



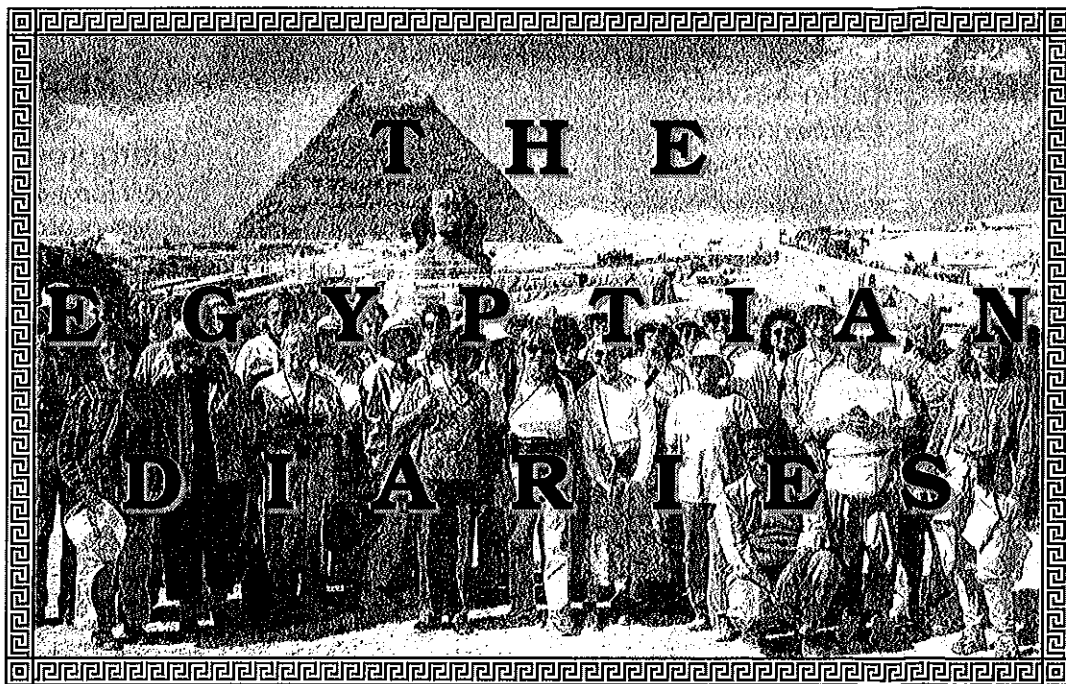
Ontario Archaeological Society

Arch Notes

New Series Volume 7, Issue 1

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Symposium

Peterborough 2002

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Library

Chair: Norma Knowlton

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Self Regulation

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... editor's note

This issue marks the first time Arch Notes has been produced and printed 100% digitally, using Quark Express provided by the OAS. If all goes well, you should see an improvement in reproduction quality — of course, the articles and commentaries remain top quality!

I hope you enjoy the Egyptian diaries that have been collected for this issue courtesy Lesley Hunt, Charles Garrad, and Tony Stapells.

President's notes

GREETINGS, fellow OAS members. I hope that the New Year brings you all health and happiness.

I would like to begin by offering thanks to all of you who participated in exercising your democratic franchise during the recent election for OAS Board of Directors. Elected to serve you for the year 2002 are, in alphabetical order:

Christine Caroppo: President
 Charlton Carscallen: Director of Chapter Services
 Dena Doroszenko: Director of Membership Services
 Bud Parker: Director of Outreach Services
 Tony Stapells: Director of Heritage Advocacy
 Henry Van Lieshout: Treasurer and Secretary

As before, Jo Holden will continue in her capacity as Executive Director of the OAS, a huge and complex task that I thank her for performing in advance.

I would also like to offer my thanks to all outgoing elected and appointed officers of the OAS at the Board level and at the Chapter level. A non-profit organization like the OAS runs on the heart and sweat of its volunteers and I would like to thank you on behalf of the membership for all of your work during 2001.

Long time members of the OAS may recall that I served as President of the OAS previously during what I recall were rather tumultuous times for archaeology and broader heritage issues in Ontario. Since that time the OAS has undergone a sea change in acquiring new office/meeting space, new partnership arrangements, and in offering new educational programs including investigation at the McGaw site in Richmond Hill.

I will freely admit that I have been somewhat out-of-the-loop for a few years while I was raising a member of the next generation. I hope that my organizational and leadership skills were not too blunted by my sojourn on the mommy-track. I figure that if I can remember the hundreds of character names and stories relating to *Thomas the Tank*

Engine and Friends and carry on meaningful conversations using only these data, I should be OK.

I have some ideas about what I would like to accomplish this year and what directions I would like to see the OAS go in. I will do my best to keep you apprised of those ideas and directions and other developments as they happen through the medium of this column.

I would like to see the OAS catch up on its publishing schedule for OA (a great big thank you to Eva and the Editorial Board for getting us to OA 69, yeah!). I would like to see us raise our membership numbers. I would like to see the OAS successfully find new sources of revenue to augment our Provincial operating grant which, as in all things governmental, could change or be terminated. I would like to help reaffirm the bonds between the OAS and its Chapters in delivering the OAS' mission of preserving, promoting, investigating, recording and publishing the archaeological record of the Province of Ontario. I have other goals which I'll be sharing with the other members of the OAS Board as we pool our resources and ideas to guide the Society in its course for 2002.

As always, I am open to all of your suggestions, ideas, complaints and concerns about the OAS and archaeology in Ontario. Please feel free to contact me by mail at the OAS address, by e-mail at the newly minted <oasprez@hotmail.com>, and, sparingly, I hope, by phone at home.

'Til next time.

Christine

From the OAS office...

A VERY happy New Year to all! Its always interesting times at the office however since my return after the holidays it's been particularly eventful! I came back to find two huge stacks of mail — the majority of it returned ballots — such was the interest in the election this year. And the remaining piles were membership renewals!

After the Nominating Committee and I went through and scrutinized the ballots, we were able to estimate that 18% of the membership voted. You will find the Nominating Committees' final report later in this newsletter.

We start this new year with two new Board Members, joining the returning board. I would like to welcome Dena Doroszenko and Christine Coroppo, check inside the front cover detailing our 2002's Directors names, contact numbers, and chosen portfolio. Please feel free to call any of them if they can be of assistance to you.

It's always hard to say goodbye to members who retire from the Board of Directors. This year we say good-bye to Frank Dieterman and Bob Mayer. Frank isn't going particularly far, he's still committed to working hard as Editor of Arch Notes, but no matter he will be missed at the Board Room table. After three years of steering the Society through many diverse, engaging and compelling matters, Bob decided to step down as President. I would like to thank both of them for all the energy and enthusiasm they brought to their positions and I will look forward to any opportunity to work with them again.

Jo Holden, Executive Director

Library Notes

Norma Knowlton

Slow progress is being made in organizing and computerizing the OAS library. The first item of business was to find out what we had, the second to decide what we need, and the third to find a system to organize it. The three streams have been proceeding somewhat in tandem.

Given the small amount of room we have, the idea of limiting the holdings to the areas of our archaeological mandate seems appropriate. This would include Ontario and related areas, which I would take to be "the Northeast," i.e., northeastern North America. This covers Ontario, Quebec, the Maritimes, Newfoundland and Labrador, and perhaps the eastern Arctic, New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Chesapeake Bay. Moreover, the states of Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan and Manitoba are also peripheral to western Ontario. This would exclude the other Prairie Provinces, British Columbia and the Western Arctic, for which we have considerable holdings, as well as other countries. Works addressing technical methods and analysis would be retained. Up-to-date books on archaeology in general are also of use; however, at present the ones we have are very outdated.

We are working on a system of organizing the library in order to be able to find material once it is computerized. Books are separated from journals and newsletters. There will be a section for mainly archaeological reports, another for materials to address methodology and facilitate analysis, and another for archaeology in general. There is a small section of directories and other reference material. The recent activities in public education call for the retention of the few items that we have directed at children.

In order to access items which members can identify through the computer, a coding system is necessary. We were unable to identify a current system that would meet our needs. Andy Schoenhofer has worked out a set of codes that should work well.

Any feedback to this plan would be appreciated. This applies particularly to the types of materials we plan to keep and to the groupings. At a later date, there will be information on those items that we will be discarding. Members should have the first opportunity to acquire these before they are offered to a bookseller.

Position Available National Symposium Coordinator

The Simcoe County Museum and the Ontario Archaeological Society have partnered and applied for a MAP grant to host a two-and-a-half day Symposium in May 2003 exploring issues regarding archaeological material, ownership, and disposition which will serve a variety of communities within the Heritage industry.

