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THE WASHINGTON ARCHAEOLOGIST

WASHINGTON ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY, WASHINGTON STATE MUSEUM, SEATTLE 5, WN.

NEXT MEETING: Seattle Chapter - Wednesday, March 14, 1962 - 8:00 P.M.

MEETING PLACE: Washington State Museum
4037 15th AVenue N. E.
Seattle 5, Washington

PROGRAM: "SOUTH-WEST INDIAN ART and ARCHAEOLOGY" JAY TUTTLE

Jay Tuttle, a graduate from the University of New Mexico, has because of his interest in primitive art has done archaeological field work to recover specimens for a definitive study. Mr. Tuttle is presently a teacher of art in the Whittman Jr. High School.

In this issue, Gifford Nickerson, speaking as a professional, discusses certain aspects of the professional-amateur problem. This subject has many facets and many areas of controversy. The reluctance of both the professional and amateur to accept each other is due to mutual distrust based on numerous misunderstandings. The reaction of each group is often emotional and based on certain traditional prejudices. We will present, from time to time, papers dealing with this subject. Our object is to develope opinions which we hope will bring both understanding and agreement betweeen the two groups. The opinions of professional and amateur alike are hereby solicited.

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SPIRIT QUEST

THE LIFE OF TOMMY BOB

Abstract: Tommy Bob, a Samish Indian, born in about 1883 on Guemes Island, Skagit County, Washington, was reared in the Indian tradition. This article is a transcript of a tape recording made of Tommy Bob's account of his life and spirit quest. His early life on Guemes Island was marked with privation. The family followed the old ways. In following these traditions, Tommy Bob was required to bathe in the salt water, rubbing his body with sand and rocks. In preparation of the spirit quest, his grandfather burned a yellow-jackets' nest and fed the cooked young ones to Tommy Bob to give him courage as had been done in prehistoric times. At the age of twelve he made his spirit quest which was climaxed by the vision of two men who finally became pieces of wood. These pieces of wood, his Squiddailich Boards, were his spirits (Skaletut Spirits). These were to give him power to be a shaman. In later life he became and still is a shaman administering to the needs of his people. His Spirits have also made him a speaker or leader. His family along with his people, the Samish Indians, were driven from Guemes and Samish Islands and finally found refuge on the Swinomish Reservation. His father was the last Indian to leave Guemes Island in 1905. The reservation has been their home ever since. Tommy Bob gives accounts of the shamanistic power provided by his Squiddailich Boards.

Editor's Note: On February 14, 1962, TOMMY BOB addressed the Washington Archaeological Society giving an account of his spirit quest. Many of his experiences parallel and supplement those reported in The Indians of Puget Sound by Haeberlin and Gunther. This is true in a lesser degree to The Northern and Central Nootkan Tribes by Drucker. Tommy Bob demonstrated his talent for speaking. Rather than being an informant, he is a spokesman for his people. The transcript of his address has been made verbatim in order to preserve the force of his style, the mode of expression as well as the text. Unfortunately, the qualities of expression and persuasion are lost. Our recording of the song has been made using what resources we have. This has the shortcomings characteristic of written sound. The tonal values of quarter notes are missing. The rhythmic patterns are not exact. However, we believe we have captured the essential features.

