

THE PEABODY MAN

JEFFREY P. BRAIN



Edited by

Ian W. Brown and Vincas P. Steponaitis

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*Cover illustration of Jeffrey P. Brain at Fort St. George
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FOREWORD

This book is a tribute to Jeffrey Phipps Brain, Ph.D. (Jeff hereafter), in anticipation of his seventieth birthday, January 4, 2010. It is the inspiration of Ian Brown, who badgered us all into writing pieces for it. Initially Ian planned to recruit only Jeff's students, but then decided to include Jeff's wife Anne, and an old schoolmate (me) to flesh out the early end of the story, and Arthur Spiess and Steven Pendery to shed some light on his reincarnation as a Maine historical archaeologist in the 1990s.

The volume focuses, however, on his earlier career as a Southeastern archaeologist and member of Harvard's Lower Mississippi Survey from 1957 to 1990. His research interests and publications ranged over the whole Southeast, from De Soto's route in Florida to Spiro in Oklahoma, and from the Gulf Coast to the Northern Lower Valley, and from the Archaic to the Colonial period. Nevertheless his fieldwork was confined to the east side of the Lower Mississippi Valley from about Greenville in the north to St. Francisville in the south. He was from the first focused on the later periods. His early work largely involved the Plaquemine and Mississippi periods (about A.D. 1100 to 1500) but more and more he shifted over to the Colonial period (roughly A.D. 1500 to 1800).

Aside from his student digs (Lake George 1958–60; Winterville 1967–68) all his major fieldwork was crowded into the years 1971 to 1977: 1971 and 1972, Natchez bluffs survey and excavations (and Trudeau in 1972); 1974, Lower Yazoo bluffs excavations; 1975 and 1977, Bloodhound Hill (Angola Farm) excavations. Here follows a table of which contributors were on which digs (the name is in italics if the paper deals with it; a name in parentheses means the person was not actually on the dig.)

1958–60: *Belmont* (1958 and 1959 only)

1967–68: *A. Brain*

1971: *Brown, Parsons*

1972: *Brown, Steponaitis, Parsons, Potts*

1974: Brown, *Steponaitis, Lambert-Brown, Creamer, Birchett*

1975: Brown, *Steponaitis, Lambert-Brown*

1977: Brown, *Steponaitis, Lambert-Brown, Woodiel*

1994–2007: Belmont (1994), (*Pendery*), (*Spiess*)

Jeff is described as a hard worker, even a workaholic in the field, a hard taskmaster, but able to inspire others to work hard (if sometimes by devious methods!), and especially to inspire excitement about the work with his own intense interest. But there is also evidence that there was convivial drinking, card playing, general camaraderie and above all humor, not to mention remarkable rites of intensification. (Here I am constrained to add to Parson's elegant and admirable ethnographic account that the core of the mystery was evidently successfully hidden from him: the attempt to launch not merely cordite and paper or tin cans into the heavens, but an actual human sacrificial victim, who was induced to sit on the throne in the Throne Room, and then when he had reached a meditative stupor was suddenly launched by a mighty explosion a good two centimeters into the beyond.)

Through time Jeff developed a remarkable ability to befriend (and manage) not only the workers, but the locals of all stations, from convict to plantation owner. And I may say that by 1994 Jeff, now a grandfather, had mellowed substantially, and the latter characteristics had come more to the fore. But he still got plenty of work out of us.

I append a table similar to the one above listing the contributors who describe their experiences with him at the Peabody. It is divided into three periods: early 1970s (when he was still a young up-and-coming Peabody staffer and lecturer); late 1970s to early 1980s (when he was an established curator but still very much involved with students); and the 1980s (when he was mostly involved in writing, but still very accessible to graduate students and young Peabody staffers).

Early 1970s: Brown, Lambert-Brown, Steponaitis, W. A. Turnbaugh,

S. P. Turnbaugh, Spielmann, Barber, Potts, Gramly, Spiess, Creamer

Late 1970s etc.: Brown, Barber, Steponaitis, Creamer, (Belmont)

The 1980s: Brown, Kidder, Stubbs, Bitgood, Habicht-Mauche

In his youth Jeff's lab deportment may have been somewhat rowdy and unorthodox (see A. Brain and Belmont, below), but by the 1970s he had matured into a focused and dedicated worker, welcoming no interruptions except those initiated by him. Yet as co-host at the Putnam lab, as a teacher

(1971–77, clearly his most energetic period), thesis or dissertation director, advisor, fellow resident of the Peabody outback, but especially as a mentor, Jeff seems almost Dr. Jekyll to his field director Mr. Hyde. In a myriad of the accounts Jeff’s counseling and teaching captivated the students and led them toward a career in American archaeology. His unique brand of humor and banter was a pleasure, and endeared him to all—except the uninitiated and the gullible, among whom I must occasionally count myself, along with Norman the carpenter.

Several of the papers mention Jeff’s considerable writing skill, his simplicity, conciseness and felicity of expression. I can tell you that this talent was not wholly innate: it was drilled into him at Groton School where one had to write over a hundred single-spaced pages of essays every year. You can’t hardly get that kind of education any more.

Spieß and Pendery, who surely are among the most objective of the contributors, attest to Jeff’s fine reputation among archaeologists today. Although one must not go overboard (Ian gave me his papers to read, and I had to ruthlessly red-pencil all his comparisons of Jeff to a Greek god), it is clear that Jeff is a true hero to most of us.

On that note I must end with an account of an unrecorded heroic excavation which Jeff, actually picking up the shovel for perhaps the first time in almost twenty years, performed completely by himself. (This account is unimpeachable, as I have it directly from Jeff’s very mouth.) It was during the Great Blizzard of February of 1978. Jeff and his family had been trapped for some days in their house in Needham, and provisions began to get dangerously low. Drifts were so high that the front door was entirely covered, but he knew that if he only could get to his car, buried somewhere out there in the driveway, there was a hope of succor. Motivated by desperate need he shoveled most of the day, finally creating a tunnel all the way out to the car. With great effort he cleared one entire door and managed to wrench it open. He checked the glove and under the seats and—Eureka! Saved! An almost-full pint of whiskey!

That sums up Jeff for me: dedication to hard work, drive, and perseverance—along with a fine appreciation of the pleasures of life. ❖

John S. Belmont
December, 2009

EDITORS' INTRODUCTION

On January 4, 2010 Jeff Brain will celebrate his 70th birthday. This book commemorates a milestone in the life of a man who has made many contributions to North American archaeology, in both the prehistoric and historic fields. Along the way Jeff has accumulated many friends and colleagues who started off their careers by studying in his classes, sorting artifacts by his side, or shoveling dirt on his sites. A myriad of people from all walks of life could easily have contributed to this volume, but the ones included herein are largely those who consider Jeff to be their teacher, in one capacity or another. Two of the authors (John Belmont and Anne Brain) have a somewhat different relationship with Jeff, as they have known him far longer than the rest of us. John started out with him along an archaeological path in childhood that linked the two of them together for over half a century and Anne joined Jeff not long after as a spouse in the daily march through life. Whereas students come and go, thus seeing only snippets of a life in process, Anne and John provide the continuity to our story.

The Peabody Man. No expression is better suited for Jeff, as he has devoted his entire career to institutions that bear that illustrious name in one capacity or another. Jeff started off at Harvard as an undergraduate where he worked in the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology. Later, as a graduate student he labored in Yale's Peabody Museum of Natural History. Then, upon being awarded his doctorate he returned to Harvard's Peabody Museum where he stayed for well over two decades. And, finally, he went to the Peabody Essex Museum where his tenure is approaching yet another double-decade mark. Another person who has had a legitimate claim to being "The Peabody Man" is Frederic Ward Putnam (1839–1915), who oscillated between Cambridge and Salem in his own rather phenomenal career exactly a century earlier. That's pretty good company, as Putnam is often considered to be "The Father of American Archaeology."

There is another connection that Jeff shares with Frederic Ward Putnam—the Putnam Lab. When we, the editors, first met Jeff as undergraduates in the

early 1970s he occupied an office on the fourth floor of the Peabody Museum just opposite the Putnam Lab, a space set up solely for archaeological projects. Barbara Westman (Peabody artist) and he shared quarters that had earlier been shared by Philip Phillips and Watson Smith. That was one rather wonderful thing about the Peabody—each office had a pedigree and more often than not a list of previous occupants was attached to the respective doors. This was not the case for Jeff’s office, but on the wall outside was a long line of framed black and white photographs that revealed a history of its own. Starting from the left and proceeding to the right down the hall, students awaiting an appointment with Jeff could march through Lower Mississippi Survey projects, one after the other. We soon came to realize that Jeff himself was included in quite a few of them, but in the absence of moustache or white beach hat and a certain rotundity of figure, it was not so easy to pick him out.

More often than not, one knew that Jeff was in his office simply by hearing the tap-tapping on his typewriter. This would go on all day, except for those breaks when he would hustle into the lab, pull out a potsherd from one of the standard light-brown Peabody boxes, and stare intently at its design or temper. A well directed invective or two at our persons would follow, and he then would return to work. The master had checked in and we ourselves could continue on with our own labor, usually chuckling from the interaction, brief though it was.

Ian went off to Brown University in 1973 and Vin to the University of Michigan a year later, but periodically we would each return to the Peabody to check in with Jeff. We always knew to find him in the lab or his office. However could that change? Even our surprise visits would not disturb his stride or demeanor. He would mutter something about “Looks like old home week;” or perhaps, “What the hell do you want?!” But despite the gruffness we always knew it was delivered in jest. Barbara would be all smiles, Steve Williams would come up from his Director’s office to greet us, and then we would all sit down to a round of afternoon tea accompanied by many laughs. We were home once more.

In 1979 the Lower Mississippi Survey shifted from its fourth floor position to a newly renovated office complex on the fifth floor. As Steve was heavily involved in the design of the complex, he made sure that many of the architectural features of the old Putnam Lab made it upstairs and was incorporated into the new quarters. He followed poor Norman (the Peabody carpenter) around making sure that everything was done just right. And it always was, but Ian will never forget the day when Jeff stepped in to add his two cents worth. Norman had attached all the cupboards in the lab so firmly to the wall that TNT would be required to move them. Jeff took one look at them, nodded

his head and quietly asked, "Do you think that you can shift them an inch to the right?" It took several moments for Norman to comprehend that Jeff was joking, and for many weeks thereafter he could often be seen walking the halls of the Peabody muttering and shaking his head.

Once the complex was completed and all furnishings had been moved from the old quarters on the fourth floor, the Lower Mississippi Survey proceeded along as before. Jeff, however, now had his own office and was quite content with the arrangement. The only modification to it over the next decade was an accumulating mass of books on the floor, to the point where Jeff eventually became hidden from the world. His presence was recognized, however, because of the same tap-tapping of the fingers muted only by a background of classical music. Jeff almost always had the radio on while he worked, but occasionally when the opera became a little too overbearing one would hear him yell, "Shut up you old bag!" and then silence would prevail, except of course for the tap-tapping.

Seven or eight times a day (!) Jeff would emerge from his office to fill his rather wretched-looking coffee cup. Admittedly, it had a nice archaeological theme of assorted projectile points, but as the years went by and the stains started to build up, it was becoming far more difficult to classify the points. Jeff always had his coffee black, a habit he picked up in the Navy. "If I had sugar I'd lose my slender figure," he'd say, and we all had enough survival instincts not to question his reasoning. Occasionally we'd ask how beer fit into this logic, but that would only result in counterattacks for which none of us were well prepared. If he found us to be strangely silent, however, he'd simply mutter a few more curses, head back to his office, turn the old bag on once more, and continue the tap-tapping. All was right in the world.

This is the Jeff that most of the contributors to this volume came to know and love. Some only experienced him in a museum context, but those who worked with Jeff in the field also got to see him when he "let his hair down." This side of Jeff will become more apparent in the stories that follow. Suffice it to say that he is somewhat Janus-like, with Jeff in the field turned opposite to Jeff in the museum. There is no easy formula for defining Jeff as archaeologist, teacher, friend, husband, father, or grandfather. He is far too complex to be sorted into one of the Peabody boxes that contained his beloved sherds. Jeff is the paramount workaholic, but when the day is done he always knows how to enjoy life. And even when the day is still going on he understands how to keep those around him laughing as they labor. He is the taskmaster who can drive you to tears of exasperation, but it is also he who will then be by your side with a gruff josh, a humorous remark, or a word of common sense to reestablish

equilibrium. He is the model for all of us who have followed in his wake. He was and still is The Peabody Man personified.

We would like to express our special thanks to Nancy Lambert-Brown for her wonderful design and to Anne Brain and John Belmont for contributing photographs, reading drafts of texts, and making this project a perfect joy. As Jeff would say, “More Fun!”

I.W.B and V.P.S.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JEFFREY P. BRAIN

Ian W. Brown

Jeffrey Phipps Brain was born in New York, New York on January 4, 1940. His father was George L. Brain of Springfield, Ohio and his mother was Mila Shropshire of Birmingham, Alabama. Jeff was the youngest of three children, his brother being George Willard and his sister

Kent. For the first twelve years of his life Jeff lived in Tomkins Cove, New York. In 1952 he left home to attend Groton, an exclusive preparatory school for boys in Massachusetts. It was there that he met two young men who were to have an important influence on his life: Alan Shaw and John Belmont. The three of them became enthralled with archaeology and carried that interest with them upon entering Harvard College in the fall of 1957. Eventually they came to learn of Stephen Williams, a new Assistant Professor in the Department of Anthropology who was planning a field project in Mississippi. All three of these Groton alumni were selected for the Lake George



*Jeffrey P. Brain, 1941
(courtesy Anne Brain).*

Project, which started up in the summer of 1958 (see Belmont, this volume).

The Peabody Museum was now the effective headquarters of the Lower Mississippi Survey (LMS), a loosely organized cooperative venture that was started by Philip Phillips of Harvard, James A. Ford of Louisiana



*Jeff as a Harvard undergraduate, circa 1958
(courtesy Anne Brain).*

State University, and James B. Griffin of the University of Michigan. Stephen Williams, who came to Harvard from Yale in the mid 1950s, remained at the Peabody for the rest of his career and carried the torch of the LMS until his retirement.

Phillips had already done preliminary test excavations at Lake George in the early 1950s, enough to recognize the importance of the site, and Williams plan was to conduct three years of intensive excavation there. Most of the laborers would be hired locally, but students were required to manage them and these Groton boys seemingly filled the bill. Alan dropped off after the first year and John after the second, but Jeff elected to stay for all three seasons (1958–60).

Although North American archaeology was clearly Jeff’s strength during his undergraduate years, he ended up writing his senior honors thesis on a Mesoamerican topic, “Architecture and its Anthropological Implications: Case Study, the Maya” (Brain 1961). Jeff has always had an interested in architecture (something he shared with Phillips, a trained architect) and his career could easily have gone in that direction. Jeff once explained to me that he had become disenchanted with archaeology at the end of his undergraduate years and was pretty well fed up with all its pettiness and in-fighting. Only later did he discover that these kinds of things happen in most professions anyway, so he might as well spend his life doing what he likes to do. But all of that was to come later.



Harvard graduation 1961 with mother Mila and father George (courtesy Anne Brain).

After graduating from Harvard, Jeff was sent by his parents on a European tour, after which he enlisted with the Navy and married Anne Souza of Dartmouth, Massachusetts whom he had been dating in his senior year. Before joining Uncle Sam or entering a state of marital bliss, however, Jeff spent the winter of 1962 in Bolton, Massachusetts, with John Belmont. Together they

worked on the Lake George collections, courtesy of Philip Phillips. He not only permitted them to live in his guesthouse but continued to maintain a measure of good humor despite enduring bouts of rowdiness and the like (see Belmont). Phillips was to have a major influence on Jeff's and John's lives, both professionally and personally.

Most of Jeff's naval career was spent in Washington D.C. The Vietnam War had not yet geared up, but as the Cold War was at its peak it was certainly an exciting time to be in the service. His most exciting experience was the Cuban Missile Crisis, which



George Brain congratulates son Jeff at his commissioning ceremony, Newport, Rhode Island, 1962 (courtesy Anne Brain).

occurred in October of 1962. This was perhaps the closest the United States ever came to being involved in a nuclear war and Jeff was right in the thick of it. He was honorably discharged from the Navy in 1965, having achieved the rank of full Lieutenant. The timing was perfect, as Vietnam was on the verge of becoming a full-scale war. Jeff, however, had decided by this time that he wanted to pursue archaeology as a career but to do so he needed to earn a doctorate.

Jeff was accepted at a number of graduate programs with several good scholarship offers. He chose Yale and studied with Irving Rouse, who had also served as a mentor to Steve Williams in the early 1950s. Upon the advice of Williams, Jeff elected to excavate the Winterville site in Greenville, Mississippi, for his dissertation research. Not only would it be a fine comparison to the Lake George study, but also Winterville was about to become a state park and archaeology was desperately needed. With a National Science Foundation grant in hand, Jeff spent fourteen months in the field in 1967–68. He was accompanied by Anne and their new baby, Suzanne Mila Brain, who was born

on July 29, 1965. Suzi was a toddler at this time and, consequently, lived very close to the ground. She soon learned (or perhaps was trained?) to spot potsherds and lithics for her father's research. Anne, on the other hand, had to tolerate her husband's rather unorthodox behavior, which included bottling beer (see Anne Brain).

In the fall of 1968 the Brain family returned to New Haven, Connecticut, and settled down for about a year. With one of the quickest dissertations ever written, Jeff completed his requirements and had degree in hand by December of 1969. His dissertation, *Winterville: A Case Study of Prehistoric Culture Contact in the Lower Mississippi Valley* was eventually revised and published as Archaeological Report No. 23 of the Mississippi Department of Archives and History (Brain 1989).

In 1970 Jeff and his family relocated once again, this time to Needham, Massachusetts, where they have been ever since. Son Joshua Willard Brain came along a year later on October 3, 1971, so now the family was complete. Steve Williams was the reason for Jeff's move back to Massachusetts. He had asked Jeff to co-author the Lake George report, which had been sitting on a back burner since Jeff entered the Navy in 1962. Jeff thus began work for the Lower Mississippi Survey once more, but this time as a Research Fellow of the Peabody Museum. In 1975 he was promoted to Research Associate and two years later he became Curator, a title he held until he left the Peabody in 1990. Jeff also was a Lecturer in Harvard's Department of Anthropology between 1971 and 1977, during which period he had a major impact on both the undergraduate and graduate student bodies, as many of the contributors to this volume can testify. His most popular course was an undergraduate seminar called Anthropology 70a (Culture History of the New World: North America). At the same time that he was teaching this class, Jerry Sabloff was teaching 70b (Mesoamerica) and Mike Moseley was the instructor for 70c (South America), so Jeff was in very good company indeed. A number of the contributors to this volume, who started with Jeff as undergraduates, point to his course as being a catalyst for their decision to specialize in North American archaeology as a career (see especially Spielmann). Jeff of course taught many other courses in his seven-year stretch as a Lecturer and during that time and for many years thereafter he served on numerous undergraduate and graduate committees. For one student he was the dissertation advisor (see Barber), but he might as well have been for several others considering the amount of time he spent reading and commenting on their chapter drafts.

As most of the contributors to this volume studied under Jeff in one capacity or another, the reader will be amused (perhaps horrified) at some of

Jeff's unusual teaching techniques. Judith Habicht-Mauche's and T.R. Kidder's accounts address how Jeff determined if a student measured up. Once said student demonstrated a certain amount of lasting power, the prime test being whether or not a sense of humor existed, Jeff would be helpful from then on. Every contributor to this volume who took classes with Jeff, worked in the old Putnam Lab, or labored in the field for him, knows what a wonderful teacher he has always been.

Jeff's publishing career began with articles in *American Antiquity* and *Ethnology*. "Early Archaic in the Lower Mississippi Alluvial Valley" (Brain 1970) put to rest once and for all the notion that erosion processes and subsequent sedimentation wiped out evidence for Early Archaic occupation in the Mississippi Valley. On the other end of the temporal spectrum, "The Natchez 'Paradox'" (Brain 1971) offered an explanation for the strange social structure that these Indians practiced historically. Jeff argued it was a recent phenomenon, which resulted from major demographic changes the Natchez experienced in the late sixteenth through early eighteenth centuries. It was the latter article, perhaps, that stimulated Jeff's archaeological interest in the Natchez Bluffs region.



The Brown's Folly site is named after the pathetic creature on the right who missed his lunch that day. Those without sympathy include Gil Parsons (left), Stu Neitzel and Jeff Brain (LMS photo).



Naeomia Bass and her daughter Ruthie Mae, cook and apprentice for the 1971-72 Natchez project. Clifton Street field quarters, 1972 (Vin Steponaitis photo).

Jeff received grants from the National Geographic Society and the National Science Foundation to conduct the Natchez Bluffs survey in 1971-72. The recently retired Robert S. (Stu) Neitzel came over from his home in Marksville, Louisiana, to offer his help on this project. Jeff had met Stu during the Lake George excavations where Stu both impressed the crew with his knowledge and delighted them with his antics (see Belmont's contribution). As Stu had already written a monograph on the Fatherland excavations in 1965, he was an appropriate choice to help with the survey. Plus, he could cook! Until the services of Naeomia Bass and her daughter Ruthie Mae became available, the 1971 crew feasted on various concoctions of Stu's, which included squirrel-head gumbo and

other Cajun delights. When some of us turned up our noses at such delicacies we were either tut-tutted with, "What's a mother to do?" or beaten soundly on the head and sent off to our rooms without dinner.

Jeff's crew in 1971 consisted of Jim LeMoyné, Gil Parsons, Mike Reckard, and me (see Parsons and my contributions). The base of operations was a house in the tiny community of Cannonsburg, located about ten miles northeast of

Natchez. We had many visitors during the first season, including John Belmont. He not only put in a significant amount of time helping with the excavation of the Foster site, but also provided much good cheer, especially



The Clifton Street field quarters in Natchez, 1972 (Vin Steponaitis photo).

LMS and MDAH signs in front of the Clifton Street field quarters, 1972. Ian Brown and the Mississippi River in the background (LMS photo).



with regard to Fourth of July festivities. John also convinced a somewhat reluctant Jeff and Stu to participate in a conference at Jonesville, Arkansas, that summer. It turned out to be one of the first meetings of the Mid-South Archaeological Conference, though it was not called that at the time. The paper that the three co-authors produced on “archeohunkering” was a most unusual study, more of a stage act than a lecture and one that was talked about for many years thereafter. It was the first “formal” conference paper that I myself witnessed and, strangely enough, I still elected to stay in the profession! Grown men having such fun—what could be better than that?



