Pioneers features personal reflections on major figures, living or deceased, in the study of the indigenous cultures of the region. Pioneers shares candid recollections that convey insight into the personalities and the cultural context of anthropology that shaped the scholarship of these pioneers. If you have suggestions regarding a potential Pioneer, and the names and contact information for those who may wish to share a recollection, please contact Steven Simms (s.simms@usu.edu).

MEMORIES OF CATHERINE S. FOWLER (1940–) AND DON D. FOWLER (1936–)

Steven R. Simms
Utah State University

The Fowlers are household names in Great Basin anthropology, but the scope and depth of their collective work spans all of anthropology. Those who know them often think of them in the singular; collectively defining themselves through their work—their passion. It is, however, individually that their legacies are known. The essays here, the history, the memories, and the thanks convey the impact of the Fowlers beyond their ample professional accomplishments. Both can only be sampled here.

The academic legacy of Don D. Fowler grew out of his early experiences as a young man on the Glen Canyon project. That was the stimulus for his (and Kay’s) time at the Smithsonian Institution that led to the John Wesley Powell manuscripts (D. Fowler 1972a; Fowler, Euler, and Fowler 1971; Fowler and Fowler 1971; Fowler and Matley 1979). Don was a servant to anthropology and a builder of institutions. He served as president of both the Society for American Archaeology and the American Society for Conservation Archaeology, and was a member of many national boards and committees. Don knew that politics are local, and he was key to the founding of the Nevada Archaeological Survey Council, the Nevada Heritage Council, the Nevada Rock Art Foundation, and so many other projects. He corralled me once at an SAA meeting, with the words, “Steven, let me tell you about the care and feeding of professional societies.” Yes, he wanted me to serve on a committee, or run for office. It worked, because Don leads by example. I knew Don from graduate school at Nevada, Reno in the mid-1970s. He was a student of intellectual history (see Meltzer et al. 1986, and Parezo and Fowler 2007). One of my favorite articles by Don is “Uses of the Past: Archaeology in the Service of the State” that appeared in American Antiquity (Fowler 1987). The Fowlers are educators par excellence, as the essays here show, and both Don and Kay put the professional responsibility of publishing for a broad educated audience into practice; hence books such as The Great Basin: People and Place in Ancient Times (Fowler and Fowler 2008). For a sense of the breadth and scope of Don’s academic impact I urge a reader to look at his Festschrift volumes—yes, two of them (Hockett 2009; Parezo and Janetski 2014). Don’s biographical details can be found in Aikens (2014), as well as in Don’s personal memoir of Glen Canyon (D. Fowler 2011).

Catherine S. Fowler is a living legend in American ethnography, and a tireless advocate for the preservation of the cultures, languages, and arts of the Great Basin’s native peoples. Kay also lived up to the responsibility of service—as a member of the Board of Trustees of the National Museum of the American Indian, the National Academy of Sciences, and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, as well as others. These are only the tip of the iceberg, because Kay’s legacy is defined by her face-to-face, hands-on relationships and advocacy for the legacies of indigenous peoples across the Desert West. Kay made a lasting impact on me as student at Reno, Nevada by instilling an appreciation for the value of anthropological linguistics that has kept me diligent in that literature to this day. She stared down at me over her reading glasses at the Numic Roundtable Conference in 1990, as she used a coffee break to critique some comments I had made. More archaeologists should watch their p’s and q’s regarding anthropological linguistics.

Kay’s academic legacy also has roots in the Glen Canyon Project (C. Fowler 1966), and her efforts in ethnography were already underway (e.g., C. Fowler 1962–1984; 1970–1982; 1971). Her ethnographic work for me is epitomized by The Pyramid Lake Paiute (Fowler
and Bath 1981), Willard Z. Park’s Notes on the Northern Paiute of Western Nevada, 1933–1940 (C. Fowler 1989), In the Shadow of Fox Peak (C. Fowler 1992), the incredibly useful chapters in the Smithsonian’s Handbook of North American Indians (C. Fowler 1986; C. Fowler and Dawson 1986; C. Fowler and Liljeblad 1986; Kelly and C. Fowler 1986; Liljeblad and C. Fowler 1986), and of course her recent publication of Isabel T. Kelly’s Southern Paiute Ethnographic Field Notes, 1932–1934, Las Vegas (Fowler and Garey-Sage 2016). Out of the dozens of articles that Kay has published, two in particular (C. Fowler 1982a and 1982b) are absolutely required reading for all field archaeologists working with hunter-gatherer materials, because pieces like these are an antidote to archaeological naivete about foraging societies.

Don and Kay Fowler are my anthropological grandparents. At a recent speaking engagement in Salt Lake City, Don exclaimed to the audience while looking in my direction, “You know you’ve been around a long time when your students are in retirement!”