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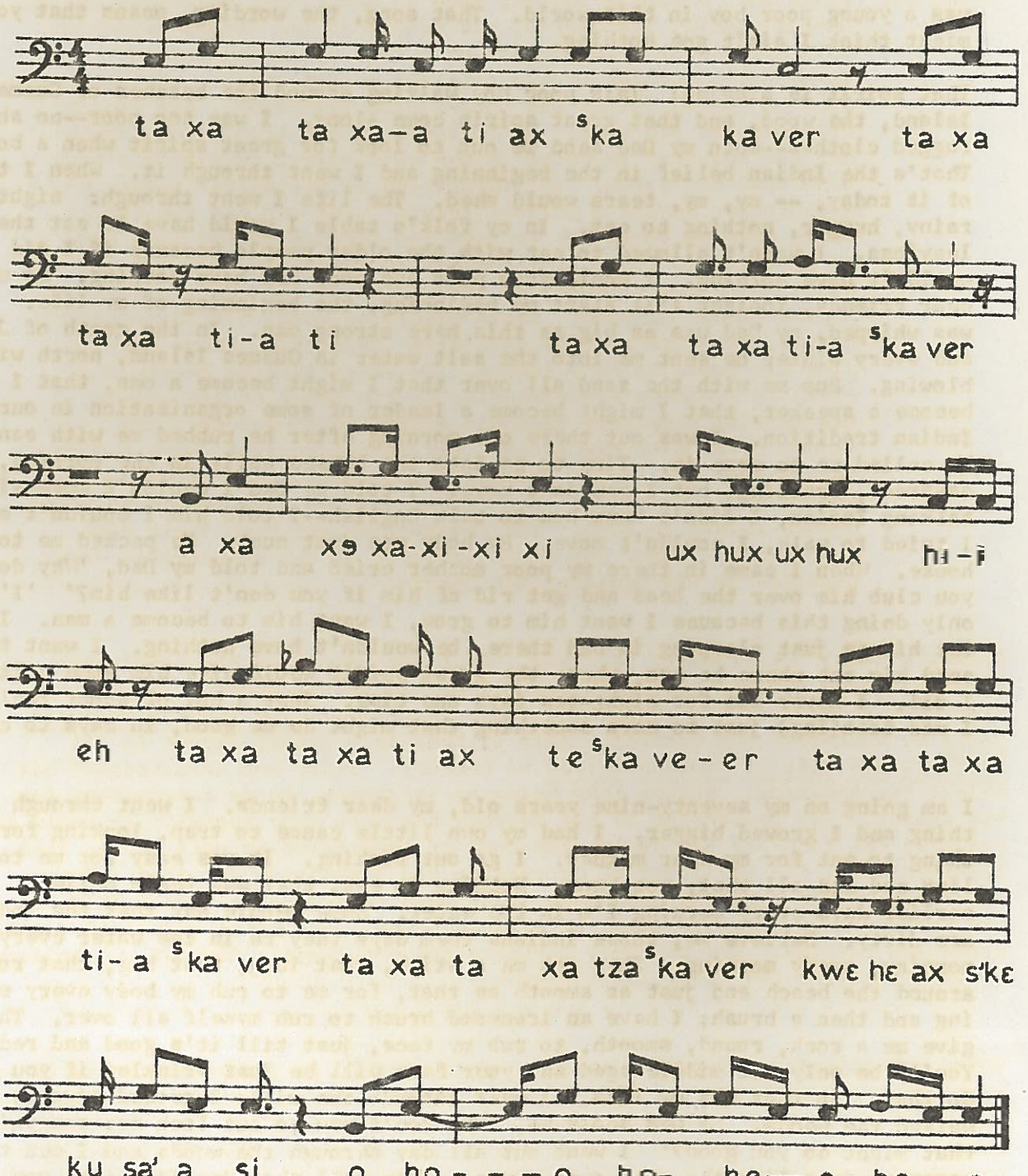
TOMMY BOB SPEAKING: Before I speak about my tribe, if I make a mistake of your language you could make out what I mean because I never went to school I didn't go to school because I was too poor. When I seen that board over there it seemed to quiver in my mind because I have two of them. (He is referring to a squiddailich (Sq̓adelic) board on exhibit at the Museum). When I sing my spiritual song those shake. They move. They tell what you have in mind. When

TOMMY BOB'S SONG

VOICE ♩ = 138
RHYTM: 16 beats per measure.



you're sick they go and heal you. If you have a friend dying someplace, they let you know. And if your day is coming -- two-three months -- thirty days -- when you're going to die they will point to the ground where they're going to bury you. So I want to hum a song because it was my belief of my Indian tradition. This here song is for that great wood. I have respect for that piece of board over there. I want you folks to listen to this--that's what you want to know is my Indian way. My Indian spiritual song that was gifted to me when I was a young poor boy in this world. That song, the wording, means that you people might think I ain't got nothing.

