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Project are widely known, but perhaps his most enduring accomplishment was his two-decade effort, culminating in 1973, that led to the founding of what is now the Natural History Museum of Utah. Jennings' memoir, *Accidental Archaeologist* (1994) is must reading. C. Melvin Aikens (1997, 1999) has produced outstanding syntheses of Dr. Jennings' career. The selection of essays presented here highlight memories of students and colleagues that span Jennings' career and reflect a diversity of career paths and accomplishments. My own tutelage with the Master began in 1972 as an anonymous undergraduate at the University of Utah. After a summer on the Utah 95 Highway Project, Jennings approached me and a more senior undergraduate in the hallway. Without looking at me, Dr. Jennings barked, "Sargent, put a bug in Simms ear about going to field school," and then walked off. Ned looked at me and shrugged, "I guess that was your invitation to field school." Dr. Jennings was direct, demanding, and utterly invested in archaeology and his students. I only tell all of the good stories around campfires. The realization of my good fortune to have learned stratigraphic excavation and the "Feature System" from him and his graduate students only unfolded over many years. Jennings was right. Archaeology is the endless management of "mistakes" as we learn about the past. As you will find in these essays, this larger-than-life figure spawned great tales. His last words to me were in 1994, when I submitted *Accidental Archaeologist* to him for signing at the Great Basin Anthropological Conference. "Well, Simms, I'm glad to see you finally grew up."

* * *

SOME MEMORIES OF THE DARK LORD

J. M. Adovasio
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As with all larger than life personalities, numerous tales—some accurate, some hyperbolic, some apocryphal—have been told (or embellished!) about the late Jesse D. Jennings. Of the many I have heard and/or directly witnessed, these are among my favorites.

During my second (and last) year as a graduate student at the University of Utah, several of us, including Jennings, attended an American Anthropological Association meeting in Seattle. Jennings had secured

a suite, within which on one evening there was to be a "Utah" get-together. This event became rather raucous, and our presumably unknown next-door neighbor called hotel security. Soon, a phone call to our room informed us that we should "tone it down" so as not to disturb our neighbors. Jennings was profoundly irritated by this intrusion into our revelry and asked me to go out into the hallway and find and personally "deal" with whomever had the "effrontery" (or bad judgment) to "turn us in." Because of the configuration of the hallway, there was only one room near our suite—in fact, right next door. I dutifully knocked on the door and a very irate older gentleman in pajamas and a bathrobe opened the door. Clearly quite irritated, he asked what I wanted and I told him that one of his "neighbors" did not appreciate his summoning the "law." The individual became even more agitated and identified himself as Marvin Harris! Somehow he must have believed this identification would be sufficient—especially with a mere graduate student. I responded that I would return to the party and inform the "host" that we must keep quiet, whereupon Dr. Harris asked sarcastically, who *was* the host? I responded "Jesse Jennings," and Harris perceptibly blanched. He then said, "Tell him I did not mean to interrupt his festivities. I will not do it again." I returned and related the tale to Jennings, who grunted his somewhat begrudging approval. The party elicited no more complaints. Case closed.

At another professional gathering, the 1970 Society for American Archaeology meeting in Mexico City, I found myself one evening in Jennings' hotel room. I was accompanied by John P. (Jack) Marwitt, who at the time was one of Jennings' favorite students. Jack was always circumspect around Jennings so when he asked us (to my intense surprise!), "I understand that some of you call me the Dark Lord. Is this true?" To my chagrin, the normally taciturn and always circumspect Jack said simply, "Yes." Jennings, visibly distressed, then said, "Does that mean some people think I am black and evil?" To my utter astonishment, Jack again said simply, "Yes." Almost apoplectic with rage, Jennings then threw us both out of his room and avoided us for the rest of the conference.