* * *

THE DON AND KAY FOWLER
I HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED

C. Melvin Aikens
University of Oregon

I have known Don and Kay throughout my whole professional career, and I reminisce here about some early archeological adventures and learning experiences we enjoyed together, going back to 1958. I reckon the beginning of my archaeological career as the day Don came up to Ogden from the University of Utah in Salt Lake to give a talk on Glen Canyon archaeology in Dr. J. G. Olson’s anthropology class at Ogden’s Weber Junior College. Don, also an Ogdenite (he was born in Torrey, but grew up in Ogden), had studied at Weber prior to going on down to “the U.” As we all know, the Upper Colorado River Basin Archaeological Salvage Project was a massive inter-institutional undertaking, the Utah part of which was led by the famously rigorous and somewhat brusque Dr. Jesse D. Jennings, now known throughout the profession as the Dark Lord—an appellation given him by later Ph.D. student Jim Adovasio.

Up to that time I had my sights set on becoming a high school history teacher, but at Weber College I encountered for the first time the field of anthropology, which seemed to be a rich amalgam of history, geography, and political science. On that fateful day Don showed color slides of his adventures on the Colorado River in Glen Canyon and discussed what they were learning about Puebloan archaeology. I went up after class and asked if he thought I could get a job on the project, and he said, “Maybe—you should go down to Salt Lake and talk to Dr. Jennings.” So I went down to the University and met Dr. Jennings, and he said there could be a place for me on a Glen Canyon crew. Dr. Jennings said I should talk to Jim Gunnerson, the curator of the anthropology museum, and he offered me a job on a survey in Harris Wash and up on the Kaiparowits Plateau. I was launched on my life’s journey! Additional seasons of excavations under Don’s direction took me back up onto the Kaiparowits, and subsequently down the Virgin River into Zion National Park, and from there on as far as Three-Mile Ruin and Goosenecks Overlook west of St. George.

In the course of those adventures, the famously rigorous JDJ approach to careful digging and copious record-keeping was strictly passed on to me by Don, using the same somewhat brusque inquisitorial method he had learned from Dr. Jennings: “What are your objectives? How are you going to dig the site to achieve them? Be sure to record your work in detail, with enough
notes, sketches, and photos that a stranger reading your field records can draw his own interpretations.” Beyond telling me to start digging outside the site and cut a trench into it rather than starting in the middle, Don never directly told me what to do, but he did watch me like a hawk and check my field notes and photo log regularly.

My original notion upon enrolling at Utah had been to seek a Ph.D. there, but Dr. Jennings, ever honest and straightforward, told me I had good enough grades to get into a better school, and that I should apply to Berkeley, Chicago (his alma mater), and Harvard. He had offered similar advice to Don and Kay, and consequently they both landed fellowships and degrees at Pittsburgh, and I at Chicago.

During my years at Chicago I returned in the summers to work on Utah archaeology under Don’s tutelage, and when I was through with courses and was advanced to candidacy Jennings hired me at Utah to inherit Jim Gunnerson’s old job as curator of the anthropology collections and field director of Utah’s Statewide Archaeological Survey. A couple of years later, Dr. Jennings told me I would be teaching anthropology, and for that would have to “put on the braid,” meaning no Levi’s or field boots in the classroom (he had been a WWII U.S. Navy Lt. Commander, hence the military parlance). Not long after that, Jennings further urged me to apply for a teaching job that was opening up at the University of Nevada, Reno, where Don and Kay were already established under the headship of Warren d’Azevedo, an old Jennings friend and colleague. So I applied, got the job, and off I went with my wife Alice and our two little boys Bart and Quinn. Don and Kay helped us find a house not far from U.N.R., and were our best friends during the time we lived there. They helped me find my footing in the Nevada curriculum, and I thought we had found our home. But when Luther Cressman retired at Oregon a couple of years later, Dr. Jennings told me I should apply for his job because Oregon was a bigger place and I could “go better” there. I did as he said and got the job in Eugene, after a stiff grilling by Cressman, a long time “frenemy” of JDJ, and there we still live today.

But that was not the end of my education and good fortune due to the Fowlers. I learned much from Kay and her grass-roots ethnobotanist friends Lucile Housley, Marilyn Couture, and Mary Ricks during highly educational field adventures in eastern Oregon. I particularly treasure the memory of a lengthy circuit to visit root, berry, and seed-collecting localities known from their extensive ethno-ecological field work with Native American women.

I also recall most fondly a walkabout with the same group, when Kay shared her theoretical sophistication in ethnobiology and ethnohistory to complement her friends’ on-the-ground empirical knowledge of native subsistence localities. That trip brought us one night to an encampment at Bog Hot in far south-central Oregon, with Bill Cannon as our BLM liaison. While we soaked in the hot springs, we were joined by a coyote bounty hunter who had landed his Cessna 180 on the dirt road nearby. He walked over for a good soak with a jug of vodka. As the evening wore on, he grew loud and pretty scary, and the ladies sensibly withdrew back to our camp while Bill and I heroically continued to drink the guy’s vodka until he went safely to sleep. All was well, except perhaps for the serious headaches suffered the next day.