That spirit is singing: This poor boy walking around the beaches of Guemes Island, the wood, and that great spirit come along. I was too poor--no shoes, ragged clothes--when my Dad send me out to look for great spirit when a boy. That's the Indian belief in the beginning and I went through it. When I think of it today, -- my, my, tears would shed. The life I went through: night rainy, hunger, nothing to eat. In my folk's table I would have to eat the leavings. I wasn't allowed to eat with the older people because if I did I wouldn't have nothing. I would grow poor and poor men have nothing. So my dear friends, tonight I'll start my beginning, the beginning of my life. I was whipped, my Dad was as big as this here strong man. In the month of January and every winter he sent me into the salt water in Guemes Island, north wind blowing. Rub me with the sand all over that I might become a man, that I might become a speaker, that I might become a leader of some organization in our Indian tradition. I was out there one morning after he rubbed me with sand when he called me to come in. Time to go into the houses early in the morning, just daybreak, freezing, but I couldn't move. I told my Dad I couldn't move--I was talking Indian, I didn't know how to talk English--I told him I couldn't move. I tried to walk, I couldn't move. My body was just numb. He packed me to the house. When I came in there my poor mother cried and told my Dad, 'Why don't you club him over the head and get rid of him if you don't like him?' 'I'm only doing this because I want him to grow, I want him to become a man. If I let him go just sleeping in bed there, he wouldn't have nothing. I want to send him out where he can, where the great spirit would give him some gift.' I did. I never ate for eight-ten days one time. Just a boy of about twelve, I was fast(ing) just to earn something that might do me good, in days to come.

I am going on my seventy-nine years old, my dear friends. I went through everything and I growed bigger. I had my own little canoe to trap, looking for something to eat for my dear mother. I go out fishing. It was easy for me to catch ling cod and all that, you know. Nothing to eat, that was their belief. In the earlier days every morning I'm in the water. Some people say that the Indians are dirty. Believe me, those Indians them days they're in the water every morning, every morning. They get me a stick, that long, that big, that rolls around the beach and just as smooth as that, for me to rub my body every morning and then a brush; I have an ironwood brush to rub myself all over. They give me a rock, round, smooth, to rub my face, just till it's good and red. You'll be only not middle aged and your face will be just wrinkled if you don't do that. So that was my life. I went through the mill; I growed bigger; I walked the woods. My Dad scold me, 'Why don't you go out look for something that might do you good?' I went out all day through the woods and I met two persons--just like the ones over there. They call that Squiddailich, you remember? They call that Squiddailich, them boards made out of cedar. I met these person and I stood and I watched them. First thing you know they become

a wood just like that over there but that's made different. I got so scared I turn around. When I look that there all gone and I went around and I went home. I told my mother, 'Mom, I seen something up there,' and she told me to shut up. 'Don't tell about your dream because if you tell you'll never earn it.' So I shut up and I went and look for that again and I couldn't find it. And it come to me, them boards when I sing. If I had a hand of my boards over there, them damn things would move. That my life that I went through. The worst that anybody ever suffer an where just to become a man, a person in our Indian village. Night after night and day after day I go out. Nothing to eat--I get used to that. That night and day I have to live on, I have to eat the alder leaf. It makes me feel bad when I think of them days. I had to eat the alder leaf in order that I might live through the day and through the night. And the Great Spirit came along and gave me this gift, that I was going to become the leader of some kind of gathering--speaker in a big gathering.

My grandfather took me to the woods; find this nest of yellow-jackets. And he said, 'My boy, you see that?' 'Yes' 'You're going to eat that.' 'I don't know how I'm going to do it.' He got a match and lit that nest, and the whole nest burned but the young one in there, just like worms, a-crawling. 'If you're not going to eat that, you're going to be coward--you're going be coward!' He gave me a handfull of that and made me take that and swallow it. To be brave during the wars, the Indians of long ago they used to attack a tribe and when they give that to a young man you're not scared. You can get out there and fight. The enemy would stab you and you'd still live. You escape and go back where you come from. That was their belief. My grandfather told me this: In the beginning of the earlier days when we used to have wars, you'd be one of them out there. Of what you did now, you'd take that and you had it.

