

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE AMERIND FOUNDATION

FALL 2007 (VOL. 4, NO. 4)

Happy 70th to the Amerind!

Seventy years ago, on November 26, 1937, the Amerind Foundation, Inc., was born as a non-profit organization whose mission was to “foster and promote knowledge and understanding of the Native Peoples of the Americas through research, education, and conservation.” Amerind’s founder, William Shirley Fulton, was president of a brass foundry in Waterbury, Connecticut, but he retired from the family business in 1930 to follow his dream westward to Texas Canyon, Arizona, where he bought land that became the “FF Ranch” (Fulton & Fulton) and devoted the remaining 34 years of his life to his principal passion: American Indian archaeology.

The first half of Amerind’s life was devoted to basic archaeological research. From the 1930s through the 1970s Amerind archaeological crews cycled between field and laboratory, collecting and interpreting data on Southwestern prehistory. Fulton and archaeologist Carr Tuthill conducted pioneering excavations on sites in the Dragoon region (Gleeson, Tres Alamos, Winchester Cave, FF Ranch). Charles Di Peso, Amerind’s director for 30 years, focused his work along the San Pedro and Santa Cruz rivers before turning his attention to uncovering the massive late prehistoric site of Casas Grandes in northern Mexico. The Joint Casas Grandes Project, a collaboration between the Amerind Foundation and the government of Mexico and one of the most comprehensive archaeological projects in the history of North American archaeology, consumed Amerind staff for nearly 20 years (1958-1974). From these early excavations the Amerind published over a dozen archaeological monographs—including the eight volume Casas Grandes report—that continue to serve as

primary resources for understanding the prehistory and early history of the Southwestern Borderlands.

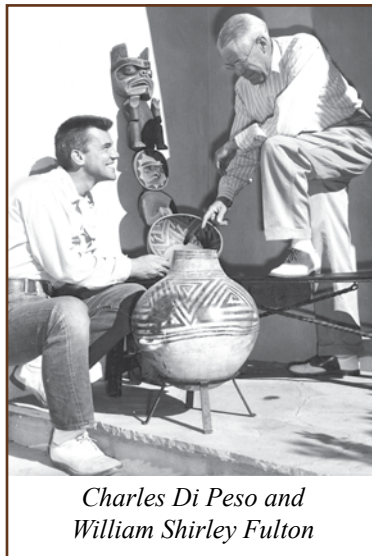
Di Peso’s death in 1982 marked the end of an era. In the 1980s and ‘90s the Amerind turned inward to focus on the interpretation of its 50,000 object museum collection. Perishable collections were re-housed in climate-controlled spaces, interpretive exhibitions were installed in the museum and fine art gallery, and the museum opened its doors to the walk-in public for the first time in 1985. (Prior to this the museum could be visited only by appointment). Research continued at the Amerind but the focus shifted from data collection to synthesis. Amerind’s advanced seminar series, initiated in 1987, hosted small groups of scholars who had completed their field work and needed time to discuss and synthesize their findings.

The original Fulton home was converted into a seminar house and the proceedings of seminars were published through the presses of the Universities of New Mexico and Arizona.

In recent years the Amerind has expanded its seminar program (we now host from three to five seminars a year), developed a resident scholar program, launched an aggressive changing exhibitions program, and developed an active calendar of public programs that brings the Native voice into the museum. In 2003 we began our first-ever membership program and last month we enrolled our one-thousandth member. Our

education program now serves nearly one thousand school children every year and has been praised by students and teachers alike. To those of you who have supported Amerind’s efforts over the years, we thank you! We can’t wait to start our next 70 years!

— John Ware, Director



Charles Di Peso and
William Shirley Fulton

We are pleased to announce the appointment of Dr. Eric J. Kaldahl to the position of Chief Curator at the Amerind Foundation. Eric has degrees from the Universities of Nebraska (B.A.) and Arizona (M.A., Ph.D.) and his principal field work and publications focus on the archaeology of the Southwest and Great Plains. Eric's research interests are in the flaked stone tools of the Hohokam, ancestral Western Pueblos, and Central Plains cultures. His research explores tool making techniques in order to study differences between households and the ways families shared their techniques within communities.

