

**Ohio Burial Grounds to Tribal Historic
Preservation Programs:
Action Anthropology & American Indian Tribes in the Year 2000**

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Abstract:

Throughout my youth a series of events, intermingled with several influential field anthropologists, culminated in my camping it up in the West's great outdoors for many years as a contract archaeologist. In addition, I was afforded the equally wonderful opportunity of sharing my years in cultural resource management (CRM) with several federally recognized Indian tribes, including the Confederated Tribes of the Umatilla Indian Reservation (CTUIR) in northeastern Oregon. As a result of my being placed on the Umatilla Indian Reservation, the help of Deward E. Walker, Jr., adequate funding (much of it provided by the U.S. Department of Energy, Hanford Facility), tribal government support, and a dedicated student body, a tribal archaeological program was established on the Umatilla Indian Reservation, staffed almost wholly by tribal members. Since the inception of the CTUIR's program North American archaeology has seen significant changes in its relationship with indigenous peoples. The recently formed National Association of Tribal Historic Preservation Offices (NATHPOs) are a consortium of 17 federally recognized Indian tribes certified by the National Park Service (NPS) as Tribal Historic Preservation Offices (THPOs). The CTUIR are a THPO member of NATHPO. Cultural resource management is evolving rapidly in the 21st century, becoming a well established integral part of the overall anthropological discipline. Although the CTUIR's CRM journey, their eventual THPO certification, and viability as a professional archaeological resource protection office is a remarkable achievement, something like salmon swimming upstream, it is an achievement that is available to any tribe. I'm very proud to share in such a memorable achievement.

Shape-Shifting: Indians in Parachutes

Just over 40 years ago I came face-to-face with mid-western prehistoric archaeology, complete with an Indian burial ground. I had no way of knowing how much those early events would presage my professional career, including undertaking archaeological studies throughout much of the western United States; or working with 14 American Indian tribes in the Pacific Northwest and Rocky Mountain West, advocating for their right to participate in our nation's archaeology, specifically CRM.

Not only advocating, but actually developing an on-reservation tribal archaeological program providing the Umatilla, Cayuse, and Walla Walla tribes with the ability to more effectively protect their cultural resources. Thirteen years later the CTUIR archaeological program (or more accurately, the Cultural Resource Protection Program, CRPP) persists in providing a wide-range of anthropological and archaeological services in Oregon and Washington.

This is a reflexive perspective of my anthropological journey beginning with an Ohio burial

ground to the present. Hopefully, my ability to shape-shift will always be with me, the CTUIR archaeological program prospers for many years to come, and I'll have made a lasting contribution with the Umatilla, Cayuse, and Walla Walla tribes.

My passionate interest in American Indian cultures began in the mid-1950s. I spent seven years in Ohio as a young boy exploring the nearby dense woods abundant with thick vines just right for swinging on, making forts, camping out, and watching archaeologists from Ohio State University (OSU) excavate a number of native burials inadvertently exposed by mechanized equipment while mining for gravel.

I frequented the OSU excavations because, only several weeks before, a friend of mine and I took a break from riding our bikes on that very spot off the highway. There was nothing out of the ordinary except for my comment while catching our breath, "I think we're on an Indian burial ground." I don't know why I felt that way, I just I did. Having established that we could be standing on an Indian burial ground, we rode on to search for other adventures that sunny weekend day.

I still have several of my Brownie camera's black-and-white photographs in my Indian scrapbook of me hanging out at the dig with the archaeologists. I was ten years old and already an archaeologist; at least, I was hanging out with some.

A small creek flowed through my family's rural property outside of Columbus, Ohio, exposing several feet of bank of dark gray slate-just right for making crudely-shaped arrow and spear points. I spent a lot of time there crudely fashioning the implements I'd need whenever shape-shifting back into an Indian.

A wooden bridge crossed this stream allowing access from the main house to a small clearing and pond below. It was in that clearing that my brother and I pitched our white nylon Indian tipi made from several discarded cargo parachutes dad had provided. When the pond froze over with several inches of winter ice my brother and I would dare one another to swim below the ice from one side to the other. Well, a dare was a dare. More than once we made that underwater journey to the far side of that little pond and back again. Naked we would run into our lodge to quickly dry off and dress feeling good about surviving our ill-conceived ordeal.

Swimming in a pond next to a tipi was something I felt good doing. I knew Indians took sweat baths and would jump into a river afterwards, regardless of the season. I wanted to be an Indian so I had to do Indian kinds of things, like plunge under the ice to cleanse and toughen myself. I didn't have a sweat lodge but I did have what seemed to be endless forests, a pond, and parachute tipi.

