

Philip Phillips
Lower Mississippi Survey



Phil at Bolton, ca. 1960

Oil Portrait by Bradley Phillips

This volume was presented on the occasion of his seventieth birthday and the publication of "Archaeological Survey in the Lower Yazoo Basin, Mississippi, 1949-1955"

Philip Phillips
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1940 - 1970

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and
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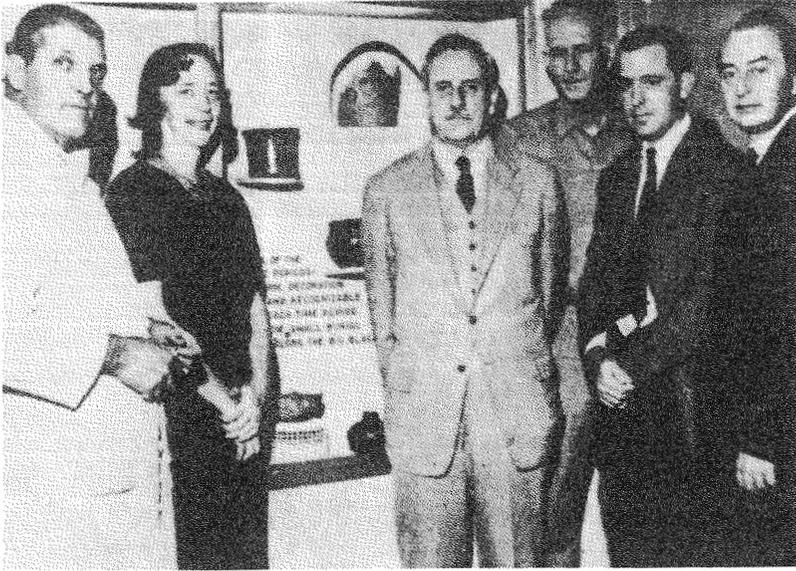
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PREFACE

In assembling this little volume I am struck by the fact that so many of us can remember the first time that we met Philip Phillips. I am sure that most of the rest of us are not so memorable, although as an awestruck college senior (we used to be that way) I do well recall being ushered into a large book-lined, paper-strewn office in Ann Arbor to meet Professor Griffin in March of 1949. Seems to me that he hasn't changed a bit in all these years; no more hair, no less total recall of every artifact he's ever seen.

I can't completely separate Griffin from Phillips for it must have been his advice as well as that of Ben Rouse that sent me up to Cambridge in 1949 on something other than a football weekend (it was Spring in fact) to enter the Peabody Museum for the first time in search of Phil's masterful Ph.D. thesis. Miss Currier guided me to the Widener Archives where I spent a number of fruitful hours soaking up background on Southeast Missouri archaeology for the senior thesis I was writing at Yale. Phil was not in Cambridge, he was at Lake George in Mississippi where I was to labor a decade later.

So I didn't really meet Phil until two years afterwards, although I had the continuing benefit of his thesis in Ann Arbor the next year with the use of Jimmy's personal copy. It was a warm spring day as I recall it, late in May of 1951. I'd been in correspondence with Phil about the work I was doing in Southeast Missouri under the auspices of both Yale and Michigan. He invited me up for a visit, and I pulled into the Bolton driveway in mid-morning after the trip from New Haven. Little did I realize that the direction of my life would be bent irreversibly in the next few moments, for Harvard and the Peabody Museum were not what was to bring me to Cambridge three years later. It was the opportunity to be part of the Lower Mississippi Survey under Phil's tutelage that made it so attractive to me. I met Ruth on the back terrace behind that wonderful old red house, and the three of us had charcoal broiled hamburgers in a very informal manner. What the following nearly twenty years have meant to me both professionally and personally can hardly be expressed.



On December 6, 1961, a Jackson Mississippi newspaper photographer caught the gang in the company of Charlotte Capers.

I am pleased therefore (understated, as I trust Phil will understand) to have had the opportunity to expand on an idea that Gordon Willey and I shared to do something to celebrate both a seventieth birthday and a great publishing event. My special thanks go to Jeffrey Brain for his major help in writing and putting this volume together, and to Burton Jones for speedy design and assembly, and to all Phil's friends who made this publication possible with their heartfelt contributions of words and spirit.

August 1970

STEPHEN WILLIAMS

Philip Phillips

He is really not an Easterner for there are those who insist that the dividing line is just west of Dedham, and surely the Hudson River is the very last outpost. He was born in New York State, although Buffalo is both geographically and almost culturally part of the central prairies known as the Middle West. But he wears that heritage lightly for much has happened since the 11th of August 1900 when he was born there, the son of Bradley H. Phillips and Ruth Harnden Phillips.

A non-significant coincidence is that Alfred Tozzer, Phil's mentor at Harvard, visited Buffalo in June of 1901 to see the Exposition there on his way west to his first archaeological experience in New Mexico. He accompanied Professor Putnam and his wife. Tozzer's unpublished letters describe the exhibits in fine detail. Phil strangely has no memory of this.

His education began in the Buffalo schools. Following his graduation he entered Williams College in the fall of 1918 after the U. S. had entered the war in Europe. Phil had some military training in college but saw no active duty and graduated on schedule in 1922. Phil's college activities included track of which he was captain in his senior year; his specialty was the high hurdles.

Following college two major events occurred. In June 1922 he married Ruth Schoellkopf of Buffalo, and he was admitted to the Harvard Graduate School of Design that fall. His connections with this community therefore span nearly fifty years. He took the regular course in architecture and graduated with his M. Arch. in 1927. Coincidentally, one of his classmates and close friends was Singleton Moorehead, who spent much of his professional career at Williamsburg working on the restoration there, and who was the son of the archaeologist Warren K. Moorehead.

Phil returned to Buffalo to practice architecture for a few short but quite productive years. He also lovingly created a wonderful home by rebuilding into a restored masterpiece a brick colonial house called "Twin Elms." The depression brought an end to architectural commissions and Phil's interest in local history focused on the



Indians, especially the Iroquois. Phil, then in his early thirties, was advised to see Professors Dixon and Tozzer at Harvard, and he began to take a series of courses in anthropology (1932). His interest deepened and then he was asked to serve as a Teaching Fellow (Assistant in Anthropology, 1935, 1937, 1939) in the introductory courses that Tozzer was giving. His first research was on Iroquois

ossuaries but soon he turned to the Southeastern United States, never again to be distracted from this area of interest. Shortly thereafter, he did a brief survey of the Indian mounds at the Civil War battlefield of Shiloh for the National Park Service.

His first appointment with the Museum was as Assistant Curator of Southeastern Archaeology in 1937, and he retained that title until 1949. He began a detailed study of Mississippian ceramics which grew through his graduate years to a collection of over 4,000 photographs of vessels in a dozen Museum collections.

1937 was a climactic year in Southeastern archaeology, with the beginning of the ceramic typology under Ford and Griffin's influence, and with the birth of the "Southern Cult." (See the Waring Papers, p. 102.) It was memorable for Gordon Willey too, as he relates:

I first met Philip Phillips at Macon, Georgia, in January of 1937. I had gone there that summer before, as one of the Laboratory of Anthropology Field Training Fellows, and after that I had remained as Arthur Kelly's archaeological assistant. On the morning of Phillips' arrival, Kelly got word to me that he was expecting a visitor that afternoon — a quite distinguished visitor from Harvard — and he invited me to come out to the site to meet him. The site in question was what we then called the "Macon Plateau," the main center of operations of Kelly's big WPA program. A few months later it was taken over by the National Park Service and it became Ocmulgee National Monument.

That winter I had been doing some dendrochronological work in connection with the project and was in a lab and office in town. I remember driving out to the site, to the foot of Mound A, and walking up the path to the area between Mounds A and B, where some trenching was in progress. Phillips and Kelly were standing at the side of the trench talking, Kelly describing the complexities of the stratified fill between the two mounds. I recall frequent reference to something called the "nine-foot level," an archaeological feature whose significance I have now forgotten, if indeed, I knew it then. It all must have been important, though, because I can still see myself standing slightly apart, in the respectful silence then due one's seniors, until this discourse was completed and I was duly presented.

Phillips was then 36. At my own age of 23 I was impressed at how “well-preserved” our distinguished visitor was for a man of such advanced years. As a matter of fact, Phil Phillips was a very handsome man then — as he still is. At that time he had very black hair and a moustache to match, and these set off fine, aquiline features. He was dressed with a quiet elegance unmatched in central Georgia. I was impressed by his manners and politeness, qualities which, as I was to find, go deep with him. He was a very sympathetic listener. This, as I learned in due course, did not mean that he believed everything he was told; but he had then, and he has now, the capacity for foregoing vociferous disagreement for a much longer time than most of his archaeological colleagues.

