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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.

* * *

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.

What did I do? What would any student in the 1960s do? Nothing. There were parties to attend, a war to stop, girls…. I forgot about the edict. At the next session I was happily ready to take notes.

"Well?" from Dr. Jennings. The article! Jolts of terror flashed through me. I said I'd forgotten to get it. "Hurrumph," and he went on to another subject. My career had fizzled before it could begin. I felt sick.

Across the classroom, a student, Gary Fry, stood with a bound magazine in his hands. He said he had gone to the library and checked out the volume. It was all there, in *Archaeology's* Spring 1961 edition, descriptions and photographs of the technique—sliced ancient glass and its layers.

This was an unheard-of slip by our professor. Suddenly I had won his respect. He became my kindly mentor, a great guy to talk with; he looked out for me. He showed me the incredible collection of artifacts stashed on shelves and in drawers in the aging wooden World War II barracks that were the headquarters of the Anthropology Department.

Wanting to kick-start my career, he lined up a summer dig for me without my asking for it—in fact, without my knowledge. He just took over and set it up. I'd arrived at the university from my home on Kwajalein, Marshall Islands, a U.S. missile base in the central Pacific. Dr. Jennings found a place for me on a dig somewhere in that ocean. But I no longer wanted a career in archaeology. Journalism had seduced me away. Dr. Jennings was disappointed but remained friendly to me.

He was brilliant, challenging, intimidating, but if you stood your ground and had your facts straight, you were okay. And you learned an astonishing amount. For an obituary I wrote for the Salt Lake *Deseret News* (Aug. 27, 1997), I interviewed Kevin T. Jones, then the Utah state archaeologist. He had studied under Dr. Jennings in the later 1970s and early 1980s. He recalled him as a teacher who demanded much from himself and from his students. "If you didn't follow instructions or didn't complete an assignment, you were made painfully aware of that inadequacy. He had just an amazing mind; a very, very quick thinker; had a tremendous grasp of the anthropological literature…. He always told us that we as archaeologists were trained observers," Dr. Jones said.

He remembered Dr. Jennings' adamant commitment to publish the findings of his excavations. "He thought that was the only reason we did it. If we didn't publish we shouldn't even be doing it," Jones said. This is borne out by a story of a colleague who asked not to be named. At a staff meeting during an important dig, Dr. Jennings approached one of the archaeologists and asked if he had a pencil. "Yeah, sure," the man said, starting to hand him one.

"Then why didn't you finish writing that report?"

Dr. Jones remembered seminars that Dr. Jennings held in his office. He'd sit at a large table where pipe, pipe tobacco, a pack of cigarettes, rolling paper, and cigarette tobacco were laid out. He would shift from one to another, tamping a pipe, lighting up, rolling cigarettes, meanwhile paying close attention to the discussion and keeping it headed in the right direction.

Students who achieved in his class and understood the course respected him highly. However, Dr. Jones said, "I think there were a lot of people who were terrified of him, and they were the ones who couldn't quite cut it, couldn't perform to his standards. I always thought he was fair. But he could be merciless—but fair."

Another archaeologist, the late Dr. George J. Armelagos, contributed stories for the obituary. "He was able to organize archaeological projects in a regional context, which was unique in his day. I think everybody thought small and he always saw the big pictures and thought big, and was able to think things out."

"He was a brilliant scientist. He was endearing, even in his most irascible mood. At times he could be so frustrating, but you could always call him on it, you could kid him about it…and he would relax a little bit," Dr. Armelagos said.

The Jennings irascibility could pose an inviting target. The two once helicoptered to a famous site Dr. Jennings had excavated, Danger Cave, near Wendover on the Utah-Nevada border. Also aboard was a new university department head who was getting a look at the cave.

Dr. Jennings was becoming bothered by the way the new official addressed him. "This guy kept calling him Jesse and he hated it. He said, 'Would you tell him to call me Jess?'" So the next time Dr. Armelagos talked to him, he called him Jesse.