Some years later I was once again peering out from under nylon tipis while jumping fires as a U.S. Forest Service smokejumper with Boise National Forest in Idaho. Interestingly, during my three weeks of jump school in McCall, Idaho, I bunked next to Ron Pond, a Umatilla tribal member from Mission, Oregon. After jump school I was transferred to Idaho City, a smaller smokejumper base 37 miles north of Boise. I saw Ron intermittently on fires but it would be many years later on the Umatilla Indian Reservation before I reacquainted myself with this fellow Ned (i.e., first year smokejumper).

While jumping fires in the vast northern Idaho wilderness, accessible only by small aircraft, helicopters, or parachute I fully expected to see another Ishi make his appearance while uttering a few unintelligible words in greeting. Or, maybe it would be

Ron Pond. I had a vivid imagination most oftentimes residing in the past and Indians were an integral part of that past.

My father instilled in me a fondness for books and I loved reading about Indians: Indians from the northeast woodlands, the southeastern peoples, Pacific Northwest, southwestern pueblos, and the buffalo covered western plains. My most coveted volume during this time was *Indians of the Americas* by W. Langdon Kihn and H.M. Herget, a National Geographic publication. Forty-five years later this well-worn volume is one of the few memorabilia I've retained.

It was in *Indians of the Americas* (Kihn and Herget, 86-87), that I saw the beautiful and impressive Caddo grass lodge of the southern plains. I was so enthralled with such a majestic structure of branch and grass that I made my own rendition in a large field next to my house, although on a smaller scale. I vividly remember hanging out inside my grass lodge looking through the bunches of long golden-brown grass, layered shingle-style on the pole framework, pretending I was a Caddo Indian from the past-a Caddo Indian visiting Ohio, anyway.

Several years later I saw a full-sized replica of this grass lodge at Indian City USA outside of Anadarko, Oklahoma. Indian City USA was just too fantastic! Across their sprawling grounds were all kinds of Indian dwellings, including tipis, Apache wickiups, an earth lodge, and more. Indians were in their dance regalia everywhere, I was in kid heaven. Contrary to books I had read there were still Indians to be found. You just had to know where to look and Indian City USA was obviously one of those places.

I was yearning for the freedom and adventure I had envisioned in explorers and adventurers like Davy Crockett, Kit Carson, and the untamed mountain men that lived in buffalo hide tipis pitched in the Rocky Mountains surrounded by all kinds of Indians, including Taos and Picuris Pueblo Indians of northern New Mexico. Would I survive in such an environment or would the Indians rub me out early on? My imagination struggled with that one but I'm sure I wasn't rubbed out.

My family eventually moved to Wichita, Kansas, where we lived for three years. I belonged to a non-Indian "Indian" dance group performing at public events and pow wows. Our group, the Hon-Pe-Aika's, performed Indian dances, made our own Indian gear,

and frequently camped out in tipis slowly shape-shifting into Indians. Like Indians everywhere we even took some fantastic canoe trips on the Arkansas River up to 300 miles in length. I loved those Kansas years. I came to appreciate the beauty of endless miles of prairie and the feeling of freedom, like the wind going nowhere on the tops of an endless sea of waving grass. You could pause and easily dream of Caddo grass lodges scattered on this landscape that went forever in every direction.

There were a number of ponies being kept next to where I lived in Kansas. My friends and I would oftentimes shape-shift into Indians and mark our favorite mounts with painted handprints on their rumps and tie fake eagle feathers and colored bits of cloth to their manes and tails like we knew Indians would. Grabbing a hand-full of mane I would jump on bareback flying across that sea of grass. Just me and my borrowed pony against the world. Vulnerable to attack from imaginary enemies but free-at least until I had to shape-shift to my original form and return home for supper and homework.

"Sorry, I'm Not a Good Indian"

Academics and Reservation Anthropology

I received my B.A. degree in anthropology in 1971 from the University of Idaho under Dr. Roderick (Rick) Sprague and Dr. Deward E. Walker, Jr. I followed Deward from Moscow, Idaho, to the University of Colorado-Boulder, where I completed my master's degree in 1991 under his guidance. Rick and Deward were the best instructors I had during my university training. They were also friends who helped me out a lot. They were both very familiar with several of the southern Plateau tribes proving invaluable to me just starting to work with reservation Indian people.