The 1972 LMS crew at the Clifton Street field quarters in Natchez. From left: Vin Steponaitis, Dan Potts, Jeff Brain, Gil Parsons, and Ian Brown (LMS photo).



Leonard Charrier exhibits the use of his magnetometer at the Trudeau site (LMS photo).

In 1972 Vin Steponaitis and Dan Potts joined Parsons and Brown on the student field crew and we moved our field quarters to Clifton Street in Natchez (See Steponaitis' and Potts' contributions). Although I have stayed in many wonderful abodes over the years while pursuing archeological endeavors, this

was certainly the most beautiful setting I've been in. Our house was (and still is, though now it's a beautiful B & B) situated right on the edge of the bluff overlooking the Mississippi River and its grand alluvial valley. We shared the Clifton Street home with Stu Neitzel and Dottie Gibbens who were running a crew at the Fatherland site, the Grand Village of the Natchez Indians. The State of Mississippi had decided to create a park at this site, in addition to the one established earlier at Winterville, and Stu



Jeff Brain and the Tunica Treasure at Harvard's Peabody Museum, circa 1974 (LMS photo).

was the obvious choice to conduct additional excavations. Also that summer Jean and Odette Chapelot, a French couple who specialized in historical archaeology, moved in with the LMS crew, part of a relationship that Jeff was establishing with colleagues in France, for reasons that will become apparent below. In 1972 the LMS crew expanded excavations at the Foster site and started a major operation at the Emerald site, located along the Natchez Trace. These two sites were the subjects of Vin Steponaitis's undergraduate honors thesis at Harvard while I wrote mine on changing prehistoric and historic settlement patterns in the region. It was also in 1972 that investigations began at the Trudeau site in West Feliciana Parish, Louisiana.



*The first LMS visit to the Trudeau site in 1972.
From left: Jeff Brain, Mike Reckard, Ian Brown, Dottie
Gibbens, and Stephen Williams (Stu Neitzel photo).*



*The Trudeau site excavation crew at Weyanoke Plantation near St. Francisville, 1980.
From left: Rick Fuller, Stu Neitzel, Jeffrey Brain, John Kudlik and Ian Brown. This was
Stu's last project (LMS photo).*



Jeff Brain and Rose Gallardo at the Tunica and Biloxi Indian Trading Post in Marksville, Louisiana, 1976 (Ian Brown photo).

The Trudeau site is of course the source of an immense collection relating to the eighteenth-century Tunica Indians. For a number of years the connection between site and collection was not realized, primarily because the excavator was reluctant to reveal his source and we were unable to find it without his aid. The collector himself, a colorful character named Leonard Charrier, was a guard at the Louisiana State Penitentiary at Angola when he made his discoveries. The collection he amassed of European trade goods and Native artifacts was so large and impressive, that upon seeing it in the confines of Charrier's home for the first time Jeff likened it to Christmas morning (Brain 1979:4). But before Jeff's visit occurred, it was Stu Neitzel who actually brought this amazing collection to the attention of the world. He notified Steve Williams of its existence in December of 1969 and Steve passed the message on to Jeff to see if he was interested in studying it. Jeff was indeed interested, very much so. Together Steve and Jeff arranged for the material to be brought up to the Peabody Museum for study and, potentially, for acquisition once ownership was established. The aptly named "Tunica Treasure" was a milestone in Jeff's academic career, and it served as a perfect beginning for many of his students who cut their teeth on this collection, including Ian Brown, Vin Steponaitis, Winifred Creamer, and Nancy Lambert, as discussed in their entries.

Jeff published a monumental work on the *Tunica Treasure* in 1979 and followed it with *Tunica Archaeology* almost a decade later in 1988. The latter work is based on LMS excavations conducted at the Trudeau site in 1972 and 1980–81; at the Haynes Bluff, Portland, and Russell sites in the Lower Yazoo Basin in 1974; and at the Bloodhound Hill site at Angola in 1975 and 1977. Many people were involved in these projects, including Neitzel, Steponaitis, Creamer, George Castille, Nancy Lambert-Brown, Alan MacMillan, Tommy Birchett, Rick Fuller, Tom Maher, Diane Silvia, Alan Toth, Jan Pierce, Lynne Staub, Debbie Woodiel, and myself. In *Tunica Archaeology* Jeff explained the nuances of Tunica culture change and cultural continuity, as these Indians moved south from the Upper Yazoo Basin in Mississippi to Marksville, Louisiana, with several stops in between. In addition to its contribution to the profession, the first of these publications helped the Tunica Indians gain federal recognition from the United States government in 1981.

As a result of his research on the Tunica Treasure, Jeff established many contacts with scholars in the United States, Canada, and France who were exploring issues relating to French involvement in the Americas during the *ancien régime*. It was through Jeff's organizational endeavors that many of these people came together for a series of conferences that were known as the "French Regime Symposium." Starting in May of 1974, a total of eight



The Mobile French Regime Symposium, 1976. Participants at the LaPointe House, Pascagoula. From left: Ted Hamilton, Jean-François Blanchette, Roger Grange, Jay Higginbotham, Mrs. Grange, Read Stowe, René Chartrand, Jeff Brain, Rick Fuller, Stu Neitzel, Mrs. Hamilton, Mildred Mott Wedel, and Waldo Wedel (Ian Brown photo).



The Mackinac Island French Regime Symposium, Mackinac Island, Participants at Fort Michilimackinac being given a tour by Don Heldman. Jeff Brain is easily visible in his white beach cap (Ian Brown photo).

conferences were held in numerous locations including Missouri (St. Louis), Massachusetts (Cambridge), Alabama (Mobile), Illinois (Fort de Chartres), Michigan (Mackinac Island), Mississippi (Natchez), and Canada (Ottawa and Quebec). Although the numbers varied depending on location, there were usually several dozen people who came together to discuss French history, archaeology, archives, and material culture. It was an absolutely marvelous cultural exchange and many lasting friendships were formed as a result. Although the French Regime Symposium itself came to an end in 1979, it transformed into the Center for French Colonial Studies, which remains a very active organization (Brain and M. Brown 2007).

Also during the early 1970s Jeff became involved in the study of Hernando De Soto's route through the Southeast, especially through the Lower Mississippi Valley. He published several articles on this research. The first was a joint paper written with Alan Toth and Antonio Rodriguez-Buckingham (1972). In it they coined the term "ethnohistoric archaeology" and applied it to an examination of De Soto's travels through the Yazoo Basin and his crossing of the Mississippi River. In 1975 Jeff published "Artifacts of the Adelantado" in which he studied the distribution of Clarksdale bells and glass/quartz beads throughout the Southeast. He believed these objects comprised a "gift-kit" and were prime markers for the route of this famous expedition. By the 1980s Jeff's De Soto's studies were becoming far more expansive. Two important

publications were released in 1985, “The Archaeology of the De Soto Expedition” and “Introduction: Update of De Soto Studies since the United States De Soto Expedition Commission Report.” The latter article is Jeff’s most important contribution to De Soto studies to date. In it he offered details on a town-by-town basis concerning the route of the expedition, from its initial landing in Florida in 1539 to its departure from the Mississippi River’s delta four years later. Following a lapse of a decade or so, Jeff returned to the subject of De Soto in “A Note on the River of Anilco” (1998). This article was a response to Charles Hudson who had placed the town of Quigualtam on the west bank of the Mississippi, whereas Jeff felt an east bank placement fit the data better. Jeff once again turned to ethnohistoric documents, archaeological evidence, and features of the Lower Mississippi Valley landscape to defend his hypothesis.



Stu Neitzel at the St. Francisville Ferry, 1975 (Ian Brown photo).

The Lake George site is the reason why Jeff returned to Harvard in 1969. Although Stephen Williams directed this project, he himself was unable to



work on it because of his professorial and administrative duties. Jeff made great strides on this work in the early 1970s, but several research projects of his own and his teaching slowed down the process somewhat. The manuscript was essentially completed by 1977 but some slight revisions continued to be made in the ensuing years, eventually leading up to its publication six years later. *Excavations at the Lake George Site: Yazoo County, Mississippi, 1958–1960* (Williams and Brain 1983) is widely recognized as a monumental achievement in North American archaeology.

Philip Phillips in the early 1930s (LMS photo).

In the 1970s Jeff was offered two academic positions outside of New England, but he turned them down to stay at Harvard. There were projects to finish, of course, but he stayed mainly because of Philip Phillips. Stu and Phil were mentors, friends, role models, and even surrogate fathers for Jeff, as they were for a number of contributors to this volume. When Stu died in 1980, the connection between Jeff and Phil became even stronger. Jeff had already been heavily involved with Phil when he served as a collaborator in the Spiro shell engravings study and he was soon to become even more involved with him. Phil was well into his ninth decade in the 1980s, but his mind was as active and creative as ever. He needed something to do when the Spiro research was done, so Jeff recommended that he pick up a project that Phil had been involved in earlier with Jon Muller, an analysis of Mississippian shell gorgets. Week after week and year after year, Jeff went out to Bolton at least once a week to meet with Phil and to discuss findings. As time went on and Phil was no longer able to contribute to his own satisfaction, he turned over primary authorship to Jeff. *Shell Gorgets: Styles of the Late Prehistoric and Protohistoric Southeast* (Brain and Phillips 1996) represents a major compendium of data relating to shell gorgets and to the Southeastern Ceremonial Complex in general, but it also has generated some controversy. The debate has centered on chronological matters and what they might mean, but Jeff continues to defend his and Phillips's conclusions with gusto (2008). The overall value of this book to Southeastern archaeology must await historical perspective, but I suspect that many of the interpretations will be verified as a result of further investigations. *Shell Gorgets* is the last book Jeff has written on a Southeastern topic, at least up to now. Unless he surprises his many students, which won't be the first time, Jeff's final work on a Southeastern topic will be the forthcoming volume on the archaeology of the Natchez Bluffs, co-authored with Steponaitis and me (Brain et al. n.d.).

Jeff left the Peabody Museum in 1990 shifting both his office and lab to the Peabody Essex Museum in Salem, where he assumed the title of Senior Research Associate. In 1994 Jeff officially began an excavation in Maine that was to consume most of his time over the next fifteen years, the Fort St. George Project (see contributions by Pendery and Spiess). Fort St. George is the site of the failed 1607–08 Popham Colony. Before Jeff started working there it had never been professionally investigated to any extent. Jeff first visited the site on a lark in 1990 when he and some friends were vacationing in Maine. Upon reading a placard declaring that an English colony was located there, which was contemporary with Jamestown, Jeff attributed the statement to local boastfulness, rather than historical reality. However, while doing research for

a museum exhibit at the Peabody Essex Museum a year later, he came across repeated references to this early colony in Maine. It seems that James I in 1607 dispatched two expeditions from England to establish colonies in America. One party headed south and established Jamestown in Virginia while the other sailed north and established the Popham Colony in Maine. Due to an extremely harsh winter and some stressful social issues, the Popham Colony failed. The fort was abandoned and the colony all but faded into obscurity. Diligent historians and local Maine folk preserved its memory, but the only visible indication of the doomed colony was the aforementioned sign.

In the summer of 1993 Jeff spent a considerable amount of time comparing a 1607 map of Fort St. George with the current landscape. The details on this map were remarkable to say the least, and Jeff was able to orient it in such a fashion that the map matched the topography. Jeff concluded that the site possessed great potential for research, and the National Geographic Society thankfully did so too. The NGS supported his work in 1994, at which time Jeff confirmed the fort's location. Between 1997 and 2005 the Maine State Museum and the Maine Historic Preservation Commission got behind the research by funding Jeff's many field schools at the site. Jeff had so much faith in the quality of the 1607 map that each year he first determined which building he wanted to explore, and then successfully exposed it. Once again, Jeff demonstrated the value of combining historical data with archaeological exploration. He has now spent well over a decade exploring the site of Fort St. George and has written numerous articles and annual site reports on the subject. His 2007 book, entitled *Fort St. George: Archaeological Investigation of the 1607–1608 Popham Colony*, was supposed to represent his "final" statement on this spectacular site but in indefatigable fashion Jeff returned to Fort St. George in 2009 and continued excavating.

Jeff has now settled into the rather pleasant role of jolly grandfather. His daughter Suzi has two children, Alyssa Mila Rothstein (born January 6, 1992) and Stephen Jeffrey Rothstein (born October 13, 1994). And his son Joshua, who is married to the former Maura Moran, has two as well—Jeffrey Joseph Brain (born January 11, 2006) and Kathleen Anne Brain (born May 4, 2008). But just because Jeff has slipped comfortably into this somewhat benign and mellow role, which is certainly hard to conceive by many of us, that does not mean he is finished with his work. A couple of years ago Vin and I asked Anne to inform us when Jeff started to talk about retiring. That way we could be ready to celebrate in style. She immediately laughed and said, "Don't hold your breath. That man will be doing archaeology, what he likes to do most, for the rest of his life!" And we are all grateful that is the case, as he is a researcher without



*Kathleen Anne Brain, December 2009
(courtesy Joshua Brain).*



*Alyssa Mila Rothstein, December 2009
(courtesy Anne Brain).*

parallel. At the same time, it should be emphasized that Jeff was (and still is) the model teacher. I'm not sure if he himself recognizes the great impact he has had on students over the years, but we hope the stories that follow will reveal this to be so. All of the contributors to this volume have bemoaned the fact that



it is impossible to summarize our relationships with Jeff in but a few pages. At the same time, the reader of these stories will soon gain a sense of the richness of the relationships he has had with each of us. We do not need to tell all—just enough to whet the appetite. ❖

The Brain guys: Joshua Willard, Jeffrey Joseph and Jeffrey Phipps. Note the Tabasco hat (courtesy Anne Brain).

JEFF: THE PROTOHISTORIC ERA

John S. Belmont

In the fall of 1957, three Groton friends (Jeff, Alan Shaw and me) met up at Harvard intent on studying archaeology and digging up treasure in exotic lands. We decided to bite the bullet and take Anthro. 1a together, since it was the first prerequisite for an anthropology major. In the first class we were shown a movie about the aborigines of Australia, featuring them wolfing down witchetty grubs and raw kangaroo meat. The first reading assignment concerned some desert Indians. Entitled “The Second Harvest,” it featured some dwellers in the desert where food was so scarce they were forced to pass seeds through their digestive systems twice to release the nutrients. Cultural-diversity training, then a revolutionary idea confined to anthropology departments, still had a few rough edges.

After the first month of adjustment to the new cultures in college life and class, we had time to pursue our key project, which was to look for summer digs that we might join. First we went to the Fogg Art Museum to find out what classical digs were available. We met with Professor George Hanfmann, who dug at Sardis, but we were not impressed with each other, and besides, he didn't

think he would be in the field next summer. So we tried the other option, Paleolithic archaeology, and arranged a meeting with Professor Hallam Movius at the Peabody Museum. Again it was



*Sixth Form (12th grade)
at the Groton School,
Massachusetts, 1956. Jeff
Brain is in the lower left
corner and John Belmont is
in the top right (courtesy
John Belmont).*

mutual dislike at first sight. He had numerous conditions to impose on us, and we had already heard rumors that he was a frightful tyrant in the field. He told us of another possibility, which might better suit our negligible ability and experience: go down the hall to that young faculty member, Stephen Williams, who was digging in Mississippi.

We had a long discussion. Could we really sink that low? Alas we had no choice. So from December 10 to 13, we had discussions and negotiations with Steve. Steve, it turned out, had no choice either, as we were the only students to apply. He tried to warn us that we should expect hardships, emphasizing the sweltering heat, the hard labor, the flat, soggy, jungle environment, the bugs, the rigid caste society of master and serf. Perhaps he knew that these would enhance the “romance of archaeology” for us. There was nothing “valuable” to dig up. We could live with that. Then he gave us the kicker, “Mississippi is dry!” Jeff cried out in disbelief and horror. Naïve John piped up, “Oh Jeff, it’s not so bad. In California we don’t get a drop of rain from May to December, and it’s no problem!” Steve shook his head and explained patiently to me that he meant there was no booze. Jeff was really about to back out until Steve mollified him by saying that Vicksburg, not far away, belonged to “the free state of Warren,” which had seceded from Mississippi when the state rejoined the Union, and had liquor stores aplenty. Every weekend we could run down there to replenish our supply. We signed on. So it was on December 13, 1957 (yes it



Excavations at the Lake George Site in 1958. From left: John Belmont, Jeff Brain, and Alan Shaw (courtesy John Belmont).



Jeff and John “on the town” in New Orleans, 1957 (courtesy John Belmont).

WAS a Friday!) that Jeff sold his soul to the LMS and the archaeological profession.

Steve then instituted a weekly seminar where we were all gradually initiated into the mysteries and had to read the literature—which in those days consisted mainly of Phillips, Ford, and Griffin. Jeff was made the ceramic expert, I was to do the faunal bone, and Alan, I believe, got stone. I think Steve had already spotted Jeff as the most able, not to mention the most stable, of the three of us.

That summer, when we arrived at our destination, Holly Bluff, it turned out to be a miserable hamlet in the middle of the fields and swamps of the Mississippi Delta, at the end of a long gravel road from any sort of civilization. We were there from 16 June to 29 August—a long hot summer. No air conditioning, no refrigerators, just ceiling fans, iceboxes and the daily stop at the icehouse to bring home a big block. “Near beer” was available. You got used to it but never liked it. When we got home from the dig in the evening the three of us would see how many beers we could chug. Jeff was the master chugger: he had a technique of

opening his throat to down a whole beer in one swallow.

There was trouble adjusting culturally at first. NAACP literature arrived at the post office for Shaw, and the whole town was in an uproar. I don’t know how Steve got us out of that one, but Al sure got hell. Then there was the neighbor woman who asked us what church we belonged to. None of us were churchgoers at that point, but since we had all gone to Groton, an Episcopal school with compulsory chapel, we all answered Episcopal. The woman looked shocked and disgusted. “Well!” she snorted, “All of us here are Baptists or Methodists, so if you don’t want to go to our churches, you’ll have to go up to Yazoo City and go with all them liquor-drinkin’ snooty country-clubbers up there!” What would she have said if we had admitted we were atheists? That we ended up never going to any church must have shocked the town, not to mention the midden of discarded body sherds mixed with whiskey bottles that accumulated in back of our house.

The local culture was not the only test of our diversity training. We will all remember the time Professor Kwang-Chih Chang and his wife visited,

straight from Formosa. The first morning he was assigned to a pit. He arrived at the site an hour late, immaculately dressed in tropical gear, carrying his notebook and a pen. Three paces behind came his little wife, burdened down with screens, shovels, and all the paraphernalia of a dig. From that time on the phrase “Chinese wife” entered our vocabulary, meaning any overly submissive woman.

Then there was Stu Neitzel, the antithesis of Yankee. He came up at the beginning of the field season to help us survey the site and stake it out. For Jeff and I it was the first time meeting him—or anyone remotely like him. What an overwhelming presence of southern down-home boisterous good humor and common sense. What a bear of a man! Later we all went down to Marksville to partake of his boundless hospitality. He and Miss Gwen prepared an enormous Cajun feast and barbecue. Before serving us he said that once a Harvard student had come down, and he had served up a repast like this, and the student said he wasn’t up to it and could he just have a bowl of tomato soup? Neitzel glared around at all of us, “Anybody here want tomato soup?” Not a peep. From that moment I have viewed tomato soup with loathing and contempt.

Phil Phillips (actually, though “Mr. Neitzel” soon gave way to “Stu,” it was always “Dr. Phillips” for decades) visited late in the season to assess our progress. We had met briefly at the Peabody, but this was our first real exposure to him: the opposite of Neitzel—the consummate Yankee gentleman. I think Jeff at that time “fell in love” with him (if I may use such an expression) and their relationship lasted and deepened until Phil’s death.

The impressive Lake George site, a couple of miles away, with its mighty mounds and surrounding embankment, was our target. The three of us were assigned to Mound F’, a small Mississippian and Plaquemine house mound. After some instruction, each of us was given our own pit, generally, though sometimes one would screen for the other. Later we were given a single black crewmember each to help screen or dig.

The daily round began with Steve shouting at us to get up. Jeff would second it with his perennial phrase, “Rise and shine, bright-eyed and bushy tailed!” Al and I would respond with a hail of curses. After breakfast it was out to the icehouse to chip ice for the water cans and pick up the black crew, then on to the site. Frequent water breaks were necessary, and lunch was eaten under the shade of the burlaps on poles that shaded our pits or under one of the few trees.

The long afternoons were succeeded by the evening beer ritual, showers, supper, sorting and numbering, or a lecture by Steve. On the weekends we caught up on washing and lab work, but then the run to Vicksburg, liquor store, movie (I will never forget “The Fly” with Vincent Price), maybe a snack



Stu Neitzel (upper left) and Phil Phillips (lower left) at the LMS Avery Island Conference in 1978. Other depicted participants include from left— front row: Alan Toth, Bob Neuman, and Jeff Brain; back row: Jon Muller, John Belmont, and Sam Brookes (courtesy John Belmont).

at “Solly’s Hot Tamales,” I think for all of us our first introduction to Mexican food, nonexistent in Yankee land in those days.

Toward the end of the dig Jeff and I were given more independence, doing our own little digs on other mounds. I got Mound C, a small Coles Creek burial mound, and Jeff, I believe, started on Mound A, the Mississippian temple mound. With F’ and Mound A, Jeff became fascinated with the late cultures—Plaquemine, Mississippian, and, later on, historic Indian culture, and eventually Colonial, as an outgrowth of his study of the European artifacts of the Tunica Treasure. On the other hand, Mound C hooked me on Troyville–Coles Creek forever after. So even our specialties were solidifying in 1958.

On the last evening, Steve sat us down and gave us all his evaluations. Jeff would make an excellent archaeologist and should stay in the field. I had some promise, if I could conquer my character flaws. Shaw was hopeless. After that Alan left the field, the LMS, and Harvard, and our triumvirate was broken up.

A new drinking experience awaited Jeff and me on our way down to Holly Bluff for the 1959 season. We stopped in at Cartersville, Georgia where Lew Larson was excavating at Etowah, and more important, Stu Neitzel had come in from some survey work nearby. That evening Stu produced with great fanfare a gallon jug of what looked like water: White lightning! We were told to take it easy, and it was mighty harsh going down the throat, but soon I was staggering. When I went to bed Jeff was still at it, showing little effect. He was then just beginning to establish his reputation for a phenomenal tolerance for alcohol.