On that winter January afternoon we stood there for a long time talking about the “nine-foot level,” the Mississippian manifestations at Macon, Moundville, Cahokia, and more remotely and romantically, Mexico and the Maya. After a time, the Georgia sunshine began to lose its warmth, and so the three of us retired to town and the tap-room of the Dempsey Hotel to continue the discussion. Of course, the discussion was largely between Phillips and Kelly, but I felt wonderfully “included,” and most grateful to both of these older men for making me so much a part of things. (In those days the “generation gap” — even if it were only a half-gap of 13 years — was taken for granted and did have its advantages.)

On the next day, which was a Sunday, Kelly, Phillips, a Dr. W. B. Childs (a Macon orthodontist with an avocation in physical anthropology), and I all drove down to the Georgia Coast to see Preston Holder and the results of his excavations on St. Simons Island. Holder, who also was running a WPA dig, was under Kelly’s general direction, and this was a sort of “visit of inspection” but also a pleasant outing. We arrived in St. Simons about noon and just managed to intercept Holder — who had not been notified of our coming — as he and his wife were setting out from the dock in a small sailboat with a picnic lunch. Holder admirably concealed his feelings about being deprived of a day’s sail and took us back to his house and lab where Kelly and Childs immediately became engrossed in a large and well-preserved collection of skulls from the local shell mounds.

After a while this discourse became too dull even for Phil's politeness, and, as Holder and I were still more restive, we left the two devotees of physical anthropology in the throes of Bregma and the Frankfort Horizontal and proceeded to visit the archaeological sites on the island and the adjoining mainland. These were middens and little sand burial mounds under live-oak trees dripping with Spanish moss. We looked at pottery collections, too. This was about the time that we first recognized fibre-tempered pottery.

Wyman, Moore, and Holmes had written about this kind of pottery years before, of course, but I can't remember if we were aware of this or not. I rather doubt it. It seemed a new discovery at the time, and we speculated on whether or not it might be the earliest pottery in the Southeast. We must have thought that anything that looked so crude and wrinkled and miserable had to be old. All in all, it was a great afternoon. We capped it off with a drink in St. Simons village, and Phil was persuaded to tell us of his work and interests in Middle Mississippian pottery. Both Holder and I were awed by how much he knew of the subject. I recall that this was the first time I had heard of "lost-color" or negative-painted ware and its presence in the Southeast — a topic that was to bring Phil and myself into collaboration some years later.

From St. Simons — rejoined now by Kelly and Childs — we went over to Brunswick and had dinner in the old Oglethorp Hotel, where a mahogany-dark Victorian bar was just being reactivated after the blight-years of prohibition. The next day we saw other south Georgia sites and returned to Macon. Phil was an ideal traveling companion. We exchanged opinions on almost every subject — archaeology, William Faulkner, Thomas Mann, New Deal politics, and intercollegiate track.

Back in Macon he stayed on another day or two, going over pottery collections. The night before he departed we had dinner together and decided to go to the local cinema afterwards to see the great Garbo in "Camille." We laid a fifty cent wager on the author of *La Dame aux Camélias*, Phil maintaining it was Dumas and I saying it wasn't. When the screen credits showed that it was Dumas *Fils* he generously called it a tie with all bets off. [G. R. W.]

Phil's first real field work in the Southeast was a somewhat ill-starred campaign in the mid-Ouachita Valley in Arkansas. With the aid of Dr. and Mrs. T. L. Hodges of Bismarck, Arkansas, he was able to get some useful survey and test excavation work done in February through May of 1939. This work was accomplished despite the very low quality of the help supplied via the joint sponsorship with the University of Arkansas. Recently, one of Phil's students, Frank Schambach, has made use of these data and has carried out more extensive excavations at the Bayou Sel site to complement that done earlier by Phil.

Phil took his family (Ruth and children) from Cambridge to Little Rock during this first field experience, and visited them on week-ends. In subsequent seasons various members of the family accompanied him, and years later at Belzoni, Mississippi, Ruth helped organize and oversee the laboratory which processed the Jaketown materials.



During 1939 he finished his dissertation, a mammoth study modestly entitled "Introduction to the Archaeology of the Mississippi Valley." Although never published, it had a strong influence on many scholars working in the field who were fortunate enough to get a chance to read it. Never before or since has so much knowledge about Mississippian culture been so admirably synthesized and thoughtfully presented by a single author.

He received his doctoral degree in 1940 as he began his work on the Lower Mississippi Survey with James A. Ford and James B. Griffin. This long-term enterprise is detailed in the next section of this volume. Phil's first published work was for the Tozzer festschrift "The Maya and Their Neighbors" (1940). It was an article entitled "Middle American Influences on the Archaeology of the Southeastern United States" in which Phil independently of Waring and Holder set up an Eagle Warrior Complex which was analogous to the Southeastern Ceremonial Complex defined by them.

The war years came, and this time Phil served a long term of duty as a member of the Board of Economic Warfare both in Washington and in the Pacific area (1942-1945). The setup was run by Doug Oliver and Phil, still a civilian, had the simulated rank of Major. His activities in New Caledonia, the Marianas and Fiji were centered on providing food for the fighting men from native resources.

With the war over he returned to the Lower Valley Survey and field work in Mississippi and Louisiana. Here he met and worked congenially with a number of the local archaeologists who recall those days with great pleasure. At L.S.U. Bill Haag says:

Although I see you, Phil, but infrequently, it is always with the greatest of pleasure that I look forward to a visit. And it is with equal enjoyment that I look back on those Mississippi Delta years. Then, truly, nothing but happy memories come forth. Where else would you have been judged to be impoverished because you wore leather elbow patches on your tweed jacket? Where but in Belzoni could one find such a Faulknerian boarding house? Where but there was internal and external dryness so wedded to dusty humid heat? I would not go through it all again for anything!

I have always felt very close, Phil, but never closer than when you and I walked through the shadow together, the shadow of Jim Ford,



that is, when we wrote the Jaketown report (*The Jaketown Site in West-Central Mississippi, 1955*). No Southeastern archaeologist has really been forged in steel, and brass-bound, I might say, until he has been through that test. Surely it is sad that many will never know that test of true grit.

And finally, could I have been more flattering than to have grown a moustache in 1954? Did I not prove that I loved you more than Neitzel or Ford or Griffin? In the future, if you ever get old, you may grow a beard. That too, I will try.

[w. G. H.]

Stu Neitzel, another long time colleague from Louisiana, records the following:

Of course I've had fun with Phil under the hot sun of the Mississippi delta and in the Louisiana swamps. It was always a pleasure to explore with him. Good company and intelligent inquisitiveness about *déjà vu* sites or new sites, and gabbing on the gallery of a



country store with those foregathered there, these are the hallmarks of the gentleman we all know and cherish.

Of equal value are the qualities of the lighthearted rhetoric which are so characteristic of Phil's writing style. Routine, often dull, information begins to sparkle under his hand. Mark Twain at his best seems to be an apt comparison, and that's not short shrift from a western type like me. His archaeological writings are among the few that I can curl up with and read for pleasure as well as profit. But then we all know how easily embarrassed Phil is, so let's say only that he is one of the great writing stylists of our trade.

Sample Phillipiana: "I get a big kick out of people who refer with hushed awe to work or analysis in the laboratory. All anyone ever does there is wash potsherds and shuffle them." Or: "That's what I like about travelling with Jim Ford — you don't have to make any decisions about stopping to eat, sleep or whatever — Jim decides for you." Upon being invited to look at some test trenches — "I don't know of anything more boring than to walk around looking at someone else's holes." The man of these modest aphorisms can't be all bad.

[R. S. N.]

In 1949 Phil was named Curator of Southeastern Archaeology and two years later joined the Faculty of the Museum in which he served as Secretary until his retirement in 1967. Phil's teaching at Harvard spans a great number of years but he was never a regular member of the Department. A list of students whose theses he oversaw include:

Baldwin, Elizabeth E. 1967	Gifford, James C. 1963
Bryan, Alan Lyle 1962	Gradwohl, David Mayer 1967
Bryan, Ruth Gruhn 1961	Greengo, Robert E. 1957
Davis, Edward Mott 1954	Ives, John C. 1960
DeHarport, David Lee 1960	Jordan, Douglas F. 1960
Gebhard, Paul H. 1947	McGimsey, Charles R. 1958

McKenzie, Douglas H. 1965 Stoltman, James B. 1967
Muller, Jon D. 1967 Weber, Joann Cynthia 1970
Schambach, Frank F. 1970 Williams, Cynthia Irwin 1963

However, he only taught officially four times with the title of Lecturer: 1952-53, 1954-55, 1962-63, and 1964-65. These formal courses were masterpieces of preparation and yet were only a small part of Phil's real impact on three decades of students as these following comments indicate.

