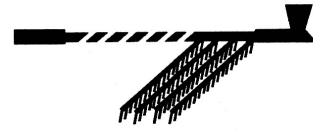


CALUMET



Newsletter of the Indian Peaks Chapter of the Colorado Archaeological Society
February, 2009

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Presentation (lecture) meetings are held in the University of Colorado Museum, Dinosaur Room on the Second Thursday of most Months, at 7:00 PM. **The public is always welcome.**

Web Site: WWW.INDIANPEAKSARCHAEOLOGY.ORG

- February 5** Executive Board Meeting, 7:30PM, Location to be determined
- February 12** **Presentation Meeting**, Katy Putsavage,
Topic: Ancient Function of Mugs, see Page 2
- February 18** PAAC Class, 6:30 PM – 9:30PM, See page 2
- February 25** PAAC Class, 6:30 PM – 9:30PM, See page 2
- March 4** PAAC Class, 6:30 PM – 9:30PM, See page 2
- March 5** Executive Board Meeting, 7:30PM, Location to be determined
- March 11** PAAC Class, 6:30 PM – 9:30PM, See page 2
- March 12** **Presentation Meeting**, Judy Cooper, topic to be determined
- March 18** PAAC Class, 6:30 PM – 9:30PM, See page 2
- March 25** PAAC Class, 6:30 PM – 9:30PM, See page 2
- April 2** Executive Board Meeting, 7:30PM, Location to be determined
- April 2-5** CCPA Annual Meeting, Alamosa, details at www.coloradoarchaeologists.org
- April 8** PAAC Class, 6:30 PM – 9:30PM, See page 2
- April 9** **Presentation Meeting**, Phil Williams, Pike Peaks Chapter, Topic: Macedonia Excavation, Location to be determined
- May 7** Executive Board Meeting, 7:30PM, Location to be determined
- May 14** **Presentation Meeting**, Speaker and topic to be determined
- May 15-17** CRAA Annual Meeting, Cortez, details at www.coloradorockart.org
- June 12-14** 2009 CAS canoe trip, See page 9
- June 16-23** PAAC Summer Training Survey at Antelope Gulch, dates are tentative
- September 3** Executive Board Meeting, 7:30
- September 10** **Presentation Meeting**, Speaker and topic to be determined
- October 1** Executive Board Meeting, 7:30
- October 2-4** CAS Annual Meeting, Pueblo, details available later
- October 8** **Presentation Meeting**, Speaker and topic to be determined
- November 5** Executive Board Meeting, 7:30
- November 12** **Presentation Meeting**, Speaker and topic to be determined
- December 3** Executive Board Meeting, 7:30
- December 10** **Christmas Party**, Details to be determined

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February Topic Ancient Function of Mugs

Mesa Verde Style Mugs have fascinated Southwestern archaeologists for over a century, yet little research focuses on this uncommon vessel form. This presentation investigates possible uses of mugs by examining depositional contexts, ceramic use-wear patterns, and distribution across the American Southwest. Although mugs have previously been characterized as primarily ritual in function, this study suggests that mugs likely functioned in both domestic and ritual arenas of the Ancestral Puebloan people.

Katy Putsavage Biography

Katy completed her undergraduate degree at the University of Maryland with a BA in Anthropology. She worked at the Smithsonian's National Museum of the American Indian from 2001 to 2004 on the collections move project and exhibit installation at the new museum on the National Mall.

In 2005, Katy started her master's work in the Museum and Fields Studies Department at the University of Colorado focusing on Museum Collections Management and Archaeology. In 2008, she completed her Master's thesis in Museum Studies and started on her PhD in the Anthropology Department at the University of Colorado with a focus in Archaeology.

Spring 2009 IPCAS PAAC

The **Spring 2009 IPCAS PAAC** class will be "Perishable Materials." Perishable Materials is an introduction to an often overlooked classification of artifacts. It provides individuals basic information on the recognition of perishables, cultural usage and alteration, and preservation. Not all the material offered will be applicable to every field situation. It is important to maintain at least a marginal working knowledge for the field experience that does involve perishable materials. The class outline can be found at: <http://www.coloradohistory-oahp.org/programareas/paac/classinfo/perishables.htm>.