Since those times I have seen Don and Kay only at Great Basin conferences, and as my attention wandered off to Japan, Korea, and China, my attendance at GBAC meetings also dwindled. It has been years now since I have seen them in the flesh, but I still love and thank them for all they taught me.

* * *

“If you don’t shut up and listen, you blow it!”
RECOLLECTIONS OF, AND THANKS TO, KAY AND DON FOWLER
Ruth Burgett Jolie and Edward A. Jolie
Mercyhurst University

In 2001, we entered the M.A. program in anthropology at the University of Nevada, Reno, set on working with Dr. Kay Fowler, a recognized expert in ethnobiology, textiles, and basketry. This next stage of our careers had been decided for us, with little discussion, by Dr. Jim Adovasio. We were informed that “You’ll go to Reno. You’ll like Reno and the Fowlers. Ruth will continue to hone her academic skills, and Ed, well, at the very least you’ll like the wide-open spaces to play in.” Looking back, with an appreciation for how naïve and enthusiastic we were, it is possible that Adovasio was taking advantage of Kay’s good nature! Certainly,
she couldn’t have known how much work we would be. As we quickly learned, however, her commitment to mentoring students is a defining characteristic of her as a professor, and is in no way subordinate to her status as an exceptional scholar. Our impositions—ranging from soliciting eleventh-hour paper comments to almost daily meetings in her office while she ate lunch—were always met with “Of course. It’s my job.” Kay’s generosity with her time and knowledge cannot be understated. Mentoring goes above and beyond the formal role of adviser. It denotes a commitment, and often personal investment, in helping students develop into successful professionals, with nothing more in return than the satisfaction of helping them.

Of course, as with any good mentor, the advice received also went beyond academics. Kay’s sartorial guidance before we moved to the Southwest, such as “wear an odd number of bracelets on one arm, not an even number,” served Ruth well, and has been transmitted to innumerable students and friends since. More importantly, both Kay and Don would impress upon us the necessity of remembering to find joy in the small things that make up what we do, and with the people with whom we have the privilege to work.

Our undergraduate training strongly emphasized the “science” aspect of anthropology, and that training serves us well. What Kay brought to the classroom and our graduate training was the necessity for an ethnological perspective in archaeology. Teasingly, Kay once remarked to us that, “Yes, you have received good training, but now I’ll re-train you.” Beyond being a playful dig at Adovasio, what we came to realize Kay was teaching us was that we should never view archaeology as scientifically superior, or as anything more than a method for gathering particular kinds of data, just as linguistics and ethnography also contribute methods to collect certain data, with the ideal goal being a greater understanding of humanity. Her expansive knowledge of ethnographic weaving traditions, and hands-on experiences with museum collections and contemporary weavers, vividly showed us how much richer archaeological data could be in conjunction with close attention to objects, ethnographies, and conversations with living people. When it comes to studying scraps of baskets and textiles from archaeological sites, one can start with the object at hand, and measure, describe structural technique, warp/weft element density, splicing mechanics, and so forth. However, “starting from the destination, or endpoint” of ethnographic artifacts and being conversant with the range of potential choices that weavers must make, from gathering and processing the plants to weaving the item, one learns to look for more. As Kay would put it, “just because you can’t measure it doesn’t mean that it’s not important.” A perspective grounded in attentiveness to technical choice and the social context of the craft reveals new avenues for data collection and questioning, while amplifying the humanity reflected in the artifact.

A solitary coiled basket stitch sewn with a red flicker quill on a willow basket hat from Charlie Brown Cave, Nevada, at first seemed an errant decision made by an anonymous weaver 1,300 years ago. But after gentle prodding from Kay to reread specific portions of the ethnographic literature more closely, we would come to interpret it as evidence of a practice documented in California by which women could circumvent a taboo against weaving while menstruating. Kay taught us to not just “interview” the artifacts, but to be better listeners to what people say. Our favorite memory of this lesson came before we left Kay’s office to interview Mr. Charles Brown, avocational archaeologist and co-discoverer of Charlie Brown Cave. As we departed, Kay called out, “Remember, if you don’t shut up and listen, you blow it!”

Kay has her own pioneers, too, such as Bertha Dutton, Isabel Kelly, Peg Wheat, and Wuzzie George, who not only fostered her ethnographic approach to material culture, but made her aware of the importance of supporting early-career anthropologists. In an era when women were not encouraged to do archaeology, she found her niche in ethnography, linguistics, and collaborative work with indigenous peoples. Indeed, Kay was doing collaborative work with indigenous peoples long before anthropology collectively embraced it. For Kay, gaining and maintaining rapport with families of Paiute, Shoshone, and Washo peoples, undertaking projects with them and for them, is the only way to conduct anthropological work. Kay and Don share a dedication to a socially responsible anthropology. Their emphasis on communication with diverse public groups shapes the way that we, and many others, practice and teach anthropology today.