Rick introduced me to the general field of anthropology, the native cultures of the Pacific Northwest, and prehistoric and historic archaeology. A small group of us on a five-day break from working at the Ozette, Washington, archaeological project were guests at Rick's field camp helping excavate for several days on San Juan Island in the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

Deward helped me out in so many ways, far too numerous to mention here, including making his home, dinner table, and sauna available on a regular basis, as well as guiding me and my anthropology. Deward shared his kind of applied anthropology – not just the

anthropology of college textbooks and short seasonal jaunts to far-away more exotic places collecting that field season's research data, but rather the anthropology of living, working, and sharing one's life with contemporary American Indian peoples-right here in North America. Not quite the same image as undertaking expeditions in South America, Australia, or the Fijian Islands.

There were always Indians in Deward's company whether in the Pacific Northwest or Colorado. Deward taught me a lot about coming to terms with Indian culture of the present and not getting stuck on Indian culture of the past. Not an easy feat for an archaeologist. It's not that studying the Indian's past isn't useful and needed. Rather, like people the world-over, there are an abundance of challenges today requiring their immediate attention, including care for the young and elderly, health, nutrition, housing, education, training, and employment for their citizenry.

In the late 1960s I was occasionally invited to hop aboard Deward's Volkswagen Bug for the trip from Moscow down the narrow graveled Coyote Grade to the Nez Perce Indian Reservation visiting with the Nee-Me-Poo around Lapwai. Deward also took time to accompany me to the Coeur D'Alene Indian Reservation in the Idaho panhandle as a precursor to beginning an undergraduate anthropology project. The small reservation communities of DeSmet, Plummer, Tensed, and Worley became familiar haunts during my visits to the reservation.

My class project was to document the variability of tribal cultural affiliation on the reservation, how long they had been there, and if they were to relocate where would it be? I remember spending one warm spring afternoon with my newly acquired informants providing rides in my TR-3 roadster convertible down our make-shift drag strip on Highway 95. Fortunately for me these fun-loving folks were warriors without weapons (Macgregor 1946). Otherwise, there may have been one less anthro busying themselves observing, experimenting, manipulating, and extinguishing (Deloria 1969, 81) these assimilated artifacts of the past (Brown 1974, 289).

Life was good in northern Idaho that spring day. For several hours I was an aspiring anthropologist piloting my English roadster full of Coeur D' Alene Indians. A picture quite unlike the Indians of the past where I had grown up imagining myself thundering across endless prairie in chase of buffalo, horses, and

war honors counting coups on my people's enemies. I wasn't chasing buffalo or counting coup. I was giving rides to Indians I had only recently met; and I never saw any buffalo.

During a subsequent visit to Coeur D' Alene country an older Indian lady, after suffering through my request for information, abruptly stated "Sorry, I'm not a good Indian" just before slamming the door. I was too young at the time to understand her less than lack of enthusiasm to participate in my silly, and to her, potentially damaging, project. The federal Indian policy of the 1950s terminating tribes from their federal status was painfully very much real. Clearly, the Indian past as portrayed by European history books was more familiar and easier to accept, more palatable, and provided greater comfort and safety than having a door closed in my face.

The effects of previous U.S. Indian policy, including forced assimilation, relocation, and termination had taken their economic, political, emotional, and spiritual toll; and who knows, there may have been more than a few anthropologists thrown in there too. Regardless, as Howard (1974, 291) concluded "...the day of the anthro who zips in for a few action-packed weeks of intensive interviewing and then zips right out again is past."

None of the information I gathered was of any value whatsoever to these posttribal (Dobyns 1974, 289) residents of the reservation, or anybody else for that matter. I never thought to provide the Coeur D' Alene Tribal Council with a copy of my class paper. In the end, I had nothing to offer the Coeur D' Alene Indian community but an unpalatable dose of white middle-class ignorance and naiveness-well-intentioned ignorance. A lot of Indian people will share with you how they have suffered all too often from well-intentioned folks genuinely wanting to help but somehow things got turned around and the Indians weren't helped at all. During the summer of 1972 I volunteered at the Southern Methodist University (SMU-Dallas, Texas), Fort Burgwin Research Center, outside the small communities of Talpa and Taos in northern New Mexico. I worked that summer primarily under the supervision of Dr. Fred Wendorf and Dr. Joel L. Shiner. Dr. Shiner was very popular among all of the students, being presented with a silver-plated trowel inscribed with everyone's name at the conclusion of the summer's excavation efforts. Years earlier, Joel had participated in the River Basin Surveys conducting research at McNary Reservoir on the Columbia River-a

project within the Confederated Tribes of the Umatilla Indian Reservation's (CTUIR's) aboriginal lands (Shiner 1961). Fred didn't get a silver-plated trowel.