My friends, I growed older and I still live that life. I still try to be clean. I become a speaker in any gathering. I speak before five hundred Indians in Vancouver Island every winter when they call me over there. I talk four language: the Swinomish language, the Samish,language, Vancouver they call it the Cowichan language, and the Clallam language. I talk those languages and I even talk the Snoqualmie language. And that's why I believe what my dad told me and the life I went through. I often would tell that to my children. I wish I had the education; my daughter went through high school. I didn't even get, I tried to go to school, I just barely finished the first grade. I wish I would have. I've got a young daughter put to school in Everett Business College. She graduated from business college, my youngest girl. I feel bad that I didn't go to school. Never had a chance, I was too poor. My Dad treat me mean. I went across to where my grandfather was over on Vancouver Island. I stayed with them. He taught me this words I am speaking. If I speak what I am speaking in Indian tongue, I'd say better. Your language is pretty hard for me to speak because of my lacking of knowledge, my lacking of school and all that you know. So tonight I am glad that I can be with you, my dear friends, and my friend here wanted me to come over and tell you my life.

My people, they're in Samish tribe. Their home three hundred fathom long, long house; wealthy people before there was any white man. They had everything they need. They had all the game. They had all the meat they wanted. Whenever they wanted fresh meat they just go back in the woods and catch what they want or get duck, and dig clams--anything they want. I was telling my friend here when we was coming up that what a white man did to my father on Guemes Island. He was

very old now, wasn't he? They went down to the beach to dig clams, enough to eat I guess. Mr. White Man, he was a warden I don't know, asked him, 'What are you doing with them clams?' 'We want to eat them.' 'You go home--go home--I'll arrest you.' He pick the clams and poured them in front of my Dad; he kick the clams back in the hole and was digging the mud. My Dad told him, 'This is our country--this is where my people live--this is our place.' And this warden was going to club my Dad over the head with something he had. Hd had to go. See the life we went through in our tribe in Samish Island? They crowded us out. We were the last one to get out of Guemes in 1905. My Dad had had a home, my uncles, and the long house--great big smoke house--where they pow-wowed through the winter. 1905 we left that Island. Went to one beach on the west side of Anacortes. We made our little homes there. While I went to the Swinomish Reservation, they allowed me to stay there and I build a home. That's why I'm staying there. My friends, we lost a good place there on Samish, fishing grounds and all that. When the people come in crowds, keep a-coming closer and closer, first thing you know we're loading our things on canoes and moving out of our own country. Our own country where I was born right down on Guemes Island.

So this is my life until today. I don't work no more. But I'm through speaking to different tribes of my Indian tongue, the kind words I was taught to speak to the people, which brought lot of friends to me, which everything seems to come my way in my Indian belief because I was taught this way of the Indian teaching of the Great Spirit that my folks advised me if I wasn't going to go out, I wouldn't receive no gift of no kind. And I did. Last night I was called to a person sick and I had them healers over there, them sticks. I work on a man over there in La Conner. They call me to Yakima to look for a man who was drowned. And they were told that the man is down here in a jam and that he'd be found. And that man was found. They call me to Queets to look for a man that was missing, thought he was dead. Them Squiddailich they call, made a sign this man ain't dead, he's alive, he's way back, they'll find him. That was during the World War II. This man was what you call a draft dodger, an Indian from Queets. They found him in New York. That's what they do--I earned them. They're men, two brother--great big men--but they're made in cedar. And I seen them sticks move--takes two men to hold them. One white man says, 'Oh, them Indians are making believe they're shaking them.' And I know it and I went after one young man like this young man here and (say) 'You go and get hold of this one Indian.' Them things run around till they throwed him down and he found out. I asked him, 'Did it shake?' And he said, 'They sure did--I believe it now.' So that was gifted to me.

