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of their field supplies a few minutes before departure. I thought of this incident, ruefully, when I, too, once failed to run a final check of field gear (the only time in my 30-year contract career, I might add).

Closely related to his standard of one's obligations to education was his insistence that no excavated site go unreported. His over-arching byword was that a site that goes unreported is a looted site—and in his view there could be few worse sins. For any non-archaeologist who might read this, excavating an archaeological site destroys it. Theoretically, it should be possible to reconstruct a site from the field documents—the maps, drawings, photographs, and the exhaustive notes made ad infinitum during excavation. I would be surprised if any student of his had ever, short of death's intervening, failed to report a site he or she had excavated. I even remember his mentioning offhand to a faculty member whose site report had never materialized that he had just learned from the university attorney that it was possible to bring a lawsuit against someone who had accepted university money for a project that was never reported. This person must have been a short-term appointment because I can't remember who it was, but the site report appeared soon after this conversation.

Finally, I have heard him referred to as "The Dark Lord." Not so. He was sometimes rude and sarcastic and sometimes chose the wrong time to give someone hell—but he was not malevolent or vindictive or mean. He was generally willing to be pleased and for the entire time I knew him he was enthusiastic about life and scholarship and human beings. Would that we could all leave such a legacy!

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CLOACA OUCHII AND OTHER TALES

Kevin T. Jones
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Jesse D. Jennings had a powerful presence. He seemed to enjoy dominating a conversation, taking control of a classroom, and asserting his dominance over students, faculty, and passers-by. He wrote proudly of his many accomplishments, and posed as a triumphant warrior for a heroic portrait. His humanity, however suppressed, did fleetingly peer through his chain mail of bravado on rare occasions, revealing a tiny bit of self-deprecating humor and even grace. Two instances are illustrative. First, the story of how his most visual legacy was created came to me through our mutual friend, Eldon Dorman.

The frontispiece of his book *Accidental Archaeologist* is a photo of the near life-sized portrait of a stern-faced Jesse D. Jennings that dominates the fourth-floor landing of the Natural History Museum of Utah. The painting, by renowned Utah portraitist Alvin Gittins, can be unnerving to former students as they emerge from the elevators, as it captures Jennings' intensity with remarkable clarity, and his ferocious gaze seems to peer directly into the viewer's soul, a capability the Professor seemed at times to possess.

The portrait is indeed an incredible likeness, a testament to the artistry of Mr. Gittins, but there is a lighter side to that frightening countenance, a side that harkens back to a lasting relationship Jennings cultivated and maintained for over thirty years with a man of similar background and motivation, Dr. J. Eldon Dorman.

Dorman and Jennings were born in the same year, and both were possessed from an early age with incredible drive and curiosity. Dorman earned a medical degree and found himself at a young age in the eastern Utah town of Price working as a coal-camp doctor to repay his student loans. He took a great interest in the abundant archaeology and paleontology of the area, and became a knowledgeable devotee, writing several guides to the resources of the region, and leading legendary "Jeep Safaris" to visit the incredible sites of the area. Jennings and Dorman became friends in the early 1960s when Dorman sought Jennings' help in starting a museum in Carbon County. The two quickly found common ground, and proclaimed themselves the official "Curmudgeous of Carbon County," cementing their relationship by sharing their love for lively conversation, tobacco in its many forms, and Jack Daniels whiskey. Jennings served as Dorman's archaeological mentor, and they shared many professional and personal moments, including the marriage ceremonies of their eldest sons.

When Jennings was slated to pose for the portrait, a prestigious event as Gittins was the official portraitist of the University of Utah, he sought the advice of his friend. He would have to sit for the artist several times, and mentioned to Dorman that he often had trouble getting the exact expression the artist wanted. He wanted to be

able to affect the proper demeanor for a distinguished academician and archaeologist.