Most of my work at the Fort Burgwin Research Center was helping Tito Archuleta, the grounds keeper, refurbish the small museum housed in one portion of the reconstructed dragoon military facility, and excavating at the Pot Creek Pueblo site. I stayed on after the field school to assist a doctoral candidate from Washington State University tabulate ceramic data from Pot Creek Pueblo (Holschlag 1975).

Later that same summer I watched Southern Methodist University undergraduates, recently arrived from the Dallas-Fort Worth area, checking their clipboards, writing utensils, cameras, tape recorders, and the like in preparation for entering Taos Pueblo. They were beginning their ethnographic field school. This would be the only time most of these young and affluent students would ever experience a cultural setting quite like this northern Tiwa-speaking community at the base of 13,161-foot Wheeler Peak, New Mexico's tallest mountain. What did the residents of Taos Pueblo benefit from extending the courtesy, generosity, and compassion to allow this kind of Euroamerican activity?

Was Taos Pueblo being used as a private zoo for anthropology (Deloria 1969, 95)? Was Pot Creek Pueblo, once an undisturbed pueblo site unique in the upper Rio Grande River region of northern New Mexico (Woosley 1980, 31), being used as a private laboratory and training facility for archaeology? The two pueblos are less than 30 minutes apart. Ideologically, however, the people associated with these pueblos have a much different world view and perspective about archaeologists and archaeology than the latter do about themselves. Generally, tribes do not endorse excavation of their archaeological sites. I believe this may be no less true for Taos Pueblo. Archaeological excavations have rarely been approved by the Taos Pueblo tribal government.

The following summer of 1973 I was attending Washington State University's field school excavating at the Ozette Village site on the Makah Indian Reservation on the Olympic Peninsula's west side (Kirk and Daugherty 1974). Although Makah tribal members participated in this project I don't remember any Indian people from the Taos or Picuris pueblos participating in the Pot Creek excavations.

During my studies in Boulder, Colorado, I had the good fortune to meet another outstanding scholar and champion of Indian rights, especially advocating the legal use of peyote for native peoples. This wonderfully talented and humorous man, who started the CU Department of Anthropology, was Dr. Omer C. Stewart – another major influence in my anthropological instruction. I had the pleasure of taking Omer's last religion class prior to his retirement. Omer was a wonderfully kind and gentle man. I used to visit him in his office in the basement of the Helms Building, room 17 just down the hall from his personal library. I don't know how many books were in his library but there were a bunch; and of course Omer's anthropological background included a curiosity about cultures the world over, not just North America. Omer made his library available to students in the Department of Anthropology.

Omer always had time to visit with you about anthropology, Indians, and his excommunication from the Mormon Church years ago; the latter of which he seemed to take particular glee in. He was a member of the Native American Church and life-long champion of Indian people's right to use the sacred peyote. Omer frequently testified and published his research supporting American Indian's right to freely practice their religious beliefs. He always wore a small golden-looking peyote button on his sport coat lapel. His office was filled with records generated from his many years of work with Ute and Paiute tribes. During one visit Omer presented me with an extra office key inviting me to come in at will. It was an incredible honor for me as a young student. I have the key hanging above my desk in Taos. I never used it.

I could never have entered Omer's office without him being there. There was too much power, respect, and honor emanating from Omer's space. His office was so much a part of his life, his experience cooking in an early archaeological field camp with anthropology and native peoples, the Sun Dance, and Grandfather Peyote. He was cut from the old school of anthropology and spent most of his life teaching anthropology, spending time with Indians, studying their cultures, and advocating for them, especially in defending their right to Peyote in the Native American Church. I miss Omer. I miss his kindness and humanist anthropology. This distinguished anthropologist passed away in Boulder in 1991.

CRM: Archaeology Without Indians

Between 1975 and 1987 I participated in contract archaeology (CRM) throughout much of western North America. I traveled and camped it up in some of the most beautiful places I will ever see. Being outdoors is important to me. It was easier to shape-shift into an Indian, especially when doing archaeology solo. Between 1983 and 1987 I did most of my fieldwork alone which is always conducive to shape-shifting.

Lack of Indian involvement was the glaring omission with the CRM being undertaken at this time. There was a strange emptiness without Indians to go along with the sites being discovered, recorded, and evaluated. It was disillusioning and confusing. A fantastic volume of archaeological surveys, monitoring, testing, and mitigation had taken place responding to the domestic oil and gas exploration boom of the late 1970s and early 1980s. Just as quickly came the bust-the energy recession of 1983. My contracting firm of 98 employees was soon to be history with the loss of clients and contracts. The need for domestically derived energy sources was significantly down-sized; so was the need for contract archaeologists.

