

The cans at the foot of the stump shown in the photograph were rusted and old.

I asked Freeman why, if he believed the Indians were responsible for cutting the tree, he hadn't called it to their attention a long time ago. I also asked if the use of the photograph after years since the tree was cut was a plot by Don Seaman and Freeman. Freeman denied that he and Seaman had anything to do with it. I asked in what capacity they had made the trip with Little, Gunter and the photographer, then—conservation, inspection or spying. At about this point he walked away.

We then went to the administrative cabin site. Along the trail on the way, we observed an open garbage pit. Charlotte Trego asked Freeman if this was the Forest Service method for disposing of garbage, in an open pit. He replied that this is the method that is used in the Forest Service and the wilderness area.

She said that this was shocking, that she had never seen anything similar in the forests in Colorado, and asked Freeman if he didn't think it an unsanitary and poor way to dispose of garbage. He said that there was nothing they could do.

A sign at the entrance to the administrative cabin site states something like, "This is a selected administrative site, U.S. Forest Service." The site is partially enclosed by a barbed wire fence. At the entrance there are six strands wrapped around and stapled into live trees. Near the site, there are numerous scattered stumps, from one to four feet high. Miss Trego asked Freeman whether regulations didn't prohibit leaving stumps higher than six inches; he said he didn't know. Freeman also told Miss Trego that he guessed the Forest Service had cut the trees.

Inside the Forest Service enclosure, the ground is so bare that there is hardly any vegetation in existence. This clearly has been caused by too many horses and too many people using the cabin. About forty feet in front of the cabin are two horse troughs, located right next to a spring site which feeds into the Pueblo creek. There is a lot of manure at this site, and when it rains this pollutes the river.

A garbage pit area behind the cabin looked like a slum, littered about with milk cartons and egg cartons, etc.

Frank Marcus pointed out to Freeman several empty wine, beer and soda containers by a shepherd's stove set under trees not far from the cabin in the enclosure. There was also an old torn up quilt and a green log cut into twelve-inch lengths and the remains of an uncovered fire, and two salt shakers lying on the ground. Branches of the trees were damaged by the heat of the stove. Freeman accused me of planting the bottles and cans by the stove. Miss Trego says that she took a photograph of Freeman carrying them to the garbage pit.

The outhouse, located on ground that slopes down to the Pueblo creek, was surrounded by litter, a broken bed, stove parts, bottles, cans, barbed wire, etc.

One of the trees has a face engraved in it by an axe.

Earlier, on the way to the administrative cabin, I picked several flowers of ceremonial significance, the only ones left from the summer season. Freeman said, in a louder than normal voice, that he would have to give me a warning of violation for picking wild flowers in the area. I replied that this is Indian land and I have the right to pick anything in the exclusive use area. He said, "Not yet."

From there we went to the ceremonial ground. We found the tepee poles shown in the photograph used at the hearing, at a campsite across the ceremonial grounds from the Forest Service sign which says something like, "These are Indian tepee poles for ceremonial purposes. Do not molest." Freeman asked who had cleaned the trash that had been there. I said I didn't know there had been any there, and I didn't know who had cleaned it. He then pulled out and showed me two green poles, and asked who had cut them. Both Frank Marcus and I noticed that they were too short to be used in tepees. I said that I didn't know who cut them. I walked away, to another spot in the ceremonial ground, and carried one large and one small tepee pole to the sign. Frank Marcus and Freeman carried others from the site of the photograph. There was one other campsite at which tepee poles were left, and I carried them to the sign. Freeman said not to bother with a few poles left above the sign.

There was no trash and no litter in the ceremonial grounds that was visible, except for a few gum wrappers and cigarette butts *along the trail to the administrative cabin*, which crosses the ceremonial ground.

Freeman started looking under some clumps of bushes at the sides of the ceremonial ground, and pulled out some old cans (coffee, lunchmeat, pickle and whiskey bottles). I found an old bucket that had been hidden under the