Paul Gebhard, now at Indiana, says:

As I recall Phil, I first remember his kindness. To be sure, other faculty were kindly toward students, but not unremittingly so. I never experienced or heard of Phil inflicting hurt. This does not mean he allowed error or stupidity to flourish unchallenged; he would gently maneuver the conversation so that one ultimately perceived one's error without its being revealed publicly.

The second thing I remember is his erudition in his field. On one memorable occasion he not only demonstrated this, but simultaneously opened my eyes to one of archaeology's serious defects. I had, while working with him in Mississippi, gathered a sherd collection. One evening I decided it was an auspicious time to prevail upon him to identify the sherds, and I brought forth one, asking, "What do you call this?" He replied, "That depends upon where you found it," and as the horrid implications of that remark began sinking into my mind he easily recited an impressive list of names which could be given to my sherd.

The third characteristic was his acute yet delicate sense of humor. I wonder if he still collects unintentional humor found in advertisements. I still cherish one item of his collection; a photograph of a hotel sign in Belzoni, Mississippi, reading "Modern Hotel. 7 New Rooms. 7 Baths." and then in small print beneath: "Soon."

I also recall that in a simpatico moment I confided in him that I had barely maintained the dignity of Peabody Museum by escaping the alcohol-inspired amorousness of a landlady some years my senior, and he with a straight face and thoughtful mien commented that I needn't have taken evasive measures since in view of the fact that I



was a young man on a field-trip, he was sure that “Mr. Donald Scott would be most understanding.”

[P. H. G.]

Bob Greengo, The University of Washington, and a co-worker at Manny and Thornton while a graduate student, remarks:

Prehistoric archaeologists have emerged in many guises — we have only relatively recently been training students who might have seen the clear choice of the profession among career options mentioned in primary school. Most of our senior scholars have formal college degrees in anthropology, although not a few of their teachers came to archaeology after initial essays in other directions.

Quite frequently still, we have our spirits lifted by people envious

of our profession who express a desire that they had so chosen when they were younger. Some of them would make excellent archaeologists, and those who do switch, usually make their mark. This kind of “course correction” change is precisely what happened in the career of an architect, one Philip Phillips, in the 1930s. His broad humanistic background would have served him equally well in the profession he originally espoused.

To the everlasting good fortune of archaeology he altered course at a time in life when most professional men are firmly set in their ways. With his characteristic intellectual approach, he did not settle for getting the rudiments by reading, and going out and “doing” archaeology — rather, he submitted to the rigors of graduate school and the formal program in anthropology at Harvard. Those of us who have had the privilege of knowing and working with him realize that he need not necessarily have gone this more demanding route to become an outstanding archaeologist. His ability to keep the broad problem in perspective together with his capacity for ascertaining the relevance of small details are inherent not learned qualities. But true to his nature, he set the highest standards for himself and diligently worked toward achieving them. Characteristically, he is also extremely modest about his successes.

Recognition of the qualities he brought to the field as a neophyte was accorded by James A. Ford and James B. Griffin when the three of them collaborated on the survey of the Lower Mississippi Valley in the 1940's. Their report on this work has taken its place as one of the classics of American archaeology. To one who appeared on the scene concurrently with the Survey Volume it is interesting and somewhat bemusing to see current graduate students, heavily brain-washed by some of the more superficial aspects of the “New Archaeology,” “discover” with delight and sometimes with surprise the solid conceptual and methodological values set forth in that book. It was particularly exciting, too, to be associated with Phil and Gordon Willey during the writing of their joint work on theory and method. In a sense one of their trepidations about the book came true — it stood virtually isolated as *the* major contribution on the subject for a very long time, almost ten years.

Most of us would be content if we could produce at least one “classic” work during our career. Phil Phillips has already had a prime role in producing two books symbolic of the best our profession has to offer, and it is only fitting that his third major effort is coming out entirely under his own rubric. Knowing Phil, and having seen a portion of the volume, there is no doubt in my mind that the book whose appearance we are celebrating on this occasion, will prove to be among the most thoughtful, timeless and thorough works in American archaeology.

Writing books like this is the epitome of being an archaeologist!

[R. E. G.]

Betsy Baldwin, now married and teaching at Western Michigan University, writes in a similar vein:

The forthcoming volumes on the archaeology of the Lower Yazoo Basin, along with the Lower Valley Survey published in 1951, will certainly stand always as primary sources on the area. The highest standard of scholarship, characteristic of all Phil’s work, is something recognized and admired by us all. But I would like here to mention another aspect of his work which may not be stressed (although it must surely have been observed) by other contributors to this publication, and this is the way he writes. How many anthropologists does one enjoy reading for the quality of the writing as well as for content? I might mention, for example, the section in the Lower Valley report on the DeSoto entrada, a piece which I have often reread for sheer enjoyment, and recommend to students as a model of anthropological writing. The freshness, wit and clarity of style make very pleasurable reading.

That section on DeSoto serves to illustrate another facet of Phil’s work — a concern with archaeology as a historical, humanistic enterprise. This strand of archaeological/anthropological inquiry has often been totally ignored in recent American archaeological writing, whereby if it isn’t Science, it isn’t worth putting down on

paper. In this connection I would like to share an incident which I recall with particular amusement. Several years ago I was standing on the summit of Mound C at Etowah in the company of two archaeologists, one of whom was Lew Binford. We stood quietly for a time, looking out from that great monument, and then Binford turned to us and said in mock chagrin, "I'm thinking humanistic thoughts!"

I suspect that at a certain fundamental level, nearly all of us, as anthropologists, share an understanding of the nature of our common enterprise. I think that this certainly is true to a greater extent than current controversies within archaeology might imply. Phil's own work over these many years has contributed magnificently to both these scientific and historical components of our field.

[E. B. G.]

Jon Muller, Southern Illinois University, contributes:

Although I have not been directly associated with Philip Phillips in his work in the Lower Valley, I do feel nonetheless involved since I was working closely with him at the same time that he was preparing his recent monograph. He had very generously provided me with work space in his Bolton laboratory, and I suspect his work might have been done more quickly had he not given his time to a struggling graduate student like myself.

There are some who achieve fame in archaeology because of the glamour of the area in which they have worked. With all due apologies to the sometime sovereign states of the Mississippi Valley, rich tombs and wonderful works of art are not common there; Dr. Phillips has done more to make the Lower Valley famous than the other way about.

Others in archaeology are known because of the quality of their work. I have observed Philip Phillips in his laboratory, and I can testify that his method of research is one reason for his important position in American archaeology.



However, Philip Phillips had done more than to help make the Lower Valley a well-known archaeological area. He has also played an important part in making archaeologists aware that “theory” is not another nasty synonym for “speculation.” Frankly, the description under the type Bowie Plain does not seem justified:

Appendages: There were three lugs in the collection (Ford, Phillips, and Griffin.) One appears to be a semi-circular, horizontally projecting type; one is a miniature version of the same thing having the appearance of a tiny vertically flattened node; the third is similar except that it projects on both the interior and exterior, having an oval appearance when seen from above. (Phillips, Ford, Griffin 1951:146.)

[J. D. M.]

[Editor’s note: this aside was the work of Phil’s assistant, Mary Slusser, who never expected it to appear in print. Few but the most perspicacious readers have noted this bit of humor.]

Jeffrey Brain, a former undergraduate, now back with us after a stint at Yale adds:

Most of the contributors to this pamphlet have been privileged to have known Phil for two to three decades and their reminiscences are widely scattered over this period, resulting in an admirable picture of a wonderful human being at various stages of his career. I have known Phil for a far shorter time and do not have the perspective (or anecdotes) of others. When I think of Phil, therefore, it is of the effect which he has had upon me in the various stages of my own life.

Our relationship commenced with the first field season (1958) at Lake George where we — the student assistants — introduced him to our field crew as the “Big Boss,” and awesomely believed it ourselves until he relieved our nervousness with his proverbial charm and humor.