My dear friends, if you would only know, see my life. I'd like to picture myself them days when I never had nothing. I was barefooted for those past ten years. I can run on the beach and rocks and barnacles and everything and never feel it because the sole of my foot was so big (from) walking through the woods everywhere. When I tell this to my children my tears shed for the life I went through then. My children are taking it too easy now days. When I talk to them they say, 'Well, you're just old fashioned.' You send them to schools. You send them to school and when they come out what do they do? Some of them goes and getting drunk, forget about what they're going to school for. When I live in my Indian (way) what my folks taught me, I've still got it here. I've still got it in my heart how to be kind, to speak to the people the right way, to thank them, to provide of what I have in my home. My grandfather told there

is only food you have, call the one,your visitors, to come and share the food with you. That was our belief. They say the Great Spirit would provide this share of food--when you run out it is going to come back into your home. So that's my life, my dear friends. So I don't know what else I can say. When you wanted to know about my life, well that's my life. I growed poor until I was about fifteen, I know I begin to work. Some of the boys couldn't play with me because I didn't have no good clothes. I put it in my heart here that some day they would see me with good clothes and I did. My dear friends, I don't know what else I can say. This much, I don't want tell any more than the life I went through. That's what I earn in my dream and what I feel in my walk of life of the horrible night when it's raining. I even see the ghost--yeah--they call me medicine man and I speak with a ghost in our ways. The dead person even talks to me when he in the coffin. The people don't know it. They tell me what they wanted. See the life, see the spiritual gift I was gifted. One woman died there in Concrete. I come in when these people were walking by to see this lady in her coffin. I come by her and she look at me and start talking to me and the others didn't know it. They didn't see the eyes were open. I did. She said this, 'I'm going to take that little boy with me.' Well I told the people, 'This lady said she was going to take that little boy with her.' 'She loves this little boy.' 'I'll tell you (when) that boy comes in--I'll tell you people.' The little boy came arunning in. 'There's that little boy that this lady wants.' And I ask, 'Who's that little fellow?' They said that was the grandchild she loved so much and when she was dying she said, 'I'd like to take that little boy with me.' And that's what this dead woman told me, she talking to me. I've seen lot of them Indian men that talk, just whisper. How did I know that the great gift that I suffered for in this world that was gifted to me by the Great Spirit, must be God today now. My grandfather said that Great Spirit is just about your head if you go out there and fast. 'Don't be lazy.' 'Get out there and look for the Great Spirit wherever you go.' 'Think of it.' And I did. Friends, that's about all I can say this time and I'm glad that you folks know that there's no lie in it. Everything is true. What I tell is my own life. Today I'm a different man from the time I growed. I seem to have things I needed before now. I go it easy today. I have my home. I have my car. I wear better clothes than when I was a young fellow, didn't have no shoes, didn't have nothing, no help. One little thin shirt when I used to run around in the woods. Thank you, gentlemen.

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PROFESSIONAL, AMATEUR, AND POT-HUNTER: THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL HIERARCHY IN THE UNITED STATES

Gifford S. Nickerson

Abstract: Three groups interested in the recovery of antiquities are the professional archaeologist, 'amateur' archaeologist and vandal. While some professionals recognize the existence of only the former and later, there is the true 'amateur' who accepts and follows the precepts of the discipline. The amateur has contributed and is contributing in a substantial way in spite of exclusion from usual professional circles. Pot-hunters do not fall into one group but several depending upon motivation. Antiquities legislation is ineffective. The problem is for the professional to cultivate and develope the amateur so they can work together on their problems.

Extinct cultures command the interest of several categories of people today, as they have for over three centuries, significantly before the inception of the field specifically devoted to their investigation.[1] The various sub-fields of archaeology, i.e., classical, Biblical, historic and prehistoric, all have in common the search for material manifestations of earlier cultures, or, as Childe has observed, "the objects of archaeology are any alterations in the earth's crust and in natural objects upon it in so far as they have survived at all."[2]

Nevertheless, each of these sub-fields is characterized by at least three types of individuals interested in the recovery of antiquities: the professional archaeologist, the amateur archaeologist, and the vandal. It is the object of this paper to place these three types in perspective, especially as they exist in the United States, in terms of an archaeological "hierarchy." Thus, archaeologists, who deal continually with problems of cultural stratigraphy, clearly evidence among themselves a form of social stratification. Special attention will be given to the status and role of the vandal, more commonly referred to, and known in the United States, as the "pot-hunter."