As a final remark, we want to acknowledge the complementary nature of Kay and Don’s interwoven
professional and personal lives, visible inside and outside of the classroom. Their successes and support for each other have provided an important model for those of us navigating the academy as “a social unit.” Not only model anthropologists, Kay and Don are pioneers of the egalitarian academic marriage. Often strive for, but rarely attained even today, they make it seem natural, achievable, and worth fighting for. We remain grateful for their showing us, through so many examples, the powerful impact of listening and collaborating in all aspects of our lives.

* * *

DON AND KAY

B. Sunday Eiselt
Southern Methodist University

J. Andrew Darling
Southwest Heritage Research LLC, Dallas

It seems only appropriate to begin with the observation that we, meaning Sunday and Andy, met them, Don and Kay, independently, well before we became “connected at the hip,” as Don once accurately and rather pointedly observed some years later. Since those first meetings, the Fowlers have passed along several guiding principles that underscore their roles in our careers, not just as pioneering scholars, but also as mentors.

Andy first met Don around 1985 while he was working as a volunteer at New Mexico State Monuments in Santa Fe, which at the time was housed in the Laboratory of Anthropology. The parking lot was dirt and railroad ties, and Andy, more wet than dry behind the ears, had been tasked with organizing records for the Coronado and Jemez state monuments and contacting such luminaries as Marjorie Lambert, J. Charles Kelley, and Gordon Page. Don was at the Lab as well, researching the history of anthropology in the American Southwest.

As mythologies go, the stage was set for the two of them to crash into each other in the hallway. But nothing so dramatic happened. Instead, a brief mentoring session ensued that would last over 35 years. While eyeballing Don’s stack of references in the library, Andy opined that he was having difficulty parsing out the academic empire assembled by the illustrious Edgar Lee Hewett. Don made space at his desk and produced a diagram on scratch paper, since disintegrated from use, accompanied by a short conversation from which one key phrase remains. When conducting research on the history of anthropology in the U.S., “Follow the money.” It all suddenly made sense, and not just historically. Fifteen years or so later, Sunday and Andy were on the road to somewhere, passing through Reno. Sunday was a Don and Kay student, so failing to stop without announcing our intentions seemed as bad, or worse, than forgetting to notify the parents. Another pearl was about to drop—very loudly—and it came from Don in the form of a question: “Who’s your Big Dog?” The planets realigned once again. Whether it be non-profits, academic departments, working for tribes or governments, or even on a research project, you always need a Big Dog to make it happen. This particular “pearl” over the last two decades has never lost its sheen, and Sunday and Andy have since had successful careers working in multiple overlapping environments with many different Big Dogs.

Sunday’s introduction to Don and Kay was as a new graduate student in the Department of Anthropology at the University of Nevada, Reno in 1994. Both of the Fowlers had a commanding presence, but Kay had a way of entering a room that made students sit up straight. Fear was not the issue entirely, but they took seriously the legend about a student who was arrested one night before her class. Entitled to only one phone call, he called Kay, not because he was worried about his excuse, but missing one of her classes was just something you never did. Such was the impact of Don and Kay as mentors.

In a twist on the famous quote by Coco Chanel on the relationship of fashion and style, Kay once told Sunday, “Theories come and go, but data will always endure.” The primacy of data as the foundation for learning and research continues to resonate as we, as anthropological archaeologists, balance consultation and the ethical concerns of descendant communities with sustainable curation of legacy collections and teaching. Effective fundraising is at the core of these efforts, a skill that Sunday first learned through Kay and Don’s own leadership.

“The days of rip-and-run ethnography are over.” Kay once used this turn of phrase to impress upon Sunday the importance of long-term commitments to the communities in which archaeologists and ethnologists do their work. At the time, Kay’s involvement with the
Timbisha Shoshone on the Yucca Mountain Nuclear Waste Management Project was a model for what is now known as “engaged” or “community-based” research, but for Kay this was just how the work got done.

As students of the Fowlers for more than thirty years now, our careers and intellectual trajectories have been shaped by their example. After grading one of Sunday’s overly long papers, Kay once quipped, “The secret to good writing is knowing how to pay attention.” Indeed it is, and we hope we get an A+ for paying attention to good advice—we’re still working on the writing part.

* * *

TRAVELS WITH KAY:
LIFELONG TEACHER, MENTOR, AND FRIEND

Darla Garey-Sage
Nevada Rock Art Foundation

I met Kay Fowler in the fall of 1974 when I was a sophomore at the University of Nevada, Reno. Having known my “entire life” that I wanted to study Native American culture, I enrolled in her “Indians of North America” class. From that first class until 2003, when I finished my doctoral dissertation under her guidance, I can say she was as impressive then as she is today, although the hair was longer and the hemline shorter.