Eric worked for the University of Nebraska and Old Pueblo Archaeology Center in Tucson before joining the staff of the Tohono O'odham Nation where he served as Curator of Education and Research, Acting Curator of Exhibitions, and helped supervise the design and implementation of the tribe's new Cultural Center and Museum in Topawa.

Eric has taught anthropology at the Universities of Nebraska, Arizona, and Pima Community College, and he will be offering courses in archaeology at Cochise College this winter (see calendar on back page). As with all Amerind staff members, Eric will almost certainly be wearing many hats, but his primary responsibility will be to conserve, care and advocate for Amerind's collections. In that role, Eric will be a regular contributor to the Amerind Quarterly, sharing insights about the wonderful objects that form the core of Amerind's world-class collections.

Our sincere thanks to Amerind's Board of Directors, the estate of Elizabeth Husband, and to a very generous anonymous donor who made it possible to bring Dr. Kaldahl to the Amerind. If you would like to contribute to the ongoing effort to endow Amerind's chief curator position, please contact John Ware at 520.586.3666.

A GIWHO (ALSO SPELLED GIHO)

On an Amerind storage shelf rests a Tohono O'odham *giwho*, bought by the Amerind's founder William Shirley Fulton in Sells, Arizona in 1942. The *giwho*, called a "burden basket" in English, is a very distinctive O'odham tool. Mr. Fulton bought this basket at the newly constructed Papago Tribal complex which included offices, auditorium, gift shop and museum. The Papago Arts and Crafts Board ran the store.

The tribe created the Papago Arts and Crafts Board to assist O'odham in marketing their works. The labor demands of the Second World War brought an end to the Board and their small museum. O'odham artists, however, continued to grow more famous for their fine baskets, and the tribe kept the dream of having their own museum alive for 50 years.

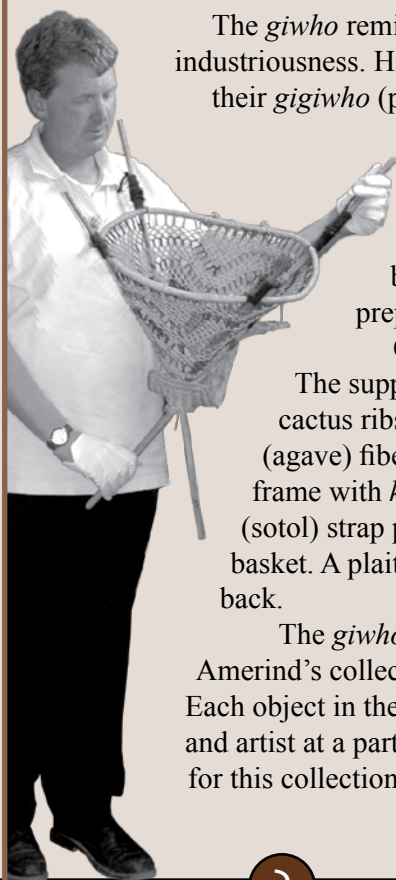
The Papago Tribe renamed itself the Tohono O'odham Nation in 1986 with the adoption of a new constitution. *Tohono O'odham* means "Desert People," whereas "Papago" derives from an anglicized O'odham nickname: "Tepary Bean Eaters." *Bawĩ* (the tepary bean) is a favorite Tohono O'odham food.

Revenues from gaming allowed the Nation to open a new Cultural Center and Museum in June of this year. It was my privilege to be part of the team that helped build that new museum from architectural planning, to establishing programs, to developing exhibits. And then, like the *giwho*, I moved from the Tohono O'odham Nation to the Amerind.