That summer dig was probably the most fun of my life, and Jeff enjoyed it just as much. At last we were no longer trainees, but young professionals, ready to contribute to the advancement of science. My crew and I were to dig a test trench through Mound C, expanding out when we encountered burials or floors. Jeff was to clear the structures on top of Mound A, and also to dig a huge trench to sterile at the back side of the mound, at the point where mound fill gave way to talus. That dig at the mound back seemed like a paradise to me, with its grand trees and dappled shade. The image was enhanced one day when a huge king snake appeared entwined about the branches of an overhanging tree, with its head and neck stretching down as if to offer the diggers an enticing fruit, as in the old prints of Adam and Eve. Once when they were nearly at the bottom, I came over to see what was happening. The only visible activity was the occasional appearance of the tip of a shovel at the rim of the outer wall of the pit—the lowest one. Then the shovel tip would disappear and the little pile of fresh earth would be troweled up and deposited in the screen.

I looked into the pit and there, a good twelve feet down, was Kid Holmes, the biggest and best of our black workers, one of those obese men with a fine grace of movement. He was finishing cleaning up a level. When he had troweled up a shovelful, he would take the shovel and with a grunt and a twist heave it up until he was on his tiptoes, arm raised high, with the end of the shovel balanced in the palm of his hand, until he tapped it on the rim, losing nary a speck of the load. OSHA, eat your heart out! I have defied OSHA standards once or twice in my day, but never have I seen an excavation to rival that mighty pit of Jeff's.

There was no need this season for Jeff's "Rise and shine!" Every morning I couldn't wait to get up, rush out to the site, and start finding the treasures in store for me. Jeff felt the same way. No need any longer to envy Howard Carter and Tutankhamen's tomb. For us every feature, every decorated sherd, every bone, every profile pregnant with meaning had become a treasure, ready to add its weight to the treasure house of knowledge.

At the end of the dig we set to work writing long papers summarizing our work, since we were getting course credit for this season. I thought my paper was pretty good— my first real contribution to the files of the LMS. Jeff was very proud of his work too, and Steve agreed. At the final evaluation I was the one to get the axe this time. I was told to “take a break” from the LMS, and I did (at least from field and lab work) for over two years. Of the old triumvirate, only Jeff now remained. He was to come back to Lake George for the final season in 1960. Thus was set the pattern of our later careers: Jeff, ensconced at the LMS and indeed involved in the Lake George project for the majority of his professional career, and me coming and going like a bird of passage.

The fall after graduation (1961) found us both at loose ends. Jeff was awaiting his induction into the Navy the following April, and I was laid up due to an auto accident, awaiting further operations. Jeff called me in early December and said he had arranged to spend the winter at Phil’s place, working on the Lake George artifacts. Would I like to join him? I jumped at the chance.

Phil’s place in rural Bolton was a large farm with apple orchards and three buildings. The first was his fine house, part of which dated back to about 1700. Then there was the guesthouse, which had bedrooms, a kitchen and a living room. It was quite far from the “big house,” so there was complete privacy for the guests. Lastly there was the huge barn, part of which had been converted into artifact storage and a well-appointed archaeology lab, where the Lake George collections had been languishing since 1959. Both the latter buildings were for our exclusive use for almost three months (from 28 January to 14 April 1962), all absolutely gratis.

We were also frequently invited over to Phil’s house for cocktails and dinner, and cherished our hours with him. Even when he was away, we sometimes were over there to enjoy a fine dinner fixed by his servants. Evenings were times of good drink, good food, and good company.

Unfortunately, there were some disasters that stretched the limits of Phil’s hospitality. The most notorious incident was when Jeff left something frying on the guesthouse stove. (It may well have been his specialty, “northern fried chicken,” which he always insisted was radically different from the southern variety.) In any case the untended pan caught fire, and the smoke blackened all the walls and ceiling of the kitchen area. I came in while he was battling the flames. He tried to put some of the blame on me for coming in late, but I would have none of it, and told him he would have to face Phil’s wrath alone. As it turned out there was no wrath—Phil as always humbled us with his kindness. He told us not to worry, such things happen. Indeed as I recall he had the whole area repainted and ready for new guests before we left, with no charge to us.

The second incident occurred in his living room in the big house. We were horsing around and somehow I managed to poke a hole in the ceiling with one of my crutches. We were horrified, because every inch of the house was of historic value and highly prized by Phil. I finally voiced the consoling thought that with any luck he wouldn't look up and find it until after we left! But sure enough, the next time we were over there for cocktails he mildly stated that he was curious how that hole got in his ceiling. Jeff was glaring at me and I had to confess, "I did it with my little crutch." Again he was kind and forgiving, though surely his patience was wearing thin.

We did work hard all weekdays, counting and sorting the great bulk of the pottery and the stone as well. The job would sometimes get very boring, but Jeff, ever creative, had his own unique way of dealing with this. There were a good many flies in the lab, which grew lethargic as the winter wore on. I was pretty handy with the fly swatter, and the victims would litter the counters and floors (although I never achieved the legendary "seven in one blow"). Then I noticed that there were an even greater number of dead flies in Jeff's work area. How did he do it without a swatter? I watched him carefully and soon discovered that he had invented a private sport, which he had tried to hide from me. He would take a sherd pick, essentially a long pin with a wooden handle, and impale flies with it, against the window or wall. He was very good at it, but was a little mortified when I found him out. I never mastered the technique myself.

That winter was a high point for both of us. Remember we had been living in dorm rooms for almost a decade in boarding school and college. For us the luxury of the guesthouse and Phil's hospitality was the stuff of dreams. For Jeff the memories of Bolton and of Phil would pull him through the lean years in the Navy and at Yale, and draw him back inexorably into the LMS.

On January 4, 2010, when Jeff turns 70, I will break out a can of beer, and raise it in a toast to my oldest friend and archaeological companion. ❖



Fifth Form (11th grade) at the Groton School, 1955. John and Jeff (courtesy John Belmont).

WINTERVILLE, SUMMER 1967–SUMMER 1968

Anne Brain

In asked me what I remember of our year in Winterville and stressed the idea that my version might be very different from the “paradise” that Jeff had been relating. Ian did not set any parameters on content so what I am setting forth are bits and pieces of memory from that time, some still quite vivid but others rather hazy and perhaps trivial.

Jeff drove down to Greenville, Mississippi first and Suzi and I (and our dog, Macaroni) flew down a week or two later. I remember arriving in Jackson at the end of June to a blast of hot, humid weather. This set the stage for a very uncomfortable summer, which never seemed to end. The city of Greenville had found us lodging for the year, which turned out to be a small, but adequate “pre-fab” house in what was really a trailer park. The family who lived right next to us had two little girls right around Suzi’s age, so it was good that she had playmates. I became friendly with the mom, but we never discussed race or politics! Jeff had been asked, probably before I even arrived, about our religion and the Episcopal minister came calling a day or two after I arrived. Needless to say, we attended the Episcopal Church while we lived there, also getting involved in some of its social events through which we met a few families of our age group.

Jeff met many nice people who were either involved in or just plain interested in the “digging” and the Winterville project itself. Some had been collecting potsherds and other artifacts for years and were so pleased when Jeff would agree to look at their collections, so we were often invited over to their “places” for wonderful home-cooked southern meals while they exhibited their goodies for Jeff’s review. Several of them were owners of large plantations and their fields were a potsherd collector’s paradise. We spent many a Saturday or Sunday afternoon traipsing over the fields with Suzi in tow. She, being age 2 at the time and closer to the ground, became quite good at finding and picking up sherds and other interesting objects.

The city of Greenville also provided Jeff some laboratory space at a semi-abandoned Air Force base near the Winterville Mounds. As I recall the space



Suzi Brain at the Winterville Site wearing her dad's hat, 1968 (courtesy Anne Brain).

he used was in a large building with other rooms that were unused. At one point, Jeff decided that he would try his hand at beer making, so set up shop in one of the empty rooms. In hindsight I don't think I was informed of this project and didn't really know about it until Suzi and I went to visit Jeff at the lab and found 20 or 30 bottles of beer "fermenting" or whatever beer does on the floor of a room next to his lab. I became a little worried about what would happen if any of the Greenville or Winterville "town fathers" discovered this, but, of course, my fears were shot down by Mr. Brain as being unnecessary! At some later point when Jeff felt this brew was ready, he sneaked a few bottles into our home and carefully placed them at the back of the refrigerator where I would probably not see them. One evening we were sitting down to have dinner and were startled by explosive sounds coming from, of course, the refrigerator. Upon opening

the door we were greeted with shards of glass and beer splattered all over the place! The force of it all had broken the plastic lining of the fridge in several places so that the stuffing/insulation was hanging out of the freezer above. Of course, I was not amused, but that's not the end of it. When we went over to the lab the next day, we found that the rest of the bottles had done the same. There were glass shards everywhere and beer dripping down the walls and from the ceiling. I found the whole thing humorous *only* when we found among this mess a few dead mice. We could only assume that they were attracted to the brew and drank themselves to death! For months after we left the state of Mississippi, I was sure we would be getting a bill from the city of Greenville for a new refrigerator as not only was it quite messed up, but no amount of cleaning could get out the smell of beer.

Coming from such diverse backgrounds, Jeff and I have been asked over the years how we met. As with many romances and relationships, it was a

chance meeting or being in the right place at the right time. It was October 1960 and I had just moved to Boston and started a new job when a friend who was a student at UMass Amherst came to visit so that we could go to the Harvard-UMass football game. She had a friend who was a senior at Harvard and he invited us to a party after the game, and it was there that I first met the charming Mr. Brain. I guess it was not really the romantic “love at first sight” for either of us, but he did drive my friend and me back to my apartment (in his Jaguar sports car, no less) and being ever the gentleman walked us to the foyer of the building and asked if he could call me. As I recall, it was a few days later that I heard from him and the rest is history as they say.

We continued to date for the rest of his senior year at Harvard. His graduation present from his parents was a trip to Europe, but he still managed to keep in touch with me throughout the summer via postcard and came to visit as soon as he could. I was very much still on the scene during his time in Bolton (see Belmont’s description). Jeff then went to the Navy’s Officer Candidate School in Newport, Rhode Island and he and I continued to see a lot of each other. At one point he got stopped for speeding trying to get back to the Naval



*Jeff Brain and Anne Souza on their wedding day, May 25, 1963
(courtesy Anne Brain).*

Base on time after visiting me in Boston. Shortly after finishing OCS, he was abruptly shipped off to Puerto Rico. I recall being at work the day he called me with this news. Oh, woe is me! My bosses were very sympathetic and told me to *please* take the rest of the day off. I managed to borrow a car and sped off to Newport to see Jeff off. He was, of course, sent to P.R. because of the Cuban Missile Crisis, as it became known, and it was a very worrisome time.

I did manage to visit him there right after Christmas and we became engaged. We were married the following May (1963) after he returned from P.R. and was transferred to Washington, D.C. We lived in D.C. for two-and-a-half years where he finished his Navy career and our first child, Suzanne, was born. We hopped around a bit after that: two years in New Haven while he started working on his Ph.D., then 14 months or so in Greenville, Mississippi, where he did the fieldwork for his dissertation, back to New Haven for a year where he wrote his dissertation and got his Ph.D. in 1969. Needham, Massachusetts was our next stop, and our second child, Joshua, was born in 1971.

And here we are to this day, still in Needham, with four grandchildren and not yet in the throes of retirement—Jeff still sorting through his many previous research projects and me still working part time for the medical establishment where I have worked most of my adult life. What next? I don't think there will be any retirement community in Florida for us but hopefully there will be more travel. After all, Jeff should really get to see the pyramids in Egypt, Machu Picchu...and the list goes on. ❖

THE MAN WHO GOT ME INTO ARCHAEOLOGY

Ian W. Brown

In all truthfulness I don't know how to summarize a lifetime of experiences with Jeff. I have known him for two-thirds of my life and in that time we have shared a lot of good memories. He was (and still is) first and foremost my teacher, the person who got me into archaeology. I initially met him in the fall of 1970 in my sophomore year at Harvard. I was still a math major at the time, but was fed up with it. I was far more interested in an introductory course in archaeology that I was taking and was determined to go on a dig the following summer if I could. One day I somewhat hesitatingly sought out the Director of the Peabody Museum, Professor Stephen Williams, and arranged for an interview. He was a busy man, but he added me to his schedule. After hemming and hawing for a while, I asked if perhaps I might be able to go in the field with him. At that time I did not understand Steve's sense of humor, so his response took me by surprise. "Oh no," he said. "I seldom ever take stu-



Jeff Brain examining a glass bottle from the Tunica Treasure, circa 1974 (LMS photo).

dents in the field. All they do is ask questions.” My crestfallen face must have had an impact, “Well, maybe you should sign up for my lab methods course next semester. In the meantime, Dr. Jeffrey Brain might be willing to get you going on some research.” Research? What was that?

A few minutes later I was winding my way behind some old Southwestern exhibits and entering the bowels of the Peabody’s second floor “research space.” Clearly, as evidenced by the plethora of exhibit cases, this area had once been open to the public, but graduate students were now using it to conduct their research. There were desks, bookshelves, stacks of boxes full of artifacts, and all sorts of other strange and wonderful things hidden back there. Eventually in the far recesses of the space we came to a long table that Professor Williams said was used for “sorting,” another mysterious word that would some day become part of my lexicon. Along the wall adjacent to it was a type collection of Mississippi Valley pottery, a creation of a man named Philip Phillips. The name Philip Phillips was funny enough, but when I was then introduced to a man called “P. Brain” I didn’t think I was going to be able to hold it in. Had I not swallowed the laugh, I suspect that I may have returned to my calculus.

Dr. Jeffrey P. Brain was busily sorting through some boxes of beads with an excellent looking woman named Lesley Fonger, “The bead lady.” I lusted after said woman for many months, thus perhaps accounting for my new interest in conducting research. On that particular day, however, I felt very small standing before Dr. Brain. Not only was he big, but he also was a little ominous. He had deep penetrating eyes, a very full moustache, and he seemed overly serious. After looking me up and down he asked, “So you want to do research?” I nodded rather meekly, to which he followed with, “Well what do you know?” That stumped me into a rather stony silence. I think I eventually rattled off something about Mark Twain, the Mississippi Valley, wanting to travel, etcetera, etcetera. He brought me up short. “Well what do you know about bells?” “Nothing...absolutely nothing,” I answered, which was very true. “Okay, then you are going to become the expert on bells. You can start with these Tunica specimens.” I didn’t know what a Tunica was and my definition of a specimen didn’t seem appropriate for the occasion, but I reckoned that I could do some bluffing on bells, at least enough to construct a term paper. Bells ended up becoming a part of my research for many a month over the next several years, and even today I occasionally add some new information or correspondence to my “Bell files.” Who would have think it?

That was the way Jeff worked with students. He always had a lot of confidence in them, and because of such he would dole out projects that many established scholars might fear tackling themselves. However, he made it very

clear to me on the day that I was introduced to him that he wasn't going to do my research for me. If I came up with anything interesting regarding the bells, then he would be happy to hear what I had to say, read what I had to write, and even perhaps discuss other aspects of archaeology if I was interested or interesting. All of that eventually did come to pass, as I spent week after week in the Putnam Lab conserving and studying bells. Finally one day in the spring he came up to me as I was busily polishing a bell with a fiberglass brush and proceeded to snort, "Well young man, do you or do you not want to go to Mississippi this summer?" Would I ever!

I have plenty of lab and classroom stories regarding Jeff, but the most memorable times spent in his company were in the field, and the summer of 1971 is as good as any to relate. We did have great fun, but Jeff was also quite a taskmaster. Night after night he would be scribbling away in his journal, summarizing the day's activities and preparing for the next. At such times he was an absolute workaholic. "If not now, when?" he would ask, and that usually would silence our protests for free time. Although I had always kept (or rather started) diaries in my youth, Jeff became my model for why they are so important. He called his document a "journal," which seemed a far more professional term than diary, so I added that to my lexicon too. Forever after whenever I was in the field I maintained a journal, and from 1977 on it has become a continuous daily journal. If for nothing else it has won me a lot of bets with my wife over the years. Thank you Jeff for introducing me to Nancy Lambert in the summer of 1974, which was another very memorable field season.

But back to 1971. Jeff demanded much from us in the evenings. We would come back from a full day of surveying, perform our various ablutions, and then, while Stu Neitzel (our field mom) was busily cooking we would wash pottery and put it aside to dry. After consuming our wonderful repasts, and they were indeed marvelous, Jeff would yell out "Lab time!" We would all head in to the converted living room of our Cannonsburg home and sort through pile after pile of pottery that Gil Parsons (our assigned lab keeper—we all had assignments—I was the geology and tree guy!) had labeled during the day. Jeff would pontificate about this and that, patiently going through the fine nuances of what made this Plaquemine Brushed instead of Mazique Incised, or why a sherd from a vessel that was obviously decorated would be called Baytown Plain if only its base was found (what?). This was all fine and dandy, but I wasn't even sure I was looking at pottery! Jeff was very patient with us all. He would set down his large mug of beer on one side of the table, take off his glasses, and proceed to drill his piercing eyes into the very fabric of the sherd. Somehow or other he saw all sorts of things that made him an absolute magician. Even Stu

dealt with him as a shaman, and blasted us for not appreciating this unique experience of studying with the master. In hindsight he was absolutely correct, but during the summer of our discontent all we really wanted to do was play Frisbee and date Natchez girls; and not necessarily in that order.

Beer. I didn't even drink before I met Jeff. How's that for a mentor's influence? For some reason or other our fridge was always filled to the gills with beer in 1971 and poor Stu constantly had to squeeze perishable food between numerous bottles of booze. "Goddam beer!" was his normal refrain. One day



Jeff Brain in a typical field lab pose, Vicksburg, Mississippi, 1974 (LMS photo).

Excavations on Mound B at the Feltus site. View is probably to the southeast.

From left: Carey Weis, Ian Brown, and Jeff Brain (Stu Neitzel photo).

I almost had a fit when I discovered Stu had been mixing up dry milk for us to put on our cereal. After listening to me whine for several minutes about the virtues of wholesome wet milk, he simply scowled and said, “No room in the inn Brown. Too much beer.” We did occasionally get our own back on Jeff for



this sad state of affairs. One of us, for example, would feign an interest in a piece of pottery and ask Jeff over to our table to identify it. Down would go his mug full of Falstaff on one side of the table and down went his glasses on the other. As he was explaining why something was one thing and not the other, to which several of us would listen with bated breath, one member of the crew would stealthily abscond with his glasses. Jeff could count the spots on a gnat’s back but without his glasses he was virtually blind at more than a few inches. It was indeed a cruel joke to see him pawing around for his eyes, but the insult that more than surpassed this cruelty occurred when he finally did find them. “Where’s my goddamn beer?! Lemoyne, Parsons, Reckard, Brown!!” By this time, however, we had all fled to safe havens beyond his outstretched hands and wiggling fingers. We’d emerge only when we were absolutely certain that Jeff had replenished himself with intoxicants. If Neitzel was yelling, “Deal the goddamn cards!” then we knew that all was clear.

Jeff had his fun with us too. After we had demonstrated that we knew how to dig, by virtue of the Foster site excavations, Jeff decided that each of the students was now ready to dig a unit of his own at other sites. I was assigned a two-meter square at the eastern base of Mound B at Feltus and two young

high school lads from Natchez (Tom McGehee and Carey Weiss) became my paid assistants. I was in seventh heaven, despite the fact that my assistants were being paid and I wasn't. My job was to train them how to dig, not to compare finances. And what they didn't know didn't hurt me. Those nightly poker games had made me pretty good at bluffing. Stu offered some pithy guidance for supervising my dig, "Never ever say you don't have the foggiest as to what is you're doing or what is going on. Otherwise they'll lose all respect for you." "But what if I really don't have the foggiest?" I asked. He shook his head and rolled his eyes. "Then you just walk away until you finally figure out what's up and how you're going to deal with it. Then you come back and say 'Hold everything! The whole picture has changed since I left, so this is what we need to do now.'" "But can't I just call you or Jeff?" I pleaded. "Nope. We won't always be here. What are you going to do then?"

Stu was right. He and Jeff weren't always there. Stu often had to go somewhere or other, either to get food to feed the troops or to gain permissions for survey and excavation, and Jeff ranged between the lab and the several sites that we were investigating. To this day I have no idea where Jim LeMoyne and Gil Parsons were when we were digging at Feltus, but I suppose they were gainfully employed. I knew where I was, vaguely, and I knew that Mick Reckard, a



Stu Neitzel and Jeff Brain in front of Bebe Barbry's House on the Tunica Reservation, Marksville, 1976 (Ian Brown photo).



Ian Brown at the Trudeau site, 1972 (LMS photo).

student from LSU, was busily digging a pit on the other side of Mound B, but that's about it. Jeff would oscillate back and forth between him and me when he was at Feltus, but I noticed after awhile that he seemed to be spending far more time on Mike's side of the mound than on mine. Admittedly I had a thick clay cap to dig through that failed to carve like butter, despite Jeff's boasting of such, but to me it was an important unit and I was ticked off that Mike seemed to be receiving undue attention. Every hour or so Jeff would stop by to observe my doings and express some concerns as to my progress. He never hesitated to mention what a fine archaeologist Mike was, "Bordering on genius," he'd say. And not only that but, "You should see all the wonderful things that he's finding in his unit." I said not a word, but I admit to having uncharitable feelings toward the Tiger fan on the other side of the mound.

After tut-tutting my meager efforts one day, and never offering to dig I might add, Jeff ambled off to visit with Stu who had just driven on to the site. More often than not Stu ended each driving spell by sipping something from a brown paper bag that he kept firmly wedged beneath his seat. The concoction

was a magical stew of vodka and lemon juice I was told, but to me it smelled like something straight out of the toilet. On the particular day in question Jeff said something to Stu and the latter let out a bull roar of a laugh. I suspected by their gesticulations that their conversation had something to do with me, but I blithely ignored them. Unbeknownst to them I went on steaming beneath the hot Mississippi sun, cursing both the clay beneath me and the despicable Coles Creek Indians who deposited it. I quite naturally saved my worst invectives for Mike and his all-so-wonderful Midas touch. I noticed that Mike was rather cold to me too, but that was just as well. This pattern went on for several days until eventually, over lunch, he and I began to compare notes. Apparently Jeff had been filling his ears with this Ian Brown guy being a genius of unbelievable talents, someone he might wish to emulate perhaps. We got it.

