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The places that we have known belong now only to the little world of space on which we map them for our own convenience. None of them was ever more than a thin slice, held between the contiguous impressions that composed our life at that time; remembrance of a particular form is but regret for a particular moment; and houses, roads, avenues are as fugitive, alas, as the years.

FROM SWANN'S WAY
by Marcel Proust,
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania:
The Franklin Library, 1982

EDITOR'S NOTE

Swann's Way is a long and difficult read, but is well worth it for the little gems of wisdom imparted along the way. The above quote constitutes the very last lines of the book. The moment I read it I thought of *Teocentli*. Marcel Proust captured in literature what we, as archaeologists, know of and do in our daily lives. The archaeologist spends a lifetime thinking about (worrying over?) time, space and form. We record and lament the passage of time; we are constantly seeking out old and new spaces to explore and understand; and we are absolutely fascinated by form, the objects made by others that reveal much about their own lives, past and present. In addition, we don't give up easily in what we do!

There is a lot of retiring going on in 2018, as exhibited in the following letters, but unlike most professions, retirement is merely a break in direction for Teocentlists. As I have said in previous editor's introductions, we are a most productive and interesting group of folk, churning out as much in the way of publications, exhibits, and sundry happenings in post-retirement than we ever did before (perhaps hyperbole, but you know what I mean), and I delight in the reading of them each year. With that said, time eventually does catch up with all of us and we sadly lost a number of our members this past year. Obituaries are included herein on the lives of George Cowgill, Judy Jelks, Ruthann Knudson and Charles McNutt. Too

late to make it into this issue is the recent loss of Wendy Ashmore, but she will be done justice in Issue 123. Other than Charles, I did not know these people personally, but through their contributions to *Teocentli* and their numerous archaeological endeavors, I feel as if I knew them well. This will sound very strange to anyone who has ever been involved in editorial work, with its depressing and omnipresent deadlines, but January really is my favorite time of the year. That's because this is the time that I get to engage with all of you, to read of your many accomplishments, your adventures, your families, your pleasures and your woes. I feel as if I know each and every one of you, so I thank you for the opportunity to assemble your letters each year. I go easy at my work because these are your words, and lord knows, you all know how to write! Most of my editing time is spent moving commas around and maintaining consistency between sections (A.D. U.S., 20 vs. twenty, etc.), but even this takes time with so many contributions.

This year we have a total of 66 letters (representing 88 people), which is three more contributions than last year and 13 more people represented, so the good news is that despite the demise of friends, we are continuing to grow as an organization. For this year we welcome to the ranks the following scholars: John Baeten, George M.

Crothers, Elizabeth T. Horton, Richard W. Jefferies, Steve Lekson and Catherine Cameron, Barbara J. Little and Paul A. Shackel, Margaret and Ben Nelson, Bruce Rippeteau and Richard A. Weinstein.

I would like to use what remains of this space to thank my wife, Easty Lambert-Brown, who once again used her magic to produce such a handsome volume. In addition, I would like to express my appreciation to all of you who contributed above and sometimes far beyond the dues amount. I have been hesitant to even suggest that we raise dues for fear of losing some folk who are on limited budgets, but to produce this volume and ship it out really does cost on the order of \$20. As such, Easty and I are most grateful for the extra donations. We also thank those who for whatever reasons were not able to offer letters, but added to the coffers with financial contributions: Jeff Brain, Patrick Livingood, Tom Patterson, and Kelly Pool (once again in honor of the memory of Liz Morris). And now let us proceed with all possible dispatch (a bit of Brit for you) with the enduring legacy of *Teocentli*, which is all of you!

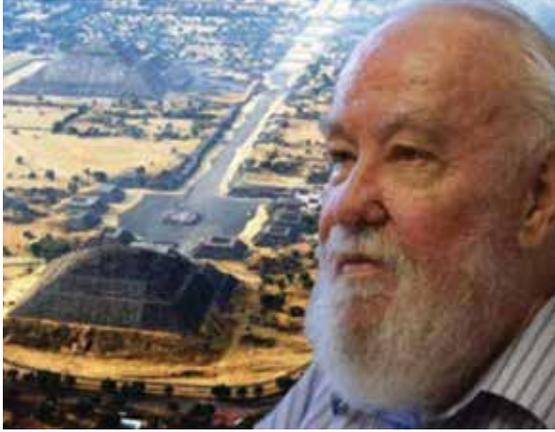
*Ian W. Brown
Tuscaloosa, Alabama
January 2019*

Front cover: Harvested maize from the Oraibi Valley, Hopi (photo by Thomas J. Ferguson; courtesy of Barbara Mills).

Back cover: A modern rock art piece made by a Navajo artist named Stormy Red Door that includes a maize motif. The object was purchased by Corey and Adrian Breternitz in the mid 1990s. At the time, the artist lived in southeast Utah and exhibited his work in a gallery in Bluff, Utah and one in Scottsdale, Arizona (courtesy of Corey Breternitz).

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Dr. George L. Cowgill (courtesy of Idaho County Free Press).

GEORGE LEWIS COWGILL (1929-2018)

19 December 1929 – 31 July 2018

This obituary originally ran in Idaho County Free Press (2018).

GEORGE LEWIS COWGILL, 88, died in Tempe, Ariz., on July 31, 2018. He was a native of Grangeville, Idaho, who became a distinguished Professor of Anthropology, specializing in the ancient civilization of Teotihuacan in central Mexico.

George and his twin brother, Warren Crawford Cowgill, were born to George Dewey Cowgill and Ruby (Smith) Cowgill on December 19, 1929, just outside Grangeville in a farmhouse that stood on the site where the Bear Den now stands. The twins attended the one-room Adkison School for a year before going to school in town. They graduated from Grangeville High School in 1948; one of their favorite teachers was Grace Jordan, who later wrote “Home Below Hell’s Canyon.”

With little inclination for farm work, the Cowgill twins enrolled in the University of Idaho. After one year, they transferred to Stanford University in Palo Alto, California. George graduated in 1952 with a bachelor’s degree in physics; he eventually got a doctorate in anthropology from Harvard University in 1963.

George was a professor of anthropology at Brandeis University in Waltham, Massachusetts between 1962 and 1990. He devoted most of his research effort to mapping the city of Teotihuacan and analyzing archaeological artifacts, such

as potsherds, found there. He also made important contributions to the application of statistics to archaeological research, and to the comparative study of ancient cities.

In 1990, Arizona State University recruited him to its faculty, and he gladly left the Boston metropolitan area to return to his roots in the west. He flourished at ASU and continued to work with graduate students and do research in Teotihuacan well after his retirement in 2005. As long as his health permitted, George made at least yearly visits home to Grangeville.

The American Anthropological Association awarded him the Alfred Vincent Kidder Award for Eminence in the Field of American Archaeology in 2004. In 2015, he published *Ancient Teotihuacan: Early Urbanism in Central Mexico*. •

JULIET ‘JUDY’ JELKS (1924-2017)

6 June 1924 – 13 December 2017

This obituary is extracted from pantagraph.com for December 16, 2017.

JULIET ‘JUDY’ JELKS, 93, of Normal, passed away Wednesday morning (Dec. 13, 2017) at Heritage Health, Normal.

She was born June 6, 1924 in Burnet, Texas, daughter of George and Ruby Scott Christian. She married Edward Jelks on Aug. 12, 1944, in Austin, Texas, and he survives.

Also surviving are a son, *Judy Jelks* Chris Jelks, Parker, Colo.; grandsons, Devin Jelks and Scott Jelks; and great-granddaughters, Olivia Jelks and Amelia Jelks. She was preceded in death by her parents and a brother, George Christian.

For some years after marriage, Judy worked as a technician, compiling statistics on oil and other commodities in Texas to help finance husband Ed’s education as an archaeologist. Later, although she had no formal training in archae-



ology, she became an accomplished field archaeologist by assisting Ed on scores of digs in Texas, Illinois, Newfoundland, New York, and the Marshall Islands in Micronesia. She co-authored several published articles on archaeology with Ed, and the two of them co-edited *Historical Dictionary of North American Archaeology*, which was named as the best reference book of 1988 by *The Library Journal*.

Over a period of about 40 years, she and Ed were host parents to dozens of international students, who viewed her as a sort of surrogate mother, at the University of Texas, Southern Methodist University, and Illinois State University. Until the time of her death, she communicated regularly with many former students in several foreign countries. In 2000 she and Ed were awarded a bronze plaque in Beijing by the Chinese Ministry of Culture expressing “appreciation for their 20 years as hosts of numerous exchange students and for their efforts to promote greater understanding between the Chinese and American people.”

Judy will be fondly remembered by the many people whose lives she touched. •

RUTHANN KNUDSON (1941-2018)

24 October 1941 – 25 March 2018

by Alice Kehoe

This remembrance originally appeared in the July 2018 issue of Mammoth Trumpet (permission to use was provided by Jim Chandler, editor).



Ruthann Knudson

RUTHANN KNUDSON was a solid, no-nonsense person when it came to science, a natural leader and born to organize—and at the same time, friendly, respectful, pitching in to help, truly good-hearted. Lithics was her passion, especially Paleoamerican lithics, along with a love of cooking and pickling that filled her cupboards, and relaxing with embroidery that covered the

walls of her pleasant home. Around the house were fruit trees she planted, flowers and veggies masking the High Plains natural landscape. Ruthann lived life to the fullest, with an energy that seems to still vibrate when we think of her.

When Ruthann began her professional career in archaeology in the 1960s, Plains and Paleo research were dominated by men, and I do mean dominated. We women were called girl archaeologists, literally looked down upon (Ruthann would stare at the man she was talking to, minimizing that he might be taller than her). Washington State University at Pullman, in the desert eastern part of the state, had one of the few graduate programs in archaeology that seemed to acknowledge the potential of women students, although Ruthann confided that she and the other women known as Daugherty’s Daughters, after the major professor Richard Daugherty, still had to assert themselves to succeed. Ruthann and Leslie Wildesen (died 2014) were especially prominent in that cohort. Wildesen chaired an SAA committee, which reported in 1980 that “becoming accepted as a professional” was the major issue women members said they dealt with.

We women were advised that if we wanted to do fieldwork, the degree we needed was the MRS.: marry a man archaeologist who would take you into the field with him. I was lucky that mine was comfortable with me as collaborator, not just a silent helpmate. Ruthann married Tom Shay, then W. Raymond Wood, a fact she noted he did not mention in his recently published autobiography, and the marriages did not last. As Wildesen stated in the 1980 SAA report, women archaeologists found discrimination against them in job opportunities and research support, resulting in women’s being employed in lesser-ranked universities or in lab rather than professor positions, or taking jobs outside academia—this survey covering the late 1970s when CRM archaeology was not yet a major employer. Wildesen forged her own career in consulting; Ruthann taught at the University of Idaho, 1974–81, then worked for Woodward-Clyde Consultants, 1981–88, and finally took government work, 1989–90, for BLM in Montana, and 1990–2005 with the National Park Service. Her last position was Superinten-

dent of Agate Fossil Beds National Monument, on the Niobrara in northwest Nebraska. Taking retirement, Ruthann chose Great Falls, Montana, as an affordable residence from which to work independently as Knudson Associates. Her e-mail address, paleoknute@optimum.net, reflected her preference for working on Paleo materials.

It was Ruthann who led the break-out of women in SAA. During an SAA meeting in the early 1980s, I was waiting outside a room where the SAA Board of Directors was meeting. Dena Dincauze, my classmate in college and grad school, was editor of *American Antiquity* at that time, requiring her to attend the Board meeting, and we were going to have dinner together after the meeting. The door of the conference room opened and five men walked out, arms around each other's shoulders, laughing and talking about getting a beer. Then the women in the meeting marched out, shoulder to shoulder, Ruthann in the middle. They stood watching their erstwhile colleagues. Ruthann spoke, "There go the Old Boys. Well, here's the Old Broads. Let's go to dinner!"

For several years, the Old Broads dined together at SAA, talking about women's issues. Ruthann, Dena, Leslie Wildesen, Annetta Cheek, and I were joined by more and more women, until the dinner group grew so large that restaurant space had to be reserved, and conversations were limited. By then, only a few years later in the '80s, the chilly climate was warming a bit. Dena Dincauze became President of SAA, its third woman president (predecessors were H. Marie Wormington and then her protégée Cynthia Irwin-Williams). CRM was growing into a major employer of archaeologists, Ruthann included, during the 1980s. Consulting with Native Americans was growing, too, a highly contentious issue that came to a head in 1990 when Congress passed NAG-PRA, Native American Graves Protection and Repatriation Act. Ruthann's employment with the National Park Service brought her into discussions with Native Americans and working on protocols. While living in Great Falls, she taught an online course on Montana's American Indians, in addition to Introduction to Anthropology, for Montana State University–Great Falls College,

and was pleased with the appreciation from Native Americans taking the course. In my experience, at least, Ruthann's straight-arrow talk, respectful but not naïve, won her goodwill from tribes and from activists—she was invited to attend the reburial of the Clovis-era Anzick Child, under Crow auspices.

Ruthann had both superb organizational skills and a penetrating knowledge of the archaeological record. That talent for organizing carried into her studies of lithics, where she was concerned not only with figuring out the knapping and sourcing of stone, but with working out the range of variation that seemed appropriate for a named type. Not too long ago, that approach was sneered at by a pair of younger men archaeologists, who told her that she "didn't know Plainview" when she insisted they consider its range. When she recounted the episode to me, I was aghast: WHAT?! For 30 years, Ruthann studied all the lithics anyone wanted to label Plainview, she drew thousands of specimens as a record and a means to better understand the technology, she finally drew upon all those data to set out what seems legitimately the products of a community of practice. Those younger dudes were so poorly educated, they were thinking in 19th-century science, picking out type specimens instead of apprehending processes and range of variation. Of course, that's faster and easier than Ruthann's searching out every collection and painstaking ordering of the factors involved in each artifact. Probably the dudes don't experience as she did, as all good scholars do, what Dena Dincauze called "recursive ignorance"—translation: the more you know, the more you know you don't know. That drove Ruthann from Plainview into the project she was pursuing when the stroke broke, creating a definitive study of lithics labeled Goshen.

The drive to collect and analyze data propelled Ruthann into leadership among professionals and avocationalists alike. At Montana Archaeological Society meetings, she was a magnet. Around Great Falls, she identified endangered sites and those worth investigating for information, taking groups out for tours to see as she did. Her expertise and broad experience were called upon to serve on the Montana Burial Preserva-

tion Board, and earlier in Idaho and Nebraska, to advise on archaeological matters when she lived in those states. Because she never talked down to non-professionals (or to women), she was a true educator, an endeavor that brought her great satisfaction when she saw her efforts nurture understanding of scientific method and of the human dimensions hidden in the archaeological record.

The history of women in archaeology includes substantial research by Ruthann, particularly about women in River Basin Survey projects. In a session on River Basin Surveys at the 2014 SAA meeting, and in the edited book of papers from the session, Ruthann astounded the audience by asserting that the majority of employees in River Basin projects were women. How could that be, when we all knew that RBS notoriously did not employ women? Ruthann's straight-arrow gaze saw hundreds of women working as typists, lab personnel, cooks. Indeed, she figured about three-quarters of RBS employees were women. True, after a hushed-up assault by a professor upon a woman crew member in an RBS camp, the Survey announced it would not hire women as crew members. Guys were paid \$40 per week, we young women at best got \$18 per week as assistant field supervisors if (like Dena Dincauze and me) we had already a couple summers of fieldwork. Ruthann's eyes-wide-open view of women in archaeology was more than feminist, it was also throwing light on the social class structure Americans don't usually see. How many of those working women could have been professional archaeologists if they had been encouraged and supported?

Ruthann's own background was northern Midwest, Heartland. Her family included forebears who had been outcast by Roger Williams because they were too heretic for even that heretic Puritan. Seventh-Day Baptists became a small sect (not Seventh-Day Adventists) that settled in Milton, Wisconsin, a farm village south of Madison, when colonization began in that area in the 1840s. She lived in Milwaukee as a child, and matriculated at Hamline University in St. Paul, Minnesota, then completed her B.A. and M.A. in Anthropology at the University of Minnesota before

her doctoral work at Washington State University. It happens that my in-laws were farmers in Milton; steady hard work, no highfaluting nonsense has been the way of life there. Ruthann Knudson reflected that ethos and the unstinting neighborliness of the farmers. She accomplished a great deal as a scientist and in service to the profession and government agencies. Above and beyond, she was a real human being. The stroke that cut off her busy life left a hole in our world. •



Charles H. McNutt (right) and his wife Phoebe at their home in Memphis with Lewis R. Binford, April 1991 (courtesy of Marvin D. Jeter).

CHARLES H. McNUTT (1923-2017)

11 December 1928 – 9 December 2017

by Marvin D. Jeter

We have lost a distinguished and beloved senior figure in Lower Mississippi Valley (LMV), Southeastern, and indeed, American archaeology, with the death of **CHARLES HARRISON McNUTT** on December 9, 2017, two days short of his 89th birthday. His career extended “from the Rio Grande to the Great River,” with sojourns elsewhere in the Southeast, the Plains, and Canada to boot; and from theoretical and methodological topics to histories and syntheses of archaeology.

Charles was born in Denver; his father was an Army officer and the family moved frequently. His first college degree was from the University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee, where he majored in math and was valedictorian in 1950. He had become interested in archaeology, and went to grad school at the University of New

Mexico, doing field work in that state and earning his M.A. (McNutt 1954).

He continued working in the Southwest, and married Phoebe Russell there in 1955. He went on to the University of Michigan, studying under Drs. Albert Spaulding, James B. Griffin, and other leading archaeologists, and earned his Ph.D. in 1960. While there, he began a lifelong friendship with fellow grad-student Lewis R. Binford, who was to spearhead the “New Archeology” movement in the 1960s.

He started visiting Southeastern and LMV sites in 1955, directed a project in the northern Plains in 1957 (McNutt 1958), and began working in and near the LMV in 1959. He also did research in other areas, including northwestern Canada. His teaching career began at the University of Tennessee in 1960, followed by a move to Northern Arizona University in 1962.

In 1964, he joined the faculty at the University of Memphis. After settling in, he started a publication series and was principal investigator on a number of contract projects (cited in Tushingham et al. 2002:300-302). Meanwhile, he was influencing new generations of archaeologists who worked in the LMV and greater Southeast, and beyond. Jamie Brandon, an Arkansas Archeological Survey Station Archeologist, commented, “Mac was an incredible undergraduate mentor to me, and the reason I’m an archeologist today.”

Drew Buchner, of Panamerican Consultants, Inc. in Memphis, was a grad student under Charles from 1987 to 1989, and recalls, “he wore a long white lab coat that had Harley-Davidson and other patches all over it when giving lectures. Also, he ate lunch every day, and I mean every day, at Garibaldi’s Pizza, just off campus. He would order the same thing every day, a small chef salad and two beers. He was such a regular that they would usually just bring it to him without him having to stand in line...I probably learned more archaeology there with him than anywhere else.” My wife Charlotte Copeland and I enjoyed two lunches there with “native guide” Charles during the 2016 Mid-South Conference.

During his last years at Memphis, Charles edited and made major contributions to a sum-

mary of LMV prehistory (McNutt 1996). He retired in 1998, and in June of that year the Mid-South Archaeological Conference honored him with presented papers that were later expanded and published in a festschrift volume. His Memphis faculty colleague David Dye prefaced it by writing, “he has been teacher, colleague, mentor, and friend...a role model for excellence in academic integrity and professionalism (Buchner and Dye 2003:v).” A similar celebration, at the 1999 Southeastern Archaeological Conference (SEAC) meeting, produced another book (Tushingham et al. 2002).

Jay Johnson (Emeritus, Ole Miss) said Charles had told him that the Spanish term for an Emeritus was *Profesor Jubilado*, and that he liked the sound of that! Indeed, in retirement, Charles happily remained active in archaeology, attending far-flung meetings and producing a veritable spate of publications.

In addition to Mid-Souths, often in or near Memphis and sometimes hosted by him (e.g., McNutt et al. 2003, papers from the 2000 meeting), he was also seen at: Louisiana and Mississippi state meetings, e.g., at Monroe and Natchez; SEAC meetings from Little Rock to Jacksonville; and Pecos Conferences in Pecos, Santa Fe, and as far away as Flagstaff. On such occasions, he was often in the company of retired colleagues including (the late) Stephen Williams, formerly of Harvard’s Lower Mississippi Survey, and paleoanthropologist Arthur Jelinek, a former Michigan classmate who had a long career at the University of Arizona.

His later publications often focused on sites near Memphis, with implications for adjacent Mississippi and Arkansas (McNutt 2008a; 2008b; 2016; McNutt et al. 2012; Mainfort and McNutt 2004), sometimes involving differences of opinion (McNutt 2005a; 2005b; 2007; Childs and McNutt 2009). He also lead-authored an article about the 50th anniversary of Binford’s “preview” of the New Archaeology at the 1961 SEAC meeting (McNutt and Jeter 2011), and co-hosted a session in honor of Binford (who had died in 2011) at the 2012 Memphis meeting of the Society for American Archaeology. Very shortly before his own death, Charles attend-

ed the November 2017 SEAC meeting in Tulsa, where several colleagues reported chatting happily with him.

Among other talents, Charles was “into” lively music, including bluegrass. The late Fred Bohannon, who had been his assistant in the 1957 Plains project, told me that he was “the best darned banjo player I ever heard (cf. McNutt 2002: Figure 0.1).” In 1952, Charles had made a contribution to ethnomusicology by interviewing an elderly African-American banjo player in rural west Tennessee and making a recording, later remastered (Tennessee Folklore Society 2001).

In his last major project, Charles co-organized and co-hosted the 2016 Mid-South Conference, on the subject of evidence for possible Cahokia contacts and influences in (and beyond) the Mid-South, and shepherded the expanded papers to the “in-press” stage as lead editor (McNutt and Parish n.d.). The book will be dedicated to his memory. He is survived by his son Charles Jr. (also an archeologist), his daughter Elizabeth, and their families, and we offer our condolences and happy memories to them and his many friends. •

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JOHN BAETEN

606 W 12th St.
Bloomington, Indiana 47404
jpbaeten@iu.edu

Greetings *Teocentli* community! I hope everyone has had a productive and pleasant 2018. As this is my first entry to *Teocentli*, I will provide a brief introduction. I am a former U.S. Forest Service Archaeologist. I worked for the Chugach National Forest in Alaska for a number of years, and more recently with a virtual organization within the USFS called Enterprise, that brought me to about 25 National Forests predominantly in the Western U.S. My M.S. work was based in Fairbanks, Alaska where I conducted archaeological investigations within abandoned mine lands, primarily placer gold. I completed my Ph.D. in 2017, which examined the Mesabi Iron Range in Minnesota, focusing on the environmental history of iron mining wastes, and contextualizing these environmental legacies as meaningful cultural heritage.

2018 was a year of big changes for my family (my wife Tesa Villalobos is also an archaeologist), including starting a new job and selling a house. In April I accepted an offer at Indiana University to begin a postdoc position in the Geography Department, where I am currently studying human modifications to the Indiana hydroscape and landscape from about 1700-present. More on this shortly.

I organized a really fun roundtable at the 2018 American Society for Environmental History (ASEH), titled, "Mining Flows in North America: Questioning the 'Abandonedness' of Abandoned Mines," and had the good fortune to travel to the U.K. in May as an invited speaker at the University of Warwick's Toxic Expertise Workshop. This latter event also allowed for a quick vacation to Cornwall to check out some fantastic mining heritage! I also accepted a position in the Mining History Association as a member of the nominations committee and became a co-convenor for the *Envirotech* group, which is part of ASEH and the Society for the History of Technology. If you are interested in either of these organizations, please do reach out!

I published two articles this year and completed two Story Maps related to my archival and geospatial research. My recent article in *Water History* examines the first legal dispute over mine waste in Minnesota, and uncovers how these historical decisions remain embedded in the landscape yet absent from the region’s collective memory. If you are interested in the Story Maps, they are posted on my personal website, www.industriallandscapes.org.

My new position at Indiana University has been great! I’m working with some amazing colleagues on a challenging project that is attempting to reconstruct the historical hydroscape and landscape of Indiana using archival materials ranging from Army Corps reports and maps, to

GLO field notes, and settler diaries. I’m hoping to do some field reconnaissance this spring to ground truth some of our findings.

Besides the academic scope of 2018, I am currently 12 miles short of hitting 1,000 miles of outdoor running this year (a feat I hope to accomplish tomorrow!). I wish all of you a happy 2019. •

STEVE AND NANCY BAKER

Centuries Research, Inc.
 P. O. Box 1603
 Montrose, Colorado 81402
sgbaker@centurylink.net



John at the Greevor Tin Mine in Cornwall.

Screen capture from a story map of a spyglass app used to compare landscape change from 1947 versus today.



The Baker’s have had a generally quiet 2018. Steve continues to write and hold down a chair at the local Arby’s every morning with the local coffee group known locally as the “Montrose Think Tank.” While we members don’t think we have much of any importance to say, most local politicians at least make a point of stopping by to introduce themselves and ask for our votes! As usual we made two trips to eastern Iowa to see Nancy’s mom in the nursing home and Steve again found entertainment in train spotting on the main line and watching grain trucks load out. Steve tries to keep a regular schedule working on two books he has in the works. One is *Far Beyond the Father of Waters: The Baron Lahontan’s 1688-89 Travels on the Platte and lower Missouri Rivers*. Those of you who know about the baron will think Steve has lost his mind in doing such a revision but he found confirming evidence of the baron’s claimed discoveries—long deemed to have been imaginary—in the Spanish records. He was a hell of a good early ethnographer. Also, he is slowly doing a reader on the advent of the Ute peoples in Colorado. All lines of evidence now indicate they were not here very early and only arrived ca. A.D. 1500-1600 in a case similar to that of the Navajo.

The Baker’s witnessed the most violent rain storm they had ever been in while back in Iowa this past fall. Water came into the camper through the fridge and air conditioner and light-

ening knocked out the power. Then the emergency radio came on and warned of flash flooding and to move immediately to higher ground. Fortunately, we were still stuck in the parking lot of the nursing home so did not float away. This summer they went to northern Montana to see their son Matt but was so hot that they came



Steve and Nancy Baker with their youngest son, Matthew, out on the ranch where he lives near Choteau, Montana where he works as a wildland firefighter.

Steve Baker in the fall of 2018 with members of the Clinton County Historical Society at DeWitt, Iowa with the working model of the local “Petersville” grain elevator which he built for his sons years ago but donated to the museum. He hauled it all the way to eastern Iowa tied onto the back of the RV.



home early. It was truly “firecracker hot” and they were both raised on the Plains and thought they could handle it but they wimped out completely! Must be their age.

Steve is working on his bucket list, which involves finishing a small model railroad and clearing out his office with all files and library going to special collections at the University of Denver. A lot of office décor items and collectables are being given to museums around the country and he is trying to figure out what to do with his big and important collection of Catawba pottery—sell or give away? Otherwise he just fights his COPD (Chronic Obstructionary Pulmonary Disease) and cusses when he finds he can’t do most of the things he was still doing just awhile back! Nancy has her chickens, goats, and cats with which we are covered up with right now since all the feral mommies come to the farm to drop their litters. Since she feeds them all they love it here. It looks like she may be in for a hip replacement soon. Other than these things and time with our six kids and the grands, time just marches on and one of our biggest concerns is the local “extraordinary” drought we are having. It is the worst in history in our part of Colorado. Best wishes to all for the New Year! •

JODI A. BARNES

*112 Colonial Circle
Monticello, AR 71655
jabarnes@uark.edu*

2018 was bookmarked with loss. In March, my mom, Shirley Barnes, was diagnosed with lung cancer. She died in June. In September, my friend and colleague, Dr. Jamie C. Brandon, was diagnosed with cancer. He died in December. With the new year upon us, I’m reminded that there are lessons from both of these people that shape me and the archaeology I do.

In March, Preserve Arkansas held its third annual “Behind the Big House” program at Historic Arkansas Museum in Little Rock. This program explores extant slave dwellings (and foodways), interprets the experiences of the en-



(Left) Jodi Barnes, Meeks Etchieson and Jamie Brandon at *Behind the Big House* 2016.

(Below) Tammy Herron, Cybil Daigne, Shirley Barnes and Jodi Barnes in New Orleans for the Society for American Archaeology meetings, Louisiana, 2001.



slaved people who inhabited them, and draws attention to race relations in Arkansas's past and present. This year, I revisited the archaeology of the Brownlee kitchen and smokehouse, located in downtown Little Rock and gave a talk about the enslaved people who lived and worked in the 1840s kitchen. When I had the idea to bring this program to Arkansas in 2016, Jamie Brandon was all in. He offered ideas about location and who to contact. He traveled across the state to talk about the archaeology of Historic Washington, a 19th-century town in southwest Arkansas. If I had to name one thing I learned from Jamie, it's that collaboration and teamwork are powerful. This year, I had the opportunity to team up with Dr. Jodi Skipper at the University of Mississippi. I talked about the "Behind the Big House in Arkansas" program at the "Best Practices for Interpreting Slavery" workshop in Holly Springs, Mississippi. The talk appears on the website, Be-

hind the Big House, Interpreting Slavery in Local Communities (behindthebighouse.org) as a guide for developing similar programs. Jamie Brandon inspires me to build partnerships and collaborate in new ways.

My mom never knew what to think of me as an academic. As a first-generation college student, I had gotten a little above my raising. But there are so many lessons I learned from her. Life should be fun. She taught me how to talk to strangers, to network, and to follow through with an idea. She was so proud of me as a writer. She took my articles and books to work to share with her colleagues despite all the jargon. I know she would have liked my work on Camp Monticello, a World War II Italian prisoner of war camp, that was published this year in *Southeastern Archaeology* and in a special issue of *Historical Archaeology*, *Intimate Archaeologies of World War II*. My new research on foodways and reproductive health at Hollywood Plantation, a 19th-century plantation, is for her. I presented the research at the Society for Historical Archaeology meetings in New Orleans and at the American Anthropological Association meetings in San Jose. I submitted the paper on reproductive health for peer review to *American Anthropologist*. I hope to see it published in the coming year. •

ELOISE RICHARDS BARTER

2601 Sierra Blvd.
Sacramento, California 95864
erbarter@surewest.net

Eloise Richards Barter has, gracefully I hope, retired from archaeology (the herb garden doesn't qualify as a real "dig"). I "celebrated" my 90th birthday! Jim Barter and I share our 1/2 acre with a cat. Jim turns bowls and makes shop things. We read a lot of stuff. Children and grandchildren visit from Southern California and New Zealand from time to time. Computers and the internet keep us in touch. We answer emails, even if we never seem to acknowledge Christmas cards (hint). •

CHRISTOPHER & KATHY BEEKMAN

*160 North Circle Drive
Bailey, Colorado 80421
cbeekman@aol.com*

Hello Teocentlists,

I had a great deal of research-related travel this year. I presented at the newly-renamed Mesoamerican Meetings in January in Austin, Texas where David Stuart has widened the geographic coverage from the previous Maya Meetings there. That was great fun, and I encourage people to attend these meetings when they can. They are small, intimate, and attract some very talented people in our field. I organized a series of four Wenner-Gren workshops with Colin McEwan of Dumbarton Oaks, addressing the topic of Pre-Columbian contacts along the Pacific coast from western Mexico to Ecuador. They took place in D.C., Colima, Costa Rica, and Guayaquil, and sought to bring together local archaeologists with those working in other regions who do not typically have the opportunity to go directly to these distant locations to directly view materials. Colin and I also presented on some of our initial interpretations of this route at a very interesting watercraft conference organized by Richard Chacon and folks from the University of Gothenburg in Sweden. It was an excellent experience in comparative archaeology. Next year we shall see the fruits of our efforts at the SAA meetings in Albuquerque, and at Dumbarton Oaks in October.

Two edited book manuscripts have finally been handed over to their respective presses and another two are in their second review. Hopefully you will see them in print next year. One of them contains a chapter by Jane Hill, a great scholar who we lost in November. Her work has been important for identifying Nahua speakers as maize cultivators from an early date.

After the busy year, Kathy and I are looking forward to staying at home in Colorado over the holidays. Doing nothing isn't an option, but at least one can work in the comfort of one's own home.

I hope that everyone had a productive and enjoyable year. I look forward to reading about everyone's activities. •

BARBARA BRETERNITZ

*1311 Village Green Court NE
Devils Lake, North Dakota 58301
Bdbreternitz@gmail.com*

Happy 2018 to all of you. I kept my feet on the ground this year. No Zip Lines. It still was an exciting year. At 85 it is grand to just wake up each morning. I am fortunate to have exceptionally good health and energy (and to be still driving).

I am still on the Library Board and secretary in two organizations. I work Monday serving Senior Meals; Tuesday in our Hospital Auxiliary Gift Shop; and on Fridays I am with the fourth grade class; kids I have been with for five years.

The family was all together again this year in May in Madison, Wisconsin for the marriage of my oldest Grandchild Anne Goulding and Chuck Johnson. Chuck comes with two daughters 13 and 11. I have my first Great Grandkids!!

Susan, Doug and I flew to Phoenix, Arizona last summer and then drove to Flagstaff to the Pecos Conference. Cory, Adrian and Jim Goulding were there, as well as many friends. I always look forward to seeing many of you there.



Barb Breternitz on her 85th birthday.

Afterwards we drove to Cory and Adrian's new home in Cortez, Colorado. It sits on the top of the canyon they bought and is just beautiful. Jessie is living with them. While there I also got to spend several days with my friends in Dove Creek again.

