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## OVERVIEW

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Following this brief essay, twenty other chapters appear in this volume. They cover a wide range of subjects, including applied anthropology, archaeology, physical anthropology, ethnology, linguistics, and social anthropology.

Of the total chapters, only four are devoted to specific subjects, while the others are broad surveys and exercises in theory. This choice mirrors that of the two most recent numbers of the *American Anthropologist*, Volume 78, Numbers 2 and 3. Each of them carries four main articles. Not one of those in Number 2 is of a factual or descriptive nature. In Number 3, three articles boil down to "women's lib," and the fourth is about "anti-languages," i.e. words which show hostility to our modern societies: unrest comparable to the anti-male papers of Number 2.

These eight articles thus faithfully reflect two of the three major issues that beset the American and related Western peoples at the present time: the feminist movement, which includes attacks on that illiterate misnomer, "male chauvinism," and the general socioeconomic disturbances of the peoples concerned—presumably a product of our own technological advances which have pierced our planet's atmospheric skin, and a haunting fear of the imminent end of the world. I trust that these comments are not applicable to the other chapters of this volume, which I have not seen.

For a specific comparison, let us spin time backward a half century to look at Volume 27, Numbers 2 and 3, of the *American Anthropologist*, issued in 1925, the first ones that I received after having joined the American Anthropological Association. Each number carries five lead articles. Seven of the ten are completely objective, factual descriptions. Two are cross-cultural surveys, also objective.

Only one is polemic. It is on the third delicate subject unmentioned in the 1976 numbers. It is "Anthropology, Race, and Culture," by J. R. Kantor. The author denies the existence of racial differences in mental faculties on the ground that the collective mind of a people reflects their culture. "Most carefully must we guard

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against the temptation to take some actual fact of a biological sort and transform it into an illegitimate process. . . . in the study of psychological phenomena the data are not involved in all the problems of nature and nurture.”

“What makes a culture?” He did not say. His paper was published midway between Franz Boas’s first and second editions of *The Mind of Primitive Man*, during which span the pacemaker swung from belief to disbelief.

Volume 78, Number 2 of the *American Anthropologist* contains a narrative account of Boas’s early career in America, authored by Curtis M. Hinsley Jr. and Bill Holm. For those who still argue about Boas’s influence on modern American anthropology, this pathetic and sympathetic article is recommended.

I have cited the *American Anthropologist* files glibly because I joined the Association in 1925. The membership then was 665. On December 6, 1976, it was ca 10,000, a growth of 150-fold in half a century. George Peter Murdock’s *Ethnographic Atlas* (1975), lists 862 societies (i.e. “ethnic groups”) in the world which by then had been studied to some extent. I can hardly believe that more than an equal number remain unexplored, unstudied, and unsullied by the avalanche of modern, Western civilization. In the proposed 1977 AAA meeting, only 1100 members will be allowed to read papers—one out of every nine. What can they all find to talk about?

How wonderful it was to become a fledgling professional anthropologist in 1925, at the age of 21, with the wide world to choose from, and to be able to participate in the active lives of brave and honorable people who would adopt you if you pleased them, or might kill or even eat you if you didn’t please them. Beside learning the details and frameworks of their cultures, you might measure their bodies and dig up old tools and bones in their caves. Owing to the maligned institution of colonialism, travel was much safer in many countries then than it is today, when newly formed governments which crosscut tribal boundaries have tried to imitate those of their ex-masters and protectors (from other Western powers), instead of returning to their traditional forms.

The first meeting of the American Anthropological Association that I attended was held in Peabody House, Andover, Massachusetts, across the street from the dormitory I had lived in only four years previously. Aleš Hrdlička, who was no little dove, as his name implied, held the presidential chair, and the saintly Alfred V. Kidder acted as secretary. He lived in Andover; that was what brought us there.

The Harvard triumvirate of Tozzer, Dixon, and Hooton were on deck, along with Joe Spinden, probably Pliny Goddard, Robert Lowie, and Alfred Kroeber. It was all very jolly. Everyone knew everyone else. I don’t think I saw Boas, but Ruth Bunzel and Hortense Powdermaker proxied for him.

Of the many heated discussions, I remember only one. Franz Weidenreich was trying to explain foetalization in man by comparing him to the King Charles Spaniel—a bulgy browed, popeyed pooch resembling a Pekinese.