Class Information:

Class dates: Wednesdays: February 18, 25 and March 4, 11, 18, 25 and April 8 (7 sessions)

Note: No class on April 1.

Time: 6:30 PM to 9:30 PM

Location: Foothills Nature Center, 4201 North Broadway, Boulder

Instructor: Kevin Black, Assistant State Archaeologist

Class maximum: 24 people

To register: We need to receive 2 checks – one for \$12.00 payable to CHS and another separate check for \$10.00 payable to IPCAS. Deadline for registration: February 5.

Send checks to: Cecil Fenio, 780 Union Ave, Boulder, CO 80304. Please be sure to include your name, address, email and phone number. If you send me your email address I can confirm that I received your registration checks. If you have any questions, please feel free to contact me at cfenio@hotmail.com. For more information about other PAAC classes and the PAAC program go to the PAAC home page <http://www.coloradohistory-oap.org/programareas> .

Thank-you,
Cecil Fenio

PAAC Summer Survey



Many prehistoric sites at Antelope Gulch are found on ridges

Each year the Office of the State Archaeologist of Colorado (OSAC) sponsors an archaeological inventory ("survey") on a parcel of state property, typically during the June-August period when few classes are scheduled. The purposes of the survey are to provide field training in surveying techniques for PAAC volunteers, applicable toward certification requirements, and to help OSAC meet its statutory obligations to inventory land within Colorado. Previously undocumented archaeological and historical sites are discovered during the inventory, and added to OSAC's database for use in future research.

Field training involves hiking across undeveloped lands in search of artifacts and features more than fifty years old. When such sites are discovered, volunteers are instructed in the production of sketch maps, filling out standard recording forms, plotting site locations on topographic maps, artifact illustration, etc. Credit toward certification is earned for the days spent under professional supervision (Certified Surveyor I), and for each site form which volunteers complete following the inventory (Provisional Surveyor).

Final technical reports on the summer surveys held at Pike's Stockade in Conejos County and Hermit Park in Larimer County describe the training survey program in greater detail as well as providing interpretations of the results of the inventories.



Artifacts from the Antelope Gulch area

Stephen Lekson Has a Theory... And He's Sticking With It

By David Roberts, *National Geographic Magazine*

On a road (and off-road) trip to several of the most significant prehistoric ruins in the Southwest, an impassioned archaeologist plumbs the two greatest mysteries of the Anasazi. Before dawn we rise, brew up some coffee on our cook stove, and speed in our rented SUV to the Kin Kletso trailhead. Striking out on the well-marked path, we hike along the bank of a dry, nearly treeless wash that bisects Chaco Culture National Historical Park, in northwestern New Mexico.

Stephen Lekson, a feisty, fast-talking 54-year-old archaeologist from the University of Colorado at Boulder, leads the way, steering us onto a spur off the main trail and toward the hundred-foot-tall (186-meters-tall) cliff to our right. There we scramble up a hidden chimney, emerging on the sweeping plateau above, then rim-walk half a mile (under one kilometer) to the east. Below us, shining in the first rays of sunrise, stands what many have deemed the most important prehistoric ruin in the United States. We have a god's-eye view of Pueblo Bonito Ruins, a village of 600 to 800 interconnected rooms made of sandstone blocks mortared together with mud, its rear wall still standing five stories tall, the whole town laid out in a perfect "D." Built a thousand years ago by the Anasazi, the ancestors of the Pueblo Indians (some prefer "ancestral Puebloans" to Anasazi, a Navajo term), Pueblo Bonito lies utterly still and vacant in the morning light. "Imagine that you're a teenage kid in the 11th century, coming from the boondocks to Chaco for the first time," Lekson muses, as we stand on the cliff edge. "You've walked four days from the north across that desolate plain to get here. And you look over the edge ... what would you think?" We stare down at the D-shaped village. "It would scare the hell out of you," Lekson answers, finishing his thought—a habit of his. "They planned it that way—as theater."

Even today Chaco Canyon remains remote, 23 miles (37 kilometers) from the nearest filling station, on U.S. Route 550. The place is a barren wasteland. Nor is there any evidence that the canyon was substantially more lush or fertile a millennium ago. Yet here a complex civilization flourished from A.D. 1030 to 1125—Chaco's "golden century"—only to collapse at the height of its glory. The rise and fall of Chaco is one of the two greatest enigmas in Southwestern prehistory. The other is the Anasazi abandonment of the entire Four Corners region just after A.D. 1290. While no one knows for certain why they left, most scholars agree that a severe drought played a part.