It was a perfect year. I hope yours was as well and I look forward, as always, to hearing about you in *Teocentli*. •

CORY DALE BRETERNITZ

*916 Canyon Drive
Cortez, Colorado 81321
corydbreternitz@gmail.com*

As reported, last year we moved into our house west of Cortez, Colorado on the canyon rim of Harman Draw in early August 2018. We are now quite settled and enjoying this remote, yet close to town locale. We have continued to make improvements, a never-ending endeavor. We have added a large deck and now have large decks for outdoor living on three sides of the house, and painted, painted, painted. It is amazing what a couple hundred dollars of paint can do to liven up the place. The garage is now fully functional as storage, a large workshop, library and file storage, and we can even now park a car inside. I have the tractor started, but it is a real beast to drive and we now have a 1953 International one-ton flatbed-dump truck. This vehicle was part of the property but had been parked across town. Finally had it towed to the house and we are currently working on getting it running—another of the many projects. We also bought a new-used car in August, a Subaru Outback so we have reliable transportation other than the 1990 Ford truck that is also somewhat of a Beast.

The best news to report this year is that we have re-established contact with our daughter Jessie. She moved up to be with us in early July and is getting set up to work out of the house here for Alaska Airlines. Long story, but the result is that we are all thankful to be back together. Jessie is enjoying “small town-country living” and is a real help around the place.



Adrian, Jessie, Gizmo and Cory, Thanksgiving 2018.

Frankie and Billie at 12-weeks, March 2018.



We added to the four-legged menagerie in January when we obtained two, eight-week old Australian Cattle Dogs—Red Heelers. The two sisters, Frankie and Billie were bought from the back of a Navajo's pickup truck parked in the grocery store parking lot! They have been a fun daily trial and are beginning to mature and become nice companions. Jessie brought her miniature Australian Shepherd when she came to live with us, so we have quite a pack these days. They enjoy running across the 37 acres of canyon and love the cold weather and snow.

I continue to work for Woods Canyon Archaeological Consultants and spent last winter conducting small surveys across the Navajo Reservation for the Navajo Tribal Utilities Authori-

ty. Between June and October, I was again back at the Seed Jar Site on Indian Camp Ranch completing excavation on a small PI-PII hamlet. I had one assistant most of the summer and the two of us enjoyed the quiet solitude of working at this site 6 miles north of Cortez. This season we were teasing out the earlier PI component that had been badly impacted by the later PII occupation and historic farming.

In July, Woods Canyon was awarded one of the three, five-year, on-call consultant contracts with the Western Region of the Bureau of Reclamation. The primary project is the Navajo-Gallup Water Supply Project, a water pipeline to deliver water to the Navajo Reservation from the San Juan River to the Gallup-Window Rock area and south of Farmington to Cuba. I had worked on this project for PaleoWest between 2012 and 2017 and thought that I was done with this aspect of my career! However, I am now once again the Field Director for testing-data recovery, and construction monitoring for the next five years!! We hit the ground running on September 1st and have had four staff members monitoring the pipeline construction north of Gallup. The work week started out as 14-hour days, six days a week! We are down to 10-12-hour days now with the shortened days and I have made 17 round trips to the Gallup area and seven to Farmington. Fortunately, I have a great crew of four Navajo guys handling the hour to hour, day to day, and week to week on the ground work and I check in on-site once a week. Our nephew was down to serve as Crew Chief for a short testing phase associated with the project and stayed with us between field sessions. He had been working for PaleoWest on the project during the winter and spring and spent weekends with us here in Cortez.

We had a couple of nice early snow storms this past week and are thankful for the much-needed moisture and blanket of white. Hopefully, we will have a real winter this year and the snow will slow down the fieldwork for a couple of months.

Travels this year were all domestic and included a weekend trip to Albuquerque in February for a joint birthday party for some old

friends from our Chaco Canyon Project days and allowed us to reconnect and reminisce. In May we rented a camper and drove across the country to Wisconsin to attend the wedding of our niece. We went through Wyoming and connected with relatives and enjoyed seeing some new country, although “camping” with the two young puppies was interesting. They have become good travelers. The other trips were conference related. The 44th Annual South Gap gathering was a weekend tour of large Pueblo IV sites in central New Mexico. This annual informal gathering is still going strong! Mom Barbara and my sister Susan and her husband Doug attended the Pecos Conference in Flagstaff in August and then spent a week here in Cortez with us sight-seeing and connecting with old friends from the Dolores Archaeological Project Days. We keep active in local affairs and with the number of practicing and retired archaeologists in the area there is no shortage of social events and gatherings to attend. We do get out more than we ever did in Phoenix, but we also enjoy our semi-hermit existence here on the canyon rim. •

DAVID S. BROSE

*1805 Waite Avenue
Kalamazoo, MI 49008-1761
dbrose@umich.edu*

Shortly after the New Year, Barbara and I host an annual Cabaret. Depending on the weather, we have between 25-35 guests for dinner. After the first year, Barbara caught on that it would be much more fun if we prepared a buffet and let someone else clean-up. So now we concentrate on making everyone feel comfortable, pulling volunteer performer’s names out of a hat, and assuring wallflowers that “being the audience” is important too. Talent usually includes lots of poetry, a couple of funny skits, some great music (opera to Irish flute), and a science talk. I play old-time banjo.

After months of voter registration, door-to-door canvassing, phone-bank calls, hosting an ice-cream social, attending fundraisers, and



(Above) Barbara discovering Kalamazoo's own Stonehenge being the baseball bleachers.

(Left top) Barbara and David at local boutique dairy.



(Left) Barbara does Cross-Fit.

wine-and-cheese socials from Kalamazoo to Lake Michigan, we were delighted to see victories of all of our favored Michigan candidates: from Governor and A.G. to State Senator, Secretary of State, judges—plus our U.S. Senator. We also worked for a Constitutional Amendment to end gerrymandering, and generally supported the other two issues (voter access and legalizing marijuana) on the ballot.

I still do appraisals (Imprints from the Past, LLC), and recently I have had the opportunity to apply my graduate foray into historical archaeology (Custer Road Dump Site) to analyzing and evaluating sets of 18th-century British dinnerware, imported Czech cut-glass goblets, and late 19th-century gold-plated silver flatware. And from the son of a collector, I have accepted some responsibility to deal with a century-old collection of Archaic grooved axes from unspecified sites in southeast Michigan.

After six years, I am term-limited off the Kalamazoo Historic Preservation Commission. However, as a former co-chair, I still participate in strategizing and advising. Here in Kalamazoo we've been affected by the fallout that followed the removal of Confederate statues elsewhere. During the Kalamazoo City Council's deliberations and eventual decision to remove the Iannelli "Fountain of the Pioneers" created in Bronson Park in 1939, we got to see up close how incendiary the Antifa movement can be, and how it disrupts any attempt at rational discourse. However, even in the absence of the Fountain, which many of us considered an opportunity for public education, I continue to be optimistic about participating in the Kalamazoo Reservation Public Education Committee, which I co-chair with members of the Match-E-Be-Nash-She-Wish Potawatomi Tribe. We have raised funds to install street signs to mark the borders of the 1821-27 Potawatomi Reservation, and are planning for a public unveiling during the April 2019 Earth Day celebration. At the same time, we are preparing an RFP for the City to undertake a non-invasive archaeological survey of an aboriginal mound and its environs in the park. A subcommittee is creating "teaching units" for

trial in the public schools. Eventually we hope to have raised funds for sculptures designed by a tribal artist and scheduled for installation at the four corners of the boundary.

As President of Board for the Friends of the Historic East Campus, I contend with Western Michigan University Administrators to preserve a complex of WPA “College Gothic” buildings. Meanwhile, we have established an endowed internship for old East Campus document and artifact collections in the University Archives.

It was an honor to be invited to serve on the University of Michigan’s Museum of Anthropological Archaeology Director’s Advisory Committee earlier this year. We were tasked to help plan a reconfiguration of the program in light of the new Collections and Research Center separate from on-campus offices and exhibit spaces. The elegant old Ruthven Museum Building is being repurposed into administration offices. The senior archaeology cohort composing the committee enjoyed a rainy May weekend in Ann Arbor, working together, touring the new Research Center, and socializing with students, spouses and colleagues. The memories, laughs, camaraderie, and appreciation of each other and Michigan’s program, were inspiring.

As former President of the Kalamazoo Art League and continuing chair of its Programs Committee, Barbara leads and organizes an annual lecture series featuring experts who create, curate, study, or write about visual arts. The speakers come from across North America; and topics have ranged from forgeries to conservation, contemporary American Indian art, and most recently Mike Galaty’s theory of cultural memory. She does love bringing science and archaeology into the mix. This is her last year of organizing and roping me into what she calls “intellectual content provider” on fundraising trips for museum members who enjoy seeing exhibits and learning about what goes on behind the scenes in museums and auction houses. Naturally, she is already setting writing and other artistic goals for her new year.

Late this summer Barbara and I, with both sons and their wives, shared a cottage at Glen Lake in northwestern Michigan where we va-

cationed when the kids were kids, not grown men! Although I was able to revisit the location of the Middle Woodland Dunn’s Farm site that I had excavated during those long-ago summers, I was only confirming Elspeth Geiger’s use of ground-penetrating radar, which documented the erosional loss of subsurface integrity due to off-road trail erosion.

Of course, we visited the D.C. area to spend time with our sons and their wives. We also visited the “Burning Man” exhibit and met a colleague at the Smithsonian American Art Museum Conservation laboratory; and our younger son treated us to an evening at THE mostly highly rated cocktail bar in the city! We also visited Chicago to meet old and young friends now living on the northern prairies, and another young friend, now a lawyer, whom we’ve known since she was a toddler in Toronto. Before that, we returned to Toronto in June to participate in the Royal Ontario Museum tribute to designer and former adjunct curator Marilyn Brooks on the occasion of her new memoir. We were able to spend a few hours at the ROM inspecting architect Daniel Libeskind’s recent crystalline addition (a visually striking excrescence but known to leak).

Here in Kalamazoo, I’m still twisting through the final editorial steps in the University of Michigan Press procedures for publishing the Killarney Bay site report: such are the joys of an international multi-authored monograph. However, I finally sold the dozen N-Gauge locomotives and scores of scratch-built buildings and various freight and passenger railroad cars, carefully produced in my Cleveland years but carted in boxes from Ontario to North Carolina and across Michigan. While I now have more than enough space to reconstruct my long-abandoned model railroad, I realize that would occupy too much of my limited time. So, there is little to stop me from completing the reports of the three or four small but interesting archaeological sites that failed to reach publication years ago. That will give more time for international travel—there are new continents waiting for me! •

IAN W. BROWN

*15 Guildswood
Tuscaloosa, Alabama 35401
ibrown@ua.edu*

Dear Teocentlists,

A couple of years ago my son bought me a Garmin watch as a Xmas present. It seems to do everything. It records the date, the number of steps I take, my mileage (to the hundredth!), and even the calories that I burn. It also tells me the time, and for six months of the year it is correct. For the rest of the year, strangely enough coincident with Daylight Savings Time, it is an hour fast. Supposedly there is an App out there that can make the adjustment, but if my son couldn't find out how to do it, I surely cannot be expected to do so. Probably the best use I have gotten out of my Garmin watch is its function as a sociotechnic item. When people see the red plastic band, they ooh and aah and assume me to be a well-adjusted healthy person. I am fine with that hypocrisy.

The older we get the more precious time becomes. Whether I wear a red Garmin watch or a Mickey Mouse watch (and yes, I did have one once) the one consistency is that the hands move more quickly as we ourselves slow down. This past year I devoted a lot of time to moving materials across space. When the five years of being Chair of my department came to an end in the summer, I had to move out of the Chair's office and back to my curatorial office and lab, naturally on the other side of the campus. That involved the shifting of approximately 200 boxes of books, which for some reason was a far more difficult endeavor than it was the last time I did it in 2013. If that was not enough, my wife made a plug for moving downtown into the historic district. I agreed to do so on the condition that the home chosen was as good as or better than the one we have resided in for the last 20 years. She chose well and so we did indeed move, also in the summer, but this time I had about 300 boxes of books to shift. Moreover, the bulk of "my space" was to be on the second floor, so that provided yet another adventure in athleticism, or the lack thereof. On August 12, one day after



Ian sports a new Tabasco bow tie, gift of "Elder" friend, Guy Hubbs.

my 67th birthday, I felt a strange shooting pain in my right knee. I tried to convince my doctor that it was simply a matter of age, but he cogently and somewhat facetiously replied, "Isn't your left knee the same age?" Apparently, I squat more with my right knee (try to figure that one out), because the pain was exclusively there. The good news is that there was no surgery needed, nor even physical therapy. Instead, I was put on a steady diet of ibuprophen and instructions to cut out all the book lifting.

Did I mention that my wife owns a bookstore? On December 11 she celebrated the second anniversary of Ernest & Hadley, Tuscaloosa's only independent bookstore. It is doing really well, and the best part is that it takes her 18 minutes to walk to it from our house, about the same amount of time that it takes me to limp to campus. In truth, we are living in Nirvana. Our own house is quite nice, but even nicer is the immense stone Tudor-style house that our solarium looks out upon. The view alone makes our abode the best B&B I have ever stayed in...and I have stayed in a lot of B&Bs in my time!

Other than several planned trips to exotic places on an annual basis, the ritual of moving homes is over for us. And though I plan to retire in a year and a half, we have no intention of ever moving again. Our treasured home is a space where we can sit back and enjoy the passage of time in peace and serenity and the stability of books in place. What could be better than that? •

KAREN OLSEN BRUHNS AND TOM WELLER

1243 Henry Street
Berkeley, California 94709
kbruhns@sfsu.edu

2018 was sort of a slow year for us. The Institute of Andean Studies meeting in Berkeley in January was, for a change, quite lively, with a number of papers on Ecuador to broaden the shrinking (in the mind of the program chair) definition of “Andean.” We had a full house and welcomed a



The most exciting thing of the year was the invasion of our yard one morning by wild turkeys. They pecked about the yard and decks and then, thank heavens, went away.



The breakfast patio at the Mansion Merida en el Parque is a perfect place for a lazy breakfast in a warm, sunny city.

number of old friends at our annual party. I even gave a paper (on the probability of Huari being present in southern Ecuador).

Then we all worked on various things, as Tom is still web mastering and the dratted book refuses to get finished! I got a new knee in July and that took care of the next months. It works fine, the only down side being that now I need to have a matching one before I can contemplate bounding about Cihuatán or Ecuador again. Actually, El Salvador is in such a mess that the Cihuatán project is pretty much on permanent hold. Gang violence is stronger than ever and, well, the desperate attempts of many Salvadorans to leave their country are well known to all of us.

Andeanists and textile people who know Lynn Meisch will be saddened to hear that she is fast losing her memory and is now in a home. Ann Rowe and I salvaged her huge Andean textile collection and are inventorying it. Ann is looking for a home for it, so if anyone knows of a place that would like a collection that encompasses the 1970s to ca. 2012 and Bolivia, Peru and Ecuador, do let us know. It is a marvelous collection, and includes Lynn’s last research on the survival of two-faced textiles in the Inca tradition in Huamachuco, Peru. The *sara* (corn) belts have now been declared national patrimony, so her collection is unique outside of Peru. And I have found out how much of one’s time inventorying a lot of



Huevos divorciados for breakfast, one of the great offerings of Merida! Note that these are not turkey eggs. The Mansion Merida en el Parque cook uses chicken eggs from a high quality granja.

clothes can take! I am still not sure why anyone needs 49 coca bags from Taquile, but.....

Tom and I escaped Thanksgiving this year by going back to Merida for the week. No turkey; no relatives; just sunshine and warmth and really good food. I did manage to visit Kabah, Labna and Sayil, at all of which INAH has done a grand job of repair and restoration. I had not been to Labna and Sayil since the 1980s and the amount of work INAH has done is amazing. They also still remain relatively unvisited, as the screaming hordes go to Chichén Itzá and Uxmal, which makes them much more pleasant.

And that's about it. We are looking forward to a quiet Christmas and then another rollicking Andean meeting. We hope everyone's year has been pleasant and without any more aggravation than is caused by our idiotic government and Twitter! •

MAUREEN AND ROY CARLSON

*Department of Archaeology
Simon Fraser University
888 University Drive
Burnaby, B.C.
Canada V5A 1S6
royc@sfu.ca, maureenc@shaw.ca*

This past year has not been such a good one for us. Roy suffered a heart attack on April 3 and had double by-pass open-heart surgery on April 6. Since neither of us has ever had any major health problems, this was a major shock, to say the least! The care provided by our Health Care System was incredible. Everything went like clock-work and Roy was home on April 10. His recovery has been remarkable for a person his age and he is now back to his usual activities—back to the University most days. We did not do much travelling this year or attend any conferences. However, in July we drove down the Coast of Washington to a Carlson Family Reunion at a beach resort. It was a huge affair and lots of fun. We were so pleased Roy had recovered enough to drive that far. The rest of the summer we spent relaxing and puttering around at our beach house in Point Roberts, Washington.

We hope that next year will be a little more interesting for us! We would like to get to the SAA in Albuquerque in the Spring, since we missed our trip to the Southwest this year. Also, maybe we'll attend the CAA meetings in Quebec City this coming spring.

Our Christmas, just over, was wonderful. All the family together, including our two sweet little great-grandchildren. And now, we look forward to a Happy, Peaceful and interesting New Year in 2019. We wish the same for all of our old friends. Love to all. •



Puttering around in the back yard of our beach house in Point Roberts, Washington.

Examining a replica of a 2000-year-old basket, made by Ed Carriere, a Suquamish Elder and Master Basketmaker.

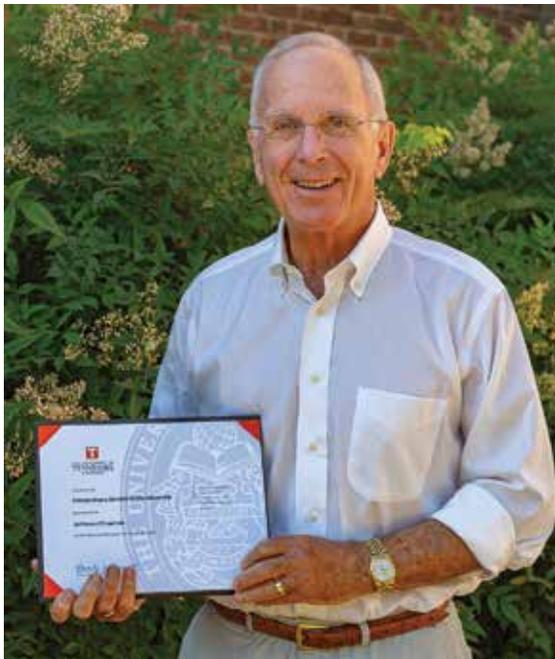


JEFFERSON CHAPMAN

2229 Duncan Road
Knoxville, Tennessee 37919
jchapman@utk.edu

Outside of steering the McClung Museum, this year I spent considerable time with final content and installation of the new exhibits at the Sequoyah Birthplace Museum in nearby Vonore, Tennessee. After completion of the controversial Tellico Reservoir, the Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA) looked for ways to recognize the contributions made by Native Americans who previously occupied the Little Tennessee River Valley for thousands of years. The Cherokee Nation was chosen, as it was the last remaining tribe in the region, to select from 38 ideas identified in the search for how to memorialize the “first” occupants of the valley. The Cherokee chose a memorial to Sequoyah who was born and spent much of his early life there. Subsequently, TVA provided land rights and funds to the Eastern Band of Cherokee Indians to construct the Sequoyah Birthplace Museum, which opened to the public in 1986.

I worked with the McClung Museum exhibits staff to create and install the exhibits in



2018 award for Extraordinary Service to the University.

the new museum. Twenty years later, the exhibits had become quite worn, so discussions and efforts began to design a new exhibit. Leading this effort was the late Dr. Duane King who worked closely with the Sequoyah Museum board, chaired by Max Ramsey. The new exhibition was to focus on the life and achievements of Sequoyah. Several years of negotiations with the Eastern Band ultimately yielded funding for the new exhibits and building renovation. Contracts were let with building contractors and with the Henley Company, a design and production firm. Finally, the renovated building and a state-of-the-art exhibit “The Story of Sequoyah” opened in August 2018.

In May, I was honored with the 2018 Extraordinary Service to the University award at the annual Chancellor’s banquet. This was perhaps a fitting conclusion, as I have decided to retire at the end of June 2019 after 44 years at the University of Tennessee and 29 years as Director of the McClung Museum. I am proud to have steered the Museum to its current prominence in the University and the community. It has been a fun trip and I will miss the multiple experiences the position offered. As I write this, a national search has begun and I shall begin thinking of what trouble to get into next.

Best wishes for 2019. •

ANDREW L. CHRISTENSON AND DANA B. OSWALD

746 Redondo Road
Prescott, Arizona 86303
alchristenson@cableone.net, doswald@prescott.edu

Dana continues to grow her digital storytelling business. Right now, she is working with two artists. One is a painter creating a training video to show how to use graphic art techniques to combine parts of many images into a cohesive painting. The other is telling the compelling story of the horrible impacts of uranium mining on the Navajo Reservation through her art. Coconino Center for the Arts decided to share that devastation with a group of artists and ask them to use it as

inspiration to create art for an exhibit that would spread the word about this travesty. In her digital story the artist tells the story of the Navajo experience and shows how it inspired her to create an art piece through a process of asking people to contribute their own art on dust masks, which she used as a metaphor for both ignoring safety for the Navaho miners and silencing the victims. Hundreds of these dust masks were glued to lace to create a 15-foot mushroom cloud.

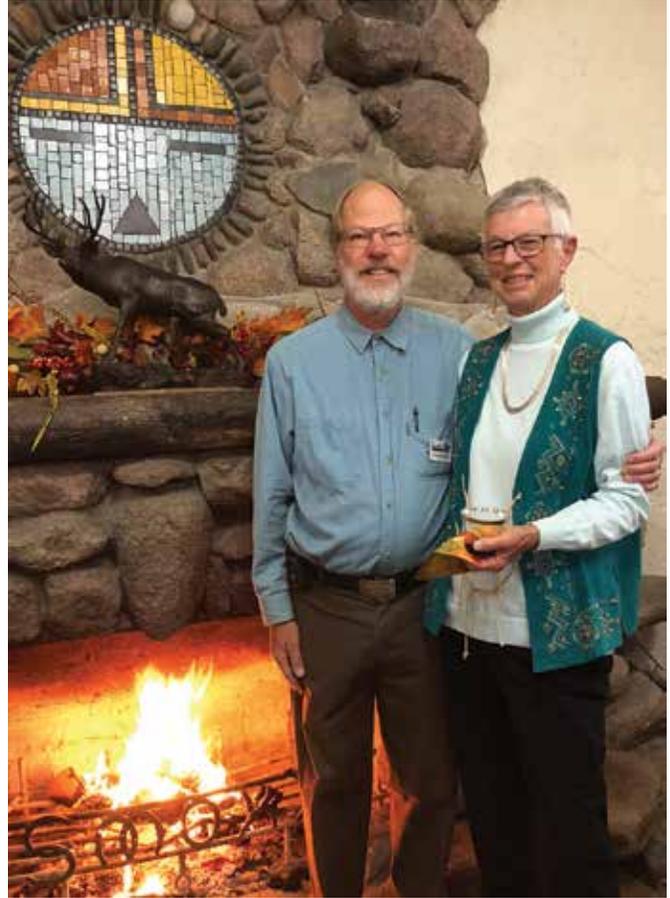
After an 18-month hiatus, the SAA's Archiving the Archaeologists project is back on track. The first two interviews are available to watch on the SAA YouTube Channel. Just Google "SAA's Archiving the Archaeologists" to watch the completed interviews. Five more interviews are in the editing stage and there are plans to approach more senior archaeologists for interviews.

Dana increased her dog-training activities this year given that Autumn is competing in Rally and Agility events and Tar, the baby, is in training and almost ready to go "prime time" in January. Toby has moved into the elder dog status with Kane's passing. He enjoys bossing the others around.

Dana still dabbles in painting when time permits, which isn't very often these days.

Andy continues taking on more things than he can do well. He is still curator at the Smoki Museum and finds that his self-imposed 6-hour week doesn't get the job done. Unfortunately, my volunteer assistant is 88 years old and so can't do a lot of the form filling out and data input that have to get done. He was, however, curator of the museum when the Smoki People ran it, and so carries around in his head more knowledge about the museum and the older collections than I will ever have.

In addition, the presidency of the local archaeological society of which he has been advisor for many years, lacked a nominee, so guess who got the position? He took it with the agreement that other board members would share in the tasks. He and Dana are perhaps the second longest members. The chapter is facing the same problem that many volunteer organizations face of being able to get sufficient people to do the



Andy and Dana at first fire.

work to keep it going. The chapter, in its 41st year, was a leader in salvage excavation when there were no legal protections for sites on private property, but various laws and attitudes have affected what non-professional groups can do in field archaeology, so we have had to focus more on education and field trips.

Fortunately, we were able to go to the Pecos Conference in Flagstaff and visit with colleagues. We had lunch with the Breternitz's who Dana has known since her undergraduate years at Prescott College.

For the first time, Andy went down to Tucson to help at the book sale at the Arizona State Museum, run by the Arizona Archaeological & Historical Society (in years past he has gone to buy, but did not help out). His primary objective was to empty his garage of books culled from his working library, but also to see what kinds of things were donated. With many of our generation retiring, there are large quantities of dona-

tions showing up. I ended up buying a box or so of items I couldn't do without, including a book on social archaeology that I remember looking at in graduate school but could not afford. There did not seem to be too many students looking at the vast quantity of archaeological literature present. This brings up the depressing possibility that young archaeologists are not being enculturated to value and understanding the work of their predecessors. Maybe I'm just sensitive because I am becoming a predecessor!

We had a wonderful New Hampshire traditional Thanksgiving feast in Tucson prepared by Pat Gilman and Paul Minnis. They have had this dinner for foreign students that they and Paul and Suzie Fish mentor at the University of Arizona. The two of our dogs who came were the entertainment.

We hope you all have a wonderful New Year! •

SUSAN COLLINS

*308 Pearl Street
Boulder, Colorado 80302
ssncllns1@q.com*

I enjoyed the Colorado Council of Professional Archaeologists (CCPA) annual meeting, held in Longmont, which has become a vibrant community that attracted a large contingent of participants. The photo below documents the CCPA Fellows in attendance. Chris was installed as the newest Fellow this year.



In the Fall, the Lamb Spring Archaeological Preserve (LSAP) celebrated International Archaeology Day by hosting special field tours and participating in the "Archaeology Day Expo" at Roxborough Intermediate School. The Archaeological Institute of America declares the Day, usually the third Saturday in October, and numerous local organizations coordinate activities. The Roxborough event featured around 15 display tables, four sequential lectures, and field trips at three sites. My second photo shows LSAP Board member Steve Sherman displaying newly commissioned artwork illustrating the two site components and our dream for a future visitor center.

In addition to these professional and volunteer activities, and home and health responsibilities, I enrolled in a couple of photography and painting classes this year. The painting classes were held at our local tavern and were especially fun.

This year, Colorado Preservation, Inc. gave their top award to Rebecca Goodwin, who led the successful local opposition to the Army's proposed expansion of the Pinon Canyon Maneuver Site. Ten years ago, ranchers recognized a threat to their way of life and to the archaeological record in the area envisioned for incorporation into tank and munitions practice. With a steady focus, Rebecca gathered signatures and called on legislators to put a halt to the plan. It was a pleasure to see her receive the Dana Crawford Award at the CPI annual award dinner. •



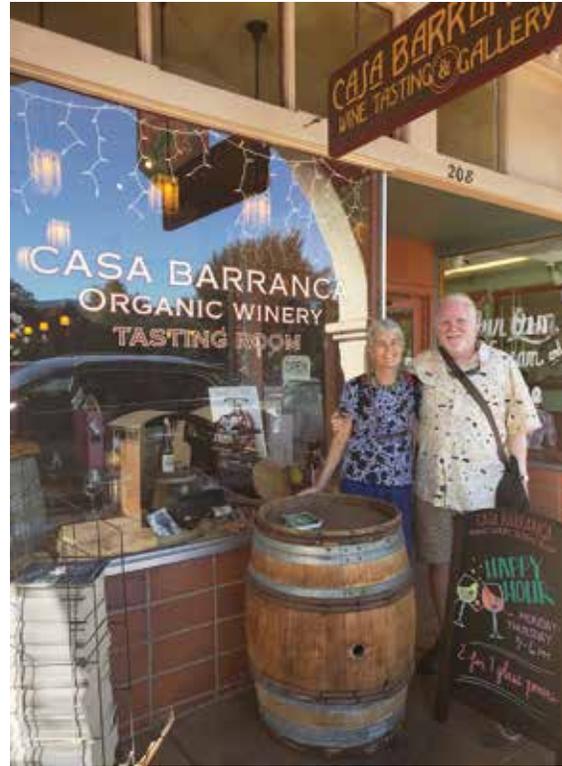
Archaeology Day Expo.

CCPA Fellows from left to right: Jon Horn, Adrienne Anderson, Kevin Black, Susan Collins and Chris Zier.

WINIFRED CREAMER AND JONATHAN HAAS

*The Field Museum & Northern Illinois University
jhaas@fieldmuseum.org, wcreamer@niu.edu*

We are now in our fifth year of retirement and world travel. Because we had to stay in the U.S. for two months for medical reasons (we are fine), we had to rearrange our travel plans for the year. We spent most of the year in South America, visiting places and sites that we have not visited before. We started out with a trek to Ayacucho to visit Wari, an imperial capitol that we have heard and talked about for 40 years, but never visited. It was definitely worth the trip. While a big majority of the site remains covered with vast stands of prickly pear cactus, the open and stabilized/restored parts give a good idea of what the site looked like. This seems like the best pos-



(Top) Jonathan and Winifred in front of the Casa Barranca in Ojai, California.

(Top left) Looking down from the Akapana at Tiwanaku.

(Above) Example (the only one) of the earliest Valdivia ceramics at the Valdivia Museum.



(Left) View of the main platform mound at Real Alto, Ecuador.

sible example where the new LIDAR mapping technology could be put to excellent and valuable use. A little later, we crossed the border into Bolivia where we got to see Tiwanaku, the other Middle Horizon imperial center. Again, we were just blown away at the size, grandeur, and monumentality of this site. We were also just ever so slightly amused by how clearly a direct line can be traced from the religious/architectural pattern that emerged in the Late Archaic Norte Chico and the patterns that are manifest at Tiwanaku. One day, the rest of the Andean archaeological community will recognize the great depth and unity of Andean civilization.

We also took the opportunity to tour around La Paz and its museums, a trip to the salt flats of Uyuni, and visit a lodge to see Red-fronted Macaws in the wild. Our family owns one (born in Florida from Bolivian imports years ago), and it was a thrill to see them flying around the cliffs and squawking like crazy. Another bird watching trip took us on our very first visit into the Amazon to see the famous salt lick with its plethora of macaws and other parrots. A total of 107 species of birds in four days, plus caimans, capybara, giant spiders and snakes.

August and September took us to Colombia and Ecuador. In the former, the high point was of course visiting San Agustín. It was a three-day trip out of Bogotá and a good trip all three days. We stayed at a converted monastery a short drive to the archaeological park, as well as Alto de los Idolos. These are both focused on the stone sculpture and tombs. We looked into going to Ciudad Perdida, but a four to five day hike (R/T) deterred us. Perhaps earlier in our careers....

In Ecuador we focused on the Santa Elena Peninsula where we went to see Real Alto, well known for the early work of Don Lathrop, and got a chance to watch an ongoing excavation by an Ecuadorian graduate student who is digging next to the acclaimed communal mound structure. Although this is seen as one of the first if not the first large-scale communal structures in South America, it is very small in comparison to other later sites elsewhere in the Americas. We also got to visit the museums at Valdivia, as well as Amantes de Sumpa with the famous amorous

couple excavated by Karen Stothert, who also played a key role in the museum. The latter is without doubt one of the best local site museums in South America.

We met two of our daughters in Guayaquil and flew over to the Galapagos for a 10-day cruise with National Geographic. No archaeology, but a zillion iguanas, half a zillion tortoises, 150 sea turtles, and two red footed boobies.

October brought us to Santa Barbara to taste wine and visit with our two daughters living in L.A. (Amanda, finishing up a master's in marine biology, and Lyra, a corporate lawyer). In November we finally made it to New Zealand where we are now. A month (in two places) on the North Island, and another month (also in two places) on the South Island. The first of January we move over to Australia for six months of adventure and travel. For those who would like to find out where we are now and then, Winifred writes a blog of our travels: llywindatravels.com.

Best wishes to all. •

GEORGE M. CROTHERS

*1528 Pine Meadow Court
Lexington, Kentucky 40504
gmcrot2@uky.edu*

It is an honor to be nominated to *Teocentli*. This contribution to Number 122 is my first. It is hard to believe that I have already been at the University of Kentucky for 17 years. My wife Naoko, children Margaret and Alexander, mother-in-law Sachiko, and I moved into a new home this past January. It is an 1850s farmhouse that sits on about an acre of land in what is now a subdivision created in the 1960s. There is a perennial spring just a stone's throw from the house, but, unfortunately, it is not on our property. It is a rambling structure, having once been a two-story Dutch Colonial style house with a massive dry-laid stone foundation and central chimney. At some point, the second story burned and it was turned into a single-story ranch with two later additions. The core of the house still has its ar-



The evening meal on the rooftop balcony at Do Priuri restaurant in Antonimina. Domenico (standing), our host, kept us well fed and in good spirits. Alex Metz and Paolo Visonà from Kentucky are seated to his right.