Hrdlička interrupted, his eyes flashing impatiently, as he asked: “Vot haf ducks to do vit man?”

To which Weidenreich retorted with the same aplomb that had accompanied his offhand rejection, sight unseen, of Piltdown as a fake: “I vas not spiking about ducks. I vas spiking about dugs!”

Eleven years later, the crown prince of functional anthropology came to Cambridge, Massachusetts to participate in Harvard's Tercentary Ceremonies. The Yard was crawling with foreign pundits garbed in odd robes and odder hats. The latter ranged from Beefeater models to portable Leaning Towers of Pisa. It was not Malinowski's headgear that distinguished him from the rest, but his fame for his provocative book titles, *Argonauts of the Western Pacific* and *The Sexual Lives of Savages*, plus his smile, his boldness, and his wit.

As befitted the guest of honor, Malinowski was domiciled with the Honorable Leverett Saltonstall, then Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, later destined to become governor of his state and its Republican senator in Washington. Malinowski was a Polish Catholic. Harvard was surrounded by Catholic citizens, mostly Irish. Who could make a more suitable pilot orator than a distinguished foreign Catholic layman?

For some unknown reason, I was assigned to take care of Malinowski, and particularly to police his speech. In my house, he read it aloud. The words were elegant, but his strong Oxford accent a catastrophe. We had only one day. I telephoned my father, who loaned me a limousine and chauffeur. In it Malinowski and I rode about, passing by the merry-go-rounds and shoot-the-chutes at Revere Beach and the iron-fenced estates of the North Shore of Massachusetts Bay, for many hours.

First I read his speech to him, not in the phoney Harvard accent which some middlewestern-born professors learn to fake, but in my own, rustic north-of-Bostonese. Then my companion read it back to me, imitating my rendition to a T. We repeated this ploy many times, until we both had memorized his script. When he delivered it from the rostrum, silk hats were waved. The audience cheered. And Harvard, Fair Harvard, had won the game that day.

Meanwhile in Chicago Malinowski's only rival for the functional school's crown was indoctrinating his own students, including William Lloyd Warner, who soon afterward moved to Harvard, where he taught Eliot D. Chapple and Conrad M. Arensberg in offices adjacent to mine. The rival's name was variously A. R. Brown, A. R. Radcliffe-Brown, or other combinations of the same ingredients. To his friends and students, he was Rex.

Basically, the functional school was anti-historical. It ignored one leg of the cosmic tripod of space, energy, and time. It had arisen in protest against the historical school, whose adherents posed most of their weight on the supposedly immutable parameter that their new detractors had chosen to ignore.

Malinowski had succeeded in this two-dimensional framework because his lively Trobriand Islanders' culture was rolling along full blast, whereas Brown's Andaman Islanders consisted of a single relict villageful of miniature shoreline hunters and harpooners clinging to the simplified debris of their ancestors' more complicated past.

Brown did not try to study the culture of the Jarawa, the neighbors of his villagers, who bordered them to the south. They were still alive and fighting; their culture remains unknown. Had Brown tried to interview them, their arrows could have wafted him into another lens of time.

Instead he turned his attention to Arnhem Land in North Australia, and to the complexities of its Aboriginal kinship systems, which, like everyone else except the Aborigines, he had trouble unraveling. Lloyd Warner followed Rex in this mind-bending task, then came to Harvard in 1938, where and when we first met.

Harvard was then a poor place for sociology, the palliative discipline of minorities. President Lowell discouraged its pursuit, reputedly on the grounds that its name was a bastard label, half Latin and half Greek. Nothing daunted, Warner invaded that realm and applied his functional methods to a modern urban community within commuting distance—Newburyport, Massachusetts. The product was his book *Yankee City*.

Among his staff members were Eliot D. Chapple and Conrad M. Arensberg. Once the Newburyport study had been completed, they continued with a project of their own in which I joined after Arensberg had left to work elsewhere. My role was to help Chapple with ethnographic coverage derived from my teaching schedule, which had included courses on the races and cultures of the world.

Chapple's idea was that time is an intrinsic element in the structure of any culture, and so is biology. We leaped the time-lens hurdle by labeling it "the Ethnographic Present," first used in our book *The Principles of Anthropology* (1942).

The biological factor was the "interaction rate." Chapple studied it by measuring the durations of origins and responses on a moving tape. (You "originate" an event in interaction when you take the lead.) He found that these rates are constant for each person, immutable without breakdown and heritable. Regardless of the content of speech—much of which is just an excuse for interaction—each person's rate tags him almost as tightly as his fingerprints do.

