miracles don't always come in the shapes and sizes we think we want. As part of my doctoral work I was studying alternative building systems for schools, with the intent of designing a model campus for our programs. One day, as I was researching and trying to design inexpensive, attractive, and practical construction systems, I drove by a prototype structure that looked like a flying saucer. It was sitting on a lot off south Santa Fe Drive in Englewood, Colorado. I went into the TotalMold Company offices and met Al Loerke, a creative genius and a delightful man. We visited. Al got excited about my campus building project. He showed me a prototype of a dome-like structure he had designed and was attempting to manufacture. Unlike geodesic domes, these buildings were more flat-topped, being six feet high at the sides, and only nine feet high at the center. The domes were built in eight sections. Each section could be pre-wired and plumbed. Domes could be joined together or stand alone.

Al pointed out that domes divided in half would make excellent instructional spaces. Full circles standing alone or joined together could be dorms, kitchens, or anything we needed. The tough naval fiberglass exteriors could be colored to match the soils. The shapes were similar to the kivas, hogans, and pit-house structures commonly found in the Mesa Verde region.

It wasn't long before I utilized these domes as part of the campus plan I submitted to my resource board at UNC. The plan was the culmination of years

of thought and planning; years of studying soils, traffic flow patterns, mechanical systems, space utilization, construction materials and techniques, acoustics, kitchen designs, and myriads of other related subjects which now came together in a design for a model campus. I thought I had everything under control. I would build the new campus on our land on Crow Canyon.

Unfortunately, in a matter of months the world changed. We couldn't get the materials for the domes. Even when we could find the petrochemical by-products we needed, we couldn't afford them. Prices went up and out-of-sight as a result of OPEC's price increases. The naval fiberglass I needed for the domes became so expensive the cost of conventional construction systems seemed low in comparison. The circular, hogan-like structures I wanted to use were now too expensive. I had to change my plan for building a campus. At the time I thought that was a major set-back. It proved not to be. I found a poor but functional "temporary" alternative, and we learned something important about buildings.

"Trailers? Do you mean house trailers?" Jim Cable asked me giving me his "crazy-guy" look.

"They're better than tents," I said, never realizing how many times I would say that in the next ten years. "Besides, I can get three hulls from Aetna for \$1200 each ... and they will deliver them."

"Yeah, but trailers?" Jim said unhappily. "Oh well, it's worth a try. Let's go look at them."

We bought trailer shells on wheels: a 1956 New Moon, a 1959 Nassau, and a 1961 Rollohome. Pink, turquoise, and pale-yellow tin tubes, ten feet wide and fifty feet long, structurally sound, we hoped. They were the least expensive shelters we could find.

“Look at this one,” Jim said sarcastically, “its got such a bad case of the uglies someone tried to kill it.”

I looked inside. Someone had shot it full of holes with what looked like a twenty-two. Small bullet holes riddled plumbing and walls. “At least it didn’t bleed,” I said as we examined the damage, “it was already dead when they shot it.”

I asked the Aetna salesman if we could put some of our stuff inside the trailers so that we could save shipping costs. “Sure,” he told me, “fill ‘em up, it won’t make much difference to the hauler.” I know he never expected we would load half of Denver’s surplus goodies into those units.

I got to know the yards at Colorado Surplus Properties as well as their employees knew them. Every piece of equipment, surplus nail, bolt or screw, every recycled cabinet or stainless steel countertop, stove, or bin we thought we could use found its way to the Aetna lot and got stowed in the trailers for shipment to Cortez. Rare and unusual items from our basements, garages, and yard sales, soon followed. Jim and I discussed their potential, imagined them in use, and then packed them with the other treasures for shipment to the new campus.

When we were unable to stow more of our valuables, the haulers took possession of the trailers and the three ugly boxes rolled away behind unhappy trucks. Several months later, after delays getting over Wolf Creek Pass, on a cold day in early spring, they ended up in Audrey and Lee’s yard, about five miles from Crow Canyon. I’m glad I wasn’t there to see the Allmon family go into shock or hear them questioning my sanity. We would move the odd collection of junk to the new land when we had a way to get in -- a road -- and a level place to park.

We had a plan. Jim and I knew exactly what we were going to do with those rectangular tubes. First we would “gut” them and take out everything that wasn’t structurally necessary. Two would be placed side-by-side and holes would be cut through their walls. Joined in this way, we would have a large room at one end of the two square tubes. The third trailer would be placed perpendicular to the others for a separate dorm and darkroom building. The entire “structure” would then be stabilized on foundation pillions. The exteriors would be sided with rough-cut pine in board-and-batten style. We would place one-by-twelve trim boards running horizontally along the tops and bottoms of the units. Then we would nail fake vigas (pole ends) around the top at six foot intervals. When our building was to be finished, we envisioned it a southwest-looking structure that no one would guess was made from ugly trailers.

Throughout the winter Jim and I planned gravity-fed potable water systems, septic and leaching fields, alternative electrical and gas lighting systems, kitchen layouts, gas-fired refrigeration, and housing and classroom layouts. We found a used one-ton service truck with a compartmentalized bed, bought it, and got it fixed up as a water hauler and heavy-duty field unit. I found stock racks for my pick-up so we could load it to the sky. We purchased a surplus 10-KW generator and its trailer, submarine batteries, and dozens of 12-volt, fifty-watt bulbs for our electrical system. In caravan, looking like Oakie escapees from a Steinbeck novel, we made treks to Cortez, unloaded, and then drove back to Denver.

In March 1975, Jo, Jim, Mark Winfrey, and I arrived in Cortez after a long trip from Denver. We bumped down the rutted jeep trail, stopped at the bottom of the hill and laid out our sleeping bags. We

collapsed, exhausted. It was the first night any of us had spent on the property. The next morning it turned cold and began to drizzle. We formed a shelter in the remains of a dugout shed and set up camp. By mid-afternoon we had staked out the route for the road and a site for the buildings. The next morning Owen Uptain arrived with his old D-2 caterpillar tractor. In a matter of hours he cut in the road and turn-around. By mid-afternoon he bladed off the site for the building, exposing a rock shelf. The remaining shelf, in front of the buildings, made a courtyard. Deep cracks in the courtyard formed a perfect peace symbol.

On our last evening before returning to Denver, we sat in a Kentucky Fried Chicken establishment, so cold and wet that even our idealism was chilled. We shared a sense of creating something great. We also knew the reality that stared us in the face. We had less than two months to get the trailers and other systems in place before students arrived. Jim, Jo, and others were in school. I was teaching and needed in Denver full-time. None of us could do anything but dream until mid-May.

"We can't get there from here," Jo observed. "There's no way we can have a complete facility built by June." We all agreed, it wasn't possible -- but we would try.

In May 1975, one year before Jo and I left public school teaching and committed full-time to the school and educational research center, an unbelievable thing happened...

Word spread that Berger was building a new headquarters for the Cortez Program and needed help. Grapevines carried the message and young alumni gathered their gear, a friend or two, and headed for southwest Colorado. The month of April

had passed with no progress on the project. Now it was mid-May and colleges and universities were out. Jim, Jo, Lloyd, Jeff, Patty, Ira, and Jo's friend Dave Scheidel were in Cortez. Within days there was activity on site. The atmosphere was that of an old fashioned barn raising, only these kids were building a school.

Our first center of operations on Crow Canyon was in a 1954 Cozy Cruiser trailer. It was twenty-six feet long and eight feet wide. Inside, the woodwork gleamed and character exuded from every one of its fine features. Everyone loved the "Cozy" and everyone lived in it, or tried to; ate in it, or tried to; and hid from the cold rains in it, or tried to. It was parked at the construction site. It was the only warm friendly place in a landscape strewn with equipment and junk.

I was trapped in Denver teaching by day and working at night to complete my doctoral work and get the money we needed for the construction project. Late each evening I awaited a call from Jim or Jo in Cortez. As they gave me their daily report and told of the arrival of workers, the progress being made, and the ways they had changed our plans for the better, I had tears in my eyes. In all of my life I had never experienced anything as beautiful. The miracle we had prayed for was happening. A dream was being shared.

For Jim, it was quite a different story. He found himself in charge of a complicated and difficult project with a crew of inexperienced workers. He was "The Man." If he screwed up, the project and program would suffer. People would blame him and he would lose favor among his peers, or so he believed.

“Does anybody have construction experience?” I asked him during one of our evening telephone debriefings.

“Jo worked with her dad on projects around their house. Dave has completed a few remodeling jobs. Lloyd and Jeff know how to build things like workbenches and shelves. Nobody else even knows how to handle a hammer,” Jim complained. “I have to spend too much of my time teaching and supervising when I really need to be plumbing the sewer system or building walls or getting the water system operational.”

“Do the best you can,” I answered, knowing my words could not convey my confidence in him. “You know how to figure it out. You know how to work with people. I’ll be down this weekend to help ... Jim? ... Keep up the good work!”

I would hang up frustrated that I couldn’t communicate my deep faith in his abilities. He was young, but he was way ahead of many forty-year-old men I knew.

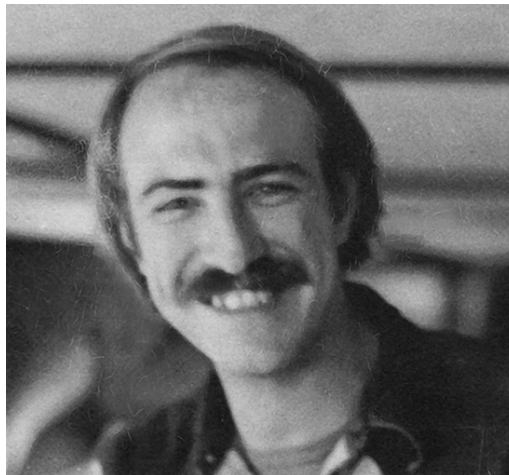
The Riva Rubio Construction Company was formed one evening in the Cozy Cruiser. Rumor had it that it got its name from a label on a bottle of sherry Dave used to flavor one of his magnificent onion soups. Jo and Dave, principals in the Riva Rubio operation, would combine their talents and build a service bar between the kitchen and the living/dining room, among other projects. Jim and Lloyd formed the Crow Canyon Quality Construction and Destruction Company. They focused on building other parts of the structure like the bathrooms. Pride in workmanship--somebody had to like it--and the rewards of seeing things come together, focused the groups. They worked dawn to dusk, and then some, in all kinds of weather. Board stretchers and sky



hooks went the way of left-handed monkey wrenches. The crew became weathered and confident, if not entirely competent.

Lloyd Haynes experiments with an alternative energy photographic darkroom were successful. In the back end of one of the trailers he built a fully equipped darkroom. He converted enlargers and other equipment to 12-Volt DC current. In addition to the 12V system, Jim and Lloyd rigged up an old generator in back of the building to provide 110-Volt AC service when we needed it to run tools or vacuum cleaners.

When it was too dark to work, too late to drive into town to shower, and the crew was too tired to eat, Dave and Jo would haul out their guitars and ease the burdens of the day with songs. Dave Scheidel, a songwriter and guitar-picker, in many ways a musical genius, shared his songs, and gave of himself as a friend.



Dave Scheidel. His onion soup kept us strong and warm.

Dave then stayed on as a valuable staff member. A part of him will always echo around the canyon and sing in our hearts.

It was almost flight time. Jim rushed me to the airport to catch the Sunday evening plane back to Denver. As he drove he asked question after question about the project and what I expected to find in place the following Tuesday evening when I arrived back at Crow Canyon with a bus loaded with kids.

“I hope for a working water system, toilets that flush, a kitchen we can use, and places for the kids to sleep. I’ll explain to the kids that things are under construction and rough. I’ll tell them not to expect much. I’ll tell them that what they will find is better than tents,” I said as gently as possible. “The worst thing that can happen is that we’ll have to sleep in town in a gym. We can still deliver a good program. Don’t worry!”

As my plane winged eastward, I recalled my last glimpse of the place. Trash and equipment were piled everywhere. Turquoise and pink trailers sat behind the naked framework for the siding that would hide them. No systems worked. The Crow Canyon construction site looked as if a disaster had struck it, Oh well, I thought, we tried.

As I drove the big school bus towards Cortez, I used every opportunity to prepare the students for the not-so-neat facilities they would find when we arrived. I asked them to be tolerant and to put up with inconveniences, like cold showers, and no electric lights. By the time we reached Cortez I had them prepared for the worst. ‘It will be better than camping out, better than tents,’ I said for the fiftieth time. It would take a miracle to have things ready for the students.



Ira Domsky and Jim Cable making it happen.  
June 4, 1975.



Jim Cable

We dropped off the steep hill on the bumpy dirt track that led down to Crow Canyon, the school bus grinding in low gear, and turned onto the ungraveled dirt track we had bladed that spring. As we climbed the gentle grade to the turn-around, all eyes searched for a first view of the facility. Suddenly the bus was filled with “oohhs” and “ahhhs” and “wows.

There, haloed in the late afternoon sunlight, stood an established and comfortable building that looked like something out of an old picture book of stage stops and trading posts. The rough-cut pine siding appeared as if it had been weathering there for years. The grounds around the building were clean and kept. As I stopped the bus, we could see the front of the building where the courtyard was formed by the “L” of the now disguised trailers. There, in relaxed and seemingly lazy positions, lounged the staff. They stood and stretched and kicked at the earth as if to say: “Look Ma, visitors. First we’ve had in weeks.”



The Fort’s transformation was complete when the first group arrived. June 9, 1975.

Jim was *first* to the bus door. He motioned urgently for me to follow him. I dropped from the bus steps and ran to keep up with him as he headed into the building. As I passed through the doorway I couldn't believe my eyes. We entered an attractive space, clean and bright with a long table at one end, set with stainless steel service, folded napkins, and plastic flowers in candle holders. In front of us was the completed Riva Rubio Bar, its top surface enhanced by charring and coated with a gleaming urethane finish. To the left was a giant Servel gas refrigerator and a long, shiny, stainless steel counter. Audrey was tending dinner which was simmering happily in large pots on the cooktop. The oven was full of fresh rolls. Everything was clean, bright, and cheerful.



“Look tough!” First group of staff and students at the Fort 1975.

Jim stood in front of one of the two separate sink counters and proudly opened the tap. Hot water flowed with pressure and gurgled down the drain. He

reached over to the wall and flipped an electrical switch. A lone, bare, 12-volt bulb glowed cheerfully.

Then he was off again, this time to a bathroom just past the kitchen. I looked in. It was clean. The toilet and basin were in place. Jim flushed the toilet and then was off again, back outside the way we entered, as fast as he could go to the front of the dorm-darkroom trailer. He unfastened an access panel built into the siding, lifted the panel aside, and kneeling down under the trailer he ordered me to join him and listen. I heard the swish of water passing through the white sewer pipe that led to the septic tank.

“The toilets work too!” he said proudly.



Jo and Dave filled our hearts with music.

The new campus with its unique buildings helped make the 1975 summer programs vital and fun. I noted that the student's learning was

accelerating at an unbelievable pace. Building a school in the outback of southwestern Colorado was a once in a lifetime opportunity. A high level of excitement bound us together, staff and students as one. Motivational energy enhanced every activity and encounter. The programs were the best to date, and I knew it was time to leave public education and do I-SEP full time. I wasn't alone in my decision to move to Montezuma County and build the dream.

## CHAPTER 18

### PIONEERING: A TIME TO LOVE AND BUILD



Jo Hindlemann working out the chords to  
Just Smiles.

Jo started in the Cortez Program in 1968 as a student. The next year, she became a learning assistant. In 1971, she coordinated the summer



sessions and had the responsibility for day-to-day logistics and group interaction as Associate Director. She attended Colorado University. She studied in Italy and became fluent in Italian. As she pursued knowledge and her own adventures, loves, and fortunes, she never lost contact with what was happening in southwestern Colorado. Each summer she returned to teach. She gave of herself and enriched the programs. She brought music to fill the emptiness in our winter-starved hearts. We were friends and we shared a common dream. After she got her teaching certificate and was graduated from Colorado University she took a position with the "I" Team at Smoky Hill High School in the Cherry Creek District. In 1976, she committed all of her energy and resources, as I did, to move to Cortez and work full-time to build the school, and research center, on Crow Canyon.

Jo and I decided to cement our lives together. We had been friends for more than eight years and we had worked together seven summers. We were married in the fall of 1976 in a small service in the home of Jo's parents in Denver. Her folks gave us a large reception -- hundreds of family and friends. Our many-tiered wedding cake, sans bride and groom, held instead a model of a schoolhouse, complete with an I-SEP flag. That night, we headed for Cortez. We were pioneers, moving to the southwestern frontier to make our dreams come true.

The land on Crow Canyon opened us to new feelings and to a deeper sense of, a closeness to, nature. As we explored the land, we had adventures that brought the savage, more primeval parts of our beings closer to the surface.

Along the north side of the campus, the piñon-juniper forest was dense and wild. Erosion had

worked away at the soft top soils and exposed Dakota sandstone blocks, which formed a jaw-like rim with rock teeth showing through a beard of forest. Gullies had been cut from the rim, falling away to the north like secret passageways beneath the trees. Each north-flowing ravine met its end in a large west-to-east flowing channel, which was often eight feet deep. The dense undergrowth formed a canopy over the deep cut making it seem like a tunnel. The channel paralleled our entry road, which ran along the property line about fifty feet farther to the north.

The channel, a secret passageway, was so well hidden by the trees and close-growing sagebrush we did not discover it until we had been on the land for almost a year. It was discovered by a few of us who kept its secret and used it to pass unnoticed from the top part of the land to the bottom, or into the feeder gullies and then secretly out onto the rim. It was fun to let the wild parts inside us have control while we moved silently through the primeval forest.

The ancient juniper trees that grew near the gullies and the arroyo were twisted souls tortured by a harsh desert climate. Their branches grew like writhing arms. Their green boughs were made of scale-like cells. Their trunks were wrapped with matted, hair-like bark. Soft and fibrous it often stripped away in long strands which hung from the trunk and lower branches and moved continually with the breezes.

The piñon trees on the North side were old. Mossy molds and lichen splotches covered their trunks and lower limbs. Dead branches, some showing the shiny-bare patches where porcupines had eaten away their bark, looked as if they were trying to twist and curl away from their attackers.

Rough-barked limbs held dark green needles in puffs of life at the end of sun-seeking branches. A litter of needles, now golden brown, and cones, now open and graying in the weather, formed a spongy forest floor around the base of each tree and beneath the fallen members of the forest, dry-rotting into the ground. Stringy, woody-stalk sagebrush plants fought for sunlight and moisture in the near twilight conditions. In nature's odd injustice they had formed the nursery for the sprouting piñons and junipers. These woody plants had protected the young trees as they rooted. Now they were denied life's sustaining substances by the trees they had nurtured.

The eroded forest floor was littered with rocks fallen upon each other as the soil washed away. Erosion had exposed the roots of the living and the dead. Other forms of life struggled to live. Velvet bees ran about puffed-out in bright red and orange attire. They seemed out of place -- jewels carelessly tossed on the floor. A whitewash of droppings on piñon trunks and the ground beneath the trees told of a roost or nest where a great horned owl spent time or where a red-tailed hawk ripped flesh for his meal. White bones, some ending in a tuft of fur or a furry foot, lay around the owl's roost and the hawk's haunt, the only evidence, in our presence, of rabbits, voles, and squirrels.

It was no surprise that this north-facing land became known to us as Mordor, Tolkien's testing ground for hobbit heroes. It was a place to slink into on a dark, moonless night. Using the secret channels and ravines as passageways, we would find a level place to "camp" and build a small fire around which we could seek protection from the night's mysteries. Jo, with her flute, would make her way to the Mordor

encampment by a secret route that only she knew. She would hide in the dimness of the forest's camouflage and wait for those of us at the fire to settle and become quiet. When the time was right, from the darkness of the wood, she played music fit for that spooky place and the forest's soul. It was an experience one never forgets.

The deep-cut channel brings one down from Mordor to the undulating land that has been gentled by the perpetual action of Crow Creek. Following the drainage, one soon discovers the green irrigated meadow. It runs along the east end of the property.

The meadow is a special place. It is the antithesis of the primeval forest. We loved to watch kids running hand-in-hand through the tall meadow grass, laughing, cheering each other on with throaty country yells. On windy days the tall grass would be a Taoist's lesson in flowing harmony. The wind would make designs, woven patterns in the tapestry of the stalks. In the evenings, or in the early morning, it wasn't unusual to see a black fluffy tail with a white stripe boldly running its length, making its way along a hidden track in the tall grass. Skunks caught crayfish in the creek, insects in the grass, and many of us by surprise!

The Fort, as the rough building was called by the students, gathered rare and assorted junk dragged in from god knows where. Plants fought for light at the windows. A wood stove and a bright blue Warm Morning gas heater warmed us through cold nights. Old chairs with broad arms trapped many a soul. They beckoned visitors to come and sit, relax, visit, read, sleep, or listen to music. Mantled gaslights gave off heat and a yellow light which seemed to entreat us to relax and do nothing but dream and vision-quest.

Comfort reigned in the cozy confines of the school. It was a place where shoes were welcome on coffee tables and drinks that spilled were quickly mopped up and forgotten. It was a place that attracted a constant string of visitors who came to fill their souls with the rare comforts the place offered: to write, to be creative, or to commune with nature and the spirits of the Ancient Ones.



Hi! Welcome to Crow Canyon.  
Jo and Ed greet students.

In the late fall, after the sessions were over and the students went back to their worlds, Jo and I were alone at Crow Canyon.

Each day we worked to improve the facilities and develop new programs which would continue year-round. We hiked, got to know trees, views, and the smells of sage and the piñon-juniper forests. At

night, alone in the gaslights glow, comforted by the warmth from the old wood stove, we explored the school's options and laid the groundwork for them.

Jo composed a song about Crow Canyon that said what the two of us felt about the land. She would play it on those long sweet evenings. Often she would share it with our guests:

*The Crow Canyon Lullaby*

*Today at last the rains came  
The desert sky filled with tears  
The crops in the garden are growing  
Thank God! It's been a dry year.*

*The tractor is snortin' and growlin'  
Tugging at the rocks for the wall  
I'm in the woods a'courting  
Critters to stay for the fall.*

*There's not going to be any killin'  
You need not scatter in fear  
There's nobody here who is willin'  
Only the gentle are near.*

*A jackrabbit leaps over sagebrush  
Announcing my visit to the Queen  
She and the doe are dinin'  
Hidden by the russet and the green.*

*There's not going to be any killin'  
You need not scatter in fear  
There's nobody here who is willing  
Only the gentle are near.*

When the first snow fell, it brought a silence to the canyon that numbed our ears. Then the snow stopped, the sky cleared, and the air became crisp and cold. We could clearly hear the sounds from town across two canyons to the east. We heard trucks grinding up Highway 666, miles away. Every bird's call and every coyote's cry echoed through the thin air around the Fort. The wonderland of snow-tufted branches and glistening white sage flats brought deer closer to the meadow and made them visible. With the deer came other creatures. We couldn't catch a glimpse of them but we knew they were out there because we heard their calls and saw their tracks.

The wildness was all around us. We were part of it. Echoing coyote songs sent chills through us. We lay awake at night waiting to hear them, trying to pick out voices of animals we had not seen but could identify by their unique and sometimes confused attempts at singing. Not all coyotes could get through a set without getting mixed up.

One quiet afternoon as we sat inside looking out, we saw several deer bolt in panic from the woods to the south of the Fort. "Must be coyotes or dogs from town," we commented as we started out of the building to get a closer look. That was as far as we got. A blood-chilling scream tore through the quiet of the canyon. More deer burst out of the woods. A mountain lion vented her anger as her prey escaped.

We didn't rush out to the point to see if she made a kill that day. In fact, it was several days before we climbed the point looking for sign. After that, we had a different feeling as we walked in the silent winter woods. We no longer felt as if we were the dominant species.

On clear winter days, when it was warm in the sun and below freezing in the shade, when the earth was frozen with only a slick film of mud on its surface, we hiked out across the land to the west of Crow Canyon on journeys of discovery.

Once piñon-juniper forests like the one that still graced our campus had covered all of this land. Then, in the very recent past, dryland farmers had cabled the trees and windrowed them into piles where they could rot or be burned. They plowed the cleared land for planting pinto beans or winter wheat. In marginal areas where the trees had grown well but where the soil was thin and rocky, the men operating the caterpillar tractors pulled cables or anchor chains between them and flipped the trees out of the ground, killing them. Then, seeing that the land could not be plowed, they left them there, tumbled and broken, forming large, ugly scars across the mesa tops.

Some attempts at aerial seeding were made by the government in the hope grass would grow and the cattle industry would benefit. The grass didn't grow. The highly subsidized cattle industry didn't prosper. It was left to nature to heal the ugly wounds man had inflicted upon thousands of acres of forest lands. The American people had unknowingly paid for the destruction of native eco-systems.

When we hiked, we skirted the almost impassable cabled areas, staying at the edges of the plowed fields. In this zone we found Indian ruin after Indian ruin. The sites dated from Basketmaker times (as early as the beginning of the Common Era), to Anasazi Developmental Pueblo times (550- 900 C.E.), to later Anasazi Pueblo II and Pueblo III times (which ended about 1285 C.E.).



We learned to identify each period by architectural remains, or the lack of them; ceramic types; lithics, primarily arrowheads and other stone tools; and site location. It was a wonderful experience to come upon a small circle of sandstone slabs outlining a Basketmaker storage pit, or to stumble upon a mound of earth and stone that had once been a farmstead.

Most of the sites we found were located on public lands administered by the Bureau of Land Management. Most showed some signs of vandalism -- pot hunting. Many had been vandalized recently. Human bones littered the craters dug by the grave robbers. It became obvious to us that there were three types of robbers: amateurs out for "treasure" who dug as a hobby; professional pot-hunters who knew enough about archaeology to target the later sites in search of burials containing strikingly beautiful black-on-white ceramic vessels; and "professional" archaeologists who sought collections for their colleges, universities, or for museums.

We came to believe that a well-thought-out educational program could channel the curiosity of the amateur diggers into productive research programs. As participants in these programs they could dig, learn about the artifacts recovered, begin to understand the culture of the people who made them, and develop an ethic of conservation. We believed the United States government, through the Bureau of Land Management, had the responsibility to protect cultural resources on public lands. We were angered by the artifact hunters -- thieves who "mined" for their personal gain and were systematically destroying a world treasure. As a result, we joined others who were pressuring

Congress to provide the funds necessary for the BLM to do its job.

In 1976, as Jo and I hiked we decided to follow a forested ridge. The ridge swept back to the northeast from a major Pueblo ruin we had named the Dugout Site because a homesteader, now long gone, had excavated into the large ruin and used it for his home. As we made our way along the south-facing side of the ridge, we came upon a large clearing overgrown with tall sagebrush. The snow was several days old, crusty in the shade and slushy in the sun. It covered the ground and made a white base that showed off the pale blue-green sage plants with their yellow-green crested arcs of last season's growth. The sunlight caught each plant and turned the clearing into a surrealistic set. We walked into the sage meadow to be a part of the beauty.

Dozens of thin, shaped sandstone slabs were standing on edge. The slabs had absorbed the warmth of the sun, which had melted the snow around them. They stood like teeth in a crescent-shaped jaw that ran the length of the clearing. Some were jutting fourteen inches or more from the snow-covered earth. Others were stubby and lichen covered. All were placed by ancient man. The slabs outlined the rooms, the living and working spaces: A one-thousand-two-hundred-year-old Developmental Pueblo (P-I) village.

On the east end of the crescent, several holes had been dug by artifact hunters. The state of erosion and the re-established vegetation told us that the robbery had occurred many years before. Since then, the site had remained untouched. We spent a long time looking at the site and enjoying the beauty of the clearing in the forest. We talked quietly as if we could disturb the spirits that hovered about. We

looked for and found three circular depressions in the ground southeast of the crescent. Pit houses, underground rooms with wood and earth roofs, had been built, used, and then abandoned by the Ancient Ones. Now, 1,200 years later, they were dirt-filled depressions in the soil.

Finding the pit houses confirmed for us that we were standing on the ruins of a large village site. When we were certain of its period, we realized that we had made an important discovery. The literature of the time said that P-I sites existed above 6500 feet and that none existed in our area. We were at 6200 feet and this was the largest of many P-I sites we had found west of Cortez.

Over the next three years, we shared the site with archaeologists and friends. Further examination of the ridge revealed additional sites from other time periods. Archaeologists from the Dolores Archaeological Project, then the second largest archaeological project in the world, came to see the site. Their mitigation and salvage project in the take-out area of the new McPhee Dam being built near Dolores, Colorado, not too far from Crow Canyon, involved the excavation of ruins from the same Developmental Phase, P-I time.

Dr. William Lipe, co-principal investigator for the Dolores Project, a professor at Washington State University at Pullman, visited the site. Soon he was a friend of Crow Canyon. He supported our efforts to develop an educational program to help stop hobby diggers and channel their energies into archaeological research projects. He helped us understand the nature of the vandalism problem, and he suggested ways that education could help stop vandalism. He saw our role as non-archaeologists, concerned citizens, who could bridge the gap

between his profession and the public. Like Dr. Rohn, he was well liked and respected by locals.

To build a bridge between the archaeologists and the local residents, Jo and I needed to be active members of the community. Since 1968 I had been visible in the greater Cortez area as a teacher and student sponsor. Jo and I wanted to contribute to our adopted community. We believed that as people accepted us, they would accept our concern for archaeological preservation.

## CHAPTER 19

### BECOMING A PART OF THE COMMUNITY

Once Jo and I moved to Cortez we began getting involved in the community. Building a school was like sending six kids through college. We sought all kinds of economic opportunities that would provide for the school and leave us flexible enough to design and implement programs. We also volunteered to help in the community whenever we could.

One such contract was with the Human Potential Development Corporation. HPD provided shelter, food, clothing, counseling, and prayer for inebriates scraped up off the streets, out of the doorways, and out of the city parks. Soon, it also provided help via "A Need Is Enough" program which employed CETA trainees to assist people, mostly elderly folks. The program offered help to those in need by shoveling snow, fixing a window, bringing in wood, or getting to the hospital. It was a splendid program.

We became friends with a local Episcopal priest. I accepted his invitation to sit on the HPD Board. Working with the Rev. Bryan, we met people caught up in the futility and frustrations of our society. Many of those served by HPD programs were Native Americans. Some were people from the Ute Tribe, many were Navajo, and many came from tribes and cultures from all over the United States. "We were Anglos," a term used in this part of the country to identify non-Hispanic or non-Indian "white" people. Jo and I were asked to create an area education center which would provide positive and enriching learning

activities for our community. We established The Montelores Area Education Center which provided non-credit enrichment programs for anyone who wished to attend. The program was a success. The first three quarters it operated we had over one hundred fifty people enrolled in courses that ranged from ceramics to accounting, from painting to computers. Jo went into the public schools and presented programs on alcohol and drug abuse. The salaries we earned by directing and teaching at the education center went to Crow Canyon.