This amazing CRM phenomena would seem to have had little impact on Indian reservations similar to the affects of the Great Depression. Several Native old-timers once told me the Great Depression just didn't have the same impact on reservations as it did elsewhere. Indians confined to small government defined plots of land were in their own Reservation Depression.

Archaeology had to have a greater purpose than simply complying with the Section 106 process of the National Historic Preservation Act. Particularly in the late 1970s and early 1980s the CRM industry appeared more concerned with cash flow churning out reports of little value to Indian people (Deloria 1969, 87-93; Ortiz 1971, 88).

Archaeology has changed substantially over the past 20 years providing greater participation by Indians in their cultural history; not that native peoples haven't always participated in the development of American anthropology and archaeology. Amendments to the National Historic Preservation Act (NHPA) passed in 1980 and 1992, and the Native American Graves Protection and Repatriation Act (NAGPRA) passed in

1990, have had significant influences on increasing tribal participation in historic preservation and development of their tribal CRM programs.

CRM became a well-established historic preservation industry generating millions, if not billions of dollars, studying America's past by primarily recording sites. Up until recently tribes missed out on sharing in this wealth. This is changing, however, as tribes across America develop their own contract archaeological programs capable of providing a full-range of CRM services.

Currently, there are 17 Tribal Historic Preservation Officers (THPOs) certified by the Department of Interior, National Park Service (NPS) fulfilling all, or part of, their respective State Historic Preservation Office (SHPO) responsibilities on their federally recognized Indian reservations. The Mescalero Apache Tribe of New Mexico, is the newest federally recognized Indian tribe to assume SHPO functions of their reservation (Mitchell 1999, 22).

Years before, the Nuclear Waste Policy Act of 1982 provided the CTUIR, Yakima Indian Nation (YIN), and the Nez Perce Indian Tribe of Idaho Affected Party status and funding through the Department of Energy (DOE), Hanford facility. Although these initial DOE grant moneys kicked off the CTUIR archaeological program contracts with other parties were necessary to provide supplemental funds in case the DOE reduced or terminated their financial support. Fortunately, the DOE continues to provide some moneys tremendously assisting the CTUIR in their long-term co-partnership protecting Hanford's cultural and natural resources.

As noted earlier, the CRM industry has enjoyed a substantial sum of money recording Indian resources without Indians. Lacking their university degrees, Indians just weren't qualified to participate in such lucrative scientific inquiry and financial gain. Few of us young and inexperienced archaeology students had a clue to what we were getting into. It didn't matter though, we had our degrees and jobs. We had been ordained-charged with the responsibility of seeking out and recording America's Indian resources prior to their being rubbed off the skin of Mother Earth.

This unfortunate attitude that we only need a degree to stick our neocolonial noses in the Indian's past and present continues to persist. For the Indians it was too late. They had "lost the war" as some Suyapos are

crude to point out-the Indians had been obliterated, or so we had been taught.

Although I don't remember seeing any Indians in the CRM profession I did see lots of oil and gas folks, non-Indian fellow contractors, and state and federal archaeologists. Pretty fascinating times in the history of American archaeology, really. Thousands of folks transecting the landscape identifying, assessing, and managing the Indians cultural resources, primarily on federal lands. Indian resources on federal lands are considered by the U.S. Government to belong to them. It's government land so the resources found there belong to the government as well.

That's one of the problems with our Euroamerican tradition-we own everything. But the Indians themselves...they didn't own much and remained pretty much invisible like the horses, buffalo, and salmon that have always brought the people joy, comfort, and marketable resources for profitable inter-tribal commerce.

"Indians Have Anthropologists"

Curiously, anthropology, a social science concerned with studying man falls oddly short of actually helping man (Schlesier 1974a, 282). Almost 30 years ago Vine Deloria, Jr. (1969, 78) began his provocative and long deserved chapter "Anthropologists and Other Friends" in his book *Custer Died for your Sins*. Deloria wrote "...Indians have been cursed above all other people in history. Indians have anthropologists." If that isn't doomsday enough, eventual extinction awaits the Indian under observation by the anthropologist (Deloria 1969, 81). Clearly, anthropology, "...a science born of imperialistic and colonial powers" (Ortiz 1971, 89), deserves criticism (Deloria 1969, 81).