JOB DESCRIPTION

Symposium Coordinator

12 month contract position - June 3, 2002 to May 30, 2003

Position location - Ontario Archaeological Society, Richmond Hill, Ontario

DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES

- Liaising with the Symposium partners
- Conducting background research, contacting and co-ordinating speakers and workshop leaders.
- Source out and compare suitable conference location, transportation needs, catering et al.
- Create appropriate forms (i.e. registration) for symposium
- Develop an advertising campaign to promote the symposium
- Identify and attract appropriate sponsors
- Liaise with heritage communities across Canada
- Work within budgetary limits
- Includes evening and weekend work
- Travel expected

QUALIFICATIONS

- Understanding of heritage issues in Canada is an asset.
- Post Secondary education in the Heritage, Archaeological and/or Public Relations field.
- Applicants must have prior experience in project management assignments within the Cultural field.
- Demonstrated ability to work within budget restraints and time lines
- Excellent communication and organizational skills
- Ability to communicate effectively, make presentations and recommendations, and develop materials and resources which convey appropriate information.
- Necessary computer skills
- Valid Driver's license

PLEASE NOTE

This position is dependent upon funding and preference will be given to bilingual candidates. That any offer of employment would be conditional upon the applicant(s) successfully passing a criminal reference check

Further details upon request.

SALARY: \$41,840.00

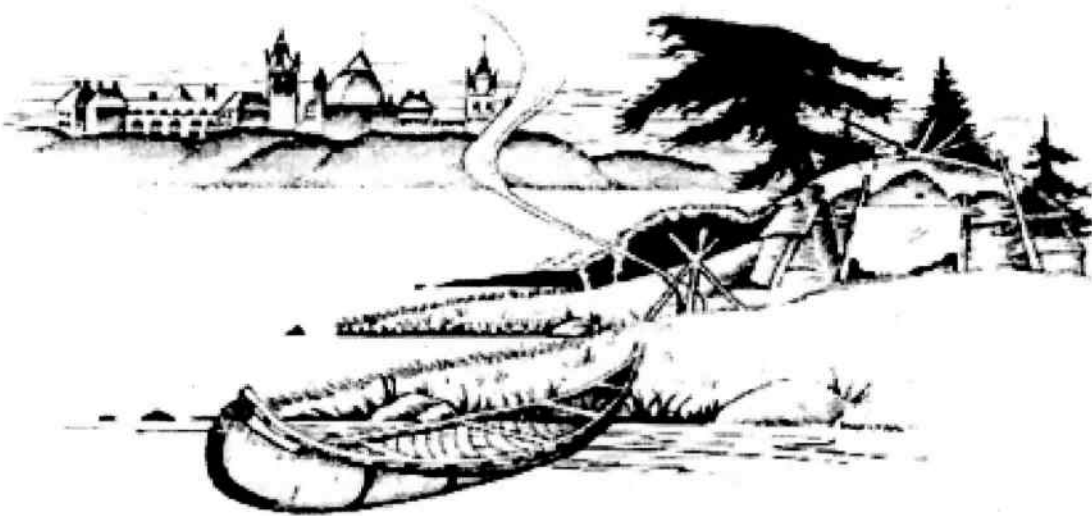
APPLICATION/RESUME WITH REFERENCES to be submitted to:

The Search Committee c/o The Ontario Archaeological Society,
11099 Bathurst Street, Richmond Hill, Ontario L4C 0N2

DEADLINE

April 15, 2002 TIME: 4:30 p.m.

Only those selected for an interview will be contacted. We thank all applicants for their interest.



35th Annual Meeting of the
Canadian Archaeological Association Ottawa 2002

A CALL FOR PAPERS

The 35th annual meeting of the Canadian Archaeological Association
will take place in the Crowne Plaza Hotel, Ottawa, Ontario.
May 16-18, 2002

The proposed theme for the conference is:

ISSUES IN ARCHAEOLOGICAL FRAMEWORKS

You are invited to submit titles for symposia and papers.
While we encourage you to consider the conference theme in your submission,
alternate proposals are more than welcome.

Paper titles and symposia proposals are due no later than January 18, 2002.

Abstracts should reach us by February 22, 2002.

Just a reminder, only paid up member of the CAA are permitted
to present papers at the conference.

Send symposia and paper titles to:

Dr. Jean-Luc Pilon, Programme Chair
Canadian Museum of Civilization
P.O. Box 3100, Station B
Hull, QC J8X 4H2

jean-luc.pilon@civilization.ca

819 776-8192 (tel)

819 776-8300 (fax)

THE EGYPTIAN DIARIES

Cairo, Cheops, & Camels

by Lesley Hunt

November 3rd, 2001 — Cairo. Thank goodness we're here at last!. The journey was long and more difficult than previous years due to the increased security everywhere and our local contact, Atef, informed us that we had to wait for our police escort from Cairo's international airport into town. Groan. The drive into town seemed like an eternity, finally, our hotel room ... overlooking the Nile at night, with the city lights illuminating the banks and the passing feluccas ... the thrill of that view made it all worthwhile.

November 4 — The next morning 33 tired Canadians were woken at 5:30 a.m. by the muezzins calling the faithful to prayer from the minarets of every mosque in town. The morning mist shrouds the river until around 8:00 a.m. so no photo opportunities until later in the day. An early breakfast and we're off to Giza with Ali, our official guide for the next few weeks. The city has grown, the suburbs reaching out in every direction. To my horror, the local government has permitted building to reach the base of the Giza plateau, within a stone's throw of the pyramids. We were told the building orders could be rescinded but I'm not optimistic this will happen as the home-dwellers would have to be relocated in a city where housing is at a premium. Getting to Giza early paid off and we were able to obtain tickets to enter the funerary chamber in the pyramid of Cheops before the heat of the day made it unbearable. You cannot help but marvel at the engineering as you clamber up and down and up again and then drop to your knees to enter the final resting place of the pharaohs in the heart of the pyr-

amids. The funerary temple of the Chief Justice is located nearby and was worth a quick visit even though the self-appointed guide was not shy about demanding donations (US dollars preferred!). A quick visit to the Museum of the Solar Boat tucked against the southern side of Cheops' pyramid - in excellent condition, the boat is made from cedars of the Lebanon and held together with ropes and resin tar - and then on to the Sphinx, cut from a single block of stone with the dream stele of Thutmose IV between his paws.

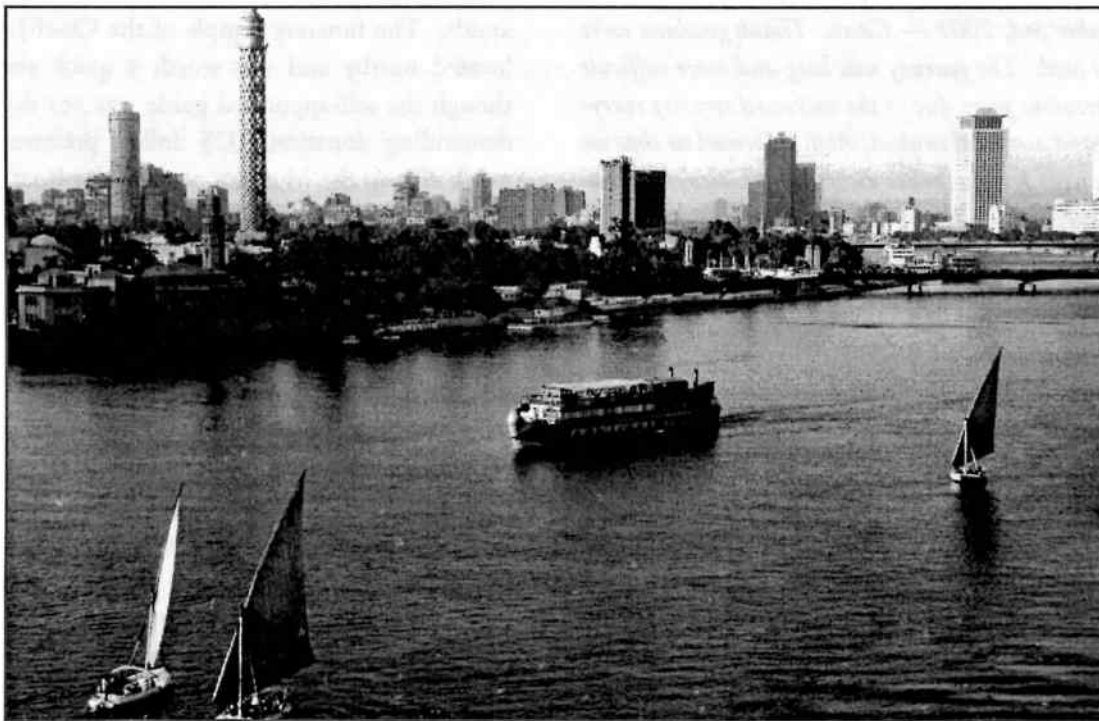
A workers village from the time of Cheops was accessible to those who were willing to take a 15 minute camel ride, the only risk of falling off was due to the non-stop giggling. It was here that the (allegedly) oldest bakery known to-date was uncovered. Memphis in the afternoon was a relaxing affair where we exchanged smiles with the 'Mona Lisa' sphinx and examined two large "tables" for sacrificing young white bulls to Serapis. The monumental statue at this site is that of Ramses II. The statue is laid flat on its back but still needs housing two stories high to enable detailed examination of the hieroglyphs and workmanship. The bus trip back to Cairo through countryside gave us a good overview of the local lifestyle i.e. plots cultivated with vegetables, date palms, cotton, clover and hay, mud-brick two-room dwellings with stables now included inside the home to prevent theft of livestock (predominantly donkeys and goats). Large beehive-shaped dovecotes were in abundance, a mating pair of pigeons is still the traditional gift from a mother-

in-law to newlyweds. As we neared Cairo, traffic slowed to a crawl (worsening traffic jams is another noticeable change from previous visits) and we were able to observe coffee shop patrons enjoying their apple-scented tobacco in the hubbly-bubbly water pipes. A side trip to a papyrus store, where papyrus making was demonstrated for us, ended our day.