Jo and I believed the school should operate on the resources its programs could generate. The school would have to develop an economic base of its own. It could not be dependent upon our nest egg, which was almost gone. We told the I-SEP Board that we would work without pay or other remuneration until the school was on its financial feet. We guessed that it would take us three or four years to get it established as an economically stable business. We agreed to do whatever we could to bring in money, run the programs, and build up the facilities. At the time we had no idea how much fun it would be.

One evening, after an HPD board meeting, I was talking to Board member Ken Wilson who owned Wilsons Pharmacy on Main Street in Cortez. I was explaining our hopes for Crow Canyon and bemoaning the fact that the school had a large insurance premium due. I explained that Jo and I needed to earn the money, somehow, and give it to the school.

Ken had an idea. Would we help him remodel the pharmacy? He would pay us the amount due on the insurance premium. Jo and I became remodelers. We tore out the old soda fountain and much of the

old woodwork. We scraped and cleaned, cleared, and got the store ready for new fixtures. It was hard. One day a group of women came into the building. Their leader stopped and pointed to Jo, who was working high on a ladder. "You see!" she said authoritatively, "There is a lady carpenter working here."

In January 1977, we met a young man named Frank Lister. (Son of Dr. Robert and Florence Lister). Frank had a dream. He wanted to write a development plan for the Ute Mountain Ute Tribal Park which was being proposed on lands in the heart of the Ute reservation south of Cortez. These lands bordered Mesa Verde National Park and were rich in archaeological sites. Frank held the title of Park Director. Due to Tribal and BIA conflicts, an effective director who would establish the park was defined as a threat, so the position was no longer funded and Frank was finishing up without pay.

Jo and I were intrigued with the idea. We were impressed by the depth of his thinking and the scope of his project. We offered to help him produce a Draft Development Plan for the Tribal Park. We would help him with research, development strategies, and write up. For us it meant an opportunity to get to know the outback, the forbidden places on the reservation where ancient cliff dwellings and Anasazi villages nestled in protected canyons and along remote mesa tops. It would also give us the opportunity to do something in return for the Ute Mountain Ute people who had been supportive of our programs. We had some great adventures as we learned about the resources within the proposed Mancos Canyon Indian Park, as it was called at that time.

It was the dead of winter, February. Snow lay seventeen inches deep on the ground in the open sun lit places, deeper in the shade and in drifts. It was cold, well below zero. Frank and I were cheering-on Tony Schweikle as he drove his old pick-up along an unbroken track, west, down the gently sloping mesa top on the north side of Johnson Canyon. We were on the Ute Reservation about fifty miles from the nearest paved road or services.

We had “busted” our way through drifts and snowfields for miles since leaving a gravel road the tribe kept cleared for access to their cattle. We were leading another vehicle with Sandy Thompson and Jo in it, which found the going easier, yet still scary. Frank was directing us along the track by marks on trees and by the slight undulations in the snow which told of depressions in the ground below. We trusted him. We had no choice. If we got stuck, if our vehicles became bound and stopped, it would take us several days to get back to civilization.

The five of us were going camping. At the time we knew we were nuts, yet the temptation for such an outing was greater than our collective common sense. We would camp in an ancient Anasazi cliff dwelling in a canyon which was about as far from civilization as it was possible to get. We would be alone under the winter sky on a beautiful February night.

In the late afternoon, we came to a slickrock opening in the piñon and juniper forest, a canyon head. We parked on icy rock the wind had cleared, began unloading our gear, and packed it on our backs. Encumbered by our loads, Frank led us down a steep trail into a winter wonderland canyon. Thick, snow-laden vegetation clogged our passage and tugged at our packs. From the copious growth we



could tell plants loved this protected environment. In summer it must have been a paradise. We made our way down and along the right side of the canyon until we came under an overhanging mass of sandstone. Then we were free of the snow and brush. We walked into a protected cavern with its well preserved cliff dwellings.

On a level place, an ancient courtyard, we made our camp. A fire ring told us that others had camped here many times. We leaned back against our gear and looked out over the canyon, then at the stone dwellings around us. No one talked. We became cliff dwellers protected from the winter's wrath which blew icy crystals along the snows' crust and sighed and whispered over the top of our canyon hide-out. We were Anasazi!

The darkness was warm, a mist without dampness. The rocks radiated minute but noticeable amounts of heat stored from the day's sunshine. Our firelight sent flickering figures through the ruins, nervous and running, disappearing before we could see who they were.

Tony and Sandy were away from the fire and inside the ruins. We could hear them talking in whispers, hear the scuffing sounds of boots on sandstone. As they moved they left behind flickering little lights shining out through ancient doorways and peepholes. Candles lit the rooms. Soon each dwelling was twinkling with yellow lights. The courtyard was patterned by golden designs. The steep sandstone walls at the back of the cave were alive with dancing figures. I tuned towards Jo to share the wonder of it ... she was not beside me.

Frank and I found a vantage point where we could sit and observe the beauty of the lights. It was absolutely still. Unexpectedly, from out of the

darkness, came hauntingly magical melodies, Jo's flute, or was it an ancient sound made by the canyon's spirits. The music was composed of the awe and specter of the winter night. It played not once, but again and again and again as it echoed around the canyon walls and finally spilled up over and then down and into the ends of the Earth.

The candles had puddled, spluttered, gutted, died. Our campfire, small and cheerful, was the only light in the depths of the overhang. We stepped away from the fire, outside the circle of its light to where the sky was visible beyond the rock. Up there in the winter sky hung diamonds, mere inches from our reach. Brilliant! Cold! Too real, the seldom seen February sky made us aware of our unique reality.

We were not cold, at least not as cold as we thought we would be. Morning found us somewhat stiff, slow to come to wits, not because of the cold, but because we had hardly slept for fear of missing some part of the adventure. Hot coffee cut the haze. We were up, but not in a huff to leave. Now we had time to get to know something about one another. That was how Jo and I first met Ian "Sandy" Thompson. Little did we know then, the vital role he would play in Crow Canyon's future. Now that we had shared a common experience of great magnitude, we were bound.

Our trip back to civilization was easy as we followed our day-old ruts back to the maintained road. We talked about what we saw along the track and of course, the weather, but our deep thoughts were now focused upon things we had to do upon our return. I noted, as we exchanged concerns, that Jo's thoughts were, as mine, focused upon the economics of survival and the best use of our time during the coming months.

## CHAPTER 20

### OWNERSHIP THROUGH CONTRIBUTION

Working odd jobs to keep the school solvent proved to be too time-consuming. Each hour we sold to others was an hour lost in developing the school's programs. We couldn't afford to work away from Crow Canyon, the cost was too great. We would have to generate the funds necessary to develop the school through programs. By the late 1970s our energies were redirected, the curriculum expanded to include more archaeology, and Crow Canyon took a quantum leap forward.

Something important was happening in the rustic building on Crow Canyon. A dynamic was developing that Jo and I became aware of as we observed the students and staff. It was a positive energy that made things happen. We observed kids as they returned from hikes dragging sun-bleached cow and horse skulls, old Model T Ford wheel rims, farm equipment wheels and parts, and unusual stones. Students were requesting hammers and nails so that they could hang the assorted rare finds on the board-and-batten exterior of the Fort.

People were constantly fixing up their spaces and the school. Between programs and in their "spare time" the staff worked on the building and landscaping. Many people volunteered to help. Everyone who contributed time and energy to enhance the facilities assumed ownership of the place and all that went on there. As they worked to make the Fort fit their concepts of what the school should be, they were focused and fused into a

'family' working together for common goals. For those involved in the pioneering years, that closeness exists now, many years later.

Jo and I knew that students needed to make a contribution to the program to be a part of the program. The "ownership they assumed by working to fix up the building was important to them. As the Fort became theirs, so did the program. Involvement and intensity increased. Student motivation, and thus learning, accelerated at an amazing rate. The students became self-directed learners.

It wasn't the first time I had seen "bricks and mortar" teach. I had learned a lot from the Key Club members who restored the original Cherry Creek School. Fixing up the old manse that first summer and our other headquarter facilities also had positive effects on the students and staff.

My old school district was spending millions of dollars on school buildings in which the kids and teachers had nothing of themselves invested. They spent hundreds of thousands of dollars on books and materials, maps, and scientific equipment for the students to use. The school provided everything administrators thought kids needed, without involving students in the process. Our public system did not allow students (and too often teachers) to contribute their time and energy to the system. Thus, those 'served' defined the system as separate from themselves.

I had planned to develop a fine campus that would be ready for the staff and the kids, facilities which would provide everything they would need. My elaborate plan failed because economic conditions forced me to develop an alternative, albeit temporary and not as luxurious, facilities plan. While I worried about not being able to give the participants

everything in the way of bricks and mortar, while I fretted that the facilities wouldn't look like a school (they were non-institutional looking), I had stumbled headlong onto an extremely important educational dynamic. I also came to understand that the elaborate and beautiful facilities I might have provided would have done little for the educational program. In fact, if we had large edifices to maintain, monies and energy needed for education and research would be siphoned off and the school might have failed as a result.

What we identified, and learned to take advantage of, was a dynamic we named Ownership Through Contribution, a way of involvement that allows students to have input into those things that effect their lives.

One night, I used a labeling machine to punch out a statement which I displayed in the large meeting room. It read: Programs Not Edifices. We pledged that even if we had a million dollars for buildings and could go ahead with a campus plan similar to the one I had developed, we would not build it. What we would build was a campus which required participant input. It would be built as a part of the educational program, for the benefit of staff and students. We would keep things simple and in need of a contribution from each participant. Our structures would be warm and user-friendly, non-institutional. Our buildings would be designed so that they could easily be redecorated or even remodeled by the participants.

We discussed and identified the types of outbuildings and other structures we could build in the future, and how kids and staff could build them. Kids would shape the place to fit their own ideals until it became theirs. We didn't think of the students as a

source of free labor. In fact, we all had strong feelings against using kids that way. Skilled workers, electricians and carpenters, would do the work necessary to insure safety.

The handle we now had on the concept of ownership through contribution allowed us to use the dynamic to enhance other parts of our program. The staff learned to ask for student input. They involved the participants in the development of learning activities. Students were expected to make a contribution of their thoughts, ideas, and their physical energies. Few things were packaged and provided for the students. No one on staff told them "this is the way we do it, if you don't like it, tough!"

Involving students in the process wasn't a new idea. What we had done was to identify the concept. We had given it a name, a handle with which we could turn it in our minds. We could now explain it to new staff members and parents. Most importantly we could explain it to our students.

Creative programs in the Crow Canyon environment accelerated learning for us and for the participants. As we perfected what we had learned and as we experimented with more concise ways to activate and educate, one question still needed more analysis by each of us. How do I learn?

## CHAPTER 21

## ACCELERATING LEARNING

Jo and I, ever working to improve the effectiveness of the school, asked our visitors how they learned. "How do you learn best?" we would ask as we sat discussing the programs and approaches offered at Crow Canyon. Few people had any idea. Some thought that they learned by doing, some by seeing, some by writing. Some thought everybody learned by a combination of motor and mental activity.

Our guests suspected our question was setting the scene so that we could tell them about another learning dynamic we had discovered. We weren't. We asked because we were still searching for insights into learning. Many of the educational dynamics we had identified worked, but we needed to know *more*. How could people identify how they learned? There must be a simple way to do it.

"Let's learn something together," I suggested to Jo early one spring day in 1977, "and monitor how we learn." We decided we would select something interesting that we would both like to know more about and learn it together.

"Something practical," Jo suggested, "something we need to do and that we might need to teach someday. Something we would teach if we get the contract for the CETA, pre-job Training Program."

"I know just the thing," I said, after considering many options. "Let's buy a car that needs an engine overhaul and learn how to rebuild an engine. Then we can sell the car at a profit, know enough to fix other vehicles, and teach basic automobile maintenance skills to the CETA kids."

"I always wanted to know how an engine works," Jo said laughing. "Let's try it!"

I found a 1974 Dodge Dart that had a near-perfect body and interior. It had an engine that used a quart of oil every one hundred miles. The man who sold it to me "cheap" said that he was tempted to sneak up on the car at night when it sat cold and undisturbed in his garage, open the hood, and see if he could catch it doing something that used oil. "Hell," he said in disgust, "that car don't smoke. It don't leak, it don't blow oil out the pipe. I don't know where the oil goes, but you better believe it uses all you can put in."

We purchased a Chilton's Automobile Repair Guide, some specialized tools, and an engine rebuilding kit. We borrowed a few tools that were too expensive to buy and listened to lots of advice from our friends at the auto parts store. We pulled the car into the barn and onto a ramp, drained the oil and antifreeze, and disconnected the battery. We took turns reading the directions in the manual and stripping parts off the engine. Soon the barn was filled with cans of bolts and nuts and boxes of things that we were going to take apart and repair, things that we both could identify by name but about which we knew little, like a carburetor, a distributor, and a water pump.

I lifted the head off the Slant Six block and Jo pulled the pan and loosened the connecting rod journals from the crank. We had oil and grease up to our elbows and everywhere else on our bodies and clothing where we had rubbed, touched the car, or scratched an itch.

Close inspection of our hands showed cuts and abrasions where we knuckled the metal as a



wrench slipped, or where we mashed a finger, usually where it hurt the most, on the nail.

We pulled the pistons, crankshaft and cam. We placed the valves in Styrofoam, all in order like long-stemmed mushrooms. With a light we looked down the six shiny cylinders, one at a time, examining them for scratches, wear marks, and top ridges, as the manual directed.

When we had stripped the block we stood back and evaluated our progress. It was then fear made its debut. Everywhere we looked parts lay in confused order. The engine compartment was empty but for the rectangular metal block with six shiny holes in it. Now we had to grind metal surfaces, install new parts, and put it all back together. It didn't seem possible.

In school, kids usually sit for weeks listening to lectures, looking at diagrams, reading books, and watching movies about auto repair before they get to touch an engine. When they have passed tests that demonstrate they know a coil from a crank, and theories, they are allowed to get into an engine. Well, that's not really right. They are only allowed to do minor things to an engine. It will be weeks or months or even in the next semester's class called Advanced Auto Mechanics, before they overhaul an engine.

But not us! We were going for the big one on the first time out. Is it possible to accelerate learning, we asked? Is it possible to get in, get the information we need, repair the engine, and get on with something else in a matter of days? If so, could we design a curriculum that doesn't require a course of study which is strung-out over a quarter, a semester, or a year? Would students learn as well in a jump-in-and-swim situation as they do in a toe-dipping situation? Would it be possible they might learn

better? How can we evaluate curricula for effectiveness over various lengths of time? What are the reasons why we stretch out learning in the schools?

We had questions that needed answers. They all rooted in how learning takes place. Could we jump in and overhaul an engine while learning about the engine and its parts and how they worked? If we could understand the theories behind the different operations, if we could do it all in a week, internalize the results so that we could remember and do it again, would we know as much as those who spent two semesters in class? Can people learn that way? We would soon know part of the answer, if Jo and I could get the engine repaired, back together, and running, that would tell us a lot, if not, that would also be an answer.

By following directions, asking for help when we didn't understand -- by doing -- we rebuilt the engine and reassembled it. In went the fluids, on went the battery cables, the test was nigh. I turned the key. It cranked, zrruh, zrruh, zrha-carrrrr, it caught, it ran!

We fixed one slight oil leak in the pan gasket and drove around the yard. Finally, we took it into town. The car ran well, had power, didn't use oil, and brought a good profit at resale.

As a result of our experiment, my knowledge of vehicle operation and maintenance increased. I found I was better able to check out, diagnose, and repair the school's vehicles. In time I applied the same accelerated learning to mastering diesel engines, and the care and maintenance of a pusher-type bus we bought. Jo had the satisfaction of knowing how the parts of an engine came together and what each did. When she worked with kids who

thought about cars most of the time, she amazed them by being able to communicate with them. As a teacher she had a new teaching tool, one that allowed her to introduce a new concept and then help the student associate the new concept with information they had about cars and trucks, thereby teaching within the ken of the student.

More important, both of us learned another part of the answer to our quest to know how we learned. We learned to question the time allotted to a unit of study and to experiment with restructuring the time allotted for learning. We also reinforced our belief that motivation accelerates learning and that the structure of the school must be flexible enough to allow this to happen. When people are actively learning, learning is concentrated. They become passionate, thinking about what they are doing all the time, gathering data, incorporating every shred of information into the learning experience. Breaking down the learning process into daily, hour-long bites only diminishes its effectiveness.

## CHAPTER 22

### THE LEARNING PATH

If a factory worker fails to bolt a part on correctly, it soon becomes obvious to his supervisors and he is caught, fired, or trained to do it right. Teachers don't do anything that is as easily evaluated as bolting on a part. If there is a problem, they can always blame the kid. So if they fail to teach a few children going by on the school assembly line they are rarely caught, fired, or trained to do it right. They seldom have to deal with their failures.

I wanted to test the outcomes of my teaching approaches, my assumptions, and my new programs. I learned that the system did not have up-to-date tests, or the types of tests that could give me the input I needed. I feared some form of inadequate evaluation using outmoded standards could be used to try to discredit the outcomes of the Cortez Program. I knew standardized tests have to be continually updated and that those in vogue were years behind. Many educators had been pointing out that computers can be programmed to give most of the answers many of the existing tests test for. It was clear that unless a test measures complex mental workings (higher brain functions), and thinking skills involved in reading comprehension and data interpretation, it is of little value. Effective tests must also identify student attitudes and application processes, student motivation, and a learner's flexibility of thought.

It became obvious I had to learn to be effective as an evaluator and to develop evaluation tools closely tied to national norms (summative

evaluation) and to growth within individuals (formative evaluation).

Traditionally, course evaluation is done by testing the students enrolled in the class. If it is determined that the students are prepared to pass the tests, the teacher and materials used are considered effective. That way of testing outcomes sounds okay on the surface, but I was aware new and experimental programs are often junked as a result of this type of evaluation. The essential progression of knowledge and curriculum cannot take place if results - what we test for - are expected to be within the old parameters. Those who attempt new approaches, or write new course syllabi, won't get old method results. When new approaches don't have a chance to score well on biased tests, the result is the continuation of outdated curriculum and ineffective teaching.

As I developed ways to evaluate the results of my programs against summative data, and against the formative growth within individuals, I developed insights into types of evaluation which were a process, not an end test. Testing became a means of measurement useful to me as a teaching tool. By testing during the learning process, I could adjust my teaching and focus on student needs. I began to use tests to tell me if the time and energy I invested in teaching a concept or set of facts resulted in true learning. Most important, testing lost significance as a way to evaluate student outcomes after the teaching-learning process was complete. For both student and teacher, testing became a teaching tool - a way of staying on target and getting results.

I began to use the evaluation-for-growth processes in student contracts. As I wrote a contract with each student we identified the places within their

learning activities where summative and formative evaluation would focus their work. As I did that over and over again, with hundreds of students, I became aware of two very important outcomes: I had developed clear objectives which were necessary if I was to know where we were going and when we got there; and, equally as important, I was developing a way to give form and arrangement to teaching and learning.

Because I now used testing as a way to improve my teaching and better-focus student learning activities, I became aware of other dynamics in the teacher-learner process. I observed that certain things had to happen in progression if concepts were to be effectively taught and, most importantly, internalized by the learner, I began to observe a logical sequencing that resulted in retained learning. In the early 1970s, as I sought ways to evaluate student mastery, I identified and gave names to the places in the sequence where I could evaluate the teaching-learning progress most effectively. It was like a path. I called it "The Learning Path," and set out to test my hypothesis that there were stages in the learning process where effective evaluation of teaching and student mastery would result in meaningful, life-long learning.

The Cortez Programs and my classrooms became a testing ground for the Learning Path. I asked my doctoral resource board at UNC to help me. At their urging, I evaluated dozens of text books currently being used in our schools to see if they were organized in a way which facilitated learning according to my hypothesis. I became aware that all books introduced new information by attempting to present it to the "average" reader on the grade level for which the book was intended. That was the first

step of learning: INTRODUCTION. But then, I couldn't find a text that went to the second step, ASSOCIATION, to check and see if the student responded to the introduction in the intended way. In fact, the typical text jumped from introducing a concept to testing the mastery of the concept. A few of the better texts introduced a concept, had work sheets and examples, and then tested for mastery. None recommended checking the student's comprehension.

I knew without doubt that if the association phase of learning was not present and carefully monitored, little or no learning would take place. I had seen the folly of the traditional system wherein the student passes or fails, a grade is recorded, and then another concept is introduced regardless of whether the student has benefitted from the lesson. Yet none of the texts and few if any of the curriculum guides I examined had the essential evaluation step, the step that must follow the introduction of a concept: ASSOCIATION. From observations, I also knew teachers were ineffectual if they didn't stop the telling process and check to see if the student had associated the introduced information into his own ken. I knew if the learner didn't associate the new material into his experiences, he was probably learning it by rote, if at all.

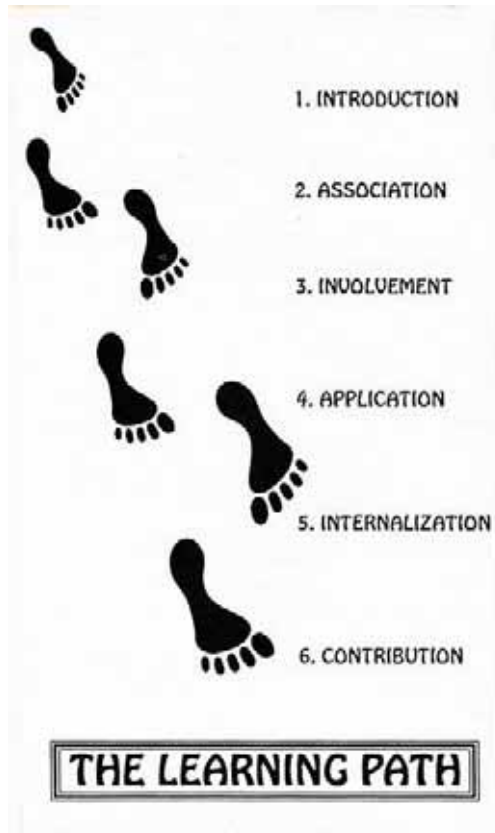
One of my favorite ways of explaining the association step on the Learning Path is to teach a concept.

I am going to teach you about a Zarouph. You will be tested upon your understanding. A Zarouph has four legs, is often spotted, and has dense fur. Zarouphs can live almost anywhere on earth. They have been known to hurt people, but most of them either avoid conflicts with humans or become passive and mild-mannered.

I assume you can pass any test I give you about the above information. You will get an "A" for the unit! You are obviously an excellent student. You know everything you need to know about Zarouphs. Hold on! There is one problem. You never associated Zarouphs with anything in your ken. You have learned your lesson, you can pass any test with an "A," and yet you have learned nothing of practical value to you - Association did not take place.

Did I say Zarouph? I mean dog.

Aha, association!





When I wanted my World History students to know what was happening in the rest of the world at the time the Anasazi flourished, an understanding that I believed essential if they were to put the new world culture in correct perspective, I had to check to see if they understood the complex ideas of geographically isolated cultures existing in developmental time. For example, did each student have a mental time-line of history that was accurate? Did each understand developmental levels-- the concept of stone- age cultures, and the concept of stone-age societies existing at the time of iron age cultures, separated by developmental level and geography? I needed to know about each student's associations to be able to teach the identified concepts.

A graphic example of incorrect association, one of hundreds I can account, popped-up in a contract meeting with a girl who had been doing quite well, but was now angry and confused, saying she wanted to drop the class. I learned that she responded to the stimulus word "Anasazi" with a response based upon the Anatole Litvak film she had recently seen about the youngest daughter of Nicolas II, the last Russian Czar. I learned she had closely associated with Ingrid Bergman, and was emotionally tied to the character Bergman played, Anastasia. When I said the strange word "Anasazi," she heard "Anastasia." Thus she heard my introduction to the Pueblo people through a mind-set of Russian history. When it didn't make sense, she became angry.

I corrected the association problem for that student and got her on to the right track in a matter of fifteen minutes. Most of the time it wasn't that easy. With other students I had difficulty getting the information I needed. Sometimes the problems of

association were so foggy, usually because the student lacked basic background information, I couldn't make a quick diagnosis and get the student on track. I needed another step for evaluating correct associations. The step I used was INVOLVEMENT.

I learned involvement is an integral part of learning. Therein, learners are actively doing, creating, building, or in any way demonstrating they understand what has been introduced.

Some of the better texts gave examples of the concepts introduced. Some used tests as a way of measuring mastery of the data. None set up situations wherein learners became actively involved in the process of learning. These situations are necessary because they give teachers the opportunity to monitor the student's association-understanding of the concept. These exercises give students the opportunity to build experiences that reinforce the association and retention of the concepts being taught.

Depending on the student, there were many ways to get them involved in demonstrating their handle on the concept. Drawing was the most frequently used method. For example, the student was asked to draw a time line from memory. In minutes I could evaluate what he knew. Others built models, gave demonstrations using props (a globe, maps), and still others told me a story about what happened. There were many ways to let the student's demonstrate, through involvement in the process of learning, that they had correct information and useful pictures in their heads.

As I worked to define the involvement step, I became *aware* that evaluation of the teaching-learning process would require another step, similar, but different enough to stand alone. I named it

APPLICATION. In the beginning I had assumed involvement equaled application. But as I examined what I needed to know about what the learners comprehended, I identified a need to evaluate by yet another means. The application step requires that the teacher ask the student questions which the student answers in a way, orally or in writing, which shows that he can apply the introduced concept to another situation. For example, if the concept of time, a time line, diverse cultures and different developmental levels existing at the same time, is identified as important for students to know, then can the student demonstrate that he has a correct basic understanding of these complex ideas? Can he contrast his life with those of people living in more primitive (or developed) cultures? As he makes the analogy, the teacher listens to insure his thinking is clear. If not clear, then evaluation has pinpointed the problem and another prescription for learning the concept is made.

Once I knew the student was able to apply the concept being taught, I needed to know if INTERNALIZATION had occurred. It was evident I needed another evaluation tool that would "measure" internalization. I knew that to teach effectively I had to know if the learner could turn the concept in her mind and do something with it that demonstrated mastery of both facts and abstractions. Could she remove or separate the concepts and apply them? For example, could she teach another by using her own unique examples that the student she tutored could associate within his own ken? Could she use the new math formula to solve a different problem? Could she explain something as complicated as a time zone by using the example of traveling east to get west? If she could, then I was aware true learning

had taken place and I had done my job. The tutoring programs gave me a chance to observe students as they applied what they had learned and internalized it. I also developed the skill of asking questions in a way that required an answer that was an application of taught information. This gave me an insight into the student's internalization and thus mastery.

The final step on the Learning Path is CONTRIBUTION. Through all we do, there has to be a reason to teach what we teach, and for the learner to learn what she has learned. In the final step of evaluation we must ask, "What did the learner do for herself or others as a result of what we taught?" We must accept that if activities are for naught but the future, and learning is separated from contribution to one's community, individuals are damaged and society is deprived of precious resources.

I came to believe that as we teach and then evaluate to see if internalization has taken place, we can allow students to make a contribution with what they have learned. The contribution phase is the true test that will tell us our educational process has resulted in true, integrated learning. In all of our academic courses, community service activities, tutoring, and archaeological programs we proved that students could accelerate and enhance the quality of learning as they learned and make a contribution to the advancement of knowledge.

Whether I was studying John Dewey or reading the rationale for a civics lesson, there was always a suggested end result from an education process: The student contributes to the society. I became aware few teachers let each student make a contribution by applying what they have learned each time they complete a unit of study. I decided our society has come to believe that contributions are

made by a few people who are over forty and under sixty-five. I had noted ours is a nation that does not need its children (or its seniors).

Some opportunities to contribute are provided in our schools. A student playing in the band, being part of a group like thespians, or being a member of the track team is able to make a contribution during the application phase of learning. Student-to-student tutoring is another way. Examining what effective teachers do well suggests that each student can end the unit or course of study by making a contribution to others with what she has learned.

As I analyzed the contribution phase of the Learning Path and developed ways to implement it, I became aware that many of my fellow teachers assumed that contributions come when we get students to compete with one another. Competitive behavior seems to be a part of our human make-up, but it is not advisable to use that part of our "survival package" as an educational tool. Using a behavior that requires one to best another should be, at most, a small part of a successful educational program. Parents and educators must be aware of the damage competition outside oneself can do. I found the Learning Path works best when the student is aware of norms, but concentrates upon growth within herself.

In the late 1960s as I was developing an educational philosophy, the contract system, the Learning Path, and the school in southwestern Colorado, I joked that my educational tombstone would read:

*HERE LIES A TEACHER WHO BELIEVED IN  
NO EDUCATION WITHOUT IMMEDIATE AND  
PRACTICAL APPLICATION  
HE RESTS HERE IN PRACTICAL APPLICATION*

Like most jokes, this one bore more than a modicum of truth. Teaching a child in the classroom or in the real world environment is enhanced by the immediate and practical application of the concepts being taught, and by a systematic process of evaluation which is part of the teaching-learning process.

## CHAPTER 23

### FACILITIES, VOLUNTEERS AND CONTRIBUTIONS

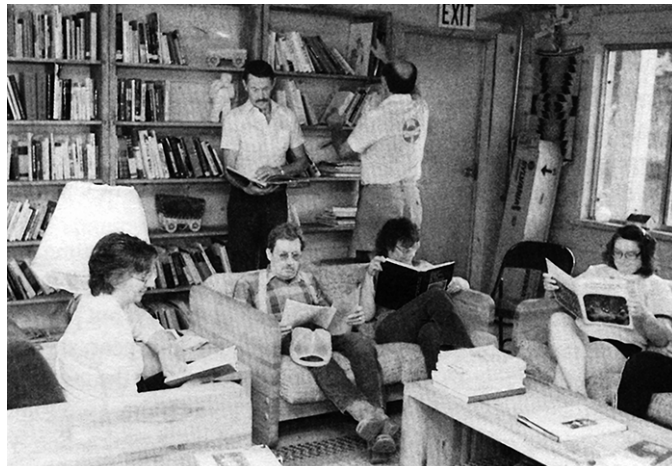
In the late 1970s the Crow Canyon School was growing. Jo and I were able to space the educational programs so we had time to raise money, develop the Learning Path, study accelerated learning, and broaden the curriculum. We were also contemplating a list of capital improvements to the Fort and additions to the programs. These were things we had to add if the school was to continue. The list included electrical power and safe conduit wiring, a log multipurpose room addition, a solar greenhouse, road improvements, fencing, a well, vehicles, tractor repairs, library and curriculum materials, and telephone service.

The school was not yet self-sustaining. To bring it closer to "critical mass," we would need to loan I-SEP an additional \$60,000, plus our time and labor. That advance would barely provide the school with the facilities and equipment needed. We projected that by June 1980, the school would need an additional \$40,000. We hoped these expenditures would make Crow Canyon self-sufficient.

We organized our capital improvements list and started a timeline for doing the work. In the spring of 1975, supporters had shown up to help build basic facilities. Now, in the late 70s, each season saw the arrival of volunteers who wanted to help the school develop. Sometimes we provided board and room for these volunteers; sometimes we were able to help them with gas money. Crow Canyon was always the better for their contributions.