Where scholars strongly disagree is on the social order and fate of the Chacoans. What precipitated the collapse? Why did they leave and where did they go? We still don't know, but Lekson has spent the past 20 years investigating the answers and the last ten shoring up a controversial theory that came to him one day in 1995. In addition to environmental factors, Lekson theorizes that Chaco may have been riven by a power struggle and that the Chacoan leadership deliberately moved and resettled along longitude 107° 57' west of Greenwich. That longitude bisects Chaco and runs north to Aztec Ruins and south to another ancient ruin, Paquimé. Whence the term "the Chaco Meridian," which is also the title of Lekson's 1999 book.

To revisit his theories on the ground, photographer Bill Hatcher and I join Lekson for 11 intellectually rigorous, but completely fun days in autumn. Motel-hopping, car-camping, and hiking across a vast tract of ruin-studded land between Chimney Rock, near Pagosa Springs, Colorado, and Casas Grandes, Chihuahua, we'll probe for traces of a prehistoric pilgrimage, piecing together the Leksonian puzzle that could revolutionize our thinking about the Anasazi.

And while we are guaranteed several spectacular vistas, none will rival the one from Chimney Rock, where the Chacoans built their highest "great house," some 2,000 feet (610 meters) above the nearest running water. Few travelers, or even archaeologists, have attempted this itinerary. Yet curiously enough, our zigzagging ramble across some of the most achingly lovely wilderness on the continent is a journey that any enthusiast of ancient places—armed with a tent, a sleeping bag, a gassed-up four-wheel-drive vehicle, and a couple of maps—could easily repeat.

Few alive know more about Chaco than Lekson. One of the most brilliant of a remarkably talented gang of scholars currently working in the desert Southwest, he's a generalist in a field teeming with niche academics, a big-picture guy in spades. He loves to advance bold and sweeping ideas that confound his colleagues. And nothing Lekson has published in his 30 years of research has stirred up the hornet's nest the way his idea of the Chaco Meridian has. I first met Lekson in 1994 while researching a book of my own about the Anasazi. It didn't take long to recognize that among the scores of professional Southwesternists I consulted, he was hands-down the most quotable. And his published works are a delight to read. In a field notorious for dry scholarly prose, Lekson writes like John McPhee on speed. Now, from the Bonito overlook, we strike out on the five-and-a-half-mile-long (nine-kilometer) loop trail to Pueblo Alto, the remains of an Anasazi great house that stands alone on a stark plateau a mile (1.6 kilometers) north of the Chaco Wash. As we hike, Lekson unfurls his notions about the lost civilization around us.

As far back as we can trace them—for thousands of years stretching into the Archaic, long before the time of Christ—the Anasazi seem to have been egalitarian peoples, living in small, virtually autonomous villages. Yet starting in A.D. 900, they built not only Pueblo Bonito, but a mini-empire that included a dozen great houses, such as Pueblo Alto, strung up and down the Chaco Wash. Laborers carried some 220,000 timbers, which would serve as roof beams for the Chaco great houses, from forests 50 to 70 miles (80 to 113 kilometers) away. And Chaco is far more than a sandstone metropolis of 12 mansions. Radiating out from the shallow canyon is an extensive network of roads, many of them as wide as 30 feet (nine meters), characteristically arrowing in dead-straight lines for miles at a stretch. Why would a people without beasts of burden or wheeled vehicles need roads at all? They may have been ceremonial pathways or they may have connected as many as 150 outlying great houses, aka outliers, to "downtown." Lekson maintains the latter, and he believes that the great houses were the residences of the Anasazi's ruling class until A.D. 1125, when Chaco went into bad decline.