The *giwho* reminds me of an important O'odham value: industriousness. Historical photographs of O'odham women show their *gigiwho* (plural form) piled high with pottery, firewood, and baskets. In traditional O'odham homes, girls and boys are reminded to get up early, work hard, and to run to their chores. When burden baskets were common tools, O'odham families were up before dawn, getting water, stirring cook fires, and preparing for work.

O'odham weavers made use of many materials. The supporting sticks of the *giwho* are *wa:pai* (saguaro cactus ribs). The carrying net sack is probably woven *a'uq* (agave) fibers dyed different colors. The sack is joined to the frame with *kawyu mo'o* (horse hair) twine. The plaited *umug* (sotol) strap passes over a wearer's forehead to support the basket. A plaited *umug* mat provides protection for the wearer's back.

The *giwho* also reminds me of the importance of the Amerind's collection. Only a very few weavers still make *gigiwho*. Each object in the Amerind has a story to tell about a certain culture and artist at a particular point in time. It is my privilege to help care for this collection and explore its stories with our visitors.



by Eric J. Kaldahl

Watershed changes in human societies was a unifying theme of Amerind's busiest advanced seminar season ever this fall, with over 40 scholars coming to the Amerind to participate in two four-day seminars in October and an intensive two-day seminar in early November.

Our annual Society for American Archaeology seminar assembled thirteen scholars who came together to examine colonial interactions between Europeans and Native Americans during the early historic period. The orthodox view is that the territorial ambitions and advanced technologies of European colonists overwhelmed the stone age indigenous peoples of North America, but recent historical research, conducted mostly by archaeologists, suggests that the course of colonial interactions was often determined as much by indigenous cultural practices. The result is a growing body of theory about the ways in which the various political and economic processes of European colonialism were integrated, accommodated, and nearly always transformed by native peoples. The symposium, entitled *Across the Great Divide: Continuity and Change in Native North American Societies, A.D. 1400-1900*, was chaired by Laura Scheiber of Indiana University and Mark Mitchell of the University of Colorado. Laura and Mark were joined by scholars from across the U.S. and Canada who work in the late prehistoric and early historic period, on both sides of the great divide.

An intensive weekend symposium in November addressed another important historical watershed in North American history: the emergence of the first farming villages in the American Southwest. Entitled *Foundations of Southwestern Communities: Variation and Change in First Millennium A.D. Pithouse Sites*, the symposium brought together fourteen scholars who have conducted basic research on early agricultural communities in eleven different regions of the Southwest. Symposium participants addressed several broad questions about the run-up to permanent farming communities in the greater Southwest: What is the significance of variation in architecture, site structure, and settlement distribution for understanding the organization of production and social and political structure? What were the functional, secular and ritual means of integrating communities? Were there continuities in the organization of Southwestern communities despite the massive reorganization of space

that occurred with the decline of domestic pit structure use at the end of the first millennium A.D? Answers to these and other questions about the earliest pithouse dwellers of the greater Southwest will comprise a volume to be edited by symposium organizers Lisa Young of the University of Michigan and Sarah Herr of Desert Archaeology of Tucson, and published by the University of Arizona Press.

Finally, Amerind's first American Anthropological Society seminar in early October brought together twelve scholars from around the world to critically examine the work of Pulitzer Prize-winning author Jared Diamond, of *Guns, Germs and Steel* and *Collapse* fame (see John Ware's article on Diamond's theories in the Fall 2005 Amerind Quarterly). Diamond's popular accounts of societal growth and collapse have done as much to popularize archaeology as Indiana Jones, but how accurate are Diamond's characterizations of the past? Did ancient societies collapse because they ruined their environments (for example in Easter Island, Norse Greenland, Mesopotamia, the Maya Lowlands, and the Anasazi of the American Southwest)? Did Aztecs and Inkas succumb to the superior European technology of

a few Spanish soldiers and the spread of European diseases? Why do we like to hear stories of ancient disasters and European superiority, as suggested by the enormous popularity of books reporting about catastrophes in the past?