The maintenance shed served many functions.



The new log library also served as the dining hall and meeting room.





Jo and Lois Eggers greet visitors at the Fort

Steve Miles, the student so captivated by ranch life during the first summer session in 1968, moved to Cortez. Like so many kids from wealthy suburban areas, Steve had been college and career-bound. After his Cortez experiences he attended Colorado State University and then transferred to Colorado College in Colorado Springs. He was graduated with a degree in Anthropology and planned to follow the examples set by his uncle, the great southwestern archaeologist, Doug Osborne, and by his father, John Miles, M.D., who had done extensive work at Mesa Verde examining skeletal populations. Steve contributed in his own way. He joined the Peace Corps and served in Guatemala two times, both before and after the terrible earthquake of 1976.

When Steve came home from Guatemala, he headed back to southwestern Colorado to make his life. He arrived at the Fort just in time to volunteer his services for the construction of the large log room and the solar greenhouse. With Steve's generous help, both projects were accomplished and the school had new space for programs.

Creative people were attracted to Crow Canyon. The facilities, companionship, and support we provided made them emotionally and physically comfortable. It was not unusual for a 'blocked' painter or writer to arrive and ask for a quiet place to be alone with nature and the canyon. They would disappear for a few days, knowing we would not bother them. In time, they would reappear with a new work tucked under an arm or clutched proudly in front of them. The natural world around Crow Canyon was always a part of their new creation.

After the Cozy Cruiser trailer had served its time as construction headquarters, it was moved to a place with a view on the canyon rim above the Fort. There, in lonely but lovely isolation, it spent its days waiting for someone to appear, spread out the tools of their art, and be creative. It witnessed the creative processes, human frustration, some torrid love affairs, I am told, and the writing of one of Sandy Thompson's best works. Sandy wrote a tract about the Four Corners Country, which first appeared in a supplement to the Durango Herald. ("The Four Corners Country," 1979-80 edition.) Years later it served as the basis for the text of his book, *The Four Corners Country*, published by the University of Arizona Press.

After our wonderful adventure winter camping in what would become the Ute Mountain Tribal Park, memories of Jo's music stimulated a creative idea in

Sandy's mind. Why not combine some of his canyon country photographic slides, the poetry of Leonard "Red" Bird, a professor at Fort Lewis College, and Jo's flute improvisation into a presentation called Canyon Poems? They would have fun putting the program together and they would share it with their friends.

Red and Jo agreed. The first meeting of the three minds was at the Fort in the Log Room in front of a roaring fire in the newly built fireplace. I had the pleasure of being the audience, an honor I was often given and a position that no doubt contributed greatly to the success of the program.

Canyon Poems was an immediate hit. In 1977 and 1978 it played at Fort Lewis College, The Timberline Academy, a party at Red's house, and in Cortez, before busy schedules made it impossible to continue. Of all the programs I have seen which communicate the beauty and fragility of the canyon country, I think the Canyon Poems presentation was the best.

## CHAPTER 24

## INSIGHTS INTO THE ANCIENT ONES

Everywhere we traveled in the valley and rim country, there were signs of pot-hunters' digs. BLM rangers told us that most of the sites they visited had recently been pot-hunted. We were alarmed. A world treasure was being destroyed. If the destruction wasn't stopped, the area would lose a valuable research base and two of its most important economic resources: archaeological tourism and archaeological education. Humanity would lose an important part of the record of mankind on our continent. We were incensed, What could we do to help stop the mindless destruction?

In 1977, we decided we could use the resources of Crow Canyon to educate locals and others about the economic, scientific and aesthetic value of cultural resources. As a beginning, we developed a series of public seminars. We applied, to the Colorado Humanities Program for funds. In 1978, Crow Canyon was awarded a grant, followed by a second, which we used to provide a series of seminars. Jo took the task upon her shoulders. She planned two series of seminars titled "Insights Into The Ancient Ones." The programs were held in the Cortez Public Library, at Long House at Mesa Verde National Park, in the Sand Canyon Ruin, and at the Cahone Community Center. All were outstanding. As a result of the seminars and our contact with hundreds of local folks, we were able to begin a process of changing values. The word was getting out that ruins were worth preserving.

Some of the seminars, like Art Rohn's 'Ruins In Your Beanfields,' were directed at the local

landowners, what they were doing to preserve and protect sites, and their insights into the Ancient Ones.

Another seminar we savored was "Wetherill Mesa/Long House." George Cattanach had excavated the site in the 1950s, and had not been back since. We brought George back to do the program. The outstanding Interpretive Park Archaeologist, Gil Wenger, was on the program that wonderful summer night. As usual, Gil's comments reached people at all levels of insight. He was a natural teacher. Over the years Gil developed challenging educational programs for park visitors. Gil's delightful personality and his love of the land and its history, was evident in every talk he gave.

One hot summer afternoon in 1979, as we relaxed before one of the "Insights" seminars, Gary Matlock, the BLM Regional Archaeologist; Bruce Rippeteau, then Colorado State Archaeologist; and I were standing neck deep in Crow Canyon's new pond. Crayfish were nibbling at our feet. We were hopping about the pond and rescuing our toes, while discussing public involvement in archaeology. I explained our intent to make Crow Canyon into a full-fledged archaeological education and research center which involved "lay persons" in archaeology. Bruce and Gary were quick to encourage, but I could sense they were wary. They knew the professional archaeological community. They warned that such a program would be scrutinized by everyone -- we would be educating the archaeological community as well as the public. Gary stressed that we would have one chance to build a model program, and we must do it right or we would lose the little support we had. Bruce urged us to go slowly, hold to the highest values, and not to compromise the research in any way.

Finally, the crayfish got the best of us. We abandoned the pond and joined Jo at the Fort. There the discussion about how to maintain quality research and have public lay volunteers on sites and in the labs with the research scholars continued. Jo stressed that Crow Canyon would develop an educational program designed to get the participants the information they needed so they could make a contribution with their time. Bruce and Gary listened and encouraged us. Both had seen Crow Canyon as it functioned as an educational research center. The thought of creating a center that also educated archaeological participants, and placed them on digs and in the labs at the side of research scholars was worth supporting. The fact that research scholars would have to be educated so they could deal with the practical application of their research, and teach, was also intriguing. When we discussed the implications of students paying tuition that would help support the research, all of us felt we were on a winning track.

Their support made a difference to us. If we respected the professional ethics and standards of the archaeological community, then Bruce and Gary and many other professionals would support Crow Canyon's efforts.

The meeting in the pond on that hot summer afternoon in 1979 was a turning point for Crow Canyon. As a result, Jo and I shifted our focus slightly. We expanded our existing archaeology component to meet the needs of the public at large, of all ages. We developed a public involvement education and archaeological curriculum for the Crow Canyon School.

Following the seminars, we published and distributed free to all Colorado libraries and schools a

book containing the seminar talks. It was called *Insights Into The Ancient Ones* and it is now in its second printing.

One day we were in Sand Canyon, west of Crow, when we got word that pot-hunters were working mid-canyon. Riding shanksmare, we cut steeply down the canyon's talus slope, staggering our positions so that loose rocks wouldn't roll upon those below, The sun was searing through our clothing, burning exposed skin, and making us sweat. Sweat attracted the small speckled sweat bees which landed and bit in one swift attack. Our arms swung wildly as we swatted the sweat-bees and tried to keep our balance. We were in a hurry in spite of the heat and midday miseries. We were dropping off the canyon rim in an attempt to cut a service road at a point where we believed the pot-hunter's vehicle was parked.

Vandals were at it again! They had been reported by a landowner who had seen them enter the canyon. The description of the vehicle matched that of a commercial dealer -- a professional site miner--who was well known, but too slippery to catch.

Grave robbers were able to avoid flyovers by the BLM rangers, ground patrols, and discovery by hikers. They knew when to approach a site and how to hit it hard and fast. They didn't care about the walls they pushed over or undermined, or the damage they did to a site. What they targeted, regardless of the cost to the rest of us, were the burial areas. If they found graves, they often found pottery. If the pottery was painted, black-on-white, it could be sold to unquestioning dealers for a few bucks. If it was a piece of classical P-III or P-IV black-on-white pottery, a kiva jar or a fine olla, it might bring them several hundred dollars, no questions asked.

Most of the diggers who mined sites for commercial and personal gain were an ignorant and ornery lot. Many fancied themselves to be above the law, rugged (we say ragged) individualists, endowed by their creator with rights to whatever they could steal from the public lands, or from private property if they could dig unnoticed. They were often armed. They were always dangerous. Their ignorance was most obvious when they compensated for their lack of learning and the destruction they wrought by pretending to know all about archaeology. They claimed to have superior insights into the Anasazi culture. They even convinced some locals that archaeologists (those that studied the culture for years in serious and disciplined ways) were “dumb.” Diggers, on the other hand, were “smart.” They had robbed many sites and had all the answers. They said things like, “Why, we’re saving these artifacts from certain destruction in the ground,” (where they had lain protected for almost a thousand years, and could have remained, in fine preservation for thousands more), and, “The goddamn government is just protecting this stuff to harass us and keep us from making a living. Them archaeologists are grave robbers! All they do is dig artifacts, why shouldn’t we?” Encounters with professional pot-hunters led us to believe that there is such a thing as human degeneration.

The dust we kicked up as we fell off that hill lay in the air for a long time before it settled to the hot earth. Heels digging in, we slid and jumped, cross-stepped, and hopped our way down to the road ... too late. Two sets of the same tracks, a hatched-marked tread design common to four-wheel drive vehicles in our area, showed that the ‘Thieves of Time’ had escaped our trap. From the look of the dust still



sifting back into the tracks, they had departed less than an hour before.

We followed the vehicle's trail back to a small cliff dwelling located in a side canyon. The white of bones, freshly dug, was the first thing to attract our attention. The bones, human bones, were scattered on the fresh-turned earth. A skull without its mandible was mashed where it had been placed on the ground near the excavation. It had been flattened by a blow from the flat back of a shovel blade. In front of it the leg bones of the Anasazi had been placed in an "X" or cross. The arranged bones were left as a message of contempt for law enforcement and the rights of others. The thieves had not robbed in vain. Depressions in the freshly dug grave showed that pots had been removed.

The pressures on local cultural resources we wished to help preserve had never been greater. Cultural resource protection needed coordination and public input. Crow Canyon increased its programs to educate the public about cultural resources. At the same time the impacts upon the lands where the cultural resources lay increased geometrically.

Nature had, just for fun I suppose, created a gigantic bubble -- a dome -- in the earth west of Crow Canyon. Pressure-generated heat cooked limestone rocks in their subterranean beds. Carbon dioxide gas formed. Carbon dioxide is a detergent and pressurizer which is needed by today's energy brokers to free oil from strata in Texas oil fields. Unexpectedly, the demand for gas brought the wild wastelands west of Cortez into conflict. Shell and Mobil and dozens of opportunists were hell-bent upon cutting roads, clearing wellheads, building power lines, pipelines and pumping stations, and "thumping" every square inch of each mesa top and

canyon. This new field lay directly under our archaeological wonderland. In some areas, site densities on the surface where access was needed were greater than one hundred sites per square mile. Who cared? Iran had us by the dip sticks.

To our surprise, Shell and Mobil cared. Many locals and James "Wattites" in the Department of the Interior were ready to sell out cultural resources for a quick buck. (James Watt had a religious belief that taught the world was ending soon. With that belief, the idea of preserving or protecting land and resources was ridiculous.) The big oil companies were not. They proceeded to plan a way around the archaeological sites, a way to develop their fields while minimizing the impact to cultural resources. With the support of Dr. Dave Breternitz, the local archaeological community, and some very dedicated BLM regional employees led by Dave Miller and Gary Matlock from the Durango office, they were able to develop a predictability model and avoid sites. They also gave grants to the local Anasazi Historical Society, a group of concerned "lay" citizens who cared about preserving history and prehistory.

Crow Canyon was a player in all of these activities. The school was becoming an archaeological entity to be dealt with, a sponsor of archaeological research, and a leader in educational development which allowed the involvement of the lay public in the study of man.

One night, soon after our failed attempt to catch the "Thieves Of Time," we sat around the fireplace in the library at the Fort. Fred Blackburn, Crow Canyon's Director of Interpretive Programs, Jo, and I, were discussing vandalism to cultural resources and what we should do to help stop it. We agreed that as educators we should know how to

provide information to our community which would result in different attitudes towards cultural resources.

“Let’s list the things that attract people and get them to listen,” I suggested, trying to identify ways we could reach locals.

Jo thought for a moment, put her coffee mug down on the flat arm of the chair, “We know most people don’t read. We know they don’t attend lectures. We know that cultural preservation information or BLM land management policies don’t capture most people’s attention.”

“Yeah, but,” Fred interrupted, “what does it take to get people’s attention?”

“Good food, good music, and their own history,” I declared, making a joke because it sounded on first airing like a preposterous list.

“You’re right,” Fred said, sitting forward in his chair. “You are absolutely right! People will come out for good food, good music, and a program about this land and its history. Once we get ‘em out, we’ve got them. We hit them with straight information about the economic value of our cultural resources.”

“The Crow Canyon Chuckwagon,” Jo said, energized and laughing, enjoying the energy created by the idea. “We feed ‘em, we sing to them, we educate them.”

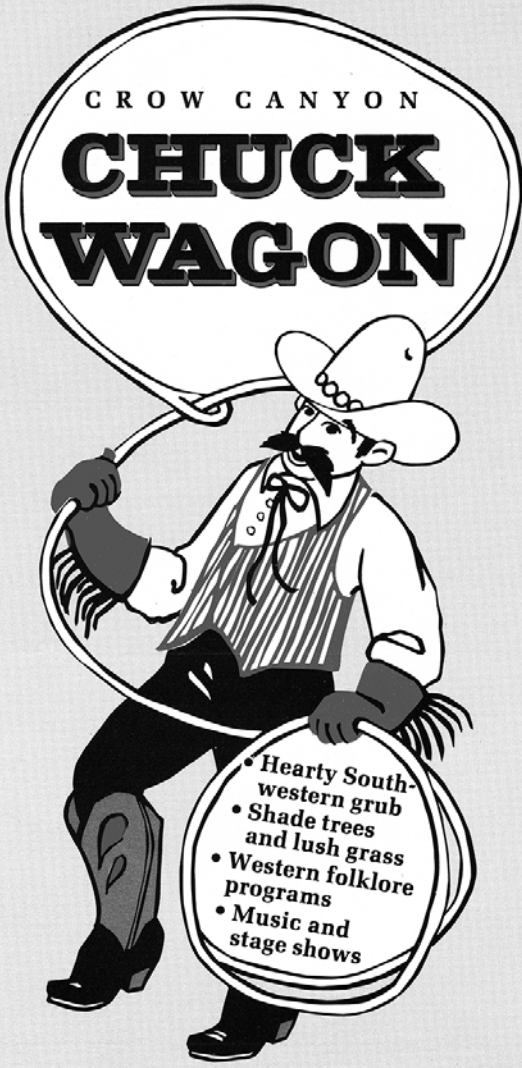
That is how the Crow Canyon got into the chuckwagon dinner business.

As winter turned into what we laughingly call spring, a cold muddy time, we three Crow Canyon educators were out collecting old equipment which we would use to “set the stage” for an Old West area we were building on campus. We bought wagon wheels, an old farm wagon that we changed into a chuckwagon, horse-drawn farm machinery, old wood stoves, tin coffee cups and plates, and other things

that formed a “stage set.” We built a false-front cabin, which was really a stage with a peeled log rail. In front of the stage we placed aspen-plank benches. Fred used an old wood stove placed between the rows of benches as a base for our slide projectors. Near the chuckwagon, we placed an old cooking stove. Its black tin pipe rose eight feet and carried smoke away from the stage and seating area.

The year before, we had dug a little pond in the drainage between the Fort and the meadow. The site of the cabin, stage, chuckwagon, and old antique kitchen cook stove, was nestled into the hillside near the pond. We put in underground wiring and overhead lights. We developed nature trails. The names of common plants were hand routed on signs which gave the hikers directions through the piñon juniper forest around the point above the pond. We built large tables and then made a ticket booth in the shed near the Fort.


With a little stain and paint, some red-and-white checkerboard oilcloth table covers, and lots of “antiques” used as decor, we completed the chuckwagon dinner area. A great “cowboy with lariat” logo for our signs and brochures helped us advertise the nightly programs.



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Evening campfire programs will offer talks and reenactments of the Old West from Anasazi (prehistoric Indians) times through the days of mountain men, miners and cowboys.

Next to Egypt, the Four Corners area is the largest archaeological zone in the world. Whole villages remain isolated and unexplored. Mesa Verde is but a small part of a vast civilization and culture that once resided here.

Southwestern Colorado has maintained much of the Old West lifestyle. Rendezvous are still held in the San Juan mountains. Tales can be told of present-day and past-days prospectors, mountain men and of the solitary Basque sheepherders. Trail drives and rodeos still give us stories of the western character we call the cowboy.

Relax from your day with a hearty meal, natural surroundings and western folklore. Crow Canyon Chuckwagon is situated just 4 miles north and west of Cortez, Colorado where a bubbling creek pulls grassy meadows gently down into a pinon-edged canyon. A placid pond reflects spring-green cottonwoods. A tipi village stands peacefully across the meadow.



Thanks to our friends and supporters, the Lacys, owners of the Sands Motel in Cortez, and Steve Penhall, who ran the motel restaurant, the food would be specially prepared for us, We would pick it up, keep it hot, and serve it from the top of the old wood cookstove and the back of the chuckwagon.

The evening program was more difficult to organize. Jo and her friend Dennis Knuckles, a mandolin-playing musician, began to select and arrange music which would tell the story of the region and it's people. Jo wrote a song she called: Deep Yellow Moon.

*DEEP YELLOW MOON*

*Deep yellow moon, the paintbrush is in bloom,  
The Coyote sings a song that fills the canyon.  
I realize ... deep in my heart lies  
A feeling for the land I can't abandon.*

*Do you remember when this land was rough  
and free?*

*Neighbors lent a hand in days that used to be.  
They worked the land with horses and a plow  
A laying hen, and an old jersey cow.*

*Rich fields of green with dryland pinto beans  
Orchards that strained every bough.  
Wild birds and leaves stirring cotton from the trees.  
There's grain enough to fatten every cow.  
Every tree and limb were cleared off the canyon's  
rim.*

*Check dams held back run-off in the early spring.  
Down in the scrub and sage the sheep and cattle  
grazed...*

*They were waiting for the change the mines would  
bring.*

*There's been quick change, money's a  
running.*

*Is quick change gonna' hurt our town?  
Quick change — look around.*

*There's yellow-cake in the mill. Timber's logged off  
the hill.*

*Fortunes grew like melons on the vine.*

*Once the boom was through it was the local folks  
who knew*

*There weren't good paying jobs that you could find.*

*Do you remember when this land was rough  
and free?*

*Neighbors lent a hand in days that used to be.  
They worked the land with horses and a plow.  
Where is the dream they fought for now?*

It was my job to study local history and put together a narrative. It began with the geology of the area, then described the coming of early humans. Then I told of the early settlers and their dreams. The narrative traced the development of water systems, agriculture, mining, cattle, and the boom-and-bust economy. I brought local history up through both world wars and on to the big oil and uranium booms of the fifties. Then I was able to insert the stabilizing effects of tourism and the economics of cultural resources.

Whenever possible, we looked at the reservations list and saw who was coming to dinner. If they were descendants of pioneer families, I tried to include their family history in the narrative. I would stand on a level with the audience, at one side of the stage, and introduce each era or historical event. Jo, Dennis, and our shy friend Joe Kirkwood, on-stage musicians, would play a lead-in song or a transition piece. The evening entertainment

We built a stage front that looked like an old, dry nester's cabin.







As the narrative reached “modern times” I began to talk about economics and the leveling off of the boom-bust economy. I gave the audience information about economically stabilizing influences like government payrolls and tourism. Then I switched back and picked up the economics-of-tourism thread and talked about the early settlers and how they discovered the Anasazi culture. I traced the economics of archaeology, pointing out the multimillion dollar ‘shot in the arm’ for the local economy from the Dolores Archaeological Project. I talked of vandalism and the need for preservation of our cultural resources.

In the middle of the program, everything was interrupted by a commotion in back of the false-front cabin. Buckets and sticks flew into the sky. Coarse language cut the air. I looked surprised and irritated. The musicians acted shocked-- especially when the cabin door flew open and a raggedly dressed cowboy stumbled out onto the stage. He looked surprised as he saw the audience ... and then proceeded to tell them about his problems with his dad-blasted mule, where upon, the musicians cranked out “Whoa Mule

Whoa!" and Fred, "Muley," would sing the verses. The act had people laughing until they hurt. They yelled advice to Muley. I regret we never got his act on film.

As soon as the music and narrative program ended, we took a break and visited with our guests. We sipped hot coffee which had been brewing and filling the air with its aroma since dinner. We poured tin cupfuls from the big pots on the old wood stove. The "entertainers" had collected their money, served them dinner, hiked the nature trail with them, visited about the old farm equipment, which we soon learned had a magical attraction for everyone, presented the program, and were now socializing and swapping lies.

After visiting for fifteen or twenty minutes, we set a screen up on stage and turned on the slide projector. Jo warmed up her flute. We ended the evening program with slides of our area and another narrative and flute improvisation about the wonders of the Four Corners region. When it was over we took our compliments. People loved the way the evening had gone. Old timers -- we had more than a thousand locals and hundreds of tourists that summer -- wanted to stay and drink coffee, swap stories, and talk for hours. So did we!

We did the chuckwagon dinner program one full season. At the end, we knew it did what we had hoped it would do. It helped to change local values about cultural preservation. When folks left, they understood the economics of tourism and the attraction ruins had. Hobby pot-hunting began to slowly decrease in our area as a result of the chuckwagon program. People still talk about the enjoyable evenings they spent at Crow Canyon.

The long battle to change the community's stand on the value of archaeological resources had taken a significant turn. Archaeology, via tourism and government payrolls, was seen as a major contributor to the local economy. Conservation was becoming good business.

## CHAPTER 26

### LEARN TO FLY!

In the late 1970s and early 1980s, Crow Canyon's name was becoming known in many circles. As a result, an interesting thing happened. In addition to high schools and colleges, elementary schools contacted us and requested programs. We had planned to extend our offerings to all age groups. Now we had an ideal opportunity to do so. We custom-tailored an enrichment program for kids in the fourth through sixth grades and redeveloped our curriculum so it was applicable to younger students.

Soon, elementary schools, mostly from the Denver area, were booking weeks at Crow Canyon. We found it helpful to travel to the elementary schools, months ahead of their visits, and present a program about the Anasazi. Then, when the kids arrived they were well prepared, highly motivated, and got amazing amounts of information from the program. We worked with teachers who were exceptional professionals with the highest standards of any teachers I had ever met. Teachers like Chris Blakeslee from the Jefferson County Schools near Denver gave me new hope that education could become a profession. I hoped their examples would spread to teachers in other schools. If they did, American education would become effective.

Hiking with elementary school students was fun. Systematically, we began to explore the lands around Crow Canyon. Soon we were finding sites where the Ancient Ones had dug, ground, and prepared clay for making pottery. Metates, manos, and well-worn pestle rocks were sitting where they had been abandoned centuries before. Piles of

pottery shards lay as they had been left by the Ancient Ones, ready to be ground up for temper in new ceramic vessels. The kids developed their powers of observation, learned about our ecological zone, and began to develop a feeling for another culture, for people different, yet in many ways the same.

We took trips to Mesa Verde National Park to see the ruins and to use the museum. We learned how to train parent chaperons and teachers to help the kids follow the Learning Path. We taught adults how to help the kids get the most out of the museum. At Hovenweep National Monument, we camped out under the stars after a day of exploring the ruins. For each group, we arranged a special evening at Crow Canyon with Ute Mountain Ute guests, usually the Norman Lopez family, who explained something of their culture to the group. The Lopez family danced and sang for us in the Indian way.

At the end of each Crow Canyon program, for our last night together, we asked the kids to prepare skits and act out the things they had learned during their visits. They climbed up on the chuckwagon stage and had the time of their lives. They invented skits that kept the audience laughing for hours.

When the skits were over, we moved to a campfire circle on the other side of the creek in the Indian village. It was my job to review the events of the past days and bring things to a close. I used a campfire story to reach the kids. Jo played the flute, interspersed with melodies played on the guitar. Her music, as usual, set the mood and enhanced the story. The tale was titled: How I Learned To Fly.

Stare into the campfire and listen to my words! When I was about your age I talked about

going out camping by myself. I'm sure my parents grew tired of hearing me state that I wanted to pack my sleeping bag and some food and hike out across the fields until I found a deep gully or wash in which I could set up a camp and spend the night alone.

The thought of doing that excited and scared me at the same time. I'm certain my mom was worried I might do it, and that I might be hurt or scared so badly that I would be damaged forever.

One day, I was very vocal about my desire to go it alone. I know now I was bluffing. I thought I had the comfort of knowing that my mom would say "No!" I believed that she wouldn't permit me to go, so I was safe playing it rough-and-ready and being demanding. This time I was too convincing. My mom agreed!

"Well, if that's what you really want to do," she said quietly and with resignation, "then go ahead. I'll fix your broken pack strap and help you pack some food."

I was so shocked by her agreement it took me a few minutes to be scared. I knew I really didn't want to go out in the wilds alone. I had just been talking big. I hadn't meant to be so convincing. Now I couldn't back out. I couldn't let mom know I was scared. I had to pretend I was excited about camping out alone and perhaps being attacked by bears, or something.

I got my boots on, stocked my pack with a few cans of food, and some matches. I examined my knife, realizing it would be the only protection from wild animals and "things" I would have. It was fairly sharp. I hooked it to my belt. Then I practiced drawing it a few times. It took me too long to get it out of its leather sheath. I would have to practice "quick draws."

With a ground tarp and my sleeping bag fastened to my pack, I was ready to go. At the last minute I remembered my Boy Scouts Handbook. I packed it on top of my gear. With all types of motherly advice "Be careful, don't fall down a cliff! Remember to let animals that look or act strange alone, they might have rabies! Don't sleep where there might be snakes! If you see a stranger, hide!" and all sorts of other confidence-building information that added to my terror, I headed out alone into the wild country.

The day was warm and beautiful. The world looked safe as I climbed over our fence and started south toward the open lands. Birds and insects were lazily getting out of my way as I walked tall through the weeds and low brush. I was king beast! I gained confidence. This could be fun!

After an hour of fast walking over the flat and gently undulating countryside, I came to where erosion began to cut ever-deepening gullies into the soil. I found it difficult to navigate in a straight line. I slid down one side of a wadi and puffed and grunted as I fought for footholds going up the other side. I found it easier to walk down the bottom of washes than to climb in and out of them. Then, when I wasn't paying attention as I should have been, I found I was in a gully too steep-sided to climb out of. I had an urge to turn back, but I ignored it. I kept going. As I got deeper and deeper into the cleft in the earth, the walls got higher and higher. Then the walls of the canyon became rock, unclimbable cliffs. The bottom on which I walked became sandy. Everywhere, I saw deposits of debris left by flash floods. I looked for but could see no signs of man. Perhaps I was the first human, with the possible exception of some long-dead Indian, who ever found this place.

The orb of the sun disappeared. I walked on in the shadows, in a kind of canyon twilight that starts long before the sun sets. I knew I must find a safe place to set up camp. I began to look for a site that would allow me protection for my back, in case something wanted to sneak up on me. Ahead, a sharp meander led me into a crook in the canyon that was wide and oval. Along the far wall, a thick-trunk cottonwood stood on twisted and rough-barked roots. The tree's leaves burst in thick clumps on outstretched branches. Its top branches reached up the walls about a third of their height and it was perhaps forty feet high. The canyon was deep here.

In the debris, left in tangles from flash floods, were sticks and branches enough for a fire. In the center part of the oval clearing, but to one side against the crescent of the wall, I built a fireplace. I gathered and stacked wood near my camp, stopping only long enough to examine the many different animal footprints in the soft earth of the canyon floor. I knew some of the prints, but not all of them. I thought the largest were left by a dog or coyote, the smallest by a field mouse or vole. Some were cat-like. Oh no, I thought, what kind of cat lives here, a lion?

The warm twilight ended as the sky above the canyon walls began to darken. The light from my small fire blinded me as I cooked some spam in my army surplus kit pan. It was dark on the canyon floor when I ate my peaches from the can and set it full of water near the fire to heat for cocoa. A cool breeze played on my cheek and stirred embers to redness in the fire. Quiet lay upon my camp like a protective blanket, I was alone with my apprehension about the place, apprehension that made me shiver and my skin crawl. Fear of what lay in wait beyond the



firelight circle, ready to take me and ... I didn't know what else it could do to me!

I don't know how long I sat in that fire-safe camp trying to listen to sounds other than my own breathing and trying to see beyond the firelight. One hour, two? There was no moon. The starlight was filtered by a high glaze of clouds. I studied the shadows that played upon the canyon walls and imagined things I would rather not have thought of. Suddenly, I became aware of, I saw, a shadowy form moving up-canyon, always near the rock walls, always partially hidden by bushes and piles of debris. It was the hulk of something alive moving towards me, something that looked hunched-over and strange. I placed another stick on the fire and let it blaze up, hoping that when I looked again the "Thing" would be a bush moving in the wind or a rock that had a strange formation. I looked as the firelight reached out. It wasn't anything like that, it was a man-like thing that stood out there. I could see it clearly now that it had moved to a sandy spot not more than twenty feet from my fire.

I don't know how much fear you have experienced. I was unprepared for the terror that paralyzed me; the horror that made me cold inside! I wanted to run, but I was frozen there beside that hot fire. I wanted to do something to protect myself but I couldn't think clearly. I didn't even think to reach for my knife.

"Cohay?" The sound came from the blanketed form that now stood less than fifteen feet away. "Cohay? Cohay? Got Cohay?"

The shadowy form of an old man with a blanket about his shoulders and a shapeless broad-brimmed hat on his head was asking me for something. I sat as if I were dumb. He lifted a gnarled

stick from somewhere under the folds of his blanket and pointed it at the tin peach can I had heating near the fire. "Cohay?" he asked again.

From somewhere in a part of my mind that wasn't frozen in fear, cognition took place. Cohay? Cohay? Oh, coffee! "Coffee?" I asked the old man who now stood within five feet of my fire.

"Cohay. Si!" he said as he bent towards the fire and sat down beside it with a grunt, a dry wheeze, and a sigh of relaxation.

"No coffee," I said, regaining strength from somewhere. "Cocoa is all I have. Want some?" I didn't know why I was being nice to this strange old man. I guess I was beginning to accept the thought of him sitting there now that I knew he wasn't an animal or a mad creature come to get me.

"I teach you to fly," were his next words. "Teach you to fly," he repeated.

Now I don't know what you would do if someone scared the total skin off you, sat down uninvited at your fire, and then offered to teach you to fly, I began to laugh, afraid of him again.