I sat in the back row of that first class, intimidated by the university, but I earned good marks. By the time I enrolled in Kay’s next class (if memory serves, it was “Museology”), I think she sort of remembered me. The highlight of that course was a field trip to San Francisco to visit museums. I had a boyfriend (whom I met in the “Indians of North America” class) and I remember that we were obnoxious 19-year-olds on that trip. But again, my marks were good and Professor Fowler did not dismiss me as an air-head, despite my behavior.

My real introduction to Kay began on a summer field trip to the Southwest, organized by Kay and staffed by graduate students. By then, the boyfriend was gone and I was starting to learn what it meant to be an anthropology student under the royal rule of Warren d’Azevedo, along with Kay and Don Fowler. However, my obnoxious days weren’t quite finished. Another student and I got into a heated debate with some local young men in the rural Utah town of Green River, where we literally ran from the café and hid in our motel room to avoid their threats of all sorts of dire things—probably quite exaggerated by memory. Kay found it all rather amusing, I think; nothing like experience to teach you to not antagonize local folks. And I must say, that embodies Kay’s style of teaching: “Figure it out.” On one of the last days of the trip, we visited Canyon De Chelly, and when we left Kay quietly asked if the canyon had spoken to anyone. I nodded vigorously, and I still remember that pivotal experience.

It wasn’t until my senior year that I took the course “History of Anthropology” from Don Fowler. Don’s breadth of knowledge, like Kay’s, was inspirational as well as intimidating. After one of the study sessions, a graduate student decided I was okay and admitted me to the rarified circle of people who went out with Don and Kay to socialize after the seminar. It was a tight group of “returning” or older students who celebrated holidays, birthdays, tests, seminars, and life together. The gatherings were always lively, but the Halloween parties were legendary. I am still friends with those folks, some 40 years later, although we no longer dress up in outlandish costumes or consume massive amounts of tequila. Age has mellowed us all for better or worse.

I finished my undergraduate degree in the spring of 1977 and began graduate school in the Fall. At that point, however, I had no definite idea of what I wanted to do, so I only lasted one semester. When I called Kay to tell her I was taking a leave of absence, she admonished me to make sure I returned to school, and I promised to do so. It took 13 years, but in 1990, I returned to graduate school at U.N.R. I met with Don, who announced that I would study cultural anthropology and Kay would be my chair. I had returned with the idea of studying historic preservation, but I was too chicken to argue with Don, and I am forever grateful for his dictatorial benevolence.

Like my encounter with the locals in Green River, Utah, my graduate education under Kay’s eye was a lesson in making important mistakes. I’m not sure what Kay would say, but for me, her guidance was a very wide net that lets one sink or swim. She treated me as a burgeoning professional; she was there to guide me, but my path was my own. It was both terrifying and liberating. I finished my masters in 1993 and decided to pursue my doctorate. Don had to go to bat for me to allow me to earn all three degrees from the same institution.
The Fowlers were always supportive of and loyal to their students. Kay was my chair for both my thesis and dissertation, and as introductions to books often say, any praise should go to those who advised, but any faults rest with the author. We worked on many projects together, perhaps most notably our collaboration in publishing the ethnographic notes of Isabel Kelly from the Las Vegas area, recorded during fieldwork from 1932 to 1934 (Fowler and Garey-Sage 2016).

Today, Kay, Don, and I are friends as well as colleagues. Kay told me long ago that when you begin a relationship with ethnographic consultants, you must understand it is a relationship that will last for life. Don and Kay apply the same idea to their students. Despite their own professional success and stature, they treat all former students as part of their extended family, regardless of the paths we’ve chosen or the failures and successes we’ve experienced. These days, as Kay and I sit over coffee and gossip about friends, colleagues, and weaving projects, I remind myself that this woman is a living legend.

* * *

MY THIRTY YEARS WITH THE DON

Pat Barker
Nevada State Museum

As a new Ph.D. working for the B.L.M. in Barstow, California, I was asked to review Anthropology of the Desert West: Essays in Honor of Jesse D. Jennings, edited by Carol Condie and Don Fowler, for American Antiquity. After its publication, I received a gracious note from Don thanking me for the review. Shortly after that I moved to Reno, Nevada as the Bureau of Land Management State Office Archaeologist and Cultural Program Lead. Don let me settle in and then asked me to lunch. Thus began a 30-year professional association and friendship.

As he did with so many, Don quickly enlisted me in his current plans and made me a resource by arranging for me to teach part time in Extended Studies, Anthropology, and History at the University of Nevada, Reno. I’m still adjunct faculty, teaching “Historic Preservation Law and Policy” at UNR.