Then, in the winter of 1962, it was “Dr. Phillips” who kindly took John Belmont and myself under his wing at a time when both John and I were at loose ends and needful of inspiration. Our three months sojourn at “Peabody West of the Assabet” was indeed an inspiration — in retrospect it stands out clearly as a major influence in my eventual return to archaeology — although our mentor must often have thought he was casting pearls before swine.

But it has been during the past year at Peabody that I have come to know “Phil.” Warm, kindly and witty, he is also possessed of a deep insight and penetrating intellect: a most stimulating personality to work with. It is as a friend, as well as colleague in the Lower Mississippi Survey, however, that I now think of Phil; and it is a friendship of which I am inordinately proud.

[J. P. B.]

Although Phil has concentrated the vast majority of his field and research time in North American archaeology, he has occasionally ventured into other fields as exemplified by his lengthy treatise on “The Role of Transpacific Contacts in the Development of New

World Pre-Columbian Civilizations" (*Handbook of Middle American Indians*, 1966) and by this South of the Border tale related by Gordon Willey:

Over the next dozen or more years (after 1937) Phil and I saw each other frequently. In the early 1940's, when I was teaching at Columbia and he was at the BEW in Washington, he took time off from his bureaucratic duties to write an article with me on negative-painted pottery. (*Negative-painted Pottery from Crystal River, Florida*, 1944.) After the war, in 1950, I came to Harvard, and from then on we were closely associated. Between 1952 and 1956 we worked on articles and an eventual book together (*Method and Theory in American Archaeology*, 1958.) In the winter of 1957 I asked him and Harry Pollock to come along for a general archaeological survey trip in Mexico and Guatemala, and this trip is the background of this second vignette.

In 1957, Villa Hermosa, the capital of the state of Tabasco, was somewhat more off the beaten tourist track than it is today. It was then impossible to drive a car from Villa Hermosa on to Yucatan. The surrounding country is extremely flat and lowlying; in fact, these are the lowlands that Cortez crossed on his way south from Mexico City, a region more water than land. The trip from Minatitlán east to Villa Hermosa seemed to take forever, with stop after stop for ferry crossings. Phil, Harry, and I made the trip in late February. We had driven Phil's Jeep station wagon all the way down from El Paso, Texas, through Mexico City, Oaxaca, and across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. On the day we arrived in Villa Hermosa we had stopped at noon to see La Venta so we did not get into the Tabascan capital until quite late in the afternoon. We had wired ahead for rooms at the local "three-star" hotel, but with no success. We tried the "two-star" hotels with the same result. The town was full up.

In the Mexican guide-books the "one-star" hotel is described as the "tipo familiar," at the opposite end of the scale from the "four-star" "de lujo." Toward sunset we finally found a "tipo familiar" hostelry that would take us in. In spite of its low status on the luxury scale this particular hotel was very centrally located — as a matter of

fact, on the busiest street intersection in all Villa Hermosa. We were given the largest and most important room in the house, the only one with three beds. This was a second floor location (in a two-story building) overlooking the above-noted street intersection. In fact, this was explained to us as one of the room's distinct advantages. There was, as the landlord said, "mucho movimiento en la calle en la noche," and the lucky occupants of the room would be, as it were, where the action was. An unusual feature of the room was its lighting. There was a ten-watt bulb dangling from a cord in the center of the room. This, of course, was not unusual for a "tipo familiar" hotel; but right outside the three curtainless windows of the room was a street light which burned with such a white-hot fierceness that, as Phil remarked, the bedroom had better illumination when the interior light was extinguished.

After we were installed, we went downstairs for dinner. When we were told that meals were not served in the hotel I was somewhat relieved, and we inquired for the town's best restaurant. The manager assured us that there were several with no difference among them and that all were good. During the next couple of days we were able to verify the first part of this statement but not the second. After dinner we walked back through the tropical night to our hotel and entered the bright glare of our room. It was a rugged night — noise, light, and other difficulties. Both Phil and Harry had picked up an unbelievable number of ticks at La Venta that day, and I seemed to be overpowered by the local cuisine. Along about 5:30 in the morning there was a brief respite when the arclight went out, the sun had not yet fully asserted itself, and the citizens of Villa Hermosa were, I presumed, asleep. But this calm was suddenly shattered by a terrific blast which sounded as though it had gone off directly below our windows. Successive cannonading or explosions followed, and these went on for some time although they seemed to be occurring farther and farther away. Finally, there were no more blasts, but the city was beginning to come awake; and so we gave up and got up and sought out a new restaurant for breakfast.

As we walked through the plaza we sensed something strange; there wasn't enough noise. Small clusters of people were grouped here

and there in the streets and under the arcades of the colonnaded buildings that surrounded the plaza. There was no one else in the restaurant we went to, so we breakfasted rapidly and went back to the plaza. A few more groups of people had gathered by this time, and there was a very definite quality of expectance in the air. We went across the plaza and found the museum. This is the place that houses the finest Olmec sculptures in the world — the main reason we had stopped off in Villa Hermosa. We found that it was closed for the day. We inquired why of someone who looked as though he might be a guard or employee, and he told us it was because of the “revolution.” Just then, the explosions or gunfire began again, somewhere on the outskirts of the city. This brought cheers from some of the crowd in the plaza. We stopped at a sidewalk cafe under the arcades and ordered a drink. The waiter seemed excited but happy. We asked again as to what was going on. “Dia de la revolución!” he replied with glee, setting down our drinks and dancing away with the tray spinning on his finger. A revolution? Good God! Not really. The rattle of musketry continued, closer now. People seemed to be converging toward one side of the plaza. We got up and walked out in the street to take a better look. It was when we came back to the table that Harry and I noticed Phil had disappeared.

We set out to look for him, but the crowd had grown thicker now and he was nowhere to be seen. Meanwhile, the war was coming closer and louder. The din and cheers along the street on the far side of the plaza had reached a frenzy. Soldiers came into view at the corner, retreating up the street, firing at a pursuing enemy. One man dropped his rifle, threw up his hands, and fell over backwards. Shot through the heart! The crowd went wild. I was about to seek refuge with the American Consul (assuming they had one in Villa Hermosa) when I saw that the retreating platoon wore dark blue tunics, pink trousers, and 19th century style forage caps. If it was a real revolution, it was being made against the ghost of the Emperor Maximilian. The French army continued its retreat, but they gave ground slowly. They were commanded by a tall officer with a Napoleon III “imperial” and mustachios, his dash and sword-waving ferocity broken only by intermittent furtive gestures as he did his best to keep this moustache from falling off. With a great cry, the

attackers came into view — no imperialist dress for them, a rag-tag republican people's army led by a bewhiskered, sombreroed general on a white horse. The two armies met in hand-to-hand combat. Guns clattered to the pavement. Grapplers threw their opponents down — and hard. The realism of the scene was almost unbearable. By this time Harry and I had pressed into the crowd for a better look. Imagine our surprise when there, standing fast amidst the doomed forces of Maximillian, was a gabardine-jacketed war correspondent-photographer, complete with Brooks Brothers snap-brim hat, Leica camera in action, none other than Phil. Undaunted by the fiery wads from the blanks of the exuberant "Republican army," he stood his ground until all of his kodachrome ammunition was exhausted.

Afterwards, when the tide of battle had swept beyond us, on down to the river bank, and the victors climaxed the day by throwing their defeated adversaries into the river, and the bewhiskered general had ridden around the square three times followed by an adoring mob, to whom he read a pronunciamiento commemorating the 1867 liberation of Villa Hermosa from the imperialists, Harry and I bestowed on Phil the honorary title of "Matthew Brady Phillips, intrepid photographer of the end of French adventurism in the Americas."

[G. R. W.]

The main concerns of Phil's professional career have certainly been his research in Southeastern archaeology and his guidance of students. But we must not overlook two other important facets of his theoretical and analytical work as exemplified by his often-cited papers, "American Archaeology and General Anthropological Theory" (1955) and "Application of the Wheat-Gifford-Wasley Taxonomy to Eastern Ceramics" (1958). Methodologically, all his work has been characterized by great systematics in notation and bibliography.

Another major area of contribution has been his help in the maintenance of the Peabody Museum via the Storage Committee

and a complete collection inventory undertaken with Watson Smith. Especially to be noted is his personal work of restoring large portions of the Eastern United States archaeological collections to proper order, and his work on exhibits. In these pursuits, Phil has demonstrated considerable skills as a ceramic analyst, a photographer, a printer, a cartographer, and a museum designer.