As I told the story, I watched the students around the campfire. My voice and word pictures and Jo's melodious and haunting music had put them into a kind of trance. In the embers of our campfire I was certain they could see themselves sitting by my lonely fire and meeting the old man who said he could teach me to fly. I continued:

This old man arrives at my campfire in a strange and lonely place and asks for coffee, which I didn't have, and then tells me he will teach me to fly, which I knew he couldn't do. Great, I thought in panic. This guy is a nut. He may be dangerous after all. But what could I do? I just sat there.

The firelight played along the creases of the old man's face. His hands were wrinkled, his long fingers dry and stick-like as he ran them over the gnarled walking cane in his lap. His eyes were so dark I couldn't see them--not the eyeballs or the whites. Centered beneath his hairy brows by wrinkled and half-closed lids were dark pools. If it hadn't been for the firelight that occasionally reflected from his eyeballs, I would have believed that he had none. Was I looking into the darkness of his soul?

He ignored my offer of cocoa. He stopped me when I reached for another stick to place on the fire.

"Better dark, no light now is good," he said in the dry voice of someone very old.

I'm as tall as him, I thought. I may be stronger. I can run faster. I built my confidence. Gradually, I stopped being afraid of the old man. My fear was followed by curiosity.

"Who are you?"

"I will teach you to fly," was his only answer.

Before I could ask more questions, he began to give me directions.

"Think you are an eagle. Imagine yourself an eagle. Now fly up to the top of that big cottonwood tree and sit on a high branch. Look around! Down at this fire! What do you see?" Something in his voice made me do as he said. I thought myself to the top of the tree.

I was looking down on the camp and the two of us sitting there. I could see us clearly. It seemed natural. I enjoyed being up there.

"Now fly around and go back up-canyon the way you came here today," he continued, motioning with his stick. "Look down at your trail. Now look up! Fly up over the canyon rim and see the land!"

I flew and glided and viewed the land and the canyon and our tiny fire from high up in the sky. I swooped down and landed in the tree again. I could fly, in my mind's eye.

"Go fly where you have been," he whispered. "If you have been observant of where you have been you can fly back there and see it again. If you have walked through your life without observing you can never go back there again."

I was flying! I flew back over my trail and over my house. I flew over the highway, high up in the sky, until I could see my school, the shopping center, a friend's house.

"You fly now," he said. "You fly well because you were awake and you saw the world. Now be an eagle and fly some more!"

I flew to the tree and then to the canyon rim, let myself fall forward into the cool night air, spreading my wings and soaring over the canyon. I had a wonderful feeling of freedom. When I landed at the campfire and was myself again, I was alone.

In the morning I searched for his tracks in the soft sand around my fire. There were some, I thought, but I couldn't trace them. I backtracked along the trail he had followed to my fire. There were tracks, but they ended on the rocky outcrops at about the place I had first seen him as he approached my fire. He was real, I thought, ghosts don't leave tracks. I sat and thought about that old man who taught me to fly. Perhaps he was a Basque sheepherder who had seen my fire. Perhaps he was a ... I gave up. I didn't know what he was, and I still don't know. What I do know is the gift he gave me has changed my life.

Now, as a grown man, I have hauled this body of mine all over the planet. I have explored and

poked into places and things that few have seen. Wherever I have gone, I have observed and recorded my surroundings. Now, any time I want to, I can become an eagle and fly back to those places and see them again. It is one of the most precious gifts I have ever received. I would like to give it to you the same way he gave it to me, around a campfire on a beautiful summer night. I will teach you to fly as my way of thanking that strange old man.

I paused for long minute... Look into the campfire! Imagine you are all alone, as I was, in a far canyon in the wilds somewhere. When you feel alone and at peace, become an eagle and fly to the top of that tall cottonwood tree over there by the creek.

I would point my nose toward the top of one of the giant cottonwood trees that surrounded our fire.

Now look around. Can you see this fire and this camp? Can you see Crow Canyon as it winds between the canyon rims? Can you see deer browsing on the cool, dew-moist grass at the far side of the canyon?

As I watched the group of kids sitting around the fire, I saw expressions of pleasure wash across their faces. I saw heads nod "Yes" as they saw what I described, and much more. I heard mumbled sounds of wonderment as they watched the deer browse below. Time passed, I don't recall how much time, as the kids flew back over the canyon, the rustic Crow Canyon School buildings, the forests and the fields on the mesa tops above, and then returned to our fire. I brought them back again with soft words and redirected their flights.

Remember the trip we took to Mesa Verde? Fly back and look at it again. Remember how the road wound its way up the steep escarpment? Can

you see the bus grinding its way up? Remember the view from the overlook? Can you see the heads of the canyons, and the cliff dwellings hidden in the caverns? Fly over and look at Mesa Verde again! Fly. Fly. Fly!

Some kids had their eyes closed. Others sat wide-eyed, seeing beyond the place we sat. In time, they flew back to the fire and landed and turned to each other and began to share visions in quiet voices. "I can fly! "I can too!" "So can I!" their voices affirmed.

Now go back to the places we have visited this week. Go to the archaeological sites and look at them from the air. Go back to Hovenweep and revisit Hovenweep Castle and Holly ruin. Fly over McElmo Canyon and see the Kelly Place again. Take your time and go back to the places we have been.

Once again the eagles formed and flew away from our fire. I watched as kids moved their heads from side to side as they glided over the world they had recently learned about. The flute music wafted through the night air and became a current that supported flight. In time, tired kids came back to the fire. In time, it was my job to end the program and get the kids off to bed. When they knew it was over they were sad.

"We don't want it to end," they said, sadly.

It will never end if you remember how to fly. I have given you the old man's gift. You can travel. You can fly to wherever you have been if you observed and remembered it well when you were there. Now head up to bed and fly to a special place as you fall asleep.

## CHAPTER 27

### INDIAN SUMMERS

As the Cortez Program grew into I-SEP and the Crow Canyon School, people in the community marveled at what we were accomplishing with our wide range of programs.

“If you can do such positive things for kids from the cities, why can’t you create programs for Ute Mountain Ute kids from Towaoc?” Joe Keck, then CETA Director for the Tribe, asked us one day in 1977. “We have junior and senior high school age kids who need a program designed specifically for them. We need programs that will help them enter the workplace and do well. They need a pre-job training program that will prepare them for job training.

Joe, like his father who had also worked for the Tribe, enjoyed the Ute people and liked working for them. He was well aware of the problems facing the Utes as their culture was bent to fit into that of the dominant society. He understood the effects emotional futility had upon the people and the damage that had been caused by governmental agency employees who preserved their own positions by ensuring that the Native American people were dependent upon them.

The Rev. Bryan had taught Joe Keck, Jo, and me that we weren’t our brother’s keeper, we were our brother’s brother. That was before Joe had gone to work for the Tribe when we were all helping out at Human Potential Development, the alcohol and drug program. Joe imagined a system of administering Indian affairs where the United States governments, Department of the Interior and Bureau of Indian

Affairs stopped “keeping’ people, and started treating them as brothers and American citizens. He believed, as the tribal leaders did, that the Ute people should regain their individual and tribal rights to self-determination. He also knew self-determination would not be rebuilt overnight. It would take time to repair the damage done to a conquered people whose culture was quite different from the dominant one now in control. Many older Utes had lost hope and given up trying to “make it” in the “white man’s world.” Their children needed the opportunity to try.

Joe believed the Ute children should be in programs designed to respect their culture and build upon its strengths, rather than programs that tried to stamp out Ute language and culture by defining it as inferior. He wanted us to build our Crow Canyon programs upon mutual respect and high expectations. He wanted programs that would give the kids necessary information about how things worked, without defining the Ute’s ways as wrong. Programs were needed that would be a positive force against futility by helping the kids develop skills they could use, and develop ways of dealing and relating that would help foster better self-images based upon feedback about their strengths.

Jo and I were delighted with the challenge. The first thing we did was admit that we didn’t know enough to build such a program. Our heads were filled with information about Indians that had come from movies, novels, religious fanatics, zealots, disgruntled public school teachers, warped textbooks, and pure idealism. We were more influenced by Rousseau than reality. Deep down, we did not believe in the myth of the Natural Man, or James Fennimore Cooper’s latently homosexual



images of Indians as “Natural Men,” which we got from his “Leather Stocking Tales.”

We threw out most of the preconceptions in our heads and made plans to educate ourselves. Jo, with her love of languages, studied the unwritten Ute language to enable her to understand the culture. I identified jobs on the reservation young people could learn to do and at the same time make a contribution to their people and their land. Together we searched the literature and found programs developed for other Native Americans, by Native Americans.

“Have you heard of the Coalition For Indian Controlled School Boards in Denver?” a Cree visitor to Crow Canyon asked. “They have a large room full of curriculum materials developed for Native American education.”

“Now we have!” Jo said. “Will they help us?”

Within a week, we were in Denver gleaning information from the resources of the Coalition. We returned to Crow Canyon with cartons of photocopies of Native American curriculum materials, educational tracts, and books about Indian Education. Our education was underway.

We were delighted with the new insights we were getting into Indian education, even as we felt a bit sheepish about our own misinformation. We re-learned something we should not have forgotten: Human beings are the same; kids are kids. The lack of information we had about the Ute culture made us seem different from them. With information, our understanding grew and we found the ability to function with Ute kids. We found that the Ute children were as capable as other children we had taught.

If one thing formed the common denominator for all of the educational programs we studied, it was that kids needed information about how things work.

If they came from a culture that didn't pass along information about certain things, and the lack of that information made it difficult or impossible to function in the dominant society, then they would fail in their efforts to live in, or with, the dominant society. If they received the information they needed about how things worked they could succeed as well as anyone else. Lack of information deprived kids from all levels and cultural backgrounds of the tools necessary to "make it" in our complex society. This is not solely an "Indian problem," but one that is wracking the whole of society.

Our programs for the Ute children utilized the Learning Path. The Learning Path programs were designed to involve the children in situations where information about how the dominant society worked was "introduced" and "associated" to their culture and ken. We "involved" them in meaningful activities wherein they would demonstrate that they did understand the concepts. Our program placed them in settings where they had to apply the information to different situations, or teach it to others, proving that they had "internalized" the knowledge. In our campus projects, we placed them in real-life situations where they could experience the practical and immediate application of what was taught. They had to take the newly learned skills and apply them to a different situation. The sixth step was to make a "contribution" to their Tribe, their community, by using the skills and information they had been taught.

We planned a hands-on program around real tasks. Students received straight strokes from the staff. The staff gave credit to students for jobs well done and complimented each learner's personal strengths. If strokes were given when the student knew she deserved them, the strokes were effective

in helping the student establish a positive self-image. If strokes were used to manipulate or control the students, crooked strokes would be taken as a sign that they weren't okay.

Rudy Hammond, a young, dynamic staff member at Crow Canyon, taught the non-Ute staff how to deal with children in the old Ute way. He never disciplined a child in "public." He gently took the child aside, to a private place, and explained that he could not accept the child's behavior. After talking, they re-entered the group as friends. Other students were never certain their peer had been disciplined. He explained to us the use of peer pressure to control a child caused the child to lose face or fight back. Utes, like other children, learned to fight back at an early age. We didn't need to add humiliation, and the concurrent reactions, to our programs.

Ute children, as students in the dominant culture's public schools, would often fight back against authority by acting "dumb," or by pretending to be unable to comprehend what was going on in the classroom. Of course, the other Ute kids knew this was an act and it worked effectively to bait teachers or to get teachers to ignore them. As a last option, the student could ditch school and be cool. Many Ute Mountain Ute kids had learned the best way to win was not to compete.

Unfortunately, in this way many Ute students could keep their dignity and earn the respect of their peers.

When the children were in public school classrooms, they were usually passive, well behaved, and not involved, or so the teachers thought. We learned that whenever the kids were together, especially in alien situations, they were interacting and communicating with each other through body

language, slight noises like pencil taps or feet shuffling, stolen glances, and many other effective systems. These games went unnoticed by the teacher and most of the other non-Ute students. Ute energy levels were high in such situations, although an untrained observer would never guess that interaction by looking at the “bumps on a log” sitting slumped in their chairs.

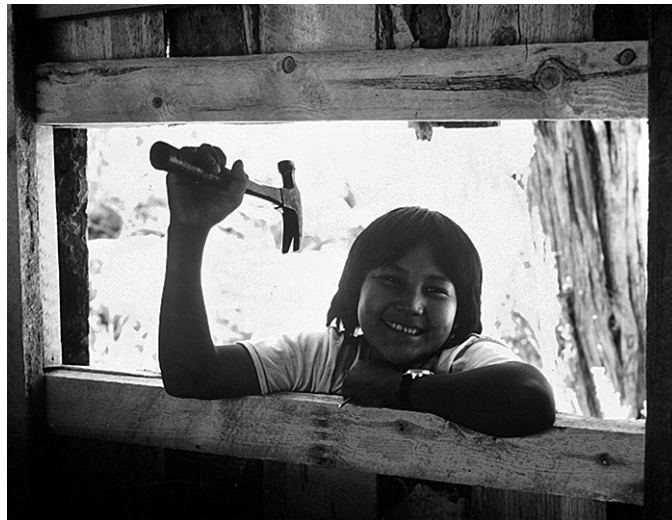
This interplay dynamic was not new to me. I had observed in enough cross-cultural situations to expect such behavior. During a teacher re-certification class I was teaching through Adams State College, I explained to teachers from the Montezuma-Cortez District what was going on between Ute students in the classroom. At first they were doubtful. Many of them believed that the Utes had been kicked around so much that they were broken and that is why they acted the way they did in their classrooms. When the teachers went back into their classrooms and observed the children, they confirmed my thesis.

“Wow, those kids are really neat!” one teacher confided. ‘Now that I know what’s going on, how do I change it? I mean, how do I get those kids involved?’

Few Ute children made it through the school system. Only a few Ute students were ever graduated from high school. It was impossible for most Utes to run the gauntlet of low expectations, lack of information, prejudice, and ill-will, and make it through the system. There were too many local school employees, I wouldn’t call them educators, who believed the children couldn’t learn and stated this stupid opinion publicly.

Most teachers wanted to teach Ute children effectively. Little or no help was available for them. No Ute adults were certified teachers. Only a few Ute

leaders had come forth and tried to bridge the cultural gap between non-Ute teachers and Ute students. These few had been discounted by the school board and administration. Some Ute women served as aides in classrooms. They were generally untrained. Many kept their jobs because they were adaptive to the teacher's needs, not necessarily the students. An "Indian counselor" position existed in the district. The counselor was given the position because he was a Hispanic. Perhaps the board believed any person from a minority could know what was best for another minority.



Gordon Ute. CETA Program.

Most of the teenage boys and girls selected for the Crow Canyon CETA Pre-Job Training Program were enrolled in school in Cortez or were attending distant boarding schools. Some of the kids had been out of school since they had reached the

legal age to be pushed out. Those students who had been pushed out of school were desperate for jobs. They had already learned that they were not needed and that there were no meaningful occupations for them. Like all people, they hated make-work situations and meaningless jobs. They wanted to contribute and lead important lives. They were insulted by welfare and workfare programs that simply maintained them.

Like human beings everywhere, when they saw failure, frustration, and futility staring them in the face at every turn, they began to look elsewhere for their satisfaction. Most found adult "role models" who blew their minds and emotions with booze and drugs as voyeurs in an alternate reality. Of the two courses known to these kids, the one they thought of as "social" was the easiest. By fourteen, none of the children were strangers to chemically induced "good times."

In 1978 the summer CETA Pre-Job Training Program was underway. I picked the kids up at Towaoc and brought them to Crow Canyon. I was apprehensive, scared, and uncertain about how I should act and what I should say and do. The van was filled with nervous junior high humor, comments and gags that foretold of a coming blow-up. This was the snap-judgment, first-impressions test that would make or break the program. I knew that we had but one chance to establish rapport with the kids. I drove and smiled and tried to act relaxed and friendly. From their questions and comments, I could tell that the kids thought they were being taken to some institutional hell and that their duty was to escape.

I had no idea how to put the kids at ease. I drove into the turn-around in front of the Fort certain that disaster was imminent.

“Hey, what’s this place?” a surprised boy asked gruffly, “This ain’t no school. Where are we?”

A girl’s voice sounded close to my ear, “Hey look, there’s Rudy and Laura.”

“Hey, this doesn’t look like a school. Is this the place? Where are we?” the first voice asked.

The kids piled out of the van and collapsed on the small patch of lawn in the courtyard of the Fort. Things were not as they had expected them to be. They stayed together in their group, rooted to the ground. They acted as if they planned to crash there forever.

“Welcome to Crow Canyon,” I said, sweeping my arm in an arc around me. “You know Rudy and Laura, this is Jo, I’m Ed, and those cats over there are Rif and Raf. The dog’s name is Rufus. Down in the meadow are Black Bull, White Bull, Polly Wolly Doodle is the big cow, Gretchen has the horns, Ichabod is the Brahma steer that looks like a long-eared donkey dressed in gray crushed velvet, and Caesar is our bull-calf. We are all glad that you are here.” I went over and sat with Laura, Rudy, and Jo. We ignored the kids and visited about the Tribal Park where we had first met, Rudy’s mean Scrabble game, and Laura’s recent trip home to Chicago.

The kids relaxed and began to let their curiosity rule them. At a cue from me, Rudy got up and said something in Ute which some of the kids understood and explained to the others. “Inside!” He said in English, and led them into the log room. The kids were smiling, somewhat at ease. The Fort had made some new friends.

We spent time in the classroom starting down the Learning Path, and then we went out and checked to see if our information had been associated into their range of vision and

understanding. We applied what we had introduced by doing actual projects. Over the next two weeks, each group of the students learned to build fence; mix, pour and finish concrete, and use tools by building stiles and a shed. They learned how to safety-check and service vehicles from two of our staff who had recently learned themselves.



Rudy Hammond supervises students learning how to build fence.

We involved community members in the program as teachers. Stan Bulsterbaum from the Soil Conservation Service came to teach the kids about the SCS, to give them hands-on experiences with a Dumpy Level, and do real and challenging things like estimating the amount of water flowing down our irrigation ditches.

The kids liked Stan and he liked them. He developed a SCS Native American apprentice program and hired two young men. He soon learned that their math skills were poor. They had not yet



learned how to do long division. They could not succeed in the SCS program unless they had a command of mathematics. Stan asked Jo to set up a study curriculum and a tutoring program for the boys so they could pass the civil service exams. Both passed within six months, primarily because they were motivated and because Jo developed a teaching/learning program for them that accelerated their learning and developed their math skills. She had to help them internalize basic arithmetic, and then go on to advanced math concepts. She helped them gain the skills that would allow them to estimate the density in earth-filled dams, resistance in water pipelines, and other difficult but necessary concepts needed for working with the SCS. Jo and I realized that the SCS-student pairing was an extension of apprentice programs that had worked since the beginning of time, and our approach, which made students part of teams in the real world, was making a contribution.

Some of our friends came out to see if we were safe. They feared, based upon stories they had heard, that we might be in need of a rescue from the Indians. Most got so involved in the program and had so much fun with the kids that they came back many times. Dwayne Longenbaugh, Cortez City Manager, got involved and then became Chairman of our Board of Directors. A member of the Cortez Newspapers staff visited and a full-page article and photo lay-out appeared in the local paper. That was the first local coverage Crow Canyon had received.

The uproar this article caused in the Superintendent's mind, and the pressure he consequently put on the local press was completely unexpected. The article was the last local coverage we were to receive in the Cortez newspapers for

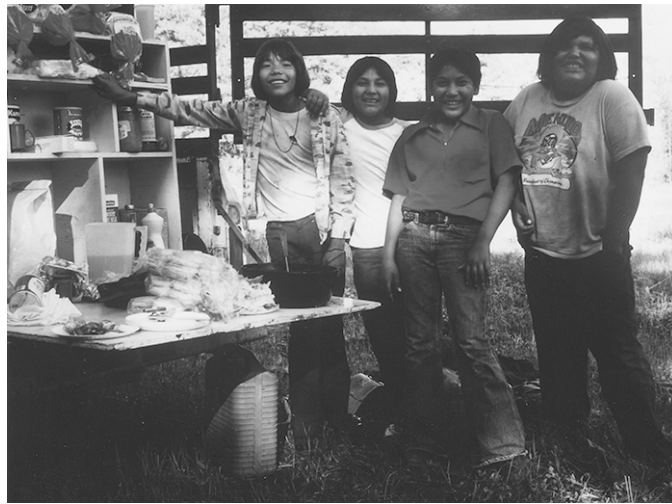
many years. It also resulted in the local school district blacklisting the Bergers and Crow Canyon for working with the Indians. We were told of strong protests from a vocal minority in our community when they read in the article that Ute kids could learn just like everybody else. In a public meeting, the administrator screamed at us, "How dare you say they can learn, we have proved they cannot!"

As part of the program, we took the kids camping in the mountains above Dolores. We gathered corral poles and tepee poles in the "controlled burn" areas of the forest. The National Forest Service had thinned the trees that grew too closely together. The trees were tall, but too thin to harvest for sawing and therefore just right for corral building. Pole gathering required cooperation, team work, and concern for the safety of others. This activity was beneficial and it allowed us to work in the cool mountains in a beautiful environment.



Testing the new corral. Ute CETA Kids  
at Crow Canyon.

Camping was fun. The kids couldn't get enough of it. Campfires, good food, and meaningful activities focused the groups and helped us become friends. Jo's music was supplemented by music made by the kids she was teaching to play the guitar. The program was a terrific success.



Ute boys lining up for grub.

The Tribal Education Committee had recently taken over the Johnson O'Malley Federal funds, because they felt the funds had been misused by the local school district. The tribe wanted a summer program for elementary school kids. It was to be their program for their kids and any other Native American kids that wanted to attend. Ute adults would be trained as aides and, if possible, teachers.

"What if you plan a program for our elementary kids at Crow Canyon?" Sara Lang, the Ute Director of the program asked us. "What if we had it there?"

We wanted to offer Crow Canyon, our staff, and our resources. It was still winter and we had months to plan the program. The problem was that so many programs were booked into the Fort we did not have the facilities necessary to house an elementary program. We told Sara we could not give her a definite answer until we figured out how we could house an additional twenty-five students and ten teacher aides. We were excited about the program but we needed classrooms! We had just completed an addition to the permanent log part of the Fort by adding an apartment above the library. We didn't have the financial resources to build another building. What could we do to house the elementary program? We asked everyone we knew.

Sandy Thompson had been asking us what he could do to repay us for the use of the Cozy Cruiser when he had hidden out there to write. We didn't think in terms of repayment because Crow Canyon was designed to attract and help creative people. The pleasure of his company, the friendship, and the delight we found in his writings was enough repayment. However, we did ask his help in determining what types of facilities we could add that wouldn't impact the land, wouldn't cost too much, and wouldn't take too long to build.

"Tepees," he said and we knew he was right. Using tepees, we could provide classrooms for the elementary school summer program.

A new trail began to wear into the earth across the meadow of thick grass and down to the creek that flowed year-round down Crow Canyon. It led to a giant cottonwood tree that had lost its grip in the soil on the east side of the creek and come crashing down during a sudden spring windstorm to form a bridge over the water to the west side. Once

over the rough-barked tree bridge, the trail ended at a campfire circle surrounded with log seats. Poles at each side of the entrance to the encampment were topped with painted horse skulls trailing feathers *and* rawhide thongs. A snip of level earth paralleled the creek and backed up into a steep and ragged sandstone cliff. It was the ideal setting for five Cheyenne-style tepees with their pole tops flying rawhide ribbon banners, their smoke flaps held open and forward by long thin poles.



In time, each tepee would be painted by the kids in the sunset colors favored by the Ute people. They would bear the designs the children would create. The full wingspread, thick-bodied image of an eagle would fly on white canvas. It would be beautifully painted and quite realistic. A ramada, topped by green, fresh-cut cottonwood boughs, provided a shade area near the tepee village.



Crow Creek sang to us through the walls  
of our classrooms.

The Ute people had used tepees in the later part of the nineteenth century so our village was somewhat historically authentic. To the little kids it was perfect, a place to love! The fact that the village was a school and the tepees were classrooms sat well with them, It was quite all right that the creek gurgled its music through the canvas sides of the classrooms. The tall green grass and the canopy of giant cottonwood trees wrapped everything and everyone in the natural world.

From the windows of the Fort across the canyon on the hillside, the white conical shapes of the tepees among the green boughs of the trees, and the thin smoke columns rising in the air in front of the sandstone cliff face looked like an Edward Curtis photograph. A lump formed in the throat of everyone who saw the village. A yearning for things past, idyllic visions, filled their souls. It was that beautiful!

We asked Audrey to be head teacher that first summer. We trained Ute adults and some of our CETA program graduates as aides. Ichabod, the gray, crushed-velvet-coated, long-legged, big-eared, awkward Brahma steer calf was our mascot. The program was academic where remedial work was needed, but flowing and comfortable for the children. We thought of it as a healing time, an information-sharing time beside the laughing waters of Crow Creek.



Ichabod with the kids he loved. The metal "blab" kept him from nursing our cow.

Access to the tepee village was via the log "bridge" or, if one was afraid to cross the log, shanksmare through the water. We needed a decent bridge over Crow Creek that would provide walking access for older adults and the acrophobic. A bridge would also allow us to drive a truck or a tractor to the other side once or twice a year.

The CETA kids designed and built the bridge as a hands-on project. They did a wonderful job planning together and building the span. They also designed and built a two-holer near the village, which served those who couldn't make it all the way to the Fort. Each CETA kid knew he was working on a project that would help the little kids. They were proud and self-directed.



Field testing the new bridge over Crow Creek.  
Jo, George, Laura, and Rudy

A teacher who became a part of the summer program was John Engle, from my old school district near Denver. Each year he brought high school students to Crow Canyon. He often showed up alone and volunteered his time on construction projects or whatever was needed. John was a respected teacher who did everything he could to get his students aware of and into the real world. He had been given the nickname "Billy Goat" because of his beard and his gruff ways. He was often approached by



strangers who thought he was Willie Nelson or maybe Kenny Rogers. He refused autographs and attempted to explain he wasn't into entertainment, although he was a teacher and was entertaining kids most of the time.



John Engle presenting awards.

One hot day when John was down from Denver to help out, he, Jo and I were high up on the walls of the second story of the Fort heaving logs into place and trying to spike them down. Not long after John had "taken a flyer" from the highest point on the wall and made an unexpected visit to the ground, we rested in the shade waiting for him to recover. As usual, we got to talking about the programs, and especially about the one for younger kids. John wanted to know everything we were learning and doing. As a natural teacher, he was fascinated by the cross-cultural dynamics the program offered.

"I want to do two things next year on my sabbatical," he said as he pulled at his beard and sipped a beer. "I want to work at the Dolores

Archaeological Project to learn more about archaeology and I want to coordinate as head teacher and teach in the elementary program.”

The next summer John followed his dream and did both. We added another job. We asked him to serve on the I-SEP Board of Education that governed the school. He did all three things with verve, and added new and exciting dimensions to our programs. It was a beautiful sight to see gruff “old” bearded John working with those little Ute kids. In the tepee village setting, he seemed like a mountain man school teacher.

The Crow Canyon programs started each year in the spring when the grass was greening and the north wind turned our collars down instead of up. First came the elementary schools filling the campus with joyful, high-pitched voices. In June, the high school students arrived, and the tepee village tutoring program was underway. The summertime brought college students from Fort Lewis College in Durango and groups of teachers from all over the country on “continuing education” field trips.

Fall and winter brought students and visitors bent upon creative endeavors. On almost every evening in the spring, summer, and fall, groups of friends camped at Crow Canyon. Some in the tepees, others threw their bags out on the floor of the library or on the grass in the courtyard. Music rolled through the canyon. Deep conversations resulted in settling the problems of the world. Crow Canyon was a dream place, an educator’s haven, and a recharger of human spirits.

In 1979, the tepee village and its beautiful setting attracted the attention of Mountain Men. A Rendezvous was planned and soon Crow Canyon was filled with hide-laden, bearded men, capped with

fur, carrying muzzle loaders, powder horns, and trade goods. The canyon rang with explosions from black powder charges and the whang-ting of lead shot hitting steel buffalo targets. Tepees and tents joined our village until a sea of conical forms and other canvas shelters filled the meadow. Everywhere one looked, Crow Canyon was transformed into a nineteenth century, hell-for-broke encampment of full-out, let-'er-rip, half wild men and women celebrating a joyous rendezvous after months of lonely isolation, or so it seemed.

On the hill above the gathered revelers, the Fort stood guard. Except for a few cameras hanging among amulets and keep-bags around leathery necks, there was no way of telling that time hadn't closed a circuit and that it wasn't 1855 again.



Carlos Nakai, Jim Colleran and participants construct a sweat lodge.

The tepees attracted other Native American groups. Crow Canyon became the site of a five-day

meeting of teenagers from all over the western United States. Each tribal group, represented by their teen club, team, or group home, came with their traditional garb, prepared to dance and sing and share their culture with others.

In the village, the fires were never allowed to die. Drums were played continually, night and day, until the beat became a heartbeat for the entire canyon. At night the tepees, with tiny fires inside, glowed like alien spaceships, their yellow light forming a backdrop to dancers bounding around the larger fires outside. Summer rains came and drenched the encampment, yet the dances and socializing went on.

Late each evening, with any visitors we had, Jo and I would hike to a rocky outcrop directly across the canyon from the Village. Hidden in the darkness we watched the Indian encampment. We were hypnotized by the drums and the shadowy figures of the dancers. In our minds, we were frontiersmen watching an Indian encampment from the safety of the woods, afraid our discovery would result in our being the center of unwelcome attention. The feelings made us tingle. The experience was breathtaking. Crow Canyon still echoes with the drumbeats, footbeats, and heartbeats; the beauty of those nights.

## CHAPTER 28

### INTERPRETIVE SERVICES

Fred “Muley” Blackburn’s job was to develop programs of an interpretive nature to enhance the school’s curriculum. Fred is a Durango-born, native southwest Coloradoan, a tough loner who tolerates people. Fred knows the wild lands of southeastern Utah better than a mountain lion and the locations of Anasazi hamlets and Fremont campsites that have never been recorded. He is a natural teacher and a unique man.

Fred wanted to know if we would help him build a field program to provide educational and interpretive jaunts into the wilderness of the Four Corners region. He would lead the excursions into places he wanted to share with others, bring in experts like Sally Cole the rock art specialist, Ray Williamson the archaeo-astronomer, and famous archaeologists. We decided that, with Fred’s help, we would start research projects in the “outback” that would bring more people to Crow Canyon. We would focus volunteers upon tasks related to preservation and protection, like recording rock art sites and recording archaeological sites of all kinds.

“Great!” we said in unison. “What do you need to get started?”

The I-SEP Board of Education decreed that an Interpretive Services Division be formed with Fred as its Director. Jo and I cashed an annuity and left for Denver to buy a GMC Suburban, a four-wheel-drive field vehicle that could transport ten people. Fred and Jo built a chuckwagon field unit on a large two-wheel trailer. The unit carried fifty gallons of water, propane-fueled cook stoves, and up to five coolers. In its dust-

tight cabinets we would store enough food and supplies for ten people for a week in the hinterland.