November 5 — Today turns out to be a lesson in schedule flexibility. The Serapeum is closed and we cannot see it. On arriving at the gate of the Saqqara

donned running shoes! Our next stop was the funerary complex of Zoser with its hypostyle hall and stepped/mastaba pyramid.

We shared the site with a group of local visitors from an Egyptian senior citizens home and together walked south in the complex to pass a small dwelling believed to have housed the holy family on their flight into Egypt. Nearby, the funerary temple of Unas was closed, another disappointment as this temple is decorated with the Pyramid Texts. Walking down the



compound we discover the temple of Abusir is unexpectedly closed for renovations but there is still a lot to see. We purchase our photography permits and visit the Mastaba of Queen Ti, with its exquisite hieroglyphs, the offering rooms of Titi and the underground funerary chamber. Opposite lies the temple of Kagmeny with its excellent wall reliefs depicting daily life e.g. gazelles tied for slaughter, fishing boats. At Saqqara, as at Giza, we are almost alone with the monuments. While this lack of tourists offered a unique opportunity to dally with history it also meant we were the sole targets of the omnipresent vendors. It was at this point that I noticed most of my peers had

causeway we passed the curved excavation shape of a funerary boat and boarded the bus for Dashur.

Although some believe Dashur to be an extension of the southern Saqqara complex, the pyramids here are much earlier. Dashur is famous for its 'bent' pyramid. Started at an angle that soon became unworkable, the correction is obvious. Tucked behind it is the 'pregnant' pyramid, which collapsed due to poor quality stone, although there are some claims it was experimental only. The site has only been open to the public for the past year and was totally deserted bar the camel police. By this time we were getting used to

being escorted everywhere by a combination of police/ army armed with rusty rifles but this was the first time the police themselves had the opportunity to press us for baksheesh in return for photo opportunities! A few hundred feet away lies the 'red' pyramid, stopping for breath after climbing up to the tomb shaft entrance we could see the pyramids of Saqqara in the distance. It was now early afternoon and as we proceeded backwards down a steep shaft we were met by a wall of heat and the strong stench of uric acid, this encouraged us to make our observations quickly and leave, alas, not before the last of us was subjected to the whims of the erratic power source. Claustrophobia is...being plunged into darkness inside a pyramid.

November 6 — Visited the Pharonic village of Dr. Ragab, an example of reconstructive archaeology with live depictions of daily life in dynastic Egypt. The papyrus plant was in abundance on the small lake there, a reminder that it had to be re-introduced to the lower Nile from the Sudan. Known today primarily for its use in manufacturing papyrus, the ancient Egyptians used it for weaving mats, sandals, building boats and as a food source. Finally, we get to Old Cairo: the Hanging Church was in such a state of disrepair it was almost impossible to see the workmanship, repairs are ongoing for the next three years. Around the corner, St. Sargius' Church is believed by the locals to be where the holy family stayed for three months during their stay in Egypt and therefore claims to be the oldest church in Egypt. At the Citadel we removed our shoes and the women dutifully donned headscarves before entering the mosque of Muhammed Ali, where the gentlemen in our group were carefully but noisily inspected by a group of Egyptian teenage girls looking for marital prospects. Built of alabaster, the beauty of the building was masked by a thick coat of grime and pollution is pitting the stone.

November 7 — Spent the day at the National Museum and visited my old friend King Tut. The conditions at the museum are greatly improved for both the Tut artifacts and the more important mummies, for whom a separate climate-controlled room has been constructed. Walked part-way back to the

hotel, chatting to the locals, and after the prerequisite formalities of tea and polite talk in various shops arrived in our room clutching several bags full of perfume (created just for you, my sister), carvings and other knick-knacks for which we probably paid too much. The courtesy and charm of the Egyptians is such that even when you know events are leading to a commercial transaction you can't help but laugh and go along with it.

November 8 — The second leg of our adventure started today as we flew to Luxor. Dropping our bags at the hotel we hailed a calèche and spent a couple of hours in the local souk purchasing spices, gazelle leather and fine Egyptian cottons. Our unofficial 'guide' eventually led us to his fiancée's house for hibiscus tea, which is reputed to lower blood pressure! The house was of mud brick with wood lintels. The living quarters were below street level, dark and cool with raised mud benches covered in soft cushions to recline on. It was laundry day and the grandmother showed us, with some pride, a large tub with a motor attached to the side which stood in the front hall. Having rewarded our 'guide' for his assistance, we returned to our hotel for the evening visit to Karnak. The enormous columns at Karnak can be quite overwhelming by day, by night they are awe-inspiring and the Sound and Light show was very effective. The site is so large it takes more time than the two visits we eventually made to comprehend its many layers and timelines.

November 9 — A big day ahead of us, a long ride to Abydos and Dendara. We left the hotel at 7:30 a.m. to join the police convoy. The convey leaves for these destinations once a week, if you are late and miss the police escort, you simply cannot go. The Egyptians impressed on us constantly how important our security was and true to word, our bus was checked in and out of every town we passed through, sometimes with a change of guard. I was never quite convinced that all this would truly save us from attack by terrorists, but was grateful for their efforts to reassure us. The vendors at Abydos were sleepy in the midday heat and we slipped past them onwards and upwards to the temple of Seti I which contains some of the finest

reliefs of the period. *The Kings List gallery was a 'must see' with its carefully controlled version of history, it would take too long to figure out which pharaohs had been dropped from the 'honour roll'! The site is still being worked, ten years ago a dozen funerary boats were found, deemed to be some of the earliest discovered to-date and more have been discovered since. Abydos was dedicated to the worship of Osiris and we could have spent a lot longer here but had to push on if we were to make the police escort change that would take us to Dendera. Approaching the main temple at Dendara was a convoluted affair – instead of a long columned approach that focusses one on the temple there are a series of small buildings that distract the eye, the result of later additions. To the west, a small temple which was later converted to a Coptic church still bears Christian emblems and Nectanebo's birth house or Mummeseum still bears good reliefs. Within the main temple, which is dedicated to Hathor, the temple walls are covered with text describing various religious rites. The ceilings in the hypostyle hall, supported by eighteen columns with Hathor's head as the capital, are blackened by what appears to be a sooty deposit, reportedly from the fires of the Coptics fleeing religious persecution. We climbed a dark staircase covered in hieroglyphs until we reached the roof from which vantage point we could assess the site and enjoy the view. Back down at ground level we walked around the temple, past the Roman sanitarium and towards the dried up sacred lake to view one of the few extant reliefs of Cleopatra VII on the south wall of the temple. The sun was setting as we climbed aboard the bus back to Luxor.*

November 10 — We got up at 4:15 a.m. today in order to get some of the few tickets (150 daily) that are issued to view the tomb of Nefertari. We raced one another across the Nile in two small ferries and boarded our bus on the west bank. Arriving at the Valley of the Kings, we were transported up the valley in motorized toy-like trains that belched noxious fumes and were the subject of much amusement. Budgetting our time strictly, we visited KV2, Ramses IV; KV 62, Tutankhamun; KV8, Merenptah II; and KV16, Seti II. Of these, only Tutankhamun's mummy (in poor condition) was in

the sarcophagus, although Seti's tomb did contain the mummy of his prime minister. The sarcophagi lids were engraved with the goddess Nut and in the case of Merenptah, constructed of red granite. Already covered in a fine white dust, we set off for the Valley of the Queens. The burial chamber of Nefertari is befitting her status as the most beloved wife of Ramses II. Admittance is limited to ten people at a time for ten minutes only. The decorations fill you with amazement, the colours surely as brilliant as the day they were put on the walls. No time to dally, we were off for our daytime visit to Karnak. Walking down the avenue of cryosphinxes we passed through the first pylon. Faint traces of colour can still be seen on some of the columns in the hypostyle hall but graffiti and defacement are predominant. You have to concentrate on this site - cartouches have been erased and re-cut, one of the halls of Tuthmosis I and III had been converted to a church – it's hard to get the feel of the original plan. The sun was sinking so we carried on to Luxor. Originally joined to Karnak by a long avenue of sphinxes, we entered the courtyard to see the trinity of Amun, Mut and Khonsu. One of the courtyard walls supported a mosque that was in daily use, deeper into the complex a side temple had been converted to a church, carefully plastered and painted with Christian saints. Fading daylight made it harder to appreciate the original design of the complex, but it was well worth the visit. A flying visit to the Luxor Museum convinced me that I needed more time there also. It houses a small collection but the exhibits are all gems, e.g., the bull head from KV 62 and a small granite bust of Tuthmosis III. The internal layout of the museum is reminiscent of the temple ramps and leads you gently to different levels, making interesting use of the space available.