I empathize with Mr. Deloria's observation. There have undoubtedly been some less than desirable individuals with anthropology degrees running around bothering Indians (Deloria 1969, 79). People without anthropology degrees can be bothersome for Indians, too. I like the suggestion that Indian people organize themselves as the American Indian Association to obtain the necessary funding to begin studying anthropologists (Martin 1971, 65). Would this provide the comparative data anthropologists need to advance their discipline?

Despite Vine's poignant, but timely, characterization of anthropologists thirty years ago my earlier acknowledged anthropology instructors devoted their lives and professional careers advocating for Indian rights through a combination of scholarly research and their willingness and genuine interest working with American Indians. Working with Indians on their reservations, under their terms, and participating in their everyday activities was an integral part of their lives and anthropology.

These scholarly field anthropologists assisted tribes through publishing and expert testimony championing the use of sacred plants, preservation of holy places, and other matters of deep concern to Indians. Likewise, there have been many Indian people along the way who's service and knowledge proved invaluable to these three action anthropologists.

Anthropology and archaeology should be done in collaboration with native peoples whenever possible. Robert A. White (1974, 300) posed the question often since repeated: Should non-Indians, even when invited, become involved in making history for Indians? I personally know several archaeologists that become history after a stint on the reservation. During the early 1990s, while traveling around visiting on 13 western Indian reservations I was chastised by a native gentleman from Colorado for having the audacity of working for Indian tribes. Just another anthropologist bothering Indians again. All I could do was cordially provide my Indian supervisor's names and work numbers so he could file his complaints directly to my employers: the CTUIR, the Rosebud Sioux, and Northern Cheyenne tribes. To my knowledge nothing became of his concern.

The point is, tribes have the sovereign right to invite anyone they wish to become involved to assist them in their administrative, technical, or legal challenges, including their tribal historic preservation needs. It's not uncommon to see non-Indians, and tribal members from nearby neighboring reservations, employed on the Umatilla Indian Reservation. The goal, however, is to increasingly train more of the tribal member labor pool to participate in the profession of their choice without relocating from the reservation. For example, the growing Indian gaming and resort industry is providing opportunities to tribal members residing on their reservation; and so is tribal CRM.

The I'matlam, Waiilatpu, and Wallula Tribes: Action Anthropology and Tribal CRM

Thanks to Deward's influence I was able to began my tenure with the CTUIR in 1987 while under contract with the Council of Energy Resource Tribes (CERT). CERT sent me to Mission, Oregon, to begin developing a tribal archaeological program. Although I had spent almost 10 years working in CRM in much of the western United States, I didn't have a clue how to start a tribal archaeological program. Again, the CRM I had participated in over the previous decade was undertaken without much Indian involvement. It's not that Indians weren't interested, it just seems nobody cared to ask for their participation.

It's an understatement to say I had no idea what to expect upon leaving Boulder, Colorado, for the Umatilla Indian Reservation. I knew the experience would change me forever, and it did. I believe the experience changed the CTUIR, too. Stewart's (1971, 36) admonition that anthropologists "...go to the Indians to learn from them, not to teach them...supervise them...sell them something, or to change them in any way" (Stewart 1971, 36) was not my experience. The persistence and success of the CTUIR's tribal archaeological program over the past 13 years testifies to this.

My initial time on the Umatilla Indian Reservation was not without its challenges and problems, including being fired and rehired within a months time. I've been "sent packing" from more than one reservation, too. There was an interesting twist to my new position with CTUIR: design the tribal archaeological program to be self-sustaining; that is, without me in it! Archaeology had always been enjoyable for me, but the real excitement came when given this opportunity to share my anthropological and archaeological education with tribal students.

How I would meet this challenge was beyond me, but I was excited to try my best even if it led to my obsolescence; or worse yet, failure in meeting an incredibly unique opportunity. Karl H. Schlesier (1974a, 283), an action anthropologist of the Sol Tax school (Tax 1952, 1960, 1970), saw this planned obsolescence as desirable, commenting "The action anthropologist strives from the beginning for the day he will become obsolete. If he's successful he will

withdraw from the host population to undertake a more secondary role." If this is the case then I'm an action anthropologist.

I wanted to make a contribution to these southern Plateau fisherman by developing a program that genuinely worked for them. I had to first and foremost, sell myself and be accepted in order to have any effectiveness in creating their tribal archaeological program.

I wasn't anticipating studying anybody, but rather, simply live and work with my co-workers and new friends as we collaboratively worked towards achieving the tribal archaeological program. That is, a program that invested heavily in their tribal members (and other tribal members residing and working on the Umatilla Indian Reservation), providing long-term viability, income, and greater responsibility and sovereignty over their ancestral heritage. It's not that I wasn't curious and motivated to learn from the Umatilla, Cayuse, and Walla Walla people about themselves and their culture.