Brochures were developed and printed. Mailings went out and people signed up for the trips. The new division was in operation. People loved the adventures we provided.

One of the most popular trips was designed by Fred and some of his friends in the BLM, to study the range, diseases, and general condition of desert big horn sheep. The program took place in remote and almost inaccessible areas of southeastern Utah.

Jo and I went on these trips for the sheer fun of it, and to learn about the beautiful animals which the ancient ones depicted so often in their effigy ceramics and rock art.

Off we went, west from the Blanding - Bluff area, along paved roads, then gravel roads, then graveled tracks, and finally along a rocky desert trail better suited for goats than vehicles. We were in a remote and beautiful canyon eighty miles from the nearest services.

Our GMC Suburban had radial tires. Suddenly a front tire blew! We examined the large blow-out in the weak sidewall, cursed it, and put on the spare. About a mile further on, luckily near where Fred had planned our camp, another tire began to sigh through a hole in its sidewall. By the time we reached the camp, we were driving on the rim.

"Damn!" Fred exclaimed, "It's over one hundred sixty miles round-trip to get another tire, if we can even find one this size. My truck spare won't fit."

Doom and gloom! Jo and I would take Fred's truck and the two rims and go and buy new tires. We would miss the trek to photograph the big horns and the joys of the camp.

Now I haven't mentioned it before, but we had a good fairy named Gwendolyn who always protected and looked after us. In all of our years of operation we had never had a serious accident or a problem too tangled to unravel with her help. The Good Fairy Gwendolyn protected us. We talked about her, thanked her, and came to expect her protection. So now where was she, now that we needed her again?

"Look! Way back up there in that side canyon, almost to the top of that rocky outcrop that looks like a cake," Jo said pointing to a place that Gwendolyn had obviously made her look. "There is a building, or a trailer, Maybe two trailers, and piles of junk."

The next morning while the others went out in search of the Desert Big Horn, Jo and I hiked up the slopes to the weather-ravaged junk that had once, probably in the early 1950s, been a uranium claim. There we found two decaying trailers. One of the trailers had a tire still on the axle. It was dried and cracked but full of air. It was mounted on a six hole rim that would fit our Suburban. Nearby, in the piles of junk, we found a working jack and a lug wrench to remove the trailer tire. Thanks Gwendolyn!

By the time our group of photographers and sheep watchers returned to camp for lunch we had the tire mounted on the Suburban and were washing the desert dirt and tire-black from our hands. While we ate, we explained about the Good Fairy Gwendolyn to a group of people with blank faces, who wouldn't meet our glances eye-to-eye, but who were probably willing to believe in her.

As Crow Canyon's Interpretive Services Division grew, new programs were added to our curriculum. Rafting the San Juan River to study ancient rock art and archaeological sites became a

regular event. Starting in 1979 Crow Canyon offered the programs each year through the Denver Museum of Natural History. Sally Cole led the programs into secret places where she involved the participants in recording rock art panels that were being destroyed by vandals and the forces of nature. She wrote reports and gave evening programs at Crow Canyon that enlightened hundreds of people to the needs of protecting rock art treasures in the galleries of the wild.

Sally had a gift for teaching. Her enthusiasm, knowledge, and love of discussion made her an excellent teacher. I can still envision Sally leading a group of 10 people who had been bushwhacking through the willows in the hot sun for a mile or more. You could hear the delight in their voices as they talked about the panels they recorded. Personal hardship was nothing compared to the passion of learning with Sally.

There was magic in the way Sally caught the essence of spiritual wonderment in her photographs of rock art panels. She has taken the photos in little known canyons and drainages that lost their romantic names and individual identities as they fed the mighty Colorado River. Her photos are art treasures and documentation. Some are the only remaining record of sites that have since been vandalized or otherwise lost. In 1990 Sally published her documentation and research results in her book *Legacy On Stone*, Johnson Books, Boulder, Colorado. It is the most comprehensive work on the rock art of the Colorado Plateau and the Four Corners Region available, and we consider it a treasure.

Sally, and her husband Chuck, an attorney, have long been committed to preserving ancient sites where priests and hunters cut into the desert varnish



of sandstone walls and pecked and painted figures and designs. A relationship grew between the Coles and Crow Canyon. We sought ways to support the Coles' work. Chuck served on our Board of Education, led float trips we took to record rock art along the San Juan River, and joined Jo and others making music to fill the sweet evenings at the Fort. Together we expanded the scope of Crow Canyon's commitment to archaeological preservation and education.

In 1980 we worked with the Coles to write a Colorado Humanities Program grant request for a series of five lectures entitled "*Images and Ideas of the Colorado Plateau*," for presentation in May and June of 1981. The series was funded. Mesa County Public Library and Crow Canyon were the sponsors. The lectures attracted hundreds of people and received appreciative accolades.

Crow Canyon's interpretive trips ranged throughout the mysterious homeland of the Ancient Ones. Anthropology field trips included "Insights into the Vandalism of Archaeological Resources," in Grand Gulch, and Monticello, Utah; "Cowboy Camps and the Disappearing Heritage of the West"; "A Survey of Barrier Canyon Style Rock Art North and West of the Colorado River, and "Anasazi Archaeo-astronomy" at Hovenweep National Monument. We also offered natural history programs like "Rocky Mountain Bighorn: Their Habitat and Management," in the San Juan Mountains, southwestern Colorado.

There was a special place where we took our guests as often as possible. It was a place in New Mexico where we could share the wonders of the Anasazi world. Jo and I loved to take participants there, especially in late fall. It was named Chaco Canyon.

The late fall weather at Chaco Canyon, located about one hundred fifty miles due south of Crow Canyon, is delightful. Warm dry days, cool nights, and skies so clear one might see stars in the daytime made our visits there a special treat. Chaco, like Mesa Verde, is a place one knows if one is in tune with America's prehistoric past.

We had a special way of introducing Chaco Canyon to our participants. We planned our arrival in the canyon for late afternoon. We arrived just before sunset after bumping over the rutted dirt track for over twenty miles. We set up camp in the group area not far from the interpretive center. As the evening approached, we finished dinner, quieted the group, and got them ready to go "solo" into the partially excavated ruins of the massive Chetro Ketl pueblo.

We picked Chetro Ketl because it is a complex structure with beautiful rock work and deep, circular kivas, courtyards, and tangles of ceiling-less rooms. It is located in the heart of the canyon beneath a cliff of red sandstone. We picked it because it is an enchanted place.

In November the sunsets in the Southwest can last for an hour or more. The sky bleeds all of the colors of the dying year onto a horizon stage that seems to cover half of the world.

When the colors were fading, we went, one by one, among the ruins. Each of us found a place to sit alone in an alcove or on a wall. We could feel the evening's cold breath as it gathered in the low places, filling them, then spilled up and over, chilling the valley in layers until our feet and then our hands and then our faces, and finally all of our bodies, were braced by biting air. We began to feel like rocks, rocks with minds, with eyes that see, and with ears

that hear. Then we watched the shadows dancing, heard the children playing.

And when it becomes night, starlight, black earth, late, we stand to move, afraid to make noise, stamping our feet to quicken circulation, breathing too hard. Each, as one, voyagers in this strange time and space, leave the ruin and try to float silently to camp. The camp is lifeless. We must slip quietly into our cold bags and shiver to sleep. It's too cold to look at the sky, and besides, something is happening inside the collective "us" as a result of our vigilance at the ruin. There is a churning which forms new chunks of reality in our minds.

In the morning it's so cold outside we curse ourselves for braving a winter camp. There is ice on the water left for morning coffee. It's not time to get up. Besides, we reason, the bags where our feet froze all night are now warm. None are willing to leave their bag's embrace. We doze.

Someone is up. Bacon is frying. Eggs slide into the hot grease sending a message through camp. The sun peers over the canyon's rim. When the sunlight warms our bodies, we reformed creatures un-zip from the chrysalis for the first day since last night's metamorphosis.

## CHAPTER 29

### PLANNING AND REACHING OUT

By the late 1970s the Crow Canyon Campus facilities had changed from a rustic Fort in the wild outback of southwestern Colorado to a fully functional facility operating throughout the seasons. The generators had been retired and electric power brought in. Public access roads had been brought up to county standards. Our entrance road and parking areas were out of the mud, covered with five inches of gravel road base. We excavated a pond to use for irrigation and fishing. We dug a well which to our dismay produced brackish water. We were disappointed. We would still need to have potable water hauled.

In the spring we built an additional water house with a storage tank, buried our water lines underground, and installed a pressure system. A new maintenance shed with a vehicle service bay doubled as a crafts teaching area.

The main facility had grown from three remodeled trailers into a building. A log library and the apartment over it were built as modules that would adapt to a new addition which could eventually replace the old trailers. The tepee village and the chuckwagon stage area were used seasonally as instructional areas.

With each addition we avoided the institutional look. People loved the rough and homey place. They wanted character and Crow Canyon certainly had that. They hadn't made the difficult trip to the far outback to be housed in condominiums. We made many improvements but we still had work to do. We needed to build dorms and a modern kitchen.

Still, it was better than tents! In addition, we discovered there was a special, un-planned bonus. Because we didn't have elaborate facilities to maintain, the monies we generated could go directly into programs.

Our educational programs now expanded to include all age groups. Our interdisciplinary approach, utilizing the "magic" of archaeology and anthropology, included community education programs, specialized academic programs, and custom-tailored programs for groups like Native American, CETA trainees, the "I" Team, S.L.I.C (Severely Limited Intellectual Capacity) kids, and the Gifted and Talented. We sponsored retreats and workshops, study groups, and creative artistic endeavors. The Interpretive Services programs provided field studies and field seminars throughout the Four Corners region and attracted adults who wanted to see the Southwest with knowledgeable guides and interpreters. (Later, the amazing Jim Colleran took over these programs and made them shine).

Programs were limited by the lack of resources to advertise and recruit participants, and, of course, by how far we could stretch ourselves. If it hadn't been for the "free" press Crow Canyon received, we might have failed. Luckily, the quality of our programs attracted a steady stream of fine writers and reporters from major newspapers. I hope Kit Miniclier, a Denver Post staff writer who kept tabs on Crow Canyon's progress over the years, knows how much good his article, "Young Indians Taught Heritage in Tepees," published in The Denver Post, July 11, 1979, did for our credibility and recruiting efforts. Along the same lines, the Ballantines, editors of the Durango Herald, kept the Four Corners region

aware of our progress. Articles written by Betty Stevens, "Crow Canyon Teachers in Love With Education," The Durango Herald, August 8, 1979, and by Barry Smith, "Crow Canyon School: 'a whoop and holler place,'" The Durango Herald, May 28, 1980, brought a stream of visitors to our doors and helped our credibility in the Durango area, which resulted in many significant donations. In 1981 a visit by John Baron of the Rocky Mountain News resulted in a full-page article in the State/Region section of the newspaper. Baron's article, "Crow Canyon School long on quality," The Rocky Mountain News, May 17, 1981, started our phones ringing. As a result, all of our programs for 1981 and 1982 filled within weeks.

The school was developing well, our programs filled, we were building a "campus," and the future was insured except for one major problem. Jo and I were beginning to wear down. We were working seven days and seven nights per week, year-round. As programs developed, we needed to be on campus to run them. At the same time, we needed to be out on the road marketing or fund raising. We had no time to work odd jobs to bring in money. We feared tuition income alone could never support the educational program, the educational research, and the archaeological program. The reality was we couldn't do it all. We needed help.

Other demands were made on our time that added to the pressures. I was called to "rescue" the community Alcohol and Drug Program I had worked with over the years. I still served on the Board of HPD, the program started by Dr. Bryan, who had now moved on. It was threatened with closure due to a management problem. I was the only Board member with the "time" and expertise to help it get back on its feet. I believed in the program and could not let it

close. Reluctantly, I agreed to direct the program for the State Department of Health and Human Services and the local Board. They allowed me a flexible schedule so I could rush back to Crow Canyon when necessary. It took eight months to get HPD back on its feet.

The cost to Crow Canyon and to us was deeply felt, but my remuneration for directing the alcohol and drug programs bought more time for Crow Canyon.

Jo was doing too much. She prepared for the future by taking a Master's Degree in Planning and Community Development from the College of Design and Planning at the University of Colorado. Planning was a field we both loved. Jo believed that with certification as a planner she could help Crow Canyon develop along responsible lines. She knew that good planning was needed to protect the archaeological and cultural resources surrounding us. She was developing a Cultural Resources Management Plan as a part of her Master's thesis. The community, especially the Downtown Cortez, needed help preparing for the future. She was able to help revitalize the downtown development effort, research the historical development of the downtown, and provide technical assistance for overall planning endeavors. She was graduated in August 1982 and given the Honor Award for Excellence in Research. It was not unusual for her to work eighteen-hour days.

Reality cannot be ignored for long. We couldn't market, raise funds, teach, drive buses, build, repair, meet, and recruit for Crow Canyon School without help. Some help had come in the form of volunteers, and they had been wonderful. Now, the type of help we needed would only come from a paid employee with a promotional budget - a fundraiser.

Without help, we would be forced to cut back to a few seasonal programs. The more Crow Canyon succeeded, the more threatened it became.

Crow Canyon had some of the finest educational programs in the country. That had been affirmed over and over again. We had been looked over by groups who liked what we were doing and wanted to help us. This type of help always had strings attached. A group from Pagosa Springs were ready to support the school but only if we moved the operation to their area. We put out more feelers. We began to get responses.

Fred attended an Experiential Education conference in Santa Fe, New Mexico. While there he met Karen Holmes, an educator who was working at an archaeological research center in Illinois that we had never heard about. It was called Kampsville. Karen, I was told, was working for a young man named Clark Hinsdale to create an educational program centered on archaeology.

Fred came back to Crow Canyon excited about what he had learned of the Kampsville programs. He urged me to contact a Professor Struever at Northwestern University whom he was told was a good fundraiser. Struever headed the Foundation For Illinois Archaeology (FIA), which operated archaeological excavations in the Kampsville area via Northwestern University. In the spring of 1981, I wrote Struever, briefly described Crow Canyon, and invited him to drop by if he was ever in our area. Months passed and there was no response. We forgot about Kampsville and focused upon University of Colorado and Arizona contacts.

Early in the fall 1981 we were contacted by Struever and told that he would be at Mesa Verde National Park planning a trip for some of the FIA



Board. Could we pick him up at the Durango Air Terminal and show him Crow Canyon?

During his visit we showed him the PI site Jo and I had found while winter hiking, and the magnificent ruin at Sand Canyon. He was impressed by the promotional and funding opportunities provided by these important archaeological sites.

During Struever's visit, we received information about the Foundation for Illinois Archaeology at Northwestern University and its educational programs which started in 1974. It was a good feeling to know we were not alone as educators using the magic of archaeology to motivate and teach. There was also some suggestion that the NU-FIA program could expand to the Southwest.

When the FIA Board arrived at Mesa Verde National Park, several members came to visit Crow Canyon. They saw Crow Canyon's potential. Some of them supported a Crow Canyon addition to the Illinois programs. More time passed.

We went on with our busy schedules, served on Congressman Ray Kogovsek's Anasazi Advisory Committee for the management of public, BLM-administered lands in our area, and continued to develop Crow Canyon. We had little hope anything would come our way from Illinois. I was nominated by the local Republicans and Democrats to serve on the National Public Lands Advisory Council. I spent time educating myself about public lands management in case I received the appointment. Jo and I served on various local boards, attempted to establish a new pioneer museum, and volunteered in the community when asked.

We continued to make contacts that would result in Crow Canyon receiving the support it needed. We didn't suspect that we had already put

into motion the wheels of destiny. Nor, in our most speculative moments, did we suspect that after another four and one half years our part in the long and difficult struggle to build Crow Canyon would end.

The wheels were definitely in motion. After the FIA board tour, Clark Hinsdale suggested that Jo and I visit Kampsville. He would contact us when arrangements were made. It wasn't long until the invitation was formalized and Jo and I flew to St. Louis. We rented a car and drove via Alton up the east side of the Illinois River to Hardin. At Hardin, we crossed the bridge to the west side of the Illinois River, checked into the Hardin Hotel, and left our bags, as we had been instructed to do. We then proceeded north to Kampsville. Along our route, bluffs rose from the river's cut. Heavy forests blanketed the land. Clearings in the green wall were fields and towns. We learned that, unlike our home country where the topography could change within a mile, most of the land and forests in the mid-west drainages looked alike. At the time, we couldn't figure out how archaeologists could find sites, let alone work them in this verdant, water-soaked land. We had a lot to learn about the Woodland Cultures which had thrived here for thousands of years. It was obvious the archaeology was quite different from that of the Southwest.

We found that Kampsville did not get its name because it was a camp, as we had imagined. It was named for a family named Kamp. The town was small and interesting. Parts of it were moldering in the floodplain of the chemical-ridden Illinois River. Other houses were built on terraces that rose up and away from the river's undetermined edge. Like so many Midwestern towns, Kampsville had the dying

look of a once-important place bypassed by vitality as the nation moved West.

Whatever the future might have promised this little river town, the Army Corps of Engineers was determined to take away. The Corps, in an effort to contain the Illinois River within banks which it created as levees, forced flood crests up into Kampsville's downtown. This "accident" caused people to flee their ever-threatened stores and houses, selling them for pennies on the dollar. Cheap housing attracted the archaeologists. Kampsville's travail resulted in the birth of a new industry, archaeological programs from Northwestern University. They were the town's primary income generator.

## CHAPTER 30

## KAMPSVILLE ON THE ILLINOIS

We drove around the town and found the main office of the Kampsville Education Program. We were looking for Clark Hinsdale, the program's director. Hinsdale had come up through the FIA program at Kampsville and had returned there with the dream of developing an effective educational program. He was influenced by Genevieve MacDougal, a junior high school teacher from the Chicago area. In 1974, (a few years after we began), Genevieve had convinced the Kampsville staff to provide a program for her students. She knew the power archaeology had to motivate.

Throughout most of its history, Kampsville's programs utilized adults and graduate students as a source of free labor and income. They were given a minimum of archaeological training or cultural education. When Hinsdale took over in 1979, that began to change.

Hinsdale, while a student, had been impressed by the concept of combining research scholars and a trained public in archaeological investigations. He planned to direct his life and considerable talents towards public archaeology. He moved to Illinois from his Vermont home, prepared to build an educational program. Sadly, in 1979, the Illinois River had other ideas. Muddy flood waters covered houses up to their rooftops. Hinsdale dug in. He took charge of the flooded campus, knee-deep in muck.

As Hinsdale showed us around the facilities, he introduced us to Karen Holmes and other staff members. Karen was the lead educator. Within hours

we felt as if we were old friends. We shared a common love of education and a strong commitment to interdisciplinary learning based on archaeological research.

We met Ellen Gantner, tanned and willowy, her waist-length hair pulled back into a carefully woven knot. Ellen had participated in NU archaeological field school programs and developed a deep love and respect for archaeology. She had a way of being firm, yet gentle. She was considerate and a wonderful listener. She handled all the program enrollments and marketing. People contacted FIA, trusted Ellen, and came to Kampsville. We learned Ellen and Hinsdale had begun to develop an effective marketing program. Thanks to them, the educational programs were generating more than \$240,000 in tuition revenues that year.

Jo and I also learned that there were serious problems within the organization. The chaotic leadership had fostered a major split between archaeologists and educators. The Kampsville Archaeological Center was divided into competing factions. One group was the Foundation for Illinois Archaeology whose connection to the University included providing the Kampsville facilities. FIA was doing research on sites near Kampsville and involving students from the educational program Clark Hinsdale directed. In addition, a large Contract Archaeology program was housed at Kampsville. It got most of its funds, when they weren't siphoned off for other causes, from IDOT, the Illinois Department of Transportation. Another group called NUAFS, the Northwestern University Archaeological Field School used the town and FIA facilities. It seemed to us each group sought to ignore the presence and work of the

others. We soon learned that the educational program ranked lowest on the Kampsville totem pole. Some "Archies," working for the FIA and NU at Kampsville, felt their professional standards were compromised by the involvement of the lay public.

It was all very confusing and very political. We were told Kampsville was under University control in Evanston, via the FIA organization directed by NU professor Struever. The FIA was housed in one half of an old building leased by the University. The building contained offices for NU professors and the FIA corporation, some NUAFS students, graduate students, a staff for a new archaeological magazine called *Early Man*, a marketing crew for the educational programs, a haphazard bookkeeping office, and buckets of water from a leaky roof when it rained.

Attempting to understand this world of near Machiavellian intrigue, we reeled our way back to the Hardin Hotel for a night's rest. Our hopes had been high. We were excited by the quality of the educational programs. Clark Hinsdale, Karen Holmes, Ellen Gantner, and a dedicated staff, including the technologies expert John White, of Field Museum fame, had developed a program that was innovative educationally, gaining solid economic footing, and had public appeal. Jo and I observed the program's educational approaches and smiled with pleasure. Kampsville had developed expertise in many areas of cultural and archaeological education.

We clearly shared common dreams but ... the undercurrents of intrigue were powerful. We were uneasy and our hopes of getting help for Crow Canyon were drifting away. We slept, hoping the light of another day would clarify things.

## CHAPTER 31

### NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY IN SOUTHWESTERN COLORADO

We left Kampsville knowing something of the “ins and outs” of Northwestern University’s FIA. About a month later, Struever and Hinsdale arrived at Crow Canyon to discuss the future with us. We had an enjoyable time showing them around and visiting. We were cementing our friendships, but time was running out and nothing substantial regarding the future of the two organizations was discussed.

Just prior to this visit, the FIA name was in the process of being changed to The Center for American Archaeology at Northwestern University (CAA), during this transition period, FIA was called CAA, even though the name change had not been filed. The new name was to reflect the organization’s new mission: To establish regional archaeological centers operating under one umbrella nonprofit corporation.

We were told that the FIA/CAA’s president and fundraiser, Struever, would defer to Hinsdale in the nitty-gritty matters of real estate, buy-outs, mergers. Jo and I were to have free reign and support continuing the development of Crow Canyon.

To arrive at a mutually beneficial agreement, we decided each organization should meet separately and then get back together and compare proposals. Jo and I stayed at the Fort. Hinsdale and Struever went into town. Jo and I could not ignore the benefits of becoming part of Northwestern University’s archaeology programs and linking Crow Canyon with the Kampsville Educational Center. We

had learned that Struever, though still teaching, had left research years before to become a fundraiser. It was obvious to us that he loved the jet-set lifestyle fund-raising provided, and that he had a special need to take money from the rich. That was important information. We knew Crow Canyon couldn't grow without funds from corporations, foundations and individuals.

We saw in Clark Hinsdale a man committed to bringing the FIA-CAA organization under control by curing its ills. He seemed capable of doing so. We were developing confidence in his abilities.

A list of the current members of the FIA-CAA Board of Directors impressed us. The board was interlocked with Northwestern University's board by common members. The list combined the names of men in powerful positions; men with companies and law firms of national importance who controlled millions of dollars which could be directed to charities like ours.

On the negative side, we knew that the FIA organization was rife with discontent, was in a "confused" financial state, troubled because of mismanagement, and lacked administrative leadership.

Could we put our faith in Hinsdale, the Board of Directors, and the University? Yes, we felt we could. The University had a reputation to uphold and within its faculty and administration the resources to help the FIA-CAA straighten out its affairs. We believed that with NU's credibility and backing Crow Canyon would get the financial support it needed. Could fund-raiser Struever bring in the dollars necessary to buy the land, buy I-SEP, build a lodge and classroom building, market our programs, and get Crow Canyon the critical mass necessary to keep



it going? We were uneasy. The FIA-CAA had other financial obligations that would dominate his time, which was already split between obligations at NU, collecting and dealing African and Southwestern art, fund-raising for *Early Man* magazine, and the FIA-CAA.

We weighed the pros and cons and made our decision to merge based upon Northwestern University's strength and reputation. The prestige of the University, the quality of our programs, the NU marketing team, and a proven fundraiser, added-up to a winning hand. We knew that as we demonstrated that Crow Canyon was a viable business, donations would follow.

It became obvious that if we were to become part of NU's FIA-CAA we would need to make the buy-out as financially lenient as possible. If we didn't, the deal would not work. Jo and I struggled with the realities of the situation. Crow Canyon land and improvements would appraise for between two-and-three hundred-thousand dollars. We could sell the land and the I-SEP corporation could sell its improvements. Then Jo and I could donate back or forgive the difference between the appraised fair market value of Crow Canyon land and the amount the FIA-CAA could pay.

"Why would you do that?" our attorney asked when we called him for advice, "It will cost you guys over one hundred thousand dollars, money which would be payment for a small percentage of your labor over the years. Are you certain you can't do the deal another way?"

We thought long and hard. Why would we do that? We felt trapped, but we were able to see a way that would be good for Crow Canyon. What it came down to was this: If we were to realize our dreams for

Crow Canyon, we would have to do whatever was necessary to let it succeed. We had brought Crow Canyon this far, we couldn't quit now. We decided to forgive (donate) one hundred and one thousand dollars of the sale amount.

When we came back together, we found our concessions would make the deal work. For the price of an average home in southeast Denver, the FIA-CAA would gain seventy acres of land, the school facilities, one and one half cubic-feet-per-second of adjudicated water, existing contacts and programs, and our good name. For an additional few thousand dollars, the FIA-CAA would buy I-SEP's tractor, trucks, suburban, and other specified equipment.

Struever and Hinsdale left for Illinois. It would take many months to get the agreement signed. In the meantime, Hinsdale called and requested that Jo and I join the Kampsville staff for at least two months during the summer of 1982. We agreed, anxious to know more about the Kampsville education and research programs and the FIA-CAA organization we had agreed - at least verbally - to join.

In January and February, Jo and I booked programs for the spring quarter at Crow Canyon. We closed the summer and fall offerings, gambling that the merger would go through and we would be in Illinois. We began to plan a large addition to the Fort containing the dorms and kitchen, which was to be built with money given by the owners of a Chicago-based insurance company.

Then another "clung" appeared. As Jo and I identified the facilities necessary to house the expanded curriculum, we discovered we did not have lab space for an expanded archaeological research program. We realized that the funds Struever could

raise were inadequate to provide laboratory space. The whole deal could fall through.

Once again we were forced to ask what we could do. I began to cost-out the construction of a bare-bones laboratory and office complex for the research archaeologists. Everything I studied cost between forty and one-hundred dollars per square foot to build. We needed at least fifteen hundred square feet of building as a start. Where would CAA get an additional one hundred thousand dollars? There was no way to get that kind of money. Jo and I searched other options.

I found four 12' X 50' surplus lab trailers at the Transportation Test Track in Pueblo, Colorado. I-SEP could buy them, have them moved to Crow Canyon, placed upon leveled pads and pillions, and have them operational for under three dollars per square foot. Two of the lab trailers could be placed side-by-side. They could then be joined by cutting through the walls. This interim measure would give us the labs we needed. The other two trailers could be used for classrooms and storage. If the deal fell through with the CAA, we could use the additional space. If all went well, and it would because the research program could be housed, they would be another of our gifts to the CAA.

Jo, Fred, and I prepared the sites for the labs, leveled the trailers, poured concrete footers for the pillions, and remodeled the interiors into usable space. By April, we had research facilities at Crow Canyon. They were not the best, but, "They were better than tents."

The spring programs were fun. May was upon us before we could deal with the fact that we would be leaving for Illinois in a few weeks. Fred would stay behind and keep an eye on things. Bill Lipe would

take over the Fort for the summer and house his Washington State University Field School in the rough but appealing facilities.

We didn't have an option-to-buy from CAA, only a "handshake." However, we had come to trust Hinsdale and, in spite of all the negative information, to believe that Struever was a shark of a fundraiser and could find money. We were willing to gamble on the outcome. Crow Canyon's future was worth a risk. We packed and headed for Illinois. Pangloss wouldn't have been happier.



May 1982. Jo and Ed getting ready go to Kampsville.

We spent two months participating in programs, working with the educational staff, and giving talks on Southwestern archaeology. We worked on marketing strategies and discussed brochures. We were deeply impressed by the dedication and passionate commitment of the Kampsville educational staff.

Lisanne Bartram was young, energetic, and extremely perceptive. Her contribution to the educational program was vital. She created a 'hands-on' program called the Cultural History Mystery that taught novices about the cultural and artifact record of the Mississippi drainages. The CHM helped participants gain an understanding of the cultural context within which they would be working. These were skills necessary to work with the research scientists on sites and in the labs.

We were impressed by her abilities and her insights into learning. Following her design, we began to assemble our own CHM kit based on Southwestern archaeology. This was used extensively at Crow Canyon. Thanks to Lisanne, any teacher could build a CHM teaching kit for any period of prehistory or history.

Karen Holmes coordinated the education programs. Tom Cook was in charge of the archaeological research. Dozens of other education program people and many research archaeologists served as resources for the students. There were over one hundred CAA staff members in Kampsville that summer.

Clark Hinsdale, the Kampsville Archaeological Center's Director, was being urged by several CAA board members to move to Evanston and take over as Operations Officer for the emerging CAA organization. In that position they believed he could

control Struever and thus bring the organization under control. He was making headway. It was hard for him to think of leaving Kampsville.

Hinsdale had an impressive record of service to the FIA-CAA. He had rebuilt the organization, literally out of the mud, after the floods of 1979. When local businessmen felt abused by FIA management in Evanston, he heard their grievances. He became involved in Kampsville town government. He was elected Mayor of Kampsville so he could meld all interests together.

After a great deal of thought, he decided to move to Evanston to continue developing operational policies and planning fiscal policies for the emerging CAA. We trusted Hinsdale's leadership. His move to Evanston was a reassuring sign to us that the organization was working to bypass Struever and establish competent management.

As the summer passed, we developed a great deal of empathy for the Kampsville program and its staff. The programs were threadbare. Monies earmarked to support their education and research programs were siphoned away from Kampsville into Early Man magazine and a new archaeological enterprise FIA had started in the Fox River Valley. Additional funds would now be needed for Crow Canyon. Tuition income came in, as did other money, and was 'lost.' Accounting procedures were questionable and usually months behind. FIA-CAA was not managed by information or by an effective Board of Directors. It was run out of a hip pocket. It was out of control, and Kampsville programs suffered.

The Board of Directors was chaired by the head of a large grocery chain, He was demanding information, but he got incomplete data. He and other

board members were confused. They didn't know how to get control of the organization they were legally in charge of. The chairman resigned, confusion reigned. Another chairman was selected. He soon resigned in frustration. Luckily, this reign of fear did not affect Crow Canyon. Until they forced him out, Struever's energy was in the mid-West. He was not involved as Crow Canyon continued to grow and prosper.

In the early fall, I worked with architect Dean Brookie to finalize the plans for a new lodge and kitchen addition. In October, we started construction. As surprising as it may seem, funds were transferred and we started building the lodge before the purchase was finalized. Was that trust!