Thirty years ago, the consensus among Southwest scholars was that Chaco was so anomalous and sophisticated, it had to have been the work of Mesoamericans from central Mexico—Toltec, perhaps. (Similarly, Stonehenge was once attributed to Phoenicians, rather than barbaric neolithic Brits.) But between 1976 and 1986, the Chaco Project, an intensive study involving scores of archaeologists who probed every aspect of the matchless Anasazi complex, demolished the notion that local folks had not been clever enough to build it. Chaco Canyon, the project proved, was unmistakably a homegrown phenomenon. It was in 1976, as a young, newly hired shovel bum, that Lekson dug his first Chacoan room, up at Pueblo Alto. Ten years later he had become one of the leading experts on the place. During those years, a debate raged among the participants: Was Chaco so complex that it ought to be called a state? Designating it as such is anathema to traditionalists, who cling fiercely to their ideal of egalitarian Pueblo Indians. Was Chaco instead simply a redistribution center for trade goods—those vast rooms mere warehouses, not living places? Early on, Lekson saw Chaco as even more than a pueblo—a true chiefdom, perhaps even a kind of hierarchical mini-empire. The evidence, he insisted, was everywhere. "Some people want to see the Pueblos, both modern and ancient, as a communal, egalitarian people who could build great towns and monuments and do wonderful things without mayors or cops or inequality," he says, hiking along. "Interestingly, that view actually inspired Karl Marx and served as a justification for communism. If the Pueblos could do great things communally, so could Russia or China."

Lekson hits his stride. "But that idealized view of the ancient Pueblos was wrong. They did have governments and kings and the great houses were palaces. And if I'm right about the Chaco Meridian, those governments lasted maybe four and a half centuries—which is two centuries longer than the U.S.A., so far. So Marx based his ideas on false premises." As we walk along, I size up the glib scholar. Slender, six foot two, with sandy hair, a trim moustache, and the timid onset of a goatee, Lekson is nothing if not impassioned about his subject. Even in casual chat, he speaks at the frenetic, unpunctuated pace of a play-by-play sportscaster. When he gets agitated he speaks even faster, while his voice climbs in pitch to a screech of disbelief: How could the reasonableness of his ideas fail to sweep away his critics' doubts?

Union Soldier's Bones Found in Maryland

Antietam was site of Civil War's bloodiest battle

The Associated Press

Sharpsburg, Maryland - Cutting through a cornfield where soldiers were literally blown to bits on the bloodiest day of the Civil War, a hiker spied something near a groundhog hole: fragments of bone and a metal button, clotted with red clay. He brought the remains to the visitors' center at Antietam National Battlefield, where they were turned over to experts who made a stunning discovery: They belonged to a Union soldier from New York state.

The remarkable find 146 years after the soldier perished is a reminder that the battlefield at Antietam is "ground that was basically changed forever by what happened on it", superintendent John W. Howard said Thursday. Many of the nearly 3,700 soldiers killed in the pivotal 1862 battle were buried in nearby cemeteries five years later, but the New York soldier's remains were somehow overlooked until now. The handful of bone fragments, iron uniform buttons, and U.S. belt buckle help bring into focus the story that battlefield rangers strive to tell.

"These armies were made up of people, of men who fought here", Howard said. ' The soldier's identity may remain a mystery. Howard said he was young, probably between 19 and 21, based on the condition of teeth in a recovered jawbone. A National Park Service archaeologist and Smithsonian Institution anthropologist were the ones who confirmed he was a soldier. And he apparently was no fresh recruit. Five iron buttons found along with textile fragments included some from a coat issued in New York and others bearing the "Excelsior" slogan of federal uniforms, an indication that he had served long enough to replace the lost originals. The soldier could have served in any of 24 New York regiments that fought in the field where fierce small-arms' and artillery fire obliterated cornstalks and men alike. "We've always worked with the number that there's somewhere between 140 and 200 missing in action here, and some of them, because of the volume of fire, they just ceased to exist as an entity they were just totally destroyed," Howard said.

About 23,100 soldiers were killed, wounded, captured or declared missing at Antietam on Sept. 17, 1862. Days later, the dead were buried less than 3 feet deep in the rocky soil, marked by crude wooden headboards. Five years later, most were dug up and reburied - the Union soldiers at the Antietam National Cemetery and the Confederates in nearby towns.

Howard said the New York soldier's remains were found beside one of the limestone outcroppings that stud the rolling hills at Antietam like whitecaps. He said farmers who worked the soil after the war avoided such outcroppings to spare their machinery, which explains how the soldier stayed hidden so long.