Thanks Jeff for the humor that makes all of this worthwhile. Thanks for being my teacher, my colleague, and my friend. I could have done no better. ❖

TALKING TO THE LOCALS: THREE VIGNETTES

Gilman D. Parsons

I At the beginning of my first year with the Lower Mississippi Survey I duly embarked for the Natchez airport. This was in 1971, a far more innocent time before promoters of the “New South” had conspired to bring all the disagreeable commercial aspects of most of the rest of the country to the forefront: Ted Turner was not yet the potentate of all known media and of those yet to be discovered. In similar vein, Southern Airlines (of lamented memory) had a more relaxed view of scheduling and of the irksome minutiae related to timely arrivals. This, combined with the fact that I knew not precisely when (or even whence) I might arrive, meant that no provision had been made for me to be met at the gate.



The “pseudo” field quarters at Cannonsburg, 1971. From left: Ian Brown, Jim LeMoyne, Gil Parsons, and Stu Neitzel (LMS photo).

Thus, the sensible course was to telephone to herald my arrival. In the darkest eighth decade of the twentieth century (also obscured in the dense fog of memory), before the computerized voices which were to become ubiquitous, or even worse, before wisdom was dispensed from distant Mumbai or Bangalore, Natchez still had telephone operators and charming local women (as such they universally were) to dispense information. So, Gil Parsons: “Do you have a listing for a Doctor Jeffrey Brain? I believe it may be a new listing and perhaps not yet in the directory.” Charming Local Operator: “Ah dohn’t see a listing. Is he a maydical dahktuh? GP: “He’s an archaeologist.” Long pause at other end of line. CLO: “Is thayt some kahnd of a spacialist?”

2. There exists in the archive of Jeffrey Brain and the Lower Mississippi Survey a curious photo (perhaps two if the more extreme version be not suppressed), which wants explaining.

At the beginning of the first summer in Natchez, as we drove through the surrounding area on a mission of general reconnaissance, Jeffrey Brain saw a sharecropper’s cottage across a field. This cottage had never been grand, but its days of even moderate glory were well behind it and it stood (if “stood” could even be stretched to serve as the proper term) as a ramshackle relic of a bygone era; its current occupants were exclusively of avian and mammalian character.

Jeffrey Brain had the inspired idea to pose the crew on the remains of the porch, thus to execute a photograph to send to the Peabody poohbahs and to sponsors along the lines of, “We have gotten settled—the accommodations are not quite what we expected, but we are making do.” The crew immediately saw the wisdom of the scheme and entered into the spirit of the proceedings, even to the point of grotesque parody in simulating the supposed attitudes of the erstwhile inhabitants.

The jolly scene was interrupted by the arrival of the owner of the habitation and its surrounding *desmesne*. To say that he was utterly possessed by a paroxysm of anger would be, well, accurate. Rage was reflected in the very buttons of his Farmer Johns. To say that his ire was backed by a Winchester twelve-gauge would be equally (and alarmingly) factual.

At this point Jeffrey Brain (Fearless Leader) took charge of the situation and strove to defuse the tension. We listened with more than passing interest as Brain, employing inflections which increasingly (though subtly) reflected the nether regions beneath the Mason-Dixon Line, addressed the concerns of the substantial incarnation of the spirit of local agriculture. We had (apparently) paused on the porch to admire the good man’s fine fields. Were those in fact soybeans? Why yes, we were new to the area. Yankees? Well yes, but he

(Brain) had lived in Mississippi a number of years (this was technically, though intermittently, true) and young James LeMoyné of the assembled company was from Florida (this true by an accident of temporary residence). And (the trump card) Stuart Neitzel, avuncular guardian of the high-spirited youths present, he was a very son of the South, from Marksville in fact (which fact Neitzel proceeded to demonstrate by showing fluent command of the native *patois*.) The rest of the crew, whose actual collective experience of the South at that point perhaps extended to the more storied districts of Washington D.C. and whose imaginative landscape was likely confined to voyeuristic readings of Faulkner, wisely chose to remain silent; it seemed to us that even Neitzel was invoked, in the words of Gilbert and Sullivan, “to give an air of verisimilitude to an otherwise unconvincing narrative.” Brain continued in dialogue with the rustic: Well no sir we certainly aren’t any sort of political agitators—that would show a want of courtesy to our local hosts. (Had the fellow arrived five minutes earlier, as the ruder version of the photograph was being staged, he would have



Gil Parsons in the Clifton Street field quarters, Natchez, 1972. Ian Brown looms in the shadows (Vin Steponaitis photo).

indeed encountered a want of courtesy, but let that pass.) Absolutely not, no, sir, none of us has had anything to do with Bobby Kennedy any time recently. (This was, after all, 1971.) Oh is that a fact—Yankee civil rights workers have recently been spotted in the area? Oh no sir we certainly are not those folks. Ha Ha. You say all Yankees are alike. Well perhaps, sir, you are right, but we are in fact studying the very roots of Southern culture (again technically true, though perhaps historically a bit of a stretch).

Brain further warmed to his account: We are working on an archaeological project, sponsored by LSU. (Partially true; it is a fact that the name of Harvard opens doors, but it is also true at times and in situations such as the one at hand that the name of Harvard opens doors which, once opened, tend to slam definitively shut, often for indeterminate terms.) And may I say, sir, that is a fine shotgun. How has the hunting been lately? (We collectively began to wonder: when precisely is the tourist season, and are we at least sufficiently numerous to exceed the bag limit?)

By the way, sir, did you know that there is evidence of Indian occupation on your very land? Why yes we would be delighted to show you. Oh you say your wife has been interested in this? Well, thank you very much, we would be most happy to share sweet tea with you at some point soon, but I fear we must be going for the moment.

Whereupon the crew fell silent for at least four hundred yards down the road.

3. But let it not be said that Jeffrey Brain's Yankee pride did not occasionally rear its head.

As we proceeded to set up the household for the first summer in Natchez, attention turned to logistical concerns. There was a local victualler, whose roadside establishment was known as Pearl's and within which humble walls all manner of sundries and groceries might be procured; beer was admirably cold and abundant. Jeffrey Brain approached the eponymous Pearl and made the eminently sensible case that we were to be several in number, that we were to be in residence for several months, and that we collectively might represent a sizable amount of business for her local store. Might we perhaps have some sort of account facility the better to render transactions mutually convenient?

Pearl was, as Henry James might have phrased it, a type, a notable exemplar. That is to say her immensity of girth was in inverse proportion to her smallness of spirit and dearth of imagination, or more precisely her imagination encompassed the entire range of sentiment of the afternoon television offer-

ings—her dental welfare might well have been enhanced by more selective and judicious consumption of the wares promoted on the television screen and figured prominently on her own shelves. It might be observed of Pearl that her worthy progenitors had wisely decided that their particular genealogy might more easily be comprehended if the family tree were to be limited to a minimal number of branches.

Suffice it to say that Pearl perceived not where her best commercial interest might lay, though it could not accurately be discerned whether her antipathy was to Yankee interlopers in general (this was likely true) or to highfalutin Harvard archaeologists in particular (this may also have been true, but the cognitive leap required would certainly have taxed both the mind and the body of the surly burly Pearl).

Jeffrey Brain quite sensibly decided not to enter into a battle of wits with an unarmed person, and left the premises. But all the stereotypical accounts of Southern culture teach that slights to honor should not go unavenged: the roots of chivalry run deep. (Had not Mark Twain in fact blamed Walter Scott for the advent of the Civil War?) Jeffrey Brain was thorough and sincere in teaching his charges respect for local traditions, a lesson which proved providential on numerous occasions.

Thus, a routine was mandated and scrupulously observed by the entire crew, with Brain leading its execution on every possible occasion. For the entire summer, as our trucks on the highway would pass the store and its dreary chatelaine, windows would roll down and the mantra would ring out in unison: “F___ Pearl!” ❖

ON THE USE OF PROJECTILE CORDITE IN
CERTAIN RITUAL CELEBRATIONS:
A FIELD INVESTIGATION CONDUCTED
BY JEFFREY P. BRAIN, PH.D.

Gilman D. Parsons

 In an area roughly congruent with what is now the continental United States there is celebrated a festival approximately two weeks after the summer solstice (the middle of the first week of July according to the modern calendar). This festival for some centuries has served as an affirmation of tribal identity and as a show of spiritual strength against perceived enemies. The public manifestations of the traditional celebration: processions, ritual incineration of prepared meats, elaborate musical performance, and exhortatory oratorical incantations by tribal elders are well documented and have been thoroughly studied (see Brinkley 1969, Cronkite 1972, and follow-up study by Couric 2008).

Foremost among the talismans pertinent to this festival are ceremonies involving large amounts of ignited and exploding cordite launched heavenward to create visual and aural display in the form of polychrome cascades of sparks, usually of abstract but occasionally of figurative content. These projectiles are usually prepared and launched by itinerant shamans highly trained and initiated to confront the considerable danger inherent in the ritual.

There is, however, a parallel tradition in the celebration of the summer festival which, by virtue of its more private character, has proved thus far difficult of study. It is this more small-scale, more ad hoc tradition that Jeffrey Brain set out to document, taking as his research locus Natchez, Mississippi, which he had considered more thoroughly in other less esoteric ethnological contexts. The particular insight which drove this research was that it might be possible to recreate one of these private celebrations, to enter into, as it were, the ecstatic state often characteristic of the participants and to report on the findings.

Jeffrey Brain enlisted the aid of Stuart Neitzel, who (alas, without attempting to document the proceedings) had on at least one previous occasion experi-

enced the ecstatic intoxication and the exuberant rapture of the celebration. Brain's Lower Mississippi Survey crew were also enlisted for the experiment, with some wariness (it must be said) for the manner of celebration devolved into the unknown and seemed somewhat antithetical to their quotidian sober and somber student dispositions. The research was substantially abetted by visiting scholar John Belmont of Southern Illinois University, who proved to have some passing experience of the ritual, and was able (though with some difficulty) to steer the proceedings toward the proper pitch of celebratory fervor.

One discovery, which proved crucial to the research, was the local availability of capsules of projective cordite. This proved fortuitous for in many territories the sale and use of these ritual accoutrements is limited to adepts and practitioners of the abovementioned public celebrations. And, even in Natchez, the attempt to control this commerce has proceeded apace. A parenthetical note about the nature of this commerce, which is fraught with peril and exists at the periphery of local culture: The capsules originate at the terminus of the ancient Silk Road and are imported, often furtively, into the American territory where they are stockpiled (occasionally with explosive result) and disbursed by itinerant peddlers who set up roadside stands for the weeks preceding the festival to sell to all and sundry. (Instances of bodily sacrifice and self-immolation have been documented, but these are thought peripheral to the celebration, and Jeffrey Brain chose to exclude them from his primary report.) Nevertheless it is the local and familial participation in the pyrotechnic aspect of the ritual celebration, which Brain rightly saw as key to the understanding of the essential nature of the festival.

Brain proceeded systematically in the recreation of the ritual feast, which is central to the celebration in its local iteration. Even the preparation of the ceremonial fire had to be attended precisely, with abundant chanting and incantation fueled by libations of fermented sugar cane and aquafortis infused with essence of juniper. The general discovery that distilled spirits tossed upon the nascent fire produced a dramatic and satisfactory result proved useful in advancing the course of celebration. Brain then superintended the ritual charring of traditional meats (in this case beef slaughtered and portioned according to custom) and the offering of local tubers and vegetables widely thought to have beneficial properties. All the while participants were encouraged to partake of beakers of the sacred spirits. This they did, at first tentatively and then with a gusto which would not have been appropriate (or even possible) in the context of the larger, more public, celebrations, in which context the presence of armed Janissaries is thought to be an inhibiting factor.

Brain proved to be an efficient leader in the inducement of the requisite communal laughter (Insulting and deprecatory banter, duly modulated or untrammelled, has on more than one occasion been noted as coterminous with the festival celebration.) But, in the interest of accuracy, one must note that Brain spared the traditional fervent rendition of patriotic song, largely it seems due to somewhat compromised vocal faculties and an apparent inability to enunciate properly the nuances of the received song texts. (For detailed study of the musical aspect of the festival, albeit from the perspective of the public celebration, see Fiedler 1972, *passim*.)

The research continued into the evening and it was noted that private meditations intermingled with the social ritual, which ritual rose and fell in crescendo and diminuendo as participants approached a state of enhanced (or, such is the paradox of these situations, strangely diminished) consciousness. Neitzel had commented previously on this phenomenon and was able to contribute materially to the general understanding (see Neitzel 1965, *The Cult of the Widow Woman*, although it should be noted that Brain demurred from some of the more extreme conclusions Neitzel had formulated in his monograph).

Much spirited discussion ensued and there was considerable debate about the proper form to be observed, for once again the dearth of attention to detail in the scholarly literature meant that Brain had to trust to instinct and intuition, which analysis he performed admirably, even if greeted by derisive dissent from certain members of the assembled company. (A footnote here records Neitzel's scholarly joke: Drawing upon common idiom of the tempering of ceramic pots, Neitzel picked up a shard of a beaker that had fallen from the grasp of the somewhat potted Belmont and proceeded to catalogue it as "Belmont ill-tempered.") All present did agree, however, that the observed fogging of Brain's glasses (that is, spectacles, not vessels, though these too took on an obscure and occluded aspect.) was not due to the drop in ambient evening temperature.

And so, with the advent of dusk and nightfall, participants were primed for the central feature of the ritual celebration, the ceremonial projection of the cordite. As all present were untrained in the occult craft, the task proceeded on a rather experimental basis, and Brain attempted (without considerable success it would seem) to regulate experiments according to the dictates of science and common sense. Initial attempts at proper launching of the capsules proved halting and uncertain, but LeMoyne made the (apparently fortuitous) discovery that the exploding capsule ignited and aimed at a low angle could be made to skip over the ground to dramatic effect, which revelation reduced Brain to stunned silence even as he held a magic fire wand in his own hand.



Jeff Brain (left) and John Belmont gear up for the Fourth of July festivities at the Cannonsburg field quarters. Note Stu's reactivated outhouse in the background (Stu Neitzel photo).

Further experiment brought promising result, and participants were able to combine more vertical launching of the exploding cordite with appropriate attention to the proper and reverential ecstatic mental state. Upon occasion, the cascade of sacred sparks enlightened the atmosphere, but more frequently the explosions and displays served as strobes to illuminate the faces of the launchers and attendants in wild and grotesque hues. (Neitzel, however, saw only red “We don’t need no seeing eye dogs here.”) Brain and Belmont, to the evident fascination of the attentive observers, vied with each other in a dance of simulated close combat with fire wands; all present were suffused with occasional enthusiasm and, though somewhat inarticulate, entered into the proceedings almost as if they were native-born.

At this point Belmont, who was the only member of the group not recumbent, though unsteady, launched a cordite capsule heavenward and all watched with amazement as the missile tracked a perfect arc towards the eaves of the communal dwelling. As if inspired by the grandeur of the display, Brain's voice regained its usual clarity, though it is thought that he departed from the prescribed incantation, particularly in his invocation of infernal spirits and his lusty castigation of the somewhat befuddled and bedraggled Belmont.

Detail becomes hazy at this point, but two points are noted: (1) The character of the celebration became more muted, especially as participants drifted into passivity and meditative state, the more so as the lingering odor of burning cordite produced an almost opiate effect; and (2) Brain moved the Lower Mississippi Survey crew into new premises for the following summer.

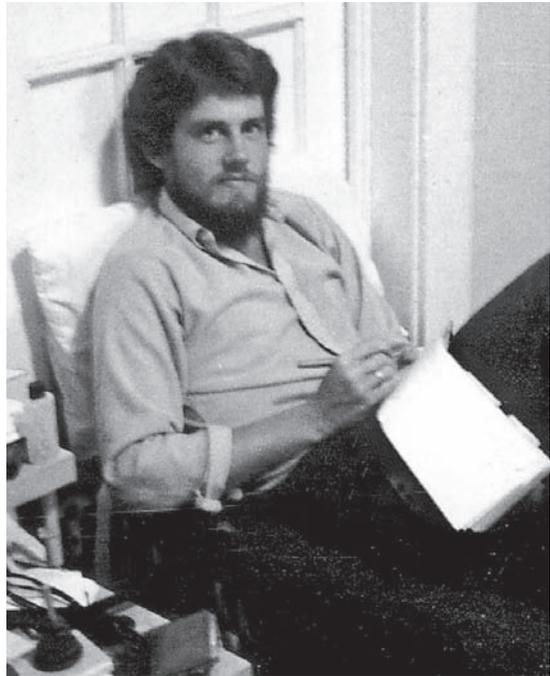
No further attempt was made to recreate or to document the summer ritual, and it is believed that Brain's researches were never published. ❖

SOME THOUGHTS ON JEFF

Daniel T. Potts

Although archaeologists have very different experiences in the courses of their careers depending on where they do their fieldwork, the vast majority share one thing in common—they each had to start somewhere, and undergo the process of making those first tentative contacts with the person who ultimately gave them their first taste of *real* archaeology as practiced in the field rather than the classroom. I don't think my own experiences were any worse than anyone else's, just more embarrassing. As a freshman at Harvard I took a General Education course in ancient civilizations (Soc. Sci. 9 as it was then called) and when I spoke with Dwight Miller, the proctor in my dormitory, about my growing interest in archaeology, he urged me to get in touch with another (in)famous proctor, Burriss Young, who reigned over the lads in Massachusetts Hall, keeping them I suppose from vandalizing the President of Harvard's offices. I rang Burriss (who sadly died in 2002) and he said to pop over on Saturday night when he'd give me some advice on how I might get myself involved in an excavation (he himself had participated in Harvard's Sardis excavations in Turkey for many years).

*Dan Potts in the field
quarters on Clifton Street,
Natchez, 1972
(Vin Steponaitis photo).*



The night came, I strolled the 100 yards or so from Grays Hall to Massachusetts Hall and it didn't take long to find Burriss. Three sheets to the wind is, I believe, the technical term for his state at that particular moment. Scandalized, I retreated pretty quickly, defeated by the smoke, beer, noise and general uproar of the scene before my eyes. William Hogarth would have been the appropriate artist to put it all down on paper. A few days later I ran into Dwight who informed me that Burriss was deeply sorry that I had found him in such a state and urged me to come again to see him for a more serious chat. I rang him and he informed me that he'd invited a few people to have dinner at the Faculty Club and I should come along.

Nothing prepared me for this event. I innocently entered the Faculty Club to find that Burriss, to make amends, had invited Steve Williams, then Director of the Peabody Museum; Mike Moseley, then Senior Tutor in the Anthropology Department; David Mitten, professor of Classical archaeology, and his wife—who, when I was introduced as Dan Potts, said to me, “an auspicious name for an archaeologist!” at which I stared blankly; and a young Greek archaeologist who was doing or had recently completed a Ph.D. at Harvard. To say this was all rather overwhelming for a freshman is, to put it mildly, just a *bit* of an understatement.

Somehow I found myself seated next to Steve Williams who began to ask me how I was enjoying Soc. Sci. 9. Not backward about being forward, I launched into a string of criticisms. The course, although nominally taught by Profs. Sabloff and Lamberg-Karlovsky, included guest lectures by an amazing array of luminaries, including Thorkild Jacobsen of Harvard, one of the greatest Sumerologists of the 20th century; Edith Porada of Columbia, one of the greatest ancient Near Eastern art historians of all time; Gordon Willey, the much loved Bowditch Professor and Mr. Mesoamerica at Harvard; and other equally extraordinary scholars. Not to put too fine a point on it, 99.9% of what they said went straight over or through the heads of the freshmen gathered to hear them in Harvard Hall. I criticized



Ian Brown sorting pottery in the Vicksburg lab, 1974 (LMS photo).



Dan Potts digging an enormous trash pit at the Trudeau site in 1972, the subject of his class paper (LMS photo).

the fact that the lectures were all one-offs that made no attempt to present to the unwashed any kind of introduction to the subject on which they were being held; I said it was hard to understand some of the lecturers because of their foreign accents; I went on and on, digging myself deeper and deeper into a very deep trench, perhaps the first archaeological trench I ever entered. Steve Williams didn't exactly have steam coming out of his ears, but he must have thought he'd met the rudest, brashiest freshman that had emerged from the New Jersey suburbs for many years.

A day or so later, realizing what I had done, I entered the Peabody Museum and asked Steve's secretary if I could have a quick word with him—again something that now seems extraordinary for a freshman to do. He saw me through his open door and gruffly said, without alluding to my preposterous behavior at the Faculty Club, to go upstairs and see Mike Moseley, he might be able to fix me up. This I did and Mike was the epitome of kindness, recommending that I write here and there to this or that archaeologist volunteering my services. One of those he suggested, whom I think from memory he rang from his office that day, was Jeff Brain.

And so it was that I made my way to Jeff's lab where I looked in amazement at all of the pottery laid out from the LMS, and at the many historic tomes on De Soto and other early visitors to the American Southeast. Jeff gave me a draft



A word of warning from Dan Potts, Trudeau site, 1972 (LMS photo).

copy of his synthesis of Lower Mississippi Valley archaeology and ethnohistory, and I began coming to meetings in the lab, where I met Ian Brown who was obviously already a denizen and understood all of the many names of pottery types and their endless varieties that made my head spin and my eyes glaze over. The long and the short of it was—and hence the reason for my inclusion in this volume—that Jeff eventually decided to take me with him to Mississippi and Louisiana for the summer season of survey and excavation in 1972, along with Ian, Vinnie Steponaitis and Gil Parsons. Learning to drive a 4WD in the streets behind the Divinity School was *interesting*, and I am fairly sure I stripped the gearbox of our

Toyota Land Cruiser in the process. The summer's work was incredible. The house overlooking the Mississippi, the food, the whole experience of living and working in and around Natchez, the joy of smelling the fresh bear grease (or so it seemed) in the trash pit I excavated at Trudeau that Jeff put me in, the rather *quick* drives (at 100 m.p.h.) south to Louisiana every morning and evening to excavate while still living in Natchez, and of course the fantastic weekend in New Orleans—these are unforgettable memories. I know I incurred the wrath and scorn of the entire LMS team by shifting to Near Eastern archaeology in my sophomore year and turning my back on Mississippi and Louisiana, but I am sure I learned as much from Jeff as I have learned from any of my later teachers. His knowledge was immense, his attention to detail in his work was always impressive, and the liveliness of his intellect was ever present. I have nothing but the fondest memories of that time, and cannot thank Jeff enough for giving me that very first opportunity to experience field archaeology. ❖

HOW I WAS HOOKED

Vincas P. Steponaitis

 I first met Jeff Brain in the fall of my sophomore year at Harvard. This was a time in my young life when academics were not a priority. Rather, I was much more interested in extracurricular activities—including late-night games of bridge, intramural sports, and being Undergraduate Manager of the varsity soccer team. Yes, I had declared anthropology (with a concentration in archaeology) to be my major after a false start in physics, but that was a nominal choice forced by a deadline, certainly not a career decision. And it was as much the soccer as the anthropology that ultimately led me to Jeff. Let me explain.