People interact in pairs or *sets* (groups of three or more). Interaction of both kinds takes place in institutions: the family, political, economic, and religious institutions; and voluntary associations (sodalities, guilds, clubs). Each institution has its leaders (successful originators in set events): its formal or informal table of organization; and its own internal equilibrium which is maintained by the cosmic principle of least effort, as are those of the components of atoms, the solar system, galaxies, and the vast universe itself.

As men's (not man's) utilization of our planet's resources waxed after their discovery of fire, so did their craftsmanship, divisions of labor, and the numbers and complexities of social groups. The orderly transitions which the nineteenth century philosophers had postulated, we documented and amplified. (So did Leslie White in Ann Arbor, alone and bitter in his easily misunderstood acidulous style).

In *Principles of Anthropology* Chapple and I postulated that men convert energy into social structure. In 1948 I plotted quanta of energy against time on a double-log chart in an exhibit in the Hall of Man in the University Museum in Philadelphia, but viewers took little notice of it. It showed the line to rise at an exponentially increasing rate to a point where energy was already approaching infinity while time and space shrank close to zero. In 1954 I published this in *The Story of Man*.

After decades of neglect, proponents of space factories and the colonization of other planets have revived it, with due credit, as a working principle, leapfrogging

over many of the social anthropologists who are still absorbed with the details of kinship, dual organization, and the interpretation of myths.

Equally unacclaimed by his peers had been the discoveries of Edward T. Hall of Northwestern University, whose two truly basic books, *The Silent Language* (1959) and *The Hidden Dimension* (1966) are not even mentioned in *The Fifth International Directory of Anthropologists* (1975), although the technical name of his subject, *Proxemics*, is.

Hall studied and analyzed cultural differences in nonverbal communication and in the social utilization of space, thus both supplementing and complementing Chapple's interaction studies which measured mostly the flow of words. City planners, appointed diplomats, global architects, and spaceship and space platform designers can use Hall's findings too.

Meanwhile social anthropology was being either fortified or diverted (reader's choice) by the ethology of Lorenz and Tinbergen and by the primate studies begun by Clarence R. Carpenter. Carpenter was followed by George Schaller and by Sherwood Washburn and his students as well as by the photogenic Jane Goodall, and Desmond Morris, the Naked Apester of the London Zoo.

A movement almost too late to conserve marginal hunting-gathering peoples from their inevitable fates led to intensive studies of the Bushmen by the Marshall family, Irvén DeVore, Richard Lee, and others, and also to a most perceptive and sensitive wedding of archaeology and ethnography by Richard Gould, published in his book *Yiwara of the Australian Desert* (1969). Like several older books and films, Gould's volume contained one photograph of a human circumcision table, without the body of the boy scheduled for the operation anywhere in sight. By an unpredictable fluke of misfortune, some Aboriginal girls who were not supposed to know about the props for this rite of passage were shown this picture, and thereby were reportedly barred from matrimony. For this unpremeditated act, the wrath of the Ethics committee of the American Anthropological Association fell on the author's head.

Gould's case raises an important question. In this time of global jitters, must anthropological information be classified "top secret?" Or must we just lie down and say our prayers? Far more pertinently than to cultural anthropology does this dilemma relate to its biological counterpart, physical anthropology, including the tinderbox issue of race. For this issue we now turn back to the placid 1920s, when it was only relatively lukewarm.

Earnest Albert Hooton taught more budding physical anthropologists in his bone-filled, top-floor laboratory in Harvard's Peabody Museum than did anyone else in America at that time. His students included Harry Shapiro, Mischa Titev, Charles Snow, William W. Howells, William Laughlin, Alice Brues, H. T. L. Herzberg, Sherwood Washburn, Wesley Dupertuis, Gabriel Lasker, Carl Seltzer, Robert Ehrich, Joseph Birdsell, Stanley Garn, Loring Brace, Charles Shade, Paul Gebhard, and others whose names elude me.

William Krogman, who taught at the Universities of Chicago and then Pennsylvania, had studied in London under Sir Arthur Keith, and so had Theodore McCown of the University of California at Berkeley. T. Wingate Todd of Western Reserve

taught Mildred Trotter of Washington University in St. Louis and W. Montague Cobb of Howard University. Adolf Schultz of Zurich and Johns Hopkins taught T. Dale Stewart and William L. Straus at Johns Hopkins. Most of the other physical anthropologists of America who did not slide in via the medical profession are or were the students of one or more of the men and women listed above.