Many of the archaeologists and historians attending the seminar offered alternative narratives to Diamond's case studies. Diamond's favorite story of societal collapse focuses

on the Polynesian inhabitants of remote Easter Island who chopped down a vast forest of palm trees to erect giant stone monuments to their chiefs, precipitating, as a result, erosion of farmland, famine, and eventually societal collapse. But an alternative story, told by archaeologist Terry Hunt of the University of Hawaii, is that Polynesian-introduced, palm-nut-eating rats were the primary culprit in Easter Island deforestation. What of the Spanish conquest of the Inka and Aztecs? Australian archaeologist David Cahill reminded us that the Inka were in the midst of a civil war when the Spanish arrived on the scene, and they found willing allies in the many oppressed peoples of the Inka state. Cortez's conquest of the Aztec Empire was augmented by thousands of indigenous allies



Diamond Seminar participants on field trip to Tumamoc Hill, Tucson.

—continued on page 7

AND THEN I WENT TO SCHOOL

Following is an excerpt from an up-coming book by Dr. Joseph H. Suina, Professor Emeritus of composed parts of his book while serving as a resident scholar at the Amerind Foundation in World Tours. In May, 2008, Drs. Suina and Ware will take our third annual Pueblo World tour

I lived with my grandmother beside the plaza in a one-room house. It was the mid-1950s when I was learning all about the ways of Pueblo life during those fascinating times of being five to nine years in age. Like everything else then, our one-room home was not complicated. It had a traditional beehive fireplace near a makeshift cabinet for our few tin cups and bowls. A wooden crate held two buckets of water. It was my job to keep them fresh every day. At the innermost part of the room was our bedding that was rolled up to serve as a “couch” by day. Consisting of an assortment of quilts, sheepskin and Indian blankets, our sitting area was transformed at night into our bed on the floor. Tucked securely beneath my blankets I would listen to one of Grandmother’s many stories about how it was when she was a little girl. “How old-fashioned she lived,” I thought, comparing it to our life now. Sometimes she sang softly a song from a ceremony. This is the way I remember going off to sleep at night.

Those winter nights are among my fondest memories. A warm fire would crackle and dance brightly in the fireplace, and the aroma of delicious stew filled our one-room house. Outside in the cold and crisp night, the sweet smell of burning piñon wood hung heavy over the plaza and the soft muffle of drums would be heard coming from the ceremonial house in anticipation of an upcoming dance. Inside, the thick adobe walls wrapped around us during the long freezing nights. To me, the house was just right. Grandmother’s affection completed the love and security I will forever cherish.

In spite of her many years, Grandmother was very active in the pueblo religious ceremonial life. She was a member of an exclusive women’s religious society and attended all their functions, taking me along to every event that was open to the lay person. I would wear one of my colorful shirts she handmade for just such occasions. Grandmother taught me appropriate behavior at these special events. Through modeling she showed me how to pray properly. In my bare feet I would greet the sun each morning by scattering a small cornmeal offering. At night I’d look to the stars in wonderment and let a prayer slip through my lips. Early in life I learned to do my part to cooperate with nature and my fellow-men. “Help out, take part and share with others,” were daily reminders to live by on my path to becoming a good interdependent Pueblo citizen. About food and material things, Grandmother would say, “There is always enough and it comes from the spirits for all of us.” I felt very much a part of the world we lived in.

Being the only child at my grandmother’s I enjoyed lots of attention and plenty of reasons to feel good about myself. Even as a preschooler I had the chores of chopping and bringing in firewood and hauling fresh water each day. Grandmother insisted this was the way to be a part of the family and the community. After “heavy work” I’d run to her and flex what I was convinced were my gigantic biceps in search of praise. She would state that at the rate I was going I would surely attain the status of a man like the adult males in the village. At age five, her high evaluation of me made me feel like “Mr. Indian Universe.”