Don, who began his career doing salvage archaeology on the Glen Canyon Salvage Project (1959–1962), maintained a lifelong interest in historic preservation and cultural resource management. As the first to hold the Mamie Kleberg Chair in Historic Preservation and Anthropology (1978–2005), Don founded the Historic Preservation Program at the University of Nevada, Reno and single-handedly created and managed an academic minor in Historic Preservation. Don chaired 34 masters and doctoral committees that resulted in 16 MA’s and 3 Ph.D.’s. With this background, he was special among academic archaeologists because he always treated agency and CRM archaeologists as colleagues and not hired help.

When Don recognized a need for continuing professional education for CRM and agency archaeologists, he developed a Continuing Education Program in Heritage Resources Management aimed at CRM archaeologists, heritage managers, and historic preservationists. He then recruited any and all, including myself, as faculty or students. Over the course of seven years, his program presented over 360 seminars and workshops attended by over 9,000 heritage professionals in more than 30 venues across the country.

One of my favorite activities at professional meetings is watching Don, the quintessential deal maker, interact with his colleagues. He seems to know everyone, and actively brings like-minded people together to enhance historic preservation and our understanding of the past. He always makes me feel as if I am as much an insider as he. Don has a unique way of involving his friends in projects, with a constant stream of historical anecdotes, personal insights, and an eye toward moving forward.

When Alanah Woody asked him to be the first president of the board of the infant Nevada Rock Art Foundation, he quickly organized a board of directors to guide the foundation. Don called me, and in typical fashion, simply told me that he and Alanah were starting the foundation and that I was on the board. We worked together on the board for six years, and when he decided to step down as president, he told me that I was his successor. With his encouragement and support, I tried to fill his shoes for the next four years.

Throughout my career I have tried to be inclusive in the way Don is. He is my model for mentoring students and young professionals. All in all, my thirty years with The Don has been rewarding, fun, and productive.

* * *
I’m one of Don and Kay Fowler’s students, but not in the traditional sense. Throughout my education and career, they provided opportunities that allowed me to follow my dreams and achieve a degree of success in anthropology as well as in my personal life. Just prior to graduating from Sparks (Nevada) High School and entering the University of Nevada, Reno, in 1966, I learned that Don and the Desert Research Institute/U.N.R., was planning an archaeological survey in northeastern Nevada. I made an appointment to meet with him, and naively asked if he had any jobs for me as an archaeologist that summer. I confidently explained my experience with finding “arrowheads” while out hunting and fishing with my dad. Don’s cook/field technician backed out of the project at the last minute, and Don asked if I could cook. I couldn’t, but he kindly hired me anyway. So began my first field season of canned stewed tomatoes and canned corned beef… I also met Kay that summer, as she ran the field lab in Elko.

Although I was not an anthropology major, Don continued hiring me for his summer projects, and he increased my work responsibilities. In 1970, Don hired recent University of Utah Ph.D. Jim Adovasio as the field director for an archaeological survey in southeastern Nevada, and I became Jim’s field crew of one. Later in the summer we joined D. Brigham Madsen and Don at O’Malley Shelter, where my future wife and recent Reno High School graduate Laurie Sheehan was the field lab manager. That summer, Don and Brigham hosted Peter J. Mehringer of Washington State University for a reconnaissance of fossil pollen sites in Meadow Valley Wash, Nevada. Don assigned me to be Pete’s field assistant.

On Kay’s recommendation, Laurie decided to get her B.A. in anthropology at Washington State, so I followed her to Pullman. Pete agreed to take me on as one of his students, but other faculty questioned my lack of a B.A. or even a minor in anthropology, even though I held a B.S. in zoology. Pete called Don during these discussions, and Don immediately and personally vouched for my archaeological credentials, which included co-authorship of his O’Malley Shelter monograph (Fowler, Madsen, and Hattori 1973). Although I haven’t thought of it until now, Don’s personal recommendation may even have reached Washington State’s most senior archaeology faculty member Richard “Doc” Daugherty. Don and Kay’s connections in anthropology run deep, and Don knows “everyone.” In any event, I completed my graduate degrees at Washington State and was hired by the Desert Research Institute.

Kay’s impact on my anthropology career has been considerable, and it began by emphasizing that Great Basin Native Americans had a lot to offer archaeologists, if we only asked. It took many years to put that into practice, but our museum’s Under One Sky: Nevada’s Native American Heritage exhibit was a collaborative effort between several tribes and the museum over a three-year period. I’ve admittedly been a museum geek since I was a child, thanks to doting parents and grandparents. Kay added additional dimensions to our numerous museum visits during Indian Market in Santa Fe by critiquing exhibit content and presentation. My career as a museum curator draws upon those visits and ensuing discussions. I’ve also benefited from Kay’s insights into museum culture as she’s a museum professional and former board member of both the High Desert Museum in Bend, Oregon and the National Museum of the American Indian in Washington, D.C.