November 11 — I've been looking forward to this, today we visit Deir el Bahari. We tried to ignore the police and their rifles perched atop the encircling sandstone cliffs as we walked towards the mortuary temples of Mentuhotep II, Hatshepsut and Tuthmosis III. We focussed on the temple completed by Hatshepsut, starting with the southern chapel dedicated to Hathor in which Hathor is shown suckling the

pharaoh. Adjoining portico walls are decorated with a faded version of the famous expedition to Punt. A northern chapel is dedicated to Anubis, some colours are still visible. Access is still denied to the upper court so we cannot view the statues. As we leave, we pass a scruffy miniature tree, our guide Ali thinks it may be one of the original frankincense trees from the expedition to Punt – we're not entirely convinced, but it makes a good story. On the way back to Luxor we

completed the hadj to Mecca. Back to the Nile to board the *Semiramis II* for a leisurely three day cruise up river, final destination, Aswan.

November 12 — What a wonderful idea to travel this way – some of us were suffering from pyramidi-tis (exposure to many pyramids in a short time-frame) and needed the break to digest all the information we had absorbed on the fast-paced tour to-date. We shared the boat with a group of Mexicans



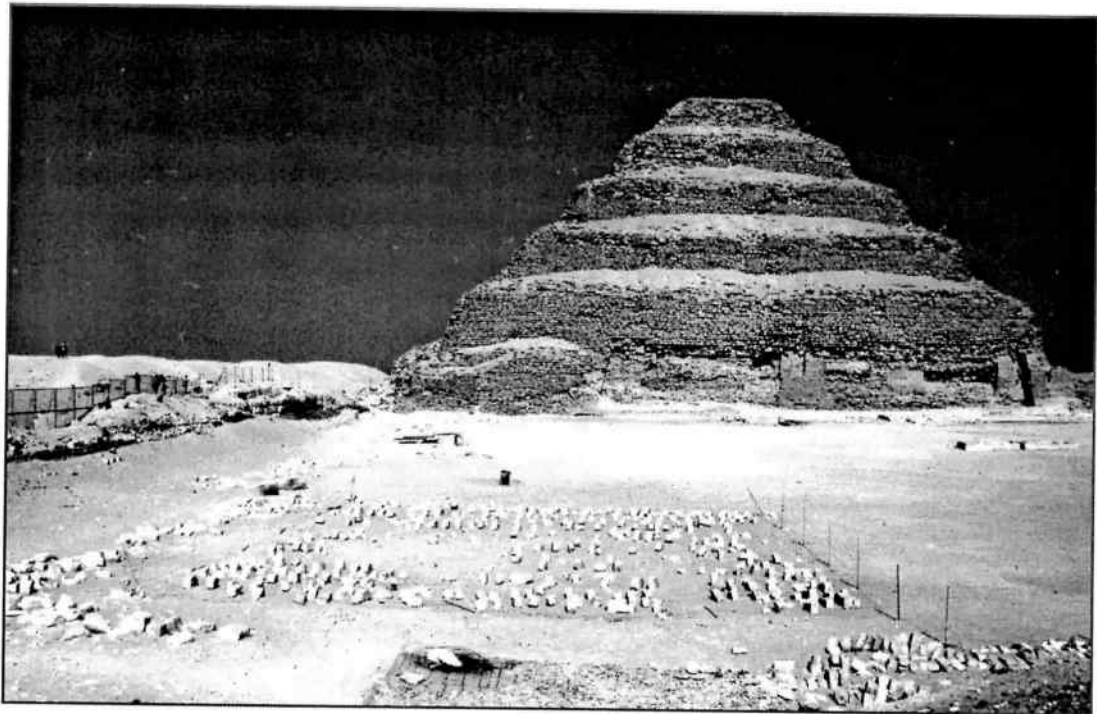
visit the Ramesseum, where the French are working that day. The site is a pleasant one, with blossoming mimosa trees amongst the toppled giant statues and the scenes of Kadesh. We try to cadge an invitation from the French archaeologist to see their work up close but they wisely do not permit us to trample on their turf! Driving through the adjacent village we stop to photograph the painted exteriors of the mud brick homes, these are extraordinary scenes, often of modes of transportation. These paintings are a source of great pride to the villagers as a house painted in this manner signifies a member of the household has

and spent time watching life on the riverbanks – fishermen, birds, children playing, other boats – while sipping a beverage of choice. The fresh fruit juices were worth the long wait and helped stave off the cold germs that had invaded the group! Docking at Edfu, we travelled by calèche to the Temple of Horus, site of a yearly pilgrimage from the Temple of Hathor at Dendera. Initiated by Ptolemy III it took almost 400 years to complete and is well preserved. The red granite tabernacle inside the naos was found inside an older temple on the site and contained the sacred boat now found in

the Louvre. Exterior wall reliefs depict detailed boat riggings and knots and are a useful comparison/contrast to the boats shown in the recently seen expedition to Punt. The vendors at this site seemed quite desperate and pulled us back as we walked by with claims of bargains for 'Nubian pounds'. It was only after they had got my attention that I discovered the £2 Nubian being asked translated into £130 Egyptian in the vendor's mind. As I later found out, there was no such thing as a Nubian pound, but it was a good tactic! Back on the Semiramis we set sail

sale had a distinctly Nubian flavour, brightly coloured bead necklaces and glazed cotton shawls in rainbow colours had replaced the Egyptian stone carvings of Bastet and Anubis. Physiognomy was distinctly African and the people proudly introduced themselves as 'Nubian, not Egyptian.'

November 13 — We sailed to Aswan overnight. Today we saw the partially quarried red granite obelisk of Hatshepsut. Seeing it in situ raised the usual discussions of dynastic workmanship, methods



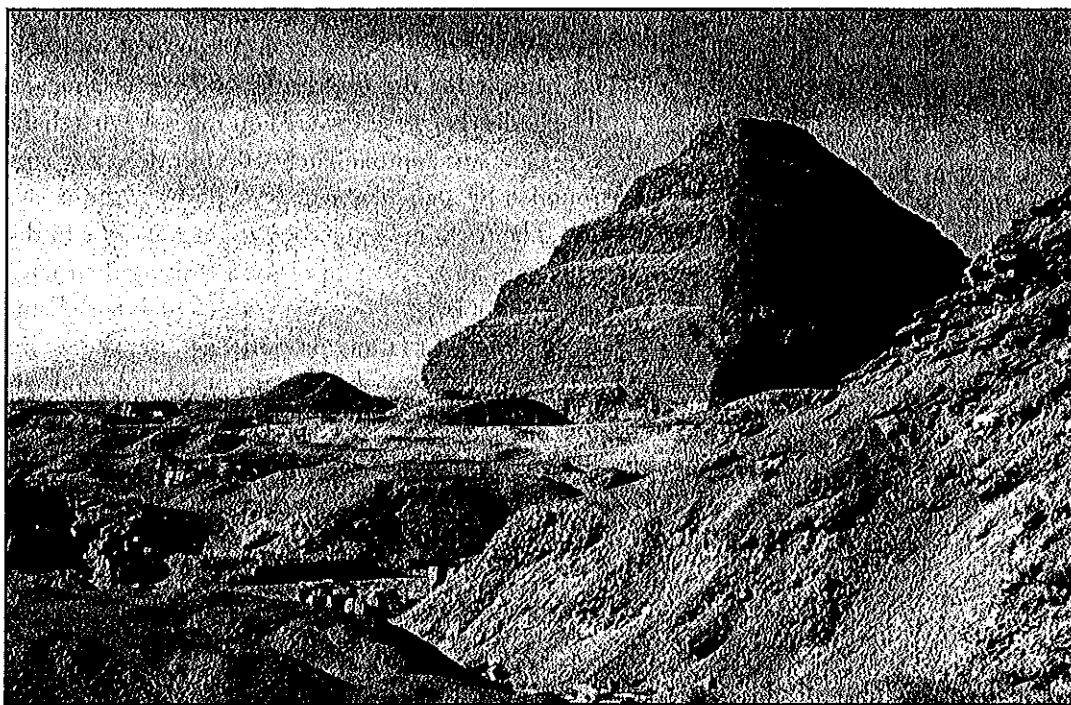
for Kom Ombo. There was unease amongst some as Ali teased us that Kom Ombo translates as 'piles of crocodiles' but the only ones we saw had been mummified for centuries. As with the temple at Edfu, Kom Ombo was built during the Roman period atop an earlier temple. The façade bears cartouches of Roman emperors, a somewhat incongruous sight. There is a lot to see here, including a large nilometer and the famous list of surgical tools in the sanctuary of Haroeris, but again, we are losing the light fast. The vendors here were strictly controlled and could not cross a white line painted on the ground but walking past the stalls we could see the goods on

and tools as the face was very smooth even in its unfinished condition. Engineering methods a millennia later gave us the Aswan Dam, our next stop. The High Dam now supplies electricity for the entire country, but as archaeologists we are acutely aware of the losses, both past and future, that resulted from the rising water table. Only six pyramids were saved from the dam, plus Abu Simbel and the Temple of Phyllae. The visit brings back personal memories of the anti-British sentiment directed to those of us living in Africa during the 1950s and 1960s and I try to be objective as our Egyptian guide talks of the nationalization of the Suez Canal and other projects.