Remains turn up from time to time. A visitor found the last set, belonging to four unidentified members of the Irish Brigade, in 1989, Howard said. He said the New York soldier's bones may be buried in the Antietam National Cemetery next spring, after the park service and Douglas Owsley, a forensic pathologist at the Smithsonian's natural history museum, complete their examination. The park service will first contact the adjutant general of New York State to ask whether the state wants the remains, he said.

Historians consider Antietam, also known as the battle of Sharpsburg, a turning point in the war because Confederate Gen. Robert E. Lee's retreat from the battlefield gave President Abraham Lincoln the political strength to issue the Emancipation Proclamation five days later.

Native American Languages Are Dying Out with the Elders.

By David Treuer, Special to the Los Angeles Times

Only three Native American languages now spoken in the United States and Canada are expected to survive into the middle of this century. Mine, Ojibwe, is one of them. Many languages have just a few speakers left – two or three -- while some have a fluent population in the hundreds. Recently, Marie Smith Jones, the last remaining speaker of the Alaskan Eyak language, died at age 89. The Ojibwe tribe has about 10,000 speakers distributed around the Great Lakes and up into northwestern Ontario and eastern Manitoba. Compared with many, we have it pretty good.

If my language does die -- not now, not tomorrow, but, unless something changes, in the near future -- many understandings, not to mention the words that contain them, will die as well. If my language dies, our word for "bear," makwa, will disappear, and with it the understanding that makwa is derived from the word for box, makak (because black bears box themselves up, sleeping, for the winter).

So too will the word for "namesake," niyawen'enh. Every child who gets an Ojibwe name has namesakes, sometimes as many as six or eight of them. Throughout a child's life, his or her namesakes function a little like godparents, giving advice and help, good for a dollar to buy an Indian taco at a powwow. But they offer something more too. The term for "my body," niyaw (a possessive noun: ni- = "I/mine"; -iiyaw = "body/soul"), is incorporated into the word for a namesake because the idea (contained by the word and vice versa) is that when you take part in a naming, you are gifting a part of your soul, your body, to the person being named. So, to say "my namesake," niyawen'enh, is to say "my fellow body, myself."

If these words are lost, much will happen, but also very little will happen. We will be able to go to Starbucks and GameStop and Wal-Mart and the Home Depot as before. We will tie our shoes the same way and brush our teeth and use Crest Whitestrips. Some of us will still do our taxes. Some of us still won't. The mechanics of life as it is lived by modern Ojibwes will remain, for the most part, unchanged. The language we lose, when we lose it, is replaced by other languages.

And yet, I think, more will be lost than simply a bouquet of discrete understandings -- about bears or namesakes. If the language dies, we will lose something personal, a degree of understanding that resides, for most fluent speakers, on some unconscious level. We will lose our sense of ourselves and our culture. There are many aspects of culture that are extralingual -- that is, they exist outside or in spite of language: kinship, legal systems, governance, history, personal identity. But there is very little that is "extralingual" about story, about language itself. I think what I am trying to say is that we will lose beauty -- the beauty of the particular, the beauty of the past and the intricacies of a language tailored for our space in the world.

Yes, that's it: We will lose beauty.

My older brother Anton and I, among many others, have been trying to do something about that. For the last year, we have been working on a grant to record, transcribe and translate Ojibwe speech in order to compile what will be the first (and only) practical Ojibwe language grammar. Since December, we have traveled once, sometimes twice, a week, from our homes on the western edge of our Minnesota reservation to the east, to small communities named Inger, Onigum, Bena and Ball Club, where we record Ojibwe speakers. We've also taken longer trips to Red Lake Reservation (to the north) and south to Mille Lacs.

Recording Ojibwe speech in Minnesota, where the average age of fluent Ojibwe speakers is 55, means recording old people. My brother, at 38, is very good at this, much better than I am. For starters, he is much more fluent. And he looks like a handsome version of Tonto: lean, medium height, clear eyes and smooth face, very black shiny braids and very white shiny teeth. This helps. He has made this kind of activity his life's work; it is what he does.

Right after college, he apprenticed himself to Archie Mosay, at that time the oldest and most influential Ojibwe spiritual leader, who grew up in the hills of the St. Croix River Valley in Wisconsin and did not have an English name until he was 12 and a white farmer he worked for gave him a pocket knife and the name "Archie." He kept the knife and the name for another 82 years. Archie and my brother were friends. Deep affection and respect and tenderness ran in both directions.