One day that fall I got a phone call from a freshman soccer player named Dan Potts. Dan told me that he was interested in archaeology, and his coach Dana Getchell (called “Getch” by generations of soccer players at Harvard) had suggested that he talk with me. Apparently, Getch assumed that because I was an experienced sophomore and an anthropology major, I would be able to offer this wet-behind-the-ears freshman some sound advice. So Dan came over to Adams House for lunch, and after some initial pleasantries he asked a simple question, “Where do you plan to go into the field next summer?” Completely puzzled, I responded, “What do you mean?” He proceeded to explain that if I was interested in archaeology I should try to get some field experience. That was news to me. I asked him what he was planning to do next summer, and he told me that he was going to Natchez, Mississippi with a professor named Jeffrey Brain. Sounded interesting. So rather than me giving Dan advice, it turned out the other way around. Before too long, I found Dr. Brain in the Peabody Museum’s Putnam Lab, introduced myself, asked to go with him to Natchez, and was given the green light.

Having met the man and signed up for his summer dig, I also enrolled in Jeff’s undergraduate seminar in North American archaeology that spring. This is probably where I first got to know Ian Brown, a year ahead of me in college, who also took the course. It was my very first seminar, and to this day I consider it one of the best. Prior to each weekly meeting, Jeff handed out a



*Vin Steponaitis at the Trudeau site, 1972
(LMS photo).*

old, Lithuanian kid from Boston! We lived in a Victorian house on the bluff overlooking the Mississippi River and would watch the sun set over the valley as we ate supper, wrote our field notes, and played poker on the front porch. And the people were fascinating. Apart from Jeff and my crewmates—Ian Brown, Dan Potts, and Gil Parsons—I shared the field house with Stu Neitzel and Dottie Gibbens, who were digging at Fatherland. Others I got to know that summer were Bill Haag, Bob Neuman, Leonard Charrier, Leicester and Betty McGehee, Tommy McGehee, George Castille, “Smoky Joe” Frank, and Robert Prospere, a remarkable cast of characters. Stu in particular made a tremendous impression on me, as he did on almost everyone who knew him. Many of these folks remain good friends to this day.

And then there was the archaeology. My very first excavation experience was at Emerald, one of the biggest pre-Columbian earthworks on the continent. Jeff didn’t like to waste time in the field (something I learned quickly when I was late getting to the trucks one morning), and he expected a lot from his crew. After a couple of weeks of training, he turned us loose and gave us responsibility for digging our own units, and ultimately for directing our own crews made up of local high-school kids (including Tommy McGehee, now a captain in the Natchez police). I made mistakes along the way, but I quickly

well-organized reading list in which some titles were read by the entire class and others were divided among the students. Jeff would always begin by talking about the topic in general, and then, as the class proceeded, he would invite students to present brief synopses of the articles they had read individually. It was a perfect combination of lecture and discussion, and a clever way to get every student involved. It was also a great introduction to North American archaeology and sparked my interest in this field. But I had absolutely no thought of pursuing an academic career.

Then summer came and I found myself working with Jeff in Natchez. That was an extraordinary experience for a skinny, nineteen-year-

learned a great deal about the craft of archaeology and how to lead a crew. The lessons Jeff taught me that summer—not wasting field time, respecting the “chain of command” in giving instructions to a crew, as well as the many techniques of mound excavation—are ones that I still pass on to my students today. By the end of that season I was hooked on archaeology as a fun thing to do, but still not as a career.



Leonard Charrier shares his magnetometer with Vin, Bloodhound Hill site, 1977 (courtesy Vin Steponaitis).

After returning to Cambridge I became a regular at the Peabody Museum and started to work on the collections. At some point, with Jeff’s guidance, I decided to write a senior thesis on the previous summer’s excavations at Emerald and Foster (another mound site near Natchez). This would involve studying the ceramics. For much of my junior and senior years, I spent a great deal of time sorting pottery and learning the many nuances of the type-variety system. I also had the chance to work on the French earthenwares from the so-called Tunica Treasure. Jeff’s *modus operandi* was once again in evidence: he was always there to provide opportunities and advice, but at the same time expected a lot of his students. And I kept doing my best to keep up.

I have many fond memories of those years at the Peabody. One was discovering the sheer joy of research, of tackling an archaeological puzzle and trying to solve it. Another was the comradery and fellowship among the museum's faculty, students, and staff, which was most clearly manifest during the daily ritual of afternoon "tea": At 4 o'clock sharp, everyone at the Putnam Lab would drop what they were doing and gather around a table to drink a cup of instant coffee or tea, review the day's events, swap stories, and tell jokes. I also remember, during the summer of 1973, walking across the future site of Pusey Library as construction was just getting underway and seeing eighteenth-century pottery lying in the disturbed earth. This was same stuff I had learned to recognize while working in Natchez: Westerwald stoneware, lead-glazed redware, creamware, and the like. I made a surface collection and showed it to Jeff. He got excited and encouraged me to look for more. So I kept going back each day and over the next few weeks the collection became quite substantial.



Jeff at the Haynes Bluff site in 1974. He could be pretty scary at times (LMS photo).

All of this material ended up in the Peabody's collections, and this small effort encouraged by Jeff may well have been the first attempt at archaeology in Harvard Yard, which in later years became a major undertaking (see Stubbs).

The more I worked at the Peabody the more I was attracted to archaeology as a profession. In the fall of my senior year, I decided to apply to graduate schools. I still wasn't sure that I would actually go to graduate school if accepted, but at least I wanted to keep that option open. In the spring I did get accepted to a couple of places and was still struggling with the decision of whether and where to go. At one point I decided it would be best to simply take the next year off. Convinced I'd made the right decision and relieved that it was



A traditional “chigger itch” on the porch of the First East Street home in Vicksburg, Mississippi, 1974. From left: Vin Steponaitis, Nora Groce, Ian Brown, and Nancy Lambert (LMS photo).

done, I went to tell Jeff. His reaction was not what I expected. Visibly angry (which was rare for him), Jeff told me, in no uncertain terms, that taking a year off would be a big mistake. This shook me up and got my attention. It also put me back on the right track. I made up my mind to go to the University of Michigan the following year. My future direction was finally set, and that kick in the pants from Jeff is what did it.

I spent the summer of 1974 working for Jeff in the field again, this



Stu Neitzel’s abode in the basement of the First East Street home, the so-called “slave quarters” (LMS photo).



Vin and his differential proton magnetometer exploring the Haynes Bluff site, 1974 (LMS photo).

time based in Vicksburg. The project had all of Jeff's hallmarks: great location, fabulous field house (in this case a haunted antebellum jewel-in-the-rough near downtown Vicksburg), and interesting archaeology. We did major excavations at two sites that season, Fort St. Pierre and Haynes Bluff. Ian was in charge at the former, and I was field boss at the latter, with Jeff as overall project director shuttling back and forth between the two. We were joined on the crew by Nancy Lambert (who later married Ian in 1977), Winifred Creamer, Nora Groce, and Alan MacMillan. Tommy Birchett was hired as local help. And, needless to say, Stu Neitzel was there to keep us all in line. That summer also was memorable in that we got to know Gordon Cotton, who wrote several stories about us for the local newspaper. Our work was Gordon's

introduction to archaeology, and ever since he's been a friend and gracious host to any archaeologist who passes through Vicksburg. (As Gordon himself once told me, "Archaeologists are like stray dogs. If you feed them they keep coming back.")

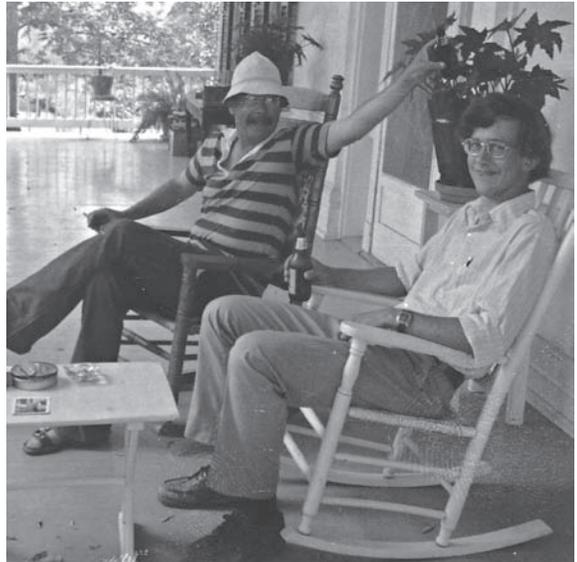
These excavations also witnessed the debut of the LMS's first and only magnetometer. Jeff had seen the effectiveness of a home-made "mag" in the hands of Leonard Charrier, who had used it not only to find the Tunica Treasure, but also to locate features in our 1972 excavations. Jeff wanted that remote-sensing capability in Vicksburg, but did not want to rely on Leonard to provide it. He knew that I had some background in physics and that Leonard had taught me to operate his device. So during my senior year, before we left for the field, he designated me his "instrument man" and charged me with the task of building one. With the help of a kindly graduate student in physics and a small budget, I managed to put together a differential proton magnetometer that looked like a Rube Goldberg machine—an aluminum rod six feet long with large copper coil at each end. This was no modern magnetometer that generated pretty



Weyanoke Plantation near St. Francisville, Louisiana, 1977 (Vin Steponaitis photo).

maps. Rather, it was more like a metal detector that created a distinctive sound whenever it passed over a magnetic anomaly. I spent considerable time that summer walking around Haynes Bluff, listening for that sound in my headphones and telling crews to “dig here” when I heard it. Sometimes these anomalies were caused by real archaeological features. Other times they were caused by buried beer cans and tractor bolts. I’ll never forget telling Alan MacMillan to dig in a spot where he had to use a pickaxe to pound his way through an old asphalt road to get to a huge feature that was sure to be underneath. When he finally got to the source of anomaly—his face beet red and his shirt dripping with sweat—it turned out to be a steel hubcap. At that moment, I saw the advantage of being the man with the instrument than the one digging, although the look on Alan’s face (not to mention his pickaxe) made me fear for my safety!

Jeff prepares to christen Vin with a bottle of brew on the porch of Weyanoke Plantation, 1977 (courtesy Vin Steponaitis).





Jeff and Vin watch the Sprague ("Big Mama"), as it slowly makes its way to dry dock after having been destroyed in a fire, Vicksburg, 1974 (LMS photo).

After that season ended and I had just started my first semester of graduate studies in Ann Arbor, Jeff sent me a postcard (the 1970s equivalent of email) saying he had submitted an abstract on my behalf to present a paper on our magnetometer at the Southeastern Archaeological Conference. This was a surprise, to say the least. But once the shock wore off I did my best to rise to his expectations and managed to deliver my first meeting paper, which in turn became my first publication in archaeology.

Over the next few years I kept working with Jeff during the summers, mostly looking for Tunica sites in and around Angola State Penitentiary in Louisiana. Ian, Nancy, and Stu were generally on hand for these digs, and we were joined by Laurie Cameron, whom I married in 1976. Once again I saw fascinating places (the Penitentiary itself taking the prize), lived in memorable field houses (Yonda and Weyanoke), and dug at amazing sites (including Bloodhound Hill). There were more adventures, involving all of the above, which I will let others recount (see Lambert-Brown and Woodiel).

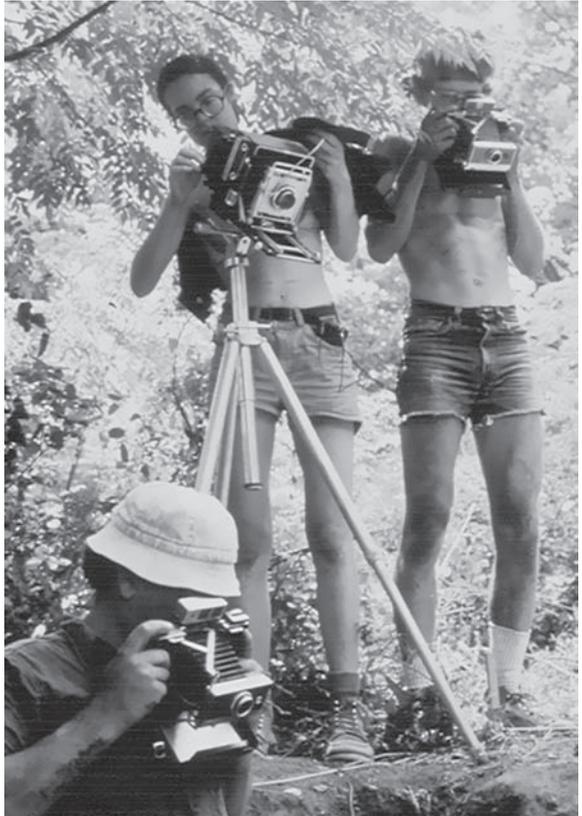
What I can say, and what should by now be abundantly clear, is that I never would have gotten started in archaeology, or gotten as far, without Jeff's guidance as a mentor and friend. And for these gifts I will always be grateful. ❖

TEATIME WITH THE TUNICA TREASURE

Winifred Creamer

"Graduation week and my plans to work on a dig in Europe just imploded," I complained to Vinnie Steponaitis at a party in June 1974. He suggested I go and see Jeffrey Brain because he'd just received a grant and might need a few more people on the excavation. My lucky break in life was about to happen, though I didn't know it. I almost didn't go over to the Peabody Museum because I'd sat in on the first lecture of a Jeffrey Brain class and had been totally scared off by his description of the workload. I did, and then went to Haynes Bluff to dig.

On our first day in Mississippi I went to the hardware store to buy a hammer and didn't understand the man behind the counter until his third try. By then he obviously thought I was a moron and I was wondering where people went to school in Vicksburg. Then I learned the definition of "antebellum," a run-down house with only one bathroom and without air conditioning. Fortunately, Jeff Brain was the best field



An array of photographers at the Haynes Bluff site, 1974. From left: Jeff Brain, Winifred Creamer, and Vin Steponaitis (LMS photo).



The 1974 LMS crew, Vicksburg, Mississippi. From left: Alan MacMillan, Winifred Creamer, Vin Steponaitis, Jeff Brain, Nora Groce, Ian Brown, and Nancy Lambert (LMS photo).

director I ever worked for, and one of the most generous. He'd let us persuade him to go to the movies now and then, since if "the director went, the director paid." I think he bought me postage stamps to write home. He introduced us to Bill Haag, Stu Neitzel, and Leonard Charrier. (Stu would have made that squirrel-head gumbo if we'd only hit the squirrel on the way home, so it would be fresh.)

At the end of the season, we sat around comparing notes on what would happen in the fall. I figured I'd go home and hunt for a job. Somewhere in that conversation it came about that I could go back to the Peabody Museum and sort Mississippian pottery and make myself useful. I stayed for three years. I learned more about what an archaeologist actually does than I had from the cumulative courses of my undergraduate major. People who haven't lived in pre-computer days would never believe how many times I retyped some pages. I met Waldo and Mildred Wedel when Jeff organized a conference, awed by seeing the people whose books were my reference material.

The Peabody Museum was an intellectual environment of the best kind in those days. The scientific illustrators, Barbara Westman, Whitney Powell and Barbara Page, worked on maps and artifacts from all over, including the

Spiro Mound volumes with huge drawings of shell gorgets and fragments from museums around the world brought together visually for this work. There was also teatime. It was at three or four in the afternoon and though there weren't cookies nearly often enough for my taste, the chance to sit down and listen to Jeff, Ruth Tringham, Ian Graham and the others was the bright spot of every day. Sometimes the discussions were professional, but I don't remember any of those. Often, discussion ranged all over the map. I asked Ian Graham why he didn't take students into the field. (He didn't want them to get shot.) Ruth Tringham talked about volleyball, and what it was like to work with Semenov in Russia, still behind the Iron Curtain. Jeff talked about the Lake George project, Phil Phillips, and the dynamiting of the Spiro mound.

After three years at the museum, I went to seek my fortune in New York City, got a job at an ad agency and was miserable for six months. I applied to grad school and quit the agency to work as a costumed interpreter at a historic house in Tarrytown, NY because they let me organize the archaeological collections one day a week. I went back to Cambridge and screwed up my courage to ask Jeff for a letter of recommendation for grad school. "I wondered when you'd get around to that," is what he said. He asked about my plans to work on contact-period archaeology in Latin America, an idea that was strongly influenced by the work I had done for him on the Tunica Treasure. He sug-



Winifred Creamer measuring Tunica Treasure bottles at the Peabody Museum, Harvard University, circa 1974 (LMS photo).

gested that in addition to the schools I'd applied to, I should consider Tulane, a place with good archaeology and a strong Center for Latin American Studies. I hadn't even considered Tulane, barely knew a thing about it other than its location in New Orleans. That, however, is where I went.

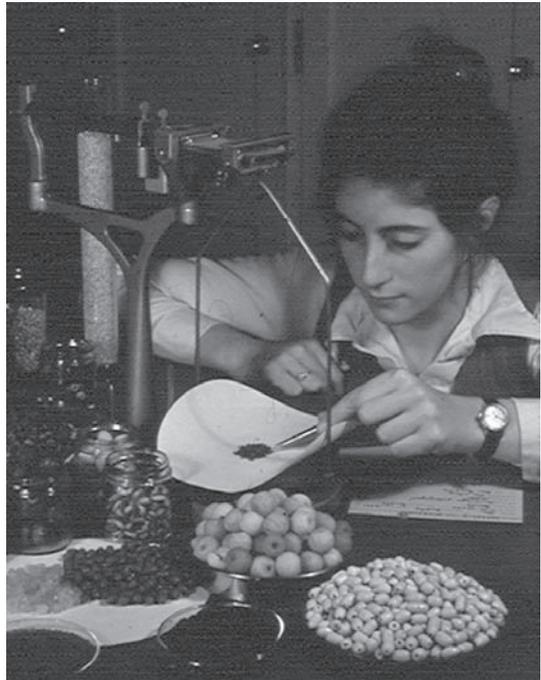
You can say the rest is history. I worked on late pre-contact archaeology for my dissertation and during some of my work in the American Southwest. Subsequently, I've gone on to study sites from the Preceramic period in Peru, possibly because I saw enough pottery when I worked for Jeff to last a lifetime, and possibly for other reasons. I still wonder whether I am as good a field director as he was, and expect I am doing ok. My publication record may not exceed his, but it's good to have goals. One thing is clear, that day of graduation week, when I sat complaining to Vinnie, was a turning point in my life, and I am the luckiest person I know. ❖

MR. UNCONVENTIONAL

Nancy Lambert-Brown

When you graduate from college and move to Boston to try to find a job in a museum, there are certain expectations you have of the people who work in such places. My perception of that type was of someone who was fairly introverted with a shy and quiet disposition. Yes, most of them did fit that mode—and then there’s Maude—Jeffrey Brain. I volunteered for Jeff in 1974 while selling Mexican trinkets in the Peabody Museum shop, my first official job upon leaving college. My first meeting with him was in the bowels of the storage facility at the Peabody as he was busily scouring over the infamous Tunica Treasure collection. Trained in Near Eastern archaeology, I looked at this collection and him while discreetly shaking my head. *This* is a treasure? Please. But after listening to him explain the whole Tunica story (1.5 hours later), I got it. Once upon a time, there was a good ole boy named Leonard Charrier who was a prison guard at Angola State Prison...say no more. I want in! Drama and archaeology, yes! Jeff’s passion for this project got me hooked. Thus started my rather unconventional approach to North American archaeology.

Five months later, I found myself down in Vicksburg, Mississippi, with Jeff and a crew of six involved in an excavation at the Haynes Bluff



Nancy Lambert weighing beads from the Tunica Treasure, circa 1974 (LMS photo).

mounds where every afternoon at 2:00 we endured the sulphur spew from the International Paper plant on the same grounds. I gave up digging for Israelite city structures for *this*? Oh, for the days of artifact-laden guffa buckets and Bedouins pitching tents over the excavation pits!

But leave it again to Jeff to lead the way in providing a most amusing and fascinating field season. The most unusual part of this field season was the house we occupied while in Vicksburg. I wouldn't say we lived there—it was already inhabited by a veritable army of roaches, the likes of which this Jersey girl had never seen! Oh, and let's not forget the ghosts. Yup. Of course, Jeff didn't tell us about the ghosts until midway through the summer. All those afternoons spent alone in the lab at the house—things disappearing, strange noises—hell, for all I knew it was just the roaches regrouping for another night of terror! But the roaches far overshadowed any paranormal activity. Jeff, again in all his unconventional wisdom, had his own way of trapping and torturing the little bastards. He would come into the lab at night with a beer in one hand and a roach impaled at the end of a fork in the other. And, of course, the three women on the crew would all run screaming out of the room! What a sicko. And who was the terrorist here?

But there was one big plus being part of the crew that summer. Jeff introduced me to Ian Brown who was a graduate student at Brown at the time. Suffice it to say, that by the end of the season, I didn't care about roaches or ghosts. I had my own distraction. And, yes, we did end up getting married, thank you



The ramshackle, cockroach-infested LMS field quarters in Vicksburg, Mississippi, 1974. There's no place like home (LMS photo).



Jeff always made a supreme effort to take his crews to fancy places for dinner. Doe's Place in Greenville, Mississippi, was the best place for steaks, excepting of course the King of Prussia Holiday Inn in New Jersey, Vin's favorite. Left to right: Winifred Creamer, Vin Steponaitis, Nancy Lambert, and Ian Brown, 1974 (Vin Steponaitis photo).

very much, and can say after 32 years of marriage, I would endure the roaches and the ghosts again! Thank you, Jeff, for bringing us together.

I worked with Jeff the following year putting together the plates for the Lake George volumes and learned the ropes of the book-design business in the process. Working in the same office as Jeff was always a treat, watching him foil the ongoings of graduate students coming in and out of his office. Although he had a large office, he shared it with Barbara Westman (a Peabody staff artist) and me, and the conversations were always lively and usually politically incorrect. I always look back on those days as real opportunities in getting to know the Peabody's best and brightest. And I would put Jeff at the head of the pack.