But the full measure of the man is that now, instead of resting on his laurels, he has turned to a massive and insightful study of shell engravings from Spiro, Oklahoma: a real breakthrough in the analysis of Eastern North American art styles. At a time when others are thinking about retiring, he works full days on his comprehensive study, and to relax comes into the Museum to throw a few sherds about to help order the huge Lower Mississippi Survey site collections.



The Lower Mississippi Survey

During its first thirty years, the Lower Mississippi Survey has incorporated, or at least touched upon, the lives and works of many different people. Since its inception, Phil Phillips has been the stalwart and prime mover of the Survey. But, as is often the case, the story is best told from the periphery, by some of those who have had a part of the action.

An overview, as well as a glimpse at the Survey's founding, is aptly expressed by our Shreveport liaison, Clarence Webb:

As the Father of Waters drew its early explorers from many lands, so has the Lower Mississippi Valley drawn its archaeologists from many areas. Harvard University has been outstanding in supplying her sons to and gathering her adopted sons from the Valley. And as the river has mingled the waters from the Appalachians, the Great Lakes and the Rockies, so have the Harvard scientists mingled their thoughts and efforts with many others in the Valley explorations. Phil Phillips, Gordon Willey, and Stephen Williams are among the leaders in Lower Valley archaeology; now a host of their students add to the luster.

The name of James Ford recurs in their collaborations and it was through him that I, a son of Louisiana who grew up with the ocherous soil of Red River between his toes, was pulled into the Lower Valley. In the mid-30's I secured copies of Ford's Peck Village report and his Analysis of Indian Village Site Collections, and wrote to tell him that some of his Lower Valley types were in northwestern Louisiana. Jim was delighted that anyone could recognize sherds from his numerical nomenclature, not realizing that I read his illustrations and not his symbols, and took me under his wing. Soon I had met Ford's Fearsome Front Line: Willey, Neitzel, Quimby, Mulloy, Doran, Arden King, and Carlyle Smith — Ford was the entire backfield and had visited the W. P. A. excavations that were schnitting half of central Louisiana (except that the

W. P. A.'ers called it scrapin'). Next Jim and Gordon were eating fried chicken and rice-'n-gravy with Mrs. Webb and me, between photographing Belcher pottery.

In the late 1930's, Phil Phillips had been rattling around in Arkansas, best known then as the Pot-hunter's Paradise; that's when Phil learned to use the Arkansas probing rod and he has been probing, one way or another, ever since. By 1940, I had met him and Jimmy Griffin, the forefront of the Northern Contingent, and we had formed lasting friendships.

Phil, Jim Ford and Jimmy Griffin planned their survey of the Lower Valley in the fall of 1939 and embarked on it in 1940.

[C. H. W.]

The first field season got under way — not without the usual complications — as related by Jimmy Griffin:

While I first became aware of Phil Phillips when he and Fred Johnson travelled together on a research trip into the Midwest in 1935 or 1936, my initial close association with him began in late February or early March, 1940, when I arrived in Arkansas to participate in the Lower Mississippi Alluvial Valley Archaeological Survey with Phil and Jim Ford. It was to provide a fruitful and stirring collaboration over more years than we guessed at the time.

For some now obscure reason, I was given physical control over the expedition funds which worked well enough until the time in late March when Fisher Motz, a Harvard Graduate student, had to leave to drive to Hopewell, Pennsylvania, where he was to begin his duties for the National Parks Service. As a part of the National Parks Service support for the survey, we were to acquire a pick-up truck which we could get in Richmond, Virginia. I was elected to drive with Motz to Richmond.

Acquiring the truck on a Thursday afternoon, it seemed somehow reasonable to drive back via Oak Park, Illinois, my home town,



since there would not be any work on the week-end at our headquarters in Parkin, Arkansas. The expedition had rented 2nd floor tourist rooms from a married couple, the husband of which was Cashier in the Parkin bank. When I arrived in Oak Park, I found there had been phone calls from my collaborators inquiring as to my whereabouts. A return call established that they had run out of money and could not find it in my belongings. The funds were in a few fifty dollar bills in the watch pocket of a pair of pants in a trunk. This information quieted things down over the phone. It was not until late Sunday evening when we got back together again in Parkin that I learned that they had had to drive into Memphis because the bank cashier, with whom we lived, refused to change a fifty-dollar bill. I trust it is one of the few times when Phil has been without exchangeable funds.

It was in Parkin also that we settled upon practically the only restaurant in town to have breakfast. It became memorable to us for two reasons. The first morning, we ordered orange juice and then were informed that they were out of orange juice. "Don't you have oranges in the window?" inquired Phil. "Oh," the waitress replied, "do you want *fresh* orange juice?" We agreed to accept the substitution for the manufactured commodity. The other reason for admiration of the restaurant was that the owner had run into some disagreement with the Arkansas Power and Light and had thereupon installed his own generator. Anyone who could show such independence from a public utility was certainly a man to be admired.

About the only difficulty we had with our professional colleagues in Missouri, Arkansas and Mississippi over the Survey was from the University of Arkansas. One of the members of its staff wrote to Carl Guthe and Donald Scott protesting that we were going to "skim the cream" off Arkansas archaeology. This precipitated the formation of an "International Order of Cream Skimmers" in which, besides the three of us, Gordon Willey was a charter member. Gordon was to have been a member of the survey team with support from Columbia, but for various reasons, Strong refused support. Our budget for the first season's work of two months was \$900.

While Phillips' name is justifiably listed first on the survey report, he was more often in the middle between Ford and Griffin during the countless controversies involving the construction of the report. His stability and persistence of purpose have provided unusual leadership in pursuit of an understanding of Lower Mississippi Valley archaeology. It has been an unalloyed joy to have been associated with him.

[J. B. G.]

Sadly, the third member of the original triumvirate is not able to contribute, but Mrs. James A. Ford remembers an off-survey incident dating from this period:

When Phillips, Ford and Griffin were running the Mississippi archaeological survey, they frequently turned up at the Fords' apartment in Baton Rouge on week-ends. One Friday midnight, "suddenly there came a tapping, as of someone gently rapping, rapping on my" outer door. Three hot, dirty, travel-weary, foot-sore archaeologists had arrived at a place called home. They were hardly recognizable — dust pockets even around their eyes.

With dispatch, heavy field shoes were shucked off against the walls. Instead of falling on their faces from fatigue, they began to relax and enjoy large quantities of ice water and some bourbon. A long bull session ensued concerning the week's accomplishments, plans for the immediate future, and the usual *et ceteras* of such a confab.

Finally Phillips and Griffin collapsed on the living room sofa and an inadequate roll-away bed. At 7:30 a.m., Jim and I crept out silently, for people had to work a five-and-a-half-day week in those depression years.

I had a maid named Charlotte who always insisted (against my better judgment) that everything go MY way. When we got home for the hot noon-day lunch, Jim and I found two very embarrassed gentlemen busily folding maps and picking up books, assorted field manuscripts in black notebooks, and personal effects, in a vain attempt to restore

some semblance of order to their make-shift quarters. Charlotte had just charged them with the accusation :

“You two mens shore ain’t nice. Heah yall is with no clothes on an everythin’ in a mess. You done had me bottled up in that kitchen all mawnin’, and I jes got to git thru fast now to fix Miz Fohd’s room and use that bath myself. Whar yall think I goes anyhow? I giv’ you zactly tin minutes to git ya clothes on, ‘cause hits a quarter a twelve.”

That anyone could ever have had the crass even to consider charging the impeccable Phil Phillips!

[E. C. F.]

A second field season in 1941 was followed by a wartime interruption, and it was not until 1947 that the first survey was completed. After time out for work on the report (published in 1951), a second survey was started in 1949. Affectionate recollections of these pre- and postwar years are offered by Al Spaulding :

According to my recollection (as someone once said, I have partial total recall), I first met you in Indianapolis, probably at the SAA meeting for 1938. Anyway, we ate lunch together in company with Jimmy Griffin, and I was impressed by your moustache and your knowledge of Southeastern archaeology. The next meeting was in the winter of 1940-41, when we took a look at Winterville with Jess Jennings in the rain. Then follows the mapping, survey, test pit expedition at Yazoo City and Greenville, also in the rain (the year was 1949), with Bill Harris and Nick Zeigler. That association was splendid — diplomatic instruction in Southeastern archaeology, long discussions on typology and the McKern system (Jim Ford was in there somewhere), Nick’s legal library introducing me to *Perpetuities in a Nutshell*, flat tires in the mud, the young Ferry Seed salesman who scooped up all the goodies, and other memorable activities. Then more years of sporadic contact, more arguments about typology, and the great trip (1961) from Macon to Helena with Jim Ford, Stu Neitzel, and Steve, where I found myself in the

unexpected role of mediator between you and Jim in a running argument on typology having to do, I think, with the legitimacy of varieties.