Hooton taught us only osteology, but he did it very thoroughly, training us to identify small bits of whole bones by age, sex, and sometimes race. Very strict he was about our showing respect for the deceased. Once when a student had placed a cigarette between the jaws of a mounted skeleton he lectured us severely, while the miscreant quaked.

In a corner of his laboratory stood a large glass jar containing three superimposed human heads; those of an American Indian, an Indian Indian, and a Chinese. So tightly did they fit in their container that the tips of their noses were pressed against the glass, like those of children through a window near the door at Christmas time, awaiting the postman's arrival.

Once, for some unstated reason, Hooton moved the jar to the corridor outside the room, near the head of the stairs. A pregnant visitress, panting after her five-story climb, had a miscarriage, and threatened to sue Harvard. Hooton brought the jar back inside.

About that time a Polish neuroanatomist doing research at the Harvard Medical School heard of it. He was studying the effects of alcohol on the human brain. Because the heads had been in alcohol for nearly a century, he sought and obtained Hooton's permission to remove the brains and carry them to the Medical School. When the question of transportation arose, Hooton pointed to me and said: "Carl Coon has a car down at the door. He can give you and your brains a ride."

And so I did, in a topless old Cadillac, driving a little fast, while the Polish doctor held the brains uncovered in a glass tray. A siren whirled, a motorcycle officer pulled up. "Where are you going in such a hurry, young man," he asked.

"To the Harvard Medical School," I answered. "We must get these brains there on time!"

"Step on it! I'll give you an escort," he said, and did.

Hrdlička started the *American Journal of Physical Anthropology* in 1918, during wartime, with a handful of members in its eponymous association. Nineteen years later its rolls had risen to 132, most of whom were anatomists, dentists, and other specialists in disciplines peripheral to our own. In 1976 we number only 676 voting members, plus 598 student and 103 foreign members. Our increase is modest compared to that of the American Anthropological Association. We are still, more or less, a club. As club members, with a few exceptions, we are polite to one another when we disagree. Because we deal with living organisms, mostly human, and their remains, our work requires precision. Most of it can be treated mathematically. We are little swayed by women's lib, race when it does not involve intelligence, or the putatively impending Apocalypse.

At our eighth annual meeting, held at the Harvard Faculty Club in April 1937, 25 papers were read. Three were on teeth. The others covered racial analyses of both the quick and the dead, anthropometric techniques, statistical analysis, physiology,

and infant mortality. Harry L. Shapiro showed slides and read a paper on his then recent study of the 202 living descendants of six mutineers of the *Bounty* and their 12 or 13 Tahitian female consorts, who had borne an average of 11.2 children, “. . . despite their inbreeding [they] are healthy, vigorous, and free from stigmata of degeneracy.”

William C. Boyd revealed his blood group findings from the shrunken tissues of Egyptian, Peruvian, U.S. Southwestern Indian, and Aleut mummies, finding Groups A, B, and O in different populations. His paper was No. 15; mine, on “A Racial Analysis of Ethiopians and Somalis,” was No. 24. Boyd’s revelations did not move me much because we were classmates and old friends and because I had already published my *Tribes of the Rif* (1932). In it I had shown that the blood groups of Moroccan Berbers and Arabs bore no statistical relation to any metrical or morphological trait. Others have confirmed this since.

In 1950 Boyd published his *Genetics and the Races of Man*, in which he classified races by blood groups alone. This caused a loud splash. Now we could fold up our calipers and anthropometers and creep away. Then the hawk-eyed Alice Brues showed that the A and B substances had to be subject to selection like other genetic traits (*AJPA* 1954, NS 12, pp. 557–59).

It did not take us long to find some of the hazards they were selected by; e.g. smallpox, plague, infant diarrhea. Instead of being the only genetic criteria of race, the blood groups became useful in tracing who had inherited what specific disease resistance from whom. It turned out that urban populations need more A and B-resistant genes than did the pre-conquest Australian Aborigines or American Indians, who more sparsely occupied cleaner space than their invaders had. If their ancestors had had the genes for A and B, they had sloughed them off through the principle of relaxation of selection, first enunciated by Richard Post in reference to color blindness. Still it made peace-loving people more comfortable to classify others by a coded alphabet soup than to use old-fashioned words for well-known races.

