

47

S. STILLMAN BERRY (1887-1984): A TRIBUTE THROUGH GLIMPSES AND REFLECTIONS¹

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ABSTRACT

Dr. S. Stillman Berry (1887-1984), Honorary Life President of the American Malacological Union, is honored through a brief biographical summary. The tribute is based primarily on stories told by Berry and on the author's experiences with Berry. The multifaceted nature of Berry is addressed: the scholar/malacologist, the horticulturist, the rancher/businessman, the genealogist, the bibliophile, the mentor.

With the death of Dr. S. Stillman Berry on April 9, 1984 at age 97, the American Malacological Union lost its Honorary Life President, malacology lost a dedicated scholar, and many of us lost a dear friend. The purpose of this paper is to honor and remember Stillman Berry by presenting some glimpses and reflections as a tribute to him and his long, productive life.¹ The primary sources of information presented here are two: (1) Stillman Berry himself, through my recollections of the many stories he told over the years we were friends; any deviations in facts are my memory failings, not his—I never knew him to change any facts in his stories; (2) my personal experiences enriched by nearly twenty years of knowing him and visiting him in Redlands, California and in Montana; other sources are listed under References. Many friends could present such a paper, but all presentations would be different because of personal experiences with Stillman. All would be bound by a common thread, however; none of us affected his life to any significant degree, but he certainly affected each of our lives in various, often very significant ways. A major reason for this is that Stillman Berry was a consummate and dedicated teacher.

Among my reasons for giving this tribute are that Stillman Berry was an extraordinary malacologist, a scholar nearly unique in the 20th century; he was the only Honorary Life President of the American Malacological Union, having been elected in 1960; he was a Research Associate of the Smithsonian Institution, a relationship of which both he and we were proud; he was the only Honorary Member of the recently chartered Cephalopod International Advisory Council (CIAC) in honor of his monumental contributions to the knowledge of the cephalopods of the world.

I first met Dr. Berry during a visit to the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History in December 1965. I had gone there to work out some sticky problems associated with

my dissertation on *Bathyteuthis*, a deep-sea cephalopod, and he was there checking up on his old cephalopod types and examining recent cephalopod collections. I was already at work and had been aware that someone had entered the room and begun pattering in the cubicle across the table. Joe Rosewater came in to see if I had everything I needed and chatted for a couple of minutes. No sooner had Joe left when a head and torso bobbed abruptly around the separating bookcase and a thin, bespectacled old man demanded, "Who are *you*, young man, and where in New Hampshire do you come from?" I told him. "I thought so; I'm Stillman Berry and one of my ancestors settled Rye." He had seen that I was working on squid, had heard my accent, and couldn't wait to find out the story. Of course, as a graduate student who had used so many of his cephalopod works and had heard so much about him, I was delighted. That began a marvelous week or so during which we became well acquainted, had lengthy discussions about cephalopods, New England genealogy, American malacologists, and cephalopod workers from around the world who he knew or with whom he corresponded. He was staying at an old hotel up near Union Station, quite some distance from the museum. I tried to persuade him to move down to the Harrington where I stayed, as it was only a couple of blocks from the museum and also quite inexpensive. Washington in the mid-60's wasn't the safest place to walk around in late in the evening. He brushed away my concerns, refused to take a bus or taxi, and insisted on staying where he'd always stayed starting decades ago! I walked home with him each evening and met

¹This paper was presented at the Annual Meeting of the American Malacological Union in Norfolk, Virginia in July 1984. Obituary notices have been published by Brookshire (1984) and Coan (1984).



Figure 1. S. Stillman Berry on his 95th birthday, 16 March 1982. (Photo, Chuck Painter)

him each morning. Wonderful conversational walks they were, punctuated with historical facts about old buildings we passed or comments about when Hoover was president or "that horrid FDR." I began to learn he had strong likes and dislikes!

One of my objectives while visiting the museum was to try to establish which generic name had priority: *Benthoteuthis* Verrill, 1885, or *Bathyteuthis* Hoyle, 1885. I was delighted to be with such a helpful nomenclatural expert as Dr. Berry. Later, after I had worked everything out, I wrote to him with the details and the decision—*Bathyteuthis* Hoyle by a couple of months. He replied that he could accept my findings based on facts, but he would have "much preferred" it be Verrill's name for patriotic and linguistic reasons. During our discussions of *Bathyteuthis* I was alarmed to learn about "my [Stillman's] species from California waters," which was all described, illustrated and ready to be published. I was very interested to know the publishing details, of course, because I had a large series of the same species and wanted to refer to Berry's name and the correct citation without pre-publishing on him. As it turned out, he needed males, more illustrations, and typing. It became clear after later correspondence that Berry would not be able to publish within a reasonable time and that I would have to publish

"his" species along with the rest of my *Bathyteuthis* work. My guilt was partially assuaged by naming the species *Bathyteuthis berryi*. I think this rather pleased Stillman Berry because it both honored him and relieved him of the responsibility of having to get that description out (he was, after all, nearly 79 years old at this point). I understand from some malacologists older than I that in former times such a "threat" to a prospective Berry species would be met with instant publication in the *Nautilus* or *Leaflets in Malacology*.