The lawyers finally finished putting the deal together. CAA was the new non-profit corporation in control. Crow Canyon was now part of NU's Archaeological Research Program, now legally called The Center for American Archaeology at Northwestern University.

Things went very well. The new log and stucco building was completed on schedule. It had a full-service stainless steel kitchen with heavy-duty commercial mixers, slicers, and cooking stoves. I

had, on my own time, weekends and nights, rebuilt most of the equipment from salvage. The kitchen cost us about sixteen thousand dollars and was valued at more than sixty thousand dollars. The lodge slept forty people in bunk beds, in five rooms. There were two large tiled bathroom/shower rooms for the dorms and two half baths downstairs. The large meeting room was attractive and equipped with folding tables, sturdy upholstered chairs, chalk boards, and Jo's piano. Dan Nedoba, a local director of the mental health program, made I-SEP's logo into a stunning, round, stained glass window.

Lee Allmon made a routed sign "Crow Canyon Lodge," which we mounted over the double entry doors. My mom loaned us the pastel drawings she had done at the Kelly Place. We hung them in the dormitory hallway. We bought southwest posters, had them framed, and finished decorating the halls and rooms. The State of Colorado Department of Highways installed road signs on the main highway that said, "Crow Canyon Campus, Northwestern University." Now people could find us!

At the start of the construction of the lodge, it became obvious we couldn't rely upon CAA's bookkeeping "services" in Evanston for information that would help me manage the building process and run Crow Canyon effectively. We employed a bookkeeper of our own who would keep records and account the expenditures for the building and the program.

Glenda Wilhelm, warm and loving, a professional writer, bookkeeper, and bicyclist, recorded Crow Canyon's cash flows. She kept meticulous records. Our insistence upon having a professional keep our records and accounts proved



to be one of the most important decisions I made as Director.

John Schmitt, a retired contractor and construction manager from Naperville, Illinois, became the CAA Board's representative to Crow Canyon. His task was to follow the construction, look over my shoulder, and insure that the CAA's interests were being handled responsibly. John was a tough, experienced businessman. He had dug at Kampsville and was dedicated to public archaeology and education. We grew to love him and his lady, Lou, and value his input. For me, the opportunity to have John helping me, playing devil's advocate, and providing a resource base of construction and management information, was wonderful. We built the lodge addition for about forty dollars per square foot, including fixtures and furnishings. That was about one-third of what it would have cost had we contracted it out.

To get groups to Crow Canyon from Denver or Phoenix or the railheads at Grand Junction, Colorado, or Gallup, New Mexico, was a problem. Public transportation systems in our part of the West are almost nonexistent. There are no trains in our area. People can drive their own cars, buy a ticket on a bus or plane, or stay home. The buses arrive at odd hours like three in the morning. The airlines are very expensive, and not dependable.

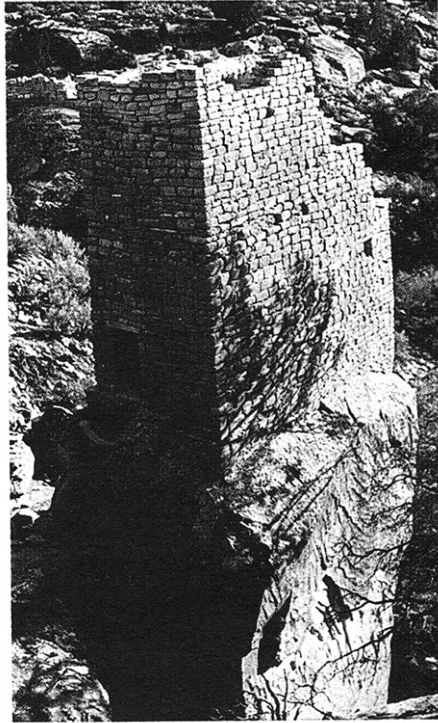
Many of the school groups that came to Crow Canyon had us drive to Denver or other cities, pick up a district bus (Jo and I were both licensed and experienced bus drivers who had gone through special training courses), and drive them to Cortez and back. We hated it, but it was necessary. Other groups chartered commercial buses. The costs were terribly high. We lost programs because they were

unable to afford transportation. Groups were paying us less for our programs than they were paying for transportation. We knew that until we broadened our base of recruiting and could find schools and museums who had their own transportation, we would need to provide it.

We bought three buses, two for the field and one for the road. The road bus was called the Crow Canyon Coach. It was a forty-foot monster with a pusher diesel engine, reclining seats, a bathroom, underbelly storage, and "Crow Canyon Campus - Center for American Archaeology at Northwestern University" painted boldly on its sides.

I lived with that machine. It never rolled until I had checked its every bolt, tire, and the nut who was driving. When it was on the road I lay awake nights. I jumped each time the phone rang day or night. I learned to drive it, wash it, and wipe its drain pipe. When we couldn't afford a driver, I drove it. I hated it, but it brought in the programs! We charged groups our cost for operating the Coach, which gave the groups a break. In the thirty-thousand miles we ran it, it almost paid for itself. Now it's in Alaska serving as a motor home. Thanks Coach, but no thanks!

# CROW CANYON



**CORTEZ  
COLORADO  
CAMPUS**

**THE CENTER FOR  
AMERICAN ARCHEOLOGY  
AT NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY**

## CHAPTER 32

## ARCHAEOLOGICAL INVESTIGATIONS

In order to staff the archaeo-educator positions we advertised for senior research archaeologists, southwest specialists, to fill two positions at Crow Canyon. Applications came in and were screened by a research committee headed by NU's Dr. Jim Brown, chairman of the anthropology department. We interviewed the nominees and with the help of Bill Lipe and Jim Judge, selected those candidates with an obvious love of people, teaching, and a commitment to involving lay people in primary research. The two finalists were amazing individuals. We dared to hope they would accept our employment offer with its built-in work overloads, low pay, and strange mixture of research, academic, educational, and recreational programs. Both did accept. Dr. E. Charles Adams and Dr. Bruce Bradley joined our staff.

Chuck Adams and his wife Jenny, who was also an anthropologist, brought to Crow Canyon insights into, and sensitivity to, modern Hopi peoples and cultures. Chuck is an anthropologist/archaeologist who has done primary research at Walpi Pueblo, where residents shared their beliefs and customs with him. He is a fine 'dirt' archaeologist, and he is recognized for his academic scholarship, and his commitment to education. Chuck took the opportunity to develop Crow Canyon's initial research designs to heart. He laid the foundation for the quality research program which has made Crow Canyon vital.

It is difficult to describe all of the elements Bruce Bradley brought to Crow Canyons programs.

Rarely does one human being contain so many desirable parts. One may describe Bruce as a reincarnated Anasazi, a paleo-man, a stone-age shaman, or one of the fine academic scholars generated by Cambridge University. In a time when knowledge is broken into gobs so scholars may specialize and know at least one part well, Bruce, who has mastered many parts and whose thinking processes are not post-holed or segmented, is able to see a remarkably complete picture of human development. Add to that contribution his love of people, his ability to teach, and his total dedication to his profession, and you will know why we were so fortunate when Bruce accepted our offer to build Crow Canyon's program. With Bruce, Crow Canyon gained Cindy Bradley, also an archaeologist. Cindy taught in the programs, supported Bruce as he worked impossible hours, and gave her professional insights to education and research programs.

Adams and Bradley began their archaeological research by opening the P-I site Jo and I had discovered on our winter hike years before. As they cleared it, a group of junior high participants working by their sides, they found a foot that looked like a duck's. It was modeled of clay and had been fired. We suspected it had broken off an ancient effigy pot. The site was named Duckfoot.



Artists drawing of Duckfoot effigy.

In 1984 Duckfoot became the research-realm of another fine archaeologist and archaeo-educator, Ricky Lightfoot, Ricky was a natural teacher and a focused, tough-minded academic. We had first observed him two years before as he toured us around a pit house he was excavating on the Grass Mesa site in the McPhee Dam take-out area near Dolores.

Chuck and Bruce spent a good deal of their summer mapping Sand Canyon Pueblo, the large ruin complex George Kelly had taken us to in 1969. It was a difficult task. Chuck and Bruce returned from the Sand Canyon site each day, scratched and exhausted, holding pieces of a carefully drawn map containing a maze of pencil lines and circles. As they laid the papers out on the tables we could see the ruin map taking form. It was astounding! Sand Canyon Pueblo was a spectacular five-to eight-acre complex with over ninety kivas, a triple-walled "D" shaped central structure, and towers and rooms beyond accurate count.



Artist's concept of Sand Canyon. 1270's C.E.

The archaeologists projected that Crow Canyon's research at Sand Canyon could take fifteen or twenty years, and then touch only about twenty-eight per cent of the site. The information gained would be new and important. It would enhance our understanding of the Anasazi, and a large segment of prehistory would have to be rewritten. Lay people of all ages would work with the research scholars at Sand Canyon and in the labs at Crow Canyon. I was certain the information they retrieved would answer the "burning question": Why did the Anasazi abandon the area? We also knew that hundreds of thousands of people from all over the world would learn from Crow Canyon's research and share its artifacts. The "finds" would be stored, perhaps displayed, in the Heritage Center, a large museum and curation complex located about fifteen miles from Crow Canyon.

The educational program received rave reviews from participants. It was unique and effective. Still, it needed refining and development. An educational program that could take a student from zero knowledge to where he had the information and skills necessary to participate with a scientific team as an asset, not a liability, within two days, was not an accident. We were good at it, but we knew continued development was needed if Crow Canyon was to stay on the cutting edge of educational innovation.

By utilizing the sheer weight of administrative power to hire, to structure time, to control the way a participant's time was scheduled, and to select the concepts s/he was introduced to, Jo and I were able to insure that the staff taught effectively. This was the truest test of our years of educational observation and experimentation. Even so, there was resistance to our approach. At one point we had two volunteer staff members who were indignant that we wouldn't let them lecture for hours on end at participants.



Jo leading a workshop at Sand Canyon



Intensive staff education had to be part of the program. Activities were shortened sequentially and scheduled to lead participants down the Learning Path. We shared learning experiences, and used the educational dynamics Crow Canyon had pioneered as our framework. It was generally thought in the archaeological community that lay people could not produce quality survey or lab data. We were addressing that challenge.

The Archaeological Research program at Crow Canyon benefited from the educational research and the learning models we had developed when the school was primarily an educational research center. The problem was finding time to train others to apply what we had learned.

We had excellent, well-educated archaeologists, selected because they were “natural” teachers. They did a remarkable job, but they needed succor. We gave assistance to the archaeological research facets of the program by creating an advisory council made up of experienced and wise research archaeologists. We failed, however, to create a similar support system for the educational aspects of the program. We knew this could lead to problems in the future.

Another major area of concern was the interpretation of archaeological sites. We searched for information and for places we could visit and learn about archaeological interpretation. We had visited the Dixon Mounds Museum and Interpretive Center in Illinois. We had seen the display of a site left open, protected by a roof, and a museum filled with artifacts. It was spectacular, but not what we would need for Crow Canyon’s research sites. Cahokia and other “visitor stabilized” places were interesting, but their interpretive models would not fit our needs.

The Mesa Verde mesa top sites were excellent, as was the rebuilt great kiva at Aztec Ruins National Monument. However, what we needed required more depth of interpretation, less emphasis on architectural remnants, and more interpretation of the lives of those who had lived at the sites. We asked members of the archaeological community where we could find interpretive models to study. We asked ourselves where we would find the time to develop the interpretive programs.

“Where should we go to learn about the management and interpretation of archaeological sites?” We queried our archaeologist friends.

“You will have to go to Europe to find what you want to know. England, France, Italy, and Greece all have outstanding interpretive programs for sites.”

Jo and I were ready for a break. No weekends free, no holidays off, no evenings without Crow Canyon’s activities, had taken their toll. We would combine a vacation with a study of how sites were interpreted. We would leave in early December and return in early February just in time to hit the road, market programs, and get Crow Canyon in shape for the coming season.

It was cool in England when we arrived. We stayed with our friends the Hurts in their London apartment and spent days mapping out our course of travel from archaeological sites to archaeological museums. We hefted our backpacks, pocketed our Eurail Passes, and headed out to the continent.

France: Amien, Paris, Versailles, Switzerland: Chillon. Italy: Firenze, Siena, Perugia, Assisi, then on south, awed beyond anything we had ever seen by the Riace sculptures in Reggio Calabria. Christmas in Giardini de Naxos, and Taormina, Sicily. Greece:

New Years on Corfu. January in Southern Greece: Mycenae, Epidaurus, Argos, Tiryns, Nauplion, then on to Athens, the Acropolis, museums, and wonders. Back to Italy: Amalfi, Capri, Pompeii and Herculeneum, and dozens of smaller sites. Finally, back to England and down to Salisbury and Bath for a taste of the English methods of archaeological interpretation.

We came home with new and vital information about archaeological interpretation, information that would help us plan for public involvement on our archaeological sites and the educational interpretation of sites for Crow Canyon's curriculum. We also lugged back dozens of books and guides as standards for the educational materials we would produce in the future.

We returned to the States knowing we might find a dead organization. Before we departed, the mortgage payment due from CAA had not been made. We planned to extend the payment schedule by one year, but due to CAA inaction, the matter had been left in the hands of our attorney. We left knowing that if the organization didn't come under Board or Northwestern University control it would collapse. On our way home from Europe we stopped in Evanston. We were delighted that the organization was still operational, even though Bob Kling and others capable of good management were being undermined by the pathetic individual who held the reigns. The CAA's death knells were being heard throughout Evanston and Kampsville.

## CHAPTER 33

### CROW CANYON GETS MORE OF WHAT IT NEEDS

I wonder how many educators have seen their dreams come true. Even though our parent organization was in constant uproar, one thing was certain: Clark Hinsdale delivered most of what was promised. The CAA marketing staff, led by Ellen Gantner, publicized Crow Canyon and shared marketing strategies with us so we could take over. Individuals and groups continued to book in large numbers.

Jo and I, as Executive Director and Co-Director, were a powerful and effective team. We had separate responsibilities we shared. Our minds were adept at working together, dealing with issues, and learning together. We defined our lives, time, and our adventures as one. We lived for Crow Canyon, because it gave us what we lived for, the things of quality we wanted in our lives. We had a free hand in hiring, planning, developing, and delivering the programs. It was marvelous.

I had been developing a style of administration for most of my working life. What had evolved since the time I was a kid running a country club was a way of leading the organization from within: not out in front, not from behind. My role was not as "Their Superior" or "The Boss," but the leader of a highly cooperative professional team. The core staff was involved in all decision-making. It was an open system. I believed in, and proved the effectiveness of, a program administered in a way that doesn't drain energy into competitive squabbles

or “Us vs. Them” battles. We perfected a technique that focuses energy where it is needed. Jo and I believed in the “no fault system,” which assumes people are trying to do what is right, giving their best, and proceeding with love. The no fault system worked with our Crow Canyon staff.

Administration is never easy. Non-authoritarian leadership is the most difficult to bring about. It is, however, in the long term, the most effective. For people who have become conditioned to strong authoritarian leadership, a strong captain barking orders from the bridge, my leadership style would seem gentle. The bottom line, however, is what it delivers; how it works. Crow Canyon was progressing like a well-used Marshalltown trowel. My years of study and preparation were paying off!

We created for Crow Canyon an open and loving workplace where staff members were recognized as professionals and builders of Crow Canyon. We developed a system where the professional staff knew all of their energies were directed into the programs and research and not into petty, nonproductive activities, like filling out forms to make administrators look good, or time sheets, or written justifications of their existence. Competitive “one-upmanship” positioning between staff members for attention or special information or treatment from the administration did not flourish. The wasteful competitive models of scratching and clawing to the “top” (wherever that is) one sees in many universities, government agencies, and in many corporations was never given the opportunity to grow.

I learned never to place a desk between my staff and myself. I had learned to consult the staff about the things that affected their areas of

responsibility. I never hid financial figures from them or covered my errors by omitting information. All the accounting and budgeting books were open to the professional staff - all except the CAA Evanston books which were intentionally kept in disarray.

Honesty and openness resulted in intelligent decision-making based on facts. I did my best to keep programs from developing separate identities and cliques. The staff and I worked out budgetary problems together, knowing that cooperation would result in a healthy workplace and the survival of Crow Canyon.

Some staff came to Crow Canyon with the idea that you always asked for more money for your program than it needed. They had learned this "trick" to avoid having their programs cut when budgets were adjusted. I re-educated those few, and soon received actual budgetary needs I could use without playing a cutting game.

The opportunity to create an environment relatively free of games and competitive nonsense freed me from time wasted on internal organizational strife, at least at Crow Canyon, and allowed me to put my energies into every part of the program. Thus, I was able to fend off and protect Crow Canyon from the erosion and chaos destroying the parent organization we had allowed Crow Canyon to become a part of.

An added benefit of this administrative style was the effect it had upon participants. People arrived, were welcomed, settled in, and within hours were made to feel they were part of a warm and loving family. We ate together, rocked in the rocking chairs on the front porch of the lodge talking together, and worked together as a research team in the field and in the labs. Staff members did evening

programs, stayed late after work to visit with participants, came in to work on their time off, and gave of themselves because Crow Canyon was more than their workplace, it was their creation, their dream, their passion, and a place to get more out of life for themselves and their families.

I had learned the power of 'We need you,' when I had visited Israel years before. At Crow Canyon we could honestly say to each participant: "Without you, Crow Canyon and our research would fail." We also said "Thank you! You made a difference!" and meant it because it was true.

Volunteers still came to help Crow Canyon. One day I received a phone call from a very determined woman. She wanted to volunteer her services to Crow Canyon. She had clearly decided this was the one place she wanted to spend her time. She had even researched a program that would pay for part of her services. Roberta Leicester became an inseparable part of Crow Canyon. Her background was impressive. Her warmth and outgoing nature suggested she could be a hostess greeting people as they arrived, registering them, and making them part of the family. She offered to help in the office, or in any capacity. As we could not afford a support staff, I jumped at the offer.

I learned that Roberta had been the first woman appointed to head Wyoming's State Travel Commission, and that she had been the Director of the Saratoga, Wyoming, Chamber of Commerce. Crow Canyon was getting a very talented and special volunteer who added the benefits of a lifetime of learning to our programs. Soon Roberta was Crow Canyon's hostess, grandmother, secretary, and adviser. Everyone loved her. She began to learn about every aspect of operations. She was selfless in

her dedication to Crow Canyon. Her contributions are uncounted. In 1986, the year Sandy Thompson took over as director of Crow Canyon, she became Associate Director, a position she held until 1991.

Crow Canyon had other tireless supporters. Mickie and Bill Thurston were passionate about archaeology and kids. They gave of their time and their resources. Whenever they had a bit of free time, they would drive to Sand Canyon and work on the site. They were quick to evaluate needs and make donations of water lines, libraries, and heating systems that were absolutely vital to Crow Canyon's survival. Bill knew the strengths and weaknesses of the programs, how they were operated, and the sacrifices staff members were making to build the dream. The Thurstons continue to be avid supporters, well loved by all.

In Evanston, in 1983-84, it seemed for a time that Hinsdale was making a difference by changing the administrative structure and management policies of the CAA. In doing so, he urged that all employees be held accountable for time and expenditures, and that financial records be up-dated and kept up-to-date. For that, he was fired, rehired, and jerked around until finally, in 1984, Struever kicked Hinsdale out of the game. Hinsdale's replacement was a power hungry frumpy-forties yes-woman with questionable qualifications and background. The CAA went into its final death throes which lasted over a year. Dozens of people lost their jobs. Those who stayed suffered the slow death of an organization that could have continued making significant contributions.

During those nightmare years, Jo and I worked to keep Crow Canyon insulated from all of this. So many exciting things were happening at



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Crow Canyon the staff didn't have time to get caught up in what we called "The Evanston Wars." The best part was that we were insulated from Struever and the death throes of CAA.

## CHAPTER 34

### MARKETING CROW CANYON PROGRAMS

Marketing had always been a challenge. We had known since the mid-seventies that if we got the word out about Crow Canyon, the programs would come in. Jo incorporated Ellen Gantner's experiences, and together they developed effective and inexpensive ways of marketing. Bob Kling joined the Evanston staff and brought new insights into marketing, which Crow Canyon quickly incorporated. What the Gantner, Kling, and Berger team developed was a well-thought-out marketing program that resulted in a predictable thirty percent increase in participants and tuition revenues each year. For the first time the Crow Canyon staff could plan on a future as archaeo-educators because the educational program's enrollments would support the basic needs of the research program.

Marketing was our lifeblood in the long run. Raising funds from donors was our lifeline over the short haul. The first requirement of a successful marketing program is having something of quality to market. We had established educational programs of high quality. Our research programs employed top scholars and were contributing new and exciting information. Participants began to recruit others for Crow Canyon by word of mouth, perhaps the most effective form of advertising.

The second requirement for a successful marketing program is having something unique to sell. We discovered that educational programs combined with ongoing research and recreation

created a new niche in the existing market. Many other programs competed for a participant's time, Almost every university and museum had at least one "field" program, and there was a rising star in the research-recreation field called Earthwatch, founded by our friends Bob Citron and Barb Sleeper.

Crow Canyon programs were different. We offered a well-developed educational component that prepared the lay public, as participants, to make a contribution to the research by becoming members of (not laborers for) scientific teams.

Important organizations, such as the Smithsonian Institution, the Denver Museum of Natural History, the Heard Museum, and a variety of universities and colleges, began to send evaluators to Crow Canyon to look us over. Each booked programs – or continued programs - as a result of their visits.

Jo and I had updated the chuckwagon slide show to include Crow Canyon's new programs. We went on the road with it. Beautiful slides, my narration, and Jo's flute music were a magical recruiting tool, The program was a resounding success. We booked new groups and individuals as fast as we could contact them.

If we approached twelve people and asked them to contribute to archaeological research, eleven would smile and walk off. One would ask for more information, saying: "Perhaps I'll contribute in the future. Contact me again, won't you, Dear?"

If we contacted twelve people and asked them to help people of all ages work with research scholars on an archaeological dig, three would reach into their pockets and make a donation. The education program is what sold people on Crow Canyon.

In 1984, Neil Judge, a director/producer for NBC's Today Show, called and asked if he could do a program about Crow Canyon. He mentioned that he had heard about Crow Canyon from his brother Jim, a great archaeologist and a member of Crow Canyon's research committee. We were elated. The crews arrived and filmed for a day and a half. They shot miles of video tape at our archaeological sites. They recorded adults and kids in the field working with archaeologists. A week later Bryant Gumbel announced the piece with "teasers" placed throughout the morning show. Finally, the piece was run.

Boyd Matson's interview with me, some footage of adults and archaeological sites, and a narrative about the program took about one minute. The other two and a half minutes were filled with "warm fuzzy" shots of ten-year-old Crow Canyon participants camping in the teepees. One shot caught everyone's imagination: a cute ten year old girl was entering the teepee with her bedroll and gear. She wore a Miss Piggy hat, the snout-brim cocked coquettishly to one side. The film editors knew that kids and learning gave Crow Canyon prime-time appeal.

After the program aired, our phones began to ring. Family and friends called to say that they had seen us on TV. We stood by the phones waiting for this great marketing coup to take effect. Surely our programs would fill. Over the weeks, several people enrolled as a result of the NEC coverage. The TV clip had generated lots of interest. I took one of the calls that affirmed the marketing power of national TV coverage.

"Hello. Are you the people we saw on TV You are? I think what you are doing is great. By the way,

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can you tell me how I can get some of those cute pig hats for my grandchildren?"

## CHAPTER 35

### REACHING OUT TO EDUCATORS

From the beginning, we worked with teachers who visited Crow Canyon. I taught through the Continuing Education Programs at Fort Lewis College, Adams State College, and Loretto Heights. Our programs had high visibility and credibility. In time, teachers wanted Crow Canyon to provide accredited programs for teacher re-certification.

I became an adjunct professor at Colorado State University. I wrote a syllabus for Crow Canyon's teacher workshops that offered graduate-level credit through CSU. The opportunity to share our educational insights was delightful. The teachers went through the program and learned about the Ancient Ones and archaeology. They experienced what we did to facilitate learning. It was a hands-on experience following the Learning Path, with very little lecturing and lots of "doing." One educator pointed out that in teacher colleges many professors tell the students: "Teach as I say, not as I teach." At Crow Canyon, she observed, we taught by example. Teachers participated in the cultural history mystery, sandbox digs, eco-hikes; they made replicas of pottery and stone tools, excavated on sites, sorted artifacts in the lab, and visited nearby national parks and monuments.

After a Crow Canyon experience, many teachers began to use archaeology-anthropology as "motivation" in their classrooms. Many returned to Crow Canyon with groups of students and peers. Educators came to Crow Canyon because they responded to the approaches we used to market the programs. They came because they felt that a field

setting rather than a classroom would be a good way to get their re-certification credits. Most selected Crow Canyon because they were reluctant to spend their summer “rejuvenation time” doing more of what they had done all year. Most arrived tired, at a low ebb of their energies, having given their all throughout the school year.

As a colleague, I knew how they felt and what they needed. As a result, the teachers workshop was fun, challenging, and educational. We had learned how to combine education, recreation, and research to enhance individual experiences. In addition, we helped educators get what professionals need: information about how to better form themselves, and knowledge and experiences to impart to their students.

The study of another culture, one long gone but still vital through its artifacts, provided a workspace wherein we could safely examine ourselves. As people from the present we were able to superimpose our needs upon that ancient culture. We would imagine them, not as they were, for we could never fully comprehend that, but as we needed them to be. Today, our society is concerned with the environment. This colors our analysis of past cultures. We attribute their growth, change, and decline to environmental factors.

We make parts of their architectural remains sacred or ceremonial because we don’t understand what they were used for and so turn to magic for explanations. Teachers see a feature in a ruin, a kiva, for example, as a place where the ancients taught their children. Why? Because their priorities focus on how to teach children. I listened as a “scholar” described that same kiva as a sacred place where women were not allowed. Was he talking from

his strong Catholic background? Was he presenting fact? Did he surmise male chauvinism because he had only studied the contaminated societies of modern Pueblo peoples? An anthropologist once told a group of us that women weren't allowed in kivas 'except to clean.' Was that his way of explaining us to us, using them?

In a program that uses archaeology to help educate, we must deal with death. We have to, because we see skeletal remains, and fingerprints frozen in thousand-year-old clay pottery. We see our end and we don't like it. We become ontological. We come to know ourselves better because we have been searching for answers, and calling it archaeology. That's okay, we learn from our "interpretation-creation." We even invent the names of those long gone: Anasazi, The Ancient Ones. What fun! We don't know what they called themselves. We will never really know about them, but that doesn't matter. It is the process that is important, not the tome on a shelf.

Academic pursuit is also a part of what Crow Canyon's design enhances. Teachers are not fooled by those who collect museums full of stuff, and libraries full of searched and researched data. We see that the epistemological pursuits are important, not for the end of collecting and storing, but because the information gleaned has use to us now, and perhaps it will be used by those to come.

An educational circuit closes when a teacher, an imparter of, and a pointer to knowledge, can work in the field with a trained research scholar who is seeking data from which to draw conclusions. The "exportable model" teachers can apply to education is one which allows learners to work with those applying their training and education in real-life



settings. It is an outgrowth of the apprentice programs that have served mankind so well and are a necessary part of learning. It is part of Crow Canyon's educational heritage, which we call 'Vital Education.'

By the early 1970s, the program's use of anthropology/archaeology became for me (as I sought to be a more effective educator) one of the foundations upon which we developed the school and research center. The teacher education programs allowed us to share the approach that evolved. In that way, the whole Crow Canyon experience became a model educators applied to their unique situations.

Monday, May 19, 1980 -- Cortez Sentinel -- 7A



DR. ED BERGER

### Dr. Berger elected to academy of scholars

Dr. Edward F. Berger, director of the J-S Educational Programs (Crow Canyon School) west of Cortez has been elected into the Academy of Independent Scholars for his work in identifying patterns of learning and appropriate educational programs.

Dr. Berger has been studying the development of self-discipline within individuals and the relationship between self-indulgence and the lack of self-discipline in children.

The school he and his wife, Joanne, direct, provides special programs for all ages. In recent years the school has been working closely with the Ute Mountain Ute Tribe to develop learning programs for Ute young people. Last fall a new division of the school was opened.

terpretive Services Division. Its purpose is to educate for preservation and maximum enjoyment of natural and cultural resources. ISD programs are aimed at adults, primarily teachers and influential corporate and public individuals who will influence others.

Prior to moving to Cortez and establishing their permanent home here in 1976, the Bergers were employed by the Cherry Creek Schools in suburban Denver. Dr. Berger began offering local programs in the Monteflores area in 1968 through the Cherry Creek Schools. Although the programs are no longer connected with Cherry Creek, the school still provides special programs for the district on a contract basis. In 1975 an 80 acre campus west of town was opened and new facilities have been added each year.

The Academy of Independent Scholars is an association of individuals representing all segments of knowledge. The academy is committed to assisting men and women of all ages who pursue creative work; it believes that new knowledge gains by being shared among the members and communicated to society at large; and it is committed to the use of knowledge and skills for human betterment.

## CHAPTER 36

### SHARING A PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION

Through the years educators have urged me to share my educational philosophy, Crow Canyon's philosophy, with them. "Write it down!" they said. I didn't have time, and wouldn't find the time because I was still learning and I didn't think I had the full essence yet. Although I'm still scrutinizing, and I guess I always will be, I'll drop anchor here, and share this concentrated extract of my thoughts, and some explanations about what I call Vital Education.

#### VITAL EDUCATION TENETS

It is not the job of the learner to adapt to the educational system, but rather the responsibility of the system to meet the needs of each student and help her grow toward her potential.

Society has the responsibility to identify the training and skills necessary for each individual to succeed, and to set that body of knowledge into taught curricula, in an environment conducive to learning.

The school's function is to provide for the teaching of individuals, even when they are organized into groups or classes.

The responsibility of every educator is to find out what each student needs and to provide the training and skills necessary for the individual to reach her potential.

The proper function of a professional educator is to understand the petrification potential of

institutional programs and to cut through to the real purposes and issues for which the programs are necessary.

It is the responsibility of educators, primarily teachers--not administrators, politicians, or boards of education--to inform society about how training and education must take place.

The crap-detector I developed as a kid served me well as an educator. I structured my life so I had the opportunity to observe educational systems in America and around the world. I worked within the public schools for sixteen years. The programs at the I-SEP - Crow Canyon School allowed me to field test institutional dogmas and see if they worked. Within the I-SEP - Crow Canyon format I was able to set up different frameworks, try educating within them, and learn how to better serve students. Here are some observations and explanations of the tenets developed:

When educational programs are institutionalized, they become more important than those they were created to serve. As a result, they make the kid wrong, and the school right. Teachers can know this damaging reversal of what should happen, by analyzing the messages institutionalized systems expound. We are told that kids enter school unable to learn, or that poor achievement is caused by the breakdown of the family, or that kids drop out of school because of things like drugs. These circumstances are factors that must be taken into account, but they are not the reasons the schools do not work well.