Since 1950, field anthropometry has declined, and blood-drawing in the field has increased, while both are still done in laboratories. In 1929–30, I still wanted to take blood samples of the North Albanian mountaineers but could not, because they let it only in feuds and in pacts of blood-brotherhood. But they liked having their heads and bodies measured, because when I was calling out the numbers, they thought that I was praying for them.

Along with racially oriented anthropometry, somatotyping was also nixed by the Establishment, however constituted. Hippocrates had noticed individual differences in body build and temperament, and Herodotus had described the Scythians in these terms. During the Renaissance, master painters had depicted aristocrats as long and lean, peasants as broad-shouldered and broad-hipped, while sly, self-indulgent merchants were shown as thin-nosed, thin-fingered, and fat of paunch and jowl. Later, German anatomists had documented the existence of such types (horrid word) statistically. In America, after he had viewed the corpses of American soldiers killed by influenza in 1918, Dr. George Draper noticed that almost all of them were constitutionally alike.



A follower of Dr. Draper, William H. Sheldon, M.D., PhD, kept very busy in the office to my right in the Peabody Museum at Harvard in the 1930s, while Eliot Chapple was analyzing interaction rates in the office to my left. Sheldon realized that “pure” endomorphs, mesomorphs, and ectomorphs, (fat, solid, and lean) were virtually nonexistent, because everyone shares the three embryonic, organic layers of endoderm, mesoderm, and ectoderm—from which arise the digestive tract; bone and muscle; and skin, hair, nails, and brain. He measured each of his components on a scale of 1 to 7. Because one man might have solid legs and a skinny chest, he rated the parts of the body separately, noting 60 variables for each subject. His total estimate was expressed by a 1-to-7 score for each component, e.g. a mesomorph might be rated 3-7-2.

The Greeks, Germans, Draper, and Sheldon attributed psychological and behavioral characteristics to their somatotypes. Sheldon’s own work was drawn into fine focus when he teamed with S. Smith Stevens, a most eminent Harvard psychologist, whose life work was a totally objective mathematical study of the human reception and tolerance of tones and decibels of sound. As Chapple had done with interaction rates, Sheldon and Stevens showed that temperament is hereditary. So are patterns of behavior, while external influences can work failure or success, but cannot erase the blueprints of the genes.

For almost 30 years, Sheldon’s and Stevens’s work has been unofficially but effectively proscribed on several flimsy grounds—the real one being that by referring clinically to individuals, they disturb the equilibrium of the present Age of Homogenization, in which ladies wear trousers, there are no left-handed can openers, etc . . . etc . . . etc.

In 1976, a ray of dawn has begun to break. An article in the *American Journal of Physical Anthropology* shows that the somatotypes of individuals vary during childhood and adolescence before attaining their fully adult state. Sheldon had anticipated this observation early in his work, by describing the PPJ, or Pyknic Practical Joke—a young woman with small hands and feet and a beautiful figure before marriage, but who, after childbirth, became a plump endomorph, like an Upper Paleolithic portable Venus, as of Willendorf. Like the first bluebird of spring, is Sheldon’s life’s work coming back?

By the same token, the tables of contents of the last years of the *American Journal of Physical Anthropology* seem healthy and hearty. Turning pages at random, we encounter “Response to Hand Cooling Among the Chinese,” by Joseph K. So; “Anatomical Differences in the Femur and Tibia between Negroids and Caucasoids and their Effects on Locomotion,” by M. H. Farrally and W. J. Moore; “Comparative Anatomy of the Larynx in Man and the Chimpanzee: Implications for Language in Neanderthal,” by Dean Falk; a whole number (Vol. 42, No. 2, 1975) on dermatoglyphics, covering both specific populations and analysis. Number 3 contains four papers on the related functions of eye color and skin color with reference to racial differences in vitamin D irradiation by ultraviolet, and the latest news about the discovery of the oldest fossil man on the shore of Lake Turkana (Rudolf, until yesterday), by Richard Leakey and Alan Walker.

In these reports, this aging and battle-scarred viewer sees no rancor, no issues other than the origin of man and of his races, and the genetic markers, immunological and otherwise, that pull them together or push them apart. Our physical anthropologists are keeping up with the twiddlesome technology of the physicists and chemists, while sticking to their own lasts. They realize that the human body is more than its culture, which emanates from it and guides it with varying degrees of success. It is the watchtower from which all sciences derive. Their practitioners are still *Homines*, fallible if *sapientes*. If shorn of freedom, how can they free the world?