The professional archaeologist clearly holds the highest status in American archaeology, which basically is involved in the investigation of extinct prehistoric and, to a lesser extent, historic Indian cultures. He is distinguished from others interested in this field by such factors as possessing a professional degree in archaeology, by being attached to a museum, teaching, undertaking supported research, or a combination of these jobs. Most major archaeological excavations in the country are handled, or supervised, by the professional, and he also contributes the majority of articles to professional journals. While the first organized investigation of antiquities in the United States is probably that of the American Antiquarian Society, incorporated in 1812,[3] the emergence of professional archaeologists, and the stabilization of their roles, clearly is not evidenced until after the establishment of archaeology as a science in 1859.[4]

Previous to the latter date, then, the amateur and the professional were virtually, if not literally, synonymous. Since the early 1860's, however, status and role differentiations have become much more meaningful. Today the amateur is in a category apart from the professional, especially because of the factors of his lacking a professional degree in the field (with exceptions, of course), his being able to devote, of necessity, less time to archaeological investigations, and his not having funds to undertake extensive excavations. In addition, he experiences considerable difficulty in having articles accepted for publication in professional journals.

But the amateur has contributed, and is contributing, in a substantial way to the reconstruction of cultural history, and is, by and large, using well recognized and established archaeological methodology, in his sincere effort to make a solid contribution to the store of archaeological information. And understandably so, since an amateur, by definition, is one who pursues a study or science without being considered a professional; it is taken for granted that an amateur "plays by the rules of the game." Thus, the true archaeological amateur across the country generally discourages the private acquisition of artifacts in any way, except for strictly surface finds which would not contribute concretely to the reconstruction of a given culture, site, or area. Obviously, the vandal in the United States often couches his activity under the guise and/or title of an amateur, but these two types are distinguishable operationally, and should not be equated either in terms of status or of role.

Undoubtedly one of the most perplexing problems facing the prehistoric archaeologist, professional and amateur, in the United States today is the on-going activity of the third type of individual previously mentioned, the pot-hunter. While this term presently does not describe sufficiently the activities of this individual (perhaps better covered by a term such as "projectile-point-hunter," or "curio-collector"), there is widespread, if not universal, agreement among sophisticated amateurs and professional archaeologists alike concerning his status. But, while pot-hunters formerly were, and to a great extent still are, stereotyped as a homogeneous "group," on further analysis their characteristics prove to be heterogeneous, indeed.

The purposeful vandal, e.g., is but one of several types. He plunders known prehistoric sites primarily to gain possession of specimens, fully recognizing the selfish nature of his aims, and clearly earns the derogatory appellation, pot-hunter, as well as the accompanying scorn and disgust of professional and amateur archaeologists, who advocate and practice systematic excavation techniques. Further, it is rare that this type of pot-hunter is convinced of the moral or legal implications of his deviancy, which seriously complicates efforts toward curbing his activity on the part of those dedicated to the protection and preservation of archaeological sites, objects and related material.

Another variety of pot-hunter is seen in the person similarly engaged in "collecting," but who differs from the first-mentioned type in having little or no conception of the value of a rigidly controlled excavation or of the seriousness of his destruction. Numerous examples may be cited where such individuals, when shown the logical implications of their destructive activities, have recognized immediately the resulting loss of information to mankind, and have become ardent advocates of a cautious and systematic approach to archaeological sites. Indeed, the recruitment of amateur and even professional archaeologists often proceeds from the ranks of the pot-hunter.

But this is not the complete picture. Archaeologists, reacting to a preconceived stereotype, not infrequently have antagonized those engaged in this brand of pot-hunting to such an extent that a barrier has ensued, and both parties concerned have found it difficult to reconcile their differences.