I was extremely excited and nervous about this new reservation environment, and I had plenty to learn. For example, Indians oftentimes characterize themselves as an oral based people – a significant amount of information sharing takes place when residing and working on a reservation. It helps to be a good listener and not to interrupt speakers while they are talking. Respecting and helping elders, not using profanity, and having a good sense of humor are things you just need to know when working in Indian Country.

Education, training, and employment of tribal members were identified early-on as major goals for the CTUIR archaeological program. Without making this long-term investment in tribal members it was questionable how really tribal the program would be. By utilizing tribal members, regardless of their education, I hoped to more effectively protect resources on and off the Umatilla Indian Reservation while simultaneously reducing the usual high unemployment found on reservations.

Indians are quick to point out the utter uselessness of many studies undertaken about them. To further exacerbate the situation tribal members frequently can't get a copy of the study anyway (Deloria 1971, 95). As I discussed above, my first attempt at undertaking research on the Coeur D' Alene Indian Reservation in the mid-1960s illustrates this point only too well. One way to negate this reliance on others outside the

reservation environment is for tribes to develop and maintain their own anthropological and archaeological bibliographies and archives (Adair 1971, 108).

By following tribal protocol much of this information can be published making a contribution to the profession. The anthropology and archaeology undertaken on reservations can be made available through reports (Burney et al. 1990), professional papers (Burney and Scarlata 1998), journal articles, and books (CTUIR 1999; Daugherty 1973; Relander 1962; Slickpoo and Walker 1978; and Uebelacker, n.d.). Again, provided the tribe(s) approve the information being published. I encourage those working on reservations to donate duplicate materials in their library to tribal files. "It is the duty of the anthropologists, if they are friends of the Indian, to give this information out..." (Halpern 1971, 103).

Tribes can also request of their respective SHPOs and federal land managing agencies copies of archaeological site forms, reports, and other documents considered useful. One of the first endeavors undertaken in 1987, by myself and several Umatilla tribal members, was several weeks of photocopying files in the Oregon and Washington SHPOs. We also duplicated site locations on U.S. Geological Survey (USGS) topographic maps we brought with us to establish a tribal map/atlas of previously recorded cultural resources.

Using this archaeological and anthropological background information as a foundation the CTUIR tribal archives now greatly exceeds the space needed to properly curate the material making it available to tribal researchers. The lack of adequate storage space required for curating such a large collection of published and unpublished matter, maps, photographs, and other documentary material is problematic on many Indian reservations.

For example, not long after beginning my work on the Umatilla Indian Reservation several tribal members rushed into my office letting me know an old water heater had been leaking, flooding the floor where valuable tribal records were being temporarily stored, including a number of reel-to-reel tapes recording Board of Trustees meetings from decades before. We quickly rushed the soggy materials to the second-story of the old administration building, once a government school for tribal youth.

Apparently our interest in developing a Umatilla tribal archives, beginning with the Oregon and Washington SHPOs data base, caused alarm bells, sirens, and whistles to go off with the U.S. Forest Service, Pacific Northwest Regional archaeologist. Why did the CTUIR want to access confidential site location information? More importantly, why were the Oregon and Washington SHPOs cooperating with these Indians in this outrageous activity?

The inquiring archaeologist wanted to know the academic qualifications held by this tribal raiding party to access such sensitive and confidential information. Had any of us been ordained with our degrees? Without the proper academic credentials, approved research design, or some other mumbo jumbo, this information could only be made available on "a need to know basis." It was evident to this government archaeologist that these Indians didn't need to know anything filed with the SHPOs. I mean, this information could be misused when in the wrong hands. How could the CTUIR insure this information would be treated as confidential and be properly taken care of?

Despite this guy's whining, and threatening the Oregon and Washington SHPOs with a lawsuit, we got the information we came for. We can thank Dr. Leland Gilson, Dr. Robert Whitlam, and other SHPO staff for supporting us starting the Umatilla tribal archives. Both SHPO offices could have backed down but they didn't. I will always be grateful for their support.

I've worked with many wonderful people on the Umatilla Indian Reservation, including Jeffery Van Pelt-friend, colleague, collaborator, and fellow-architect of the CTUIR archaeology program (Mead 1971, 68). From the outset we were both student and teacher to one another. Kind of like the "half learning and half doing" Tax emphasized for action anthropology (Schusky 1974, 297). We had the interest and patience to help nurture each other to better navigate through two similar, yet different, cultural systems: Suyapo and Indian.