In 1975, Jeff took another crew down to Louisiana this time to do survey related to the Tunica Treasure, or at least it started out that way. The crew consisted of Jeff, Ian, Vinnie Steponaitis, Laurie Cameron, Stu Neitzel, and myself. And an adopted dump dog named "Blow Hound." We stayed in a hunting camp near Angola that had severe plumbing issues. It was not a pretty sight. Jeff spent most of his time eluding state troopers bearing a potential summons for a court appearance related to the Tunica Treasure while the rest of us went out daily looking for the illusive Tunica and Houma Villages. Jeff was convinced it was near Angola so we hunted down every imaginable landscape in the hopes



Yonda was the LMS field quarters during the Tunica Hills Survey in 1975. This glamorous hunting camp located near St. Francisville, Louisiana, suffered from septic problems. Jeff Brain on the right is about to do justice to a snake (LMS photo).

of finding the site. One day, we were all north of Angola Farm near Hunters Creek. Jeff insisted the Houma had been out there somewhere, so we all walked this open field about sixteen times, the grass being up to our waists. “One more time,” we would hear him say as our eyes crossed once again. The only thing I got out of that survey was a huge crop of chiggers and an appreciation of sewer pipe remnants. To this day, the mention of the name Houma gives me the willies.

Ian and I got married in 1977 and shortly thereafter moved to Avery Island, Louisiana to start a two-year survey and excavation on and around the Island. But, on the way down to Louisiana, Ian and I joined Jeff and Stu Neitzel for a short stint at the Bloodhound Site, which was on the bluffs of Angola State Prison Farm itself. Surrounded by many bloodhound



Nancy Lambert gives Blow Hound a good scrub at Yonda, 1975 (LMS photo).

Nancy Lambert's reaction after being informed she'd be going to Houma one more time, St. Francisville Ferry, 1975 (Ian Brown photo).



dog pens (thus the name of the site) and questionable trusty prisoners, I would say that experience was a confirmation of how *not* to spend the rest of my life! Being the

only woman on this crew had its interesting moments. When I needed to use the restroom, I was accompanied by a prison guard. Turned out that one of the trustys was in prison for four counts of rape.



The Bloodhound Hill excavation crew, Louisiana State Penitentiary, Angola, 1977. Jeff Brain stands second from right. Nancy Lambert-Brown is on the left and Ian Brown is on the right. All the others are inmates, with "Freeman" kneeling on the left (LMS photo).

Again, Jeff's unconventional social standards kicked in when we needed to find a place to stay for a month or so. The four of us showed up on the doorstep of the Weyanoke Plantation, and Jeff asked if we could stay with them for the duration! Fortunately, Nora Marsh, the owner of the plantation was pretty laid back (a severe understatement), and she welcomed us, no questions asked. Jackpot! I am almost sure that this violated all imaginable Southern social graces but Jeff had a way of convincing people that they needed to be part of the project. Wow, he did it again with that story!

When I look back on those years from 1974 to 1977, Jeff is the person who made it all worthwhile. His passion for his work—his ability to make it your passion—and the Tunica story, I think, will be his first legacy. I am so grateful that those first days after leaving college put me in that dusty lab at the Peabody Museum to have the privilege of working with such an unconventional, spirited individual. Thank you, Jeff, and happy birthday! ❖



Could there be a more beautiful setting? Jeff asked if we could stay there for the 1977 season and gracious hostess Nora Marsh said, "Sure. Why not?" She continued to put up with us for many years thereafter. If you feed them they keep coming back (Vin Steponaitis photo).

FUN TIMES IN THE LOWER YAZOO BASIN

Thomas C. C. Birchett

Congratulations on your upcoming milestone Jeff. I'm actually not that far behind you at 62 with a birthday in December. I've always looked back to the excavations at Haynes Bluff and Russell as a memorable experience and a fun educational one working for you and Ian, Vin, and Nancy. I've also appreciated Ian and Vin's friendship through the years at SAA and SEAC, especially the LMS socials. I'd also add that through working for the Corps of Engineers all these years, I've had the opportunity to meet and get to know Steve Williams and T.R. Kidder.

I should also thank you for getting me started on a career in archaeology with my first paid job in archaeology. While I had some archaeology background before I started working at Haynes Bluff, you gave me that impetus to stick with it. Before working for you I had received my B.A. degree in anthropology/archaeology from Ole Miss in 1970, but went to basic training in the Army the month after graduation. I spent two years in the Army with most of my time spent in Panama. My wife Phyllis is from the Canal Zone, so it was a pleasant tour of duty with her there. We actually met at Ole Miss and were married in January 1970. Our son Mark was born while I was stationed in Panama. He is the one sitting in the chair in the photo on top of the mound at Haynes Bluff. After the Army we lived in Florida (near Phyllis's parents in Winter Haven). It was there that I decided to go back to school at Ole Miss to study archaeology in graduate school. I had studied under Tom Koehler excavating at Lyons Bluff and Dick Marshall at the Buford site in undergraduate school. I entered graduate school and worked under Janet Ford at the Slaughter site in 1973. But the decision to actually work and get paid doing archaeology convinced me that archaeology was for me and I could support a family doing it. So when you hired me, I was inspired.

Thinking back on 1974 there are several things that come to mind besides the archaeology—bugs, cows, the smell, and magnetometers. The bugs were the chiggers that seemed to love the new victims from the north. I wondered why most of the crew wore long pants and long sleeved shirts in the summer



Mark Birchett in the Director's Chair at the Haynes Bluff site, 1974. Alan MacMillan in the background appears somewhat envious (Tommy Birchett photo).

heat in Mississippi. The critters never bothered me, but I had an immunity from growing up in Vicksburg. The cows greeted us everyday at Russell, mostly finding the freshly turned dirt in the excavation units just to their liking. And the smell, it was hard to get the smell of the paper mill out of my car and clothes before I made it home every day. And the magnetometer, Vin just had too much fun playing with his hand-made creation. Thanks again for the wonderful memories and congratulations. Please give me a call if you are ever in the neighborhood. ❖

THE BIG HOUSE IN 1977 INMATES, ARCHAEOLOGISTS, AND BLOODHOUNDS

Deborah K. Woodiel

In 1977, I had the pleasure of working with Jeff Brain on a project involving Tunica archaeology. At the time I was a staff archaeologist with the Louisiana Archaeological Survey and Antiquities Commission (the state archaeologist's office), which had only become operational two years before, under the leadership of William G. Haag, Louisiana's first state archaeologist. The State of Louisiana owned two important areas of land containing historic Tunica Indian sites, which meant that under the new legislation the Antiquities Commission was involved in any archaeological undertaking.

One of these areas was the state penitentiary at Angola, an 18,000-acre parcel of land occupying the flat floodplain of the Mississippi River and adjacent section of the Tunica Hills, a highly dissected and densely forested upland of great scenic beauty north of Baton Rouge some 50 miles. James A. Ford had



The southern portion of the Louisiana State Penitentiary, Angola, 1973 (Ian Brown photo).



*The Point Lookout Cemetery at the Louisiana State Penitentiary, Angola, 1973
(Ian Brown photo).*

excavated a probable Tunica site on Angola in the 1930s (Ford 1936), and a second one came to light with some minor construction by the Department of Corrections in the mid 1970s. Since Jeff Brain, through the Lower Mississippi Survey, had been working on Tunica sites in Mississippi, arrangements were made for him and his crew (Ian Brown, Vincas Steponaitis, Nancy Lambert-Brown, and Alan MacMillan) to investigate the new site, along with staff from the Antiquities Commission (George Castille and myself) and student archaeologists from Louisiana State University (Jan Pierce and Lynne Staub).

None of us had ever been to Angola, the state's maximum security prison. We could have visited before, as the prison had become well known in Louisiana for its annual fall rodeo. At such events inmates were the cowboys, sometimes engaging in very dangerous events such as bull wrangling, in which a \$100 bill was stuck on a bull's horn and the inmate who succeeded in retrieving it got to keep it. Angola was also famous as a prison difficult to escape, bordered as it was on three sides by the wide and treacherous Mississippi River and on the fourth by the Tunica Hills, where most escapees simply became lost and were subsequently retrieved by Corrections staff. In fact, the new site was discovered during the grading of a new "chase road," a dirt road into the hills for this very purpose. The site was located adjacent to the prison's dog pens, hence the name Bloodhound Hill.

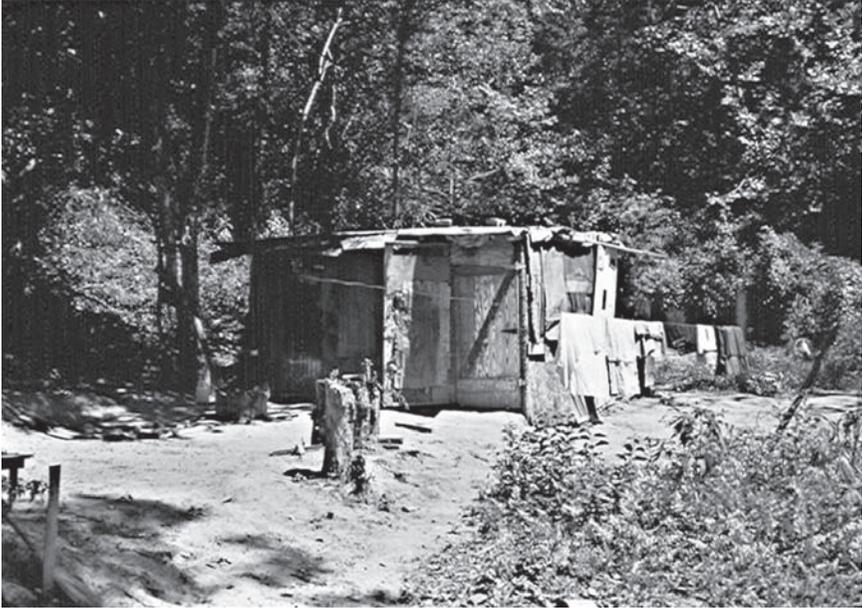


The inmate work detail at Louisiana State Penitentiary, Angola, 1977 (Vin Steponaitis photo).

We of the state crew ran afoul of prison regulations on our very first day. Pulling up to the entrance gate, the guards noticed our ice chest in the back of our carryall, along with our excavation equipment. It contained our lunches, but also our after work liquid refreshments, which we had not ever thought of as “contraband.” Suitably chastened, we were permitted to continue, after surrendering the beer, which was returned to us on our way out at the end of the day. We thought our sincere apology had been accepted, but in the following days, we were invited to lunch daily prepared by the inmates who lived on the hill and took care of the dogs, obviating our need for a cooler.



Debbie Woodiel takes notes as Leonard Charrier looks on at the Bloodhound Hill site, Louisiana State Penitentiary, Angola, 1977 (LMS photo).



A “trusty” prisoner’s hut at the Louisiana State Penitentiary, Angola, 1974 (LMS photo).

However, we were not the ones who were shocked next. In negotiating the work with the Department of Corrections, all of the persons involved happened to be male. By the mid 1970s there were plenty of women, mostly younger, who were involved in archaeology, so it did not occur to Alan Toth, then State Archaeologist, to inform Corrections officials that females would be among the crew. The jaw dropping was not confined to Corrections personnel; the inmates who lived at Bloodhound Hill were equally surprised. “You got any sistahs coming to work wit’ you?” an elderly African American inmate inquired of me as I carried some gear up the hill. He was disappointed with my answer.

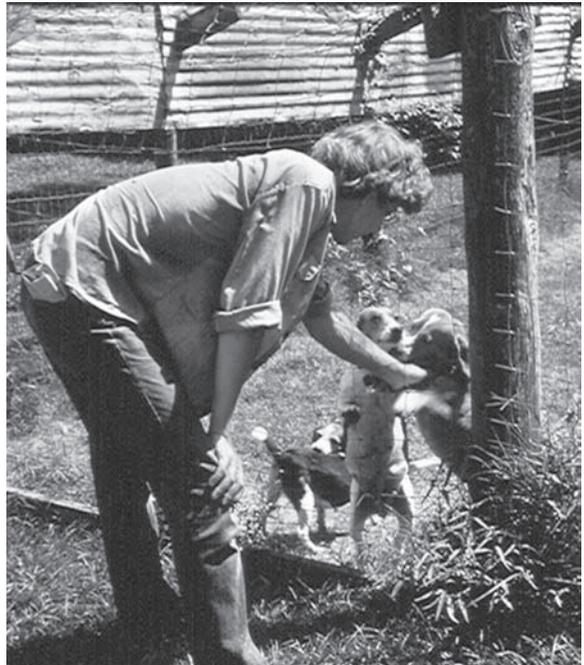
While Corrections officials were initially concerned about what they perceived as an additional and certainly unwelcome security risk, Jeff Brain assured them that the work could proceed with no incidents. We “girls” were advised against wearing clothing that might be viewed as provocative, and we also were warned not to feel sorry for any of the inmates we might meet. We worked alongside an inmate crew, chatting with them daily, and we learned what crimes some had committed that had got them incarcerated. This didn’t make us nervous at all. If it made Jeff nervous, he didn’t show it.

Angola was a place with its own unique culture. The sergeant who supervised our inmate crew was a third-generation Angola employee. Many of the guards

lived in individual homes, with their families, on the property. Every day at noon, when we had dinner in the inmates' house at Bloodhound Hill, the captain who supervised the unit would come in, take his boots off and relax for a few minutes in an easy chair. An inmate would take his boots, polish them, and return them to their place next to the chair. What to us was a huge lunch was served, always with meat, several vegetables, and freshly baked cornbread. Two inmates waited on us all. The inmate crew who worked with us at the site always returned to their quarters for meals (and roll call); the three inmates who lived at the house next to the kennels were privileged because of their longevity and good behavior or because they were viewed as snitches by other inmates and could not be housed with them. Guards within the prison carried no guns; it wasn't necessary. If you were a "free man," it was a very safe place to be.

One day we heard about a daring if seemingly unwise escape. An inmate had simply walked out at the northeast corner of the huge property in broad daylight. He had been, of course, promptly reported by the couple who lived in a house just outside the prison fence and been picked up shortly afterward. Imagine our surprise when we learned that this dangerous offender was none other than Vinnie Steponaitis! That day while the excavation continued, Jeff had sent Vinnie to reconnoiter the uplands edge for artifacts, and when he came to a gate, it was just like any other. Jeff's diplomatic skills were called to the fore again. His great sense of humor won out, and even the guards laughed about it later.

Due in large part to Jeff Brain's equanimity and his skill at supervising these disparate elements of the project, it proceeded mostly smoothly. The site was confirmed as an eighteenth-century Tunica occupation. Together with other projects, it permitted



Vin Steponaitis makes friends with some beagles in 1974, perhaps the ones who tracked him down three years later (LMS photo).



Vin Steponaitis at Hunters Creek in 1973. This is also the approximate position where he would be captured in 1977 (Ian Brown photo).

Jeff to flesh out the story of the Tunicas' movements in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, and their relationship to the French in colonial Louisiana, detailed in *Tunica Archaeology* (1988). Working with Jeff was a wonderful experience in learning; even though I wasn't an enrolled student at the time, I knew little about colonial archaeology. His recall of French documentation and applicability to the situations we were uncovering in the field as well as supervising very careful excavation and recovery provided excellent experience for us all. He was never heavy-handed, always approachable, and he seemed to enjoy the great variety of people he dealt with on the project. Not that he liked them all, of course, but navigating a different culture could be interesting.

The success of the project led to continued cooperation with the Department of Corrections; a later project at the nearby Trudeau site also used inmate labor (although the Department of Corrections refused to allow women archaeologists to work in the field with the inmates), and I used inmate labor from a medium security prison on two archaeological projects of the Office of State Parks. I didn't work in the field with Jeff again, but I remember the work as a fascinating experience and Jeff Brain as a consummate, and highly likable, teacher and researcher. ❖

IVY, SAUSAGE, AND BEER

Russell J. Barber

I owe my Harvard career to Jeff Brain, literally. In 1972, Dena Dincauze had just left the Harvard faculty, and I had applied to the doctoral program in anthropology, planning to specialize in the prehistory of northeastern North America. Following Dena's departure, nobody associated with the department had exactly that specialty, but Jeff was willing to take me on as an advisee and to be the chair of my thesis committee. Without a sponsor, you simply don't get into the program.

When I received my letter informing me that Jeffrey Phipps Brain—the letter included his middle name—was to be my advisor, I was a trifle bewildered. Frankly, I had never encountered the name before, and I didn't remember seeing it on the faculty list for the department. Looking a little more deeply in the *AAA Guide*, I found Jeff as a research associate, affiliated with the Lower Mississippi Survey. As it turned out, I was one of the very few students for whom Jeff served as the doctoral committee chair.

Grad students, by definition, are green: that's why they are going to grad school. I was greener than most. I was the first in my family to go to graduate school; hell, I was the first to go to college and only the third that had gone to high school. Not only was I ignorant of the arcane knowledge that would be poured into my brain over the next several years, but I was ignorant of how the process worked, how universities operated, how faculty and students interacted. Whether or not he knew he was signing on for this kind of mentoring, over the next several years Jeff became my primary source of advice on how a Vermont kid from a little mill town could survive in the big, ivy-covered leagues.

Jeff did his job well. One place where I truly felt Jeff's influence was in terms of historical archaeology. I came to grad school, like so many students focusing on prehistoric archaeology, convinced that historical archaeology was either a pastime for dilettante county antiquarians who volunteer to work in a local museum or a refuge for archaeologists not clever enough to work with the more challenging evidence from prehistory. I hadn't yet learned that greater infor-

mation merely allows you to gain greater insights. One might have thought that seeing Jeff doing such interesting and valuable research as the Tunica Treasure project would have won me over instantly, but I was too stubborn for that. The seed was planted, however, and its roots slowly were crumbling the foundation of my prejudice. By the time I was writing my thesis, I was beginning to see *some* virtues to historical archaeology; by 1984 when I moved to a teaching job in California, I was a convert and focused my archaeological research there on the historic era.

Though Jeff guided me well in academic issues, I resisted becoming a Brain clone. Some things we never saw eye-to-eye on. At one point, when I was writing my thesis, I needed some funding for computer time to do some number crunching. (This was the era before a powerful computer was on every desk and in every briefcase; centralized computers were the only ones capable of handling large batches of data, and you had to purchase “computer time” to use them.) When I asked Jeff if he had any ideas where I should apply for a small sum for this purpose, without skipping a beat he picked up his four-function calculator and informed me, “I’ve never needed more than this.”

I think Jeff found New England archaeology to be a bit bewildering. He supervised an independent reading course where I tried to cram everything I could from the literature of Northeastern prehistory into my head, just prior to my oral exams. At our fortnightly discussions of what I had been reading, Jeff often murmured “Hmmm...” and shook his head gently, clearly wondering why someone would voluntarily work in this part of the world when Louisiana was available. When I did the fieldwork for my thesis in the Lower Merrimack Valley (I had my own LMS, too), Jeff came down to the grad student work areas (then on the second floor of the Peabody) to take a look at the remains. After peering at a few especially grotty argillite flakes from the Wheeler’s site, he asked, “Are these really artifacts?” Some cord-marked rimsherds with punctations fared a little better, as his eyes lit up and he exclaimed, “I recognize these!” I don’t believe Jeff ever warmed to the peculiar allure of New England prehistoric remains. Sadly, the one time that Jeff came into the field to see the Wheeler’s site excavation unannounced was a day that we had to shut down early, so he arrived after we had left. The next morning, though, we found a neatly penciled and unsigned note in one of the screens. All it said was, “Why did Indians live in square holes?”

It takes a special kind of advisor to guide a student into a field he finds peculiar, but Jeff also was my mentor in all kinds of non-academic arenas, particularly initiating me into various mysteries of the Boston area. Probably the first bit of such knowledge he imparted to me was which public radio stations aired



Jeff Brain shows how some Indians lived in round holes, Trudeau site, 1972 (LMS photo).

what kinds of programming. (National Public Radio was only a couple of years old back then!) New England Mobile Book Fair was another early gem. Along the way, he imparted bits of wisdom about particular beers and where to buy them.

Jeff had a special interest in archaic skills, everyday crafts of times past, and he was able to impart that to me. One way it translated was as a series of homemade Christmas presents from me to Jeff including cured sausages, cheeses, crackers, and beers. The beers all were made from colonial recipes and included a treacle ale that probably was more interesting than tasty. Regardless, Jeff downed them all manfully.

If I was very green, Jeff had a bit of greenness, too. His position at the Peabody was basically a back-room position. His primary tasks were analyzing, reading, and writing, all of which are fairly solitary occupations. When he occasionally taught the undergraduate seminar in North American prehistory, it consisted of a small group that operated mostly through informal discussion. (I know this firsthand, because Jeff let me sit in on it one year.) Faculty members who teach on a daily basis, whether they get skilled or not, become more comfortable with the idea of speaking in front of groups, but Jeff didn't have that experience at this stage in his career, and he was a little nervous. Around 1978, Jeff was scheduled to address a group of donors to and friends of the Peabody, discussing his Tunica research, but he was very anxious. He wanted to rehearse the talk and needed an audience for realism and feedback, so Pat Essenpreis and I listened to his talk. Not once, not twice, but seven or eight times. We were happy to help, but near the end it was like seeing *African Queen* or *Casablanca* one more time: we were able to recite certain lines as they came up.

Jeff was still at the Peabody in 1984, by which time I had completed my degree, served a stint as director of the Institute for Conservation Archaeology there, and moved on to a teaching job in California. So I never knew the Peabody Museum without a daily presence from Jeff Brain. In fact, I can't really imagine the Peabody without Jeff there, the Jeff of the 1970s and early 1980s. In my mind, he still is there, making it a better place. ❖

CURATED PARAPHERNALIA OF A BEVERAGE RITUAL

Richard Michael Gramly

Many years have passed, details have become fuzzy, and the exact sequence of events is open to question. Yet I remember well enough Jeff Brain's high regard for a certain ceramic mug, which to this day may be in his possession?

My first year in the Department was 1968–69. Ultimately, I was drawn to the Putnam Archaeological Laboratory on the fifth floor across from Steve Williams's office. Next to Steve's was a small office occupied by artist Barbara Westman and her large drawing table, a desk in a corner for Jeff Brain, and for awhile—a desk for visiting lecturer Carleton Coon! Fortunately Carleton wasn't around all that often to make the air even thicker with his personality.