The reasons the schools do not work well hinge around the fact that education, as we have done it, is not structured around the needs of each child. Children are pushed into cookie-cutter systems

where it is believed that conforming to institutional values will “educate” them. There are many “educators” who believe the act of conforming to the school’s agendas is education. I think they also believe citizenship is defined as “...meeting the needs of the State

Have you heard that the high school drop out rate is high because schools don’t have enough money, or that we don’t pay teachers enough? Or have you read that SAT scores are declining because we are not tough enough on students and we don’t force kids to learn the three R’s? Kick your crap-detector into gear. Could it be that kids who are not getting what they need tend to drop out? Is it possible that SAT and other norm-referenced scores are low because teachers are not allowed to teach by focusing upon the individual, because it is assumed that if they did, kids might not be able to score well on the SAT tests?

Another opinion, often espoused, says that there is a specific body of knowledge that, when learned, makes one ready for graduation. Some say it is the Bible. Others say it is the Great Books. Still others claim they can write down several hundred things we should all know. I don’t disagree with any of these opinions. I find myself asking, “So? How are you going to teach this substance?” That brings us right back to a discussion about what happens for kids in the schools. We have identified tools each student should know how to use. She should be able to read, write and compute. She should have basic skills in geography, know how to use a computer, and ... but that still doesn’t get to the basics of what our educational programs must do. What we must do is find out where the child is, what she needs, and take her to the place we want her to be. The

institution's teaching program must be flexible enough to be able to do that. Once the child can read, write and compute, she will have the skills to learn the Bible, or study the lists each group identifies as knowledge, and she will probably learn that stuff because her parents or mentors value it, not because the school attempts to inculcate it.

Most teachers say helping students develop self-discipline and self-directed learning is fundamental. That's good, but now ask, how does the present educational system teach those fundamentals? Most existing systems do not teach self-discipline or self-directed learning, because those skills are in direct conflict with the way schools are run. We really don't want kids making decisions about how we do things to or for them, do we? But until we do, our schools will fail!

Another lie I hear too often is that someone else is doing education better. For twenty years I have heard about those amazing Japanese schools. Do we believe our present trade deficit with Japan is a result of the superiority of their education system? Most people seem to believe that, but it is not so. History shows us that Japanese systems of control have resulted in workers who are easily managed and taken-advantage of. The one element that is effective in the education of Japanese children is the coaching and guiding done by moms. With moms pushing and coaching, those few students who make it through the high-pressure education system do well, and score well on tests. However, they are not necessarily self-directed or able to determine the paths of their lives.

Competitive behavior between individuals and nations can be described as ...competition because the players decide there is not enough to go around.

On this planet there is plenty of “work” to go around bringing up the quality of lives. Other countries will grow and do what they need to do. So must the U.S. We can adopt what works for others, if it fits. Americans believe each socio-economic system must identify its commitment to human dignity and find a way to enhance dignity that works within its integral culture.

The United States professes it has a system of government that preserves the rights of individuals and allows each to pursue God-given rights. Our goals as a nation are not to organize the masses into hives where they work out their lives for their masters, but to develop each individual to the fullest extent possible. In the U.S., we believe in the future, and we see the future as a place where the quality of each life enhances the quality of life for all. What if our schools were reorganized to facilitate that goal? Listen as we talk to kids!

“Hi Sue, what grade are you in?”

“I’m ten years old and I’m in fourth grade.”

What do you hear? This is what I hear.

Sue is ten, and that means she is slotted into a system and carried along by it. She is in fourth grade and she wasn’t placed there because of her needs. She seldom sees or works with those in other niches. She has contact with few adults. She is removed from the real world and placed in a classroom. She is expected to do work selected for fourth level students. If she becomes frustrated or upset -- she may call it “bored” -- she must learn that if she is passive-adaptive she will stay out of trouble.

There’s more. Sue must learn how to stay little and allow others to take care of her and make the decisions that affect her life. If she feels strongly about something that has caught her interest and

tries to do something for herself, take charge of her life, she will soon be shamed into compliance or otherwise checked. Most of our Sues and Sams are carefully taught how not to take charge of their own education, or their lives.

Sue is victimized by something else schools do. She doesn't have the opportunity to learn from or with people of other ages. She also doesn't have the opportunity to teach others, and make a contribution while internalizing what she has learned.

If Sue has a mentor, it is her teacher or, perhaps, one of society's many pimps who give her candy, tell her she will be needed, and promise her a future. The school environment deprives her of positive cross-age contacts. In eight years, she will be graduated from the system without learning how to be part of a diverse community of people. She won't know how a community works, nor a state, a nation, or the world.

Education is a process, not a place. Edifices should only be built to facilitate the learning programs. That seems like common sense, but then, some ask "where would we warehouse bodies?" (They never use words like warehouse, or custodial care, but that is what they mean.) Is it really the job of the school to keep the little darlings off the streets and out of the community's hair!? If it is, then why not quit here? We won't have effective schools until we also use the resources of our communities as part of our schools.

We remove kids from the real world to teach them about the real world. Creative teaching techniques are often thought to be those that replicate the outside world in the classroom. We try to replicate nature, the post office, a court, a car repair shop, or a home. We do many things to try to

make the kids aware of the world outside. Almost all attempts at “canning” the world and bringing it into the classroom end up being mediocre. The concept of education with immediate and practical application is known, attempted, but until the school is part of the community, immediate and practical application won’t happen. In addition to that failure, the problems of the real world get into the schools and are not effectively dealt with.

On TV I heard a politician state that the school’s problems would be over if we could just control the availability of drugs. Sorry, but the problems arose long before drugs became an issue. If we think drugs are a problem, then we better brace ourselves for what is coming. We will see, in the next few years, the advent of something so powerful and scary that it will make drug abuse seem trifle. What is coming is entertainment that provides audio, visual, and neural stimulation. A six-year-old will be able to slip into the harness of a toy and suddenly find himself behind the wheel of an Indy race car. Sight, sound, vibration, and almost total immersion into a synthetic environment! Now, teacher, how are you going to compete with that new drug?

“What do you want to be when you grow up, kid?”

“Nothing! I can already be everything I want to be.”

Imagine the contributions of those who produce the barbarous programs kids see on TV, as they apply their love of what is brutal, savage, and cruel to the new medium. Be alarmed! Your kid will be able to feel the hot blood splash over him as he kills the bad guys. Look around the toy stores. This, and many other new “drugs” are almost ready for us.



How will we deal with them? It is the end, then, isn't it?

No, it is just a knot in the rope! What we need is a way to deal with what we have and what is coming. The way is not complicated, and it is not something new. For over a century, we have been professing that we believe in certain educational tenets.

We keep getting side-tracked from applying these tenets because we humans have a hard time remaining flexible. We tend to petrify systems that we build, freeze them in place, rather than letting them grow with the expansion of our knowledge and the demands of the times. In fact, the whole body of knowledge we call curriculum and techniques, which we have been perfecting over the years, is, when applied correctly, vital and useful.

The key to the door into effective educational programs is knowing where and how to apply what we know about education and learning. The key only fits into the lock called the individual. It opens a door into a powerful new realm, a nation of educated, free people.

When we diagnose an individual's needs, and match those needs with a prescribed program of training and education, the end result is a completed educational circuit. Sure, some kids need to be confined and policed at some time in their lives. Okay, we know how to find programs effective for those kids. Another child might need a special program focused on art. Great, we have something for him. We have programs that work for almost every style of learner. We simply need to match them with the learners. That can happen when we allow the educational systems to change so they exist to

facilitate individual needs, not institutional needs, or outmoded societal needs.

What about battered and damaged people, people at risk?

The answer is complex, and yet simple. Find out what each needs, and help them get it. It will be necessary to remove a battered person from the environment that endangers him. It will be necessary to provide food, clothing, and shelter and meet the basic survival needs of people so they can be freed to learn. Quality medical care must be part of the program. Meaningful work, wherein the learner can make a contribution while applying what is being learned, is essential. When basic needs are met, they will be met by custom-tailoring a nurturing program for each person who is at risk, in the end, such love will cost less than what we are now spending on recrimination and anger.

Drugs and bad stuff will disappear then, right? We will have drug-free schools like the politicians want, right?

No, all we will have is fewer victims. People who have their basic needs met, with strong and positive self-images, who have learned self-discipline and taken charge of their lives, will be able to make better decisions about their actions.

Can the United States afford to have a nation of strong, self-directed people?

Yes, now for the first time in human history, we can. We no longer need to train and condition children to fit into a factory-type system. This nation is getting-out of the "human energy slaves" business. We are entering a time when our nation can afford to let people live out their potential, not live to work, but live to prevail! Lives will be fulfilled by ways of being that are not even identified today. Quality lives will be

created not by the state or an economic system, but by the desire of individuals to live in grace. The creativity unleashed by effective educational processes, for all ages, will be applied to survival necessities as well as to third and fourth wave technologies. We will eat, but not because another human is paid minimum wage and lives in a shanty. We will be clothed, but not because another human pays a price. We will have energy to use, but not at the expense of a planet raped or expended.

As I illuminate the ingredients in what I call a Vital Education School, you may nod agreement and then ask, "So, how should we re-design our schools so that they are life-enhancing?"

My answer is, the schools don't need to be re-designed, they need to be re-defined. Our corrections must rectify, not re-invent or reject without deliberation. It is the difference between adjusting a machine while in motion and a revolution.

What we need to do is make an adjustment at the base of our delivery system. The part that must be adjusted, the non-functional part, is the practice of expecting teachers to educate learners whom they do not know well. In our public educational institutions, teachers are not required, or allowed, to perceive directly and be able to distinguish each learner's needs. The organizational framework within our public schools does not provide low student-to-teacher ratios and other methods necessary for teachers to teach individuals effectively. The structure of the institution gets in the way of a teacher who must know her student, diagnose her needs, and prescribe a learning approach for her which is based upon her individualized learning plan.

The poor foundation which has undermined our educational systems is forcing groups of students

to conform to values determined by institutional continuity; values which have little to do with children or education.

The Vital Education model that emerged at Crow Canyon is a major educational reform. When we address the concept that educators can effectively teach learners whom they discern with acuity, and when we move to make it so, we will find the entire system of institutionalized education will undergo healthy reform.

My concept of a Vital Education school provides a pliant framework upon which the identified needs of students are used to weave learning paths.

A Vital School groups learners based upon diagnosis of needs rather than age, sex, or other shallow criteria.

A Vital educational program identifies a body of knowledge that must be mastered, and it provides the benchmarks by which achievement is measured.

A Vital School provides a compliant time frame within which individuals possess the rights, the power, and the privilege to achieve.

A Vital School is a functioning part of reality. It is not a place removed from the real world. It allows its students to make individual and group contributions to the greater community.

A Vital School's curriculum must contain, in addition to the academic, a series of sequential steps, actions, and operations which are necessary to enhance the lives of individuals of the community, from birth to death.

A Vital School recognizes and facilitates a series of natural changes by which human beings pass from one condition to another.

Wherever the process we call education meets the needs of the learner, we get a high return

on our investment of time and money. There are numerous examples of vital educational programs. To bring about Vital Education, there is nothing “new” to invent. There is a commitment and an adjustment to be made. Adjusted, public education will serve as it was intended to serve, and as a result, the United States will be prepared for the challenges of the future. Well, as the politician said when I asked him why teachers weren’t involved in the conferences on education, “...teachers always say the same things.”

I’ll keep doing what I can to “vitalize” American education and someday, when the public education imbroglio must be addressed and corrected, even politicians will listen.

## CHAPTER 37

### CROW CANYON SURVIVES THE COLLAPSE OF CAA

By the fall of 1984, the Evanston wars were almost over. It had become evident to even the most naive board members that something was amiss with the “leader” of the organization. The accounting firm of Arthur Anderson and Company was brought in and reported it would be months, if ever, before they could give a guesstimate of CAA’s financial position.

Since summer, the CAA board had been meeting to try to gain control of the organization. They were adrift in a sea of deep delusions. I flew back to Illinois to attend one unproductive meeting after another. John Schmitt, Jo, and I got Sandy Thompson and Bill Lipe on the CAA board, where they were positioned to represent Crow Canyon’s interests. John Schmitt tried to help. He could have changed things for the better, but nobody wanted facts; they only wanted to cover themselves for their oversights and flee liability. It was disheartening to watch so many prominent people trying to cover their rears.

Late one afternoon, in a staid Chicago men’s club, the confused and scared CAA board gave up trying to make sense out of what they had allowed to happen and entertained a motion to dissolve the corporation. “It’s over!” I thought, my head reeling, Crow Canyon -- all of the programs -- are to be sold for scrap. Luckily, great programs don’t die that easily. The resolution was tabled and we had a few weeks to try to save our dream.

I returned from that meeting in Illinois with a knot in my gut and an internal dialogue going in my head. As the long airplane rides took me back to Crow Canyon I imagined the wars I could win; the ways I could hold Struever and his innocuous board accountable. I blamed myself for bringing Crow Canyon into the CAA. For a few bucks and some buildings, we had come close to destroying the thing we had worked so hard to build. From the beginning, we had the information about the FIA. Why had we gotten involved with them?

In time, my infernal internal closed circuits of thought ended. Crow Canyon's interests had to come first. We had commitments to education and research programs. Crow Canyon had employees whose families, futures, and professional standings depended upon a stable organization. Jo and I were in a position to keep Crow Canyon operational. We would protect it, fight for it!

After leaving the plane in Cortez, I drove back to Crow Canyon exhausted, disgusted, fighting the grasp of futility. I'm sure it all showed on my face and in my stooped shoulders. I tried to stand tall, smile, and act positive so the staff would not know the effects the chaos was having on me. In my tiny office, I checked my mail and messages and tried to look busy. I focused upon Crow Canyon and re-energized myself with its positive energies. Bruce came over to me, placed his hand on my shoulder, and said: "We know what you are going through. We know what you are doing for all of us and Crow Canyon. We just want you to know we appreciate it. Thank you!"

Those friendly strokes helped me clear my mind. They helped me see clearly, unemotionally, and allowed me to analyze the situation. I wasn't competing for the victim's corner, so why the

depression and lack of energy? I needed strokes, sure, everybody does, but they were there, freely given from my peers. I knew my depression came from anger at myself for not doing something magical that would make it all turn out right. As I accepted the fact that CAA's problems were not of my making and that they were beyond my control, my depression faded. I put my energies into being effective for Crow Canyon. My depression disappeared.

During the next months, Crow Canyon bought its freedom from NU-CAA and it became a Colorado corporation again. We celebrated, believing Crow Canyon would survive. Jo and I had a plan to salvage Crow Canyon and keep it operational. We still held a large mortgage on the property. We could foreclose, pay off debts, reorganize and continue. We had proven that our programs could be sustainable and we could survive without major fund raising efforts. We could find a foundation or an individual to make up the small difference between income and expenditures, add to our facilities, and keep Crow Canyon afloat. Either way, we could guarantee that Crow Canyon would survive.

Supporters come with all sorts of agendas. We needed an "Angel" who would support Crow Canyon financially. Individuals or corporations like that are hard to find and even harder to get acquainted with. Struever, knowing that his game was up in Illinois, began to work for a berth in Colorado. A result of our constant urging, he contacted a Colorado man identified by Sandy Thompson, a man whom we knew had the potential to be of financial help. Struever got him involved in an excursion sponsored by Crow Canyon. His confidence was won and he began to pour dollars into the program. Ray Duncan's support for Crow



Canyon was presented as a buy-out to the CAA board. The motion for dissolution of the CAA was dropped. The CAA corporation would continue as The Kampsville Archaeological Center, and would receive payments from Crow Canyon. Duncan would guarantee the buy-out funds and give Crow Canyon operating dollars until it could get on its financial feet.

Perhaps the major consideration of the buy-out was one that restored our faith in the men leading the university. Before NU would agree, Struever had to give up tenure and never be connected with the university again. Totally dumbfounded, we learned that Ray Duncan would maintain Stuart's salary and give him an office in Denver. Although Struever wasn't connected with Crow Canyon management, staff, planning or programs, he was given a leadership title. He soon set himself up as the only source of information about Crow Canyon to Ray and a board they created.

By mid-1985, a very healthy and robust Crow Canyon was once again operating as the original not-for-profit corporation I created in 1972. It was, once again, in charge of its own destiny, or so we believed. We relaxed and celebrated and put our energies into becoming a self-sufficient, sustainable organization, not dependent on fundraising, free to grow and prosper.

## CHAPTER 38

## TIME TO SAVOR WHAT WE CREATED

I stood up in my tiny office, stretched, pushed ledgers away, and focused my eyes on the view from the tower window. Outside, in the world of people and reality, a Crow Canyon bus negotiated the turn-around circle. Even before it stopped, front and emergency doors flew open and tired participants positioned themselves for quick egress. The race for the showers was on! Staff members, and some who probably wanted to wear the dust of the Ancient Ones a little while longer, unloaded the yellow bus and sorted lunch gear from artifacts, shovels from field notebooks, and then, as their burdens dictated, headed toward the kitchens or labs. Soon, the driver, a staff archaeo-educator, restarted the big taxi and steered it down to the parking lot.

I pulled my chair closer to the window, sat, and pulled the blinds up until they locked out of the way. The sun was now well to the west. Long rays of sunlight passed over the Crow Canyon Lodge and were filtered through the dust left by the big vehicle. In that dust, and its glints of gold, I saw other faces and times. Our history, or at least some of its many facets, was playing in my head.

In my mind, years ago, I had formed the images that evolved into the Crow Canyon I now directed. I had taken the risks and I had done the hard work necessary to make my visions into realities. Over time, as battles were won and something greater than myself began to form, others were attracted to the vision. In the early days, back in the sixties and seventies, most of those attracted were young students. They committed to the vision

because they found things they needed in the programs. They stayed involved long after they were graduated, intent upon fulfilling their needs and sharing the programs with others. A few, like Jo, Jim Cable, Lloyd Hayne and many others, made personal commitments within themselves that the programs and southwestern Colorado would be a part of their lives. They took what I had begun, formed their own insights, and led the programs to greater strengths. Then, as now, I was flattered that others would put so much energy into something I believed in. In time, I noted, the "I" turned to "We" in my thinking and in the way the programs were best described. The "We" kept growing as more and more people put energy into the educational-archaeological world we were creating. Crow Canyon owed so much to mentors like Art Rohn, the archaeologist responsible for our public archaeology program; Ron Gould, perhaps the first archaeo-educator; teachers like Audrey Allmon, John Engle, and Rudy Hammond; supporters like Steve Miles, Chuck Cole, Roberta Leicester, and.... I saw their faces and began to drift on warm memories of friendship.

I shifted the chair, leaned back and stretched my legs under the tiny desk. Other facets of our adventure came to mind.

The day had come, I mused, when the programs developing on Crow Canyon had made Crow Canyon a major player in the world outside the tender confines of our idealism. Crow Canyon became attractive to many. Thankfully, I thought, all but a few of these people were driven by good conscience. They were attracted because they had let their values take them into new and exciting areas.

The use of archaeology as an educational flux, I thought, proudly, was one such area. The idea of pairing students with research scholars in the field and the concept of requiring research scholars to teach and thus practically apply and share what they were learning, had been other significant breakthroughs. I recalled that by 1973, even before our move to the land on Crow Canyon, these programs were functioning and developing well in southwestern Colorado. We had been pioneering, we still were, and we loved it! We had been, and we now were, through the practical application of our tenets, achieving particular outcomes; getting results.

Among the milestones achieved were the major contributions made as the result of individual efforts. I began to identify some of these. Jo's Master's thesis, completed in 1982, was the culmination of years of research and involvement related to the preservation and management of cultural resources. In the seventies, public seminars about archaeology funded by the Colorado Humanities Program brought archaeologists and local citizens together in dialogue. The Crow Canyon Chuckwagon program designed to reach the community was a milestone. The formation of an Interpretative Services Division that took people out into the hinterland of the Four Corners region and gave them first-hand, on-site experiences as members of research teams, was a significant step along the way. We had pioneered and we had conquered new ground for education, for public archaeology, and for an ethic of conservation among the community.

Inside myself, I chuckled. Step by step a model program had developed. From the beginning

we had fought our way to success against odds that seemed impossible.

I lowered the blinds, knowing that too soon the sun would set on our personal dreams. I went out into the beauty of the southwestern Colorado afternoon and visited. That was something I got to do as the director. It was the way I kept track of each program and each staff member. It was a part of my job that I loved. Visits enthralled, focused, and re-energized me.

I dropped in and did a quick walk-through in the lab trailers where Angela Schwab was teaching. She had a way of bringing laboratory-based archaeology to life. Fifteen participants were sitting at the long table, their rears numbed by hard wood benches, their attention focused upon a shard, a pot, a bone, a map, or a sketch that Angela held. On the table before them, held open by artifacts, were the new lab manuals. Forms for recording data were stacked in piles, out of the way for now. Angela was stressing the importance of accurate documentation and her requirements for exact procedures. Dull? Not the way Angela taught. She made the dusty archival place come to life.



Angela Schwab, Crow Canyon's Lab Director, showing middle school students how to sort pottery.



Bruce demonstrating excavation techniques



Dr. Bruce Bradley, Associate Director of Research, demonstrating the techniques of stone tool making.

Outside, in back of the lab, I found Bruce Bradley. He was brushing tiny flakes of razor-sharp rock off a metal chair, getting people seated around a pile of flint-hard rocks, and sitting down while opening his “rock-knocking” kit. He began a teaching demonstration about how tools were made by the Ancient Ones. I found a seat on the wood stairs descending from the lab porch and got lost in Bruce’s magic dialogue while watching his amazing hands form a perfect point or knife or scraper-tool from a hunk of rock, Bruce was explaining the insights he got into the way ancient man thought, by duplicating the processes of tool making they used. An hour passed quickly. Reluctantly, I left and went on with my visits.

In the sandbox trailer, on this day when little kids were on campus, I found Ricky Lightfoot teaching them how to dig. The small space was bubbling over with energy as twelve ten-year-old kids leaned over four-by-eight-foot by twelve-inch-high wood boxes. Each box filled with sand that covered an artifact-filled replica of a room at the Duckfoot site. In their hands they had trowels, tape measures,

pencils and mimeographed forms. They were archaeologists! They were digging and recording a site. Ricky, his blue eyes radiating and communicating his joy at the kids' excitement and energized motivation, was on his knees admiring an artifact that one grid-team had just recovered.

I found Bill Lipe working madly at a typewriter in a borrowed office. He was filling in to help take the pressure off the staff. Bill, a long-time supporter of Crow Canyon, was now Director of the Research Program, a key position he held in addition to his post at Washington State University, and dozens of other important obligations. He always had a moment to visit. We talked briefly of budgets and programs. Most important to me, we talked of speculative things that made archaeology seem like a marvelous detective story. We shared the agony we felt as we tried to fathom a way through the problems of the CAA and Crow Canyon's survival.

I made my way back into the lodge via the kitchen. Neva, our director of food services, was standing there, hands gloved in hot pads, holding a pan of freshly baked rolls. She stopped me and toured me through the evening's menu, in pans, pots, and bowls, and talked me to the door, assuring me dinner would be on time.

In the Lodge, Carla Van West was giving the final summary of the Cultural History Mystery to a group of Elderhostel participants. Carla was an extraordinary teacher and a keen research scholar. Carla could pick up a gray and uninteresting weather-worn, dirt-covered, old broken pottery shard and begin weaving a story about it that would enchant those around her. Soon they would be touching the shard as if it were some magical amulet that would change the world. She was bright, attractive,



outgoing, loving, gracious, and motivated. She burned with an intense flame fueled by her excitement with what she was doing and sharing.

In addition to her teaching responsibilities, she headed Crow Canyon's survey program. Carla was driven by her own high standards to be the best archaeologist it was possible to be. Crow Canyon was a natural environment for her. She loved people. She loved sharing and teaching. She loved research and academic discipline. People loved her. The ideas and energies she brought to Crow Canyon thrust the programs forward into new dimensions.

Marge and Vena, our housekeepers, were patiently waiting for the Cultural History Mystery to end so they could begin preparing the large room for the evening meal. We chatted, shared a tragedy. A picture had fallen. Its glass needed to be replaced.

The Cultural History Mystery ended. The Elderhostel Program participants with an average age of around seventy-two, headed outdoors for their Eco Hike, the association phase which followed the Cultural History Mystery.

Out on the front porch, I found one of the ten rocking chairs, the one that looked the fastest, and rocked a spell. Laughter was floating on the late afternoon air from the meadow below. Kids were having an atlatl contest, polishing their skills at spear-chucking. Others were crouched in a tight group around a fire-making kit, trying to spin the shaft with a bow to get a spark to fall out of the softwood hearth into the small bundle of cedar bark and grasses where it would glow as they blew, and then burst into flame.

As I rocked, I looked at my watch. It was almost five o'clock. I began listening for the sound of buses returning from the sites. In the distance, I

heard the growling of machines geared low to slow their descent off the hill. A large yellow bus popped into view in front of the lodge. The doors opened and spilled a line of dust-covered, laughing and bustling people carrying sacks of artifacts to the labs and orange water jugs, red coolers, and cardboard lunch boxes to the kitchen.

Within seconds, the front porch was alive with diggers recounting their finds and the day's adventures. Tired physically, hungry as lions, they took time to unwind their charged minds, to share the mysteries of the past they had so recently left. I knew that after a dozen magical stories were told about their day, they would head for the showers and get ready for dinner. After dinner, there would be a slide program lecture given by one of the staff or a visiting archaeologist. In the late evening they could sit on the porch watching the brilliant sky and speculate about humanity's purpose until they were too tired to think.

Unanticipated, there was a rumbling and clattering ruckus as something came up the driveway. I recognized the strange sounds of Oil-lay-lea, the baby-blue '66 Ford station wagon with AMATERRA painted on its front doors. It was pulling a trailer with a large water tank mounted in it. It was driven by a bearded man with a Barney Oldfield smile on his face. The rolling thunder caravan swung around the turn about circle in front of the Lodge and headed back down the hill to park near the water valve. Roger Irwin dismounted, grabbed the hose, and began filling the tank. The Sand Canyon support crew's director had arrived.

I had known Roger Irwin for two years. Roger was a professor at Pima College in Tucson who wanted to volunteer his services in the summer as a

maintenance man. His arrival was a blessing. Up until that time, I had been doing almost all of the campus and vehicle maintenance myself. We couldn't afford to hire a maintenance man. Roger took over the campus repair care business. He made friends. They got him involved making looms and weaving tools and other goodies for our crafts and educational programs. His light shone from under his workman's hat and he was soon "consulting" for almost every program.

As I got to know Roger, I learned he had a dream, he would call it a "fantasy-come-true," called Amatterra. Its purpose was to love the Earth and to share its wonders, and humanity's, with those of a like mind. Amatterra was chartered to preserve the natural resources of the Earth through a program of education and research. Amatterra had a boxed seasonal journal named Earthcare, where the articles and art works and shared thoughts of its membership came, loose paged, in a beautifully folded box made from white cardboard. We discovered that to have such a box in one's possession was to have a timeless treasure. Most of the staff became Amatterra members.

During his stay, Roger became familiar with some of my administrative problems, one of the most pressing of which was providing security for the Sand Canyon site when the artifacts lay unearthed, in situ, in excavated kivas and rooms. I needed to find someone or some way of securing the site during the next digging season. I didn't have enough funds to hire a guard.

"What if Amatterra operated a research program at Sand Canyon next summer? We could set up a base there and provide security, lunches, guides, and other services to Crow Canyon

participants and staff.” Roger asked, in his methodical and thoughtful manner.

“That would be a fantastic solution,” I responded, relieved that one of my problems was solved in such a productive and satisfactory way. Roger and Amatterra became Sand Canyon’s physical and spiritual guardians.

Later when all was quiet, I did a final safety-check of the Lodge and outbuildings and then headed up to our tiny apartment and bed. Thoughts of out-of-control nuts, battles for Crow Canyon’s survival, and our future were gone from my head. Fearful thoughts were replaced by the beauty of a dynamic program and by reflections on wonderful people.

## CHAPTER 39

### IT WORKED, WE DID IT!

By mid-1984, aware that we needed to start our personal lives, Jo and I began to plan our future. Up to that time, we had put off starting a family, building a home of our own, or establishing a normal work schedule. Our work directing Crow Canyon and all of its programs took all of our time, seven days a week all day and through the night. We couldn't go on providing all of the physical and emotional care without a heavy personal toll, but the programs were not yet financially able to provide the support personnel and services that would have eased our loads. We decided it was time to start a family and build a home of our own. As a result, our baby was due in March 1985. I brushed off my home plans, which I had put away in the early 1970s, updated them, adapted them to our forest-enclosed, high-view site, hired a builder, and started construction of our dream home. I took off at least once a day and rode my motorcycle up to the house and conferred with Steve Sloan, our super-craftsman builder who reassured me that the house would be ready in March, when our son Alex was due.

In 1986, Jo and I announced our resignations. For months we were barraged with calls from shocked friends and supporters. Through all of their concerns, several questions were asked repeatedly: "You have worked so hard to build Crow Canyon, you're needed now more than ever to help it develop, how can you leave now?" and "You have given so much. Now, for the first time you both could get the support personnel you need and you could be fairly

compensated for your time and energies. How can you walk away with nothing?"

I answered our friends by explaining that in 1972 I made a decision to form a public corporation and apply for not-for-profit status and IRS tax-exempt determination. At that time a public corporation called I-SEP Inc., dedicated to research and education, was given life. It was not to be operated for personal gain. Had I wished to create a business that could be operated for personal gain, I would not have formed I-SEP.

I-SEP and the Crow Canyon School were never ours. We gave freely of our time because we had a dream and because we weren't crazy. We bought land and leased it for a dollar a year to the corporation, and we loaned or gave the corporation money so it could grow, but we did not own it. We were always employees, usually unpaid, who served at the direction of I-SEP's Board of Directors. A parallel would be a minister who builds a church. He does not own the church he helped build.

In 1983, after many successful years of operation, Jo and I donated our land and I-SEP sold its assets to another not-for-profit corporation headquartered at Northwestern University. Although the new board allowed Crow Canyon to retain its momentum, identity, and management, the change to an Illinois not-for-profit did not work out. The Illinois corporation was terribly mismanaged and soon foundered. In two years, those interested in Crow Canyon re-established the original corporation. That two-year process of change, and the stupidity of one individual, burned up our energies and wasted them! When we saw that all we had worked for was in danger of being wiped out we focused our energies to insure Crow Canyon would survive and go on to

be what it now is, and will become. Then we resigned, and a new team of seven people came on board to do what we had been doing and to serve the corporate “being.”



Time for family. Ed with Alex and Nate.

In March 1986, Jo and I left the beautiful campus in Crow Canyon. We had the wisdom to know we had done all we intended to do. The

programs were well-defined enough to survive without us. That, in fact, was the real test of our success. We left Crow Canyon in the hands of Sandy Thompson, the new Executive Director. Today Crow Canyon continues to fulfill its vital mission.