And then I went to school. At six, like the rest of my peers at that age, I was compelled to begin my schooling. I will never forget this new and bewildering confinement in four walls for as long as I live. The strange surroundings, new notions about time and expectations and a foreign tongue were at times overwhelming to us beginners, as we were called. To begin with, unlike my grandmother the teacher did not have pretty brown skin and a colorful dress. She wasn’t plump, soft to touch and warm. Her pale and skinny form had me worried that she was very ill. In the village looking pale and skinny was a sure sign of fever or some such health disorder. I didn’t think she was all that smart since she couldn’t understand my language. “Leave your Indian at home” was the trademark of the school. We heard it repeated throughout the day. Speaking our language brought on the wrath of the teacher in the form of a dirty look or a whack with a ruler. This reprimand was for speaking the language of my people, which I was a master at for my age. With it, I sang beautiful songs and prayed from the heart. At that tender age it was most difficult to understand why I had to part with my language at school. Still, at home I was encouraged to attend school so that I might have a better



Young Joseph Suina with his

Education at the University of New Mexico and former Governor of Cochiti Pueblo. Dr. Suina 2007. Some of our members know Dr. Suina as principal leader of Amerind's popular Pueblo to Chaco Canyon and other ancestral Pueblo sites in the northern Southwest.

life in the future—whatever that meant. I thought I had a good village life already but each passing day this idea dwindled and I was less sure of even that.

As the weeks turned to months and those to years, I spoke English more and more and more. I understood that everything I had and everything I was a part of was not nearly as good as the Whiteman's. School was determined to undo everything in me, from my sheepskin bedding to the dances and ceremonies where I had first learned to have faith and trust in our spirits that the world would be right if we only believed and behaved in particular ways. After a while we were “school-broke”—we sat in rows and columns and did our best to pay attention.

About four years down the road I recall our science study of lightning and thunder. It became clear to me that this phenomenon could be explained easily with facts, according to the world of science. There was no need for faith in spirits to explain it, just simple facts to adhere to. So I now understood how the world worked. But there was only one problem:

my grandmother's explanation. It haunted me because I knew in my heart that she was right although I didn't have the facts. Before a rain in our cornfield, the birds and the insects would fall silent and the breeze would pick up, causing the corn stalks to rustle and whisper in anticipation. On a hot July afternoon, the premonition of such a blessing carried the promise of respite for us from the heat and rain for our crops, which we toiled so hard to nurture. We would halt all activity when we spotted even the slightest flash of lightning in the distant sky and Grandmother would take from her handkerchief a cornmeal offering, whispering encouragement and gratitude for the coming storm. “A blessed rain from the spirits is so much better than irrigation water,” she would say reverently. I could feel that holy moment in the fields with the creatures in silence and spirit energy building up all around us. What a joyous event it was when the rain came! I would run through the rain, jumping into puddles, ruffling my hair so that every strand would be touched. It was the way of the spirits and of my people.

But now, with this new explanation so clear—and from an intelligent, well-educated person—what my Grandmother taught me seemed superstition. How could it be anything else? It tore at me, caught between that which was obviously, sensibly, and scientifically true and that which let me touch the spirits. I was a child, I was confused, and I was compelled to choose. My mind sided with the teacher and the Whiteman's way. But my heart, my heart, I think I could feel it tear.

Transition from one way of life to another was not made any easier by the fact that we had to go home and continue to live still a part of the day another way, a way I was told never to forget. One day, I dozed off in class exhausted from an all-night sacred ceremony in the village. I was startled awake with a sharp jerk on my ear and informed coldly, “That ought to teach you to attend ‘those things’ again!” Later, all alone, I cried. I didn't know what I was caught up in. It seemed I couldn't do anything right any more. I was receiving two conflicting messages, and both were supposedly intended for my welfare. I had no one to help me bridge that gulf between the two worlds.