One easy jump drops us underground on the local ladder of time to Prehistoric Archaeology, which links the anatomical and neurological potentialities of our ancestors to things they made and ate. Pots and flints, seeds and the bones of animals, domesticated and wild, tell us not only about their foodgetting and kitchen styles, but help us to date their presence, and its climate, layer by layer.

In 1925 when I first dug, Carbon-14 had not been discovered, nor any of the other dating techniques since devised. The Director of Antiquities of Morocco had suggested an open-air site at Tit Mellil, the water supply of Casablanca, then a small town. There I found handaxes and rhinoceros bones and horncores in profusion, all unstratified. Later I learned that the waterworks men had been there earlier, scrambling the layers.

Fourteen years later I excavated the High Cave of Tangier, now a tourist trap, then a millstone quarry. My companions were millstone cutters and local laborers, prime workers who halted only once. We had opened a sealed inner cave in which, they said, lived a horrid jinn. To get them back to work, I crawled inside the suspicious chamber and scolded the jinn in the dark, in two voices, his and mine, until he fled. What we found was published. Because measuring people had become unfashionable, I excavated other caves, in Iraq, Iran, Afghanistan, Syria, and Sierra Leone.

Caves draw us back to the times when men first had fire. Earlier than that, most prehistoric archaeology is done in open air sites, often riverbeds. My personal objective was to combine archaeology with exploration, just as I had done earlier with anthropometry.

By specializing in caves it is possible to develop and to practice a routine that yields the maximum information per unit of space, time, and energy spent. This let me reach bedrock or sterile soil in a single season, and then move on to new frontiers and new problems, traveling light, for wherever there is limestone, caves are easy to find.

After the first round at the High Cave, all of them were excavated after World War II, which had left me restless. Everywhere I went, the men I trained became my companions, like the men in my "Special Operations" outfit during the war. Other men excavated village mounds, city sites, and temples. Such work is sedentary, may go on in one place for years, and requires a large and often ill-sorted staff whose members sometimes quarrel with each other and the boss. Logistics are a plague; so sometimes are hassles with government functionaries and antiquities thieves.

Generals of archaeology who command such grounded expeditions have included, among my own acquaintances, George A. Reisner, Alfred V. Kidder, Gordon Willey, Robert Dyson, Rodney Young, Sylvanus Morley, Joseph Spinden, Eric Schmidt, Robert Braidwood, Robert Adams, Kathleen Kenyon, and Carl Lamberg-Karlovski; theirs are names that stick in my head. Cavemen-commandos like Scotty MacNeish and Buffalo Smith can wear both hats, and Hallam Movius, the master of Abri Pataud, is simply unique.

Some archaeologists believe in God and even go to church. The struggle between the sexes, race, and the end of the world interest them less than a football game.

Linguistics is either the fourth leg or an appendage, fore or aft, of Anthropology, or more practically it is a cognate discipline of its own, and linguists who are not anthropologists take a similar view of us. My personal experience with linguistics has been limited, and I dare not deal with it here.

Presently I hold a dubious and purely biological distinction. As far as I know, only Li Chi, of the Academia Sinica of Taiwan, and Harry Shapiro, of the American Museum of Natural History in New York, hold American doctorates in anthropology, all three from Harvard, which go back to 1928 (my date) or earlier. This places me in the role of anecdotal historian for graduate students coming from near and far. They are writing their dissertations on the lives and times of such antique stars as Hrdlička, Hooton, and Lloyd Warner, whom I see as brightly as I did so long ago. I like this trend. High time it is, that the younger generation stops sneering at its predecessors.

Some of us live on principally in anecdotes transferred through students' generations. In the early 1920s we at Harvard firmly believed that Warren K. Moorehead, the Andover archaeologist, had once been working in an Indian mound near the Merrimack River. He was sitting on the rim of a trench, excavating carefully with trowel and brush, when he struck and uncovered something shiny, curved, and brown.

"Aha! An Indian skull!" he is alleged to have cried. As he removed more earth, he found that the object in question was one of his own shoes, enclosing his own foot. About 20 years later, this tale was told of me. Whose foot is in that shoe now?