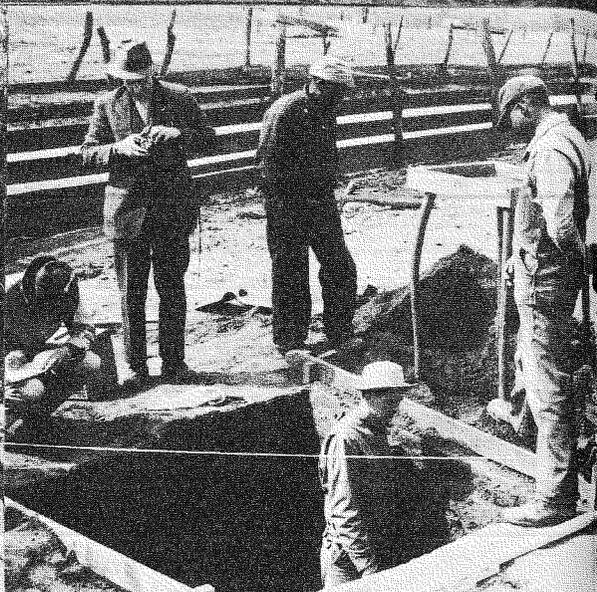
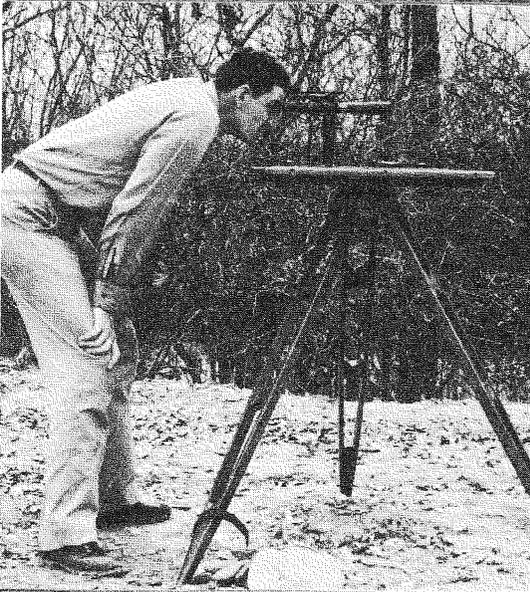
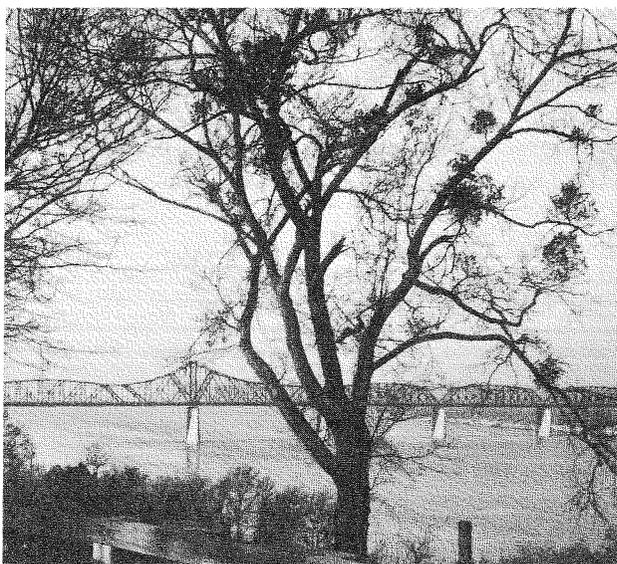
What does all this mean? It means a lot to me, but I can't think of any nifty way of saying it. It means that things have been a lot better for me than they would have been without knowing you.

[A. C. S.]

The 1949 field trip was the first season of the second survey, and in its telling Nick Zeigler presents the pleasing aspect of a nonprofessional who was captivated by archaeology and its practitioner:

Perhaps the only connection between the study of law and the study of anthropology is that, to many, they are both dry fields of endeavor. Having early been infected by the archaeological bug, it was inevitable that, sooner or later, I would find myself actively engaged in legal matters and archaeology simultaneously. This happened in 1947 when I paid a visit to Peabody Museum while a student at the Harvard Law School. Having made a few preliminary inquiries, I met Dr. Philip Phillips, the Curator of Southeastern Archaeology. I was so captivated by Dr. Phillips' charm and learning that I volunteered to work one afternoon a week at Peabody Museum during the following year.

It never occurred to me that when I graduated from the law school in January of 1949 Dr. Phillips would ask me to accompany him on a field trip to Mississippi. After all, there was a small matter of taking the Bar Examination in South Carolina, and it's a well-known fact that the greatest percentage of failures of the South Carolina Bar Examination have been graduates of the Harvard Law School. But again, the influence of Dr. Phillips was irresistible, and while I contemplated with misgivings the Bar Examination in May, 1949, I readily accepted his invitation. We agreed that he would pick me up in Florence, South Carolina, in a pickup truck which the Peabody Museum was furnishing and we would head for Yazoo City, Mississippi.



Needless to say, it was one of the memorable experiences of my life. The Delta country around Yazoo City, and particularly the area around the Lake George site at Holly Bluff, was both exciting and exotic to me even though I am a Southerner born and bred. But there were problems. Some of my most uncomfortable moments were caused by the necessity of explaining to local inhabitants my connection with this latest northern invasion of Mississippi. The truck had stenciled on it in rather bold red letters, "Peabody Museum, Harvard University." I had affected a moustache in emulation of the magnificent one which Phil sported at that time. Neither of us inspired confidence at first sight. Occasionally, local plantation owners and farmers would cruise by in their own pickup trucks which had gun racks mounted in the cab. Several of the lethal weapons thus transported were equipped with telescopic sights which looked sinister. When the local gentry would come over to inspect the hole in the ground which several Negro men were digging under my supervision, I would with great vehemence tell them of my southern background and catalog various ancestors who had fought and died in the Confederate Army. Eventually we were accepted and shown every hospitality — even to a boat trip down the Sunflower River with a Mississippian who had the unlikely name of Bilbo Yankee.

Ruth joined up in Yazoo City and her constant concern over my failure to hit the law books in the evening spurred me on to greater efforts in that direction. But there was always the other field or the other site where "Cole's Creekified" pottery or Poverty Point objects or something even more intriguing had been reported. On far too many of these occasions, I would take the truck by myself after a day's work and go out to reconnoiter while the law books in the hotel gathered archaeological dust.

On many occasions during the expedition when we would eat in diners, the juke box would be roaring out the local hits. There was one which by dint of repetition became a sort of leitmotiv for the whole archaeological venture. In late May of 1949, when I received word that despite my lack of diligence I had passed the Bar Examination, I sent a telegram to Ruth and Phil paraphrasing that "hit" tune which read, "Brush those tears from your eyes, and try to realize — that I passed the Bar Examination." [E. N. Z.]

The 1950 field team consisted of Phil and Warren Eames, and in 1951 Warren joined the Jaketown excavations. Incidents from both these trips are vividly remembered:

On the survey trip of the fall of 1950, we were trying to locate a site on the Little Sunflower River, which featured a large mound which Phil was considering excavating. This mound, however, was located in the most remote spot imaginable, and we were able to get to it only by driving the Peabody Museum Jeep through the wildest tangle of old logging roads and vague paths and trails that led out in the general direction of the site. Finally we broke out into a clearing on the river, on the edge of which was an old ramshackle cabin, out of which poured the most sinister looking bunch of backwoodsmen I had ever seen. They looked as though they had never seen a stranger in that area before. Phil said, "Good God, they look like moonshiners, and I'm sure they may take us for government men! Quick, I'll get out the plane table and alidade, while you run out in the field and wave your arms over your head. Then they'll think we're surveyors!" There followed a few anxious moments while that gang watched us do this, then, sure enough, they silently went back into the shack, while we went on our way. Several times we had come upon backwoods houses where the people and the children acted as though they had never seen a Jeep before, but this experience was unique.

During the Jaketown dig, we discovered a number of burials at the foot of the first mound that we dug. They were clustered together in roughly a fifty foot area, and I was given the job of clearing the area around them, and dusting them off. Most of the skulls were crushed, but one of them was perfect, and after carefully photographing the burial, the skull was carefully packaged and sent off to the Smithsonian for study. I can still remember the report we got back: "Congratulations; you have found a perfect example of an African!"