"He also could be kind," he said. He mentored a sophomore, making him a dig's official photographer; later the young man became a well-known archaeologist. When he found someone with talent, "no matter how

young, he was willing to invest in individuals like that. … He was just a delightful person."

Then, realizing Dr. Jennings would prefer anecdotes that showed his tough, demanding side, he added, "He's going to turn over in his grave when he hears these stories I'm telling about him."

* * *

A COMPLICATED AND CONTRADICTORY ARRAY OF TRAITS

Carol Condie
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Steve Simms asked me to write up a few memories of Jess Jennings because, he said, "You are the only one on my slate of contributors who goes back to the Danger Cave days." Unfortunately, although I visited a couple of times, I was not part of the Danger Cave crew because by that time Jess had commandeered me to become the departmental secretary. (I was later impressed, though not quite so abruptly, into multi-year service as assistant editor of the *University of Utah Anthropological Papers*, which meant that a faculty member's name ranked first on the cover but I did the work.)

Thus, I can't talk about Danger Cave, but I can talk about Jess. He was a complicated and often contradictory array of traits. He was brilliant, enthusiastic, intense, and magnetic, but he was also impatient, demanding, macho, sexist (as were most men of his generation), and often tactless. Had he become the Baptist minister his mother had intended him to be, he would have been a hell-fire and brimstone preacher. Instead, he became a hell-fire and brimstone archaeologist. I had worked for the meanest man on Salt Lake's Film Row, so Jess didn't scare me much, but for the entire length of time I knew him, I alternated, as I suspect many others did, between adoring him and wanting to strangle him.

He saw his responsibility to his students' education as perpetual, both on the campus and in the field. I remember Sunday field trips to antelope traps north of Garrison, Utah and to the evaporating and harvesting ponds at the Great Salt Lake salt works near Wendover, Utah. When he learned, many years after I was his student, that we (my contract firm, Quivira Research Center/Associates) were conducting survey and excavation projects on the Pecos River road, he took time at an SAA meeting to recount details of mining life during his time working at the Pecos Mine in the summer of 1926. He was 17 and his family had moved to Montezuma, a few miles northwest of Las Vegas, New Mexico, so he could attend Montezuma Baptist College. His mother had planned that a degree from Montezuma would prepare him for life in the church.

Nor did he restrict his educational responsibilities to students. He took a group of University of Utah administrators on a junket to see archaeology first-hand during the Glen Canyon Project (although I'm certain the purpose was not solely for education). As the party made its way through the southeastern Utah desert, they were stranded between two floods, and it was apparent they wouldn't be able to move for hours. As it happened, Jess had thoughtfully stocked the grub boxes with a good supply of liquor and, even though several of the administrators were practicing Mormons, there were no complaints about the enforced layover.

His view of the educational parameters for which he was responsible extended far beyond textbooks and classrooms. Much of his approach to education was of the "Seize the moment!" variety. Certainly he never sat us down and said, "Now, dear children…." Instead, his educational philosophy was exemplified by a response he made to another guest at a faculty dinner party when she leaned across the table and said, "Oh, Dr. Jennings, do tell us some of your adventures," to which he snorted "We don't have adventures! Only fools have adventures!" In response to this approach, as students we learned to get our ducks in a row before we spoke to him about anything beyond trivia, lest we be blown away by a rapid-fire string of questions that we should have been—but were not—prepared for. We also learned to try to anticipate all foreseeable contingencies. I was present one day as he sneaked out onto the loading dock during a lull in a Glen Canyon crew's loading of supplies and equipment into one of their trucks. He grabbed a bunch of shovels and hid them in a nearby shed. When the crew chief announced a half hour later that they were ready to go, Jess strolled over to the shed, pulled the shovels out and said "What about these?" If looks could have killed, the exhausted and exasperated crew chief would have spent the rest of his life in prison, but that taught them (and me) to make a final complete check on the totality