The Russian/Egyptian monument nearby commemorates the opening of the dam in 1968. In the shape of a giant lotus, I am undecided as to whether it is a concrete monstrosity or if it will eventually blend in with the landscape. The Temple of Phyllae is located on its own island and was the site of pilgrimages to honour fidelity, bases of the columns show gouging from the souvenir seeking pilgrims. In active use over centuries, the hypostyle hall bears engravings of coptic crosses and a red granite altar in situ. The reliefs are well preserved and near the second pylon rests a tablet

away from us. It was a sudden reminder that the peaceful scenery may be deceptive. Sailing past Kitcheners Island we pass the mausoleum of the Aga Khan and land at a Nubian village to see the homes, schoolhouse and shared fields. Very dusty, we return to the Semiramis for our last night on board, tomorrow we drive across the Nubian desert to Abu Simbel!

November 14 — We say goodbye to our friends on the boat — the cabin boys with their cheeky towel arrangements, the waiters who knew us by our favourite drinks (Miss Lime Juice) — and board the



bearing the terms of a peace treaty. The black band seen around the sides of the temple walls is the watermark from the original site level, which was lower by thirteen metres. Our next visit is to Elephantine Island. We took a leisurely sail there by felucca and watched grey heron, ducks and gallinule in the papyrus at the waters edge while being serenaded in several languages by young boys in small dugout canoes. The sailors in the felucca also engaged us in a singalong accompanied by a tambourine-like instrument. En route we were rammed by a curious fisherman who was becalmed mid-Nile. Instantly, the sirens of the water police sounded and he was directed

bus with our water bottles, this is going to be a long drive with no rest station. The word Nubian (from neb) means golden, and that is the colour of the sands. The road has been re-surfaced and communications towers line the way. We saw well-heads at regular intervals, an attempt by the local government to encourage those willing to try and reclaim the desert. We passed such an attempt, a farm owned by a Saudi prince that looked moderately successful. The road was empty (bar a convoy of buses returning to Aswan) and the landscape barren but occasionally we pass a sign to an ancient ruin. The wind has pushed the sand into natural pyramid

forms, somewhat startling to see as we drive along with our usual police escort. Three hours later we were at Abu Simbel and walked down the hill to the waterfront and suddenly, there it was. They don't call it the Great Temple of Ramses II for nothing, the statues are truly monumental! Reconstructed on high ground between 1960 and 1968 to avoid the flood from the Aswan dam, the move was a miracle of modern engineering and the temples have not suffered visibly. The interior walls of the Ramses temple depict the familiar Battle of Kadesh and scenes from The Book of the Dead. One of my favourite reliefs is just inside the entrance where there is evidence of workman error, the back leg of the pharaoh has both an original and a final cut for the outline. That small slip in the midst of all the perfection makes the ancient Egyptians so human and brings them somehow closer. The inner sanctum houses four statues, the deified Ramses and three of the gods. This is the chamber that is flooded with sunlight at each solstice, lighting up all statues except that of Ptah, the god of darkness. A small reconstruction error in the angle of the entrance has delayed this phenomenon by one day, e.g., the sun now strikes the statues on October 22nd. The novelty of this site, however, lies in the adjoining Temple of Hathor dedicated to Nefertari. Never before had a pharaoh's wife been accorded the honour of a statue next to that of the pharaoh and of equal height. The queen's temple is small but of pleasing proportions, beneath the head of Hathor each column is decorated with the history of the pharaoh and Nefertari. The Sound and Light show that evening was a new version using laser beams and was of excellent quality, showing a captive audience the dismantling and reconstruction of the site and re-enacting the Battle of Kadesh and the lives of the pharaoh and his most beloved queen.

November 15 — Leaving our hotel, where we had been the only guests, we travelled in convoy across the Nubian desert back to Aswan's airport. Once more, our convoy was alone on the road save for some trucks transporting camels from Sudan to the market in Aswan. Our faith in the safe driving habits of our hosts was put to the test on this trip as the various bus

drivers jockeyed for position. Revenge came when we caught up to the speeders at the police checkpoint and discovered the main culprit had suffered several flat tyres! Back in Cairo, we said our goodbyes to those of the group that were returning to Toronto the following day

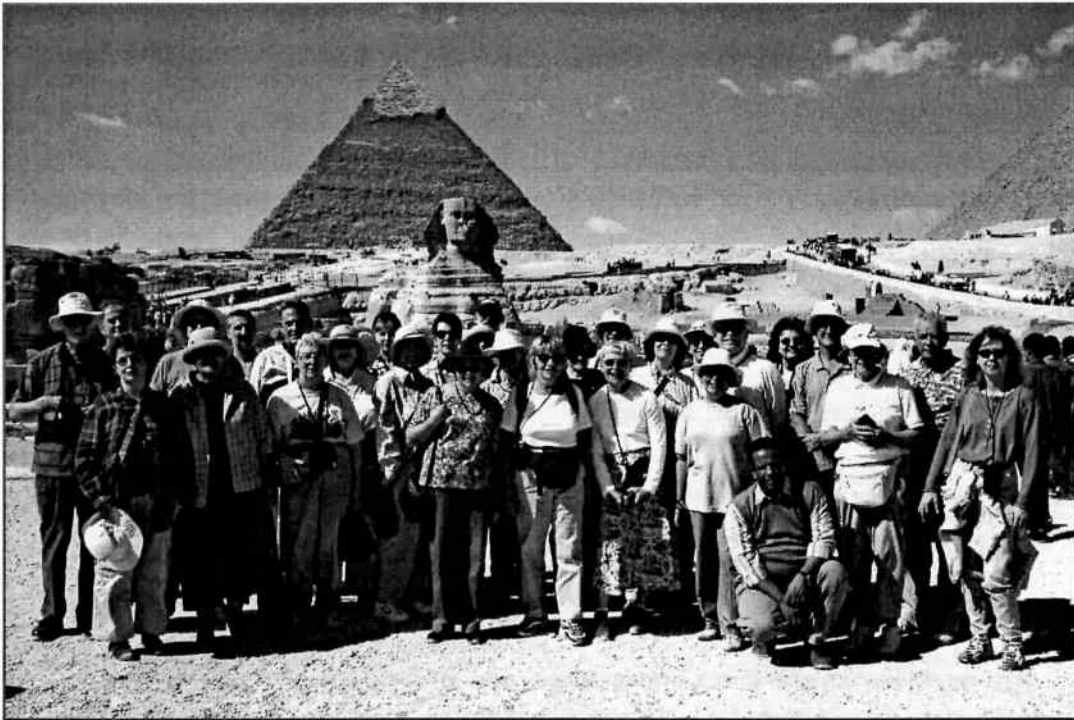
November 16 — We left for the two hour drive to Alexandria, passing through small towns along the way. How different it was to the previous day! Advertising signs lined a road inhabited by four-wheeled vehicles, not four-legged animals, and we truly entered the modern age as we passed onto our first toll highway. Arriving in Alexandria, we headed straight for the catacombs of Kom al-Shugafa. The bodies had been lowered on ropes down a shaft, this shaft was approximately 100 feet deep and surrounded by a circular staircase leading to three levels. The triclinium or dining room was close to the stairs and for the benefit of those visiting their family tombs. Beyond lay a variety of rock-cut chambers of single or family proportions. Above ground once more, we saw the remains of sarcophagi decorated in a mixture of Greek, Roman and Egyptian motifs, some wall paintings in a nearby tomb were reminiscent of a style found at Fayyum. Nearby lie the ruins of the Serapeum temple in which stands Pompey's Pillar. Erected to honour the Emperor Diocletian, popular myth would have us believe that Pompey's head was buried beneath the pillar after his murder. Made of red granite, the pillar stands about 80 feet high amidst a mixture of statues from various dynasties brought here as decoration by the Romans. A large poinsettia tree flourished in the gardens, serving as a quick reminder of the holiday season a month hence. We left the ruins and crossed town to our hotel, the bus weaving in and out of the narrow back streets filled with vendors until we finally emerged on the Corniche. Our hotel room overlooked the gardens of the Montazah Palace and the Mediterranean sea but the wind was so strong we elected to enjoy the view through the windows.

November 17 — We started the day at the Greco-Roman Museum. A large spacious building, it houses untold treasures, most of which suffer from inade-

quate labelling. We visited two famous collections there: the Greek and Roman coin collection was opened for 15 minutes specifically for our group; the other collection was the Tanagra statues, which to the modern eye look like an ancient collection of Royal Doulton figurines (no disrespect intended!). Leaving for Quaitbay Fort on the eastern harbour, located close to the site of the ancient Pharos lighthouse, we are caught in the after-effects of a storm in the Mediterranean. Pedestrians scurrying along the waterfront were drenched by large waves that crashed over the seawall. A few minutes later we were also

indeed royal. (I still dream of the necklace of white rubies.) Ramadan started on November 16th. and the bus driver and Ali are now ending our trips mid-afternoon so they can be home in time for prayers and to break their daylong fast.