Dorman responded, as only a medical doctor could, with a prescription. He told Jennings that he must remember that life was not all a bed of roses, that it contains some pain and sorrow. In a beautiful leather presentation box, on a bed of red velvet, Dorman placed six large cockleburs of the kind sometimes called "porcupine eggs." The instructions: Insert one as necessary. They appear to have worked spectacularly, as upon completion of the portrait, Jennings sent Dorman a photograph of the painting with the following note: "Eldon—Here is the result of the 'sitting.' Evidently the ova Cloaca you furnished were of the proper quality; these Cloaca ouchii were in correct quantity as well."

Dorman wrote that following prior discussions concerning the cocklebur suppositories, Jennings had decided that the term "cloaca" was less vulgar than the word "asshole." When I wrote Dorman thanking him for the insight, I told him that I sincerely hoped that Jennings did not actually have a cloaca, as if he did there would have been no need for cockleburs to achieve a stern expression.

When I pass by that portrait, I am still struck, even after seeing it many times, by how the man's soul seems to be peering out from it, although since hearing the story of the Cloaca ouchii, I no longer feel pangs of fear, but instead chuckle at the thought of the grouchy Dark Lord posing with cockleburs up his ass.

A few years later, Distinguished Professor Emeritus Jennings enjoyed promoting his status as an anthropological icon. In the lead-up to the 1994 Great Basin Anthropological Conference, at which I was serving as Program Chair, he gave me a call. "Who's your banquet speaker?" the gruff voice boomed over the phone. "Well, I haven't arranged for one yet," I replied. "All right then, I'll do it," he said. "But you must tell everyone you had to strong-arm me." "Um, OK then, thank you," I replied. "You'll be perfect. Thank you, Dr. Jennings, thank you very much." "Happy to do it," he replied. "And, you can call me, uh, well, uh, you can call me Dr. Jennings."

I suspected that he was almost about to tell me I could call him Jess, but he thought better of it.

"Your book signing reception is Thursday, and the banquet's Friday night. Will that be OK?"

"Satisfactory," he said, and hung up the phone.

The conference was to be held in Elko, Nevada. I was delighted to have him volunteer to be the banquet speaker, and even more delighted to tell people I had to work hard to get him to agree to it. Jennings' autobiography *Accidental Archaeologist* was to be released at the meeting, and a book-signing reception would be a highlight of the convention. Jeff Grathwohl of the University of Utah Press and I coordinated in arranging the reception (with catered hors d'oeuvres and a cash bar). One of our primary concerns was the health of our featured guest. Jennings, eighty-five and a lifelong smoker, was not a paragon of wellness.

On the day of the reception, Professor Jennings arrived at the Elko Convention Center in mid-morning, escorted by Don and Kay Fowler and Jennings' wife, Jane. I greeted him and showed him the rooms where the reception and banquet would take place. As we made our way around the facility, Jennings, perhaps the most well-known person at the conference, was greeted by dozens of anthropologists. By my recollection, he found some way to insult nearly every one of them.

After seeing what he needed to see and asserting his dominance over the assembled scholars and hangers-on, the Professor and his small entourage headed for the door. "We'll be back around four," Jennings said, and he started to cough. And cough. The man had a cough that seemed to start somewhere south of Sonora and rumble up through sloppily arranged and loosely attached organs, catching and bringing along with it gobs of splashing phlegm and rattling lung parts. He lurched forward, leaning on his cane, and Don and I reached to each take an arm and steady him. His face turned a deep purple as spasm after spasm erupted through his still large but bent torso.

"Please, God, please, do not let him collapse. Please, God, take care of this dear man," I prayed. Actually, I was not praying for Professor Jennings. I was praying for myself. I was praying that I would not be forced to give this unpleasantly composed man mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. "Please, God," I said again to myself.

And as I did, the Professor ended his coughing jag, stood more upright, and headed out the door. As he hit the clean Nevada air, he stopped, pulled a pack of Chesterfields from his pocket, lit one, inhaled deeply, nodded to Jane and the Fowlers, and headed for the parking lot.