It was at this dig too, that Jim Ford drove the Jeep many miles down an abandoned railroad line to explore some woods, but found that there was no place to turn around, so he had to back up the entire distance, which resulted in a crick in his neck that lasted for days!

It was interesting to listen to our local colored crew that we hired to do the digging, especially when they thought there was no one around. Their opinions of us were really something to hear! During such bull sessions at Jaketown they would speculate on just what we were *really* doing down there.

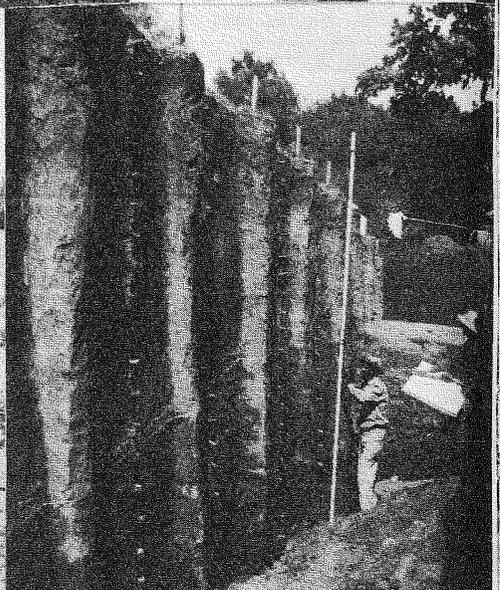
One conversation I remember was along the following lines: "Them Northern fellers must be really crazy in the head. Here they come all the way down here and spend all that money, and spend months digging up all those little broken pieces of pottery; and when they get them, they cart them off to that little house in town where they wash them, clean them, and look at them awhile, and then they cart them all off to the town dump and throw them away!"

Then I remember digging a test pit at the Manny site, where we found a lot of really fine Marksville period pottery. This was a beautiful location, and was part of a large plantation, owned by a wealthy Mississippi planter. We happened to be working there during deer hunting season, and there happened to be a deer run right through the meadow we were working in, so we were dodging hunters and stake-outs most of the time we were there. But the thing we really got a kick out of was watching the plantation owner being chauffeured around the dirt roads in his new Lincoln, with his rifle stuck out the back window: a mobile hunting stand!

It was always a pleasure to accompany Phil on these trips. He was always even tempered, and never got too ruffled when things went wrong. Along with the archaeology, I learned a great deal about the philosophy of living from him. I send him many, many good wishes on his birthday.

[W. B. E.]

Jaketown was another instance of collaboration between Phil and Jim Ford, and Ethel Ford regales us with incidents from this and other times and places:



Later when Phillips and Ford were working on the Jaketown site, they sometimes came to my family home in Baton Rouge on week ends. The Fords were by then Westchesterites, and I stayed in Baton Rouge when I was excess baggage due to long, rough travel or too strenuous a schedule. There were still many dirt roads at that time and cars were rough-riding goat wagons at best with air conditioning in automotive vehicles as unthought of as was television in the home.

One night they arrived very late, and when Jim left next day at an early hour, he asked that Phil not be awakened. So, when my sister Gladys and I heard soft sounds from Phil's room, in the custom of the French country, I took him a tray of morning coffee. To my knock Phil replied, "Oh, no, no Ethel. I'll come out to the porch table in a minute, but it seems I simply forgot my bathrobe."

Sounds of scrounging.

"Well, just come out in your p.j.s. Nobody home but Sister and me."

Shortly, Phil emerged in dress shoes garbed in a long raincoat, fully buttoned to the collar!

It is true that it was Phil whose excellent photography afforded Jim one of his best-loved nomenclatures: "the country boy." On survey, the two got into a friendly argument over plowing a field. Jim had stopped the car to admire the perfect rows being made by a farmer with his mule-drawn team and metal plow. Phil was incredulous when Jim said he could duplicate the performance. A wager ensued. Jim got the farmer's permission to give him a "rest break," and started plowing. Shortly Phil conceded defeat, paid his wager, and took what developed into a beautifully clear photo showing the intricate foot-work involved. Later he had it enlarged and sent me a copy mounted. Actually Jim, in his typical fashion, had trapped Phil, for he was taught to plow by his Uncle Zeus, a professor of Greek and Latin who recited poetry and conjugated verbs while teaching his nephews life's practicalities. Phillips and Ford always seemed to enjoy working together, and I thought it was a toss-up as to who won out often in the battle of wits. Certainly there was a delightful sense of humor.

Once they entered a "Ford's Drug Store" in the next small town west of Helena, Arkansas for a refreshing cup of coffee. It turned out that the pharmacist and owner, who was that morning dispensing at the soda fountain, was a first cousin. The Fords exchanged family news and pleasantries, a dime was accepted in payment of the coffee, and the cousins said, "Be seeing you." Phil was quite shocked at the callousness of members of a large extended Southern family. He had so few kinsmen by comparison that he loved and cherished each and every one.

[E. C. F.]

After the Jaketown excavations, there were the important digs at Manny and Thornton with Bob Greengo (1954-1955), as well as other quick trips to different locations in the valley. We are indebted to Stu Neitzel for providing a few details about these trips:

Then there are so many pleasant experiences, usually in company with other good friends in the trade, to recall. The time somewhere on the Sunflower River when he organized a motor boat expedition to take me to an inaccessible earthworks site. When we arrived at the port of embarkation, our boatman was found to be smashed and on the floor. His wife had hidden the bottle too late. So, no trip; madcaps though we were in those days we didn't feel like navigating a strange channel in an unfamiliar boat.

Then there was the time we learned offhandedly after a leisurely lunch fixed by Ethel Ford at the Menard site that Phil had reservations on a Pullman out of Memphis that night at seven. With Steve driving the Jeep we made a mad dash across the hinterlands of east-central Arkansas; Phil and I hanging on like Mexican bus riders. Hectic though it was, an unruffled Phil took his seat in a roomette, book open on his knee, at the Memphis Union station with three minutes to spare. Returning alone in the Jeep the next day to Menard I became aware of a serious vibration. A check at a garage revealed that there was only one bolt left to hold the entire motor on the frame.

But the greatest kick, I believe, was the afternoon in 1954 when Phil and I started out in an ancestral Jeep to visit a possible mound reported by deer hunters to be on the Tensas River. Fifteen feet off of the gravel road leading into the swamp the vehicle sank nearly out of sight. A farmer on a tractor extricated us, not without loss of face, for about three dollars. (Later a winch appeared mysteriously on this Jeep.) So we detoured around the mud hole and steered a course through unmarked hardwood swamp for the Tensas River.

Thick growth and the uncharted territory lent its share of derring-do to the venture. Suddenly we saw a dark cloud looming against the sky over us, and it was a few seconds before we realized that we had zeroed in on a very impressive temple mound. Further exploration revealed a number of lesser structures arranged around a plaza. Our dead reckoning had led us to the now well-known Raffman site. Though commoners had been there before, we believe we were the first professional investigators to visit and report the site. Carried away with our importance, a toast was called for. In a land where C. B. Moore has usually been there first, this was our proudest moment.

[R. S. N.]

With these excursions, the second survey was completed, and in the words again of Clarence Webb:

We recognize and celebrate another milestone in the study of the Lower Valley, with publication of Phil's two enormously important volumes. From the south country I can only say to Phil and to Harvard "Thanks and well done. We will always welcome you back Phil Phillips."

[C. H. W.]

Phil's work in the southern part of the Lower Valley has also spawned associated enterprise elsewhere in the Valley, especially that begun under the direction of Jimmy Griffin in 1950-1952 in Southeast Missouri carried out by Steve Williams and others.