November 18 — We set out for El Alamein. The road is new, fast and with little traffic. We pass isolated groups of buildings surrounded by walls and guarded gates. These are, apparently, the summer homes of the local nouveau riche. Not having been here before, I didn't know what to expect and was



victims as we walked along the battlements and it was a relief to gain the shelter of the adjoining building which contained a small mosque. Built by Sheik Quaitbay in the fifteenth century, recent excavations around the fort have uncovered what are believed to be remains of the Pharos lighthouse. At the southern end of the eastern harbour, ruins and statues have been dated to the time of Cleopatra VII. The next stop was the Fatma el Zahra palace where we saw some of the family jewels of Mohammed Ali. The palace itself was worth the visit for the architecture, wall decorations and portraits and the jewellery was

looking for a plain dotted with rusting WW II tanks. Unexpectedly, we stopped outside a low white building. We had arrived at the Military Museum. The museum is relatively new, the Egyptian government had hoped to make it an international enterprise to attract tourists but funds were not forthcoming from the countries involved in the battles at El Alamein, and the upkeep of some parts of the museum seem to have suffered as a result. The grounds contain all manner of military transport and artillery but some knowledge of military histo-

ry is needed to know what belonged to which country as everything was over-painted in a bland sand colour. Inside we viewed the campaign maps and passed through displays of the Allied, Italian and German troops. There was also a section dedicated to the Egyptian effort with a surprising emphasis on the sacrifice and cost the Egyptians had undergone while assisting the Allies. We exited into a courtyard that displayed casts of the key personnel at El Alamein, the lack of accuracy here was also disappointing. We moved on to the German memorial, a dark gloomy enclosure containing the names and origin of their war dead. Bypassing the Italian memorial, we drove back to the Commonwealth memorial. Maintained by the War Graves Commission, the individual plots are laid out in orderly rows with the familiar white headstones. It was incredibly sad to see thousands of these headstones marked with name, age, rank and outfit, the average age seemed to range between eighteen and twenty-one years. It was now mid-afternoon, our driver had been fasting since dawn and would not even accept water so we head back to Alexandria.

November 19 — Today we leave for Cairo, but before

we go, Ali has been persuaded to take us to the new library of Alexandria. Since the official opening is not until April 2002, we need special permission from one of the government ministries. Built close to the alleged site of the ancient library, the new library is truly an international undertaking, the architects are Norwegian and Egyptian and the construction engineers from England and Egypt. The exterior of the building is covered with words/signs from all over the ancient and modern world. A covered walkway overhead joins the library to the university, the walkway ends overlooking the sea, a symbol of the spread of knowledge to the world. Inside the building, old and new have been blended in pleasing harmony. The lotus blossom appears on the columns while the walls are covered in copper, polished black granite from Zimbabwe, and acoustical materials. Light wells are used to avoid direct sunlight. Aware that the first two libraries burnt to the ground, this library has three fire curtains in the interior space to protect the growing international collection of documents. Leaving reluctantly, we board the bus for Cairo. Six of the group stay on for a few more days in Cairo but most of us are heading for the airport and the long trip home. We'll be back, Allah willing.

INQUIRY REGARDING ARCHAEOLOGY AT MONTGOMERY LAKE

We have received a request from a woman doing research on family history. The family name is Montgomery. Some Montgomerys settled at Montgomery Lake, in or near Camp Petawawa. The OAS is sending her a copy of an article on the Montgomery Lake Site, printed in ONTARIO ARCHAEOLOGY #9 -1966, written by Barry M. Mitchell, P. Butler, J. Ford and J. Lance. She would also like information "of other archaeological work done at the Montgomery Lake Site possibly around 1975 or elsewhere on the Canadian Forces Base in the area of the Plains or along the Petawawa River." Can anyone help?

*Replies can be made to :
Rev. Bettye Roberts
2015 Chemin St-Louis
Saint-Lazare, QC
J7T 1Y2*

The Egyptian Diaries

Comparing OAS Trips to Egypt

Charles Garrad

THE OAS sponsored trips to Egypt in 1981, 1991, and 2001. Each trip had its own unique memories which distinguish it from the others. Being lined up at Dorval airport on our return to be sniffed by a dog was perhaps the last new experience for many of us returning from the OAS Trip Egypt 2001. Fortunately, the dog was an attractive and friendly black labrador who clearly enjoyed what he took to be a game we played for his benefit. We had come to feel almost the same way about the numerous inspections and checks that we survived in Egypt which, together with a massive and visible police and army presence everywhere to protect tourists, currently makes Egypt possibly the safest country to visit on Earth.

There are a lot more Egyptians now than when we visited previously in 1981 and 1991, and with them are new roads, new buildings, new bridges (as at Luxor), new toll roads (the toll booth on the new highway to Alexandria is built to resemble an ancient temple), new opportunities, and perhaps even more congestion if this can be imagined. Yet sufficiently unchanged that I can quote my description from twenty years ago are "the beauty, energy, sincerity, courtesy and genuine friendliness of the Egyptian people" (a few grouchy and perhaps desperate vendors excluded). And the traffic in Cairo! As I wrote in 1981, "the traffic noise and congestion, the complete chaos, lane markers, traffic lights, pedestrians, flocks of animals all equally ignored but with the best of good humour."

As before, to be on a big tourist bus hurtling towards a red light with obviously no intention of even slowing down, or racing other busses side-by-side approaching a blind hill, or turning onto a four lane road to find vehicles triple if not quadruple parked, are experiences which linger in our memories, but now the driver is as like or not on his cell phone. Yet it works, the traffic does move, aided by the ingenious Egyptian ability to have far more lanes of traffic than the painted lines suggest are possible, by the simple device of having vehicles no more than inches apart. But culture shock has its positive side. The spontaneous calls of welcome to

us, the smiling attractive children shyly trying out their English, these are fortunately unchanged from our previous trips. As in 1981, Egypt provides "a combination of sights, sounds, sensations and emotions surely unmatched anywhere else in the world."

We found that ever-growing Cairo now reaches the very gates of the Giza compound before the Sphinx, necessitating new roads to and around the Pyramids, and that there are new roads and entry to the Sakkara complex. The solar-boat museum at the Great Pyramid now completed, a huge stadium-size open-air opera house is under construction in the desert just west of the pyramids, with "Aida" in rehearsal. Camel-riding security police are everywhere and now compete with the traditional vendors to pose for photographs. Prices for entry to the antiquities and sound-and-light shows at Giza and Karnak have risen sharply, as have charges for taking flash and video cameras into pyramids and mastabas. By this is inconsequential compared with the sheer joy of being in Egypt. It was sad-denying, however, to see the extent of the destructive butchery wreaked on the ancient smooth granite lining of the King's Chamber in order to recess an entirely ineffective fan. However, Helen's 1991 description of the pyramids as "very huge and very triangular" still applies; the camels are still enchanting and most of the temples massive. Even better, there is a great improvement in the curation of the Tut collection in the Cairo Museum, which no longer is, in Helen's words, "languishing in the dust." On the other hand, the dog population in the desert and at sites is as large and assertive as Helen found in 1991.

For Valerie, I must report that the felucca oars still have no blades and best resemble two-by-fours, but this year's side-trip to Abydos and Denderah was not delayed by flat tires. We travelled the new paved road from Luxor to these temples with a police escort, and noted at least one-armed guard at every major intersection, often in an elevated watch-tower.

In the Valley of the Kings we found that entrances have been built to all the tombs in a uniform style, neat, clean, tidy, and completely out of character, as are the tractor trains into the Valley from the bus parking lot. We also found that the hot-air balloon trips which entertained Valerie and Stew in 1991 have been such a success that at one time we counted five balloons in the air. Further restoration has been done at both Karnak and Luxor temples and at the Ramaseum we encountered a French team of archaeological conservationists restoring the ancient colours on the columns. As in 1981, we were besieged by vendors including "toddling girls clutching home-made dolls for which they demand 'baksheesh' with incredible intensity" but this is part of the experience. Unlike in 1991, the Tombs of both Nefertiti and Tutankhamen are now open, but the stark emptiness of the latter was almost an anticlimax after seeing Dr. Ragab's reproduction of Tutankhamen's tomb at his Pharoanic Village in Cairo, furnished as Howard Carter found it in 1922.

A significant and enjoyable innovation of the 2001 trip compared with 1981 and 1991 was the five-night adventure on the luxury cruise-vessel *Semiramis I* from Luxor to Aswan. At Kom Ombo in 1991 (where we had arrived by bus) we had looked down at the Nile cruise-boats moored almost at the temple's edge, and wondered what it would be like to be aboard. Now we can tell you — it was just great. In 1991 we commemorated the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month among the columns of Luxor; in 2001 it was on the upper deck of our cruise-boat.

After racing in escorted convoy across the desert to Abu Simbel we found brand new hotels (our group was the only one at our hotel) built to encourage overnight stays. And with good reason, the new laser sound and light show must be the most spectacular anywhere. The entire two mountains housing the Ramses II and Nefertari temples are used as screens for the projection of huge images, enacting the Battle of Kadesh, the journey of Ramses II to the temple site, the saving of the temples from Lake Nasser, and similar spectacles, all on a phenomenally gigantic scale.