Justin Carlson on his way to 3.8 m below the surface at Crumps Sink. The expert shoring, OSHA approved, of course.

chitectural charm—hand-hewn beams, original wood floors, multiple fireplaces, and in the attic, where it didn't burn, original cedar shingles, now roofed over.

As you can imagine, an old house keeps you busy, but it is the yard that may be the death of me. About one-half of the property was overgrown by bush honeysuckle and *Euonymus fortunei* or wintercreeper, a nasty invasive vine-like shrub that chokes out everything. I've cleared most of the honeysuckle, but the wintercreeper might require agent orange. The only thing I've accomplished is keeping it out of the trees, where it flowers and seeds in the canopy. The trees are dominated by black locust, hackberry, and maples. Locusts are cool trees, but they rot on the inside and become widow makers. One already dropped on the car causing significant damage. We've taken out most of the locust (which is great firewood), leaving the stumps for animals to live in and I'm slowly getting rid of some of the hackberries and maples. Redbud, dogwood, tulip tree, black cherry, black walnut, and black oaks are already naturally sprouting, and I've added to this pawpaw and, my prize, a chinqua-

pin oak. I've tried planting shagbark and pignut hickory nuts, but the damn squirrels keep digging them up.

So, the house and yard are my refuge after long days of battling the bureaucracy and short-sighted vision that increasingly dominates academic institutions, or at least my institution. All has not been a loss this year, however, and I'll comment on two projects. The first is a continuing project with my colleague, Paolo Visonà, in art history to survey Greek mountain forts in southern Italy. I'm certainly not an expert on Magna Graecia, but my role is to conduct geophysical surveys to help delineate the layout of these sites and design the testing phases. With the help of graduate student Alex Metz, we conducted additional GPR survey and testing this past summer. We primarily worked at the main site known as Bregatorto, which is one of the largest known Greek mountain forts in Calabria (associated with the Greek city of Locri Epizephyrri). These forts basically define the boundaries among Greek colonies but are poorly studied. A second site, very close by, known as Cocolédi, contains the remains of a substantial structure.

The first thought was that it was a frontier sanctuary associated with the fort, but test excavations have not borne this out. Its purpose is still an enigma.

Working in Calabria has been a treat, one where you're not in charge and just show up to do your part. It is an international collaboration with Americans, Canadians, Italians, and Croatians, but the best part has been the people of Antonimina, the mountain town where we stay. Extremely hospitable people, the mountainous interior is often overlooked and struggles economically. Having spent time in both northern and southern Italy, I'll take the food, wine, and mountain folk of southern Italy any day over the wealthy and touristy north.

Last and certainly not least, Justin Carlson, defended his dissertation this December on excavations at the deeply stratified Archaic site of Crumps Sink in south-central Kentucky. Crumps Cave is well known, having been visited by Gerard Fowke in the 1920s and later tested by Ken Carstens as part of his dissertation in the 1970s, but since has been looted all to hell (There are mud glyphs deep in the cave as well, but these are protected by a cave gate). Fortunately, the large, flat sink, basically a collapse of the Crumps Cave passage that forms the entrance to the cave, has been overlooked by looters. It contains 3.8 m of beautifully stratified archaeological deposits dating from 7200-3000 years B.P. Justin's interest is in site formation processes using micromorphology and other geoarchaeological techniques. He defined four distinct periods of soil formation from the middle to late Holocene with a significant increase in evidence of burning at about 4000 BP. This probably coincides with the creation of the Big Barrens in south-central Kentucky, a prairie-like environment that is believed now to have an anthropogenic origin. It is very likely that Native Americans first created and then maintained this environment with fire for at least 4,000 years. To say the least, digging a 1x2 m. unit to a depth of nearly 4 m. was a challenge. Justin, my first Ph.D. student, pulled this off, safely, of course, and I'm quite proud of his accomplishments. •

JOHN F. DOERSHUK

*5154 Rapid Creek Road NE
Iowa City, Iowa 52240
john-doershuk@uiowa.edu*

Fellow Teocentlists,

Five years ago on a brutally cold December day I found myself traveling with a small group of University of Iowa (UI) faculty and staff to visit the Winnebago RV factory in north-central Iowa. Why were an archaeologist, a biologist, a representative of the UI Foundation, and several staff members who specialize in public education and outreach contemplating an RV? We were dispatched to complete due diligence related to implementing a newly hatched UI "strategic initiative" and finalize a purchase agreement. Why did UI want an RV and how did I get involved? Believe me, it was an unexpected charge the day the then UI VP for Research (to whom my unit reports) announced a new priority to share UI research statewide. This VP had been on campus less than a year and although he admitted knowing relatively little about the state outside the UI-dominated Iowa City bubble, he had the sense to recognize the only logical response to the then UI President's cross-campus plea for UI to become more visible across the state was to physically get UI into as many communities as possible in every corner of the state. The ultimate goal of this increased visibility campaign was, of course, the hope of greater perceived relevancy and a stemming of the continued state legislature attacks on higher education funding. The VP's initiative was one of several UI put into play in 2013, and I'm proud to say one of the more successful, at least insofar as public comment goes. I'm not sure the hoped-for impact was felt at the legislative level, but maybe it helped. I'm sharing this story today, as we are just now completing a five-year run implementing this initiative and our final funding expires in a matter of days at the end of 2018. This is a bittersweet moment, as I have mixed feelings. In some ways the team feels we haven't yet hit full potential and it's premature to cut the funding, and yet it's been a ton of work and part of me is more than ready to move on.



The University of Iowa Mobile Museum.

The University of Iowa MoMu staff, from left to right: John Doershuk, Cherie Artz, J. C. Gillett, Andrew Blodgett, Elizabeth Reetz and Merle Frommelt.



So why an RV? The VP for Research proposed putting UI research “on the road” as a way to directly share valuable outcomes with a broad swath of the Iowa public. He reasoned that UI needed to go to the people, visiting their towns and participating in their events, as a counter to expecting Iowans to visit the UI campus in Iowa City or simply caring about the university from afar. Admittedly, many Iowans have been to Iowa City at one time or another, but almost exclusively to attend UI sporting events (especially football games) or as part of needed medical treatment at the massive UI hospitals and specialty clinics health care operation. These visitors rarely have the interest or time to learn much else about UI. The VP’s initiative involved getting significant research outcome information directly to Iowans in their hometowns, packaged in ways highlighting how UI research contributes to their quality of life. He recruited my involvement, as

my unit has long been statewide in its focus (I take seriously the label of “State Archaeologist of Iowa”). He wanted to capitalize on our extensive experience conceiving and implementing creative ways to share information in far-flung areas of the state. He recruited as co-Director a biologist affiliated with the UI Museum of Natural History, one of the oldest natural history museums west of the Mississippi. While the Museum’s focus has always been considerably more campus-bound, my biology colleague brought a wealth of connections with various units across the UI campus and it proved a dynamic teaming of units.

We had many adventures determining an RV was the best platform for what became the “UI Dare to Discover Mobile Museum” (affectionately known to insiders as “MoMu”), especially as none of the team had previous RV experience. How big? Turns out Winnebago, an Iowa-based

company, has a 38-ft. model they can provide as an empty shell. Not the biggest RV on the road but it proved plenty large for our purposes. Bathroom or not? There were moments when those staffing MoMu wished a bathroom had been included, but it would have taken up valuable space and added significant maintenance. Wheel-chair lift? Definitely, as we learned a publicly-owned vehicle needed to be ADA compliant. We ended up using the lift just a few times per year, serving a tiny percentage of the total visitors, but doing so always endeared us to the local community.

A big last-minute surprise the very first year of operation came when we learned that while the average Grandma and Grandpa can drive their newly purchased RV off a dealer lot under their regular licenses, for any of us to drive a University-owned RV intended for public engagement we had to first earn a Class D chauffeur's license endorsement. Luckily, one of our first student employees had commercial bus driving experience and the correct license! I became the second licensed driver of MoMu team, and others quickly followed. Those of you with RV experience will be chuckling to yourselves about what a bunch of knuckleheads we must have been, but none of us knew how to rig the electrical hook-ups (30-amp and 50-amp options) or run the on-board generator! We also had to learn where to buy diesel fuel, what "DEF" is (a necessary diesel engine additive), and how challenging it can be to find a reasonably flat spot to park and set the jacks on these big RVs.

We changed major exhibits each year, with our season running from April 1 to November 1 each year. We hosted research exhibits on myriad topics: archaeology of course (including on Iowa's early corn farming cultures!), labor relations, Iowa history, political science, chemistry, water quality, raptors, flooding, cystic fibrosis, and even endangered pangolins. Across the five years more than 35 departments/programs were featured and we participated in over 350 events statewide. Some of these were multi-day like the Iowa State Fair; others just one or two-hour events. We hosted more than 150,000 individual visitors, surprising the Winnebago RV people by wearing out a set of steps and the initially in-

stalled flooring after just the third season. While we were unable to visit all 99 Iowa counties we got to more than 90, and many were visited multiple times.

A consistent response we enjoyed receiving over and over at events we attended all over the state these past five years was simply "thank you for coming," testimony to the need for statewide outreach by public universities and MoMu's positive impact. Changing university priorities and leadership led to discontinuation of funding after this fifth season, but if nothing else we convinced many Iowans there is more to UI than sports and medicine. Best wishes to all in 2019! •

DAVID E. DOYEL

*5813 East Windsor Avenue
Scottsdale, Arizona 85257
ddoyel@cox.net*

Greetings and salutations! We hope everyone had a pleasant and prosperous 2018. We enjoy reading about your travels and experiences. Our year was eventful, with much travel. Since I retired in 2014 wife Sharon, who has yet to retire, and I started going on tours with the Archaeological Conservancy (TAC) of Albuquerque, New Mexico. As I've stated, TAC tours require long days with full schedules, often large group size, and lots of bus travel but are also full of unforgettable sites, sights, people and experiences, and happily are reasonably priced.

February 13-25, we traveled with TAC to Mundo Maya in Yucatan, our fourth tour. We arrived in Merida two days early to visit local attractions, and stayed at the Hotel Los Aluxes in the historic part of the city. On the tour we visited 17 ancient Mayan cities. Chichén Itzá and the hotel Mayaland Chichén Itzá, and Uxmal and the hotel Mayaland Uxmal were highlights, but all the sites were fascinating and provided a different view of Maya than seen on previous expeditions, much but not all of it Post-Classic in age. We toured from the Puuc Hills east to Mayapan and south to near the Guatemala border. Other sites visited included Dzibilchaltún, Balankanche

Cave, Labná, Sayil, Kabah, Kohunlich, Edzna, Xpuhil, and Calakmul. The massive buildings at Calakmul, thought to be the largest Maya city on record, were impressive and a big contrast to the architectural styles in other areas, such as the Petén. The visit was disappointing because only minimal clearing has been done in the preserve, so it is impossible to get a good feel for the layout of the city, or even for a building cluster. The new museum is interesting. Overall, it was another great trip, except, this time, along with other members of our group we came back with food poisoning, a possibility that comes with travel.

In early March I attended my third Tri-National Sonoran Symposium in Ajo, a multi-disciplinary gathering focused on the Mexican, U.S. and Tohono O’odham borderlands. April 1, we had our annual Easter Brunch on a warm pleasant day, just a week before we left for the Society for American Archaeology meeting in Washington, D.C. where we enjoyed being tourists in our Nation’s capital. With niece Melissa we also visited Harper’s Ferry and the Civil War site at Manassas. In late April we were in San Diego for a floating wedding for friends Paul and Mireya on the Adventuress Catamaran out of Cabrillo Isle Marina in San Diego Bay, a unique and enjoyable experience. In early May Geoff

Clark, now retired from ASU, and I flew to Las Vegas, Nevada to help celebrate



Sharon Debowski and Dave Doyel at Edzná, Campeche, Mexico.

Alan Simmons’ retirement from UNLV after 25 years on the faculty.

In late June we traveled to Peru, again with TAC. We spent the first week in Lima visiting attractions and walking around, which was fun, including the Huaca Pucllana site, the Museum of Art Lima, the Museo Nacional de Arqueología, Antropología e Historia, and the Larco Herrera museum. Unfortunately, we both developed respiratory issues due to the bad pollution there in the winter season. To start the TAC tour, we visited Pachacamac, a ceremonial city on the coast before flying to Cusco. We enjoyed our week in the Sacred Valley, with highlights including the Incan sites of Pisac, Ollantaytambo, Machu Picchu, and Sacsayhuaman, the latter located at Cusco. Other sites included Tambomachay and Pikillacta. We visited Huilloc, a Quechua village

in the Andes, where we met the people, visited their school, had local food for lunch, and shopped for weavings. In Cusco we visited the Inca Museum and toured the historic plaza area that included the nearby Coricancha, the



Sharon Debowski and Dave Doyel at Machu Picchu, Peru.

ceremonial heart of the Incan world later converted into a Spanish cathedral. We stayed at the Plaza des Armas on the huge central plaza, where we enjoyed the vibrant festivities of summer. Unfortunately, the respiratory issues that had started in Lima worsened and we decided to head home a few days early, so we missed the Bolivia segment of our tour. Nonetheless, we had a delightful time and loved our trip to Peru.

August 8-12, we were in Flagstaff, Arizona for the annual Pecos Conference, the Southwest archaeology summer field conference. It was great fun to see old friends and to enjoy the fine restaurants in Flagstaff. Our brief stay was a welcome relief from the intense summer heat in the Valley of the Sun (Phoenix).

In November we joined friends for a week of R'nR' at the Vidanta resort in Nuevo Vallarta, Nayarit, Mexico near Puerto Vallarta. We relaxed by sparkling pools with long "happy hours" and every evening had dinner at a different fine restaurant. It was a great way to unwind. In late November I picked up my good friend Bruce Masse at Sky Harbor airport and headed south to Tucson to meet Paul and Suzanne Fish for a trip to the Magdalena-Atil-Trincheras areas of northern Sonora to visit an archaeological project directed by Elisa Villalpando and Randy McGuire. It was enjoyable to be out in the great Sonoran Desert to visit their project sites, and to learn about how little research has been done in the region, but they are making good progress.

I continue to enjoy retirement and don't miss those long commutes to work. I stay busy, sometimes too busy, but have time for long walks, friends, projects, and for enjoying life. I'm still involved in the profession but at a reduced level. Perhaps we'll see some of you in Albuquerque at the SAA this spring where I am scheduled to present two papers.

We try to maintain our own rituals with our friends, neighbors, and colleagues. We had a delightful Easter Brunch with friends this year. In December we hosted our annual Christmas party with hot mulled wine and catered taco cart on the patio. As usual, Christmas will be spent in Houston with Sharon's family. Our best wishes to all for a pleasant and productive 2019. •

DAVID DYE

*8549 Bazemore Road
Cordova, Tennessee 38018
daviddye@memphis.edu*

Greetings to the members of *Teocentli*. Debbie and I kicked off the New Year by attending the Alabama-Georgia National Championship game in Atlanta with our son Thomas. Everyone had a great time—except for the Georgia fans. Tua Tagovailoa's unforgettable pass to DeVonta Smith in the last seconds of the game gave Alabama the win and ushered Tua to national fame. Later that month Dorian Burnette, Arleen Hill, and I presented a paper at the Current Research in Tennessee Archaeology meeting in Montgomery Bell State Park. The park has a beautiful upland hardwood forest and 19th-century blast furnace. It provided a bucolic setting for the meeting, with Kentucky bourbon and Tennessee archaeology fueling late night conversations. As part of the Cahokia Winter Lecture Series, I presented a public lecture at Cahokia. A number of resident St. Louis archaeologists attended and we had a wonderful dinner afterwards.

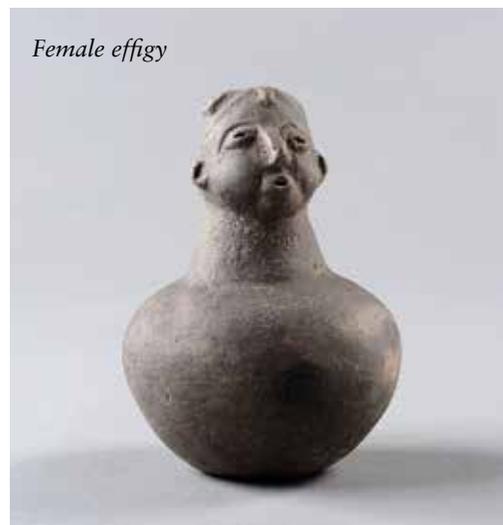
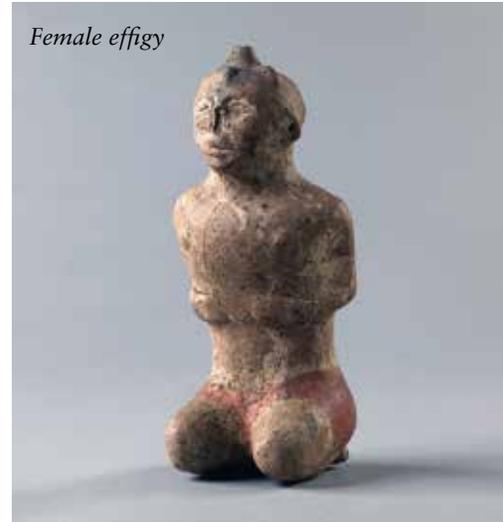
In mid-March, I returned to Collinsville for a photo shoot and again met up with St. Louis friends. Dorian and Arleen teamed up to present a paper in the Society for American Archaeology session that honored the legacy of Stephen Williams. Our paper, reflecting Steve's Vacant Quarter work, focused on the megadroughts that ravaged the Midsouth during the 14th century. While in D.C. I visited my daughter, Kakky, sightseeing, eating at her favorite restaurants, and catching as many museums as possible. We toured the National Gallery of Art, saw the Obama's portraits in the National Portrait Gallery, and spent an afternoon at the National Museum of the American Indian.

May was an especially busy month. Tom Layton graciously invited the 1973 crew from the Nevada State Museum-sponsored, Last Supper Cave excavations in Humboldt County to Reno for a reunion and a sneak preview of the forthcoming documentary, "Last Supper Cave" by WMS Media, Inc. Members of the original crew included

Donna Landry, Ron Reno, Duke Rivet, and me. Geoffrey Smith (University of Nevada, Reno) hosted the field crew at the Reno campus, and introduced us to the next generation of bright, young Great Basin archaeologists who are now working with the Last Supper Cave materials that we excavated 45 years ago. The capstone for the reunion was a magnificent dinner at Geoff and Linsie's home in Reno. The following day Debbie and I toured Lake Tahoe and followed the Truckee River to Truckee, California, where we enjoyed dinner in a subterranean restaurant. Our thanks to Tom for bringing us all together and his underwriting of the reunion.

The next week saw us at the Gilcrease Museum in Tulsa, where my colleague Ryan Parish and I focused on photographic and spectroscopic analysis of symbolic weaponry from the Spiro site. What a treat it was to handle so much rarely seen Mississippian sacra. While there, I also photographed the museum's early Mississippian beakers as part of Melinda Martin's thesis. We were ably assisted by University of Memphis graduate students, Melinda, Brian Rowe, and Drew Wilhite. Anthropology Collections Manager, Laura Bryant, cheerfully shepherded us through the extensive museum holdings.

A few days later Robert Sharp and I worked with one of my former graduate students, Debbie Shaw, who is now Tennessee State Museum Curator of Archaeology. We photographed their collection of Middle Cumberland Region Mississippian objects prior to being moved to the new museum. In June, I returned to St. Louis to present another public lecture for the Mound City Archaeological Society at the Missouri History Museum, through the invitation of Amy Clark, Senior Research Assistant at the St. Louis Art Museum. Prior to the presentation, I had the chance to tour the exhibit, "Sunken Cities: Egypt's Lost Worlds," which highlights the ongoing work of French underwater archaeologist, Franck Goddio, at the sunken Egyptian port cities of Thonis-Heracleion and Canopus. The objects recovered from the sea floor are in pristine condition. Goddio's excavations are rewriting what is known about Egyptian religion and ritual practice.



All three illustrated objects are from the Pinhook Ridge area of Mississippi County, Missouri and are in the holdings of the Crisp Museum, Southeastern Missouri State University, Cape Girardeau (photos by David Dye).

In July, Robert Sharp, Larry Conrad and I presented a paper at the Mississippian Conference held at Cahokia. Later that month, Robert and I drove to the American Museum of Natural History to photograph their ceramic collection from the Middle Cumberland Region and southeast Missouri. Anna Semon, Lab Director for the Nels Nelson North American Archaeology Laboratory, was immensely helpful, facilitating our work in the archives. We met with David Hurst Thomas and visited Margaret Mead's turret office. At the end of the week we drove to Philadelphia and began a second week of photography; more southeast Missouri ceramics, housed at the University of Pennsylvania Museum. Meg Kassabaum, Assistant Professor of Anthropology and Weingarten Assistant Curator for North America, graciously guided us through the collections. West Philly has some of the best Ethiopian restaurants in the country and we sampled our fair share while there. At the end of the shoot, we then headed to the Glenn A. Black Laboratory in Bloomington to photograph more Mississippi Valley objects. April Sievert, Director, and Melody Pope, Curator of Collections, made our visit a productive and most welcomed one.

In September, I gave a public lecture on behalf of the Chickasaw Inkana Foundation. At the end of September, Robert, Melinda, and I headed to Dickson Mounds State Park to photograph more beakers for Melinda's thesis. Kelvin Sampson was a great help in working through the collections and ushering us through their amazing ceramic assemblage. Larry Conrad drove over from McComb with more beakers from the Central Illinois Valley. Kelvin and Larry's efforts helped double our corpus of beakers, which is now running over 200 objects. In early October, Larry, Robert, and I presented a paper at the Midwest Archaeological Conference at the University of Notre Dame.

The Southeastern Archaeological Conference held its 75th annual meeting in Augusta, Georgia in November. It was a great meeting and I enjoyed seeing so many friends again. George Lankford and I drove over together and we talked about Mississippian archaeology for 10 hours travelling in tandem with a massive winter storm.

I presented a memorial resolution at the business meeting in honor of my good friend, mentor, and colleague Charles McNutt, who has had such a profound impact on so many lives. Larry Conrad, Robert Sharp, Kevin Smith and I worked on several papers that were presented in the iconography session organized by Brett Giles and Erin Phillips. In December, Robert and I hit the road again, this time photographing the Beckwith collection, curated by the Southeast Missouri State University Crisp Museum. Jim Phillips was a wonderful host in helping us navigate through the exhibits and storage facility.

Two book chapters appeared this year: one in *Archaeological Perspectives on Warfare on the Great Plains*, edited by Andrew J. Clark and Douglas B. Bamforth, and another in *Ceramics of Ancient America: Multidisciplinary Approaches*, edited by Yumi P. Huntington, Dean E. Arnold, and Johanna Minich. Finally, two of my photographs were chosen as cover images: *Ceramics of Ancient America* (University Press of Florida) and *Bioarchaeology of the American Southeast* (University of Alabama Press). Photography is always fun and I am looking forward to more museum road trips. The next photo session is slated for the Moundville Museum in early January with Robert Sharp.

Best wishes to everyone for a wonderful and productive 2019. •

CAROL J. ELICK & JOE E. WATKINS

*Archaeological and Cultural Education
Consultants*

P.O. Box 31121

Tucson, Arizona 85751-1121

cjellick@theaceconsultants.com,

jwatkins@theaceconsultants.com

2018 was a year of change—WAY beyond transition—for the Ellick-Watkins dynamic duo. In May, we sold our house in Takoma Park, Maryland. In June, we made an intermediate move to Chautauqua Lake, New York to help Carol's parents sell and move from their summer cottage of 40+ years. And in September we drove a



Carol and Joe on a rooftop in Rome.

Looking across our backyard toward the Rincon Mountains.



Penske truck loaded with family “stuff” to our new home in Tucson, Arizona. The cross-country drive included a stop in Cincinnati for the American Cultural Resources Association meeting; then we hopped and skipped across the country visiting friends and colleagues along the way. This may seem like a lot, but that’s not the only change!

In February, Joe was notified he was the President-Elect of the Society for American Archaeology, a one-year apprenticeship prior to a two-year stint as President. He takes over as President in April 2019 at the Annual Meetings in Albuquerque, New Mexico; oversees the 2020 meeting in Austin, Texas; and transfers the gavel at the 2021 meeting in San Francisco (Carol tried to warn him...). What had been touted as a 10 hour per week job will likely become much more than that.

In May, Joe retired from the National Park Service after serving five years as the Supervisory Cultural Anthropologist and Chief of the Tribal Relations and American Cultures program, and three-and a-half years as both of those, PLUS, the American Indian Liaison Officer. He was more surprised than anyone that he was able to stick it out that long in this administration.

Traveling across the country wasn’t enough. Two weeks after moving to Tucson, we traveled to Rome, Italy. Joe participated in an invited international two-day workshop that examined the concept of creating heritage communities

and Carol roamed Rome, employing what Rick Steves calls the “3-Day Caesar Shuffle,” visiting the tourist sites including the Vatican, the Colosseum, the Forum, and others too numerous to mention. After the workshop, we took the train to Naples and a commuter train to Sorrento for a week. We dined on Margherita pizzas, seafood, farm-fresh ricotta and tomatoes, gelato, and sipped prosecco and locally-made limoncello. We toured and relaxed. Using Sorrento as our home base, we visited Pompeii and Herculaneum, the Naples Archaeology Museum, and spent a wonderful day on the Isle of Capri.

Just before Christmas, Joe got his general-public book on the Choctaw published. *The Story of the Choctaw Indians: From the Past to the Present* published by Greenwood Press is intended as a book for high school students and the general public. Since Joe is a member of the Choctaw Nation of Oklahoma, he enjoyed writing it and found it helped provide occasional moments of clarity in the midst of everything else that was going on.

If moving ourselves this year wasn't enough, in addition to trying to wrangle consulting jobs and managing Archaeological and Cultural Education Consultants and The Heritage Education Network, Carol has spent the past couple of months researching senior living arrangements in Tucson for her aging parents. After spending nearly a century in Ohio, Sue and Larry have decided to follow our example and move to warmer climes. In January, Carol will head to Ohio to help pack her folks, then come home and get them established in their new residence. Oh. What. A. Year. It. Has. Been.

We've made it through 2018, here's to hoping for a better 2019! Happy New Year, all! •

ANABEL FORD

*727 E. Anapamu Street
Santa Barbara, California 93106
Anabel.ford@ucsb.edu*

My year in retrospect is dominated by my plan to complete the survey of the ancient city center of El Pilar. I am still plugging away at the survey of the 20 sq. km. of the protected area in Belize and Guatemala. This will dominate my next years, as it is my intent to complete this important survey before I close on my 70th year, and that is only three years away. It is my aim to provide both countries a representation of the cultural remains and dominant trees present in the contiguous reserve. It is hard work locating and mapping the Maya forest terrain, something I have long experience with and had the privilege to contribute my viewpoint in an invited *Science Perspective* piece in Septem-

ber, "Above and Below the Canopy..." I realized that this was a chance to reflect on the changes in survey with Lidar, but now there is still a need for archaeologists and boots on the ground! (see <http://science.sciencemag.org/content/361/6409/1313.summary>).

Unlike my early Tikal Yaxha surveys, now 2 Katunob, or 40 years ago, we now have a good idea of the landscape and the large architecture, making a big difference for survey. Still, traversing the area, tripping over vines, sliding on roots, getting stuck in the mud, and this year having a tree fall on our truck in the middle of the forest makes our work challenging and a never-ending adventure. I am ready to be done, but have 7 sq. km. more to cover before I can feel that I have completed my job.

Our year began with another visit to the Getty up on the hill in L.A. to review the wonderful exhibit "Golden Kingdoms," aptly described by the N.Y. Times as a knockout! Drawing on museums from most of the developed world, the assemblage focused on the luxury items of ancient America. The splendid Andean items were spectacular, and the Mesoamerican coverage was astounding, yet for me it was the Aztec presentations that were most astonishing. There were original codices—Florentine and Mendoza in particular—as well as the gold pieces stamped for Spain that were recently rediscovered by a Veracruz fisherman. Impressive.

In February, I was in Belize and Guatemala arranging my permits and gave a lecture via skype for the Pakistan National Botanic Garden. I had hoped to be there and get to see Harappa and MohenjoDaro to complement my experience in India, but the timing was difficult. The talk I presented had to be at 11:50 Guatemala time and it was an experience.

By the end of March, we were in the field on the survey. The project ran until the middle of June when the tree fell on the truck—no one hurt, but we were put out of business with the rains coming in full force and the survey targets far from all weather roads. We have gained confidence with the troquepases and have them mapped so we can get into areas to reduce our walking, but not easily.



Mike Glassow and Anabel Ford at Slieve League.

While working in the field, I had several obligations in the north. I went to the SAAs in D.C., and was able to have a meal with Bob Carr of the Tikal map. Later, I also was involved with a panel on sustainability presentation with Zocalom a very interesting experience staged at the Getty Villa. (see <http://www.zocalopublicsquare.org/2018/05/03/ancients-us-sustainability-can-civic-virtue/events/the-takeaway/>).

My project in the field is more than just the survey work. Between education and community outreach, our team is in constant motion. We have a major program that involves Maya forest gardening and gardeners at a school garden project, Kānan K'aax, in Sta Familia. Our team has created venues and visits that include presentations, library exhibits, and trips to El Pilar. Our traveling library exhibition started in Belmopan, continued in Dangriga, transferred to Independence, and will soon be in Punta Gorda on its way to travel to all the major district libraries of Belize.

Our local team has begun to create fund raising events. We had two major happenings this year: The Governor General Tea at His Excellency's residence in Belmopan and the Forest Garden tribute at the San Ignacio Resort Hotel. Both events were accomplished with the generosity of the San Ignacio Resort Hotel, a very lavish and

wonderful contribution to the vision of El Pilar and its forest gardens.

We also had a grand fête at the Jaguar Inn in Tikal to honor 40 years of the *Brecha Anabela*, the first survey I completed in 1978. It was an amazing party that included people who we knew from

the survey, including our cook Adela Montejo, as well as my Petén conservation colleagues who have contributed, supported, and worked with us at El Pilar. These markers of celebration and support in Belize and Guatemala bring perspective on my career.

In between all the work in the field and the lab, Mike and I took time to visit Ireland, where I have family in County Clare. We always make a pilgrimage to the now derelict house where my grandmother was born in Callurah just south of Lahinch. Then, we met with my cousin Michael Hegarty and drove up to Donegal taking in the prehistoric and historic sites along the way. Most remarkable were the Céide Fields where field walls from over 5,000 years ago had been covered by blanket bogs and discovered more that 2 m. deep when cutting turf. We happened to be traveling from Ennis to Sligo on the day Pope Francis was giving the Angelus in Knock. Even though we had checked and were told that afternoon travel would be fine, we found we had a major detour. It was a major event in Ireland.

I am writing this from our funky cabin in Wrightwood nestled among the pines of the Angeles National Forest. The sun is out but the temps are cool and there is no snow for skiing. For us, hiking and enjoying the mountains is what we appreciate from this cozy place. •

KAY AND DON FOWLER

*3695 Royer Court
Reno, Nevada 89509-7431
csfowler@unr.edu, dfowler@unr.edu*

We again had a busy year, centered on writing and attending meetings, and given our ages, some medical stuff. In early January we attended the Southwest Symposium at the Denver Museum of Nature and Science, the meeting ably hosted by Steve Nash and Chip Colwell. As usual, there were several good sessions, in addition to discussions about what might be done to counter Trump's hacking pieces out of Bear's Ears and Escalante-Grand Staircase National Monuments. That saga continues as of the present writing with suits being filed and various actions underway in Congress. The end of January was knee replacement surgery for Kay, which put her out of commission for several weeks. Recovery went slowly but well.

In mid-April we attended a Celebration of Life for our great friend Don Frazier. Don grew up in Nevada in the 1930s on a horse ranch (which his mother purchased after she came to Nevada to get a divorce). Don fell in love with the Great Basin country, especially the archaeology. After service in the Army Air Force in World War II, he returned to Massachusetts where he became involved in industrial steel shelving. That ultimately led to Frazier Industries, the largest producer of steel shelving and automated warehouses in the United States. In 1988, he contacted us and asked Don, "What would you do if I donated money for archaeology at the University of Nevada, Reno." The reply was, "I always have hungry graduate students and I would use it for fellowships and to support student field work." He began donating \$15,000 a year, which we used to create Frazier Graduate Fellowships and provide some field monies for M.A and Ph.D. projects. About 15 of Don's students held the fellowships. All have gone on to productive careers, primarily in CRM. When Don retired in 2006, Frazier created a UNR Fowler Endowment, the proceeds used for graduate students work—usually \$15-18K per year. Eight students received support

from the endowment. In addition to providing funding, Frazier attended the UNR archaeological field school in 1992 and would spend two-three weeks each summer working with graduate students on various field projects. He loved it.

Don Frazier passed away in December 2017. In his will, he left funds to create the Fowler-Frazier Endowed Chair in Great Basin Prehistoric Archaeology. Those funds will be merged with the previous endowment in support of the chair. The occupant of the chair will be named in the Spring of 2019. The Celebration of Life allowed us to learn even more about this caring and generous man.

In June, Kay and Nancy Parezo went to Santa Fe to continue work in the Laboratory of Anthropology Archives. Kay is still working on her book on Bertha Dutton and the Girl Scout archaeology program, what seems like an endless project. The University of Utah Press has accepted the manuscript, so now it is a matter of getting the final pieces in order (photos, permissions, endless details). As we're sure you all know, publishing isn't as much fun as it used to be—when we all had help.