One early spring field season in the Blue Mountains, when the morels and puffballs were in abundance because of the wet season that year, Jeffery kept leaving our agreed upon Euroamerican linear transect during survey to gather these delicacies. All I could think about was staying on schedule and meeting our daily quota of surveyed acres. Stopping to harvest Mother Earth's gift for our evening meal escaped me. Fortunately, Jeffery prevailed allowing me one of the

most delicious meals of my life, although watching him prepare the day's catch prompted me to more thoroughly inquire into his credentials regarding such fungi. After all, Jeffery was already known to honor certain esteemed colleagues with dried medicinal roots via the U.S. Postal Service. But alas, Jeffery's good intentions were misunderstood by the intended recipient, with more than comical results.

Later that evening, Jeffery and I spent the better part of the night hugging our center tent pole trying to survive a bad storm of rain, sleet, snow, hail, and high winds. We had become the amalgamation of culture and science. It was a dark, lonely, and dismal night but we laughed our way through it (What kind of mushrooms were those?). I had finally found the action anthropology missing during my previous years in CRM. In those early years of the program Jeffery and I spent a lot of nights in the bush or on the road in another motel; but we were doing something we believed in. For now, we were the tribal historic preservation program. Jeffery continues to lead the program.

Indians Can Make You Cry But In The End, There Were Some Good Guys

I have immensely enjoyed working with Indian people. It's just too much fun, but the cliché "no pain-no gain" comes with working on their turf-Indian Country. Working for tribes can be successful, but oftentimes demanding, complicated, and extremely difficult (Schlesier 1974a, 278 and 1974b, 298). It's hard to find sympathy on reservations where the people have suffered so much since European contact. Indians can make you cry but they can make you laugh even more. As the years go by I've come to accept much of my experiences in Indian Country as just part of the cultural interchange necessary in the two-way learning process.

Not only does the reservation anthropologist risk running afoul of his native hosts, but Suyapo colleagues as well. Several years ago I presented a paper in Spokane, Washington, advocating for increased Indian participation in CRM. After arriving home in Boulder, Colorado, a friend called from the conference informing me I was being hailed in less than flattering terms. In short, I was a traitor to my profession having left my Euroamerican tradition for the Indian's camp. I was a radical (Schlesier 1974a, 282) wanting to bring

anthropology back into my life and archaeology. I was a radical for suggesting CRM, and its financial benefits, be shared with Indian people.

As aptly noted by Schlesier (1974a, 278), "Not every anthropologist can do action anthropology, nor should try." Similarly, not every archaeologist can do tribal archaeology, nor should try. I chuckle recalling the archaeologist I hired some years ago to assist the CTUIR with an archaeological survey. Not long after beginning his project with his all-Indian crew he surprised me with a terse call from a pay phone tendering his immediate and nonnegotiable resignation. In fact, his resignation was so immediate he was enroute back to western Oregon with the crew's per diem money. Not that he needed the crew's per diem money mind you, he was just in a very big hurry. I can't remember if I was able to convince him to leave the funds at the tribal offices in Mission, or if he mailed the money back once he reached the safety of western Oregon.

I can only imagine this anthropologist's fleeting glances over his shoulder as he made his untimely retreat from having made contact with some of Oregon's indigenous peoples. The Indians could be following or trying to cut him off at the pass. Apparently working with an all-Indian archaeological survey crew in the Blue Mountains wasn't the kind of applied anything he was looking for. Like Schlesier had already learned leaving the university for the Res just wasn't for everybody.

Over the past three decades Sprague, Walker, Stewert, Wendorf, and Shiner each in their own way, provided me with unique life-long opportunities in anthropology and working with Indians. Something I had only fantasized about as a much younger man in Ohio and Kansas. A university schooling, anthropology, and Indians were all part of learning to walk "in two worlds" (Schlesier 1974a, 283). In the end, there were some good guys.

I've been honored to serve as the CTUIR tribal archaeologist since 1987 and their tribal historic preservation officer (THPO) between 1996 and early-1999. Although I presently reside in Taos, New Mexico, I continue enjoying my association with these three Southern Columbia Plateau tribes. Hopefully, I'll have the opportunity of serving the CTUIR throughout my career. Robert A. White (1974, 300) reminds us "the role of the action anthropologist with a tribal group

should be a long-term patient one, moving slowly with the rhythm of events." Just as Jeffery and I survived that mountain storm in the Blue Mountains so has the CTUIR's program persevered into the 21st century to become one of the major tribal programs in North America-the result of Indians and Suyopos alike. A Ho!

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