We saw all the usual attractions which we had seen before, and we paid a sentimental return visit to Shephard's Hotel (1991) (now thoroughly modernized), but our attempt to reach the El Sheherazade (1981) was frustrated by impossible traffic. This did not prevent us from remembering those with

whom we travelled to Egypt previously, and we put out a special thought for Estelle Boutilier, Betty Cox, Ken Rouff, and Geoff Sutherland, sadly no longer with us, as well as those others who travelled with us previously but not this year.

In 1981 we found that to reach and see Alexandria and return to Cairo in just one day was too exhausting. In 2001 we offered a three-night extension there, to see not only the usual catacombs, Pompey's Pillar, Quaitbay Fort and the Graeco-Roman Museum (the second location where we found Dr. Bruce G. Trigger's 1993 book "Ancient Egypt in Context" for sale), but to add a pilgrimage to the 1942 battle sites and memorials at El Alamein. In addition, and unscheduled, Alexandria entertained us for several days and nights with a storm which impressively tested the beach walls and imported vast amounts of Mediterranean Sea onto Alexandria streets. Alexandria's claim in ancient times to be the home of the largest library in the ancient world will be repeated anew on completion of what must be already the most spectacular library building ever conceived, and to which we were pleased to contribute on completion of our tour of it.

Those of us at Shephard's Hotel in 1991 were captivated by the piano entertainment. In 2001 we found the piano still there, but no pianist. But in our Royal Meridien we had a piano accompanied by a flute. How startling to hear the two accomplished musicians charm us with "Time to Say Goodbye" on our last night. How sad to realize how appropriate this was. As I concluded in 1981, the Egyptians have a quality we seem to have lost, if it was ever ours. May Allah ever bless them. John Robertson closed his account of his trip to Egypt in 1991 with the words: "See everything else in the world first and then come to Egypt because it is the ultimate," and Valerie Sonstenes with: "Another fantastic OAS trip draws to a close." We can only agree that in these sentiments the 2001 trip was the same as its predecessors.

For details of previous OAS trips to Egypt see:

- Arch Notes 81-5:13-21,*
- Arch Notes 82-1:10-11 (John Robertson)*
- Arch Notes 91-1:20-29 (Helen E. Devreux)*
- Arch Notes 91-2:30-33*
- Arch Notes 91-3:13 (Catherine Menet)*
- Arch Notes 92-1:31-34 (Valerie Sonstenes).*

T h e E g y p t i a n D i a r i e s *I m p r e s s i o n s o f E g y p t*

Tony Stapells

IN November of 2001, Gwen and I went on the Ontario Archeological Society organized trip to Egypt. Were we worried about our safety after September 11th? You bet we were! We had actually cancelled out — but at the last minute — there we were, on our way. Our offspring were very distressed about this trip. We love them even more because of their concern

Our first mode of travel was Canada 3000 to Montreal. We didn't know that this was to be one of their last flights (Air Canada got us home from Montreal). Then Air Egypt to Cairo, via New York City — we didn't know this wrinkle until the last minute. We had to disembark and clear our luggage and (re)-check-in again on the same plane. It's good to have the people and their baggage go on plane together. Our hand luggage was checked repeatedly - forgotten scissors, etc. were confiscated. Our Egyptian agent from "Blue Skies" (great name) met us in Cairo and corralled us through the airport. Customs, baggage collection, and tipping was efficiently taken care of. What a relief!

As soon as we landed we felt extremely safe — our bus to the hotel was police-escorted. There were army, police, and tourist militia everywhere — I believe Egypt has solved their unemployment problems. We even had to walk through a beeper and have our handbags checked every time we entered the hotel. We were checked at every tourist site. Along country roads at each checkpoint there would be a pillbox — a cement room about five feet cubed, held up on a cement pillar, which had an opening from which a young soldier with his rifle would be watching out. Some had rungs to ascend, others didn't. I guess he had to wait for a ladder to be relieved of his watch. Another safety law was that the sugar cane couldn't be grown less than 500 metres from the road

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February 20, 2002

Dr. Alicia Hawkins

**A Rocky Road? Surface Archaeology
and Observer Bias in Dakhleh Oasis, Egypt**

Since 1978, members of the Dakhleh Oasis Project have been researching the prehistory and history of the Dakhleh Oasis in the Western Desert of Egypt. Human occupation spans at least 250,000 years and archaeological sites occur in widely varying contexts and states of preservation.

In this talk, I will discuss research strategies that Pleistocene archaeologists have developed to try to understand past climate and adaptations during the Middle Stone Age. Some of the problems that we encountered working predominantly with surface materials will be illustrated together with the methods we used to account for these difficulties.

Meetings begin at 7:30pm and are held in Room 560a, Sidney Smith Hall,
100 St. George St., Toronto.

Everyone is welcome!

because the tall cane would be a great hiding place for terrorists..

The "Blue Skies" bus was our usual transport. It was air-conditioned (needed), had back and front doors, comfortable elevated seats for good viewing, and room for all of us. We were pampered by taking a large, four-decked cruise boat up the Nile from Luxor to Aswan. It just quietly glided along allowing us to drink coffee or beer on the flat top deck and watch the green scenery drift by. Fishermen in little wooden boats slapped the water with a palm branch to direct the fish into their nets. Peaceful. We had a ride on a Felucca, the popular Nile gaff-rigged sail boats. Even with their clever high sails to collect the soft breeze, we didn't get far very fast. We had a horse-drawn buggy ride through the Luxor bazaar market. The colours of textiles, brass, vegetables, and herbs were breathtaking. And of course we rode a camel! It was an exhilarating, hang-on-for-dear-life kind of ride! Dismounting the camel, which goes down on his front knees first, is, shall we say, awkward ... the camels in Egypt don't spit or bite the tourists as they are sedated — so the story goes. The view from way up there is great. You've got to do it at least once in your lifetime!

The people, especially the children, were very friendly. "What is your name?" "Where are you from?" "Canada" ... "Canada Dry" Globalization at work!

November is winter in Egypt — beautiful. Mist clings to the cool ground in the morning, turning to the clearest blue sky. Temperatures about 80 degrees Fahrenheit — shorts, short sleeved shirt, and of course Tiley hats (or knockoffs) were appropriate attire. It's very dry so it is great for travel. The only uncomfortable spot was in the stuffy, moist air at the bottom of a tomb. Because of this the authorities close some tombs for a period of time to restore the air and to preserve the paintings,

There is a difference in the air pollution between Canada and Egypt. Canada has a ton of floating chemical sludge, whereas Egypt has fine gritty silt from the desert. We all had to cough our way to the first cup of coffee every morning. Some of the gang suffered from colds (imported from Canada?). I at least waited to be home before I got Tut's Tumrny.

The unbelievably beautiful landscape of Egypt is divided into two different worlds by the Nile River.

One part is desert, mostly rolling flat wasteland, especially the Sahara around Saqqara. But from the 2 1/2-hour bus ride travelling from Aswan to Abu Simbel, through the Nubian desert that was a different view. The colour was many patches of grey over golden sand. The grey was created by small stones and rocks scattered over the sand. There were weird, dark grey rock formations. Some were pointed-hill pyramid shapes, others were flat topped. The strong winds of April denuded strata rock eons ago leaving these strange shapes surrounded by dunes of sand breaking the flat desert horizon.

The road to Abu Simbel was straight across the desert. Yes, we did see lake mirages in the distance. You could easily imagine palms and fishing boats reflected on the water. The ride was not at all boring. The road was newly surfaced, having been closed for the past seven years to get this job done! We had a police escort front and rear of our 16-bus convoy. The bus drivers played tag — passing and re-passing repeatedly. I may have kept the drivers awake but we, on the other hand, were not rested. It was dangerous.

The other part, clearly marked irrigated land, is green — real green. Date plams, sugar cane, egg-plant, cabbages, alfalfa and many other kinds of vegetation were growing in the rich soil. The rural scenes just looked like Sunday school illustrations of the Holy Land. The farmers wore long robes, mostly blue. They hoed their plots by hand, hand cast seed, led goats, and carried produce to market on the backs of donkeys.

The sun goes down extremely fast over flat land. The low desert haze makes for spectacular sunsets. Palms, vegetation, pyramids, and mud huts are silhouetted. It is reminiscent of the smaltzy Victorian water-colours of Egypt — they were accurate!

I haven't even mentioned the art yet! It is so unbelievable, so incredible, so indescribable — it was out of this world! The painted reliefs on white plaster in the tombs described the lifestyle of the Pharaohs that they wanted to continue in their after-life. The drawings of animals, fish and birds are so lifelike that they move ... even the drawing in the hieroglyphics are sensitively individual. Yes, these sinuous expressive sculpture lines will inspire my work.