August found us, as usual, in Santa Fe for Indian Market, visiting with many friends there and seeing the new museum exhibits. Market continues to expand, and all of the ancillary activities surrounding it as well. It is great see the innovations in the arts, but we also miss seeing some of the older participants who could not get booth space this year.

Most of the summer and fall were taken up with writing. Don, with friend and colleague Nancy Parezo, of the University of Arizona, completed a manuscript called "An Archaeological Honeymoon." It is the story of Frank Russell (the second Ph.D. in Anthropology from Harvard in 1898) and his college sweetheart, Theresa Peet Russell, on their honeymoon trip across Northern Arizona by mule and wagon in the summer of 1900 in search of Ancestral Puebloan burials and pottery. In 1901, they made archaeological survey transects from Tucson to Montrose, Colorado and back, again by mule and wagon. They then settled in Sacaton, Arizona where Frank and Theresa did ethnographic field work resulting in

his still classic *The Pima Indians* (1908, Bureau of American Ethnology). The impetus for all this was to try and help Frank's tuberculosis, which he had contracted earlier in the Arctic. It failed; he died in 1903. Theresa went on to be a professor of English at Stanford. In 1906 she published a six-part series, "An Archaeological Honeymoon" in *Out West Magazine*, which, with their diaries and a lot of archival research, forms the basis for the book. In addition, Don and Nancy published a paper in the Fall 2018 issue of the *Journal of Anthropological Research*: "Nomenclature Wars: Ethnologists and Anthropologists Seeking to be Scientists, 1840-1910."

In addition to the Dutton manuscript, Kay is working on a second volume of Isabel Kelly's Southern Paiute ethnographic notes, with three more waiting in the wings. Also in line is a book on Southern Paiute basketry with colleague Judith Finger and others. She missed the annual Society of Ethnobiology Conference, the first miss in several years and we both missed the SAA in D.C. We did go to the Great Basin Anthropological Conference in Salt Lake City where Kay gave a paper on Isabel Kelly in the session on women archaeologists in the Great Basin. The session was lots of fun, and a First for the GBAC on the topic (a little slow). All who hadn't seen it got the chance to check out the beautiful new Natural History Museum of Utah, which hosted the reception. As usual, the biennial conference drew about 550 attendees. Otherwise, no big travel activities for us this year.

Wishing you all a happy, healthy and successful New Year. •

DAVID A. FREIDEL

625 S. Skinker Blvd., Apt. 401
St. Louis, Missouri 63105
dfreidel@wustl.edu

Carolyn and I started 2018 with research leaves in Paris, where she completed a long-term NSF supported project with Malian cancer patients and I tackled lingering writing projects. The winter weather in Paris was astonishing, with a ma-

ior snowstorm gridlocking traffic for more than a day, and even my favorite walking place, the Botanical Gardens, were closed for a while. We have stayed in Paris every year for many decades, but the 5th arrondissement was a new neighborhood for us and that was fun. A friend and patron invited me down to Beaune for the day and introduced me to the history of Burgundy in a delightful way. While we were making good progress on our work, our daughter Jen suffered brain injury in March and that changed our plans completely going forward. We came back together, and then I stayed near Jen for the duration of the spring while Carolyn returned to her project. Jen is slowly recovering, but we will always spend a lot of time with her from now on.

While I was in Boston, I decided to attend my 50th with the Harvard Class of '68. Our older daughter Alayne accompanied me and made sure I was dressed respectably with new outfits from Brooks Brothers. The Alum organization volunteered me for a Story Corps session with classmate Daniel Amory; our conversation is in the Library of Congress. I got to spend quality time with classmate Richard Meadow, who oriented me to Hell Gap Wyoming in 1963, and his wife Dayne. The talks and panels were very interest-



Here's a picture of Jen on the hill at Plymouth Mass.

ing and the festivities delicious. All together I am happy I finally went to a reunion. In August, I returned to the Santa Fe Institute for a gathering of the Maya Working Group with Jerry Sabloff, Tricia McAnany and Jerry Murdock, all of that Institute and a wonderful group of colleagues. Our first edited book will be out in paperback next year and we are working on subsequent volumes. August also saw publication of an article in *Current World Archaeology* on the discovery of a fourth-century tomb in the royal acropolis at El Peru-Waka'. I am happy to have co-authored it with our long-term Guatemalan colleagues Juan Carlos Perez and Griselda Perez who actually discovered and documented the tomb. The project is now in the capable hands of these archaeologists and the accomplished generation of American professionals led by Damien Marken and Olivia Navarro Farr now in charge. We have stood ground against invaders in this rain forest since 2003 and will continue to do so as long as we can. The discovery process continues to unfold as these archaeologists participate in the exciting convergence of ancient history and archaeology underway in southern lowland Classic civilization. That's all for this year; more next time. •

GAYLE J. FRITZ

*602 Ostle Drive
Collinsville, Illinois 62234-2927
gifritz@wustl.edu*

My last semester of teaching (Spring 2018) was wonderful but extremely busy, capped by a lovely retirement party that my Wash. U. colleagues are masters at hosting. I get to keep my office and lab for a year, while the search for my replacement goes on, and I still meet regularly with the three students doing paleoethnobotanical research. June brought the annual meeting of the Society for Economic Botany in Madison, Wisconsin where I presided as president over the Council and Members meetings. As immediate past-president now, I continue to serve on the Executive Committee and chair the



Gayle Fritz (left) and Karen Adams at the Verde Valley Archaeological Center's Native Garden in August.

Education committee and the Nominations and Awards committee.

After Madison, Mark (Esarey) and I flew to Oakland to visit daughter Shannon and her family, and then our oldest grandson, Robin, spent a week with us here in Collinsville. Robin, now age 11, loves Cahokia Mounds and is intrigued by Egyptian archaeology, so it was lucky that the St. Louis Art Museum was featuring a special exhibit: "Sunken Cities: Egypt's Lost Worlds." Later in the summer, I spent a month in Oakland as a short-term resident at the Lake Merritt, a former residential hotel that now operates as an independent living place for active Seniors. Not only was I close to the grandkids, but I got a taste of progressive Oakland-style retirement culture, which I confess suited me just fine. What cool, friendly, and impressive folks live there, and so many activities! Mark and I aren't ready yet to leave Collinsville, however.

Like many of you, I have numerous pending write-up tasks. An exciting ongoing project focuses on ancient domesticated amaranth from Dyck Cliff Dwelling in Arizona, directly dated to Sinagua culture times. Dr. Karen Adams kindly invited me to join the research team, which includes Verde Valley archaeologists, geneticists who study ancient and modern DNA, statisticians, and paleoethnobotanists. I flew to Arizo-

na in August to examine the complete sample (a twined piece of fabric, tied up and stored with the seeds inside) and to learn more about the context. Over the past year, I conducted numerous SEM sessions to measure seed coats and to examine details of seed coat texture. Identifying amaranth to species level can be quite challenging, given its plasticity and proclivity to hybridize.

I had expected my book, *Feeding Cahokia*, to be out in 2018, but the press (U. Alabama) says the color plates slowed things down, so its release date is January 8, 2019. There should be some public outreach/ P.R./ book signing events after that.

To facilitate greater mobility and more strenuous activities in future years, I underwent total knee replacement (right knee) on October 23, and that slowed me way down for more than a month. I'm back to most normal tasks now, but, as many of you know, it's quite a long and gradual recovery process. It was hard to miss SEAC, but I'm now ready for holiday travel to Dallas and Oakland. Warmest regards to you all, and hopes for a good new year. •

JOHN M. FRITZ

*600 W 115th Street, Apt. 74
New York, New York 10025-7717
johnmfritz@gmail.com*

Dear friends and colleagues,

I write this from London, the day before George Michell and I are to fly to India. It was with sadness that I recently learned of the passing of George Cowgill, with whom I shared parallel research interests and respect.

In last year's note I reported that I am receiving excellent treatment for metastasized prostate cancer at the Macmillan Centre, part of the University College, London Hospital. After three years of quiescence, the cells, presumably following the laws of Natural Selection, have begun to flourish. So new medicines are on order, but my oncologist has allowed us five weeks in India.

My daughter and her family will be with us at Christmas and I will have an op-

portunity to take my 11-year-old grandson around "our" archaeological site of Hampi/Vijayanagara. I hope that he will revel in the opportunity to climb boulders and explore temples and palaces.

While I have been based in the U.K., I have travelled. We started out the year in Goa and returned to London in March; in early April we were in the U.S. George gave lectures to promote publications that he wrote or edited in Washington, D.C., New York City, Seattle and Chicago. In Seattle we stayed with my daughter and family and in Chicago we caught up with the changes in this undervalued city. I showed George some of my haunts at the U. Chicago campus and visited Robbie House; my college dorm room overlooked it those many years ago. George flew on to Kuwait to lecture and I, back to London.

In late May we again joined friends in Turkey where we visited the site of Aphrodisias, before boarding a gullet for a weeks sail along the coast with stops at several Greek islands. It is the perfect vacation for any archaeologist.

In August we returned to the Med, staying for the Nth year with friends who work on the architectural history of the Islamic Deccan. It was another perfect mix of research shared, good food, and exercise in the sun. Or it would have been, but I tripped and smashed (but did not break) my hand, and so ended my long swims in the sea. After an initial 1.5 km., I had hoped to work up to three. (Sad face)

Another setback occurred last month when I let a cut get septic. I had a shaking episode that led to a twisted ankle and damaged my back. All that led to five days in hospital, where the infection was overcome. As a consequence, I am under "pain management" because the growths in my vertebrae are pinching nerves. Another consequence was the purchase of a new iPhone with 4G connections to the world.

My research has continued to concentrate on "Vij." The British Library had agreed to take our archive of maps, drawings, photographs and (hopefully) all the stuff that was created along the way to produce them. They have recently raised a good deal of money to support Indian trainees to integrate our material and our databases into



From left: John Fritz, George Michell and a friend at the retirement party of Richard Blurton—a Vij alum—from the British Museum taken in November.

their systems. I finished documenting the remaining 950 of our drawings and handed them over in the summer. I now have at least as many inked drawings to document later this winter.

The other aspect of my work has been on the Archaeological Atlas that I have described here before. The extraordinarily talented DC (a recent graduate of Wesleyan) returned to work with us in Goa during the winter. Here, and during the previous summer months, we both continued to edit the database associated with maps and to indicate changes in the latter that, SK, our Hampi colleague was to make. DC and I made huge progress, but family obligations limited SK's time. However, he came to London in the late summer and worked with us for almost six weeks. Huge progress—only three very messy maps (out of 275) to process, and a quick run over some of the rest for the sake of consistency.

Younger colleagues reading this will wonder at the primitive nature of our archaeological technology—pencils and paper, ink, film, maps produced by plane tables and optical transits—all very mid-late 20C. But various folks in India and even in the U.S. would like to adapt it to the digital age, and I hope that it will soon be available to them.

One of George's many projects involves collaboration with an historian of painting and

one of costumes in a monograph on a large, early-mid 16C temple complex in Andhra Pradesh, not far from Bangalore. I was able to exercise my interest in surfaces—the exposed granite outcrop on which it sits, as well as the granite floors of its buildings have many features that informed on differential uses of its spaces. I contributed a two-page appendix, which allowed me to report on the forms and distribution of several kinds of mortars and game boards. Many of the latter were concentrated in a “game central,” in the shaded part of an open hall through which pilgrims go to reach the main shrines.

Finally, London has not been all work or medical appointment. We are able to feed friends and colleagues passing through—our team mate, Carla Sinopoli, who has just moved to the Maxwell Museum at UNM; Stanford-based Andrew Bauer who does field work in the Deccan; and Indira Peterson from Mt. Holyoke amongst others. As well, I occasionally advise folks whose travels take them to Vijayanagara; most recently, Dorothy Washburn, whose work on SW design is resonant with my own.

And based in the West End, it has been convenient to get cheap seats for theatre, opera and films.

While life is a bit more restricted for me, we are doing and enjoying as much as possible. I hope that you and yours are doing the same and that the New Year is productive, healthy and fun for all.

Warmest wishes. •

PATRICIA GILMAN & PAUL MINNIS

*3332 N. Calle Largo
Tucson, Arizona 85750-2723
pgilman@ou.edu, minnis@ou.edu*

2018, STILL SURVIVING THE BRUTALITY OF RETIREMENT

Another year, our fifth, enjoying retirement in Tucson. We made no major trips, but did get to Norman a few times, including for this Christmas, Washington, D.C., Casas Grandes, Chihuahua, and New Hampshire. One of those trips

was to clear out our Norman condo for sale. With two water leaks after we had a buyer's offer, it was a race to get the condo ready before closing. It worked, and we no longer have to deal with this albatross. Our son and daughter-in-law bought a big house in Moore (Oklahoma) and we will stay with them from now on.

Pat spent the summer at the family cabin in New Hampshire with her 95-year-old mother. Paul went for about half the time. Our son, Aaron, our daughter-in-law, Jennifer, and our three-year-old granddaughter, Sophia, joined us for a week. Short speaking engagements for Paul required trips to Texas, Phoenix, and Santa Fe. He finished his 13th book manuscript and will submit it for review in January. And he has now completed his three-year commitment to a National Science Foundation panel. There is time for play with his recumbent bikes, fountain pen collection, and weird succulents, but he has to figure out what to do with the world's largest collection of Oklahoma-made fountain pens he has assembled.

Pat had another impressive year. Her second co-edited volume on *Mimbres* has been published, and she is co-organizer of a seminar on prehistoric macaws to be held next March. Board memberships on International Friends and the Arizona Archaeological and Historical Society fill her bureaucratic cravings. Pat continues to play piano, walk and go to the gym regularly (compulsively?).

Aaron and Jennifer had a wonderful year. They sold their Norman house and bought their dream house in Moore, Oklahoma. Granddaughter Sophia continues to be a joy. Aaron is an ICU nurse in Oklahoma City, and Jenn is the head of all nurse case managers at Norman Regional Hospital. Sophia's status is soon to take a major change, as she will have a sibling in June, another grandchild to spoil!

Our dog, Pima, is doing well. It seems, and we hope, all his health issues have been resolved. He is so gentle, placid, and well behaved that we suspect that he is a three-toed sloth in a Rottweiler costume.

Wishing you a spectacular 2019. •

DAVID GRADWOHL

*2212 Hamilton Drive
Ames, Iowa 50014
gradwohl@iastate.edu*

Last December saw us in Mexico celebrating our 60th wedding anniversary. Hanna and I stayed in Merida for five days and marveled at Dzibilchaltun, Uxmal and Kabah. Then we joined our children and grandchildren for a week at an all-inclusive resort in Puerto Morales. All 13 of us went on a swimming tour of a lagoon and then, in wet suits, through a spectacular cenote with beautiful stalactites and stalagmites,

Our big trip this year was to Java and Bali in October. We were thrilled to visit the awesome religious complexes at Borobudur and Prambanan, in addition to Ceto Temple, Candi Sukh and several royal palaces. In addition, we had dinner with a Balinese family in their patrilineal extended family compound, had hands-on experience in a Balinese cooking class and learned the rudiments of batik art in a participatory workshop. Brought back six masks for our collection. The



David and Hanna Gradwohl at Prambanan, Java, October 2018.



David and Hanna Gradwohl at Balinese family dinner, October 2018.

people of Bali, especially, are very mellow, laid back, tolerant, and peaceful—a far cry from the xenophobic, mean-spirited and fear-mongering words and actions that obtain in America today. Mead, Bateson and Benedict may have been right about “national character” differences!

In late September we set out on our Fall Bison Hunt. Drove to Nashville, Tennessee for a reunion of the 37th Armor Regiment in which I served from 1957-59 at Fort Hood, Texas and Crailsheim, Germany. Then to Indianapolis, Indiana for two days visiting colleagues, and finally to Notre Dame, Indiana where I presented a co-authored poster paper at the Midwest Archaeological Conference. Earlier in the year, we made a number of short trips out of town: to St. Paul in February to stay with grandkids Sophia and Joshua Flaminio while daughter Kathy was giving a workshop in Jamaica; to Ann Arbor in March for the Fourth Annual Steven Gradwohl “Art of Primary Care” Memorial Lecture, Award and Workshop; in April to Nebraska City where I was inducted to the Nebraska State Historical Society Foun-

ation’s Board of Directors; to St. Paul in May for Sophia Flaminio’s Confirmation at Mt. Sinai Temple; to Kansas City in August to stay in a delightful B&B near the Country Club Plaza and do some sight-seeing, thanks to a gift from our kids and grandkids; and to Lincoln in November for the taping of a panel discussion on an aspect of Hanna’s family’s Holocaust experience—that film will be available as a podcast for all to see in 2019. In July Hanna went to Winter Park, Colorado with Jane and Kathy for five days of hiking and girl stuff.

Meanwhile, in Ames: I published a journal article and two poems, and continued on various boards and committees (Green Hills Art Gallery Committee, Creative Artists Studios of Ames, ISU’s American Indian Studies Program, Office of the State Archaeologist, University of Nebraska’s Anthropology Alum Advisory Committee and the Nebraska State Historical Society Foundation). Hanna and I completed our term on the Red Friars Ballroom Dance Club board. Hanna is on the Green Hills Health Center Board, Garden Committee and Friendship Committee, as well as the Ames Opera Guild Board and the Ames Children’s Theater Board. She continues as a hospice volunteer and reader to the blind on the radio. She gave several lectures for a Holocaust class on the ISU campus. We had the pleasure of getting together with some Teocentlists



The Gradwohl family in Yucatan cenote, December 2017.

this year: Bruce Rippeteau, John Doershuk, Alice Kehoe, Joe Tiffany and Larry Zimmerman.

Daughter-in-law Lisa Mann continues her job as a pediatric nurse practitioner in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Alex Gradwohl (27) had an interesting paid internship at Colonial Williamsburg during the summer and is back at Loyola University in Chicago completing her second year of work for an M.A. degree in Public History. Kelsey Gradwohl (24) worked in Chicago over the summer and is now a first-year medical student at the University of Michigan.

Daughter Jane Nash (Mansfield, M.A.) continues as a Professor of Psychology at Stonehill College. Justin enjoys his job as Chair of the Allied Health Sciences at the University of Connecticut. Hanna Nash (24) went to Veira, Colombia in June to work with a group of oral surgeons helping needy patients with cleft palates. She is now back in New York City completing her second year of work for an M.A. degree in Bilingual Speech Therapy at Columbia University. Sara Nash (21) had a paid internship with an information technology firm in Washington, D.C. She is now back at Dickinson College in Carlisle, Pennsylvania finishing her undergraduate work with majors in computer science and math.

In St. Paul, Minnesota daughter Kathy Flaminio's business, 1000 Petals LCC, and teaching Yoga Calm in various schools and hospitals are very successful. Tony continues to enjoy his job as a Chief Financial Officer for TMS Johnson Inc. based in New Hope, Minnesota. Sophia (17) is an 11th grader at Central High School and on the school's varsity soccer team. Joshua (15) is in 9th grade at Cretin-Derham Hall High School. He is on the school's football team. His golf skill is rivalling Tony's, as are his height and shoe size. The Gradwohls are all pygmies standing next to Josh, our youngest grandchild!

All our children and grandchildren will join us here in Ames in between Christmas and New Year's Day. We look forward to this reunion and enjoying the simple pleasures of a loving family.

We wish all fellow Teocentlists holidays filled with joy and love, and a New Year in which America returns to more civility, honesty, tolerance, and peace. •

KELLEY HAYS-GILPIN AND DENNIS GILPIN

*1750 W. Chelsea Way
Flagstaff, Arizona 86005-9031
Kelley.Hays-Gilpin@nau.edu*

Kelley continued as Chair of the Department of Anthropology at Northern Arizona University (NAU), a position she has held since January 2014. She is now a lame duck and looks forward to sabbatical leave starting July 1. She also continued to serve as Curator of Anthropology at the Museum of Northern Arizona (MNA), which she will not give up for anything. Dennis continued working for PaleoWest Archaeology, spending most of his time conducting archaeological, ethnographic, and historical research for the Navajo-Gallup Water Supply Project.

Dennis and Kelley spent the last days of 2017 at the Amerind Foundation in Dragoon, Arizona, where Kelley met with Jane Kolber, Donna Yoder, and Chris Chippindale to work on a book on Chaco Canyon rock art. We are about to return there for the last days of 2018 to make some more progress on this fun project.

On February 3, Dennis presented a talk on perishables from Awat'ovi at the second annual symposium for MNA Research Associates. On April 10, Dennis gave a talk in Camp Verde for Verde Valley Archaeology Center summarizing his research on Awatovi architecture.

The Museum of Northern Arizona opened its new Native Peoples of the Colorado Plateau gallery on April 13. Kelley co-curated the exhibition with Robert Breunig and about 45 consultants and community curators from 10 tribes: Zuni, Acoma, Southern Ute/Ute Mountain Ute, Southern Paiute, Hopi, Havasupai, Hualapai, Yavapai and Dilzhe'é Apache, and Diné (Navajo). It's a beautiful installation with about 300 objects, first-person accounts of history and culture, and an interactive section. We continue to update and fine-tune. Even in mid-December of 2018, Kelley got a language lesson and spelling corrections from Hualapai elders.

On April 18, Kelley and Dennis, Bob Mark, Evelyn Billo, Peter Pilles and others joined Jan-



New Native Peoples of the Colorado Plateau gallery at the Museum of Northern Arizona (photo by Atsunori Ito).

Kelley camouflages scratched graffiti near some Picture Canyon petroglyphs.



nie Loubser for a day of rock art conservation at the City of Flagstaff Picture Canyon Cultural and Natural Preserve. In 2012 the City of Flagstaff purchased 478 acres of Arizona State Trust Lands northwest of Walnut Canyon National Monument in order to preserve and interpret the natural and cultural environment (including rock art) of a canyon of the Rio de Flag. As public use of the canyon has increased, so has vandalism, although at least one of the panels that Jan-

nie treated had been vandalized by the 1970s. After a day in the field, Jannie cooked a massive steak dinner—South Africa style—for the participants. (Hang your head in embarrassment, Outback Steak House!)

On April 21, Kelley and Dennis and two NAU students went to St. Michaels Mission just west of Window Rock, Arizona to pick up the collections from NAU field school excavations at St. Michaels in the 1970s. NAU had conducted excavations at St. Michaels Pueblo (an A.D. 1150-1290 Prudden unit with eight rooms and one kiva) and a mission privy dating to the early 1900s. NAU historical archaeology faculty, Emily Dale, and her students are very much enjoying the privy artifacts, and Kelley hopes to begin analysis of the Pueblo III period pottery sometime in the next few years.

Kelley gave a talk on kiva murals, ancient, historic, and modern, to the Yavapai Chapter of the Arizona Archaeological Society, in Prescott, at the Smoki Museum. The museum contains 1930s-era mural paintings and other “Pueblo Deco” architectural elements. Its buildings used to house a men’s club infamous for performing a copycat Hopi snake dance, thankfully discontinued in recent decades after protests by members of the Hopi Tribe. The museum is now a very professional concern with a Native American advisory board, interesting exhibits, and great staff and volunteers. Come visit!

From May 31 to June 11, Dennis followed with dismay the destruction of the Ute Park Fire near Cimarron, New Mexico, which burned across 25,000 acres of Philmont Scout Ranch, where Dennis was on summer staff from 1971 through 1977. Although Philmont covers 140,000 acres, the Ute Park Fire burned through the central part of the ranch, forcing Philmont to cancel its 2018 summer program and adjust future summer programming for several years.

On June 5-6, Kelley and Dennis attended a meeting at MNA’s Colton House organized by Wes Bernardini, Greg Schachner and Matt Pee-

Dennis joins a crowd of rock art enthusiasts looking for better lighting conditions to view Iron Age petroglyphs in the Valcamonica, Italy. International Federation of Rock Art Organizations field trip.



ples, who are developing an edited book on Hopi archaeology. Various authors presented proposed chapters, and Dennis and Kelley joined Chuck Adams and Barbara Mills as discussants.

From July 22 to 28, Kelley and Dennis took an extended trip through northern New Mexico. Highlights included dinner with Phillip and Judy Tuwaletstewa at their home and studio in Galisteo. On July 23, the night of the 1,000-year rain event, Kelley gave a Southwest Seminars talk at Hotel Santa Fe, and made the faux pas of discussing Water Serpent imagery in kiva murals and Hopi artist Michael Kabotie's contemporary interpretations. The Water Serpent responded with gusto. Afterwards we had dinner with John Ware and Barbara Hanson at Mariscos La Playa. The next night, Dennis's birthday, we had dinner with Dean Wilson at La Chosa. On July 25 we were in Dixon, where we stayed with Sev Fowles and Kelley gave another talk at the town library, this time on images of women in rock art, and there were no untoward responses from the weather that time. On the morning of July 26 two of Sev Fowles's students took us to the Orilla Verde rock art site in the Rio Grande Gorge. From there it was on to Cimarron by way of Taos, Palo Flechado Pass, Eagles Nest, Ute Park and Cimarron Canyon, where we saw the devastation of the Ute Park Fire. We spent two nights at the historic St. James Hotel in Cimarron and toured various historic sites around Cimarron and Philmont Scout Ranch, including the Chase Ranch (now a historic site owned by a foundation, managed by Philmont, and open to the public during the summer), the Old Mill Museum in Cimarron, Villa Philmonte (the home of Philmont donor Waite Phillips), the new National Scouting Museum (which replaced the old

Seton/Philmont Museum) and the historic community of Rayado on the Santa Fe Trail. It was Kelley's first trip to Philmont, and it was strange showing her around a largely deserted Camping Headquarters.

The Pecos Conference was held in Flagstaff August 9-12, and we of course attended.

This year's International Federation of Rock Art Associations meeting was held in Lombardy, Italy August 24 – September 7. The meeting was held in Boario Terme in the Valcamonica, and included field trips throughout this alpine valley northeast of Milan. The rock art center there claims the largest concentration of rock art in Europe, mostly Bronze Age and Iron Age. It was Italy's first UNESCO World Heritage Site, designated even before Rome, Venice and Da Vinci's "The Last Supper." We also spent a couple of days in Milan and took a train from Italy through the Swiss Alps to St. Moritz.

On September 23 Kelley and Dennis joined Bob Mark, Evelyn Billo, Peter Pilles and City of Flagstaff Open Space Specialist Robert Wallace at Picture Canyon, where Kelley continued touching up graffiti using the techniques she learned from Jannie Loubser.

In October, Kelley welcomed a pre-doctoral student from China who is at NAU studying rock art. We are hoping to take many field trips with her in preparation for NAU hosting the American Rock Art Research Association annual meeting on our campus June 14-17, 2019. Come take part!

ELIZABETH T. HORTON

2006 Louisiana, Unit B
Little Rock, Arkansas 72206
ethorton@uark.edu

Greetings from the Land of Frankincense. I am writing my first *Teocentli* entry from Salalah, Oman at the end of what has been a rewarding but challenging year. This year ended with some fairly heavy events; the loss of a good friend and great person and archaeologist—Jamie Brandon—to cancer, and presenting data on sexual harassment in Southeastern archaeology at the SEAC. I have spent a good deal of time in the week since Jamie's passing reflecting on the ways he has changed me and helped me become a better colleague and mentor over the past seven years. Jamie had a real passion for public archaeology but also a deep commitment to not just his students, but his peers as well. His loss is still I think a shock for many of us who worked closely with him, and we will be thinking about him a lot in the coming year.

This year was the final year for working on the SEAC Sexual Harassment Study. Our committee under Maureen Meyer's leadership published our second and last article on using these data in *Advances in Archaeological Practice* and Maureen and I each gave presentations at the SEAC Plenary session in Augusta, Georgia. This study was profoundly eye-opening for me. I realized that, while I have always known I received exceptional mentoring and treatment as an undergrad, a graduate student, and as a professional, it truly was exceptional. The rule for so many of my female peers seems to have been a far dif-

ferent experience and that is deeply distressing as their colleague; not to mention what kinds of barriers and problems some of our other colleagues may face because of their race ethnicity or their gender identity. One personal outcome of all of this has been a renewed interest and commitment to mentoring, as well as fostering a kinder and truly collaborative relationship among my peers, a commitment that has been deepened with the loss of our colleague Jamie Brandon. Given data produced by our SEAC SH study, we have failed somewhere and somehow in recognizing the fundamental humanity of each other while studying the humanity of the past.

2018 was also a year of interesting challenges in research and opportunities to travel to two of my favorite countries, Bosnia and Oman, as well as a nostalgic trip back in time. There was also one critically important personal event; the safe return of my husband from a two-year NATO peacekeeping deployment with KFOR in Kosovo. This fall, during his deployment, I had a chance to go visit him in the Balkans. Not surprisingly, we spent a lot of time at archaeological and historic sites and of course on my part, looking at traditional textiles and plants. In November, my whole family had a chance to go back to my childhood home. Few people up till now knew that I grew up on land owned by the university from which I received my Ph.D. My father was once the superintendent of a retreat center for Washington University in St. Louis. Bromwoods, as it was known, was in rural Missouri, and some of my later graduate school mentors (who will be reading this!) actually met me there when I was about three or four.



(Left) My amazing siblings and me at our childhood home in rural Missouri. From left: Elizabeth Horton, Cary Horton, and John Horton.



(Right) My husband and me with a friend, a traditional weaver in Sarajevo, Bosnia. From left: Alem Hadžić, Elizabeth Horton and Amira S.



This is me in the field in Oman two weeks ago, modeling a glass bracelet fragment.



A local Dhofar Ware betelnut container from Al Baleed that was excavated last week.

So, what is a Southeastern archaeologist doing in Southern Arabia right now? For the last four years, every winter, I have participated as the paleoethnobotanist and assistant field director for the University of Arkansas, Little Rock led American Mission to Al Baleed. Under direction of our PI Krista Lewis, and alongside our Lab director, Kristy Miller, an eclectic crew of students and workmen have been excavating several overlapping structures at this medieval to historic port city, one of the four sites that make up the Land of Frankincense. And, as it turns out, one of my key roles here is mentoring students in field work; a task I have discovered that I deeply enjoy (both here and during the Survey's annual summer "Training program" for society volunteers.) The research we are doing is essentially a historic archaeology project, looking at the fascinating complex cultural admixture in an Islamic trading port linked to the Indian Ocean Trade route from the 1500s to 1800s. I have to say, my favorite artifact type is the local decorated Dhofar ware ceramic betelnut containers with their thick slacked lime coating still intact; plant use and global trade all in a humble, but pretty, red on buff decorated pottery. We do weekly field trips on Fridays (our day off because it's a holy day), so I also get to stretch my botanical skills and interests; visiting the only Baobab tree stand in the Arabian peninsula—probably the result of human transport from Africa hundreds of years ago—as well as identifying everything from unusual plant species for our group to enjoying the Salalah Plain Orchard gardens. These gardens are one of the most fascinating "traditional agricultural practices" and a microcosms of over a thousand years of global exchange. Bananas,

coconuts, Zapote, soursop, papayas, tamarind, tomatoes, zucchini and more are grown here, as well as chenopods, amaranths and daturas that are "weeds" from both the Indian subcontinent and the Americas. Even better, you can pull of the side of the road near our dig house and buy any of it fresh from stalls along the road. Admittedly, given the Plum Bayou Garden project I have had for the last five years, exploring the garden orchard that surrounds our dig house is truly one of my favorite evening activities here.

About that Plum Bayou Garden; for those unfamiliar, I built an Arkansas Humanities Council and National Endowment for the Humanities grant-funded garden at Toltec Mounds Archaeological State Park in 2015. Since then, things have become...interesting. I really never imagined my professional career would entail being a Late Woodland horticulturist, but here I am worried about pests, floods, drought and too early or too late freezes! The garden's foremost mission is to educate the general public about the deep history of agriculture and plant domestication that far exceeds the public's general idea of the "three sisters," as well as the importance of paleoethnobotany generally to our understanding of the ancient past. It has been an incredibly personal and professionally rewarding project, but it can be exhausting. Ancient gardeners were geniuses to have been able to control, manage, and manipulate these frustrating, reprobate weeds. The garden has also become a source for comparative and research material for other institutions, as well as a source for starter seed for other public interpretative gardens. As of this year, I have provided seed to two independent high school students for honors science projects,

two state parks, two Native American organizations for food sovereignty and heritage gardens, a high school native gardens project, and five university paleoethnobotanical laboratories and/or experimental gardens.

I have also become closely involved with a network of researchers who are focusing on the experimental agroecology of ENA “Lost Crops.” It was in this capacity that I become involved in the “Palette for Selection” project this year headed by Logan Kistler and Natalie Mueller. By the end of 2016, it was clear that a plant that I put in the garden simply because it’s a progenitor to a lost crop, *Iva annua*, decided that the Plum Bayou Garden was the perfect place to demonstrate its plasticity and capacity to be domesticated. Each year from 2015 onward the plants have germinated earlier, developed inflorescence earlier, and grown larger compared to the parent stand that provided the original seed for the Plum Bayou Garden. They have also started to subtly shift the needle in seed size, with the stand regularly producing 4-5 mm. sized seed. Last year my *Iva* topped out at 9 feet tall, an unheard of size for wild *Iva* whose maximum heights are given in every botanical text I can find as 6 feet. This year, at again about 8 feet, it has produced some seed that is 6 mm. in length, also not ever documented in wild *Iva*. In our current literature, 5 mm. is the rough cut off from wild to incipient domestication; 6 mm. and over in archaeological assemblages would be considered domesticated. So, well, that’s all very interesting. I don’t know if it will continue or why it is happening, but stay tuned for possible answers via RNA and DNA analyses.