Into the night, long after Grandmother went to sleep, I would lie awake staring at our crooked adobe walls casting uneven shadows from the light of the fireplace. The walls were no longer just right for me. My life was no longer just right. I left my beloved village and people soon after the 6th grade to attend a Bureau of Indian Affairs boarding school just as generations of my villagers had done before me. Leaving to go to boarding school was one of the saddest events in my entire life. The realization came over me that Pueblo life would never be the same again. I could not turn back the time, just as I could not do away with the ways of the Whiteman. They were here to stay and would creep even further into me and eat away my Native life with the passage of time. School, television, the automobile and other outside things; their ways and values had chipped away at the simple cooperative ways I began life in. Determined not to cry, I left the village on that dreadfully lonely night. My grandmother's plea, “Don't forget who you are,” echoed in my thoughts. My right hand clutched tightly the mound of cornmeal offering she placed there and my left hand brushed away a tear, as I could not hold my determination not to cry. And then I made my way to school.



mother and grandmother

VIEW FROM COATI CANYON...

NATURE SIGHTINGS AT THE AMERIND

by Barbara Hanson



I've had my first sighting of the season—in early October, while sitting reading in our yard I looked up at the sound of scuffling under the oak tree. I never

saw the bodies of the animals making the noise in the underbrush but I could tell what they were by the three long tails of golden brown fur. Coatis! Nothing else here has such a tail, nearly two feet long and held erect, with indistinct rings similar to a raccoon's. Coatis, also called coatimundi, are in the same family with raccoons and ringtails. The first time I saw any, shortly after moving to the Amerind, I ran excitedly for my mammal guidebook, having no idea what those exotic-looking animals were, as they came pouring over the rocks like a shaggy wave of Disney fantasy creatures.

That was October of 2001 and I've seen coatis every fall and early winter since then, usually near the small, rocky wash behind our house that we've dubbed Coati Canyon. Active year-round, I'm not sure if coatis only spend the winter here, migrating down from higher in the mountains in the fall or whether I just never see them in the summer because they may be less active in the mid-day heat. But their first appearance has become my favorite harbinger of autumn and a symbol of how special this place is.

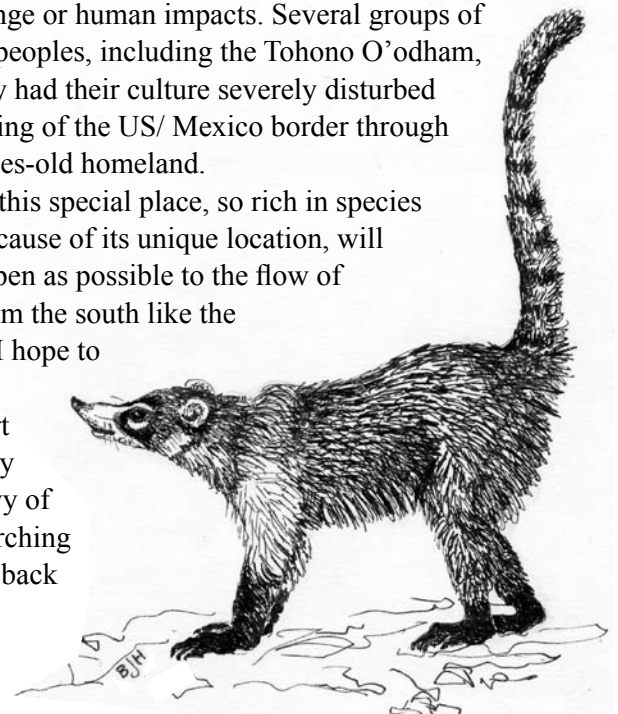
Found mainly in Central America and Mexico, coatis reach the far northern end of their range in Arizona. Though they live in tropical forests farther south, they have adapted to the semi-arid woodland and riparian canyons here. Coatis are highly social, diurnal omnivores that travel in large bands of up to 30 females and their young (males are mostly solitary except during breeding), turning over rocks and grubbing in the soil with their long claws and snouts for tubers, lizards, scorpions, beetles and snakes. They also love fruits and berries, especially manzanita and prickly pear. People I know who've traveled in Central America say coatis there are often seen at tourist sights, even begging for food in parking lots, but here in Arizona they are a rare treat to see. Some people who've lived in this area for years have never seen one and David Di Peso, son of previous Amerind director Charles Di Peso, told me he never saw coatis when he was growing up here in the 1950s and 60s. One of the earliest recordings of a coati sighting in Arizona is from 1892

at Fort Huachuca, but some biologists believe they are becoming more abundant in the state, which may explain my regular sightings of them now.