The people we are interviewing are also our friends. There is Tim Stillday, from the traditional village of Ponemah on the Red Lake Reservation. Tommy Jay, as he's known, is somewhat famous for his spiritual work and for his sense of humor; he refers to his knees as his *baakinigebishkigwanan*, which means "openers," and once he described his Indian name, *Ozaawaabiitang* (Yellow Foam), as the "puke of the waves as they wash up onshore." He is a Korean War combat veteran, has served on the tribal council and was the spiritual advisor for one or two sessions of the Minnesota Senate. He is also my daughter's namesake.

Then there is Anna Gibbs, also from Ponemah, also famous -- for her voice and her special and spectacular brand of endearing crabbiness and her wild salt-and-pepper hair. Anna can be scary if you don't know her. She is abrupt and short, not more than 5 feet tall, one leg 2 inches shorter than the other (a condition she suffered through until just a few years ago when she finally got a few sets of orthopedic shoes). But she has the most beautiful Ojibwe name of *Waasabiik*, which describes the way moonlight will winkle on the water on an almost still night. She is my son's namesake.

There is also Eugene Stillday, perhaps the best storyteller of them all. He is from Ponemah, Tommy Jay's first cousin. As we recorded him, he told stories of staging powwows out in the woods, of using his grandmother's wash tub as a drum until it caved in, of making a boxing ring with vines, and of one harrowing winter when his entire family was near death from influenza and he sat by the stove, feeding it wood and watching the flames through the grate, until his uncle, Tommy's father, walked through the snow and took Eugene to his house, where he was given two slices of bread, before his uncle returned to feed the stove and nurse the family back to health.

Anton is able to draw these stories out of our elderly friends with enviable ease. He's been doing that -- without funding or help or a fancy award -- for the last 15 years. He is a people person, I suppose. And I am more of a book person. I think it will take both for our language to survive. We will need things like a grammar and more complete dictionaries and databases of recorded speech. But we will also need people, because languages cannot live without them. Languages can be stored without people to act as the shelves, but they cannot be retrieved except by human grasping.

Since we've begun our project, six of our informants, our friends, have died, including Mark Wakanabo, who worked as a janitor at our tribal school for decades until someone realized that since he was a fluent speaker, it would be better if he pushed young minds toward the language rather than pushed a broom. He was a sweet man, about whom I knew very little, except that he was gentle, with a soft voice. Two of his sons (identical twins) were my friends through middle and high school.

Luckily, other people are working on making more Ojibwe speakers. My good friends Keller Paap, along with his wife Lisa LaRonge, David Bisonette, Thelma Nayquonabe, Harold Frogg, Rose Tainter, Monica White and others, have started an Ojibwe language immersion school named *Waadookodaading* (We Help Each Other) on the Lac Courte Oreilles Reservation in north-central Wisconsin. The school has been in operation for six years, and all the children in the program have passed fifth-grade aptitude tests mandated by the state of Wisconsin. Sixty-six percent of them scored in the top 10 percentiles in English and math, compared with a much lower passing rate among students in the tribal and public schools on and near the reservation. And yet the students at *Waadookodaading* received no instruction in English and their math was taught in Ojibwe.

Last spring, I went spearing with Keller Paap and Dave Bisonette on a lake in their treaty area. Band members fought for and won the right to continue exercising their treaty rights on ceded land, and so they do. One of those rights is to spear and net walleye pike during the spring spawn. It is cold on the water in

April, and it was that night. We took the boat across Round Lake to the northeastern shore and into the shallow waters where the fish spawn. One person ran the motor, the other stood in front wearing a headlamp and speared the fish with a long pole. With a few modern modifications, this is something we have done for centuries.

The night was very foggy. Mist skated over the water and billowed up, disturbed, over the gunwales of the boat. We kept close to shore. Round Lake is a resort lake and many of its bays and inlets are packed with houses. (It is rumored that Oprah Winfrey has a house there.) Most of these places were closed up, shuttered, waiting for the tourists to come in for the summer. The docks reached down into the lake as if testing the water, but finding it too cold, drew up halfway on the banks. Yet here and there, lights shone from living room windows. And when the house was perched especially close to the lake, we could see televisions glowing ghostly and blue.