I end this year and start the next in the field in a faraway land as I have for four years now, but yet also working on writing up research to date that is truly my passion; archaeological basketry and textiles from the Southeast—specifically, those from Spiro Mounds, literature that is long overdue from me. And it is Friday, which means as with every day since December tenth, I have awoken at 5 a.m. with the call to prayer; but today I have some quiet time on the balcony overlooking the coconut, banana, papaya and pomegranate orchard to write, so *Ma’a salama* for now. •

TAKESHI INOMATA

*School of Anthropology
University of Arizona
Tucson, Arizona 85721
inomata@email.arizona.edu*

In 2018 we completed our 14-year research at the Maya site of Ceibal, Guatemala. Our Guatemalan co-director, Flory Pinzón, closed our lab in Guatemala City, and all excavated materials were turned in to the Guatemalan government. Flory will be preparing an exhibit of greenstone axes and other objects found at Ceibal at the Guatemalan National Museum. These offerings, dating to 1000 to 600 B.C., probably reflect the significant social change that accompanied the intensification of maize agriculture during this period.

We started a new project in the Middle Usumacinta region of Tabasco, Mexico and conducted the first large-scale field season in 2018. Our analysis of LiDAR data identified multiple standardized ceremonial complexes in rectangular shapes measuring 600 to 1400 m. in length. The results of our excavations show that these sites were contemporaneous with the early occupation of Ceibal, probably dating to 1000 to 800 B.C. One of these complexes, Aguada Fénix, was possibly one of the largest sites of this period in Mesoamerica. Our working hypothesis is that the construction of these ceremonial complexes corresponds to the transition from a mixed subsistence economy to maize agriculture and full sedentism. Mexican colleagues and officials have been very supportive, and we look forward to working with them again in 2019. •



Aguada Fénix, with our excavation unit in the center.

RICHARD W. JEFFERIES

745 Seattle Drive
Lexington, Kentucky 40503
rwjeff1@pop.uky.edu

First of all, it is an honor to be selected to be a member of *Teocentli*! When I look over the membership list, I recognize many life-long friends and esteemed colleagues. I sincerely thank all of you who made this possible!

The past year has been filled with many exciting events both at a professional and personal level. In the spring, one of my Ph.D. students, Rachel Hensler, defended her excellent dissertation on how Native American groups that lived in the interior of Georgia were influenced by Spanish colonial efforts. In May, I traveled to Darien, Georgia where I gave several public presentations on the Spanish mission effort on the Georgia coast. The first presentation dealt with archaeological investigations conducted by Joseph Caldwell, and later, his wife, Sheila, that they carried out in the 1940s, and 1950s, respectively. Mark Williams and I were able to pull together many of the archival resources and artifact collections from these projects and publish a summary article that appeared in the December issue of *Southeastern Archaeology*. I also presented an overview of the Sapelo Island Mission Period Archaeological Project which I have conducted with my colleague, Christopher R. Moore (University of Indianapolis). It was very exciting for me to see the huge public response to our research, as reflected by the nearly 150 local residents who showed up for the presentations.

In July, Chris and I, along with several of our University of Kentucky and University of Indianapolis students, continued our Mission period field investigations on Sapelo Island. The work focused on continuing our research on the formation histories of the site's many shell middens. One of my Ph.D. candidates, Tyler Stumpf, expanded his extensive ground penetrating radar survey of the site, which will be the center piece of his dissertation. His work is helping us to get a better understanding of the site's community structure and organization.

I have been on sabbatical leave for the fall semester and have focused my efforts on analyzing Sapelo excavation data and writing drafts of several chapters for our next report. During this time, another one of my Ph.D. students, Scott Jones, defended his dissertation on Paleoindian settlement in the lower Cumberland River Valley of Tennessee.

While on sabbatical leave, my wife, Zanne, and I made a trip to Europe to visit museums and archaeological/historical sites in the United Kingdom and France. While in London, I spent several days at the British Museum and the Imperial War Museum taking pictures of artifacts and doing some research for my upcoming courses, "Origins of Old World Civilizations" and the "Archaeology of Death." We also visited Les Eyzies de Tayac in France's Dordogne region where we toured several Paleolithic sites including Font-de-Gaume cave and Abri Pataud. A visit to the nearby Musee National de Prehistoire provided more opportunities to take artifact photos and collect information for my Old World Civilizations class.



This colossal scarab at the British Museum in London is one of the largest scarab representations known. It is on exhibit in the main exhibition hall along with many other amazing Egyptian statues. According to the museum's website, the scarab represented Khepri, the form that the sun god took at dawn. Regardless, it is one whopper of a beetle!

In October, Zanne and I made a trip to Alexandria, Virginia, so that I could give a presentation on archaeology to my granddaughter's Fifth grade class. As it turned out, I ended up speaking to ALL 150 of the school's Fifth graders. The students had been studying archaeology for much of the fall, so they were a well-informed audience and were very interested in what I had to show and tell them. Ironically, I grew up in Alexandria and did my first archaeological work at a nearby site when I was in the Fifth grade. I think that this connection made my presentation more relevant to the students and helped to make them aware that the northern Virginia area is filled with archaeological sites. It was a very gratifying experience!

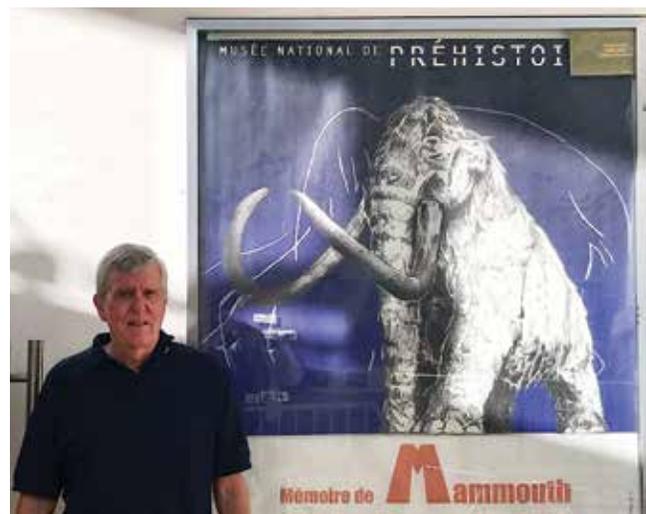
In addition to the *Southeastern Archaeology* article already mentioned, several other single- or co-authored papers were published this year. A chapter discussing the Sapelo Island Mission period research, co-authored with Chris Moore, appeared in a book published by the Academy of American Franciscan History and I had a chapter in the excellent volume, *The Archaeology of Villages in Eastern North America*, edited by Jennifer Birch and Victor Thompson and published by the University Press of Florida. A recent issue of *Historical Archaeology* contained a paper on radiocarbon dating and Bayesian analysis written by Victor (senior author), Chris and me.

I think that the high point of my professional year was attending the annual meeting of the Southeastern Archaeological Conference (SEAC) in Augusta, Georgia. My colleagues, students and I presented three papers or posters, which kept things pretty busy. Undoubtedly, the most exciting part of the meeting was when SEAC awarded me the organization's Lifetime Achievement Award! Needless to say (but I will anyway), this was a very humbling experience. While waiting to receive the award, I had time to reflect on the many people who influenced my career and made most of what I have accomplished possible. This list would far exceed the word count that I was given for this piece, but includes the many teachers, colleagues, students and family members I have known. None of this would have happened without the support of these people and I will always be deeply indebted to them. If I have made any significant contributions to the discipline, it is through the many students with whom I have worked. Many have gone on to become leaders in our discipline at the regional, national and international levels. I am confident that they will continue to make major impacts for years to come. This is what I am most proud of and I thank them for letting me be a part of their lives and careers.

Now, on to 2019! •



Looking pretty hot and dirty after spending July working in Sapelo Island's heat and humidity.



Visiting the Musée National de Préhistoire in Les Eyzies de Tayac, France, to take some artifact photos for this spring's Old World Civilizations class.

CAROL GIFFORD JELINEK AND ART JELINEK

3216 East 3rd Street
Tucson, Arizona 85716
carol.a.gifford@gmail.co

Happier New Year greetings to all, from a nonagenarian's perspective.

Events in 2018 at the University of Arizona included a splendid occasion in March hosted by the School of Anthropology and the Arizona State Museum honoring the 90-year-olds in our midst who are still contributing to academic activities. Ray Thompson (93), C. Vance Haynes (90 in February) and Art Jelinek (90 in July) were feted by colleagues, former students and current students. A brief article in *Glyphs* (Arizona Archaeological and Historical Society, May) titled "Decades Past Retirement, University of Arizona Anthropology 'Giants' Still at Work" outlined the major professional contributions of each.

Despite the world surrounding us, 2018 ended on a slightly positive note in that a short "Comment" piece by Art was finally accepted by the *Journal of Human Evolution*, a year and a half after its submission. The Comment concerns problems with luminescence dates for the lower deposits at La Quina in France (Jelinek 2013), which failed to address the geological evidence in 4 m. of deposition.

We happily continue to meet with lunch colleagues, including Jeff Reid and Vance Haynes, several times a week near campus, bemoan the

"reinvention of the wheel" occurring in archaeology (albeit in different vocabularies), marvel at some of the fascinating new technologies emerging (lidar imaging), and follow the careers of our successors who, themselves, are now retiring.

Perhaps 2019 will finally push the pendulum into swinging the other way and settling in the middle long enough to regain some sanity. •

MARVIN D. JETER

Arkansas Archeological Survey, Emeritus
103 Cypress Drive
Maumelle, Arkansas 72113
Jeter@UAMont.edu

Hola, Teocentlists! Charlotte and I saw the New Year [2018] in explosively but at a safe distance, once again from our favorite condo-like motel on New Smyrna Beach, Florida, followed on New Year's Day by yet another great victory for our Alabama Crimson Tide, 24-6 over Clemson in the first round of the College Football Playoffs.

We stayed there a few more days, then headed homeward, stopping off for a couple of days in Pensacola and nearby Foley, Alabama, to hang out and dine with three of my old friends from the mid-'40s to early '70s, who have wound up down there. Back home in time to enjoy Bama's incredible comeback win, 26-23 in overtime, over Georgia for yet another National Championship! Rolllll, Tide!!

The year 2017 had seen us back in go-to-meetin' mode with six such ventures, but this year we reverted to don't-go mode, partly due to more remote meeting venues, partly to schedule conflicts. Instead, intensified working on various aspects of analysis and writing for the long-in-prep report on our major 1990s excavations at the Taylor Mounds (and especially pre-mounds) site in my former southeast Arkansas research territory.

We made a Big Birthday trip, circumnavigating if not bypassing the Heart of Dixie: April 27 to Jackson, Mississippi for another fine concert sponsored by the Mississippi Academy of Ancient Music (MAAM!). Next day, to Tuscaloo-



Art (90) and Carol (87) "On the Rocks", Flagstaff July 2018

sa for a pilgrimage to my old Bama Alma Mater (and its holy Bear Bryant Museum) on the a.m. of the 29th, then on to my old home town of Birmingham.

April 30 was my 80th birthday, and my brother John (recovering nicely from a triple bypass in late 2017) and his wife came down from Huntsville to join us at a Birmingham Barons baseball game. He had the P.A. guy announce our birthdays (John's is actually the next day, May 1), and the fact that this was the 70th anniversary of the first Barons game we ever saw, in 1948; we got a big ovation. To top it off, although the Barons fell behind 7-0 in the top of the first, they tied it up in the bottom of the fourth, and won going away, 11-7. Incredible!

May 1, up to Huntsville for John's 78th. Stayed with them through the fourth, and worked in two days of intensive confabs with my old colleague John Belmont on our Taylor project: mostly ceramics (his forte). And, back home on May 5; great trip! Followed it up with weeks of intermittent work with Taylor notes, e-mails with Belmont, etc.

Back to New Smyrna Beach (can't stay away!) for several days over July 4, joined by Charlotte's daughter Dr. Sandi (another archaeologist) and her nine-year-old Aimée, from Los Alamos. Back home, July 22 through 28 (work-week of 23rd-27th), Charlotte hauled me 100 miles to Monticello in southeast Arkansas, home of my old Arkansas Survey UAM Research Station. Met Belmont and his own chauffeur (daughter) Beth there for a really intensive session with the Taylor ceramic collections; made great progress, still plenty to do. Spent weeks afterward on notes, editing photos, etc.

Sept. 21-23, went to our only meeting of the year, the annual Arkansas Archeological Society state meeting, this time up in Fayetteville. Hung out with old cronies, heard a number of good papers, and I was honored to be one of two recipients of the intermittently-presented McGimsey Preservation Award. The other awardee was my long-time Survey colleague John House, who had announced his retirement at the end of this year.

We had a fine Thanksgiving week at home, joined by my daughter Amanda with little Ella

(six) and Sammy (four) from Colorado Springs, plus Sandi and young Aimée again.

And enjoyed another great year (so far) by the Rolling Tide: they went 12-0 for the regular season, and on Dec. 1 made another great comeback to beat Georgia again, 35-28, to claim yet another Southeastern Conference championship. On to the Playoffs!

Late on December 11, back to Monticello, and worked again with Taylor sherds etc. for the next two days, followed by nearly two weeks of work (minus Xmas preps) on notes and photos, and more e-mails with Belmont. We're getting there, but it's time for a break! Our standing joke is that we hope to finish Taylor before James A. Ford and Frank Setzler finish their Marksville site report! (They're long since dead, so our chances are at least even.)

Our great friend and colleague (and Teocentlist) Charles McNutt had died in December 2017, too late for a *Teocentli* obituary that year, so Ian Brown asked me to revise the one I had written for the May-June 2018 issue of the Arkansas Society's *Field Notes* newsletter. The result is on pp. 7-10 of this issue. As noted there, Charles was also very musical, and in his later years, he also did a bit of banjo-jammin' with Charlotte and her guitar, after hours at meetings.



Charles McNutt jammin' on super-banjo with Charlotte Copeland on Martin D-28 guitar, Monticello, Arkansas, December 2012.



Marvin Jeter with Arkansas Archeological Society President Hope Bragg and the McGimsey Award.

My co-authored chapter (with my former assistant Bob Scott and the aforementioned John House), in Charles's co-edited book (his last, see the obituary), is scheduled for publication in late 2019 by the University Press of Florida. It's about the evidence, such as it is, for Cahokian contacts and influence in eastern and southeastern Arkansas. In addition to three of the remarkable "Missouri flint clay" figurines, we only know of 100+ (mostly surface) finds at 40+ sites of utilitarian lithic items, mostly debitage, from northerly sources associated (more or less) with Cahokia, and no pottery at all. But, interestingly, Bob's maps show that the lithic find-sites are in clusters, near (or at) three mound sites that John and I had already suggested as Cahokia-connected.

Back in October, Phyllis Lear of the Art Department at Northwestern State University (Natchitoches, Louisiana) and I submitted a paper to *The Arkansas Archeologist* on her stylistic analyses of "Poverty Point Objects" from my Lake Enterprise Mound site in extreme southeast Arkansas, the "oldest [known] little mound in Arkansas" at c. 1200 B.C. (Older, and indeed some much older mounds are not far away in

northeast Louisiana, but in our state the previous record was held by Ford's Hopewellian mounds at Helena, going back only to c. 100 B.C.) A reviewer requested a delay due to teaching duties, but in late December sent in a very positive review with a number of helpful suggestions, so we hope to see it in print during 2019.

Charlotte had another very busy folk-musical year herself, with gigs at various venues in central and Ozarkian Arkansas, in addition to regular monthly Rackensack (semi-anagram for "Arkansas") Folklore Society first-Monday evening concerts third-Monday hootenannies. We made numerous visits to various doctors and specialists, at least one per month, almost all "routine" checkups, and we came out OK, though Charlotte's cataract-fix took a long while to heal and stabilize properly, so she's holding off on the other one.

After a quiet Xmas at home, we hit the road again on the 26th, for yet another stay, on into the New Year, at and near New Smyrna Beach, where we saw (on TV) one last Bama playoff victory and were joined by Charlotte's two daughters, two of their three offsprings, and one happy hubby driving a new Tesla! A Happy and Healthy 2019 to all! •

ALICE KEHOE

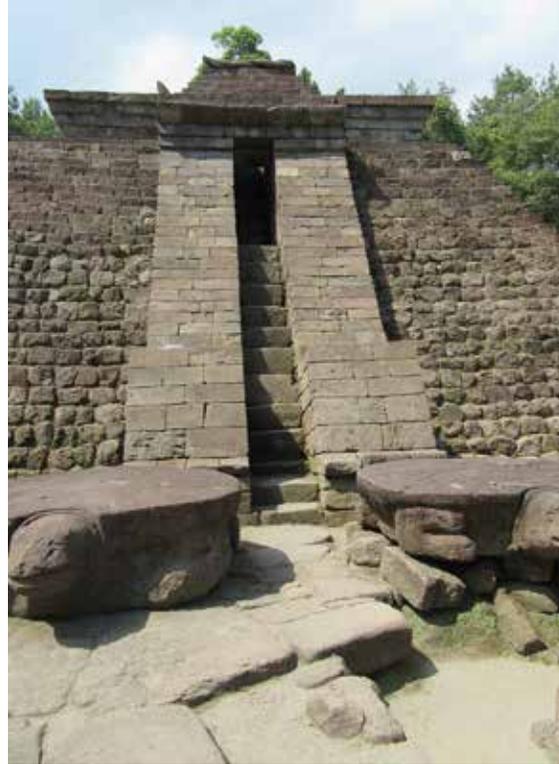
*3014 N. Shepard Avenue
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211-3436
akehoe@uwm.edu*

Highlight, for me in 2018 was a month in Indonesia and Malaysia, and no question but that this photo of me with a Dayak is the photo of the year. Yes, all you archaeologist comrades, have any of you considered interpreting pelves from your sites to have been warrior skull ornaments? (For comparison, I add a photo of the usual unimaginative Dayak dancer, with monkey skulls instead of human.)

Excuse for my trip was the CHAGS Hunter-Gatherer conference in Penang, hosted by the totally admirable Tuck-Poo Lye. Some WAC people in it (so good to talk again with Hirofumi

Kato about Ainu, comparing to American Indians), a range of ages and research areas, all in an atmosphere of *gemütlichkeit*. My contribution pointed out that Northern Plains First Nations are categorized as hunter-gatherers and are still doing both, encouraged now by the movement to combat diabetes with traditional foods. Before CHAGS, I was in Indonesia for three weeks, one week in Java where the highlight was Candi Sukuh, the 1437 temple, Majaprahit Kingdom, that is unique in Asia (Vern Scarborough assures me) in looking like a Mexican pyramid. Topping a steep hill, it seems to have been built by local workmen from a drawing; the shape is Mexican but the stones of the walls aren't dressed. No temple was on top, instead a large lingam that the Dutch removed to the National Museum. As if loudly proclaiming the temple has to be Hindu, the pyramid grounds have many bas-reliefs and statues shamelessly sexual. Meso-americans would have been so shocked. (See my *Traveling Prehistoric Seas* for probability that Sukuh indicates medieval spice trade eastward explorations.)

Wanting to see some indigenous people, hating big cities, on the advice of my son Daniel who now lives in Manila, I hired an Indonesian young woman guide. Husna arranged for us to stay with an uncle of hers in Malinau in central Kalimantan (Indonesian half of Borneo). An ideal immersion, for a full week, in real-life Borneo. A Lundayeh Dayak festival was going on there, a powwow feeling of reunion, everyone spoke Dayak all the time, dance competitions of professional-looking groups instead of individuals. One day, Uncle drove the family into the mountains to a national park with a hot springs waterfall, another day we went with Aunt to her profitable business in a river village where boatmen carried old hens bought on the Malaysian side for her to sell for meat on the Kalimantan side. Husna and I stayed overnight in a Dayak village, entertained by their youth dancers in the evening, taking pirogues upriver for a day into the jungle to a research station at the edge of the mountains. Dayak are into beadwork like Plains Indians, astonished me and my Pikuni friends to whom I gave some necklaces I bought.



Candi Sukuh, Java, built 1437.

Alice with Dayak dancer, Malinau, Kalimantan.



In Penang, before the conference I stayed several days with a Nyona woman I had met in Siem Reap when seeing Angkor (2009). Absolutely she insisted I must learn that she and her fellow Baba and Nyona, formerly called Straits

Chinese, are far more civilized than Malaysians. She took me to Taiping, their principal city (in Malaysia), to walk briefly in the mountain national park nearby and to eat soup in a favored Baba/Nyona restaurant. Baba of course means “father” and Nyona (Malaysian) means “lady.” During the conference I walked around the neighborhood where several of us stayed in an Airbnb high rise apartment with a view of the Straits. Chinese influence blatantly announced itself in innumerable colorful family and building and shop shrines; one on a main avenue had a large cage of live pythons and adjacent, a large cage of turtles and tortoises, on one side of the temple. All I know about this is what I learned from Wikipedia “Black Tortoise.”

Back in U.S., I drove to Montana for my annual month with Blackfeet and Glacier Park. This year, fires were even worse than last year. Two Medicine Valley filled with smoke, I couldn’t stay in my beloved campground; my ranger friends invited me to stay in their cottage where winds kept most of the smoke away. Calgary and Banff filled with smoke, so I didn’t drive there—with-



Hindu temple, Penang, Malaysia. Mayan-like, if maybe the Mayan temples’ paint and fragile decorations survived?



Dayak mother with baby in beaded carrier, Setulang village, Kalimantan.

out Jane Kelley, my incentive has gone. Chacmool this year was only a local conference, as the Calgary archaeologists take stock and decide where to go, if anywhere, now that Canada Council no longer funds these conferences.

The usual meetings for me, AAA, SAA, Central States, but not Ethnohistory which was in Oaxaca. AAA once again was lively with us Senior Anthros: program chair Jim Weil had five full sessions, the continuing “Elders in the Field” and “Conversations Between Seniors and Younger Colleagues,” plus three on anthropologists involved in Silicon Valley and techie predecessors. Y’all should have seen the film clip of a beautiful grad student demonstrating, 1970, how to use HRAF—yes it was Myrdene Anderson! Transcripts of the sessions’ papers will be on Association of Senior Anthros’ website. If you are retired, join ASA; dues are tiny and pleasures huge at AAA meetings.

Writing this year veered between chapters of my memoir *Girl Archaeologist in a Man's World*, working with a professional editor friend to make this a trade book (and she hopes a biopic!), and the sad task of Ruthann Knudson's obituaries. She having no students or protégés, it seemed to fall to my lot, as a friend. *Archaeologies of Listening*, co-edited with Peter Schmidt, took time, too, for its production (Florida). It should be out in March, and by summer, my housemate David Kaufman's excellent *Clues to Lower Mississippi Valley Histories: Language, Archaeology, and Ethnography* (Nebraska). Besides being so amiable and helpful, Dave is a remarkable colleague. We are in a small discussion group here about "Oneota" and contact-period data; our historian Patrick Jung just published a fascinating book on Jean Nicolet (diplomatic mission to Lake Michigan nations, 1634) and Champlain. Patrick found that the Beaver Wars extended throughout the Great Lakes, with battles in Wisconsin, 1646.

What can we say about the world? Sing, to the tune of "All I Want for Xmas Is My Two Front Teeth," All I Want for Christmas Is Donald Trump Impeached. •

BRIAN W. KENNY

*P.O. Box 61203
Phoenix, Arizona 85082-1203
b.w.kenny@gmail.com*

Dear Teocentlists,

Chin and I and the Chihuahuas spent a lot of time driving between Lehi and Flagstaff, between our two homes. We've been in the Lehi home for 35 years, and the newly-constructed Flagstaff home for just over one year. All that driving afforded stops to go hiking, pick berries and fiddle neck, look at landscape-scale processes and observe people.

Lest you think I am retired, I spent a week of summer working with Honorable Peter Swann (Arizona Appellate Court) conducting in-depth performance interviews with a string of judges as part of the Arizona Judicial Performance Review process. Peter was a rocker back in high

school and was featured in the Phoenix New Times recently (see <https://www.phoenixnewtimes.com/music/capital-punishment-ben-stiller-and-phoenix-judge-peter-swann-reunite-punk-band-11050825>).

At the August 2018 Pecos Conference, I presented the kick-off paper and talked about modern material culture as "kipple" or "stuff." Fifty years ago, the science-fiction writer Philip K. Dick coined a phrase for all the useless objects that accumulate in a house—kipple. Well, kipple was the device that allowed me to talk about material culture and theory, and theory was what I wanted the conference participants to focus on during the conference.

Speaking of theories, during the SCOTUS nominee hearings, I invented a puzzle game called the RASHOMON EFFECT. It allows people to mix and match the moral positions of Rashomon movie characters with popular culture tropes and the SCOTUS Nominee Congressional Hearing participants. When four people tell a story, that's Rashomon. I suspect the puzzle pieces can be adapted to nearly any hearing in Washington, D.C., so it may have some future use in collective theory building about WTF is wrong (or right) with us.

Earlier in the spring, Chin and I bought a churro lamb that came off the Navajo Nation fully processed. Dressed, one lamb is in the 25-28 lb. range, and it works out about \$9.50 per pound. If you stop to visit us in Flagstaff, we'll make a pot of lamb posole to share. These visits are usually all day, drawn-out affairs, and you



*Live edge mesquite table,
by Earl Nesbitt.*

are welcome to eat with us at our new live-edge mesquite plank table.

In one recent visit in Flagstaff, a novelist interviewed me to acquire some deep background about archaeologists and what they do in the field. We talked field work conditions, trowels, science and the use of luminol in forensic investigations. I even told the novelist about how I once ran out of dermestid beetles for my faunal comparative collection preparations, so I came home and buried a dead coyote in my wife's flower bed—much to her chagrin (hey, the soil was easier to dig compared with undisturbed soil in the rest of the yard).

I told the novelist to trust the archaeologist who has made a lot of bad choices, as that's what attunes the archaeologist to better professional decisions and subtle pattern recognition clues in the field. Also, archaeologists love incontrovertible facts, but as these are hard to come by, we use Occam's Razor to get a closer shave of the situation from a science perspective.

The novelist asked what wasn't on my CV, and I answered that the two things not on my CV were a year-long experience working undercover with the FBI, a recovery mission into Laos, a motorcycle accident (me), and the sudden arrival of an armed Provincial Headquarters Official along with two militia men who stopped our team while trying to recover Vietnam War-era human remains from a grave. They afforded an opportunity for the team to be their guests and make an unexpected cash donation to their children's welfare fund. All that was a couple of years ago, and the team is returning to Laos shortly (2019) for another shot at the effort so to speak.

As much as you might be surprised to hear it, in 2018 I actually went to work every day at my federal project manager job with U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, just a regular guy with projects located in Nevada and Arizona.

The projects in the Phoenix basin have morphed into Senator McCain's Rio Reimagined initiative, so I am now working within a wider circle of collaboration. My projects in Tucson have received additional funding, and other projects around the state are being closed-out.

It turns out that 2019 will mark 10 years' service with the Corps of Engineers and 17 years of federal service. I retired as an archaeologist from the Arizona state retirement system in 2009, so the federal pension for my project management work will be my second pension. It's getting harder to figure the optimal timing, but I probably will retire when I turn 66 in 2020. My tax man of 30 years recently moved to Colombia, and he is still doing my taxes via internet. Hopefully, we'll finalize our retirement discussion, and I'll take the plunge soon enough.



Zuni-inspired winter kitchen waffle garden.

This fall, Chin and I revitalized our Zuni-style waffle garden at our house in Lehi, Salt River Valley, Arizona. I managed to get a fine variety of summer vegetable crops, and we now have the winter garden in with the P'itoi onions, and greens and tuberous veggies growing like crazy. I will pick our tangelos on New Year's Day, but the lemons can wait. The fig didn't produce this year, so I bought figs and the local mutant black dates from the Sphinx Date Farm. We purchased the last three three-liter tins of extra robust virgin olive oil from Queen Creek Olive Farm. You can almost drink the stuff it's that good.

Come visit, write or call soon, and we'll discuss what's on your mind and in our hearts. Chin and I wish you the best of health and adventure in 2019. •

STEVE LEKSON AND CATHERINE CAMERON

92 Benthaven Place
Boulder, Colorado 80305-6200
Lekson@colorado.edu,
Catherine.cameron@colorado.edu

Continuing his curatorial duties, Steve sorted out a normal variety of collections issues (with varying degrees of success) and recently wrote label copy for an up-coming exhibit on Maria Martinez. Martinez was brought to Boulder to receive a University of Colorado award in 1953. She in turn presented the University of Colorado with an interesting series of her pots in various stages of manufacture, from forming to firing—along with some fine finished pieces.

Steve was the featured speaker at conferences in Denver, Phoenix, and Albuquerque (for “the Classical Association of the Middle West and South”!), and attended several other conferences, including the Southeast Archaeological Conference in Augusta, Georgia—hometown of Woodrow Wilson and James Brown. One afternoon of the conference was skipped in favor of seeing sites related to the Schoolmaster and the Godfather. Following SEAC, Cathy joined Steve for several days in Charleston, South Carolina, ending up at “little” Washington, North Carolina for Thanksgiving with favorite relatives. Steve also led a trip to Chaco for the School for Advanced Research, and co-led a trip to Cahokia and environs for Crow Canyon.

Steve’s year ended with two notable events: publication of his last book and retirement. The book’s title, *A Study of Southwestern Archaeology*, nods both to Kidder’s 1924 classic *Introduction to the Study of...* and to Walter Taylor’s 1948 *A Study of...* Alas, it more closely resembles the latter than the former. Retirement comes after 22+ years at the University of Colorado, and 45+ years of paid employment in archaeology. He has no immediate plans beyond completing a model of the USS Constitution, which has sat in a closet, box unopened, for half a decade.

In May, Cathy (with assistance from Steve, CU grad students and EOC staff) delivered a

truck-full of collections from the Bluff Great House to Edge of the Cedars State Park Museum. The delivery wrapped up the Bluff Great House Project, which had begun with an initial week of testing in September 1995. A monograph on the site was published in 2009. In March, she participated in an international conference entitled “Homo Migrants: Modelling Mobility and Migration in Human History,” which was organized and hosted by the Institute for European and Mediterranean Archaeology at the State University of New York at Buffalo. Along with friends Jenny Adams and Bill Gillespie, Cathy and Steve spent 10 July days in New York doing research at the American Museum of Natural History and, after work, seeing many remarkable museums, monuments, historic spots, restaurants, and more. A high point was lunch with curators David Hurst Thomas and Lori Pendelton. In August, Cathy attended the Pecos Conference in Flagstaff that featured the dynamic “Cordell-Powers” prize in which young archaeologists compete to present the best paper. A beautiful location and excellent papers! •

JANET E. LEVY

1724 Dearmon Drive
Charlotte, North Carolina 28205-3712
jelevy@uncc.edu

This year was my second full year of retirement, and I continue to enjoy my activities. I stay busy with yoga and board activities with two cultural non-profits in Charlotte. I am now participating in a year-long program with representatives from several local cultural organizations who are seeking to expand cultural equity and access in our community. I traveled to New York City (very cold in January), Phoenix (delightful in March) and San Antonio (very hot in August) to visit family, and to Manchester, England in July. While in Manchester, I re-visited the magnificent cathedral in York, which I had last seen in 1984. I think I’ve said it before, but while Manchester isn’t on the standard tourist route in England, it’s an interesting and attractive city (especially



York Minster in July.

The Janet E. Levy Seminar Room in the Department of Anthropology, University of North Carolina–Charlotte.



if you go in for Victorian architecture), with a hugely diverse population.

In May, I struggled through the intense and unique experience of sitting on a jury for a murder case (*not* a death penalty case, thank goodness). It was very stressful and emotional, but also a fascinating ethnographic case study. In the archaeological realm, I still review manuscripts and grant proposals and work with a few M.A. students. In November, I took up the position of president for two years of the Southeastern Archaeological Conference. My former department gave me the unexpected honor of naming the departmental conference room for me. They held a dedication right before Thanksgiving.

I have strong feelings about the national political condition, but I think that's best left to personal conversation. Best wishes for 2019 to fellow contributors. •

BARBARA J. LITTLE AND PAUL A. SHACKEL

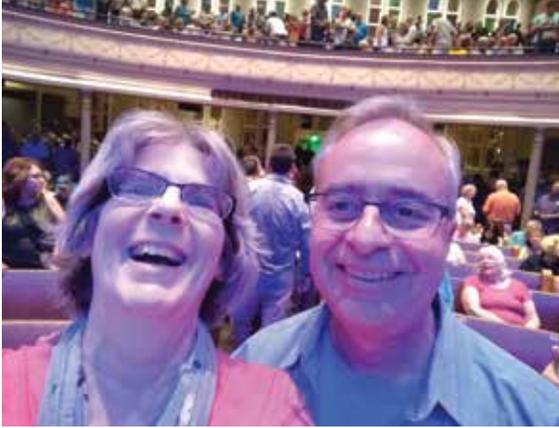
6 Pine Avenue
Takoma Park, Maryland 20912
Bungalow1923@gmail.com, pshackel@umd.edu

New Orleans was crazy cold in January for the Society for Historical Archaeology meetings, but we enjoyed seeing colleagues and eating gumbo and beignets. We co-organized a session—"Making American Memory Great Again"—with Katherine Hayes (University of Minnesota), which will be published in 2019 as a thematic issue entitled "Heritages Haunting the American Narrative" for the *International Journal of Heritage Studies* 25 (7).

Paul has been directing an archaeology field school in Northeastern Pennsylvania for the past six years. He and his students focus on issues related to labor and immigration, which is very timely, considering the current political climate. In September, the University of Illinois Press published his latest book *Remembering Lattimer: Labor, Migration, and Race in Pennsylvania's Anthracite Country* (2018), which focuses on these issues. He also published "Transgenerational Impact of Structural Violence: Epigenetics and the Legacy of Anthracite Coal" in *International Journal of Historical Archaeology* (2018) which, hopefully, will begin a discussion of the long-term health, safety and nutritional deprivations in this mining region and its impact on the health and well-being of the contemporary community.