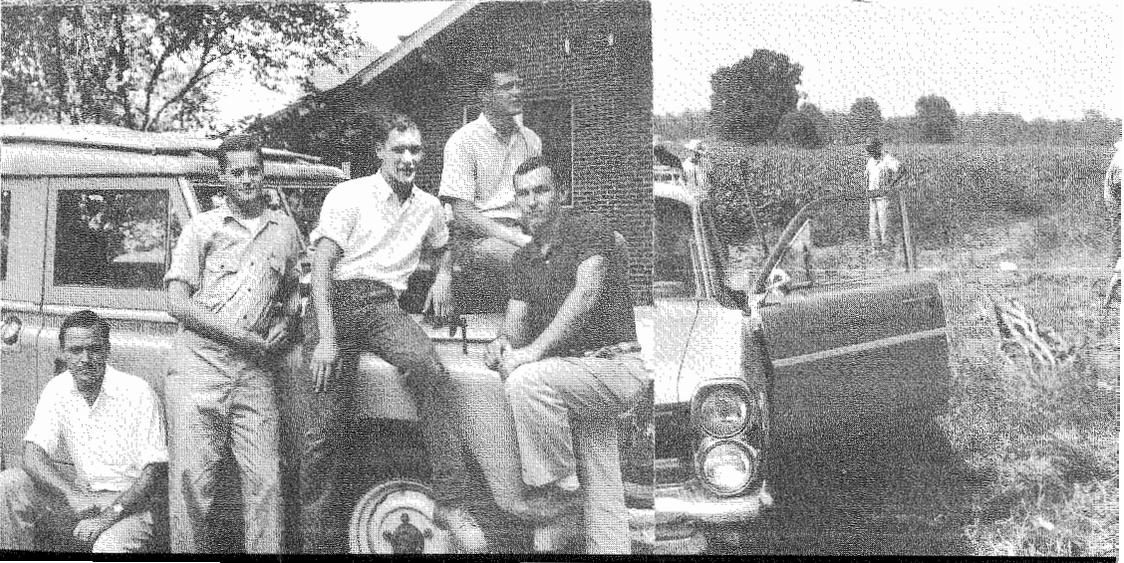
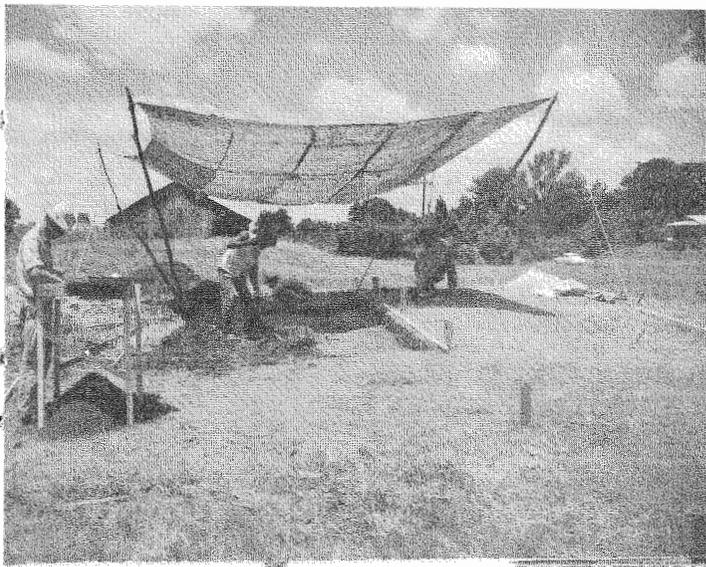
Meanwhile, the Survey, itself, has of course continued on under the tutelage of its chief mentor. Although there has been increasing emphasis on excavation, a trend initiated by Phil, areal surveys remain a significant aspect of operations, depending upon objectives.

Following the extensive excavations at Manny, Thornton and Mabin with Greengo in 1954 and 1955, the next phase was the intensive excavation of Lake George by Steve Williams and his students during the summers of 1958-1960:

The work at Lake George followed up the much earlier surface survey, mapping, and test excavations carried out in 1949. The early part of the sequence worked out at the nearby Manny and Thornton sites seemed to be complemented by the well-stratified deposits located at this major late site near Holly Bluff, Mississippi. The three seasons spent there with a small troop of Harvard students including Jeffrey Brain, John Belmont and Bruce Shirk were important learning sessions for both the students and the field director. Fortunately, I was lucky enough to have Phil's 1949 stratigraphic work and Al Spaulding's great map of the site as initial guides, and technical assistance from Stu Neitzel during the early part of the first season on how to operate the fine old Buff and Buff transit that Jim Ford had purloined from the Louisiana State Highway Department many years before.

Those were good happy seasons with visits from Phil and Ruth, and a long list of colleagues including Kwang-Chi Chang, Tono Waring, Joffre Coe, John Goggin and Bill Haag. Some of the local characters such as Bilbo Yankee still called on us too, not to mention a host of new friends who helped us enlarge on the survey work carried out by Phil in earlier years. The little village of Holly Bluff was our home base and Yazoo City the big town which we visited for special supplies like beer and steak.

Those long sun-baked afternoons at Lake George forged into tough metal the knowledge I'd acquired during the previous years in Missouri and Arkansas; and later at Bolton Phil and I worked out the ceramic types for the latter half of the sequence. Thankfully, with Jeffrey Brain's important aid the final report on these excavations at long last approaches completion. [s. w.]



With the Yazoo Basin thus well covered, Williams then turned his attention to the Tensas Basin in 1963 and 1964, and through a carefully balanced program of survey and selective excavation undertook the prehistoric reconstruction of that region:

It is an old cliché that one could not do work in the Southeastern United States without crossing the wake of Clarence B. Moore and the good ship Gopher. It is equally true today that one has difficulty avoiding the footprints of Ford and Phillips. That was certainly true at Lake George where all three had been before me, not to mention Calvin Brown and Jesse Jennings.

In the Tensas Basin it was Moore and Ford and Phillips again; what an act to follow. Phil had gone over on the 1954 excursion already described by Neitzel, and of course did all the fun things first. After two seasons spent in summer museum study, looking at Neitzel's holes at Natchez, and acquiring a wife, it seemed to me somehow logical to get back to the business of surveying again. The Tensas Basin beckoned across the River in Louisiana, and Phil told tales of wondrous sites to be discovered. We had Bill Haag to host us from Baton Rouge and Clarence Webb to drop in from Shreveport so we were well taken care of; Neitzel was even enticed across the Vicksburg Bridge a few times with blandishments of fine food and talk, and new pottery types to admire. Phil and his new wife, Willy, also came down to see some of the action at first hand.

We headquartered in Tallulah and did more test-pitting in two seasons than we had ever done in any comparable time before. The result in terms of well defined ceramic complexes tied to carbon 14 dates, there and at Lake George, helps create one of the best and tightest sequences yet worked out for the Lower Valley. Again, Harvard students including John Belmont, Dave Hally, Gair Tourtellot and Alan Toth were field assistants, and the first two, Belmont and Hally, are writing dissertations on the data derived from these seasons' work.

In a special kind of contrast to those at Lake George, these were indeed long hot summers with 1964 being "memorable" for the Philadelphia killings and the Palmyra Lake drownings. Death stalked

the land from Dallas to Mississippi. To further complicate matters, it had been rumored that Robert F. Kennedy was going to send hordes of young Harlemites down to a work program at Poverty Point to aid in developing it into a National Park.

[s. w.]

Most recently, a rather more limited excavation was carried out in 1967-1968 at the Winterville site — back in the Delta country — by Jeffrey Brain, then a graduate student at Yale and indirectly under the auspices of the Survey.

Now, a new survey is being planned to fill the archaeological gap in the vicinity of Natchez, Mississippi. Aside from being contiguous to the Yazoo and Tensas Basins and thus the logical direction to take, this unexplored region is worthy of the attentions of the Survey as it was a key area in Lower Valley prehistory, being among other things the aboriginal home of the Natchez Indians. This survey will be headed by Williams and Brain who will strive to preserve the traditions of their predecessors — especially the standards of excellence set by Phil, whose continued collaboration will ensure the future success of the Lower Mississippi Survey.



Barbara Westman

IDENTIFICATION OF PLATES

<i>Plate 1</i>	<i>facing page 24</i>
1940	Webster's Camp, Arkansas
1941	Walls, Mississippi
1947	Rose, Arkansas
1947	Rose, Arkansas
1940	Hogg Lake, Arkansas
1947	Rose, Arkansas
<i>Plate 2</i>	<i>facing page 31</i>
1947	Vicksburg, Mississippi
1949	Lake George, Mississippi
1949	Lake George, Mississippi
1949	Lake George, Mississippi
1949	Lake George, Mississippi
1949	Winterville, Mississippi
1949	Lake George, Mississippi
<i>Plate 3</i>	<i>facing page 35</i>
1949	Winterville, Mississippi
1949	in transit
1951	Hunt, Mississippi
1951	Jaketown, Mississippi
1954	Thornton, Mississippi
1950	Aden, Mississippi
<i>Plate 4</i>	<i>facing page 38</i>
1958	Lake George, Mississippi
1958	Lake George, Mississippi
1959	Holly Bluff, Mississippi
1964	Canebrake, Louisiana
1963	Tallulah, Louisiana
1963	Tensas, Louisiana