It was past 10 -- time for Letterman and Leno. Dave and Keller and I spoke Ojibwe over the puttering motor and the watery stab of the spear going down into the water and the clang as it came out with a walleye wiggling against the barbs. The pile of fish grew on the bottom of the boat, and they flapped dully, trying to fly against the unforgiving aluminum sky of the boat. A dog barked from shore. I could hear, clearly, Letterman's Top Ten List coming from an open window. Fish scales, knocked loose by the tines of the spear, were plastered all over the inside of the boat, and they sparkled like jewels when swept by the lamplight.

This way of life and the language that goes with it felt suddenly, almost painfully, too beautiful to lose; too impossibly beautiful and unique to be drowned out by the voice of a talk show host or by any other kind of linguistic static. And I thought then, with a growing confidence I don't always have: We might just make it.

David Treuer is the author of three novels, the most recent of which, "The Translation of Dr. Apelles," will be reissued this month in paperback by Vintage Books.

2009 CAS Canoe Trip

Hello CAS Folks,

Attached is an announcement for the 2009 CAS canoe trip scheduled for June 12-14, 2009 (Fri-Sun). The cost this year is \$335, which includes a \$50 donation to the Alice Hamilton Scholarship Fund. The trip is on the Colorado River, between Fruita and Westwater, and the third day will include a hike along McDonald Creek to view rock art. Tom and Terri Hoff will host the trip.

Centennial Canoe is outfitting the trip again this year. The trip is for CAS members, but will be open to the public if there are still open seats within 30 days of the trip. Sign up soon to reserve your seat at www.centennialcanoe.com

Thanks!

Joel Hurmence

2009 IPCAS Officers, Board Members, and major functions

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Vice-President	Open		
Treasurer	Katherine McComb	(303) 666-7448	kmccomb@comcast.net
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Professional Advisor	Dr. Robert Brunswig	(970) 351-2138	robert.brunswig@unco.edu
Professional Advisor	Pete Gleichman	(303) 459-0856	pgleichman@yahoo.com
PAAC Co-Coordinator	Cecil Fenio	(303) 442-4869	cfenio@hotmail.com
CAS Representative	Kris Holien	(970) 586-8982	kjholien@aol.com
Internet Manager	Cyndi Cree	(310) 663-0656	c_cree@hotmail.com
Archivist/Librarian	Kris Holien	(970) 586-8982	kjholien@aol.com
Calumet Editor	Tom Cree	(303) 776-7004	tomcree@earthlink.net
Board Member	Rick Pitre	(303) 673-0272	rpitre9@yahoo.com
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MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION - INDIAN PEAKS CHAPTER

Individual \$28.50 / Year
 Family \$33 / Year
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 New **Renewal**
Tax-Exempt Donation \$10, \$25, \$50, **Other** _____

NAME _____ **TELEPHONE** (____) _____

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Please make check payable to: Indian Peaks Chapter, CAS
 Mail to: PO Box 18301, Boulder, CO 80308-1301

I(We) give CAS permission to :

Yes No disclose phone numbers to other CAS members

Yes No publish name/contact information in chapter directory

Yes No publish name in newsletter (which may be sent to other chapters, published on the internet, etc.)

CODE OF ETHICS

As a member of the Colorado Archaeological Society, I pledge:

To uphold state and federal antiquities laws. To support policies and educational programs designed to protect our cultural heritage and our state's antiquities. To encourage protection and discourage exploitation of archaeological resources. To encourage the study and recording of Colorado's archaeology and cultural history. To take an active part by participating in field and laboratory work for the purpose of developing new and significant information about the past. To respect the property rights of landowners. To assist whenever possible in locating, mapping and recording archaeological sites within Colorado, using State Site Survey forms. To respect the dignity of peoples whose cultural histories and spiritual practices are the subject of any investigation. To support only scientifically conducted activities and never participate in conduct involving dishonesty, deceit or misrepresentation about archaeological matters. To report vandalism. To remember that cultural resources are non-renewable and do not belong to you or me, but are ours to respect, to study and to enjoy.

Signature: _____ Signature: _____

CALUMET

Newsletter of the Indian Peaks Chapter
 of the Colorado Archaeological Society
 P.O. Box 18301
 Boulder, CO 80308-1301