One reaction of the pot-hunter to the vindictiveness of the professional archaeologist, or sophisticated amateur, is manifested in those who indicate that the change from collecting to scientific methodology is unable to be consummated in one fell swoop. "It takes time," is a typical reply to the advocate of the scientific approach, indicating a belief that gradual stages are involved in such a marked attitude change. With such persons it apparently is considered an advantage to straddle the "archaeological fence" before committing themselves to a clear-cut position regarding scientific attitudes and methods. Consequently, moral or legal sanctions are difficult to apply to such persons, since they have established a convenient, if tenuous, loophole.

Another type of pot-hunter is characterized by those who collect artifacts, label or catalog them to some extent, and consider their job "well done." The latter are usually at least partially aware of controlled excavation techniques, but often ignore them in the belief that by adhering to elementary cataloging, involving gross site designations, they are able to combine the desire for a personal collection with what they interpret to be "scientific" archaeology. Under such circumstances, the artifacts are meaningless as far as the re construction of a given culture is concerned, or even for comparative purposes. Among such individuals it is rare to find one who not only recognizes the importance of strict methodology in an excavation he undertakes by himself, but who also "ties in" artifacts which he finds to specific strata and/or datum points.

Varying degrees of precision among pot-hunters of this type make it difficult to generalize further, however it is important that, for the most part, they are legitimately called pot-hunters, not amateurs, regardless of the name by which they would prefer to be called. Surface collecting, per se, while often combined with different forms of pot-hunting activity, is sanctioned by professional and amateur alike because of the improbability, and often impossibility, of accurately relating material which is thus found to any given site. Certainly there is a fine line, in attitude, if not in behavior, between the avid surface collector and the pot-hunter, especially where the desire for specimens becomes uppermost. This activity, then, is suspect when viewed as a distinct role of a professional or amateur archaeologist, as well as of those who would not be classed in either of these statuses.

State antiquities legislation, with its roots in the 1906 Federal antiquities act,[5] has not significantly lessened the destruction of prehistoric sites by vandals in most areas of the country. The reasons are multiple. The ambiguity and impossibility of enforcement of some states' antiquity laws, for example, make them virtually worthless and, as a result, tend to encourage disrespect and vandalism. State legislatures generally have refused sufficient financial support for antiquity bills that necessitate funds in order to function adequately, and it is not unknown that members of law enforcement agencies themselves have occasionally indulged in pot-hunting.

Other factors complicate efforts to curtail pot-hunting. Private land, for example, is not affected by antiquities provisions of state laws; in fact, none of the New England states have enacted protective legislation in this area, probably due to the very high percentage of privately-owned land. On the other hand, Federal land, including Indian reservations, is covered by the aforementioned Federal antiquities act, which is virtually impossible to enforce in most areas of the country. Professionals and amateurs in different states who are faced with this dilemma concur that both Federal and state legislation dealing with antiquities lacks "teeth" in a practical sense.[6] In addition to these difficulties, the construction of dams and highways looms as another major factor in the destruction of important prehistoric sites, objects and related material, although this has been somewhat alleviated by archaeological salvage projects.

The three statuses of those interested in antiquities, and their accompanying roles, mentioned in this paper constitute a problem which has its roots in the very beginnings of the science of archaeology. It would appear that, with more cooperation between professionals and amateurs, and especially the cultivation of the amateur by the professional, the amount of significant research would rise proportionately, and the present lines of demarcation would lessen accordingly, especially in the area of their relative roles. The professional's status, on the other hand, would be enhanced, rather than lessened.

But, as previously mentioned, it is important that pot-hunters are not stereotyped as a homogeneous group. A percentage of them would never change voluntarily, but there are those who would contribute to the field in an important way if guided in accepted techniques by the professional and sophisticated amateur. It is likely that efforts in this direction would be as significant as attempts to introduce or strengthen laws relating to the protection and preservation of antiquities, although it is inescapable that both are needed in the overall picture.

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1. Oakley, 1956, p. 3.
2. Childe, 1944, p. 1.
3. Holmes, 1919, p. 15.
4. Childe, op. cit., p. 5.
5. Public Law No. 209, "An Act for the Preservation of American Antiquities," approved, June 8, 1906 (34 Stat. L, 225). Also known as the Lacey Act of 1906.
6. Agogino and Sachs, 1960, pp. 43-46.

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