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between the dapper Las Vegas university professor bunch and the long-haired students. Once during a late afternoon lecture on desert ecology and cultural adaptations, Claude absently stowed his pipe in his coat jacket. Soon the jacket pocket began smoking, much to Claude's chagrin. Although soft spoken, Claude had a reputation for obtaining what he wanted from the university administration with humanistic logic and a smile, a combination that consistently overcame any obstruction.

In 1974, Claude, Elizabeth, and family moved to a 100-year-old adobe house in Goodsprings, an old mining settlement with a population of about 200. Claude was quite happy to tell the story of the adobe, which had formerly been the male entertainment center of the long-abandoned mining camp. The house was a rambling affair with multiple additions, and contained an astonishing library. Students were always welcome for an hour or for months in Claude and Liz's home.

Claude delighted in challenging his students with arguments intended to encourage intellectual skills, field methods, or interpretation. Each project and each lecture was an immense adventure into prehistoric cultures, the environment, and the intellectual romance of cultural interpretation. I had the pleasure of learning archaeology from Claude, on the Muddy River, in the Mojave Desert, the Las Vegas Valley, the Sierra Nevada mountains, and on the Santa Barbara coast. I have always been grateful for Claude's mentoring, friendship, years of encouragement, and meticulous perseverance that were formative in my career.

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**CLAUDE WARREN:
HE KICK-STARTED MY CAREER**

Dennis L. Jenkins
Museum of Natural and Cultural History, University of Oregon

Claude Warren is a remarkable archaeologist, teacher, and human being. I met him in 1970–71 at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. He was relatively new in the Department of Anthropology, arriving there in 1969, but he had already been appointed the Department Chair at the time. He was clearly a man of social stature and a powerful force to be reckoned with in the Department. My interest in Native American culture and archaeology

led me to take one of his introductory archaeology courses. I soon found myself drawn to his office, where I was regaled with fascinating stories of field adventures, told in an alternately contemplative and humorous fashion by Claude and his close friend and confidant Robert Crabtree, with whom he had conducted his earliest research in the Pacific Northwest. It was Claude's willingness to let me "hang out" with him that drew me to anthropology. Claude, as a teacher, made the connection for me between archaeology and the reconstruction of past cultures. One of the stories I heard in his office involved the exposure of a late Holocene lithic workshop at a site on the Columbia River. It involved the meticulous exposure of a chipping station, finding a failed biface core of the same material several meters away, exposing a divot in the surface of the floor between the chipping station and the core, and the probable expletive that surely accompanied the slamming of the core into the surface with enough force to leave a clear mirror image of the artifact behind. For me, this story snapped into focus the possibility that an archaeologist, on rare occasions, can glimpse the actions of an individual at a moment in the past. The ability to see that moment depends equally on the meticulous methods of the archaeologist, his or her personal experience with lithic reduction, and one's powers of observation. I learned that being a good story teller (and Claude Warren is one of the best) is a vital talent for both teachers and archaeologists.

Claude told me years later that he did not initially like me, because I was not seriously committed to my study of anthropology. Being an inexperienced 18-year-old learning how to study in the university setting, I undoubtedly failed to project the image of a serious scholar. Luckily, Claude put up with me despite my shortcomings, and gave me the benefit of the doubt on multiple occasions. Eventually he became my mentor, and he kick-started my career by hiring me for the Fort Irwin Archaeological Project in the Mojave Desert at Barstow, California. It rapidly became clear that Claude was surrounded and idolized by a cadre of ambitious students and post-graduates trying to emulate his serious research style in their own quest for successful careers in archaeology. Claude cared for each one as if each was his favorite child. He taught us to do practical, intensive research, designed to accumulate hard facts that were capable of addressing interesting and important research

questions. He co-authored papers with us and continued to teach us through the everyday practice of quality cultural resource management. In a note left on my desk after he had edited one of my report chapters in 1982, he said, “The clue to writing a really good paper is to select the problems your data best address. Do not try to answer *all* questions. Science progresses by refining questions and answering those *for which data are available*.” I have that note to this day. It was taped to the side of my computer for 20 years. Eventually, I had to retire it to a folder in my desk because the ink was fading so badly that it was getting hard to read. Claude’s example with regard to the acquisition of hard data and the effective use of it followed me to the University of Oregon, and is still clearly visible in my obsessive investigations at the Paisley Caves.

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TALES FROM THE BLUE GOOSE: A FEW STORIES OF CLAUDE N. WARREN

Mark Q. Sutton
University of San Diego

I first met Claude in 1980 at a party in Barstow. Claude was working at Fort Irwin and I was the BLM archaeologist for the Barstow Resource Area. We were introduced and talked for a bit. He then began to discuss some theoretical issue and asked my view of it. As I had no clue what he was talking about, I chose to keep my mouth shut and appear to be a moron rather than open my mouth and remove all doubt. Claude concluded that I was not really worth his time. A few months later, I was invited to another party but this time I happened to bring my wife, Melinda. Claude was polite to me and I introduced him to Melinda. He found her to be delightful and began to wonder why someone like her had married someone like me. He concluded that if she saw something in me, he may have misjudged me. He decided to give me a second chance. So began a nearly 40-year relationship, thanks to Melinda! To this day, Claude repeats this story to us each time we see him.

Sometime in the 1990s, Claude wanted to visit Mesquite Spring, south of Soda Lake, to look at the sites there. He asked Joan Schneider, Dave Ferraro, and myself to go along. It was warm at that time of year so we took plenty of supplies and two vehicles, just in

case. We also informed the BLM as to where we would be and when we should be out so they would send a rescue party if needed. At the end of the site visit, we tried to leave, but neither vehicle would start, apparently victims of overheated batteries. We decided to wait for the BLM rescue party. By midnight, after any BLM rescue was long overdue (the person responsible had gone on vacation without telling anyone else at BLM that we were out there), it was decided that Dave and I would walk the 11 miles to Zzyzx, where there was a phone. As this was prior to me getting my orthotics, my gait was very slow on very sore feet, but we finally reached Zzyzx about 7 a.m. the next day. I called my wife, who was a bit frantic, to tell her I was okay. Dave called his concerned wife and I called Joan’s concerned husband with the same assurances. I then called Claude’s wife, Liz, to tell her that Claude was okay. She was a bit surprised and replied, “Claude was gone”?

Not that many archaeologists work in the Mojave Desert, and it is a bit of a tightly knit group. Sometime in the mid-1990s (I think), a new player began to work in the Mojave, and published a report that received a somewhat unkind review. As a result, the individual complained that there was a “Mojave Mafia.” Upon hearing this, Matt des Lauriers decided that if a Mojave Mafia existed, Dr. Warren must be the “Claudefather”! I don’t think Claude ever thought this was very funny, but the rest of us did.

Claude and Liz lived, until recently, in a house in Goodsprings, maybe 30 miles from Vegas. I do not know when the house was built, but several of the walls were adobe, and a fair number of rooms had been added at various times. As a result, the house had an unusual floorplan and quite a history, a characteristic that must have intrigued the historian in Liz. Behind the main house was a relatively small structure with a fairly large front room and a small back room. Claude used that small building as a library; it was full of books and reports, many of which were likely the only existing copies. This structure had once been one of several that had comprised the local brothel. When the brothel closed (many, many years ago), the various small buildings were moved to other properties and one ended up on the property the Warrens would later buy. I thought it was hilarious that the Warrens owned an old brothel. When I inquired further, Claude told me it had a name—it was the “Blue Goose”!