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Journal of California and Great Basin Anthropology

Title

Memories of Donald R. Tuohy (1926–2012)

Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/3cw6x4j0>

Journal

Journal of California and Great Basin Anthropology, 38(1)

ISSN

0191-3557

Author

Simms, Steven R.

Publication Date

2018

Peer reviewed

PIONEERS

The Pioneers section of the Journal features personal reflections on major figures in the study of the indigenous cultures of the region. Neither obituaries nor memorials, Pioneers shares candid recollections that convey insight into the personalities and the cultural context of anthropology that shaped the scholarship of these pioneers.

Pioneers began with the 2015 issue, and in these first few years the focus has tilted toward the Great Basin rather than interior and coastal California. This decision was based on the existence of a similar effort, “Sands of Time,” in the journal California Archaeology that does an admirable job of remembering some of the early scholars of California anthropology. Perhaps it is time to broaden our geographic range for the JCGBA Pioneers section, and to also remind readers that the subject matter is anthropology, not just archaeology. The Pioneers sections in the 2016 issues of the Journal featuring Isabel Kelly and Julian Steward remind us of the intellectual breadth 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 DONALD R. TUOHY (1926–2012)

Steven R. Simms
Utah State University

Don Tuohy hired me in 1974 as a draftsman charged with transforming the field maps from Smith Creek Cave, Kachina Cave, and Amy’s Shelter into publishable form. These were the days when drafting was done with Rapidograph pens, the Leroy lettering set, and drafting vellum. Don said he offered me the job because he rarely saw a student from the University of Nevada, Reno come to Carson City seeking work at the Nevada State Museum. I suspected that was not true, but I accepted the myth, loved the job, and learned a great deal from Don.

Don was born in San Francisco, California, on February 15, 1926. After service in the Army Air Corp during World War II, he attended San Francisco State College (now University) where he earned his Bachelor’s degree. He earned his Master of Arts from the University of Nevada, Las Vegas.

Don spent 40 years exploring the Great Basin’s past, and also did fieldwork in Washington, Colorado, Hawaii, and—one of his favorite places to talk about—Baja California. His range was broad both in topic and professional associations: excavations at Rockshelter 10-AA-15, Southwest Idaho with Earl Swanson (1960); Honey Lake Paiute ethnography with Fritz Riddell (1978); duck decoys from Lovelock Cave, Nevada, dated by ^{14}C accelerator mass spectrometry with Lew Napton (1986); a popular piece on airboat archaeology with



**Don Tuohy at the Nevada State Museum.
Courtesy Maggie Brown, NSM.**

Anan Raymond (1989); beginning Washo with Bill Jacobsen (1996); and Lovelock wickerware in the Lower Truckee River Basin with Gene Hattori (1996).

A central thread of Don’s work was his quest for a Paleoindian presence in the region, as reflected in the titles of some of his publications: *Some Early Lithic Sites in Western Nevada* (1968), *Paleoindian and*

Early Archaic Cultural Complexes from Three Nevada Localities (1989), and *New Information Regarding Early Holocene Manifestations in the Western Great Basin* (Tuohy and Dansie 1997) are readily accessible examples. Everyone who works in Great Basin archaeology knows Don's report on the legendary Smith Creek Cave (Tuohy and Rendall 1980), and his long collaboration with Alan Bryan and Ruth Gruhn as early advocates for a pre-Clovis occupation.

Don retired from the Nevada State Museum in 1999, but he continued to attend the Great Basin Anthropological Conference when he was able. He was the quintessential field and museum archaeologist. He strained under the regulatory apparatus of Cultural Resource Management, as it seemed to test his patience with its banality. He stood up for himself in the sometimes fractious disagreements that frequently occur in the practice of archaeology (e.g., Tuohy 1993).

As a student employee, sitting at my drafting table in a very quiet museum basement, I remember his wry sense of humor and hands-off, you-figure-it-out approach to management. He frequently told stories of the desert, and his love of exploration was evident in his membership in the Sagebrush Studebaker Drivers Club and their caravan road trips. At one time he owned five Studebakers! He also owned a Volkswagen bus, and he described adventures with his family in Baja California. They don't much make them like Don Tuohy anymore.

* * *

DON TUOHY: MY "BOSS" FOR NEARLY 30 YEARS

Amy Dansie
Nevada State Museum (Retired)

Don Grayson called Don and me "a quirky pair" in a Seattle newspaper interview; he had no idea.... Don Tuohy hired me not once or twice, but three times. He was the Curator of Anthropology at the Nevada State Museum. Shy and insecure, he saw in me just what he needed. I was a non-threatening assistant who could take care of the most precious archaeological heritage I could imagine: the dry cave collections at the Nevada State Museum (NSM), plus collections and records for all the sites in the state. And I could identify bones, too.

While a student at the University of Nevada, Reno pursuing a degree in physical anthropology, I did research on mummies on loan from the NSM, meeting Don briefly in the process. At the same time my mother Dorothy reported the Paleoindian-age Dansie site in the Carson Sink to Tuohy, taking me along for the ride. The Dansie site, named for my mother, Dorothy Dansie, was briefly reported by Don (Tuohy 1968), but probably did not receive the attention it should have. It was inconceivable that 50 years later I would be giving the opening paper at the 2016 Great Basin Anthropological Conference Plenary Session about the unique, Paleoindian Dansie site (Dansie 2016).

I dropped out of graduate school in 1971, and during a year off from academia, my father showed me a news story that Sierra Pacific Power Company had signed a contract with the NSM to conduct an archaeological survey across Nevada. He suggested I contact Don in case he needed someone to help. What could I lose? I called and Don hired me, but I learned he did so only as an afterthought, since he initially figured he would do the project himself. The 450-mile survey started at the eastern Nevada border in the bitter cold of January. Don also hired my younger brother Bill to serve as my crew for \$10 a day. Brother Bill had nothing better to do and he could read a topo map. Furthermore, I could trust him with my life, which I did every crazy day for six months, leap-frogging over the mountains of central Nevada with one truck and a lot of luck. Four hundred and fifty miles. January. Central Nevada.

Bob Elston joined us on one trip, and Don participated during two trips between snow storms. One time we got separated from Don as night fell. He had walked out to the highway and hitched a ride to the sheriff's office in Eureka. Our truck became stuck, and by the time we got it out of the mud and found the right road, we could see Don's foot prints in the headlights, so we knew he made it out of the wilderness. Being exactly 60 miles from both Eureka and Ely, we ended up going to Ely, putting us 120 miles from Don. I called the Sheriff in Eureka, and before I could say anything he chuckled "I bet you're looking for your boss." About 3 A.M. the next morning, Don tapped lightly on our hotel room door, saying that he had made it safely back to "base camp." He never mentioned this embarrassing moment again, a reflection of Tuohy's honorable character.