Jo and I had done what we had dreamed of doing. We won our battles, and an amazing and very important education and research center existed because of our efforts. A year passed and soon it was time to have another child. Nathaniel was born in September 1987. But there was one thing left undone. Friends insisted I write this final report for the record, and for all of our fellow travelers. I began writing this account about our years Pioneering American Education and Archaeology on the Frontier in Southwestern Colorado.

Writing down our adventures and reporting our finding was a challenge. I imagined that once retired I would have unlimited time and would learn to write and complete the book in a year or so. As it worked out, we stayed busy as before and there was little time to write. Educators from around the country wanted to bounce ideas off of us or get us to consult with their districts or do programs for them. I founded Southwest Research and Educational Services, a not-for-profit corporation, which could nurture these new educational endeavors.

As parents, we started thinking about educating our boys. Soon we joined other families and started a Montessori pre-school in Cortez. For many years we had been aware that children with Montessori backgrounds were well prepared for life, and usually exceeded public school expectations. We moved from Colorado to Arizona in 1991. Our family is actively involved in the Sedona Montessori School at this time.



Native American education continues to challenge us. I maintained contact with the Ute Mountain Ute Tribe as a planner for the 125,000 acres Ute Mountain Tribal Park which was developing as we had dreamed it could. I began writing vignettes about Ute Mountain Ute history that could be used in classrooms to help the Ute kids understand and have pride in their history. About this time, our friends Norm and Jeri Eck left private business and became certified teachers. Norm had a depth of knowledge about the Navajo people. He had edited texts on Navajo history and culture, and authored *Contemporary Navajo Affairs*, a textbook published by Rough rock Demonstration School in 1983. He had printed and published many exciting books about Navajo culture.

Now, in his preferred profession, teaching, he took on the challenges of helping Navajo kids in remote southeastern Utah. Together, we began to share insights into educating kids from a different culture and with different motivation.

Norm had long been aware of our work at Crow Canyon - Native American education, pre-job training, the Learning Path, focusing upon a theme like archaeology, and other "breakthroughs" we had made. He understood the importance of immediate and practical application, and the necessity of showing the kids how things worked in the greater society. He knew that if his students were focused upon meaningful tasks, tasks that could develop their talents and help prepare them for future employment, they would succeed.

After all, education is a process, not a place!

## SECOND EDITION UPDATE

As we worked on the digitizing, finding photographs, and editing of this second edition, Jo jogged my memory by asking if we could answer the questions most asked about our experience. “I can’t count how many people have asked us for help building their own educational programs. Can we add something for them?”

“Let’s look through our letters and e-mails to make a list of most asked questions. Then we’ll try to answer them.”

Q. Your book *Crow Canyon* gives us an insight, but there is more we would like to know about building an organization. Why is information about starting programs so hard to find?

A. Those who follow often ignore the formative years and what it took to build an organization from scratch. To them, the organization started when they arrived. Giving credit to those who took the risks, did the work, laid the foundations, defined the mission, and made the organization succeed is at cross purposes with the way they want to be known. This dynamic occurs in almost every organization or company. The fact that it happened at Crow Canyon is important because it obscured from those interested in creating similar programs the realities of start-up, the rationale behind the unique research design, and the curriculum. More important, when those who follow do not understand the roots of the organization – for example the educational mission as opposed to just another research field school - they often lose sight of the reason for the organization’s existence.

Subsequent administrators chose to exclude the 18+ year struggle remembered in these pages from the organization's history. Those who participated in this pioneering effort often refer to it as the "Golden Age of Crow Canyon". Left out is much of what it took to get from point zero to a functioning staff, curriculum, research program, and campus. This book answered a lot of questions about the founding of Crow Canyon.

Our friend, Jerry Wolf, described the first nineteen years (1967 – 1986) as Ed and Jo pulling their little red wagon against traffic up the Interstate. They were the tough, hard years that ended when we retired in 1986. We committed all of our time and financial resources to develop the "impossible dream."

In 1982, NU's FIA (Foundation for Illinois Archaeology) found an operating program engaged in archaeological and educational research. By 1986, under our leadership, the program in place was little different from that offered today. The infusion of resources into Crow Canyon from NU-FIA-CAA (Foundation for Illinois Archaeology - Center for American Archaeology) helped it expand and continue to develop. The NU-CAA - Crow Canyon relationship lasted less than 3 chaotic and difficult years. Then we separated and re-established the original Colorado not-for-profit I had written in 1972.

Q. You pioneered the concept of education for preservation of archaeological resources. How did that come about?

A. The basic foundation was envisioned, tested and put into place in the early 1970s. As told herein, the archaeological research program inspired by Dr. Art Rohn began when he stepped out of the

accepted box around field research and took, at great personal risk, a step forward. Graduate students, under his direct supervision, supervised lay diggers – in this case, high school students. Why would one of the great archaeologists, at the top of his field, take such a risk and go against accepted practice? Because he saw a larger picture. He knew the preservation of archaeological treasures depended upon wide public acceptance of their value.

“Educating the public begins with lay involvement at all levels.” This concept was so profound that Jo and I, Dr. Ron Gould, and later leaders like Dr. Bill Lipe and Dr. Bruce Bradley were able to define it as the major role for Crow Canyon: *EDUCATION THROUGH INVOLVEMENT FOR PRESERVATION*. It may seem common-sense now, but in the early 70s it was a new concept questioned by many.

Q. From the beginning you believed that an understanding of living Native American cultures was an important part of the learning experience. How did you make those connections?

A. When I had my first meeting with Phillip Coyote at Towaoc, I only knew we could learn a lot from the Ute people. I-SEP kids (Interdisciplinary-Supplemental Educational Programs as we called ourselves then) were some of the first to connect with, and work within, the programs on the reservation. From that time forward the concept of working closely with living people was essential to the study of the ancients and our “digging” into the past. We created educational programs for Ute children and even adult Ute classroom aides. Norman Lopez, a spiritual leader from the tribe, became supportive of Crow Canyon, as did Ernest

House (Tribal Chairman), Rudy Hammond (who served on our faculty), and dozens of others.

Working with Albert Neskahi, a local Navajo leader, we had insights and support from that cultural community. For a time, two Navajo boys lived at Crow Canyon and were part of what we did.

In 1979 we cemented our relationship with the Hopi during a visit to Crow Canyon by Fred Kabotie, the great Hopi Indian artist, leader and teacher. This was followed-up by our visits to the Hopi mesas and contacts with his son, Michael. We became aware that the people we called the Anasazi were really the ancestors of the Pueblo people. We came to believe that all Crow Canyon programs should connect with living Native American cultures. This tenet, that archaeological research (field work) done in isolation is limited in its findings, shaped the uniqueness of Crow Canyon which is perhaps the first organization of its kind to focus on whole cultures through time.

Q. You started the programs in a community hundreds of miles away from Denver. How did you do this? Why were community relations important?

A. Getting our programs known and supported was critical to our success. In time, Jo and I served on local health and community boards like Human Potential Development and the Cortez Public Library. We did economic development work. I chaired the trade show one year and got to know most of the active business community. It was through these friends that we found the land for the campus, were eventually able to get electricity and roads to the campus, and brought in essential services like the telephone. Was it easy? No. We had friends, but little governmental support. What we

were doing pushed beyond the established way of doing things.

My concepts of education so threatened the Re-1 School District Superintendent that he forbid "his" teachers to take classes unless they had a masters degree. I taught through Fort Lewis College, Western State College, and Colorado State University. Fortunately, our friends interceded for us and we gradually became part of the community.

During that time (November 1981), Jo and I were appointed by U.S Congressman Ray Kogovsek to the Citizen's Advisory Committee for the BLM's Sacred Mountain Planning Unit. (Canyonlands of the Ancients National Monument). Jo was asked to be secretary. Of all involved, the co-director of Crow Canyon had done the most research, was most familiar with, and was proposing management options for the BLM and the area. Few at Crow Canyon today understand Crow Canyon's role. Jo's research presented in her comprehensive Masters Thesis, *Planning and the Preservation of Cultural Resources* and Crow Canyon's philosophy of education and preservation formed the groundwork. Few other individuals did as much to design the model and set the parameters of the new monument. The University of Colorado honored Jo with their award for Excellence in Research.

One of the key elements of Crow Canyon's success was the work we did with the BLM, NPS, SCS, State of Colorado and other government agencies to assure them our mission was complementary to their own. Without this establishment of credibility, Crow Canyon would not have been treated as a creditable organization.

Another major milestone on the road to becoming a recognized force for education and

preservation of archeological resources was a series of free public lectures called *Insights Into the Ancient Ones*. For two consecutive years (1979-80) we wrote and were awarded grants from the Colorado Endowment for the Arts & Humanities. The exciting series of lectures brought archaeologists who had completed significant research in the area back to the Mesa Verde region. Thus Jo and I and Crow Canyon became known and trusted across the archaeological community. The integrity of our work helped us obtain research permits on public lands. We published and distributed two editions of *Insights Into The Ancient Ones* to libraries. The books contain significant information from archaeologists directly involved in primary research in Montezuma County.

Q. Did you ever recover your investment? You bought and built and worked. Did you get paid? How did you survive? What did building Crow Canyon cost?

A. After we left our teaching jobs in the Denver area in 1976 and went full-time, year-round, we went without pay of any kind until 1982. In fact, if you consider what it took to run quality programs, improve facilities, stay operational, plus pay the cost of the land, roads, electricity, insurance, other improvements, vehicles, tepees ... we used up all of our savings and kept the campus and programs going by selling our time outside the school. It was hard, scary at times, and difficult to explain to our parents and friends.

What we got out of that were some of the most remarkable and wonderful years of our lives. On top of that, we saw our ideas and beliefs tested and proven. We saw the entity we envisioned and created gain a life of its own. Because we stuck to it

and followed our better instincts, we formed and set into motion a remarkable education and archaeological research center that today carries forward the essence of its founding years. We think that was a great deal.

No, we never recovered our financial investment. When I-SEP, the not-for-profit corporation, was bought by NU-CAA, we recovered a fraction of the direct cash advances we had made to the corporation over the years. To make the sale work, we forgave (donated) 70 acres of land (the Campus), valued at over \$100,000. We could have held out for more, but the survival of our dream was more important. And, we were still at the helm. From 1982 – 1986 I was Executive Director and Jo was co-Director of the renamed Crow Canyon Center for Southwestern Archaeology. We hired additional staff, built the Lodge, research labs and classrooms. Enhanced by NU's reputation, and with help from the CAA marketing staff, the programs grew. We received small salaries for the first time.

Q. How did you make Crow Canyon the Center for Southwestern Archaeology?

A. The challenges that faced us after NU-CAA became the lead organization were difficult to solve. Perhaps the most critical work we did was to add to the archaeological components of Crow Canyon. Buildings were important. With little available cash, our contacts with Colorado Surplus Properties Agency helped us find Transportation Test Track labs in Pueblo, Colorado and move them to campus. The basic labs and offices were paid for by money Jo and I loaned I-SEP, and served well until a building was built in 1986-87



More important was the staffing for our research center. Typically, "research scientists" are not great educators. Lists were proffered of archaeologists who could develop the research model and do the field and lab work. From those lists, we identified academically powerful individuals who understood Crow Canyon's mission and wanted to work with the public, Dr. Ron Gould as the model.

It was a difficult time for us and for Crow Canyon. Some members of the search committee thought the educational part of the program was of no consequence. The pressure to minimize the education-for-preservation mission and replicate "just another university field school" was great. A number of professionals pointed out that hundreds of thousands of unstudied artifacts and records lay in warehouses at Mesa Verde, universities and museums around the country, and places like the Ute Mountain Ute Reservation. There was a need, they argued, to study what had already been dug and no need for additional field school excavations.

Struever was not helpful. As the head of CAA he had lost credibility with NU and the archaeological community. He discounted the education-for-preservation concept and except for fundraising efforts, hindered the process. Jo and I strongly advocated for the education mission of the center and eventually were successful.

After some harrowing battles, archaeologist friends, most met and introduced to our education-for-preservation philosophy through the *Insights* series, were able to convince the committee, then headed by Dr. Jim Brown, chairman of the department at NU, to hire two men known for their competence in research and their love of teaching.

Once over that hurdle, the question became: Research what? For what? With our in-depth knowledge of sites west of Cortez, Jo and I could answer those questions. We had two sites in mind. Jo and I selected these sites out of hundreds we knew, because each was "Not supposed to be there."

One of the enigmas that taunted us was the complex of ruins on a side canyon feeding Sand Canyon that George Kelly had introduced us to years before. To impress upon archaeologists and locals the significance of this great D-shaped complex, we presented an *Insights* program in the center of what we came to call the Sand Canyon Pueblo. Sand Canyon, listed in the 1985 survey, had been discounted because surveyors didn't note its size and more importantly because they couldn't find trash middens that would suggest a large site used over time.

As soon as Dr. Bradley and Dr. Adams were hired, with permission from the BLM (achieved with the strong support of our good friend Dr. Bruce Rippeteau, Colorado State Archaeologist) Crow Canyon began mapping this amazing late P-3 complex. Excavations started with student involvement.

The other site was Duckfoot. (Also described in this book). Duckfoot, was selected because the literature at that time suggested that Developmental Pueblo ridge top sites of significance didn't exist below 6,500 feet. Duckfoot was large, connected with Basketmaker, P-II, and P-III ruins, and almost untouched by pothunters.

Another significant aspect of the archaeological research program was dependable funding through the education programs. Grants were hard to find and limited over time. The

education programs generated money for research and it was easier to raise money (grants and donations) for educating kids than for archaeological research.

Q. You designed education programs that prepared students - in a very short time - to work with prominent research projects and archaeologists in the field and in the labs. Did you have models to follow? How did you do it?

A. Some of my heroes are those who have been advocating experience and education, hands-on education, apprentice programs, travel learning, and education-through-adventure for a long time. Think Socrates, Dewey, Brunner, Gardner, Glasser, Montessori, Goodlad ... to name a very few. I had models and ideas and proof these approaches are necessary.

What I had to do was custom-tailor these dynamics to Crow Canyon field programs. Jo and I understood what it took to excite and motivate people of all ages. We knew the difference between 'learning' and True Learning – that which we don't forget the minute the course is over. True Learning means you can turn the concept in your head and apply it to other situations or teach it to others. In addition, we knew Dewey was right-on when he noted that education ends with contribution to yourself, society and others.

The Learning Path has now been tested and proven for over 40 years. That is not to say teachers understand the *association phase* of learning/teaching or the power of *contribution*. When I address participants and tell each of them they are needed, that what they contribute will make a difference, I have them.

When we retired, Crow Canyon had one of the finest models for experiential and motivational education in existence.

Q. Have you ever been asked back to Crow Canyon? Are you involved in any way?

A. No.

Q. In 2008 Crow Canyon celebrated its 25th Anniversary 1983 – 2008. That must have been a great day for you. How did you feel?

A. We celebrate the good work accomplished by the staff as it continues to educate and excite students. Unfortunately, we were not included in the festivities, even though the date of 1983 predates our retirement as founders and directors by 3 years and leaves out the pivotal developmental years from 1968-1986. It was actually Crow Canyon's 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary! In truth, we were saddened that an organization dedicated to credibility and the accurate reconstruction of past events would falsify its own.

Q. Tell about the rest of the adventure. What happened after you retired in 1986? You left with all that research and information, with breakthroughs in teaching and learning. Crow Canyon was a fantastic place, but it was just a place. It shone because of what you and Jo did – what you dared to do regardless of cost. Bring the readers up-to-date.

A. Jo and I left Crow Canyon when we were assured our great experiment would continue and prosper without us. We began new adventures armed with information and tools gleaned in one of the most exciting and fulfilling creations imaginable. We took with us, along with strong friendships, an understanding of how learning takes place, and how

to motivate individuals to take charge of their own education. We had new focus and dreams to go along with our wonderful memories. We spent years helping other people's kids and, by 1987 we had two of our own.

I was forty-six when Edward Alexander Berger joined our family, forty-eight when David Nathaniel came into our world. We found ourselves focused on the joys and challenges of early childhood. Our educational "expertise" was severely challenged as we navigated the mysteries of parenthood and human development.

As educators we had a lot of learning to do. With two sons to introduce to the world, we searched for nurturing and challenging places to help them experience life. Frustrated, we bonded with other parents looking for the same magical place for childhood's own. That led to the design and creation of The Children's Kiva. The curriculum was an adaptation of the wonders of Waldorf and the realities of Montessori. In that warm and fuzzy place our children fed on experiences in safety with nurturing adult guides. It wasn't magic, it just seemed to be. It brought our families together and created a community of parents getting the support they needed.

Jo and I founded The Earthscape Group. (Planning and Development). We contracted with companies like Morrison-Knudsen to do environmental assessment projects, and we worked with the Ute Mountain Ute Tribe to do assessments and economic development studies. I helped out with economic development in Cortez and Dolores. We stayed busy.

Joe Keck, Sam Burns and I were able to take a long hard look at the Ute Mountain Ute Tribal Park,

125,000 acres of pristine *cuesta* and canyon country surrounding Mesa Verde National Park. It was an almost unexploited archaeological wonderland.

Our work with the Tribal Park actually started in the mid-1970s when Frank Lister (Son of Dr. Robert and Florence Lister) approached us and asked us to help him write a Development Plan for the 125,000 acres Mancos Canyon Tribal Park. Now, in the late 1980s, I was once again involved in planning and defining the character of that amazing Ute resource. On foot, by jeep and in helicopters, I got to know places of wonder that had not been sacked by early archaeologists or treasure seekers.

U.S Congressman Ben Nighthorse Campbell appointed Joe, Sam and me to represent the Utes in a study of the relationship between the U.S. Government, National Park Service and the Ute Mountain Ute Tribe of Indians. From that study came a whole new insight into what really happened to the Utes as Europeans and Americans coveted archaeological treasures on their lands, robbed the graves of the ancestral Pueblo people, and stole from the Utes. For the first time the true history was known, not that told by the conquerors, but by the actual communications between government agencies. I was so taken by the true history, I later wrote (2000) *The Spirits in the Ruins* under my pen name C. Descry. Much of what I write about in the *Spirits in the Ruins* comes from my time on that land and my introduction, through Crow Canyon, to pot hunters, grave robbers, and xenophobic haters of education and aesthetics.

One of Earthscape's major projects was to determine the feasibility of an aerial ropeway (Skytram) up the escarpment of the Mesa Verde onto Ute land for access to the Tribal Park and maybe a

restaurant and viewpoint. Access to Mesa Verde NP also proved feasible. This was not only fun, but turned out to have the potential to provide a major economic generator for the Tribe and the City of Cortez. The NPS did not want the tramway to happen and exerted powerful opposition and misinformation campaigns to stop it.

We also negotiated with the NPS a plan and agreement for use of Ute land on Soda Point which was traversed by a NPS road. In addition, we took a long look at the Ute land at the Four Corners Monument where Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona meet. We were also instrumental in designing, an environmentally sound land development in the county.

Q. You knew the lands surrounding Mesa Verde and Crow Canyon better than most. You say your hearts are still in that country. So why did you leave Colorado?

A. A time came when we were called away from the land we still think of as home. We fell off the plateau and landed in Sedona, Arizona where my parents and sisters lived. My amazing dad had passed in Sedona in 1988. My mom was living alone. In McElmo Canyon, Sue Kelly was gone, and George was soon to follow. Our ideas of education clashed with the traditional schools of Montezuma County. My writing and work as an educational consultant could happen anywhere, even in the land of vortexes, crystals, religious seekers and get-rich-quick developers (Rape, Rip and Run). In 1991 we enrolled our sons in the Sedona Montessori School and got involved as parents.

In 1993 the first edition of **Crow Canyon** was published and distributed. I decided I did not have the

time nor the inclination to promote it, and assumed it would be shared by friends and family and then fade away. The opposite happened. The demand for the book grew. One day I received an order for the “educational cult classic” *Crow Canyon: Pioneering Education and Archaeology on the Southwestern Frontier*. Cult classic? Amazing!

While in Sedona, Jo became co-administrator of the Montessori School. We parents all dreamed of a public school that would reflect the powerful “Know the Child” wisdom of Maria Montessori. That wasn’t going to happen for our kids, not in the public schools of that tortured community.

The Arizona Charter School movement began. We got involved and caught the dream of being able to design and get taxpayer support for a totally accountable, measurable, educational program of an experiential and interdisciplinary nature. With other parents and community members we spent almost a year designing the “perfect school”, became the second charter school funded in Arizona, and opened in 1995. The story of what happened in Arizona to the charter school movement is told in my book *Unscrewed, The Education of Annie* (pen name C. Descry).

What we learned about Sedona and all the pressures on one of the most beautiful places on earth, is told in my book *The Spirit of the Sycamore* (C. Descry). A character in the sycamore book became so haunting to several readers that, at their urging, I wrote *Raven’s Chance*. It is the story of a beautiful archaeologist working in the Secret Mountain area north of Sedona who was driven insane by her discoveries and the evil done to her at the university.



Even southwestern Colorado in the dead of winter makes one consider fleeing to warmer climes. After leaving Crow Canyon, Jo and I often fled to Pto. Penasco, Mexico to be by the sea and walk on hot sand. Each winter and spring we spent weeks and sometimes months there as the boys played in the tidal pools, and kept an aquarium in the trailer where they temporarily brought sea creatures to observe, research and sketch. It was a perfect place for our family. We became acquainted with Peggy and Rick Boyer who, in patterns similar to what we experienced building Crow Canyon, were building CEDO, The Center for the Studies of the Deserts and Oceans, an American and Mexican organization.

Peggy and Rick also had two young sons, and proved to be dreamers of the best kind. We joined their US board and enjoyed the growth of CEDO and the company of the Boyers. In 2000, they celebrated the twentieth year of their adventure. As a gift, I wrote *The Spirit of the Estuary* (C. Descry), which is a study of the history of this area where the desert meets the sea and an appreciation of their remarkable work.

At home in Arizona, the phone would ring and someone would want us to help them solve some educational riddle or crisis. Jo would wait, listening, waiting for my nod or head shake. A nod meant another adventure lay in front of one or both of us. A shake, the rejection of an offer.

We talked over one particular offer. I called Dr. Bob Kastelic, a close friend, a Columbia graduate and educational clear thinker. In just a few days Bob and I were on our way to Alaska. In Ketchikan, we boarded a float plane and ended up being dropped-off on a remote arm of a bay where we stood all alone waiting for a pick-up from Hydaburg, a tiny

community lost in the vastness of Prince of Wales Island. That was my first encounter with Native Alaskan education and the forty-ninth state. It was the beginning of a fascination with that frontier.

A few years later, after a long phone call and a nod, Jo and I and our sons were on our way to Anchorage to do research. We continued on north to Kotzebue where we caught a Bering Air Cessna and flew ninety air miles east and thirty-four miles north of the Arctic Circle to a small Native Alaskan (Inupiaq Eskimo) village. We came there as a family, knowing that the task ahead of us would require trust of the elders and educators we would be working with. We were there to listen, learn, and help design a forty-foot wall of display cases to tell the story of these inland people. Not for tourists, but for themselves and for their children. What a treat!

On our second day there, Principal Eck woke us and told us to turn on our satellite TV. It was September 11, 2001. We were soon in shock. All airplanes were grounded. We were as isolated as it may be possible to be.

Alex and I got to go hunting caribou with two brothers and their 82-year-old grandmother (aana). We went by small boat, landed, crawled up through the willows, and they took three bucks. Directed by their aana, they butchered the animals, saved certain fat and parts, and packed them back to the boat.

For Alex, it was the first time he had seen an animal killed and butchered. A little way up river we unloaded to cook lunch. The fresh tongue was the object of much attention. As they set the camp stove and greased a fry pan, men as wild as the tundra, dressed as they must have in centuries past, came into camp, sat around us, and shared slices of tongue as they came hot and steaming out of the

pan. Alex and I were in another time and place and comfortable.

Nate and Jo were invited to a fish camp up river in the wilds. They made friends, helped fish, prepare fish to dry, gathered cranberries and cooked flapjacks. To be with that community of women and children at that camp was as if they had stepped through a warp in the fabric of time. They were there a short time, but had forever experiences.

Being stranded like that got me thinking. I began working on a novel (full of archaeology, of course) about what would happen if we had been cut off and had no idea what happened to the rest of mankind. ***Cut Off! When Illusions Survive***, is one of my (C. Descry's) four latest books.

Back home in Arizona, I began working on a spy trilogy based upon the year I traveled in twenty-two nations studying schools. Writing the story of that year formed the basis-in-truth for the novels of the ***Onoto Trilogy: The Daughters Onoto, The Brothers Shikoku, and The Fallout Solution***. The trilogy was published in 2009 under my pen name, C. Descry.

Q. As a result of all you learned as educators, how did you educate your boys?

A. LEARN THROUGH ADVENTURES - a simple concept. For us it meant that when Nate was eight and old enough to fully appreciate what we were going to do, and Alex was eleven, more than ready to be a boy full of joy and be free to explore and seek adventures, we traveled.

We put all we could carry into four back packs, carried Tolkein's *Lord of the Rings* and other precious books, a few snacks and boarded a flight to Amsterdam. For the next year we wandered Europe

with no set itinerary, letting whim and wonder guide us.

We called it travelschooling and it was more intensive than any classroom could ever be. We read and wrote and kept budgets and accounts, did science, fished, and melded into communities unlike any here in the US. We let cold weather push us south into Greece and on down to Crete, where we wintered by the Libyan Sea. We stayed in tourist-deserted beach towns where we got to know many people. We were not ready to come home, but we did, only to regret the slower pace and the lack of learning intensity.

A year later we could stand it no longer. We hitched our 5<sup>th</sup> wheel trailer to an old crew cab Chevy truck and headed east. For the next eleven months, we four, plus Mandy our wonder dog, learned about America by meeting its people and staying in its communities. We wintered in Florida and the boys could be free and wild-as-the-wind running the beaches and fishing the waters of the Gulf. Our boys got time to be boys and to explore the Huck Finn in their hearts.

Q. So what happened when they returned to school?

A. We moved to Prescott, attracted by a great middle school, a better-than-average high school, and a community rich with educational resources from three institutes of higher learning, (Prescott College, Yavapai Community College, and Embry Riddle Aeronautical University). The biggest problem both boys faced was learning how to turn off thinking and give back exactly what the teacher taught. Learning not to think when taking a test is still a problem for both. In Prescott schools, with parental

ombudsmanship and some excellent teachers, both did well.

In 2007 Alex was graduated from the Barrett Honors College at Arizona State University. He is presently an Analyst for a major mergers and acquisition firm in Scottsdale. He is the CEO of his own company, FusionVirtual. After graduation he spent three months doing a walkabout in Europe, from Scotland to Greece. He is becoming well known through his blog [www.virtualwayfarer.com](http://www.virtualwayfarer.com). You'll love it!

In 2009, Nate, a junior in the Barrett Honors College at ASU, began an internship with the American Consulate in Milan, Italy, as part of his Global Studies major. Following his consulate experience, he plans a walkabout through Europe until ASU starts in August.

Q. And you and Jo?

A. We fell in love with Prescott, and especially Yavapai Community College. I taught a few classes as an adjunct professor for Northern Arizona University - Yavapai. Soon after moving here we were asked to join the Friends of Yavapai College Art. One of the projects that caught our attention was the College sculpture garden. Jo was instrumental in expanding the garden to over four acres and beginning Phase III. As president of FYCA, she sat on the Foundation board.

In 2004 Jo was employed by the College to take over the Facilities Department for all five campuses, and to take over the direction of the master plan, the build-out of a \$69.5 million improvement bond for the 5 campuses. Her life became very complicated and all of her time and

energy went into the College. She stopped playing music.

I became president of FYCA and with the amazing Dick Marcusen completed the build-out of infrastructure in Phase III of the sculpture garden. On the Yavapai Foundation Board, I found (am still enamored by) opportunity to help the College build for the future.

In 2005 I was asked to take over the direction of the Arizona Heritage Project. I worked closely with the Library of Congress American Folklife Center. I grew to love D.C.

I worked with great educators like Barbara Hatch, an AHP sponsor from Cactus Shadows High School in Cave Creek, Arizona. One of the most memorable adventures was helping her take a group of high school students to D.C. to present their veteran's histories to the Veterans History Project at the LOC, to the Association of the United States Army, and to the National Council of Social Studies Teachers convention.

I got to work with high school teachers and kids all over Arizona and help them develop oral history projects to record the history of their families, people in their communities, and veteran's stories. I agreed to do this for two years. What an experience! Unfortunately, corporate funding was cut. Recently a group of Mrs. Hatch's students, now in university, decided to keep the oral history and veterans history project alive. It is too important to lose.

In 2008, due to health concerns, Jo took a 6 month sabbatical from work. We spent time in Washington D.C., Mexico, Alaska, Colorado, Oregon and other special places.

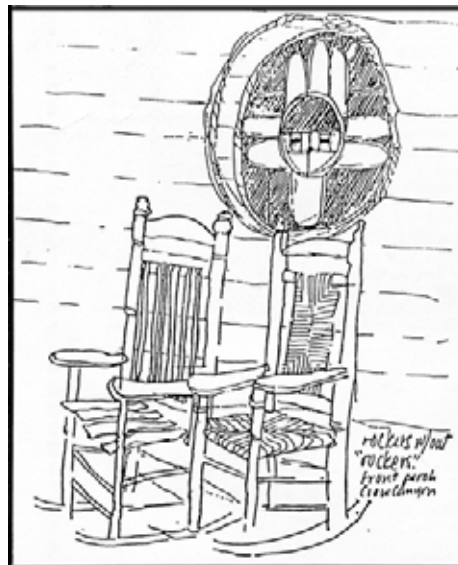
At this time, Jo is working as strategic planner and overall head of Facilities for the College and I'm

working to re-write (based on my sister's extensive research) a book I wrote about my father's life: ***Transcending, The Life of a Twentieth Century Man.***

With eleven books under my belt, I'm now working with my sons to define the educational programs for *digital natives*, the kids who have grown-up with the world and its resources at their fingertips. I am aware graduate research was 90% trying to find information and maybe 10% doing something as a result of the information. Today's students spend little time finding information and 90% or better of their time applying it. What a different trip education in the digital age will be. Think virtual worlds!

Q. What advice do you have for parents?

A. What a journey we had! This story is about educating kids and families. If you assume you can turn your children over to the state to be educated, you have failed them. Do not depend on the schools to excite your children and make them into life-long learners. That's your job. That is what you do as a family. The World provides amazing adventures.



From the sketchbook of Michelle Cooney Smithsonian Field School May 1984.

## Books by C. Descry (Dr. Edward F. Berger)

### Spirit Series:

- The Spirit of the Sycamore
- The Spirits in the Ruins
- The Spirit of the Estuary
- Raven's Chance
- Cut Off! When Illusions Survive

### Education series:

- Crow Canyon: Pioneering Education and Archaeology on the Southwestern Colorado Frontier (Dr. Edward F. Berger)
- Unscrewed: The Education of Annie
- Transcending: The Life of a Twentieth-Century Man (2009)

### Spy series:

#### The Onoto Trilogy:

- The Daughters of Onoto
- The Brothers Shikoku
- The Fallout Solution