Would I go to Egypt again You're dam right I



Letter to Arch Notes

On self-regulation

January 21, 2002

With regard to Jim Wilson's comments in the last issue, it does seem curious that the Ontario Ministry of Tourism, Culture and Recreation still persists in publishing a list of private companies, none of which is licenced to conduct archaeological assessments. By Ministry policy and Ontario Heritage Act regulation, only individuals are licenced. In the new list issued this month, the Ministry appears again to be intruding into the orderly conduct of the business of cultural resource management. It has also abandoned the age old system of alphabetizing by family name, preferring in its stead to allow Ministry staff to arbitrarily determine where a name should be placed on the list thus unfairly introducing inconsistencies with common practice.

It is not the intention of the Ministry's list to grade cultural resource managers by the size of their companies. Similarly, it is not the intention to grade cultural resource managers by the university degrees they hold. The fact that the Minister or his designate has issued a licence to an individual attests to that individual's qualifications to execute the required tasks in a responsible manner.

Because the Ministry has not provided a fair and equitable service to licenced consultants, I believe that it is time for self-regulation. It has been indicated that the Ministry is ready to receive considered proposals with broad support to achieve this. Those who are interested in exploring this possibility should indicate their interest to Charlton Cascallen (705-791-6070) who is chairing a committee to determine what position OAS members have in this matter. In order to obtain information on how geoscientists in Ontario achieved self-regulation just last year with the help of a \$25,000 grant from the Ministry of Northern Development and Mines, I would encourage people to visit their web site at www.mndm.gov.on.ca to check on the model that allowed them to achieve their goal.

Sincerely yours,
Bob Mayer

IN MEMORIUM

Campbell Kelly & Helen McConnell

The deaths of two kindly-remembered supporters of archaeology in the Petun area are reported with much regret.

Members of the OAS and students of Scarborough College and Centennial College who camped and excavated at the Kelly-Campbell site in 1974 and 1975 are advised that Mr. Campbell Kelly, our genial host at the time, passed away in June 2001.

Members of the OAS and students of the Petun Research Institute who excavated on the McConnell property (McQueen-McConnell site) 1978 and 1993-2000 are advised that Mrs. Helen McConnell, who took a kindly interest in everything we did, passed away in December 2001.

Contributed by Charles Garrad

THOUGHTS ON RECEIVING THE MARGARET AND JAMES F. PENDERGAST AWARD FOR AVOCATIONAL ARCHAEOLOGY

Charles Garrad

On Wednesday October 17, 2001, at the monthly meeting of the Toronto Chapter of The Ontario Archaeological Society, I was presented with the Margaret and James F. Pendergast Award for Avocational Archaeology by Dr. Mima Kapches, representing the Canadian Archaeological Association. I wish to thank the Canadian Archaeological Association for the recognition, Dr. Kapches for being a gracious hostess, the then-anonymous nominator, and the Pendergast family for making this Award possible. The following is distilled from the remarks I made at the time.

Looking back, it was probably while visiting Frank Ridley in 1965 that I first became aware of the name and work of Jim Pendergast. Frank showed me an article by Jim that he was reading. "Who is he?" I asked, pleased that another avocational had appeared on the archaeological scene. "He is in the army", Frank replied, "must be in the artillery, his artifact lists look like artillery trajectory tables". I have never forgotten such an odd description of an artifact list.

In the course of time my activities within The Ontario Archaeological Society (OAS) and in the Petun homeland near Collingwood brought me to the attention of Dr. Norman Emerson at the University of Toronto. Eventually we became friends enough that he invited me to his Saturday pottery labs and to visit his home. In the early 1970s we began to form an idea that Norman would sponsor me for a Canada Council grant to record everything I could about the Petun. During one of my visits to the Emerson home I found Norman already engaged with a man I had not met before. To my surprise it was Jim Pendergast. What the two of them were cooking up astounded me and far transcended the idea of a grant to help me record the Petun. Jim was a serving army officer on leave, about to return to his NATO posting in Europe on what I believe was to be his last army tour before retiring. He was to take with him to Holland the rimsherds from the National Museum that William J. Wintemberg had excavated from the Roebuck site, and there to analyze them in accordance with a system devised by Norman. My reaction to this was mixed. I probably and momentarily wondered what kind of army allows the transportation of archaeological artifacts as military baggage and their analysis on army time. But more immediately and importantly I felt the realization that I stood on the threshold of a new vision of cooperation within Ontario archaeology. Here was a National Museum collection being analyzed using a University of Toronto protocol (and for publication in the Mercury series) utilising the expertise and ability of an avocational, Jim Pendergast. What was happening before my eyes as I saw it was *The Way It Should Be*, but the key was not simply that Jim Pendergast, with his unique St. Lawrence Iroquois specialisation, was the obvious man for the job, there was more to it than that. Jim was not only mercifully free of the concept that professionals and avocationalists were two inherently opposed incompatible camps, but in his presence such antagonisms dissolved and the only issue became the job at hand. Far from being a lonely not-entirely-accepted avocational on the fringe, he was already a wholly-accepted competent scholar at the centre of the web. How he had accomplished this I am still not sure. If he, as we all do, judged the scholarship of others, he did not allow his conclusions to degenerate into antagonisms. He closed no doors of communication to any one. As I came to know him better I found no limit to his range of tolerance.

As I had listened to the Emerson-Pendergast plan for Roebuck rimsherds, so Jim listened to the Emerson plan for my recording Petun sites. Then we went our separate ways, with no plan for future contact. It was Jim who took the initiative. His publications started turning up at my address, followed by invitations for the weekend once he was established at Merrickville in civilian life. His connection with the National Museum led to his being our guide on a tour of the old Victoria Memorial building on an OAS bus trip. Others trips followed in which Jim was involved, to the Roebuck and other area sites, and to his excavations at the Maynard McKeown site. It was satisfying that one of my last projects for the OAS was in connection with presenting Jim the J. Norman Emerson Silver Medal. This was more than just a gesture, as it reincorporated Norman Emerson's presence into what had begun as a three-cornered relationship.

The possibility that the Petun were at least partly an aftermath of the St. Lawrence Iroquois dispersal brought our separate research interests together and resulted in phone calls, exchanges and more invitations over the years. As we grew closer the dedications he added to the publications he sent grew less formal and extended to include my wife Ella, whose name he wrote correctly even though on the phone he always called her Ellie. At one time we worked together to compile a complete list of his writings, which enabled me to produce a list at short notice as part of his obituary in Arch Notes.

Jim and I shared not only that we were avocationals specialising in a geographical region and Period, but we (and his wife Margaret too) had another bond of having experienced military service, although very different as to time, place and circumstances. Jim's archaeological communications to me for a while included a commentary on the use of Canadian soldiers during the Oka crisis. We commiserated with each other when Canadian army equipment returning from action was stranded on a rented ship. Jim was excited when I told him that in August 2000 we (Ella and I) intended to attend a reunion in Germany where I had served fifty years previously. Two days before we left yet another publication arrived in the mail, addressed to both of us, and with the usual jocular comment. The article appropriately pertained to our fairly recent extended mutual and overlapping interest in the Ottawa valley Algonquins. At the time I could only leave it for immediate attention on my return to Canada. When I did return it was to learn that during our absence Jim had passed on, and was already buried. I still grapple with the sense of loss of a friend, colleague, co-worker, enthusiast, a large part of my life.

Margaret must also be mentioned. She served in the Canadian Navy and later as Jim's ever-supportive wife, a quiet hostess who cared for Jim's quest for learning and the guests it drew to their home. She and Ella bonded from the mutual experience of having husbands doing the same. It is sad but perhaps not surprising that she outlived Jim by but a short time.

Hugh Daechsel wrote in understatement that Jim's death left "a significant void in Ontario Archaeology". Jim produced an incredible amount of quality research, yet for myself there lingers the regret that his life was cut prematurely short. While we visited his home and his sites several times, he was never able to visit ours. The definitive statement that St. Lawrence-like materials on some Petun sites really are St. Lawrence materials - or not - as recognized by the man best able to make such a judgement, will not now come to be.

Contemplating Jim's many other accomplishments, and the various awards and recognition he received, the thought inevitably occurred that there should be an award in the name of Jim Pendergast. When I heard that indeed such an award, in the names of both Margaret and Jim, was being developed by their children (whom I never met) through the Canadian Archaeological Association, I was very happy. When I learned I was to be the first recipient, I was even more so. To the Pendergast family and the Canadian Archaeological Association I return my thanks for the honour given to my work. To Jim's memory I offer the intention to carry on in the pattern of which he approved and with him as my model, well aware that greater steps than mine have gone before to lead the way.

CALL FOR VOLUNTEER OPPORTUNITIES

The Passport to the Past (PTTP) programme is looking for field and lab opportunities for volunteers for the 2002 season. Volunteers play a crucial role in the recording and preserving of Ontario's archaeological resources. In order to encourage and maintain the fine work that volunteers have contributed to Ontario archaeology over the past century, CRM (consultants) and academic archaeologists can submit PTTP opportunities to the OAS office.

Please contact Jo Holden, OAS Executive Director, at (905)787-9851 or email <oas@globalserve.net> to submit your volunteer opportunities.

The previous issue of Arch Notes did not acknowledge Trevor Hawkins as the nominator of the Blue Water Bridge Authority and the Aanjiwinaang First Nation for the Heritage Conservation Award, and the author of the description provided on pages 9 and 10 in AN 6(6).



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