Importantly, Kay was my mentor in textile analysis, which became one of my specialties. Kay and I shared co-authorship on numerous basketry conference papers and publications, and we continue that association today (e.g., Fowler and Hattori 2008, 2009).

I’ve worked under Don on dozens of projects and field schools. His management style is hands off, leaving it up to me to fail or succeed, but with his full support when needed. When we did need help, he responded to our calls. I’ve tried to adopt Don’s management style through the years. So much for hands off, though—Don and Kay do take credit for “arranging” my and Laurie’s marriage. Despite over 50 years of experience in archaeology, anthropology, and museums, I still consider myself one of Don and Kay’s “students.”

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THE FOWLERS AND DRI
David Rhode
Desert Research Institute

In 1964, Don and Kay Fowler first moved to Reno, their long-time home. Don took an instructorship with the
Most significantly, Don navigated DRI into the emerging world of ‘cultural resource management.’ He secured support for archaeological projects, not just from traditional grant sources, but from mining and energy companies, highway departments, and federal agencies needing to meet new laws and regulations. This ‘compliance-driven’ applied research built on Stephenson’s original Nevada Archaeological Survey mission, but on a much grander scale. One agency seeking help was the newly formed Department of Energy (DOE), which had taken over duties from the old Atomic Energy Commission to run the Nevada Test Site. Don’s help in negotiating a long-running contract with DOE for archaeological services and environmental monitoring supported DRI through some very lean years and continues to be a large part of the Institute today.

Don left DRI in 1978 to return to U.N.R. as an endowed professor in historic preservation, but the work pioneered by Don and Kay in DRI’s early decades set the foundation up for 60 years of archaeological and anthropological research in the Great Basin and worldwide, a legacy that has supported generations of scholars, myself included. Thanks, Fowlers!

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THE FOWLERS: COURAGEOUS KNIGHT OF THE ARCHAEOLOGY REALM
Defending his Lady Scholar in a Classic CRM Joust
Heidi Roberts
HRA Inc., Conservation Archaeology

Many of us in Great Basin anthropology have known Kay and Don as teachers, scholars, mentors, and leaders. A lucky few of us have worked closely with them on research or publication projects. The Don that I know is a gentlelman scholar who has supported women archaeologists and anthropologists throughout his career.

Don was born in the small town of Torrey, Utah. His family moved to Ogden, where he attended high school to mixed reviews. He was an avid reader, and a fan of Ogden’s jazz scene. He was a very young man attending the University of Utah when Jesse Jennings thrust him into a leading role in American archaeology’s legendary project—the Glen Canyon Dam survey. As a fiction writer, I visualize Don, handsome as a
leading actor, navigating the Colorado River, hiking its uncharted tributaries, camping in primitive conditions, and mastering logistics that are too complex to envision. Don has always pushed the boundaries, as an explorer, a pioneer of Cultural Resource Management (CRM), an administrator, and a staunch supporter and organizer of archaeological institutions. He is also a scholar who has examined the past of our profession with an honest and critical eye.

Kay is so famous as an ethnographer, ethnobotanist, and expert on Native American arts that some of my employees have been tongue-tied in her presence. When Kay inquired why one employee was particularly quiet, I had to explain that some young archaeologists find her fame intimidating. Ever the humblest person in the room, Kay was incredulous. Although she has climbed to the top of her profession and is a member of the National Academy of Science and the National Academy of Arts and Sciences, she still takes detailed notes on student papers at the SAA and GBAC meetings.

Most of us are familiar with Kay and Don in their roles as teachers, lecturers, mentors, and scholars. Fewer have witnessed their mastery of CRM and contracting. I would like to share my experience working with Kay and Don on a joint Forest Service/Fish and Wildlife contract; a parable of how a well-intentioned project can take an inadvertent turn and follow an unplanned path. Don and his mentor, Jesse Jennings, taught us that “adventures” are travels turned bad and are best avoided with careful planning, logistics, and follow-through.

The story began in the spring of 2007 when I invited Kay to team with my company, HRA, on a proposal for a contemporary ethnographic study of the Southern Paiute/Chemehuevi tribes of southern Nevada, and a contact-period ethnography and history of the American Indians (with a Southern Paiute focus) who occupied southern Nevada at the time of European contact. I am sure that HRA would not have won the contract without her participation. Kay has been doing ethnographic work in the Great Basin since 1960. Her early work was on subsistence, ethnobiology, material culture, and language (Euler [with Fowler] 1966; C. Fowler 1972; D. Fowler and C. Fowler 1971). She developed expertise in basketry and worked with people at the Southern Paiute Moapa community under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution Folklife Program in 1986. Her linguistic abilities were brought to the Moapa language maintenance program, and through language work with elders in the Cedar City, Utah, communities in the 1970s–1990s.