The hot water kettle was always on in the Putnam Lab, and Jeff was the one using it most often. I believe he preferred tea and sipped it steadily as he wrote and wrote the closely-cadenced archaeological prose for which he is famous. He took a break from his writing, and we students from our studies, on Wednesday afternoons in Steve's office where we sat around a table and took tea. Boxes of cookies were sometimes furnished by Cynthia Weber. No Zen master could have conducted a more interesting tea ritual, accompanied as it was by archaeological reminiscing!

Resuming my graduate student life, which was interrupted by the demands of a draft board during the Viet Nam years, I rejoined the tea circle in the fall of 1971. Somewhere I had snagged a mug with a decal design of North American Indian arrowheads (one of the points was the Adena type). It fit in quite well with the rest of the beverage paraphernalia around Steve's office and Putnam Lab.

One day I caught Jeff eyeing that mug, and naturally it became a gift. From the outset he was fond of it, guarding it carefully and wiping it clean inside and out. A jaunty paper napkin was stuffed inside at every workday's end in order to keep the dust off.

Back from Africa in 1974 and now Keeper of Putnam Lab during my final graduate year, I was not surprised to observe the mug still in use and held in

highest esteem. Likewise, five years later when I visited Steve and Jeff to show them fluted points from the Vail site, Maine, the mug too was on hand—perfectly intact (fragile though it was). By then, however, it had acquired a fine patina by daily use, and the tannins of the tea had stained it through and through.

The births of good scientific manuscripts that had been witnessed by the humble mug!! And the archaeological concepts that had been conceived in its company!! The words about culture history that had been exhaled upon it!! Truly a worthy artifact—paraphernalia of a life lived in ritual, present and past. ❖

A SALUTE TO JEFFREY P. BRAIN WHO KNEW “WORCESTER” RHYMES WITH “ROOSTER”

Sarah Peabody Turnbaugh and William A. Turnbaugh

We remember a time when a good many Harvard anthropology students, grad students and even some undergraduates, considered the Peabody Museum to be the center of our universe. Those of us who were pursuing archaeological studies at the museum in the early 1970s recall an atmosphere of great excitement. We interacted closely with one another and with a distinguished faculty and museum and library staff within that venerable building, all under the masterful direction of Professor Stephen Williams. During those years, successive new exhibits filled the museum’s public display halls, each debut heartily celebrated. In our classrooms and seminars, in the student lounge, and in Putnam Lab, animated discussions revolved around the intellectual ferment in the field. Motivated young researchers steadily went out from the museum and returned from their far-flung projects with remarkable finds and elaborate explanatory models to account for them. A new anthropology library was underway that would soon provide the space needed to house the expansive literature of our field, a certain portion of it generated by industrious scholars within the walls of our hallowed institution.

Just outside the Peabody Museum in those days, a respectable dark-hued Volvo station wagon seemed to be permanently installed in a prime spot reserved for the “Lower Mississippi Survey.” It belonged to Dr. Jeffrey P. Brain. And like his car outside, Jeff was a constant presence in the Peabody Museum during the early 1970s when we were there.

Like so many others, both of us recognize that our experiences at Harvard benefited greatly, enduringly, and in many ways from our association with Jeff. He was to us both a teacher and a friend. A few memories from the early ’70s that we share in the following paragraphs may serve to remind Jeff of our high regard for him and to welcome him to his own “early 70s.”

Bill arrived in Cambridge as a graduate student in 1970. He soon recognized in Jeff an able and amiable mentor in his chosen profession. Ever aware

of how much he had yet to learn from the master, Bill was nonetheless taken by surprise in one early conversation when Jeff unexpectedly brought him up short as he discussed a newly-found Archaic site near Worcester, Massachusetts. “Repeat what you said just now!” Jeff demanded. “What?” Bill replied in puzzlement. “The name of the city,” said Jeff. Bill obliged: “WORR-cest-er.” Jeff chuckled, “That’s what I thought I heard!” The clueless Pennsylvanian quickly sought to redeem himself with the only alternate pronunciation he could think of. “Oh, it must be WORR-CHEST-er, as in WORR-CHEST-er-SHIRE sauce?” Jeff saved him from further embarrassment with a quick tutorial on the vagaries of New England pronunciation. So, who knew “Worcester” rhymed with “rooster”? Go figure!

Unlike Jeff’s close protégés and more advanced students, many of whom had participated in fieldwork with him, Sarah first came to know her professor in 1973 in a relatively formal tutorial situation as an undergraduate major. Her brief journal entries from that period indicate that Jeff remained “Dr. Brain” to her until about the summer of 1974, by which time she had been welcomed into the *sanctum sanctorum* of Putnam Lab. Her acceptance into that august company is a story unto itself.

As an aspiring historical archaeologist, with some experience in Massachusetts and at Fort Laurens in Ohio, Sarah recalls how excited she was about the discipline. In March of 1974 the Department of Anthropology awarded her an undergrad summer stipend. The small grant would enable her to excavate a possible colonial household site in Danvers (formerly Salem Village), Massachusetts, which she named the “Hutchinson site” for its seventeenth-century occupants. After first consulting early local maps and archives and then viewing several sets of aerial photos taken of the location, Sarah and her advisors all focused on subtle surface anomalies indicating a probable feature some 160 feet back from modern-day Hobart Street.

Sarah was gung-ho to get started and wanted to apply all those techniques she had been learning about in a comprehensive “method and theory” independent study she was taking with Dr. Brain. To get a head start on her summer project, she was already in the field mapping out the feature’s probable location on a dreary, sleety morning in early April. She anxiously anticipated a promised visit the following week from her esteemed professor. On the appointed day, Sarah borrowed her father’s 1963 Chrysler Imperial for the morning and drove over to the Hutchinson site from her parents’ home in nearby Salem. Meanwhile, Jeff, his lovely wife Anne, their son Joshua, and Bill sped out from Cambridge in Jeff’s familiar trusty Volvo. After inspecting the site and reviewing the plans for the summer’s work, all headed back to



Jeff has always had a passion for fast cars. The LMS Toyota Land Cruiser, which was used during the Natchez Survey in 1971–72, soon adapted to the speeds that Jeff was accustomed to drive (Stu Neitzel photo).

Salem for lunch at the Peabodys' home. Sarah considerably led the way in the 18-foot-long sedan, nearly as large as a tour boat, driving at least 5 mph below the posted speed limit through the narrow streets of Salem. She hoped that her professor and his carload would not lose sight of her as they followed in her wake. Much, much later, Bill revealed that Jeff had turned to him at the time and brightly quipped in his characteristic straight-faced, deadpan manner, "Gee, do you think she could possibly go a little slower?"

As summer arrived, with baseline in and all supplies and tools ready for use, work on the Hutchinson site began in earnest. The very first excavation units revealed obvious soil disturbance. Surely "The Domestic Feature" was at hand! Periodic help from other eager young excavators—Harvard classmate Sara Herrick, Sarah's younger sister Persis, and future husband Bill—further motivated Sarah. A few appropriately early artifacts appeared, were dutifully scrubbed and properly catalogued, and Sarah continued expectantly. By late July, though, "The Domestic Feature" still refused to resolve itself into any well-defined form. Then one day the cows came home. Sarah had dug more deeply into oral history and local memory. In the end her site acquired a new nickname, the "hoof-and-mouth dig," in honor of a couple of deceased bovines

that had been deeply buried in that same field decades earlier. Bill and Jeff quickly adopted this nickname with enthusiasm, eliciting sheepish smiles from the undergrad. And Dr. Brain became “Jeff” to her at about this time.

We remember that Jeff expected one to look carefully at the specific data, to try to discern as much detail as possible, and always to stay rooted in the data. He reminded us to look for diagnostic attributes that might be used to make discrete distinctions that possibly had real cultural significance. As an example, during Sarah’s analysis of an assemblage of English and colonial ceramics for her senior honors thesis, Jeff pointed out seemingly minor distinctions between Nottingham and Burslem brown-glazed stonewares that might be unrecognized or glossed over unless one paid close attention. From redwares to Indian baskets, as well as other cultural materials examined through the decades, our understanding and ability to refine typologies owes much to Jeff Brain and his conscientious guidance.

Jeff served on Bill’s dissertation committee and was Sarah’s major professor as she prepared her senior honors thesis. Both of us remain grateful to Jeff for so thoroughly and so thoughtfully reading the drafts of our respective works and commenting on them in detail. He invariably pointed out weak areas in an unimposing, kind, and helpful way that left the resolution or solution up to the writer.

Sarah recalls specifically how Jeff encouraged her to hone her writing skills by emphasizing stylistic simplicity and precision. For example, when she wrote that a particular variety of redware sherd resembled Massachusetts Bay Colony potter Daniel Bayley’s kiln products and possibly was made by him or a family member, Jeff suggested that she consider substituting “made in the manner” or “made in the style” of Daniel Bayley. It was an elegant solution. Sarah credits Jeff’s superlative guidance as the reason her thesis later received a Goggin award, following on Jeff’s earlier receipt of the 1972 John M. Goggin Award for Method and Theory in Historical Archaeology. Further, Sarah’s heightened editorial awareness, which Jeff encouraged, continues to serve her well in various editorial capacities.

On a still more personal note, Jeff was also a great comfort to us as we worked through the challenges attendant on our blossoming Peabody Museum courtship. He always had time to welcome either or both of us and was a bright and cheerful counselor. His encouragement and enthusiasm for all things good and wholesome in this world have stayed with us both, through our happy times at Putnam Lab, the Peabody Museum, and Harvard and through 35 great years, now, together as husband and wife. Thank you, Jeff, for so generously giving us so very much of your time, effort and support. Happy 70th birthday, and many happy returns. ❖

R-E-S-P-E-C-T JEFF BRAIN AS AN UNDERGRADUATE MENTOR

Katherine A. Spielmann

Jeff Brain was my undergraduate advisor when I was at Harvard in the 1970s. I have two enduring and very fond memories of the time I spent with him. The first and strongest were the times I spent talking with him in his crowded office about my interests and activities in archaeology, his research on the Yazoo Basin, and the archaeology program at Harvard. These were comfortable, amusing, and instructive sessions. By happenstance I ended up undertaking senior honors thesis research on Archaic settlement patterns on the Carolina Piedmont. This wasn't exactly his period of interest, but Jeff still listened, and advised, and treated me throughout as a real human being (not a lowly undergraduate), with real research expertise (such as it was). He gave me the sense that I was undertaking a worthy project and had the potential to succeed in the profession.



The respectful Dr. Jeffrey P. Brain at the Peabody Museum, 1974 (Molly Lambert photo).

My second memory is Jeff's seminar on North American archaeology. He engaged us as you would students in a graduate seminar, which enhanced the depth with which we addressed the various course topics. In thinking about what I would write in his honor, it has struck me that the course made the overall archaeology of North America sufficiently compelling that I have remained a North American (rather than, say, a Southwestern) archaeologist throughout my career. The graduate program at Michigan, where I went for the Ph.D., emphasized breadth of engagement. I could have broadly engaged hunter-gatherer archaeology, which is what I went there to focus on. But I think the compelling introduction to North America that Jeff's seminar provided is what drew me to plumb some of the depths that the archaeological record of this continent provides.

It is immensely important to the success of an undergraduate student to be treated with the kind of respectful guidance and comradery that Jeff offered me decades ago. I have always appreciated him for it! ❖

LOOKING UP TO MY FIFTH-FLOOR GUIDE AND EXAMPLE

John D. Stubbs

Many of us can point to people who have influenced us in our careers. Jeff Brain is one of those people for me. I don't think Jeff ever really knew it, but before and during graduate school I kept tabs on him. I noticed what he was doing, how he went about his projects, and what he produced. For me at the time, Jeff served as a great example of someone who did patient, thorough, and detailed research and who presented it in a way that just about everyone could understand. I've always enjoyed his writing because of its refreshing directness. Though it has been some time since I last saw Jeff, all of those qualities that I admired back then still serve as a strong influence on me today.

I first became aware of Jeff Brain when I was an undergraduate at Harvard. I learned a year too late, during my sophomore year, that he had offered a freshman seminar on North American archaeology the year before. My undergraduate years in the archaeology wing at Harvard (1977–80) were spent entrenched in the archaeology of Central Europe. I was barely aware of the LMS suite, tucked off of the long, meandering fifth-floor corridor that ran down the full length and then around the far corner of the Peabody Museum.

I came to know Jeff personally in 1981, a year after my graduation. During the winter of 1980–81, I lucked into an opportunity to conduct an archaeological survey of historic Chickasaw sites in Lee County, Mississippi, located in the northeastern part of the state. I have Stephen Williams and the entire LMS, including Jeff, to thank for that opportunity. When I first learned of the survey, the grant for the project had not yet been awarded, but the prospects for funding appeared likely enough so that the work was scheduled to begin in June of 1981. The LMS voluntarily undertook to give me a crash course in everything I needed to know. I remember it was Jeff who said very plainly, "Given the timetable, we'd better not waste time waiting on the money and just get you ready now." I was naïve and wet behind the ears, but eager to get started. I'm not sure Jeff realized what he was getting into. I sure didn't.

For several months Jeff and his colleagues put me through the wringer. If it wasn't Stephen Williams giving me something more to read, it was Ian Brown, but the guy who really piled it on, and who later quizzed me on those readings almost daily, was Jeff Brain. To that point I had never experienced anything in my education quite as intense as those months. Jeff started me with De Soto and his possible routes and then introduced me to James Adair and the other travelers, naturalists, and observers who crisscrossed Chickasaw territory during the seventeenth and, especially, the eighteenth century. He gave me a reading tour of the other historic groups of the Southeast, and provided me with a context by immersing me in the later (and earlier) prehistory of the area. Jeff was one half of a tag team (the other half was Ian Brown) that had me busier than I'd been in a while.

A typical day started with a meeting sometime in the morning to discuss the readings. I still remember the surprise (and terror!) I felt the first day we met to talk over the huge amount of reading (or so it seemed to me) he'd given me only a day or two before. Jeff pelted me with questions and seemed to have a somewhat gruff reaction when I came up empty more often than not. But that was Jeff's way. With me he had taken the approach of simply diving into the material—sink or swim—and the message of the first day was not lost on me: I had better learn how to swim. From then on I was aware of Jeff's high standard and tried my best to meet it. Jeff was both encouraging and demanding and for sure he showed me more patience than I probably deserved. That was Jeff's way too. I'm grateful that he did not lose (I hope) confidence in me.

Beyond the daily grilling on the readings, Jeff and his colleagues set me up for a practical, hands-on educational experience. They even came up with unprocessed surface collections, made back in 1937, from the Tupelo area, thereby exposing me to the range of pottery one might expect to find on historic Chickasaw sites. My job was to process and write up the collection. Jeff patiently explained the nuances and implications of bead typologies and walked me through the type collection too. But the most memorable highlight was Jeff's personal tour of the Tunica Treasure, which was still housed, temporarily, at the Peabody Museum. Through that wonderful collection Jeff introduced me to the range of European trade goods that I might encounter in collections from historic Chickasaw sites. Jeff's publication of that collection still stands as a model for me as I continue to stay connected to historical archaeology.

Over the months I spent in the LMS, often several days a week, I remember vividly the camaraderie, ribbing, and general conversation. Jeff was always in the thick of it, often adding a wry comment here or there, and he took it all in



The 1987 Harvard Yard Excavations' field crew: John Stubbs on the right in the front row. Penny Drooker second from left in the back row, and Ian Brown on the right (courtesy John Stubbs).

with a kind of bemused smile. This back and forth was most apparent at lunch, which was usually a brown bag affair around a low round table. Another sign of my naïveté at the time, I'm sure, was my astonished look as I watched Jeff pour loads of Tabasco sauce on just about everything he ate. I always felt lucky to be included and Jeff never failed to make me feel welcome.

There is no doubt in my mind that Jeff, in his role as part of a team, prepared me well to go down to Mississippi. He was always full of practical advice on what to expect in terms of my dealings with collectors, landowners, and others. At the time I was not able to appreciate just how good his advice was, but in retrospect it was nearly 100% correct and he had anticipated a lot of the situations I would encounter. Thanks to the courtesy and generosity of Jeff (and others), I was the beneficiary of a personalized and thorough education in the historic tribes, especially those who had anything to do with the Chickasaw, of the Southeast.

My contact with Jeff was sporadic over the next year or two while I was in Mississippi, but he graciously agreed to visit and he gave a talk at the Tupelo library on the Tunica as part of a public archaeology outreach. I certainly remember seeing him at a SEAC conference or two during those years. On

one trip I remember he introduced me to Vicksburg, Mississippi, offering such a wealth of battle details that he had me confused as to whether he was an archaeologist or an historian. I was even able to visit him at the Trudeau site as he continued his investigation into Tunica archaeology. As impressive as the site was, even more impressive was his handling of the rented station wagon he used as a field vehicle. He probably does not remember it, but it made an impression on me. For a vehicle not made to go off road, Jeff had it do things I thought not possible.

After 1983, when I returned to Harvard for graduate school, I saw Jeff regularly. We often had lunch around the very same table in the LMS. I would pass a paper by him from time to time for his review and comment. As I progressed in my studies and took on a project excavating Harvard Yard, Jeff was an invaluable source of advice. He was an especially good sounding board when it came to producing chapters for my thesis. It was Jeff who finally sat me down and explained in straight talk that I had to formulate my own opinion and stake out my own orientation within historical archaeology theory. He required a broad overview and then a personal statement. I struggled with the assignment, but he applied the same high standard that I had experienced when I first came to know him. Once again I was the beneficiary of his wisdom.

Though I never took a formal course from him for credit, Jeff generously tutored me in more ways than I could appreciate at the time. During those years he was always a ready source of information, inspiration, and above all else, education. He was also a source of humor, perspective, and general good cheer. Thank you, Jeff. My best wishes on your 70th. ❖

REMEMBERING JEFF'S UNIQUE MENTORING STYLE

Judith A. Habicht-Mauche

I met Jeff Brain in 1981 when I first came to Harvard as a graduate student. Although not a Southeastern specialist, as one of Steve Williams's students I spent a lot of my time hanging around in the Lower Mississippi Survey office suite, where Jeff also had an office at the time. I had come to graduate school directly after completing my B.A. and was pretty overwhelmed by my initial experiences at Harvard. At that time the gender ratio among the archaeologists was still pretty skewed. There were no women archaeologists on the faculty and very few female graduate students (I think only Lee Pai, Julie Henden, and myself). Being rather shy and easily intimidated, I decided that the best way to survive would be to keep my head down, do my work, and hope none of the senior faculty actually noticed that I was a girl. This strategy generally worked pretty well.

Jeff was working on several book projects at the time, including the *Tunica Archaeology* volume. He spent most of his time holed up in his office writing or bent over the galleys for some manuscript. The seriousness and intensity with which he worked never seemed to invite interruption. And since I was mostly slinking around trying to pretend to be invisible, I don't think we ever actually spoke to each other the whole first year I was there, even though we shared an office suite.

My first real encounter with Jeff came when I was doing a small work-study job for the LMS, sorting sherds from some project in Louisiana. As a Southwesternist, I had no idea what I was doing. I had been given a sorting manual and pretty much left to figure it out for myself. So there I was one quiet afternoon, sorting manual on the one hand, big pile of unsorted sherds on the other. It was quickly becoming obvious that I desperately needed some expert help and guidance or this project was going nowhere. Unfortunately the only other person in the office that day was Jeff, and as usual, he did not look like he wanted to be disturbed. But panic had started to set in, so I summoned up all my courage, picked up a handful of the most tenaciously unidentifiable sherds in my pile, and strode off, shoulders squared, to knock on Jeff's door and

ask for help. After making my request, Jeff took the sherds from me, peered at them intently through his iconic wire-rimmed glasses for a long moment, and then suddenly, with a dramatic flourish, whipped them into the trash can next to his desk and said, “these things are crap; I can’t identify them!” He then turned back to his desk and continued working. I stood in his doorway flabbergasted, not knowing whether to laugh, cry, or, as my more primal instincts were urging me to do, run away. What I did do was get down on my hands and knees and begin picking through the trash to try to recover the sherds. Jeff was frighteningly silent all the time I was doing this. When I had all the sherds, I stood back up, brushed myself off, and made my request for help again. Jeff then quietly got up from his desk, left his office, came over to my work area and spent the next hour or so patiently teaching me the rudiments of Lower Mississippi Valley ceramic typology, as well as the general philosophy behind the type-variety system of classification. It was the beginning of a very productive and rewarding mentoring relationship that lasted throughout the rest of my time at Harvard.

I am extremely grateful for having had the opportunity to work with scholars such as Jeff Brain at Harvard in the 1980s. What I learned most at Harvard, and from Jeff in particular, was to understand North American archaeology as first and foremost about telling Native American history. This approach has become rather trendy of late, but in the 1980s, when Processual Archaeology was still in the norm, it was far from common. Jeff’s work, especially on the Tunica, showed me that what we say about the past matters to the modern descendents of the people we study and that our work has real impacts in the world today. He also pushed me to carefully analyze the historical record of early European contact and to critically assess its implications for understanding both pre-contact and post-contact culture change. And, finally, he made me put a map in every chapter of my dissertation, because he could never seem to remember where the Texas Panhandle was, even though I kept reminding him it was just up the Red River!

With time I learned to be “one of the boys” at Harvard, which in the LMS office meant suffering and dishing out a lot of good-natured teasing. I also learned to understand and appreciate Jeff’s particularly unique brand of sardonic humor—something I miss to this very day. Happy 70th birthday, Jeff! ❖

WHEN LESS IS MORE

Tristram R. Kidder

I came to Harvard to study with Stephen Williams and specifically to study the archaeology of the Lower Mississippi Valley. I knew enough (barely) about graduate study to know that one of the major benefits of going to Harvard was also the opportunity to learn Lower Valley archaeology from the likes of Jeff Brain and Ian Brown. When I arrived it was all very daunting. I was one of the few members of my cohort who lacked an M.A. or some period of practical experience, and the rigors of classes and the expectations seemed overwhelming at times. I'm not sure when I first met Jeff, but it must have been the summer of 1982. Jeff seemed kindhearted though a bit gruff and seemed willing to share his time to help me sort out some of the bewildering problems I confronted. It is, therefore, a sure sign of my naïveté that I turned to Jeff when confronted with an especially thorny problem in the late winter of my first year at Harvard.