Animals, of course, do not recognize national boundaries and coatis are not the only visitors from Mexico. Jaguars and ocelots have been seen in southern Arizona and the summer months bring many winged migratory species to breed—butterflies, bats, and tropical hummingbirds, to name a few. Bird enthusiasts come from all over to the only spot in the US where one can see the Eared Trogon or the Flame-colored Tanager, but how many know that this is also the farthest north one can find the ridge-nosed rattlesnake, our state reptile?

One only has to look at maps of the ranges of species, both plant and animal, to see the natural biotic affinity between the deserts and mountains of northern Mexico and those of southern Arizona and New Mexico. Many plants common to the Sierra Madre, such as Arizona cypress and Arizona madrone tree, reach their northernmost limit here. Rivers and riparian washes are natural corridors for travel and two of the major rivers in southern Arizona, the San Pedro and the Santa Cruz, run from south to north bringing many animals into our area. Any barrier, such as a major fence or wall along the border will limit movement of land species in their natural ranges as well as keep them from expanding their resource area if needed when habitats are altered by climate change or human impacts. Several groups of indigenous peoples, including the Tohono O'odham, have already had their culture severely disturbed by the drawing of the US/ Mexico border through their centuries-old homeland.

I hope this special place, so rich in species diversity because of its unique location, will remain as open as possible to the flow of travelers from the south like the jaguar, and I hope to continue to note the start of autumn by seeing a bevy of tall tails marching through my back yard every October.



I WAS A REAL COWBOY—BUT DON'T TELL MY MOTHER

by Dale A. Adams



Dale A. Adams

I was six years old when I became a real cowboy. We'd saddled up on a chill morning and I was preoccupied watching the haunches of my dad's big sorrel ahead of me. Kind of reminded me of my aunt when she walked. My uncle Lloyd, riding alongside my Dad, had wedged my feet into the stirrup straps 'cause I was still too short to ride like they did. Still, I was a real cowboy. My dad had said so.

The morning sun warmed me and I had begun to daydream. Suddenly a flurry -- galloping hoofs -- somebody yelling, "Head 'im off, head 'im off!" It was my dad, snapping me out of my reverie as a calf broke from the herd. Quickly I gave chase 'cause I was a real cowboy and was there to help. But the horse bolted and started runnin', head high and wild-eyed. I don't suppose he even noticed my frantic tugging on the reins.

Into the brush on the edge of a wash, through empty space for a long moment and then me and that horse were both rolling in the sand. There was sand in my eyes and my mouth and I'd lost my hat. I came up spittin' dirt and I couldn't see, but nothin' hurt much. It was awful scary but I tightened up and didn't cry. Cowboys don't cry.

Then the sound of horses coming and hands brushing me off and voices telling me I was OK -- without asking if I was OK.

There was "man talk" on the way home. About how I'd headed off the calf so well (I didn't know I had) and how I'd really helped. And then it seemed like my dad and Uncle Lloyd were talking at the same time telling me how a cowboy's work was not interesting to all the women back at the ranch and how they wouldn't understand about a dumb horse falling and they'd get all excited over nothing. They might not want me to ride again. Probably best not to mention it at all.

Especially to my mother.

So with their secret I became a man, too. But I didn't recognize until years later (years ago) why.

Yep, I was a real cowboy.

Author, aviator, and inventor Dale Adams, grandson of Dave A. Adams, one of the early homesteaders in Texas Canyon, was a featured speaker at our Pioneer Cemetery dedication held September 22, 2007. A large crowd, including many descendants of the pioneers, gathered to see the new sign and plaque erected by the Amerind and to share stories of the early days here. The Amerind's on-going Texas Canyon Oral History Project is collecting stories from pioneers and their descendants. If you have stories you'd like to share, please call the Amerind at 520.586.3666 and ask to speak to John Ware.



continued from page 3—

as well. What of the collapse and disappearance of the prehistoric Maya and Anasazi? Tell that to the six million Maya who still live in Lowland Mesoamerica, or the 70,000 Pueblo Indians of New Mexico who are the direct descendants of the Chaco and Mesa Verde Anasazi.