We've been busy this year, like every year. We always make time for music, like traveling to Nashville in October to see John Prine (twice! at the legendary Ryman Auditorium), visiting the Philadelphia Flower Show, going to an occasional baseball game and experiencing the emotional rollercoaster ride rooting for the Washington Nationals, or just some fun rooting for the DC Roller Girls.

And, of course, living on the edge of—and for Barbara, working in—our nation's capital we are hyper-aware of the dysfunctional theatre that is our national political culture. There are endless opportunities to show up in the city to rally. There are also increasing opportunities for serious dialogue. Barbara took part in a workshop



Barbara and Paul tickled to be at the Ryman Auditorium waiting for the John Prine concert.

on “Building a National Architecture for Peace in America” organized by George Mason University’s School for Conflict Analysis and Resolution. On the local level, Montgomery County, Maryland, where we live, sponsored a community discussion on “changing the narrative” to start to re-think where we are as a community within such a deeply divided nation. She highly recommends the Living Room Conversations: <https://www.livingroomconversations.org/> and the National Conversation Project: <https://www.nationalconversationproject.org/>.

Barbara had an interesting time at the Society for American Archaeology meetings in Washington where she met a journalist who had become interested in archaeologists and conference culture and had a long conversation. That article for *Science* came out in December 6: “In some disciplines, heavy drinking is part of the culture. That can be a problem,” by Allison Miller (see <https://www.sciencemag.org/careers/2018/12/some-disciplines-heavy-drinking-part-culture-can-be-problem>). Hopefully, archaeologists and others who need to hear the wake-up call will actually hear it. Alcoholism is not the proudest part of archaeological “culture.”

As 2018 winds down, Paul finishes one more year at Chair of the Department at the University of Maryland and Barbara counts 26 years (!) working for the National Park Service. It’s December and time to eat some Christmas cookies and stay warm. We wish everyone a happy, healthy and productive 2019. Peace and Freedom. •

BILL MARQUARDT

6726 NW 18th Avenue
Gainesville, Florida 32605
bilmarq@flmnh.ufl.edu

Dear *Teocentli* friends,

Three field seasons last year about wore me out, but all were productive; hence, this year has been one of analysis and writing. I realized at some point that 2017 marked 50 years of active field excavations, beginning on the northwest coast of Florida in 1967. No wonder my knees are complaining! I think I’m going to leave the digging to the younger folks from now on, and I’ll just visit digs and nod knowingly.

My dear Mom died on February 25 at the age of 99 after a few months of failing health. She was sharp to the end, but her body just finally wore out. She would have been 100 on January 27, 2019. It was an otherwise enjoyable year in Gainesville and Pineland, as I worked on grant-funded projects and helped host guest speakers and donor- and volunteer-appreciation events at the Randell Research Center. I presented a paper at SAA in Washington on behalf of our team (Florida Museum, University of Georgia, Florida Gulf Coast University and Flagler College) and I am writing it up now for publication. Four book chapters and a jointly authored article are creeping toward publication, with some hope for seeing the light of day in 2019. SEAC in Augusta, Georgia, was most enjoyable, as was a fantastic field trip to Edgefield, South Carolina.

Karen and I were able to spend four weeks in Burgundy in late July and early August, hanging out with our dear friends Carole Crumley and her husband Chris Potter. A three-day jaunt to Sancerre fostered a deeper appreciation on my part of Sauvignon blancs; it was necessary to taste several bottles to confirm that I like French ones much better than American ones. (Scientific training has taught me that large samples are always preferred over small ones.)

My official retirement day was August 15, but I have not noticed much difference in the

length of my “to-do” list. The museum is recruiting for my replacement, with a decision expected in late January. Then I’ll have to get more serious about emptying out 35 years’ worth of accumulated papers and books from my office before next August. My last Ph.D. student, Nate Lawres, will finish up this spring. I’ll miss the students and the museum, but I have a feeling I’ll be busy reading and writing for a while (I hope). I’m beginning to understand what some of you have been saying for years—after retirement one is just as busy, just as engaged as ever. You just don’t have to go to meetings anymore. Happy New Year to all. •

CAROL AND RONALD MASON

*620 E., South River St.
Appleton, WI 54915
masonc@lawrence.edu*

Greetings to Teocentlists from Ron and Carol Mason, still in Appleton, still upright and still moving!

Professionally we have been thinking of past years and comparing results with the stunning new discoveries and interpretations in archaeology. Who would have thought 50 years ago that archaeological scholars would be deeply engaged in the biological side of the past with such intimate understanding of how people moved and scattered using DNA and other sophisticated techniques? The equally important advances in technology such as underground scanning have given the discipline new directions and new ideas. Thinking about the past of our discipline has engendered in me an interest in how departments developed, how personnel changes and new techniques have created new directions and how relatively haphazard such developments occurred. For archaeology, the

impetus given our discipline by things and events totally outside any conception of ivory tower scholarship—W.W. II and government programs to employ the unemployed, for example.

How many of us recall the tales told by our archaeological elders about the days of WPA, of the time spent in uniform studying things far away from North America, and the heady days of the University of Chicago programs? I have been examining the history of archaeology at a small place: Lawrence University, and how the department emerged with its tiny staff, a fervent commitment to the four fields of anthropology, and the understandable suspicion of already established departments to the “new kid on the block.” I would urge any witnesses to the growth of archaeology as a discipline in a small department in a small place to write about it and leave a record. These many small beginnings are the roots of our present tree.

Besides looking into what others have accomplished, we are still living with border collies, competing with them, teaching others how to train their dogs and owning an impressive wine cellar. Ron controls the latter, and I work at controlling the former. We have only two border collies now, one a rescue, and the other having AKC titles in Obedience and Rally. I will report next year if he manages to acquire his next upper level title—only the brave need border collies. •



*Friends that run together
and enjoy free exercise!*

**FRANCES JOAN MATHIEN AND
JAMES H. MANSFIELD**

*11807 Apache Avenue NE
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87112
mathiefj@unm.edu*

Dear Colleagues,

It has been a pleasant year overall. All major projects have moved along, albeit slowly. One of the most rewarding events has been the response to the Cordell-Powers Prize contest held during the annual Southwest Pecos Conference. Inspired by Bob Powers to honor Linda Cordell, it is open to 10 younger archaeologists (35 years of age and under) who are evaluated on their 10-minute presentations (without electronic props). We are now in our fifth year and it has been exciting to watch the increase in the number of students attending each year. The presentations from all participants in the conference also have become more interesting. What an excellent tribute to both Bob and Linda. And here I want to formally acknowledge the work of Catherine Cameron, Helen O'Brien and Ruth Van Dyke who have been part of our steering committee since its inception and welcome Cory Breternitz and Kellam Throgmorton who will help guide the Cordell-Powers Prize contest.

Progress on the site report for Talus Unit No. 1 in Chaco Canyon included documentation of all known ceramic collections, a rough sort and type identification by Thomas C. Windes and a report to the repositories as to the extent of the remaining collection. Because most of the proveniences discovered in several museums are from fill (with very little on floors or accompanying burials), the ceramic types suggest either a major remodeling or re-occupation of the site during the 12th century.

With the expert assistance of Jan Biella, the inventory of the collection from the Vidal Site in Heaton Canyon just east of Gallup, New Mexico continues. After a year of Wednesday afternoon sessions, we are about half done. We look forward to reporting "job done" in next year's newsletter.

For those interested in studies of turquoise, there is some good and some sad news. Sad news first. A very promising young Ph.D., Dr.

Saul Hedquist, whose dissertation evaluated the role of turquoise in north central Arizona sites, passed away suddenly this fall. In conjunction with research for his doctorate, he (and colleagues) re-evaluated the prehistoric mining remains in Salt Creek Canyon and expanded on Haury's initial documentation. He had just submitted a manuscript on quarries for a volume on prehistoric mining. As co-author, I want to commend him both on his scholarship and writing style. We lost an excellent colleague who would have made many good contributions to the field.

Good news. Dr. Emiliano Melgar has submitted his report on the results of his comparison of turquoise artifacts from Chaco Canyon with those created through experimental archaeological techniques. The unique feature of Chaco manufacturing is the use of a petrified wood for drilling. (Drills were identified as chalcedonic silicified wood in Cameron's reports.) Turquoise artifacts from other sites examined by Melgar had evidence for a chert drill (mostly in the U.S. Southwest and northern Mexico) or obsidian (Mesoamerica). His work suggests local production of finished products.

And always being a Chaco enthusiast, I was invited to participate in the 90th anniversary celebration of the founding of the Department of Anthropology at the University of New Mexico. Seven of us (four older scholars and three younger ones) reflected on progress seen since the 1970s Chaco Project and today's research under the direction of Wirt Wills and Patricia Crown and their colleagues. The program was open to all alumni and was part of an outreach project that Wills directs.

Speaking of outreach, talks to public groups were part of my agenda this year. Included were the Los Altos Kiwanis Club in Albuquerque and the Archaeological Society of New Mexico at their annual meeting, also held here this year.

And because archaeology is never far from wherever we are, Jim and I spent an afternoon at the Anasazi Heritage Center in Durango with my colleague, Sharon Hull this May. We did not travel much this year, but southwestern Colorado in spring provided a nice getaway.

Wishing everyone a Happy Holiday and New Year. •

PATRICIA A. MCANANY

805 N. Columbia Street
Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27516
mcanany@email.unc.edu

“I’ve never been south of the Darién Gap.” That was my standard response when asked if I’d seen Machu Picchu. Although I still have not visited the incredible archaeological sites of Peru, I now need to modify my answer to something like “I have never been south of the Bay of Guayaquil because March of 2018 found me (and my fiancé Peter Joyce) in Bogotá, Colombia. As a Senior Fellow of the Pre-Columbian program at Dumbarton Oaks, I participated in a workshop on the future of Pre-Columbian Studies at the Museo del Oro in Bogotá. The museum is located in the old section of Bogotá, which is nestled against the mountains. Like a Ming Dynasty painting, clouds drifting across our view from the hotel room—alternately obscuring and then dramatically back lighting the formidable mountains behind Parque de Los Periodistas. Surrounded by university campuses, old Colonial churches (gilded with gold), and museums, this old section of Bogotá is less than a 10-minute walk. The city felt vibrant and on-the-move.

Being a Maya archaeologist who has steadfastly refused to excavate royal tombs, I frankly had second thoughts when Colin McEwan (Director of Pre-Colombian Studies at Dumbarton Oaks) suggested holding the forward-looking workshop at the Gold Museum. But on the very first morning of the workshop when María Alicia Uribe, Director of Collections, gave a tour of the museum, I was blown away by the intricate beauty and sophisticated technology of Pre-Columbian gold working. Many items lacked provenience, but others were firmly contextualized, which has allowed Colombian archaeologists and anthropologists to place the artifacts within a larger cosmological frame. At the Gold Museum, curators and materials scientists are blending scientific materials analysis with sophisticated theories of materiality to interpret the semiotics of gold-working among Indigenous peoples of Colombia.



Bogotá, view to mountains from hotel.

Kaua students examining cave opening.



Back at UNC in Chapel Hill, 2018 was the year of Yucatec cenotes, which are water-bearing solution sinkholes that form in limestone karst. As part of my cultural heritage program, “In-Herit: Indigenous Heritage Passed to Present” (see in-herit.org), we had proposed to the National Geographic Society an ambitious educational program involving middle-school students from nine schools in rural communities of eastern Yucatán. Students would engage—through innovative curriculum and experiential learning—with these singular landscape features that have been a critical source of water and place of ritual offerings for every Yucatec town and city. But cenotes lost their centrality when Spaniards outlawed traditional ritual practices and, more recently, when the Mexican federal government sponsored the drilling of deep wells throughout Yucatán in an effort to improve water quality.



(Far left) Gold artifact, Museo del Oro, Bogotá.



Cenote Zací, Valladolid, Yucatán.

The once-central role of cenotes in Yucatec Maya life and the ritual calendar are clear from the numerous depictions of cenotes in two of the four extant Maya codices: Madrid and Dresden (about which Yucatec students learn nothing in pre-college courses). Archaeologically, cenotes were places of offerings, made to avert drought and famine—the Sacred Cenote of Chich'en Itzá being the best known example. But as a result of disuse, some cenotes became polluted while trash accumulated around others. The limestone of Yucatán is highly porous and geologists as well as local people know that cenotes are connected by vast underground rivers that can quickly disperse pollutants over a large area. Cenote pollution thus poses an extreme hazard to the entire aquifer that underlies the Yucatán Peninsula. Clearly, cenotes needed some love and attention; Fifth-Sixth grade students formed the perfect cohort to come to the rescue!

When we were awarded the NGS grant, I was fortunate to be joined by Dr. Dylan Clark—an archaeologist with years of field experience in Yucatán who assumed the position of InHerit Program Director. Dr. Khristin Landry-Montes, an art historian whose dissertation examined the iconography of the Late Postclassic capital of Mayapan also joined us and moved to Valladolid

for the duration of the workshop and implementation phases of the project. Directing the Yucatec side of things was Dr. Iván Batun Alpuche, who teaches at Universidad de Oriente,

a college in Valladolid with a student body that is largely Yucatec Mayan. He selected students to assist with the implementation and provide translation among the three languages used in this project (Yucatec, Spanish and English).

Last but not least, the Fifth and Sixth grade teachers and principals of the nine participating schools welcomed us into their classrooms, tolerated our need for survey data, accompanied us on field trips to caves and cenotes, and provided invaluable feedback, as well as suggestions for topics and approaches to be integrated into the classroom workbooks—the final (and hopefully lasting) contribution of the cenotes project. Our three-pronged approach to cenotes, which includes science, conservation, and cultural heritage has allowed us to bring a transdisciplinary approach to the study of Yucatec cenotes, to re-ignite student interest in their pre-Columbian codices and to foster stronger familial relations between generations, as students collected stories about cenotes from their grandparents. For me, this project provided an opportunity to appreciate the depth and richness of Yucatec culture and to see first-hand the deep engagement and enthusiasm of young students—who will steward the priceless heritage that cenotes signify through the hazardous times ahead. •

BERNARD K. MEANS

1205 Littlepage Street
Fredericksburg, Virginia 22401
bkmeans@vcu.edu

STANDING ON LADDERS TO 3-D SCAN MASTODONS

This year was in some ways similar to last year. A fair amount of traveling, some to conferences (Society for Historical Archaeology in New Orleans, Louisiana; Society for American Archaeology in Washington, D.C.; Middle Atlantic Archaeological Conference in Virginia Beach, Virginia) and the rest primarily related to 3-D scanning. My first major excursion was in January to the Boonshoft Museum of Discovery in Dayton, Ohio, at the invitation of Dr. William Kennedy to 3-D scan a mummy sarcophagus that will be part of a forthcoming exhibit. I also took a little time to 3-D scan some Ice Age megafauna, something that increasingly occupied my time throughout 2018.

March found me in Philadelphia, working with Independence Hall National Historic Park at the behest of the National Park Service to develop public educational materials that can be freely downloaded. I'm a bit behind on that, but in 2019 expect to see numerous digital models added to our Sketchfab collection (see [\[sketchfab.com/virtualcurationlab/collections/independence-national-historical-park\]\(https://sketchfab.com/virtualcurationlab/collections/independence-national-historical-park\)\).](https://</p>
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May was a particularly busy month. With funding from Virginia Commonwealth University's (VCU) Humanities Research Center, I returned to HNB Garwhal University for a couple of weeks to 3-D scan items in the museum collection, as well as to visit a number of temples in the Himalayas. Now-retired archaeologist Vinod Nautiyal and his assistants Mohan Naithani and Sudhir Nautiyal made this entire effort a great success.

Shortly after I came back from India, I had some funds that would vanish if I did not use them, so I travelled again to the Boonshoft Museum to do another 3-D scan of the sarcophagus and more Ice Age animals, as well as a few other items.

I closed out May at the New York State Museum, with a VCU Faculty Council Summer Research Grant to 3-D scan Ice Age fossils from the museum's collections. This was my first visit to the New York State Museum since 2016, and it was good to see old colleagues, especially long-time friend John Hart, who is Director of Research, as well as work alongside the very congenial Robert S. Feranec, Curator of Vertebrate Paleontology/Curator of Mammals. Although I had not met Robert before, he helped facilitate my 3-D scanning, which led to my perched precariously for the first but not last time in 2018 on



Sudhir Nautiyal, Bernard K. Means and Mohan Naithani with a snow-capped peak of the Himalayas in the distance.

(Right) This time I got a picture of myself 3-D scanning the mummy sarcophagus (courtesy of William Kennedy).





Standing on a ladder, 3-D scanning a mastodon (courtesy of John Hart).



In which I did not fall on a mastodon (courtesy of Steven E. Jasinski).

a ladder next to a mastodon skeleton. I was, to say the least, a bit nervous.

Mastodons, mammoths and more continued to occupy my time the rest of the year. Thanks to another VCU research grant (this one a “seed” grant to inspire future research), I did some local travel in Virginia to 3-D scan mastodon and/or giant ground sloth remains at the Virginia Living Museum and the Virginia Museum of Natural History in July. I’d be back to the latter in October for a Dragon Festival. With summer coming to a close and a new semester to start, I decided to return in August to the Las Vegas Natural History Museum to both 3-D scan mammoths (and sneak in a few dinosaurs), but also to see how museum folks were faring with a 3-D scanning/3-D printing lab I helped set up the year before. I was aided by Josh Bonde, Curator at the museum, and University of Nevada Las Vegas graduate students Lauren Parry and Rebecca Humphrey. I had a great time, overall, but it was quite hot!

Shortly before the Fall semester began at VCU, I took a trip up to The State Museum of Natural History, a place I had not been to in the

preceding year, which was actually kind of unusual for me. I 3-D scanned a few archaeological items, and again stood on a ladder next to a mastodon skeleton—although with less success from a 3-D scanning perspective than was true at the New York State Museum. Either my ladder was too short or the mastodon was too tall. Nonetheless, I’d like to thank Steven E. Jasinski, Acting Curator of Paleontology and Geology, for his help.

September, I returned to the Western Science Center in Hemet, California. Like with the Las Vegas Natural History Museum, I helped with their establishing a 3-D scanning/3-D printing operation, but they had expanded considerably with their efforts since I had last been there. My visit was timed so that some cases could be opened during times the museum was not open to the public. Museum Director Alton Dooley and museum personnel Brittney Stoneburg and Leya Collins both helped with my intensive 3-D scanning efforts.

My final megafauna 3-D scanning efforts took place in December in Philadelphia at the Academy of Natural Sciences. Here, I had both

paleontological and historical goals in mind. Specifically, I wanted to 3-D scan some Ice Age animal fossils that once belonged to Thomas Jefferson. This particularly scanning excursion took place before and after a weekend, and during the weekend itself I demonstrated 3-D printing at the Museum of the American Revolution.

While it might sound like I'm doing more paleontology than archaeology these days, that's not exactly true. I also did two workshops and a webinar for archaeologists focused on 3-D scanning and especially 3-D printing (although I did another workshop with a paleontology focus). My lab also is working closely with the National Museum of Health and Medicine to make available 3-D scanned data related to pathological specimens dating from and after the American Civil War.

What's the year ahead hold for me? Some of you I hope to see at the SAA's in Albuquerque. I'll be heading back to the New York State Museum in March and north India in May. The rest of the year I am sure will see me catching up on all the projects I neglected in 2018. Expect more megafauna, that's for sure. •

JERRY MILANICH

*870 Scott Greene Road
Roxbury, New York 12474
137 E 36th Street, Apt. 23F
New York, New York 10016
jtm@flmnh.ufl.edu*

The New Year began with a “festa de Revellon”—a Brazilian New Year's gala—at our friends' house on the coast south of Charleston. This is about the 10th year of the celebration and, as always, we “enjoyed” the time-honored midnight (quick) dip into the Atlantic Ocean to make our offerings to the goddess Yemanjá. The next day was the traditional Brazilian feijoada and lots of caipirinhas. (It is also a tradition that I am the caipirinha-maker.)

In very early January, a day or so after the beans and rice, Delta Airlines texted to say we needed to get out of town THEN, because a gi-

gantic snow and ice storm was arriving the next day and was expected to close the Charleston airport for more than several days. We fled and the storm arrived. We made it back to New York City and one day later the same storm moved north and walloped us, closing local airports.

The winter of 2017-18 was cold with lots and lots of snow up at our Catskills house. At one point there was a meter and a half of the white stuff on the ground. I got seriously tired of shoveling patios and steps.

In April we escaped to Gainesville, Florida where I gave a talk at the University of Florida Library entitled “Eternity in Cyber-land: An Author's Account of Four eBooks about Florida Indians and How They Came to Be.” The presentation was in connection with grants the University Press of Florida and the Library received from NEH and a couple of foundations to turn about 40 “classic” books on Florida into e-Books. Rather than dwell on the content of the four I had authored, I gave the back stories about how the books came to be written and published. It was a lot of fun and most of it was true. My reward was several days at a great hotel in Sarasota with a view of the bay and no snow.

The next month brought a trip to Barcelona and the Latin American Studies Association annual meeting, followed by a week in Paris. In Paris we stayed in Le Marais on the Place des Vosges. Paris is simply Paris—marvelous. I made a major screw-up when I booked the airline from Barcelona to Paris. Because I knew we were returning to New York City in June, I mistakenly booked the tickets to Paris for the end of June, not late May. A lot of money changed hands and it all turned out OK.

July found us in Rio de Janeiro for the Brazilian Studies Association meeting. We stayed in Ipanema at our usual apartment hotel and had a great time. A strong dollar—about 25% higher against the value of the Brazilian real than last year—helped. Rio, which has been receiving a lot of not good international press coverage, was wonderful: calm, clean, and contented (at least the Zona Sul where we mostly were).

In late August and early September, we took an ocean cruise aboard the “Viking Sky.” After landing in Stockholm we went straight to

the ship, had a drink and unpacked. The itinerary took us to Helsinki, St. Petersburg, Tallinn, Gdansk (G'damn, Gdansk was good), the German coast, Copenhagen and Ålborg (I've always loved that little "o" thing on the top of the "A;") I learned it is not a diacritic but part of the letter, which is the 29th in the Danish alphabet). Next was Stavanger (Norway), Eidfjord, Bergen and then by rail to Oslo. Though we had visited some of those places before, it was great to go back for a second taste. I was not enamored with St. Petersburg and I loved Tallinn and Gdansk. Eidfjord was a very, very small place near the end of a very, very long (100+ miles) fjord with breathtaking views. But who knew southern Norway is the rain capital of Europe?

In early October I was back in Florida to visit a private collection amassed over a number of years by an individual who purchased a host of other Florida private collections. I'm working to see if it is not possible to have the collection acquired by a museum. It is the largest private collection of Florida archaeological items ever assembled and needs to be preserved. We will never see anything like it again.

I'm putting together a book (tentatively entitled: *THE CATSKILL TRIBUNE: THE MOUNTAINS' PREMIER SOURCE FOR FAKE NEWS*). It is about 60,000+ words and 80+ made-up stories taken from a blog I wrote for 18 months. I suspect finding a publisher is not going to be easy. I'm also working on final revisions to a chapter ("Cannibals and Kings: What the Accounts Tell Us about the Indians of the Southeast Atlantic Coast") for a book that two historians are putting together. They are printing a little-known 1700 version of the Jonathan Dickinson narrative (which followed on the heels of the well-known 1699 edition). The historians also have found a new handwritten "log" that records Dickinson's trek from the site of his shipwreck near Jupiter Inlet, Florida north to St. Augustine and which contains information not in either printed edition. Dickinson then traveled on to Charleston.

As the New Year approaches, I am looking forward to another "Reveillon" in South Carolina; this time I am asking Yemanja for sunshine. Have a great 2019! •

JAY MILLER

4524 Bagley Avenue North
Seattle, Washington 98103-6922
jaymiller4@juno.com

Teocentlists, Happy Holidays and Super Solstice!

Amazingly, Franz Boas haunted this year, though he has always been a presence in Seattle, the last bastion of his deployed students. After J. P. Harrington and T. T. Waterman (Columbia 1913) taught stray classes at UW, Boas met with officials there during his 1927 Coast Salish fieldwork to provide new Ph.D.s, Mel Jacobs and Thelma Adamson, to start an actual department with each contracted for time off from teaching each year to be devoted to extended fieldwork, Mel in Oregon and Thelma in Washington. After Thelma's breakdown, Leslie Spier came with his contractual wife Erna Gunther, who could not be hired because she was a spouse by law though not license. She used her own time then to raise their two sons and engage in extensive fieldwork on the Olympic Peninsula with Klallams and Makahs, as well as pioneering ethno-ecology of plants and animals. When their marriage contract ended and Leslie left, Erna took his place as the head, female head, mind you, of the fourth major department in the U.S., where she lead both the department and the state museum for decades.

Boasians and others gravitated through Seattle, usually hosted by Erna. While Ruth Underhill was a house guest, she was writing curriculum for the BIA, as well as murder mysteries to get even with plagiarists who had misused her own data. As Erna, my neighbor, told the story, she was coming down a spiral staircase one morning when she heard Ruth muse from below, "Now I know how to kill her!" Erna nearly lost her step, arrived safely, and asked Ruth for an explanation. Another time she met the ship from Alaska to host Cornelius Osgood from Yale, in the midst of his Subarctic fieldwork before he switched to Korea. From the deck Osgood shouted his latest discovery, "Erna those gd Athapaskans have clans!"

Erna enjoyed these visits even as she struggled with male administrators, who subverted

her authority and cut her budget, objected to her social causes and looked for males to replace her. At mandatory retirement, she took over anthropology at the University of Alaska, retired again and moved back to Seattle to write famous books. She remained kind and gracious to the end, active in civic affairs and the cultural community, but shunned by younger self-promoting colleagues because “Indians were no longer fashionable.”

Other Boasians also gravitated to Seattle, finding employment outside academia in social work and medical research. Amelia Susman Schultz, 103 this year, was one of them. She had always been Boas’s student and he relied on her for research support, including comparative Siouan. When she was asked, by Ruth Benedict at the insistence of Ralph Linton, to withdraw her first dissertation on acculturation at Round Valley, California, Boas (from retirement) directed her linguistic dissertation on Ho-Chunk, then known as Winnebago, working with Sam Blowsnake, Big Ho-Chunk, better known as Crashing Thunder, the name of his autobiography. Sam wrote down his thoughts and examples using a remarkable syllabary devised by an unnamed Ho-Chunk man in Nebraska during a visit by some Sacs, who were literate in the Great Lakes syllabary adapted to their Algonkian sound systems. Over time, Ho-Chunks adapted theirs to be morpho-phonemic, used frequently to write letters between Ho-Chunk communities in Nebraska and Wisconsin. It is a remarkable but under-appreciated feat that deserves to be better known in these days of interest in Red English and alternative literacies.

While Amelia and Sam worked on Ho-Chunk at the kitchen table of his Brooklyn apartment, Sam always resorted to the syllabary and Amelia became increasingly curious. Encouraged by Paul Radin, George Herzog and Boas, she wrote a paper on this syllabary, which has been in her linguistic materials on Ho-Chunk, Tsimshian, and Catawba at the American Philosophical Society. Amelia also kept her own copy with comments by Herzog, which I scanned into a digital file and she proofed. I mentioned this to APS, and wheels began to turn at the end of this summer, after I returned from Green Corn Buskita. The digital History of Anthropology newsletter, now based

at APS, also got involved. Now, 80 years on, at the very end of this year, after work by half a dozen editors from London to Albuquerque, my 15-page introduction to Amelia and her work is two and one half pages, with a link to a PDF of the APS copy of her syllabary study and its cover letter to Franz Boas (see <https://histanthro.org/cliio/amelia-louise-susman-schultz-sam-blowsnake-and-the-ho-chunk-syllabary/#more-4101>).

Another woman honored locally by a 16 November dedication was Vi taqʷs̓Dblu Hilbert, last of the fluent homegrown Lushootseed speakers, teacher, scholar, storyteller. Vi and I worked together for decades. She still inspires many students to teach and to speak Lushootseed today in language nests, classrooms, canoe journeys and immersion settings. The Jesuits at Seattle University have named for her their new ten-story student services and upper classes dorm, with the morning of the 16th devoted to family (including mine) and tribal tributes, a formal lunch of salmon (of course), and an afternoon of speeches by faculty, religious and civic leaders. Blowups of her fieldnotes decorate a prominent wall; her image and devotion to students, local language, and native culture permeate the building. Though not an official Boasian, Vi knew and engaged with many of his heirs resident in Seattle, and very much partook of the Boas Sapir axis in her life and work.

And so we return to our opening line: Boas 1927 in Washington State, engaged in his own fieldwork before meeting with UW. Throughout his life, he and his research assistants returned to his extensive corpus of bilingual Chehalis stories gathered that summer, joining his student Thelma Adamson engaged in her second stint of fieldwork there. These materials also now reside at APS. Amelia and I had begun to proof and edit them when I met a PHC Alabama student (Jolynn Amrine) from a local family who took on this project, worked with her age-mates in the Oakville community, and published the English versions this year. My shepherding of this effort eventually engaged me with this editor and others, over two weekends, in personally gifting every adult member of the Confederated Tribes of the Chehalis with a copy of the several hundred

books purchased by their own tribal council. Seeking a fitting phrase to explain what we were doing, we said these were “stories by the elders of the elders to a man named Franz Boas.”

So, at the end of 2018, Boas rules, my wrap up of major life projects, with Amelia still proof-reading, is indeed wrapping up, I have begun the phase of life where I increasingly give eulogies for friends and colleagues, and a newborn helps to put it all in very human perspective. •

BARBARA MILLS AND THOMAS J. FERGUSON

6655 W Sweetwater Drive
Tucson, Arizona 85745
bmills@email.arizona.edu, tjf@email.arizona.edu

Greetings from sunny Tucson! We had a good year all things considered. It began quietly at home but we quickly went into conference mode with a short trip to Denver for the biannual Southwest Symposium in early January. Other conferences included the SAAs in Washington, D.C. in April; Pecos Conference in Flagstaff in August; and for Barbara, her first European Archaeological Association meeting (she couldn't resist an invitation to go to Barcelona in early September).

We do enjoy small conferences, though. We were both invited to attend a gathering of nearly two dozen Hopi scholars at the Museum of Northern Arizona's (MNA) historic Colton House, organized by the recently retired director of the Hopi Cultural Preservation Office, Leigh J. Kuwanwisiwma, along with Wes Bernardini and Greg Schachner. The goal is a book that will summarize Hopi archaeology in a format accessible to tribal members. In October, Barbara attended a Wenner-Gren funded symposium at Fort Apache on Cultural Heritage Crime organized by John Welch. A surprise early snow storm kicked it off but we were still able to get into the field after it melted. The discussion ranged widely from the international culture of antiquities trafficking to sustainable ways that local communities can oppose heritage crime. Barbara also traveled

to the University of Illinois Champaign-Urbana for a Cahokia-fest and talked about Cahokia in continental perspective. It was fun to catch up with friends in that area, including fellow Teocentlians Tim Pauketat and Susan Alt. Barbara also presented a lecture on her recent work on Chaco archaeology as the 2018 Grace Elisabeth Shallit Lecturer at BYU.

Barbara's NSF-funded research on Chaco social networks wrapped up in 2018 (although how can you wrap up anything on Chaco?). She edited a special section on Chaco archaeology for *Antiquity* that included four papers and an introductory essay “What's New in Chaco Archaeology?” Two of the articles were co-authored by Barbara and her students, former post-docs and other collaborators. One applies network analysis to all known Chaco great houses and great kivas showing the dynamic history of interconnectivity within the Chaco World from A.D. 800 to 1200 in 50-year intervals. The other, led by one of her recent Ph.D. students, Katherine Dungan, used total viewshed analysis to look at the local visibility of monumental architecture. Along with her co-PI, Jeffery Clark, Barbara co-edited a double issue of the magazine, *Archaeology Southwest*, that includes short and accessible research summaries by many scholars currently working on the Chaco World.

A summary of Barbara's several year's work on the SAA's Task Force on Gender Disparities in Research Grant Submissions was published this year in *American Antiquity* with collaborators Lynne Goldstein, Sarah Herr, and Jo Burckholder. Our task was to find out why senior women do not apply for research grants, especially NSF, at the same rate as men, despite more equal Ph.D. production and applications for dissertation improvement grants. We found that the answer is multifaceted but most likely driven by hiring practices: there are still many fewer women than men in Ph.D.-granting institutions. Barbara published a theoretical piece in the *Journal of Archaeological Method and Theory* that explores the role of boundary objects in promoting technological transfer by migrants in situations of intermarriage. Other publications by Barbara this year were in the *Journal of Ar-*

archaeological Sciences: Reports (on network analysis with colleagues from the University of Konstanz), *Advances in Archaeological Practice* (on the need for archaeological synthesis, led by Jeff Altschul) and the *Journal of Anthropological Archaeology* (on the “migrant paradox,” led by Jeffery Clark). She also published two book chapters, one in the Southwest-focused *Life Beyond Boundaries* (co-authored with Matt Peeples) and another a final commentary for a book on *Networks of Maritime Connectivity in the Ancient Mediterranean*.

We co-authored one book chapter that was published this year, “An Archaeological Perspective on Zuni Social History,” in a volume edited by Peter Whiteley: *Puebloan Societies, Homology and Heterogeneity in Time and Space*. This came out of a School for Advanced Research Advanced Seminar, the results of which are again being published by the University of New Mexico Press.

