

types such as Hiwassee Red on Buff. Sometimes it really is the little things that count a lot. He knew that.

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☛ My first encounter with James B. Griffin was in 1974, when I presented my first professional paper at the Southeastern Archaeological Conference. Friends had told me to watch his reactions, since members of the SEAC audience considered his facial expressions a better guide to the quality of a paper than the formal abstracts. I was too nervous to do more than glance at him once or twice (and was very unsettled to see him smile once when I did, since I didn't know what this meant), but remember that he was very gracious and encouraging afterwards.

In subsequent years I looked forward to seeing him in the first row at conferences, and like so many others in the audience, watched for his reactions as intently as I followed the papers themselves. Sure signs of an interesting or controversial paper were raised eyebrows or slight but sudden turns of the head to check colleagues' reactions. Great papers were those where he would perceptibly straighten up in his seat and lean forward slightly. Turning off his hearing aid (which I confess I only saw him do once), in contrast, was considered the kiss of death.

Dr. Griffin invariably provided honest, straightforward advice, and was unsparing if he thought the listener would benefit by it. I had a personal run-in with this quality that helped shape my career and for which I am eternally grateful. When I first thought about going for a doctoral degree in 1977, I told Dr. Griffin at a meeting that it was my dream to go to Michigan, where so many people I admired had gone. He told me bluntly that I needed a great deal more knowledge and experience if I was to even have a hope of getting accepted. While I was temporarily crushed, he was absolutely right, and his comments helped motivate me over the next several years to do the best I could by the opportunities that CRM work provided. I was accepted when I finally applied in 1983. Some of my best memories in archaeology are of sitting at the coffee table in the North American range in Ann Arbor talking with Dr. Griffin about southeastern archaeology. While long since retired and soon to move on to Washington, he was always accessible to students for an hour or so in the early morning and again at lunch, and loved the exchanges that occurred, sometimes at his somewhat sly instigation. I learned as much from him in that setting as from my other instructors in more formal classes.

No one now living can hope to achieve James B. Griffin's breadth of experience with the literature and artifacts of Eastern North American archaeology. His interest in what was being found in every region and over every period serves as a role model and example to all of us who follow, and reminds us of the impor-

tance of considering the big picture and big research problems from time to time. Dr. Griffin is as well known, however, for his careful analysis and reporting of primary data from a wide range of areas. These studies have left a lasting mark on the primary descriptive literature, and remind us that the big pictures he drew came from a vast empirical base. He was a sounding board and mentor to us all, and shall be deeply missed.

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☛ September 12, 1970. It was a hazy, lazy, late summer afternoon in front of the old colonial home of Phil Phillips in Bolton, Massachusetts. The night before, Steve Williams had assembled many of the luminaries of southeastern archaeology for a gala celebration in honor of Phil's 70th birthday, and Steve had corralled some of us to meet in Bolton to discuss important matters in southeastern archaeology. I don't remember the discussions or whether there were any significant pronouncements, but I do recall being struck by Jimmy's oddly oblique remarks. As the new kid on the block, I felt I was missing something and I began to realize that this was simply his way. So like everyone else I nodded sagely when the remarks were delivered seriously, and when they were accompanied by the leprechaun's smile I laughed warily. As the years passed, I became more adept at interpreting him, but I must confess to occasional uncertainty. Jimmy was one of those unique personalities that have been the fortune and the inspiration of southeastern archaeology.

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☛ I had met Dr. Griffin (as I then addressed him) briefly before beginning graduate studies at Michigan, but we did not speak much until the day in January 1974 when he offered me a research assistantship in the Museum of Anthropology. With no pleasantries or build-up, he simply said, "The rest of Doc Titterington's collections need reporting the way we did for Knight. I'll show you your desk." Fresh from a year in central Arizona with no experience in Illinois archaeology, I hadn't a clue what he was talking about. I'm sure he knew that, too, and waited to see what I would do.

I was soon busy reorganizing the collections from the Snyders Mounds and other sites that Titterington had excavated along the bluffs of the Mississippi and Illinois rivers. And I was just as busy learning artifact chronologies and the history of burial mound excavations in the region—including learning about the Middle and Late Woodland materials on which my dissertation research later focused. Soon, too, I became frustrated with tracking down unpublished field school and highway salvage reports through the libraries, and made the mistake