Kay began working with the Isabel Kelly materials in the 1980s. Kelly (see the JCGBA Pioneers profile on Kelly in the Spring issue, 2016) worked among Southern Paiute groups in southern Nevada, Utah, and Arizona from 1932 to 1934 (Kelly 1934, 1964). Unfortunately, a considerable amount of her ethnographic work remained unpublished upon her death in 1981. Kay, along with Darla Garey-Sage, compiled these extensive materials, computerized and transferred data to modern maps, and verified and expanded the translations. Southern Paiute material culture items collected by Kelly were photographed and described. Where possible, the work was reviewed with elders from Moapa, Cedar City, and Pahrump. This lengthy project was completed with the publication of Kelly’s ethnographic notes collected between 1932 and 1934 (Fowler and Garey-Sage 2016). Kay’s deep experience made her the perfect Principal for our project.

Complementing Kay’s background, Don Fowler’s amazing skills as a businessman and administrator kicked in soon after HRA’s team was awarded the contract. Within a few weeks, Don seamlessly jumped through all the hoops required of contractors. He reconstituted a small business that he had devised to support such contracts. He donned his armor, lifted his jousting lance, and charged ahead—anything for his lady scholar.

As the project manager, I had the opportunity to witness first-hand (mostly as her driver and meeting organizer) Kay’s superb listening skills, her acute memory, and her endurance. Kay interviewed Southern Paiute elders, she participated in meetings of the Southern Paiute Language Group, she toured the Moapa Reservation and the adjacent mountain ranges with elders, and we took a road trip through the Pahrangaut Valley and Meadow Valley to see some of the places that Isabel Kelly reported. I am no stranger to physically demanding archaeological field projects, but that ethnographic work tested my mettle. After a week of following in Kay’s footsteps, I was both mentally and emotionally exhausted. Kay, on the other hand, who is almost 20 years my senior, was still perky and focused on the next challenge. She took detailed notes during and after each meeting, she recorded our conversations,
snapped photographs, and kept asking questions long after my attention began to wander.

The project was a difficult one, and the contemporary ethnographic component presented challenges that could not be overcome. After several failed attempts to schedule meetings with the tribes, HRA's subcontracted ethnographer threw up her hands and quit. Schedules had slipped, the tribes weren't happy with the contract goals, and the Forest Service eventually let HRA remove those tasks from the contract.

Kay and Don completed the ethnohistoric component of the contract—as we brag in the business—on-time and on-budget. Kay's reports are thorough and provide new insights into Isabel Kelly's ethnographic research (C. Fowler 2012a, 2012b). Unfortunately, the agencies discontinued the consultation process. Don attempted to break the logjam. I watched him at a GBAC meeting joust with agency archaeologists in full armor. But the matter had been taken out of the archaeologist's hands. Kay's reports still have not been released. Perhaps we should archive them in the tDAR system.

The contract ended up being a classic Jennings/Fowler “adventure,” a misadventure to be avoided. Nevertheless, working with Kay and Don was an immensely rewarding experience. Their guidance and teachings have enriched me, and we developed a lasting friendship. Kay and Don are a treasure trove of information and wisdom. Their intelligence, work ethic, diplomatic skills, research abilities, and true grit have served as a model for all of us. And as an important footnote, Kay is my favorite shopping partner. She is the only person who can still hit five stores after a lunch-time margarita at the Shed. Thank you, Kay, thank you Don, from all of us!

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CHASING WILDFLOWERS

Nancy J. Parezo
University of Arizona

I have known the Fowlers only for a short time—thirty years or so. We met when Don and I realized around 1990 that we were following each other around in archives looking at the same documents on the history of anthropology. We decided to start collaborating, and it has worked out well since he likes looking at photographs and I like searching documents. I soon pulled the Fowlers into working on my projects and they pulled me into theirs. The result has been a lifelong friendship which has helped me through good times and bad, and I trust has helped them as well.

One of the good times has been our wildflower expeditions through southern Arizona. Any year when the rains come regularly between October and February there are spectacular fields of yellow, red, and purple. Don and Kay come down from Reno to see their many friends, and we get in the car and search. My husband, archaeologist Richard Ahlstrom, does his research and drives us to potential locales of good sightings. Some years we go west to Organ Pipe National Monument, others east toward the Chiricahua Mountains or north toward Globe. Since Rick, like Kay, is a walking encyclopedia of botanical information, I learn quite a lot. I will look out the window and say, “look at the orange flowers,” and one or the other will respond, “mallows” and give the scientific name. Kay can often identify the subspecies or variety and then tell us about O’odham usage. What begins as a stop by the side of the road can lead to long, intense scrutiny for Kay and Rick as they talk ethnobotany. Meanwhile, Don ponders on how to produce the best photographic record, or we just visit about whatever project we are working on. Then he graciously accompanies me back to the car when I get tired. We all enjoy the beauty and have our wildflower fix for the year.

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