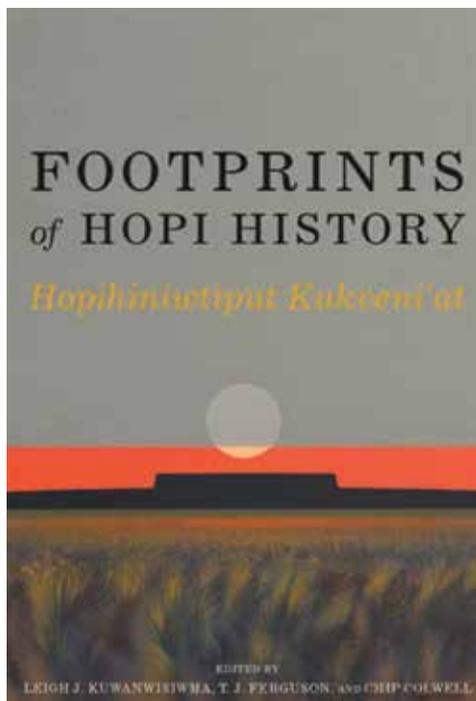
T. J. was glad to see the book he co-edited with Leigh J. Kuwanwisiwma and Chip Colwell published in 2018: *Footprints of Hopi History, Hopihiniwtiput Kukven’at* (University of Arizona Press). This volume was originally a festschrift in honor of Leigh at the SAAs and includes essays by Hopi and non-Hopi scholars. One of the chapters is by Saul Hedquist, Maren Hopkins, Stew-

art Koyiyumptewa, Lee Wayne Lomayestewa and T. J.: “*Tungwiniwpi Nit Wikwlavayi* (Named Places and Oral Traditions), Multivocal Approaches to Hopi Land.” The lead author, Saul Hedquist, was one of our most outstanding recent Ph.D.s at Arizona. He lost his battle with a brain tumor this fall, which has hit hard a very large southwestern community of collaborators and friends.

We did have a few nice surprises this year. T. J. was awarded the Victor R. Stoner Award by the Arizona Archaeological and Historical Society (presented at the Pecos Conference) and in November, the Emil W. Haury Award for excellence in research in National Parks from the Western National Parks Association. T. J. took classes from Emil and now occupies his former office in the School of Anthropology, so appropriately the awards are displayed in this space. Barbara was selected as one of five new Regents’ Professors at the University of Arizona for 2018—and now attends even more university meetings as a result.

T. J. continues as Editor of the *University of Arizona Anthropological Papers*, although he’s hoping to pass on the editorial pen to someone else in a year or so. His six cooperative NPS projects through the School of Anthropology continue to employ our outstanding graduate students in research at national parks in Arizona and New Mexico. With his business partner, Maren Hopkins, T. J. is working on several projects for or with various tribes, including the Navajo-Gallup Water Supply Project, ethnohistoric studies of Chimney Rock Pueblo and Canyons of the Ancient National Monument, and a study of Ute use of the mountains near Silverton, Colorado. T. J. also testified for the Hopi Tribe in a trial to litigate water rights in the Little Colorado River Basin, and for the Pueblo of Jemez in a trial about aboriginal land rights to the Valles Caldera National Preserve in New Mexico.

Barbara conducted a short week of fieldwork at Fort Apache in May, and then did archival and museum collections work in July, visiting MNA, UNM’s Maxwell Museum, and the Museum of New Mexico. The latter work is part of her new NSF-funded project to fill in gaps in the Southwest Social Networks database and make it ready for online use. The project is team-



based and includes four institutions, eight senior researchers and seven graduate students. Organizing meetings is a challenge but we'll have a prototype at the SAA meetings.

On a more personal note, we had such a great vacation on the north shore of Kauai in 2017 that we went back again in 2018. However, the beach house that we wanted to rent was inaccessible (and probably still is) because of the record rainfall in the spring that caused mudslides. We found another place not too far away but missed going to some of our favorite snorkeling spots. Barbara's sister, Robin, had her 60th birthday celebration that we attended in Asheville, North Carolina. It was a great time to see her family, including two nephews. Sadly, we attended the memorial for T. J.'s sister, Kay, in the Boston area in December, but it also provided a chance to see more family.

As we write this, just before Christmas, it's sunny and in the 70s. We've been fortunate to share meals and drinks with friends in town—including many recent retirees such as Joe Watkins, Carol Ellick, Paul Minnis, Pat Gilman and Ben and Peggy Nelson. As Paul jokes, "Tucson is the new Santa Fe" for retiring anthropologists, to our great benefit. •

MICHAEL C. MOORE

*6845 Collinswood Drive
Nashville, Tennessee 37221
Mike.C.Moore@tn.gov*

I'm happy to report the Tennessee Division of Archaeology endured no major surprises or setbacks in 2018. The year was routine but certainly busy. We were approved to hire a new State Programs Archaeologist during the summer, bringing us to full staff, as well as finally relieving me of state project review duties in addition to my regular responsibilities.

As usual, our annual Current Research in Tennessee Archaeology (CRITA) event at Montgomery Bell State Park (MBSP) was a success. We are proud to say CRITA is the destination event for archaeologists working in Tennessee, wheth-



Geophysical survey of Mound Bottom State Archaeological Area.

er coming for the presentations or conversation with friends and colleagues. Our 2019 event will be held on the campus of Middle Tennessee State University due to planned renovations at MBSP.

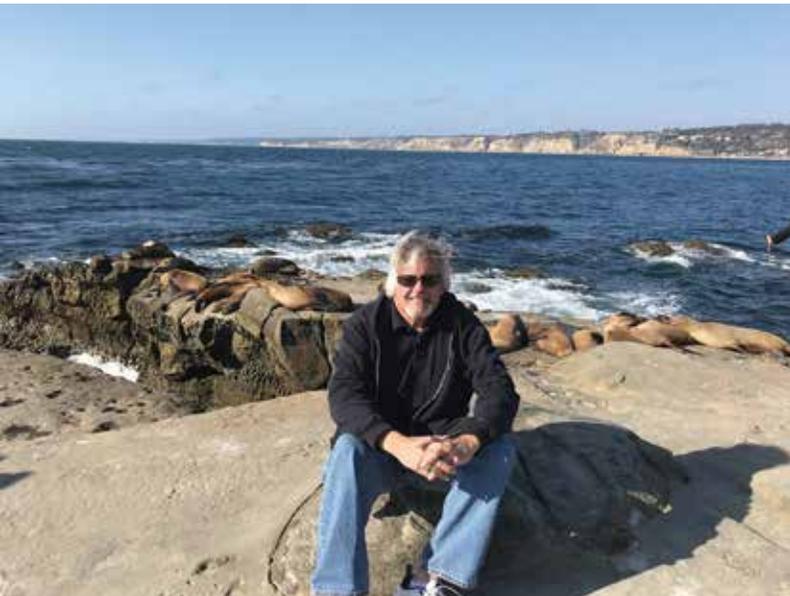
We're delighted to say Volume 9, Issue 2 of our electronic journal *Tennessee Archaeology* (see <https://www.tn.gov/environment/program-areas/arch-archaeology/redirect--archaeology-publications/tennessee-archaeology-e-journal.html>) was published over the summer. This particular issue derived from the "Mississippian Archaeology of the Middle Cumberland Region in Tennessee" symposium held at the 2016 Southeastern Archaeological Conference in Athens, Georgia. Our next issue (Volume 10, Number 1) is well underway and planned for publication this winter.

This year the Division initiated and/or completed several field projects through SHPO historic preservation grants. This summer we conducted a geophysical survey of Mound Bottom State Archaeological Area using multiple techniques. Analysis of the generated data should be completed soon to allow planning for future ground-truthing efforts.

In addition, we completed our testing of two Rosenwald School sites this fall. This testing program was conducted as part of our multi-year Rosenwald School project. Our report on this somewhat unique survey and testing project is scheduled for publication in the coming months.

Finally, this fall we initiated a survey of Burgess Falls State Park (BFSP) to continue through the winter months. The BFSP project represents the first step of what I hope is a continuing program of Division state land surveys for years to come. This program is intended to build upon an earlier program of Division state land surveys conducted in the early 1980s.

On a down note, I'd be remiss to not mention two individuals that passed away this year, Dr. Charles McNutt and Dr. Carl Kuttruff. Both men were fine people, major players in the Tennessee archaeological community (and beyond), and important contributors to the success of the Tennessee Division of Archaeology. They will be missed.



La Jolla Cove.

Personally, all is well with the family. My daughter and son-in-law bought a nice house just north of Atlanta, and are experiencing the joys and hiccups of home ownership. Jodi and I traveled to San Diego for several days in May, and while I don't get too excited by much anymore, hanging with the seals and sea lions at La Jolla Cove was pretty cool! The USS Midway aircraft carrier tour was awesome as well.

I trust everyone has a safe and productive 2019! •

JOSEPH MOUNTJOY

*426 Graham Building
Anthropology Department
University of North Carolina Greensboro
Greensboro, North Carolina 27412-0001
jbmountj@hotmail.com*

Dear Fellow Teocentlists:

I just checked my 2017 letter and found I had gotten up to the point of our spending Thanksgiving in Fort Walton, Beach Florida with our son Nathan, his fiancé Aemie, along with Aemie's family. From there we went to Sarasota, Florida for my annual checkup with the oncologist who treated me in 2000 for prostate cancer. He agreed that we can now change to an every-other-year checkup.

Once back in Greensboro, North Carolina Nathan and Aemie asked me to visit their CRM project on a military base in Louisiana, so I flew down and spent a week with them in the field. Here is a picture of Nathan with his field crew and one of the hearths he found using a Schhonestedt Magnetic Locator. In the process I got quite an education in the process of site location, data collection and analysis in a modern CRM project.

Emilia and I had plans to return to Mexico in January so I could teach my class at the Puerto Vallarta campus of the University of Guadalajara, and resume the coastal research project at the Arroyo Piedras Azules site. Well, it did not quite work out that way. Two days before my flight to Puerto Vallarta, Emilia had a freak accident in the kitchen, taking a fall to the floor that produced two hair-line fractures in her pelvis and three fractures of her proximal left humerus. What followed was a week in the hospital and about two months in a local rehab facility. Once Emilia was released from the rehab place and was able to fly, we rescheduled our return to Mexico, getting to Puerto Vallarta in late March. Other than the metal plate in her arm that sometimes aggravates her, she is doing just fine.

Fortunately for the fieldwork, everything was ready for us to start: house and site rented; site cleared; equipment and local workers ready



Our son Nathan and his fiancé Aemie at Fort Walton Beach, Florida.



to resume the excavations. By the time our INAH permit ran out at the end of June, we had completed 48 excavation units focused on the Aztatlán (Early Postclassic) occupation of the site, and amassed a collection of over 43,000 potsherds, plus many tools of stone, metal, bone and shell, as well as thousands of shells and bones from the Aztatlán domestic refuse at the site. Near the end of the field season we got into an area of trash that contained an abundance of Mixteca-Puebla style decorated pottery along with depictions of a special personage in the guise of: supreme leader; hunter; ballgame player; and in the case of one small plate Mixcóatl, god of the North and the Hunt, as depicted in the Borgia Codex.

When we left the field, all the material recuperated had been washed, labeled and 85% of it



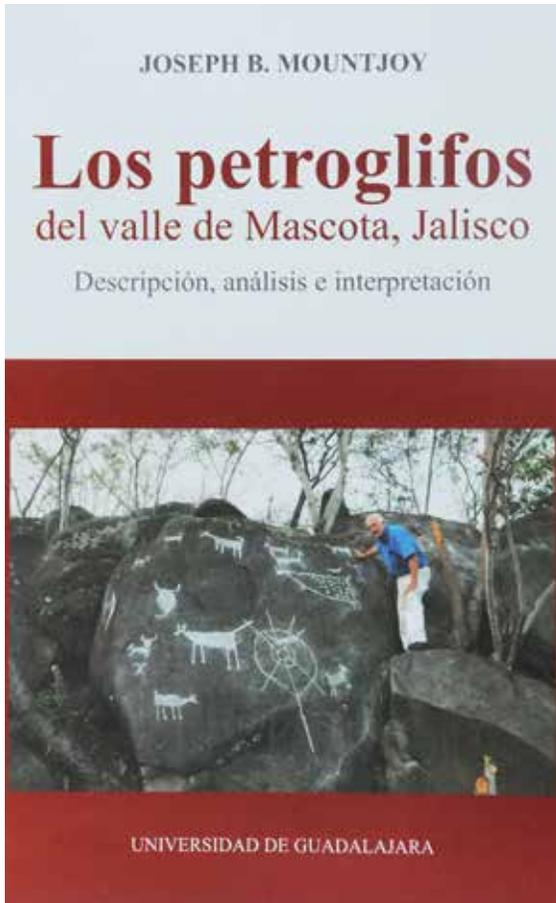
Nathan at one of the hearths that he found in Louisiana using a Schjonstedt Magnetic Locator.

(Left) An excavation unit at the Arroyo Piedras Azules site reveals tools of stone, metal, bone and shell, as well as thousands of shells and bones from the Aztatlán domestic refuse.

had been classified. Some samples of the material had been drawn and photographed. This allowed me to present some of the results of the research in July at the “cátedra Otto Schöndube” at the Regional Museum of Guadalajara, and then a few days later at an INAH sponsored symposium on West Mexico that was held in Colima, Colima.

I am well aware that at age 77 I am pushing my luck, so I have sworn (to family and friends) that there will be no more fieldwork projects. It will take me a year or so to get out the report to the INAH on the Arroyo Piedras Azules site. Two book chapters on the results have already been submitted.

At the start of June, Emilia and I took time out to attend the World Archaeology Congress in Paris, France in June where I participated in a symposium on rock art, presenting “Petroglyph Caves that Swallow the Sun: Four Examples from Jalisco, Mexico.” We spent the week after the conference visiting museums and the palace at Versailles. The Museum of Man has been re-



Joe's new book, published by the University of Guadalajara, describes, analyzes and interprets 555 petroglyph rocks in the valley of Mascota, Jalisco.

cently completely reworked, with state of the art museography.

In September the University of Guadalajara published my book on the description, analysis and interpretation of 555 petroglyph rocks in the valley of Mascota, Jalisco. I plan no more field studies of rock art. Also this year, an essay I wrote about my 1964 summer of fieldwork in Zacatecas, Mexico with Walt Taylor was published in *Ancient Mesoamerica*: "On the Record about Walt Taylor: A Personal Account." So that is finally off my to-do list. In addition, *Latin American Antiquity* published a summary article based on my many years of investigating shaft-and-chamber tombs (43 of them) in northwest Jalisco, including Jill Rhode's osteological analysis of the human remains: "Es complicado: 1260 años de tumbas de tiro y cámara en el noroeste de Jalisco, México." We were surprised and hon-

ored to have the article chosen by the SAA as the "article of the month" for May and promoted via an on-line blog.

Emilia and I just made it back to Greensboro in time to get soaked by the remnants of hurricane Florence. Had we stayed in Mexico a couple of weeks longer, the whole downstairs of our split-level would have been flooded by the 8 in. of rain that fell in the backyard. Of course, while we are here there are lots of medical appointments and many things to fix up around the house. We are looking forward to a visit by our daughter María José for a week or so in December, all the way from Fairbanks, Alaska. It will be a needed vacation from her work selling and servicing ice and snow vehicles, better weather, and surely a chance to buy more equipment for her dressage horseback riding hobby.

I have been politically active in the mid-term elections: giving money; knocking on doors; writing letters to the Editor of the local newspaper; attending party functions and trying my best to convince friends and acquaintances that we are all in this rocky, rudderless boat and have to figure out how to get along so we can decide on a direction toward which we can all row together. •

MARGARET AND BEN NELSON

4880 N Grey Mt. Trail
Tucson, Arizona 85750-7117
mnelson@asu.edu, bnelson@asu.edu

We finish our first year as Teocentlists entering a new threshold. We retire from Arizona State University in May 2019. Peggy is already on administrative leave for the current academic year, while Ben taught his last class in December and is in the process of winding down—as well as winding up. He will continue his research about prehispanic connections between Mesoamerica and the U.S. Southwest, a team project made possible by generous private foundation support. Meantime, we have moved to Tucson to join family and friends in a city and landscape that we enjoy. Peggy loved her job as Vice Dean of Barrett Honors College, and is also happy mov-



With the family at “Teotihuacan: City of Water, City of Fire,” Phoenix Art Museum, December 27, 2018. From left: Kayla Ixtlahuac Decker (niece), KC Decker (nephew, Kayla’s husband), Alexis Ixtlahuac (niece), David Nelson (our son), Peggy Nelson, Anna Nelson-Moseke (our daughter), Janet Ehmann (Peggy’s sister and mother of Ixtlahuac kids), Ben Nelson and David Nelson, Sr. (Ben’s brother). The two children in front: Emma Moseke (granddaughter) and Andrew Moseke (grandson).

ing on to other things, such as playing with our five- and eight-year old grandchildren and volunteering for two organizations that support disadvantaged community members. With the passing of George L. Cowgill last July 31, we lost a great friend, talented and inspiring scholar, and close colleague. We will miss him greatly. •

SCOTT ORTMAN

*5478 Omaha Place
Boulder, Colorado 80303-4131
Scott.ortman@colorado.edu*

Season’s Greetings!

This past year has been a productive one. Joseph Traugott (New Mexico Museum of Art) and I completed a book on ancestral pueblo pottery painting, and a volume I am editing on Northern Rio Grande economic history is on the way. I also taught field school again in June, a highlight of which was a week-long travel-camping trip around the four corners with the students, TAs and elders from Pojoaque Pueblo. It was just wonderful to watch the day turn to night in camp and talk archaeology with the next generation after a day of hiking, site-touring and sweating.

My family did a lot of skiing in the winter months, and in July we attended the first annual Avrom Farm Party at Avrom Farm in Green Lake, Wisconsin. The farm was established by Lester and Gloria Schwartz, my wife Gigi’s parents, back in the 1960s. Back then the only things that grew there were trees, grass and a sculpture garden, but since they’ve passed, the property has been taken over by my 22-year-old nephew who is building a sustainable farming business focusing on chicken, pork and vegetables. If you’re in the neighborhood this coming July, check out the website and stop on by for the second annual party, with 100% farm-produced food, craft beers, camping, bonfire and a bluegrass festival.

Later on in the summer, we made a long road trip to California to visit my parents and sisters. The highlight of the trip for me was a sort of pilgrimage to the town of Mineral, the gateway to Lassen Volcanic National Park. My grandfather owned a cabin there when my dad was young, and he spent most of his boyhood summers there, fishing, reading and hanging out at the general store. I grew up listening to stories of the summers in Mineral, but I’d never been there. Now that my grandfather has passed, and my dad’s health is failing, I felt the need to see it. We found the old cabin using my dad’s directions, and the general store is still there too.

This fall my older son Ian started high school, and my younger son Ben started Middle School. They’re both growing up too fast. Ian is as tall as me, and I cherish the dwindling moments when Ben still acts like a child. Both love playing soccer and both are pretty good! Ian played on the Sophomore Team at his high school this fall and Ben played on a traveling team. I enjoyed a brief trip to Barcelona in September to attend the European Association of Archaeologists Annual Meeting. It’s a relatively new organization that I only learned about a few years ago, but they put on a great conference, and who wouldn’t want to visit Barcelona! This coming year I’m co-organizing a session for the same meeting in Bern, Switzerland. I must be developing archaeological wanderlust.

I hope all of you will enjoy some rest and recuperation while the days are short. Best wishes to all. •

**TIMOTHY R. PAUKETAT AND
SUSAN ALT**

2732 County Road 1200 N
Homer, Illinois 61849-9758
pauketat@illinois.edu, susalt@indiana.edu

Happy New Year to our fellow Teocentlists! We reported last year that we were about to hold a seminar at the Amerind in Dragoon, Arizona and then pull together a book for Routledge Press on the results of that meeting and an earlier SAR seminar. The meeting turned out to be very productive and the book is in! We followed that in the next couple of months with a pilgrimage to the Navajo Rug Auction in Crownpoint, New Mexico and a couple of visits with an old friend and colleague Ross Hassig in Santa Fe.

In April, Tim’s “Ancient Cahokia Future Visions” conference at the University of Illinois was a hit, with politicians, archaeologists and tribal representatives all taking part in an attempt to restart the stalled efforts to nationalize Cahokia and preserve more of the outlying sites. There was no fieldwork last summer, but we did get in a week-long trip to Oaxaca to visit a daughter there. This was a return of sorts for us, having spent part of an earlier sabbatical there in 2004-05.

Susan’s University of Alabama Press book appeared last year, and Tim finally managed to complete and submit his *North American Archaeology* textbook, with co-author Ken Sassaman, to Cambridge University Press. Hallelujah.

He also spent much of last year as Associate Director of Research at the Illinois State Archaeological Survey, which just produced a monumental summary volume on the archaeology of the Cahokian precinct at East St. Louis (see https://www.isas.illinois.edu/publications/studies_in_archaeology). (For those of you interested in the



(Top) View of Amerind Foundation grounds, February 2018.



Auctioneers at Crownpoint, March 2018.



Monte Alban plaza, July 2018.



Tim and Susan in Oaxaca, July 2018.

Mark Leach and Susan at Chesterfield mound site, October 2018.



larger culture history of the Lower Mississippi Valley, it is worth mentioning that ISAS also just produced the first Cahokian-era/Lohmann phase radiocarbon date from the Carson site, in Northwest Mississippi, Tim having processed two or three flint samples from Cahokia-style pit-houses excavated by John Connaway and Jayur Mehta.) Susan continues as Associate Professor at Indiana University and is currently laying the groundwork for a project on sinkholes, caves and Mississippian shrines near Cahokia, which should start this summer. In October she visited Mark Leach in St. Louis and is considering working around a mound-and-cave complex along the Missouri River.

The autumn saw a couple of experimental pottery firings for university classes by Susan and Tim, as well as a talk by Susan in St. Louis and a tour of Cahokia for Crow Canyon by Tim. With a couple of family visits at Thanksgiving and Christmas in Providence, Rhode Island and Oakland, California now behind us (Tim biked over the Golden Gate Bridge with daughter Regena—quite the challenge for him), we are here in rural Illinois with a new-fallen snow, getting ready for 2019. •

ROBERT B. PICKERING

*1213 E. 10th Street
Sand Springs, Oklahoma 74063
bob-pickering@utulsa.edu*

Another year has gone by and the gap between what I intended to accomplish and what I actually accomplished grows wider. Perhaps that is a result of having the largest class of grad students in the 10-year history of the Museum Science and Management program that I direct. They keep me hoppin'! The good news is that the students are getting museum-related jobs! At this stage of my career, maybe the best measure of my success is their success.

That said, I've made some progress on a few research and writing projects.

In preparation for the west Mexico exhibition that I curated at the Gilcrease Museum in 2016, Adam King and his crew searched for residues in groups of west Mexican, Caddo, and Spiro ceramic vessels from the Gilcrease Collection. We were surprised to find *Datura* residue in some vessels from all three areas. The results can be found in Adam King et. al. "Absorbed Residue Evidence for Prehistoric *Datura* Use in the American Southeast and Western Mexico," *Advances in Archaeological Practice* 2018.

Last summer, I completed the first draft of a new book on trends that affect how and what museums collect. When I first began the project, I thought I'd be looking into the fuzzy crystal ball of the future and talking about the effects of these new trends. However, the more I wrote,



Bob Pickering (right front) at his 50th high school reunion and officially entering the “old guy” club.

the more I realized that all of the trends I identified have been operating in the museum world for varying lengths of time. If I can squeeze out the time to edit, I hope to get the manuscript to a publisher by early summer.

I already have another project cooking, one that has been on the back-burner for some time and combines my interests in Mesoamerica and forensic anthropology. I'd like to write a history of forensic anthropology that includes non-western cultures. *The Washing Away of Wrongs*, a 13th-century guide for death investigation, is a Chinese manuscript that may be based on a much earlier version. For those of you who know the Robert Van Gulik Chinese mysteries, it is obvious that his Judge Dee is familiar with this volume.

The over-riding questions for me are, “When does determining the cause of death and the identity of the victim become important?” and “What are the necessary components for a forensic perspective?” In China, Egypt, and perhaps late pre-Hispanic Mexico and South America, many of the requisite ingredients can be found. Certainly, the Aztecs had a well-developed legal system. They knew a lot about anatomy and had doctors who took various education paths. Having sophisticated legal and medical systems would seem to be required, but was determining cause of death and identity important? Determining who did the foul deed often is more important. In a state that sponsors human sacrifice, what is the concept of homicide? I don't know if this idea

will ever see print, but am looking forward to the research. If you have any good thoughts or references on this topic, let me know! One of the challenges of this project is that the documentation that I need may no longer exist.

In November, Ken Tankersley, a long-time friend, invited me to give the Charles Phelps Taft lecture at The University of Cincinnati. My topic was “Descendant Communities and Museum Collections.” •

BRUCE RIPPETEAU

3801 Cape Charles Court
Lincoln, Nebraska 68516-5424
bruce.rippeteau@yahoo.com

2018 has been a fine year, a nice part being invited to join *Teocentli* by long time University of Nebraska and History Nebraska, and their Foundations, friend David Gradwohl. I retired in 2004, having lived a wonderful quarter century in Columbia, South Carolina a leader in the “New South,” and running the University of South Carolina's—and joint State Agency—South Carolina Institute of Anthropology and Archaeology. Of several adventures, with the U.S. Navy, the two who staked claims to finding it, and some of South Carolina State Government and passionate Friends, we raised and conserved the Confederate Submarine “H. L. Hunley”, the first ever to sink an enemy ship (the Union “Housatonic”) as an act of war.

To be with the grandkids, a common excuse, Sandra and I more recently moved back to Lincoln, Nebraska. There, as an alum and a Professor Adjunct, I and the then and subsequent chairs started a new Alumni and Friends Advisory Board, beginning in 2015, and have since raised a right nice bunch of dough and assisted in a bright future of actual Departmental expansion.

Currently, in Lincoln, our son is Environmental Services Manager at Lincoln Industries and his wife, our daughter-in-law, is with the University of Nebraska Press, with their two darling grandkids. Our daughter, formerly in Japan and South Korea, is an administrator in Brussels with the U.S. DOD's Dependent Schools.



(Top left) The Confederate Submarine “H. L. Hunley” is recovered from Charleston Harbor.

(Above) Bruce floating over the 115 feet deep 1889 “A.E. Vickery” shipwreck, St. Lawrence River, New York.

(Left) Getting five Cobras at Fort Drum, New York.

Since I am new to *Teocentli*, I might should mention earlier starting Celebrate Freedom Foundation in 1999, with an Army COL and two USAF GEN friends, as first the Corporate Secretary and then Co-President (now Emeritus). We have done years of air (even with the Thunderbirds) and ground shows, with 100,000 yearly attendees. In 2006, for the CFF, I picked up five undemilitarized Cobras, from Fort Drum, New York that we have brought to airshow flight standards with many FAA- and Army-approved CFF-member pilots. We are proud that we have introduced numerous disadvantaged (but deserving and intelligent) South Carolina High School students, both as our mission *per se* and under government contracts, to the 240+ MOSs for airframe maintenance for their future, well-paying civilian employment.

In that period, I was also elected President of the nearly 360+ member (all near perfect attendance, and then the 20th largest of 34,000 clubs worldwide) Rotary Club of Columbia, South Carolina. This was an immensely worthwhile experience, even though I had a red light on my forehead flashing “Yankee.” I also participated

strongly in the Explorers Club as a President of one of then eight chapters (and pictured in the 2013-14 Winter issue, 91(4):63, advocating our Legacy Society) and with the Downtown Columbia South Carolina Airport Commission as Vice-Chair as we built a new terminal. More recently, having returned to living on the St. Lawrence River for the summer half years, I did 10 years of voluntary service in the Ninth U.S. Coast Guard as an Auxiliary staff officer. And since participating with the Cape Vincent Dive Club (I had apparently been the first OSHA-Approved Dive Safety Officer in South Carolina), I attach a photo while floating above the 115’ deep “A. E. Vickery” wreck at the swiftwater edge of the American Ship Channel here in the Thousand Islands of Upstate New York.

A last couple of thoughts about 2018 so far are that several lost friends have happily reappeared, that I have discovered several joys of music as found on YouTube and that, although full of surgical grade metals and plastics, I have every hope of making it to 74. Meanwhile, we look forward to the yearly transiting from our little summer, 1823 Cape house, at the junction of Lake Ontario and the 10-mile wide St. Lawrence River, across 1,500 miles of forests and mountains, to the Tall Grass Prairies and High Plains of Lincoln, Nebraska, and back next year. •

JERRY ROSE

1923 E. Joyce Boulevard
Cottage 102
Fayetteville, Arkansas 72703
jcrose@uark.edu

Dear Teocentlists,

I wish everyone a wonderful New Year filled with joy and prosperity in 2018. This year incorporated more changes in a year than I have ever made in my life—it was a year of endings and transitions and beginnings: I taught two courses—“Human Osteology” and “Bioarchaeology Seminar”—for the last time; I presented my last meeting poster for any scientific venue at the Paleopathology meetings in Austin; I attended my last meeting of the American Association of Physical Anthropologists and said goodbye to a lifetime of old friends and colleagues; I peer reviewed my last manuscripts for scientific journals; I wrote my last external evaluation letter for promotion and tenure; I did not go to Egypt to conduct research for the first year ever by my own choice; I gave hundreds of academic books away and did not buy a single new one; I submitted my letter of resignation to the University of Arkansas; I became engaged to a wonderful and beautiful woman, June Colwell (pictured below) and I signed up for Medicare.



Jerry and June become engaged, as they pick out ring at local jewelers.

Over the past several years I have become more and more engrossed in my directorship of the campus Pre dental Studies program, as the number of students continued to grow. In addition to advising the students how to get into dental school, teaching an introductory course in dental science, hosting the representatives of five regional dental schools and writing 45 committee letters of recommendation, I increased my activity in a monthly continuing education credit study club for interdisciplinary dentistry organized by the local dentists practicing all of the specialties. I had originally been attending to keep up with advances in dentistry for both my teaching and advising, but after a few years I became an active participant by giving presentations and contributing to discussions. I now have a joint research project going with one orthodontist, and most likely a second group project dreamed up by the host and guest speaker at an all-day dental conference that I attended last weekend. It seems that what we have been doing in dental anthropology for decades is now of great interest to this group of dentists interested in sleep disorders in both adults and children. My enthusiasm for dental research was also increased by a visit along with three other University of Arkansas faculty members to researchers at the Texas A&M Dental School, Dallas where we all came away excited over new ideas and approaches.

This past May, June and I vacationed in Poland, spending some time in Warsaw visiting the many WWII memorials and fantastic museums. We then traveled by train to Krakow where we shopped in the old city (Top, page 84), and took tours to Synagogues, Schindler’s Factory, Auschwitz, and a visit to the icon of the Black Madonna in Czestochowa (Bottom, page 84)). The latter was almost compulsory for me with my Polish ancestry and very close ties with my immigrant grandparents. The best thing about Poland was the ice cream—fantastic flavors and concoctions and it seemed there was a shop on every street corner.

Being back for a week, we joined June’s daughter and son-in-law for a great nine-day road trip to the Southwest. A few days were spent exploring Rocky Mountain National Park.



June shopping in Cloth Hall in Krakow.

The Black Madonna in Czestochowa as seen during first communion ceremony.



We woke up one morning finding three large moose grazing next to the porch of our cabin. We took two days to travel south, stopping here and there along the way and ending in Santa Fe for shopping and sightseeing. Then the drive home, detouring here and there to travel the old Route 66. We found a fantastic museum at one



The Midpoint Café on Route 66 in Texas.

location and a wonderful period diner at another (Pictured above).

Soon after I traveled back to Massachusetts, where I had spent my youth, to honor the father of my high school best friend, meet with other high school friends and spend time with two of my four sisters.

The summer soon ended and the university schedule began. I was lucky to have only one course. I struggled mentally for a long time deciding what I wanted to do and decided to submit my letter of resignation, which of course was immediately accepted. Now I face the long struggle of returning specimens of teeth and skeletons that I have worked on since 1970, finding some places to take my excavation notes and records, disposing of hundreds of books, and sorting through 24 full file drawers of everything! Maybe some of this will be fun.

June and I have also had fun going to plays, concerts, movies, and a few meetings of old car hobbyists. I am learning to repair and keep up my 56 Chevy and we have gone on two 100-mile car club runs. So, my intention is to learn how to restore and maintain old cars and learn from the members of my antique car club. •

JEREMY A. AND PAULA L. W. SABLOFF POLLY AND CURT SCHAAFSMA

2159 Plazuela Vista
 Santa Fe, New Mexico 87505-5873
 jsabloff@santafe.edu, psabloff@gmail.com

Our 2018 report is similar to last year's, as we continue to write, enjoy our four grandchildren (including our new grandson Owen), and delight in living in Santa Fe. We co-edited a new book, *The Emergence of Premodern States: New Perspectives on the Development of Complex Societies* that was published by the SFI Press. Due to strong financial support from the Institute, the Press has been able to price this 394-page volume on Amazon for \$9.95 for the paperback edition and \$2.99 for the Kindle edition! Jerry is currently working on a large article and Paula has a major article in press and is working on a new one. Jerry also remains engaged on a number of non-profit boards, as well as continuing his work as Chair of the Cultural Property Advisory Committee at the State Department.

Amidst all the challenging news that the various media bring us every day, we wish all Teocentlists a healthy, happy, and productive 2019! •



Paula and Jerry at Yosemite National Park.