My status, or more accurately lack thereof, was not substantially enhanced but rather further degraded during the course of my dissertation research. As is well known to most readers of this journal, my thesis topic was the prehistoric basketry of the Great Basin and selected

contiguous areas. Not only had I (with the assistance of C. Melvin Aikens, yet another Jennings “thrall,” as we called ourselves) selected a topic which Jennings found only marginally useful in potentially illuminating the past, but its completion necessitated a prolonged absence from Salt Lake City. For some reason, the thought of me “running loose” in the country disturbed him greatly.

During my hegira, I visited museums and artifact repositories across the length and breadth of the country. Jennings advised me in advance that I should *not* tell my host at any but a small subset of institutions that I was a student of (or, indeed, connected in *any* way to) him. He implied that my reception at most of the places would be negatively impacted by any identification with him. I suspect his real motive in warning me was to distance himself from me and not the other way around, but I never questioned his admonitions.

In the course of one of my visits, to the Heye Foundation in New York City, I had the opportunity to examine the Ozark Bluff perishables from Arkansas. As none of them had ever been directly dated at that time, I surreptitiously removed a fragment of a piece of coiling from one of the storage cabinets. Subsequently, I had the specimen radiocarbon assayed and the resultant date was published in my dissertation (Adovasio 1970).

Upon discovering that a specimen from the Heye Collection had been dated “without proper permission,” a rightfully-indignant Frederick Dockstader called Jennings and roundly berated him for my ill-considered “theft.” Jennings, in turn, summoned me to his office and thundered “Adovasio, do you suppose the world is a great oyster for you to pluck? I assure you, it is not!” I was then summarily dismissed.

While I could continue in this vein, I prefer instead to provide only one more tale. Upon graduation in the spring of 1970, I took a summer position with Don Fowler, another of what Keith Anderson drily referred to as the Dark Lord’s “things.” After my summer stint with Fowler was complete, I departed southern Nevada for St. George, Utah, coincidentally the site of Jennings’ summer archaeology field school. I, of course, tracked down the Dark Lord to tell him I was leaving the eastern Great Basin to assume an associate professorship at Youngstown State University in my natal community of Youngstown, Ohio. Jennings thereupon offered to personally take me to the St. George airport to catch my

commuter flight. Surprised, and in a way secretly pleased with the unexpected solicitude, I commented that there was no need to go out of his way to escort me to the airport. He firmly disagreed, and said with finality, “I am going to do this so I can see you leave the state with my own eyes...” It was the last time I would speak to him face-to-face for many years.

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UNDERGRADUATE MEMORIES BEFORE A CAREER IN JOURNALISM

Joe Bauman, Salt Lake City

He was a legend, famous for innumerable archaeological discoveries. I was a freshman at the University of Utah that spring of 1966. Dreaming of becoming an archaeologist, I started at the top, taking his course. Most of the other students were upper division and I felt a little out of place.

Dr. Jesse D. Jennings dominated the classroom, pacing around, stopping to light a pipe, throwing out ideas and explanations. In the first session he asked us to name ways to date excavated sites. Students mentioned carbon-14, dendrochronology, stratigraphy, potassium-argon decay rates. Timidly, I raised my hand and said “glass layering.” “What?” from an irritated Dr. Jennings. Glass found in some ancient sites can be dated by its layers of weathering, I said. “What?” I said yearly weather cycles can cause ancient glass to develop a glass scum, a patina, which forms in layers. If you slice through it and examine the cross-section by microscope, you can count the layers and know how long it’s been underground.

Where had I come up with a damn fool idea like that? It’s a recognized method to date ancient glass, I replied. (All through high school I subscribed to *Archaeology Magazine*; now, stressed out, my brain flashed on the date of an article I’d read five years before.) I said the technique was described in the Spring 1961 issue of *Archaeology*.

I can see him glaring through his near-rimless glasses, his salt-and-pepper mustache bristling, his creased and tanned face. He said I’d better produce the article at our next class or he never wanted to hear another peep out of me. I could check it out of the library.