Although most of the scholars in the symposium were sympathetic with Diamond's broader goals of raising ecological awareness and all shared his concerns about contemporary ecological crises, there was strong consensus among the scholars that Diamond allowed his

theories to get well ahead of the archaeological facts. A volume largely critical of Diamond's characterization of the past is being compiled into a popular book that, it is hoped, will reach the same audience that has bought over a million of Diamond's books. The volume is being edited by Patricia McAnany of the University of North Carolina and Norman Yoffee of the University of Michigan, who assembled the scholars and chaired the symposium at the Amerind. The book will be published by Cambridge University Press.



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*Letters to the director and
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CALENDAR OF EVENTS AT THE AMERIND

January 11, 2008, 1:00-4:00 P.M.

Tucson Basin Prehistory (3500 BC to AD1400)
Cochise College, Benson Center session with Amerind curator, Dr. Eric Kaldahl, at the Amerind*

January 19, 2008, 2:00 P.M.

Art Opening for Bunky Echo-Hawk's exhibit, *Living ICONS*

January 24, 2008, 7:00 P.M.

Lecture Series with Cochise College Center for Southwest Studies, Sierra Vista Campus

January 25, 2008, 1:00-4:00 P.M.

Tohono O'odham in History (AD1680-today)
Cochise College, Benson Center session with Amerind curator, Dr. Eric Kaldahl, at the Amerind*

February 7, 2008, 2:00 P.M.

Majolica Ware, a lecture by Dr. Patricia Fournier, Prof. of Archaeology, National School of Anthropology and History, Mexico City

February 8, 2008, 1:00-4:00 P.M.

Objects and Features of Paquime (AD1200-1400)
Cochise College, Benson Center session with Amerind curator, Dr. Eric Kaldahl, at the Amerind*

February 14, 2008, 11:00 A.M.

Botany walk for members with Barbara Hanson—meet at the museum entrance

February 16, 2008, 2:00 P.M.

Native Voices, poetry readings with Simon Ortiz

February 21, 2008, 7:00 P.M.

Lecture Series with Cochise College Center for Southwest Studies, Sierra Vista Campus

February 22, 2008, 1:00-4:00 P.M.

East-Central Arizona Prehistory (AD200-1400)
Cochise College, Benson Center session with Amerind curator, Dr. Eric Kaldahl, at the Amerind*

March 8, 2008, 11:00 A.M.

Botany walk for members with Barbara Hanson—meet at the museum entrance

March 10, 2008

Volunteer Appreciation event

March 20, 2008, 7:00 P.M.

Lecture Series with Cochise College Center for Southwest Studies, Sierra Vista Campus

March 29, 2008, 10:00 A.M. - 4:00 P.M.

Native Artists in the Gallery

April 5, 2008

Painting workshop with Tohono O'odham artist, Mike Chiago

April 14, 2008, 10:00 A.M.

Botany walk for members with Barbara Hanson—meet at the museum entrance

April 17, 2008

Seven Generations program in Tucson

April 19, 2008

Seven Generations program at the Amerind

April 23 - 25, 2008

Members' tour to Casas Grandes and Mata Ortiz

May 11-16, 2008

Pueblo World Tour III - *The Chaco World*

Fall 2008

Copper Canyon Tour

**To register, call Cochise College at 520.515.5492 or toll free at 1.800.966.7943, ext. 5492. There is a \$15 fee for each workshop. All sessions will be held in the Amerind Library.*

FOR MORE INFORMATION, CALL US AT 520-586-3666

OR VISIT US ON THE WEB: WWW.AMERIND.ORG