38 Bonanza Creek Road
 Santa Fe, New Mexico 87508
 SHINGO3@aol.com

The year has flown at a slow pace (probably only understandable after you've reached a certain age)!

Things have been more laid back than usual for us. After waiting almost two months for a doctor's appointment, to fix my vertigo (once there, it took all of about 30 minutes!), we got on the plane for the SAA meetings in Washington where I (Polly) participated in the Ethnohistory symposium organized by Matt Pailles and John Carpenter. Other activities during the year on the archaeological front included some public lectures and a great visit with Will Tsosie in Lukachukai, discussing Navajo landscapes for a forthcoming collaborative paper. We then drove over the mountains to Cortez where we met Radoslaw Palonka and Katarzyna Ciomek, archaeologists from Poland who are working out of Crow Canyon, and spent the day visiting rock art sites in Sandstone Canyon west of Mesa Verde.

A highlight of the year was our third trip to the northwestern Plains tracking down rock art sites with John and Mavis Greer. This year with just the four of us we all piled into their big, red pickup with a variety of places in mind. Mavis wanted to revisit sites she had written up in her dissertation, and since it has been years since that



From left: Curt and Polly Schaafsma, and Mavis and John Greer at Writing-on-Stone, Alberta.

happened, there were often a lot of questions and discussions as to just where we were—sound familiar? We found them all—Curt and I enjoyed the scenery while they searched, snaking up dirt roads along the Judith and Sun rivers looking for paint-smearing rock shelters, and going from pavement to obscure back roads, to mere tracks across endless open grasslands, looking for petroglyph-covered glacial erratics, surprisingly accompanied by contemporary offerings of tobacco, strips of red cloth, a sprig of cedar. More public was Writing-on-Stone where war-themed carvings were guarded by hosts of rattlesnakes—appropriately, so it seemed. Consistent, too, were the nearby border crossings manned by cranky officers or whatever you call them—seemed like by using remote ports, one was automatically suspected of smuggling—how could you ever expect them to believe that you’d been looking for rock art sites?

Also this year I’ve had several more publications see the light of day; one a chapter in a beautifully illustrated coffee table book, *La Cultura Casas Grandes*, published by INAH Chihuahua, edited by Rafael Cruz Antillón and Tim Maxwell. Also, an article on Chaco rock art in *Journal of the Southwest*, and another on Blurred Boundaries concerning embodied meanings in human representations in *Cambridge Archaeological Journal*.

Onward! And Merry Christmas to all! See you in Albuquerque! •

PAYSON SHEETS

*520 Marine Street
Boulder, Colorado 80302
sheetsp@colorado.edu*

My Dear Teocentlists,

I am writing you from El Salvador, where we just finished a two-day celebration of the 25th anniversary of the Ceren site being added to the United Nations UNESCO World Heritage list. And I wrote a chapter for the commemorative book entitled (translated from Spanish) “Four Decades of Research at Ceren, 1978-2018.” Boy



The sauna at Ceren, 1,400 years old and still in good shape.

The 1:1 scale replica with the dome precisely reconstructed.



does that make me feel old, but the Salvadorans put on quite an event and I greatly appreciate that. The sustained efforts, every day over the decades by the six local workers, has kept the site in really good condition, in spite of the tropical climate. The government of France donated over a million dollars for a new roof over many of the ancient buildings, and that project is now in process.

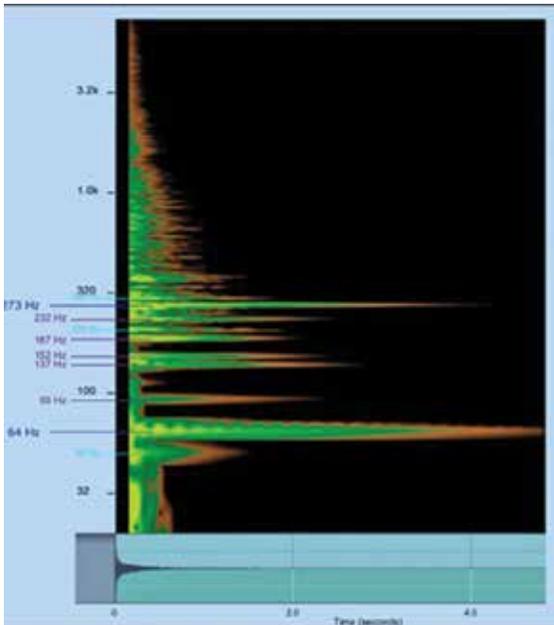
We have great family news. Our older daughter Kayla has provided the family with a son named Kian, who now is 14 months old. He is spectacularly active; he went from crawling to running, with no intermediate stage of walking. Hence, all adults have been getting in great shape chasing him over the countryside. They live with father/husband Kiril in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Our younger daughter Gabi is pregnant with what is sure to be the cutest little girl early in 2019, so we will have TWO grandchildren. She lives in Pacific Palisades, California, so we have the advantage of when we go to the Denver airport it really does not matter if we fly east or west; both places provide a grandchild.

Fran continues to save historically contributing buildings in Boulder, in spite of the machinations of developers and real estate salespeople.

I and a great group of scientist colleagues have finished a paper linking the Ilopango volcanic eruption here in El Salvador to the worst climatic downturn of the last 2,500 years, that affected so many cultures around the world. The eruption we are dating to late in the year A.D. 539. We are eager to see that published, as it should have quite an impact.

In July and August we excavated a superbly preserved house floor in Costa Rica. It measures 6 m. in diameter and was buried under 10 layers of volcanic ash from Arenal volcano. It is about 3,500 years old. We did a very sophisticated sampling of it by flotation for micro and macro botanicals, and Luis Barba took 100 samples to do very detailed organic residue analyses. I want to see where junior spilled his soup, dad butchered a deer, and mom did her cooking.



Sonogram of internal resonances, with the most powerful and long lasting at 64 Hertz.

I started a study of the sounds inside the replica of the sauna at the Ceren site, along with a physicist who helps with the technical details, and an acoustician who knows room morphology and its implications. We discovered that the principal (dominant) resonance inside is at such a low frequency at 64 Hz that only young people can hear it. Once one is older than about 20 they can no longer hear it but can feel it in their lungs. I think the implications of this are huge, but don't know what they are, yet. This sauna is functioning as a large musical instrument, with people inside it. In this sense, it is more sophisticated than the saunas built of limestone in sites such as Tikal, Copan, Piedras Negras and others. It had to have resulted from many decades or centuries of experimentation with structure morphology.

Anyway, not too dull around here. My best wishes for you all !!! •

DEAN AND JAN SNOW

*204 Brandywine Drive
State College, Pennsylvania 16801
drs17@psu.edu*

Season's Greetings!

Our year has been eventful. After sending out last year's annual letter we spent the holidays at our condominium on Longboat Key, Florida. All three families of the next generation were able to join us there for a wonderful stretch of beautiful weather, sand, and sea. We seem to be able to get all 15 of us together once or twice a year despite long distances and busy schedules. This happened again when we all descended on daughter Kate's house in New York in July.

I did my last Digital Antiquity board meeting in February and my last performance as SAA ceremonial resolutions reader in April. The latter farewell took place in Washington after we took the AMTRAK auto-train back north for an unusually wet and cool summer in Pennsylvania. Paul Welch, who has been my most faithful provider of names of recently departed archaeolo-

gists, has accepted the Board's request that he take over being the chair and the only member of the Ceremonial Resolutions Committee. With that he has taken over yet another job once done by Jon Muller, my predecessor.

I was expecting to be in Albuquerque for the meeting (but see below), and I was looking forward to hanging out at the Routledge booth to help out with the new edition of *The Archaeology of Native North America*, which will be available for the Fall 2019 semester/quarter. This will be my last time out with this too. Peter Siegel and Nan Gonlin agreed to coauthor the second edition, setting themselves up for future editions if they do not find the experience to have been too onerous. I have really enjoyed doing it because we got immediate feedback from each other and the end product was much better than would have been the case under sole authorship. The project is now off to production.

I am now working on yet another project and I am hoping that at least a few Teocentlists will recognize the topic and offer insights or leads. The topic is leading to a book-length manuscript. While Stefan Vranka at Oxford has offered advice and seems interested, I'm taking the attitude that I'm writing this one for myself and neither making nor expecting any promises. If I finish it in a year or so, fine, and if Stefan or someone else wants it that's fine too, but I don't expect a next promotion that would depend upon it.

The new project is about David Ingram, who was marooned with about 100 other English sailors near Tampico, Mexico in October 1568. About a year later he and two other men caught a ride back to Europe with a French ship that picked them up at the mouth of the St. John River in New Brunswick. That much historians have since agreed is true. However, those same scholars have rejected much of what Ingram reported to Francis Walsingham (Queen Elizabeth's secretary of state) in an interrogation conducted in 1582. They have dismissed much of what Ingram said as a pack of outrageous lies, but that is because nearly all of them have used only Richard Hakluyt's heavily edited (and badly flawed) version of transcript(s) of the proceed-

ings. Hakluyt assumed that Ingram's responses to questions posed by Walsingham and others all related to his long walk in North America. However, a careful reading of the original manuscript documents reveals that Ingram thought he was there to talk about all of his observations, which he made while serving as an able seaman on John Hawkins's disastrous third slaving expedition. Ingram described what he saw and experienced in West Africa (mostly Sierra Leone) and the Caribbean, as well as on his overland trek through the Southeast and up the Atlantic Coast to the Maritimes. Hakluyt took it all and mistakenly rearranged everything by topic. That's how elephants, flamingos, and walrus came to be edited together into North America. Hakluyt and the other Elizabethans didn't have enough prior information to know better, and few later historians chose to examine the surviving archival sources.

So far, the project has taking me down a long list of delightful rabbit holes. Welch linguistics, trail networks, Eastern Algonquian place names, ornithology, sixteenth-century handwriting (atrocious), the de Soto entrada, Cabeza de Vaca, Elizabethan biographies, silent trade, marine shell and so forth have all proved fascinating. If anyone knows enough about the Ingram saga to comment, I would appreciate being pointed towards additional rabbit holes (drs17@psu.edu).

We flew back to Florida in June to monitor the installation of new hurricane windows and other improvements to the condo. We dodged the bullet when Irma came ashore a year ago and decided to prepare better for the 2018 season. After returning from Thanksgiving with our other daughter Barb's family in Portland the plan is to take the auto-train to Florida again, then fly to Los Angeles for the holidays with our son Josh's family.

We decided to go to China with a couple of friends next April. Unfortunately, I cannot also fly to Albuquerque at that time. We are looking forward to China now that the obligatory shots in our arms are behind us. We will let everyone know how that goes a year from now. With wishes for a wonderful 2019 to everyone. •

DARBY STAPP AND JULIA LONGENECKER

2754 Stonecreek Drive
Richland, Washington 99354
dstapp@pocketinet.com

The highlight for 2018 certainly had to be the January release of *Journal of Northwest Anthropology (JONA) Memoir 15, Re-Awakening Ancient Salish Sea Basketry: Fifty Years of Basketry Studies in Culture and Science*, by Ed Carriere (Suquamish Tribe) and Dale Croes (Washington State University). Thanks largely to the tireless efforts of Dale, we have received great exposure to tribal, archaeological and public audiences. Throughout the spring and summer there were book signings at different tribal settings. We attended the one at Ed's home turf, held at the House of Awakened Culture on the Suquamish Indian Reservation, where there was a great turnout. You could feel the pride that the com-



(Above) Three young members of the Suquamish Indian Tribe proudly showing *JONA Memoir 15*, the book co-authored by their uncle and Master Weaver Ed Carriere.

Julia Longenecker at the Journal of Northwest Anthropology display at the annual Northwest Anthropological Conference talking to a potential author.

munity felt for their elder, as they stood in line to get their personalized autographed copy. In the fall, Ed and Dale's work was featured as the cover story in The Archaeological Conservancy's magazine *American Archaeology* ("A Meeting of Science and Culture," by Julian Smith). In November, Darby joined Ed and Dale in writing a short piece on the theoretical underpinnings of Ed and Dale's work, "Generationally-Linked Archaeology," which appeared in the November issue of *The SAA Archaeological Record*. The Editor, Anna Marie Prentiss, described the article as proposing, "nothing less than a new paradigm for collaborative partnerships between indigenous groups and archaeologists." It has been enormously satisfying for us to have played a role in helping Ed and Dale get the word out about generationally-linked archaeology.

Another highlight of our year was publishing *JONA Memoir 16, Holocene Geochronology and Archaeology at Cascade Pass, Northern Cascade Range, Washington*, by archaeologist Robert Mierendorf (North Cascades National Park, retired) and geologist Franklin Foit, Jr. (Washington State University). Cascade Pass is a high-altitude site in the northern Cascades where 8,000 years of occupation are interspersed with several volcanic ash layers. Mierendorf, a *JONA* subscriber, has spent decades working on understanding the archaeological deposits at Cascade Pass. When we ran into him at the October 2017 Wanapum Archaeology Days, he



proposed publishing his and Foit's research in the *JONA Memoir Series*. We said yes, the authors got their manuscript to us in April, and our great *JONA* team had it out in November. Now the Northwest archaeological and tribal communities, along with the growing number of archaeologists interested in high altitude sites have access to this well-written and well-illustrated (in color) report. As many *Teocentli* readers know, interest in alpine archaeology has been increasing in recent decades. To help us promote *Memoir 16*, Julie asked her longtime friend and fellow George Frison student, Larry Todd (University of North Colorado) to take a look. He provided the following statement:

I'm going to have this book ready to share the next time I hear the shopworn assertion that 'there's no deposition or stratigraphy in the mountains, and besides, there's really not much you can learn from alpine lithic scatters.' Cascade Pass is a nice illustration that even small, targeted excavations at high elevations have much to offer—there's a tremendous amount we don't know about peoples in the Wilderness, and this is a fine example of beginning to fill these information and perception gaps.

With the expressions of interest we have been getting from researchers wanting to publish in the *JONA Memoir Series*, it appears we will be publishing one or two memoirs a year for the foreseeable future.

The rest of the year saw more of the same for us. Two regular issues of the *Journal of Northwest Anthropology* (Volume 52), more TCP assessments and some small archaeological projects kept us busy. Julie got to conduct a faunal remains study for some pro bono work we did for a monitoring report at Fort Walla Walla, an early 20th-century U.S. Army fort. Darby's major publication this year was "Integrating Indigenous Values into Federal Agency Impact Assessments to Reduce Conflicts—A Role for Anthropologists," which appeared in the spring issue of the *Journal of Business Anthropology* (Volume 7,

Number 1). Darby also reviewed *Approaching Bear River: Historic, Geomorphic, and Archaeological Investigations at the Bear River Massacre National Historic Landmark*, edited by Ken Reid (*Monographs in Idaho Archaeology and Ethnology* Number 2, 2017) for the *Idaho Archaeologist*. Our travels took us to Las Vegas, Philadelphia, Chicago, Wyoming, and Hawaii this year.

Finally, we've signed contracts to conduct work into 2020, so looks like we'll keep working for a bit longer. •

SHANNON TUSHINGHAM

4823 Airport Road
Pullman, Washington 99163
Shannon.tushingham@wsu.edu

Happy New Year! It's been a fun and busy year filled with writing, research, fieldwork and travel.

My son Harrison is a senior and very busy kid—I hardly see him as he is dedicated to football, a very active social life and schoolwork (listed in probable order of importance). He's also in college application stage and looking at schools, mostly in the Pacific Northwest. We are planning a road trip this January to check out the University of Washington, the University of Victoria and the University of British Columbia. I am excited for him, but at the same time already having trouble thinking of him moving on to this next stage of his life! My daughter Greer is 11 and started middle school this year—oh boy, lots going on at this age, but she has swimming and an array of interests—especially dogs, reading and animals—that keep her busy. My husband has had a very good year with his tent business—he was all over the place putting up tents, including several in Florida after the hurricanes. Even though he travels a ton for work, he enjoys planning family trips—we are researching a trip to Namibia, and maybe we will make it there this summer.

This past year we rented an RV and drove around the Kenai Peninsula for a couple of weeks. We quickly discovered we probably aren't "RV people," but we still had a lot of fun, and halibut fishing out of a charter in Homer was

a major highlight. Greer (my preteen) caught the biggest fish out of all the people on the boat that day! We also spent a couple of weeks in the Galapagos—my mind is still blown by the landscape, the flora and the fauna. None of us will ever forget snorkeling with/near marine iguanas, sea lions, sea turtles, and other beautiful fish and sea creatures.

This past year I've spent a lot of time writing, but I did get into the field with a group of my students and Paiute collaborators in the northern Great Basin. We spent a couple of weeks surveying sites first recorded by Margaret Weide in the late 1960s in Hart Mountain National Antelope Refuge. It's a stark and spectacular landscape, and it's pretty phenomenal to record surface artifacts and features that cover 12,000+ years of human activity. For me it was a personal highlight to find a crescent, and later in the same day a crew member found a complete Clovis point. Needless to say, our group was thrilled by these and other discoveries, but this completely changed the next day after two of our survey teams separately came upon several groups of surface-collecting looters. We did all we were supposed to do, taking license plates, filing reports, etc. I'll spare you additional details, but it was a sketchy and disturbing experience, and we are working on management plans with the Tribes and the USFWS. Later in the summer I had a wonderful time serving as a guest scholar on a river rafting trip in southwest Oregon for the Crow Canyon Archaeological Center Cultural Explorations program, "Flowing Through Time: The Rogue River." We ran the Rogue from Gold Hill to the coast, and stayed in lodges along the way. I had never done this before, and it was illuminating to experience the landscape in this way. It was a really great group of people, lots of fun, learning, sweat and laughter, and Crow Canyon has some great people who create top-notch programs.

I continue to direct the Washington State University Museum of Anthropology—this year there has been a growth of projects on legacy collections housed at the Museum—and there have been several resulting publications, M.A. theses and Ph.D. dissertations centered on several sites

from the Pacific Northwest and the American Southwest. This past summer I had two grad students work on developing a GIS spatial database of our holdings—and together we authored a paper summarizing our holdings and plans to develop a synthetic research program in the *Journal of Northwest Anthropology*. Another exciting development is that, as of the summer of 2018, the Museum is now a Veterans Curation Program (VCP) satellite center. Thanks to funding from the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, we were able to train staff members with great folks from New South Associates—and this fall we hired three Washington State University student veterans who are working on legacy collections from the Portland District COE. I hope to see this program (its motto is "Heroes saving history") grow and prosper.

In terms of research, I've been working on various papers and projects on storage, women's labor, collaborative historical ecology, and gender and occupational patterns in archaeology publishing. This summer my co-PIs and I completed NSF Archaeometry grant focused on improving archaeological recognition of psychoactive plant use. We published a few studies—including one in PNAS that was completed in collaboration with members of the Nez Perce Tribe on tobacco in the interior northwest—and there are several more forthcoming. We are hoping to secure funding for additional work on dental calculus and caffeinated beverages, and I am excited to see where this work will go in the future.

A fun side project has been a study I've been working on focused on turkey blankets from the American Southwest with Bill Lipe and several others—essentially we are trying to estimate how many feathers go into making the blankets, and model the methods, time and labor costs involved. So far, we've plucked a lot of feathers and are looking at methods of "gathering" feathers from live birds that are used by goose down farmers, mostly in South America. We will be presenting that paper at the SAAs in Albuquerque next spring. Hope to see some of you there!

Cheers to a happy and healthy 2019. •

PATTY JO WATSON

*Brightview Apt 429
1 Symmes Road
Arlington, Massachusetts 02474
pjwatson@wustl.edu*

Greetings Teocentlists,

Most of you must know about the National Anthropological Archives at the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History. Back in 2016, with the expert assistance of William Marquardt, a former graduate student at Washington University in St. Louis and now Curator at the Florida Museum of Natural History in Gainesville, I donated, via NAA Archivist Gina Rappaport, numerous files of scholarly material. I am now preparing another shipment to the NAA, consisting primarily of photographs taken by an expert avocational cave photographer, Charles Swedlund. His photos—made back in 1995—document extraction of samples for radiocarbon dating from a climbing pole left propped against a ledge in lower Salts Cave by ancient cavers. The resulting C14 date is 2760 +/- 40 b.p., conventional radiocarbon age. Calibrated at 95% probability, the result is 925 to 805 B.C.

The ancient folk who roamed numerous passages in the Salts Cave portion of the Mammoth Cave System were also familiar with many parts of Mammoth Cave itself. The Mammoth Cave System—which includes not only Salts, but also several other adjoining caves—totals at least 412 mapped miles so far, and is still going. Exploration and mapping are carried out by members of the Cave Research Foundation, working with permission from and in collaboration with the Mammoth Cave National Park administration. Kentucky's Mammoth Cave System is and will always be the World's Longest Cave.

Teocentlists who would like to know more about the ancient cavers can consult *The Prehistory of Salts Cave, Kentucky*, Reports of Investigations Number 16, Illinois State Museum, 1969 (Patty Jo Watson, author), and *Archeology of the Mammoth Cave Area* (edited by Patty Jo Watson, 1974). Both books are available from Cave Books, 4700 Amberwood Drive, Dayton, Ohio

45424. E-mail orders can be made via rogmc-clure@aol.com. Postage and handling costs are \$3.50 for the first book, \$.75 for each additional book.

However, my husband, Richard (Red) Watson, and I are now octogenarians inhabiting an Assisted Living facility far from Kentucky cave country. Although we do sometimes miss the World Underground, and we don't need much assistance, it is nice to have other folk preparing all our meals and cleaning up afterwards.

On that pleasant note, I will sign off with gratitude to our Editor Ian Brown, and best wishes for 2019 to all Teocentlists! •

RICHARD A. WEINSTEIN

*7628 N. Coventry Circle
Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70808
rweinstein@coastalenvu.com*

Hello to All,

First, let me say that it is an honor to join this wonderful group of scholars and friends. I'm not sure that my adventures during 2018 are particularly exciting, but they do sum up the types of things I've mainly done over the past few years. After almost 44 years working at Coastal Environments, Inc. (CEI) (wow, I can't believe it's been that long), I now have a bit of freedom to attend a lot of meetings and conferences on behalf of the company, something that I find rewarding, both intellectually and personally. Plus, every so often, I get to dabble in some archaeology. So, here goes.

January began with the Society for Historical Archaeology's annual meeting in New Orleans. Who wouldn't want to go to New Orleans? I did not present a paper, but a number of my colleagues at CEI did give presentations, and I was there to cheer them on. The SHA meeting was followed shortly thereafter by attendance at the Louisiana Archaeological Society's annual meeting in Metairie and then the Mississippi Archaeological Association's annual meeting in Biloxi. The latter was hosted by CEI and organized by CEI's Biloxi archaeologist, Haley Streuding. Again, I did not present a paper, but was there



Kelly Ervin, Rich Weinstein and Erin Phillips at the banquet dinner during the Louisiana Archaeological Society annual meeting, Metairie, Louisiana.

to provide support to those folks from CEI who did present papers. It was also great to hear Tony Boudreaux give the keynote address on his work along the Mississippi Gulf Coast.

I did present a paper at the Society for American Archaeology's annual meeting in Washington, D.C. in April. It was in a session sponsored by the SAA's Geoarchaeology Interest Group, and dealt with work that I directed several years ago at two sites on the shore of Lake Borgne in southeast Louisiana, and the various coring, augering and remote-sensing techniques employed to assess the sites' subsided and submerged cultural remains. I also had the opportunity, both before and after the meeting, to spend time with my brother, who lives in North Potomac, Maryland.

The SAA meeting was followed by a quick trip to Tampa and St. Petersburg, Florida for the Florida Anthropological Society's annual meeting in St. Pete. The meeting followed a few days with Nancy White at her home outside Tampa, something that's always great fun (even without air conditioning). I love attending the FAS meeting, as I get to see a lot of old Florida friends and learn a bit more about the archaeology of a state in which I work once in a blue moon. Shortly after the FAS meeting, I presented a paper at the Coalition to Restore Coastal Louisiana's State of the Coast Conference in New Orleans, in an archaeology session organized by Jayur Mehta. The paper reviewed the same Lake Borgne sites discussed at the SAA meeting, but concentrated on the extent of erosion impacting the locales, a

problem that is plaguing just about every site in the Louisiana coastal zone.

Although the summer months are generally a sparse time for meetings, the Mid-South Archaeological Conference took place in early August in Baton Rouge. Jay Johnson had coerced me (nicely) and CEI into hosting the conference and, with the help of Becky Saunders at Louisiana State University, Valerie Feathers of the Louisiana Division of Archaeology, and Julie Doucet of Surveys Unlimited Research Associates, we held a conference devoted to shell-bearing sites, including shell mounds, shell middens and shell earthworks. It was a cozy little conference, as the Mid-South tends to be, although the excellent set of papers discussed sites across the Southeast, from South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana and Mississippi. A highlight of the conference was a visit to the LSU Campus Mounds, one of the earliest mound groups in North America, plus a tour of the LSU archaeology lab where artifacts from the Monte Sano Mounds, perhaps the oldest of all mound groups in North America at ca. 6000 B.P., were on display.

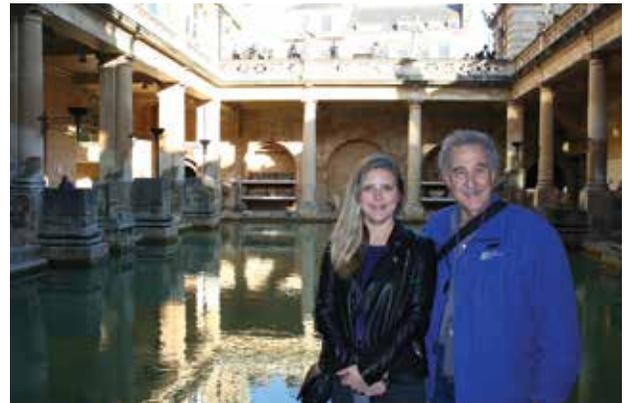
September marked the beginning of several marketing adventures on behalf of CEI. First was the Environmental Coordinators Conference, sponsored by the Texas Department of Transportation, in September in Dallas. This is a yearly conference designed for firms either working with TxDOT on environmental projects, or which wish to work for TxDOT. CEI had a display booth at the conference, which I helped staff. This offered the opportunity to meet old Texas friends and archaeologists from several other highway departments around the country. In concert with Wessex Archaeology, of Salisbury, England CEI archaeologists (again including me) helped staff display booths at two offshore wind-farm conferences: the Houston Offshore Wind Executive Summit in September, and the American Wind Energy Association's Offshore Wind-power Conference in Washington, D.C. in October. The latter was particularly interesting, as both CEI and Wessex archaeologists were treated to a behind-the-scenes tour of the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History. Plus, I got to see my brother again.

What probably was the most interesting conference of the year came in November, when I traveled to Wales to attend the Nautical Archaeological Society's annual meeting in Newport. Although I was not presenting a paper, Haley, my colleague from Biloxi, gave a paper on an underwater survey that she and Amanda Evans had done in Lake Erie in the spring. Although attendance at the NAS meeting required missing the Southeastern Archaeological Conference, a conference I had not missed in over 20 years, the opportunity to go to Wales could not be ignored. Besides Newport, Haley and I spent several days in Cardiff and took side trips to Swansea and then into England to Bath. Tours of the Cardiff Castle and the Roman Baths in Bath were highlights of the trip, along with a tour of conservation facilities in Newport where the remains of the Newport Medieval Ship are being conserved. This vessel was found during a construction project along the banks of the River Usk in Newport. Dendrochronology and species identification of the wreck's timbers indicate that it was built ca. 1440 in the Basque region of Spain. It was abandoned in Newport ca. 1460.

While most of my adventures involved attending meetings and conferences, I also was able to find a little time for some real archaeology. Principal among these endeavors was working with Erin Phillips of CEI's Houston office on the analysis of several thousand sherds collected from the Dimond Knoll site (41HR796), located

on Cypress Creek outside Houston. I had conducted the data-recovery investigations at Dimond Knoll back in 2012, but only recently had received funding from TxDOT to begin analysis of the recovered artifacts. Since the site held ceramic-producing components dating from ca. 200 B.C. until ca. A.D. 1500, we were able to see the full suite of southeast Texas ceramics, from their inception in that part of the state until just prior to European contact. I also spent several days working with Ruth Mathews of the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department, plus members of the Brazosport Museum of Natural Science in Clute, Texas on a collection of ceramics from sites in that area. These sherds offered a glimpse into the prehistoric inhabitants of that part of Texas, located slightly down the coast from Houston.

I'm hoping that 2019 will be similar to 2018, with a continuation of conferences and meetings, and perhaps a little archaeology here and there. Happy New Year to all! •



Haley Streuding and Rich Weinstein visiting the Roman Baths in Bath, England.

Visiting the conservation facility for the Newport Medieval Ship in Newport, Wales.



Rich Weinstein visiting Cardiff Castle in Wales, with its Norman keep in the background.



NANCY WHITE

8514 Fussell Drive
Wesley Chapel, Florida 33545
nmw@usf.edu

This year I'm still involved in archaeological survey of the Apalachicola-lower Chattahoochee-lower Flint river valley region. A state historic preservation grant allowed students and me to visit old sites and discover new ones. In September, we turned in 153 archaeological site forms (new and updates) and four student M.A. theses along with a project report to the Florida Division of Historical Resources. Much of the work documented sites where collectors had locational coordinates or other provenience data and shared their information and artifacts, either for photos and study, or as donations. Gracious avocationalists and other local folks in six counties of north-west Florida, two counties in southwest Georgia, and two counties in southeast Alabama have made my career possible! A few disappointments included a still-lost 1718 French fort for which I have been searching. During fieldwork we also got to visit Dennis Blanton's fascinating sites and wonderful volunteers near Albany, Georgia. Off-



Tony and Nancy White atop southern edge of Ko'ie'i.e. Loko I'a fish pond, Kalepolepo Beach Park, Maui. Built of lava and coral rocks, the enclosure is fed by natural springs and was used to trap or farm fish for highest Hawaiian royalty, A.D. 1400-1500.

spring engineer Tony White came along for some fieldwork, not only to see old friends in the region (he grew up with 15 summer field seasons), but also to bring his drone to film sites.

In Washington, D.C. for the April SAA meeting, I had a huge setback when the National Museum of the American Indian suddenly revoked the permission they had granted months earlier for me and colleague Rob Tykot to conduct pXRF analysis of ceramics collected by C. B. Moore from the research region (reasons unclear, but hinged on some idea that such non-destructive analysis was really somehow destructive). At least we got to a Nationals baseball game. At the Southeastern Archaeological Conference in Augusta in November I gave a presentation in the "Mississippian Women" symposium entitled "Fort Walton Women." Though there is still little evidence for prehistoric gender roles, it is fun to reconstruct what we do have and consider analogies with extant matrilineal societies. Less power for mothers today: Tony just took a new job, again in underwater robotics, but now in Hawai'i. Yes, how far away from mom can you get and remain in the same country?! At least I got to visit him in this exotic land over the holidays and learn some archaeology in a new place with beautiful jungles. Here's wishing your new year has the excitement of new discovery but also the joy of being with those who share knowledge and love. •

JOHN P. WILSON

1991 Avenida de Antigua
Las Cruces, New Mexico 88005-3928
Johnpwilson123@gmail.com

January of 2018 brought a major surprise; publication of the 800-page TC-BIA report on the Gila River Indian Reservation's peoples, written originally in 1936 by a corps of Soil Conservation Service specialists and anthropologists including W. W. Hill, Ruth Underhill and Lucy Wilcox Adams, but never published. I made use of their studies while writing my history of the Gila River Indian Reservation, after discovering

the manuscript at the University of New Mexico Library. This work had been entirely unknown until that fortunate find, and now the publisher generously credits me on the title page. These studies offer major insights into life and land use on the reservation in the mid-1930s, and I didn't write a word of them!

My own creative endeavors are lagging and I threaten to complete editing of Francisco Ramirez's 1692 campaign diary, but it hasn't happened yet. The 16th and 17th centuries in the Southwest are a continuing interest and hopefully I've drawn the attention of a historical colleague to an unknown manuscript history of New Mexico, written in 1620 by the leading Franciscan prelate of the period. The original document is in France, thanks to a rascally ex-governor of New Mexico who absconded with it when he was exiled from New Spain in the 1660s. It includes the priest's first-hand account of Pueblo Indian ceremonies, which he thoroughly disapproved of even as he described them. I located the history almost 50 years ago, but translating it has been beyond my abilities.

Another project had been updating a short manuscript on the earliest Spanish corrals in the Southwest, both of which date from the late 16th century. One of these was a barracks-stable be-

gun by the Hopi Indians for Antonio de Espejo's party of explorers on April 18, 1583 (Julian calendar) next to Awatovi pueblo on Antelope Mesa in Arizona. The Peabody Museum Awatovi Expedition actually located and excavated the foundations in 1939, but misattributed these to the missionary activities at Awatovi in the 17th century.

I've been following and sometimes commenting on colleague Steve Baker's activities in seeking to restore French baron Lahontan's exploration into the High Plains in 1689-90 to the credit it truly deserves. The account has been disparaged for more than three centuries on the strength of just two sentences—five lines of text—that were purposely intended to mislead readers as to the actual route of the baron's expedition. His descriptions of the natives as they lived prior to any contact with Europeans make fascinating reading and I'm completely on board with Steve's rehabilitation efforts.

Lastly, there is probably much more to be learned from the journal and maps associated with New Mexico governor Juan de Oñate's foray into the plains of Oklahoma and Kansas in 1601—what peoples did he meet and where did he travel? This however is for another year. My best to all Teocentlists in 2019. •