The book signing and banquet speech went very well. The Professor was witty, charming, and acerbic, and the conference was a success.

A few weeks after the conference, I was pleased to receive a nice hand-written note from Professor Jennings. He thanked me for my work on the conference, and complimented me on my selection of a banquet speaker. He wrote, "I am happy to see that you have become a competent professional, and are no longer the sullen and aloof graduate student you once were."

That note was my last contact with Professor Jennings, who passed away less than three years later. I cherish the back-handed compliment he gave me, for if I ever knew a person who was sullen and aloof it was Professor Jennings, and perhaps rather than a slap, it was indeed an accidental compliment from the accidental archaeologist.

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SOME MEMORIES OF JESSE JENNINGS

Bill Lipe
Washington State University

In 1957, I was a "summer assistant" at the Museum of Northern Arizona in Flagstaff. In addition to meeting June Finley, another summer assistant who later became my wife, I attended the Pecos Archaeological Conference and heard Robert Lister describe his surveys in remote tributaries of the Colorado River, documenting sites that would be flooded by the massive reservoir to be formed behind the newly authorized Glen Canyon Dam. Lister told of plans to launch a mammoth archaeological "salvage project" to do further survey and to excavate sites throughout the 186-mile-long reservoir (later named Lake Powell). Climbing into previously unrecorded cliff dwellings seemed like just the kind of archaeology I needed to be involved in, so I resolved to try for a job on the Glen Canyon Project the following summer.

I entered grad school at Yale that fall, and in December several fellow students and I loaded into my 1949 Chevy and drove over to Chicago to attend the annual meeting of the American Anthropological Association. My Yale mentor, Ben Rouse, introduced me to Dr. Jesse D. Jennings of the University of Utah, who was hiring crew members for the Glen Canyon Project's upcoming 1958 field season. Jennings heard me out, and I thought reacted positively when I mentioned that I had also studied with Robert Bell at the University of Oklahoma, who Jennings knew from grad school days at the University of Chicago. (In those days, job recruitment at all levels was almost entirely through "the old boy's network"). I followed up with a letter, and by spring got one back offering me a field crew job on the U. of Utah portion of the "GCP."

So in early June, 1958, having just turned 23, I headed west. My Chevy broke down in Vaughn, New Mexico, so I hitchhiked the rest of the way, spending one full night standing by the side of Highway 66 in Grants, New Mexico. When I checked in with Jennings, I found that I was to be crew chief for a team charged with survey and excavations in Glen Canyon proper. Crew members were Don Fowler, Lynn Robbins, Joe Jorgenson, Keith Anderson, and Peter Bodenheimer. A talented group—we all eventually received Ph.D.s in anthropology, except for Peter, who got his in astrophysics. Jennings evidently made me crew chief because I had two field seasons under my belt (one with Haury and Thompson at Point of Pines, and one with Breternitz at MNA), while none of the others had more than one. Dave Dibble, another future Ph.D., joined us for part of the 1958 season.

I worked full time on the GCP until the end of the 1960 field season, running a crew in the summer and writing reports the rest of the year. I returned to grad school in the fall of 1960, but came back as a crew member for the 1961 season. GCP data eventually became the basis for my dissertation, completed in 1966. The experience gave me a running start on a career in Southwestern archaeology.

Jennings was an imposing presence, someone who didn't have to announce that he was in charge of whatever was at hand. He was not easy to work for, because he did not hesitate to point out, often publicly, perceived deficiencies in an employee's work. And once you got in his doghouse, you might stay there for quite awhile. Years later, when I had field projects of my own, he told me (in a rare moment of camaraderie), "Bill, you ought to get mad at your people at least once a week, whether you want to or not." That wouldn't have worked for me, and I am not sure that it worked all that well for him. Whatever his approach to personnel management,