First, however, a bit of background information is needed. In the summer of 1981 Steve Williams and John Belmont spent time in the Boeuf Basin of north-east Louisiana doing reconnaissance-level survey. Their goal was to explore the western peripheries of the Lower Mississippi Valley and to provide context for work that Belmont had carried out at the Goldmine site. During that summer they visited collectors and sites and made some surface collections at a small number of sites. In addition they did some limited testing at Raffman in the Tensas Basin. The majority of their work, however, was focused on the southern part of the Boeuf and parts of the lower Ouachita drainage.

One of my tasks as a very junior member of the LMS was to organize the site files and photo records from the Boeuf Project, and as such I was presumed (through osmosis, I guess) to learn about the archaeology of the region. Indeed, being a cocky graduate student in my first year, I quickly developed the sense that I knew all there was to know. Steve Williams came to me one day in the spring of 1983 and said that Kass Byrd, then the State Archaeologist of Louisiana, had called to say the state had an unspent surplus that had to be allocated or it would be lost. Steve thought this was a capital opportunity and

told me that I should design a survey project to cover the northern part of the Boeuf Basin in Louisiana as a complement to what he and John had accomplished in 1981. We discussed this project briefly—I recall it was late afternoon—and as he left the office Steve said something to the effect of, “Oh yes, this has to be in Baton Rouge in two days or we won’t be eligible for the money so I expect you’ll have the proposal on my desk in a day.”

Now I should point out I was taking a full class load at the time and I was certainly stressed with the day-to-day travails of being a graduate student. My memory of what I did next was pretty hazy but one thing I do know is I asked Jeff if I could show him a draft of the proposal before I handed it in to Steve and he kindly agreed to look it over.

That night and the following morning is a blur. I had no experience in writing grant proposals and my experience in surveying was limited to being a member of a survey crew who did what he was told. I’d had enough method and theory to know something about sampling design and I distinctly remember spending time in the library looking up and reading articles about sampling. I suspect I read the Mueller book and I recall looking at some work done by Plog. Of course, these references dealt with surveying in the Southwest and often on Federal land. Still, at least I had a model. I didn’t have time to consult the Cache River report by Schiffer, though I knew of it, and I don’t think I looked at information from the Black Warrior survey or other surveys being done in the Southeast at the time.

I crafted a document during the wee hours of the morning and I laboriously typed it up on the Selectric typewriter in the LMS office. I’ve suppressed any memory of exactly what I said in the document and the only thing I recall at this distance is invoking a 5% sample fraction although I’m not sure I could have told anyone why or how one would go about obtaining such a fraction. I’m reasonably certain I didn’t discuss much about survey methods either. I don’t remember considering a budget or any of the logistical details of the process. There are good reasons I suppressed that memory.

I gave the document to Jeff at some point in the morning or early afternoon. When I gave it to Jeff I told him (again, I’m sure), that I needed to have his comments back as soon as possible so I could incorporate his changes and get the finished document to Steve by the morning. Having given the document to Jeff and having patiently explained to him the significance of this work and the importance of his careful review (and without so much as a consideration of his time or his own agenda) I flew off to class.

I was in class much of the afternoon and when I returned late in the day Jeff was gone. I was horrified and probably pissed off. At that time the LMS



Jeff is a master of archaeological survey. No hill is too high to climb in attaining his objectives. Here he is shown on the way to the Portland site north of Vicksburg in 1976, shouting obscenities at said photographer (Ian Brown photo).

was housed in a suite in the Peabody Museum's fifth floor. The suite had two offices—one for Steve and one for Jeff—and a common area with counters and some desk spaces reserved for graduate students. My space was behind the counters and near the windows and was usually cluttered with the dregs of graduate students existence—books, photocopies and the like. As I went to my desk I noticed it was clean—no books, papers, or the like. Instead, prominently positioned on the desk surface was my garbage can and in that garbage can was my proposal. There were no marks on the proposal—nothing at all. But the garbage can had been emptied of all its contents with the exception of the proposal. There was no mistaking the message; Jeff had orchestrated the scene so there was no ambiguity or uncertainty. My proposal was garbage.

In the next hour or so I experienced the five stages of ego death. My first response was denial. Surely Jeff had made a mistake. Then anger. Jeff was an uncaring so and so. Then, bargaining. Jeff was giving me a hint; all I had to do was make a few changes. Then, depression. I was sure I was a failure and should pack my bags; I didn't belong in graduate school. And finally, acceptance. If I was going to do this I had to start again from scratch.

I worked on that proposal for the next twelve hours. To his credit, Jeff worked with me the next morning and by noon I had something to give to Steve. The document underwent some more revision but was sent out within 72 hours of the request for the proposal being received. And we were funded. This work became the baseline data for my dissertation. More importantly, in the short and long run, that proposal marked the real beginning of my professional education.

Jeff and I never discussed what happened. When I tell people this story many gasp in horror—how could he be so cruel? But when I think about it—certainly from the perspective I’ve attained—I think what Jeff did was the most brilliant piece of editing I’ve ever encountered. Jeff was then and is now a minimalist. He didn’t need a single word to convey his impression and he didn’t need to say anything as a follow up. His editorial approach that day was as eloquent as a book of advice and as powerful as any rant or tirade.

But Jeff wasn’t just about saying more with less. He never, ever stinted in his mentoring. From that day forward Jeff reciprocated what I put into our relationship and always went farther. There was no question I couldn’t ask, no sherd I couldn’t pester him about, no paragraph we couldn’t argue about. I think (I hope) I lived up to Jeff’s faith, because that is what was embodied in his elaborate orchestration of my desk and my garbage can. Looking back

I know Jeff could have done many things with my proposal but he took the time to think out what I needed when there was no requirement he even invest any of his time in helping me.

I have many, many fond memories of working with Jeff. We traveled together, attended conferences together, imbibed together, and argued and discussed archaeology endlessly. But there is nothing I remember about Jeff that I am as thankful for as that incident. Happy Birthday, Jeff, and thanks for being a hardass! ❖

*Jeff Brain, “a cruel but just taskmaster,”
Weyanoke Plantation, 1977
(Vin Steponaitis photo).*



THE MAN BEHIND THE STACKS

Mark Bitgood

I became a part of the Lower Mississippi Survey in 1985 when I joined the field crew, based that summer in Oak Ridge, Louisiana. Shortly thereafter, I began to work on my senior thesis under the direction of T.R. Kidder and Steve Williams. As I arrived for the first of my periodic meetings with Dr. Williams, I passed a room with a desk packed halfway to the ceiling with stacks of books. I thought nothing of it at the time, nor during my next several meetings. The Peabody Museum was full of small rooms where, it seemed, mysterious objects went to hibernate.

On my way to my third or fourth meeting, I was surprised to hear a voice emerging from behind this stack. The voice was soon matched to a man with a passing resemblance to Teddy Roosevelt who introduced himself as Jeff Brain. For the next year, Jeff was, for me, largely an inescapable name that I encountered as I worked my way through the Lower Mississippi Valley canon in preparation for my senior thesis, although, as I started to produce chapter drafts, I learned to value his input, as well.

After I graduated, as I worked toward my newfound choice of careers by struggling through premed courses (all of that basic science that I'd so carefully avoided as an undergraduate,) I returned to the fifth floor of the Peabody to work as a research assistant for Jeff. This is when I came to know and love his warmth, wit, and humor.

My tenure as Jeff's research assistant ended with his time at the Peabody, and one of my last assignments was the sad task of helping him to carry those stacks of books from his desk down five floors on the rickety Peabody elevator.

One of my favorite Jeff Brain moments came some months later when I contacted him and asked him to write a letter of recommendation for me for medical school. While my other letter writers wrote back telling me how happy they would be to do so, how much they had enjoyed working with me, how they wished me well in medicine, Jeff's reply came back on one of his ubiquitous 3 by 5 cards, "Sent off a pack of lies to the admissions committee!"

Cheers, Jeff. ❖



Jeff Brain puts Fort St. George on the map (courtesy Steve Pendery).

THE VICTOR OF FORT ST. GEORGE

Steven R. Penderg

appy 70th birthday, Jeff! I'm pleased to have this opportunity to be back in touch with you since your Fort St. George project came to an end a couple of years ago. I should remind the other readers of this volume that you directed this important project between 1994 until about 2006, focusing on the Popham Colony settlement of 1607–08 in Maine. The project had a huge impact on New England historical archaeology and your 2007 report has raised the bar for archaeological reports in the region. In fact, over the past few weeks I've been consulting your Fort St. George report as well as the Tunica volumes for my write-up of St. Croix Island (Maine) International Historic Site. Because your two projects are fresh in my mind, I'll try to elaborate on how important I think that they are, and how relevant they are for issues facing the National Park Service today.

These two projects and their publications are quintessential studies in historical archaeology. In both your Tunica work as well as the Fort St. George report you do full justice to the historical record in defining the (recorded) cultural contexts, setting up questions to be addressed through archaeology, and presenting engaging interpretations. You are a master at synthesizing history and archaeology and presenting a seamless narrative drawing from these two disciplines. How do we match this in the public archaeology sector? We don't, and it isn't just a consequence of being downsized over the past eight years. Typically, we wind up with separate teams of archaeologists and historians who lack familiarity with each other's discipline (and, not infrequently, their own discipline). The result is usually "history plus archaeology." You have left a legacy of field projects to inspire us, but I doubt we'll ever come close to matching the standards you've set.

Your work demonstrates another seamless quality—that of being able to move across Native, French, and English sites and material culture from radically different times and places, with the same, typically high level of confidence and accuracy in analysis and synthesis. This is not to be taken for granted. I'm sure that your knowledge of aboriginal artifacts was pretty formidable back

Jeff has always encouraged volunteers at Popham, including grandson Stephen Jeffrey Rothstein, 1998 (courtesy Anne Brain).

in the 1970s, but I *know* that your command of the French material culture from the Trudeau site was exceptional for that period. When *Tunica Treasure* came out in 1979, I immediately sent a copy to a French colleague to demonstrate the value of their own, understudied modern material culture in the study of French colonization. Your *Tunica Treasure* volume is cited in the French and Canadian archaeology literature with some regularity.



Then at Popham, you made a bold move into the life and times (and trash) of Raleigh Gilbert and company. I'm still impressed with how you nailed down some of those miserable fragmented sherds as being obscure types of West Devon pottery! Going beyond that, you've really defined the earliest English settlement and artifact assemblage found in these parts and provided a counterbalance to the seemingly endless rhetoric about the significance of Jamestown fort. Not bad for somebody in his 60s. So, what's next?

Jeff, I have to congratulate you for running one of the best public archaeology projects in New England. It was always impressive to see the multitude of volunteers hard at work at Popham, many of them turned into skilled field technicians as a result of their work with you! As archaeology becomes even more professionalized, too often the public is left out of the picture entirely. You not only demonstrated how volunteers can be involved in field and lab research on a significant site, but also how the stewards of public lands understand the

value of doing this. You also enjoyed full cooperation from the archaeologists and managers of the state park where you worked, while the owners of the privately owned portion of the site refused you permission to dig. (Let's hope that these private abutters don't decide to put in a swimming pool or undertake some massive landscaping project.) In closing, I should remind other archaeologists entering their sunset years of the numerous opportunities to protect and study some of the most significant sites in the country and with much less effort than Jeff's. For every state or national park there's an archaeo-bureaucrat (occasionally a Harvard-educated one) in a park or regional office who has a list of interesting park-related research questions just waiting for an educated volunteer to come along and address. The important discoveries of the next decade will probably come from enlightened re-examination of excavated collections. Work can be made easier for the next generation by organizing and digitizing old archaeological field notes and maps.

Elisa, who did the layout for *The Great Sun*, says hello. A couple of years ago our daughter, Lily, then in high school, was accepted for a summer internship to work at...the Peabody Museum! Before we knew it, she was helping with the cataloging of the recent Harvard Yard artifact collection. I haven't heard any mention of archaeology since then, but there's still plenty of time. ❖



Jeff Brain, in the white hat of course, and his crew at Fort St. George, Popham, Maine (courtesy Art Spiess).

JEFF BRAIN COMES TO MAINE

Arthur Spiess

It is hard to remember exactly how it happened. As a graduate student interested in caribou hunters and archaeological things northern, preferably including animal bones in various states of disrepair, I found myself sorting through trash pit bone from a mid-eighteenth century Tunica Indian village in Louisiana. Either Jeff Brain had been quite persuasive, or he was gullible, because I do not remember whether he approached me to get the work done, or whether I asked him to allow me to try out a technique of determining season of death by cutting sections out of mammal teeth. It must have been 1974 or 1975 in the archaeology lab in the Peabody Museum at Harvard. I had advertised my presence by creating quite a stink, the unpleasant odor of drilling and cutting teeth that one occasionally smells in a dentist's office. One of the senior graduate students (not Jeff) had yelled at me for getting tooth dust all over his precious inked final thesis drawings. But Jeff was a placid and friendly presence who came and went through the lab. To "rookies" such as myself, Jeff seemed to have some elevated status beyond graduate student. And he had some undefined something to do with the Lower Mississippi Valley, or some other unpleasantly hot, humid and alligator-infested place (as defined by us Arctic types). I did my thing with the Tunica Trash Pit bones and went off to continue work on Labrador and Maine animal bones.

By summer, 1978, I had a job as the staff archaeologist with the recently created Maine Historic Preservation Commission (SHPO). Jeff cordially contacted me a few years later, "cleaned up" the Tunica Trash Pit bones report, and included it as an appendix in *Tunica Archaeology*.

Beginning in 1994, Jeff appeared seasonally on our archaeological doorstep, the central Maine coast, to pursue another site from the annals of European-Native contact, the 1607 Popham Colony (so called). We had the chance to return Jeff's professional civility by reassuring colleagues and administrators in Maine state government who did not know him that Jeff was a "good guy," responsible, would definitely write up his results in useful format and in readable English, and probably knew which end of a trowel to hold. Jeff tells

this background of the dig in the Preface to his *Fort St. George* book. As he notes cryptically, I would drop by the site periodically to look at the prehistoric Native American artifacts that the “pesky Europeans” had disturbed when in 1607 they built their darned development right on top of a perfectly good Native American archaeological site. (We are currently collaborating on a paper to summarize those pre-contact finds.)

The intensive archaeological work at the Popham Colony site culminated in about two years of intensive collaboration between the two of us in the 2007 publication of *Fort St. George*. This is a four-color book loaded with graphics, and it was published in a book series established about 1982 (Occasional Publications in Maine Archaeology) specifically to get archaeological results out to the public in the region. The back and forth between the two of us as author and editor over design, layout, copy editing *details*, funding and printing was always cordial and mostly a pleasure. And it seems like a fitting mutual focus for a professional friendship that started over 30 years ago. There was a great deal of satisfaction when we sent off a *gratis* copy of the book for the Tozzer Library collection. Jeff, you have my warmest regard and best wishes. ❖

CRAZY LEO

Ian W. Brown

The following is an abstract from my journal entry of January 22, 1980. It is simply a gift to Jeff, as I think it will bring back a good memory. We had only recently moved into our new LMS headquarters on the Peabody fifth floor and it was a typical wintry afternoon. Jeff had much work to do, but he always made time for students and other interesting visitors—like Leo.

“Crazy Leo,” a resident of Cambridge who off and on bothers Jeff about Mayans in Cambridge, arrived in the early afternoon. He hadn’t been here in 3 years. Mrs. Melanson showed him how to get to our new offices. He talked to Jeff awhile about the Mayans and about Jeff’s whistling radiator. Finally he asked Jeff if he should talk to the people in Biochemistry (his mind is blown out). Jeff readily agreed and desperately went through the phone book in search of names and numbers. Then he led Leo to the elevator and sent him on his way. Jeff came back ranting & raving about “Who let him in here? Why doesn’t he bother Willey about the Mayans?” etc. And then Leo walked back in. “Uh, Jeff, where exactly am I supposed to go?” Jeff patiently told him and then stormed into his office. Five minutes later Leo returned and asked Jeff if he could use him as a reference. Jeff said yes, hesitatingly, but carefully explained that he knows no one there and it would do him little good to have his reference. Leo then asked, “Okay, then is it alright to use you as a reference?” Jeff just said, “Yes!” Bang! Bang! Bang! on his desk and then slammed and locked the outside door. About half an hour later Jeff was in the main room. Someone had just left and there was a light tap on the door. Jeff answered it, and there was Leo, “Well I went to the Biochemistry lab, now what? Jeff, are you busy?” Jeff, seething said yes, and he would be most of the week as this is a very busy period: How about coming back next week. “When?” says Leo. “Anytime,” says Jeff, again slamming the door... It’s been a long time since I’ve laughed so hard.

We sure did laugh a lot. I miss that. ❖



Archaeology is a serious business, but thankfully there is always a level of craziness mixed in when Jeff is involved. In this 1977 photo Stu Neitzel receives a toy helicopter from Jeff, perhaps symbolic of the one that Governor Edwards often used to fly home to Marksville. Ian suggested it be called the "John Deere Helicopter" (Vin Steponaitis photo).

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After leaving Mother Harvard, Russell began teaching at the Anthropology Department at California State University, San Bernardino, where he currently is Professor of Anthropology and Director of the Anthropology Museum. Jeff chaired his thesis committee for the Ph.D. and suffered bravely through numerous drafts of thesis chapters. Though Russell never worked with Jeff in the field, he was able to analyze some molluscan assemblages from Lake George for him.

John S. Belmont

John is retired and lives with his wife Sharon in Nebraska. He has known and enjoyed Jeff since 1953 and dug with him at Lake George in 1958 and 1959, and at Fort St. George, Maine, in 1994, with many adventures and good times in between.

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Tommy is currently working as an archeologist for the US Army Corps of Engineers, Mobile District. He worked for Jeff in Vicksburg, Mississippi at the Haynes Bluff and Russell sites in the summer of 1974.

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Mark is a surgeon in Northern California. He is Harvard College, class of 1987. He worked with Jeff at the Peabody Museum in the late 1980s.

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Anne Brain is the adoring wife of Jeffrey P. Brain. Despite 45 years of marriage, she still considers him to be the epitome of masculine prowess. Although initially attracted to his dashing good looks and his equally dashing Jaguar, as the years passed she has come to appreciate more and more the finer attributes of her saint of a husband. She no longer even remembers the time when he sat on her sewing basket.

Ian W. Brown

Ian is currently a Professor of Anthropology at the University of Alabama. He is Harvard College Class of 1973 and worked with Jeff at sites in the Natchez, Vicksburg, and Tunica Hills regions in the 1970s and 1980s. He was an LMS colleague of Jeff's at the Peabody Museum in the 1980s.

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Winifred (a.k.a. Winkie) is a Presidential Research Professor in the Anthropology department at Northern Illinois University. She is Harvard '73 and worked in the field and as a research assistant to Jeff at the Peabody Museum from June 1973 to July 1976.

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Mike received a Ph.D. in anthropology from Harvard University in 1975. He has conducted fieldwork at sites of diverse ages in Kenya, Tanzania, Peru, Labrador, Ontario and 26 states. His primary interest remains the peopling of the New World. He administrates the American Society for Amateur Archaeology—a 1300-member organization dedicated to archaeological science—and runs a small publishing house (Persimmon Press). During the 1960s Mike first met Jeff Brain, who inculcated a love for historic archaeology in Mike that endures to this day.

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Jayur is a graduate student in anthropology at Tulane University. Although never formally introduced, Jayur has been greatly affected by Dr. Brain, having received his training from several of Dr. Brain's students and colleagues. In addition, Jayur is also interested in the Lower Mississippi Valley, Jeff's old stomping ground.

Gilman D. Parsons

Gil succumbed to the pernicious influence of Jeff Brain in the early seventies, having been dispatched to Natchez in the context of the Lower Mississippi Survey, the better to avoid a course of abject dissolution. This obviously was unsuccessful, and graduate work in Modern History (fifteenth century) at Oxford University followed, much to the relief of the general archaeological community. Soon thereafter, Gil succumbed to the ravages of an incurable disease, was exiled to California, and currently does penance as proprietor of Parsons Books, purveyors of worthy and hideously expensive tomes. His intention is shortly to retire to a villa on the Costa Lotta.

Steven R. Penderg

Steve is an archaeologist with the Northeast Region of the National Park Service. Jeff was his advisor for his Ph.D. in historical archaeology at Harvard in the 1980s. During the past decade both Jeff and Steve have been working at their respective early European sites on the coast of Maine, and hopefully their paths will continue to cross at archaeological sites and meetings.

Daniel T. Potts

Dan is the Edwin Cuthbert Hall Professor of Middle Eastern Archaeology at the University of Sydney in Sydney, Australia. He graduated from Harvard in the Class of 1975 and worked with Jeff, Ian Brown, Vin Steponaitis and Gil Parsons at Natchez and Tunica in the summer of 1972. He received a Ph.D. from Harvard in 1980 and a D.Phil. from the University of Copenhagen in 1991.

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Vin is Professor of Anthropology, Director of the Research Laboratories of Archaeology, and Chair of the Curriculum in Archaeology at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. He graduated from Harvard College in 1974 and went on to receive a Ph.D. from the University of Michigan in 1980. He still does archaeology in Natchez, as well as in other parts of the American South.

John D. Stubbs

John is currently the Director of College Counseling at the Paideia School in Atlanta, Georgia. John was trained by Jeff and other members of the LMS prior to doing an archaeological survey in northeast Mississippi in the early 1980s and then overlapped with Jeff when he was a graduate student at Harvard from 1983 to 1992. John remains involved in archaeology as a Research Associate of the Peabody Museum, Harvard University.

Sarah Peabody Turnbaugh

Sarah is Curator/Trustee of the Museum of Primitive Art and Culture in Peace Dale, Rhode Island, where she has served in various capacities since the mid-1970s, and retired as Director Emerita in 2006. She is Harvard and Radcliffe Colleges Class of 1976. Jeff served as her major professor.

William A. Turnbaugh

Bill is now a Professor Emeritus of Anthropology at the University of Rhode Island. After receiving his Harvard doctorate in 1973, Bill taught at URI for 32 years before his 2006 retirement. Jeff served as a member of Bill's dissertation committee in the early 1970s.

Deborah H. Woodiel

Debbie is the Assitant Director and Museum Educator at the Frank H. McClung Museum, University of Tennessee. From 1975 to 1980 she was a Staff Archaeologist at the Louisiana Archaeological Survey and Antiquities Commission and worked with Jeff at the Bloodhound Hill site, Tunica Hills, in 1977.



Jeff at Gordon Cotton's house, "Campbell Swamp University," Warren County, Mississippi, 1976 (Stu Neitzel photo).



*Jeffrey P. Brain, an Unconventional Man, and the Mississippi River,
Louisiana, 1975 (Ian Brown photo).*



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