Samuel Stillman Berry was born in Unity, Maine, on March 16, 1887, his mother having returned from the family ranch in Montana for the delivery. Stillman was the second-born of twins, a surprise arrival who was so scrawny and weak-looking that he was placed on the windowsill so full attention could be paid to the robust, healthy-looking first-born twin brother. That icy March Maine windowsill probably did more for stimulating those first deep breaths than any midwife's slaps on the bottom ever could! At any rate, a doting aunt finally took notice of the waif, wrapped him up and did whatever they did to babies in 1887. Ironically, the robust baby died shortly after birth and Stillman, with the aid of a homemade incubator, survived. Stillman's early childhood was a search for health during which time the very sickly child was moved from Maine to Montana, New York, Minneapolis, Phoenix, Santa Barbara, Pasadena, and finally, in 1897 when Stillman was 10 years old, to Redlands, a climate the doctor had insisted was the best in the country for the child. Something must have been right, as Stillman Berry remained in Redlands for the ensuing 87 years of his life.

An incident when Stillman was three years old is worth retelling. The Berrys had learned about a famous physician in Minneapolis who was an expert at performing modern medical procedures. Very anxious about their young son's health, the Berrys decided to engage the learned doctor. The doctor determined on the first visit that the little boy's adenoids had to come out, and no time like the present to perform this simple modern procedure. Without administering anesthesia, the doctor inserted a looped wire around the swollen adenoids and yanked them out. We can understand why the tears welled in Stillman's eyes decades later in recalling one of his earliest childhood memories as he still felt the pain and saw the large, white porcelain bowl filling with his own blood. Stillman survived in spite of the operation and the massive loss of blood, but he had a hard time liking doctors for many years afterwards!

Stillman Berry's early education was sporadic at best. Because of his poor health he was forced to miss much of his classroom schooling. In fact, he completed only three full years of elementary school. He kept up his lessons, with guidance and tutoring from his mother and aunt, to the extent that he was allowed to skip two grades. In Redlands High School, Stillman founded the Year Book and, not being able to participate himself, became an avid sports fan, an interest he carried throughout life. Immediately after graduating from high school in 1904, Stillman, his mother, and his favorite teacher sailed for Europe where they spent the next full year traveling from Scandinavia to Greece. This experience had a

great influence, as he was exposed to a broad cultural education that can be gained no other way—history, art and architecture, music, theater. All experiences are vividly recorded in neat daily diaries and with many albums of photographs. It turned out to be Stillman's only trip to Europe, but he certainly made the most of it and remembered every detail of his tour.

Stillman Berry's undergraduate work was taken at Stanford University, where he majored in biology but took and enjoyed many other courses, including several in law. Stillman very much enjoyed campus life and extracurricular activities including hiking, camping, and dancing, the latter attested to by his having saved all the colorful dance cards, slender little pencils still attached, every numbered dance filled in with the name of a dancing partner. Among the dance cards is a note from his cousin acknowledging Stillman's expressed excitement about an upcoming dance and the possibility of dancing several times with a particular young lady.

Stillman was a freshman in the spring of 1906 when the great San Francisco earthquake struck at 5:13 a.m., April 13th. Shaken from sleep, Stillman grabbed a few things and amidst the roar, fled the building, narrowly missing the falling debris as he ran out the back door of Encina dormitory. Although still in nightshirt and slippers, he carried his clothes, shoes, books for his early morning German class, and camera without film. Later on, with his best friend Stanford B. Dole, II, he roamed the campus, photographing the devastation; the extensive album is still intact, a vivid reminder of that traumatic experience. A story Stillman delighted in retelling, as a demonstration that out of chaos can come humor, concerned the large statue of the early American oceanographer and marine biologist, Louis Agassiz. The quake dislodged the statue and it dove head-first into the concrete sidewalk where it rested unbroken and upright on the shoulders, feet to the sky, a comical sight that prompted comments about Agassiz's hardheadedness and penetration. The caper came when the visibly shaken University President, David Starr Jordan, happened by, saw the inverted statue and observed that he always knew that Agassiz "was very fine in the abstract, but he's no good in the concrete." Berry's several-day trek home by train and on foot was an adventure in itself, told along with other details in an article that appeared in the *Stanford Campus Report* (Stokes, 1982).

Following graduation in 1909, Stillman Berry went to Harvard for a Master's degree. There he began his work on cephalopods in earnest and had the joy of meeting at Yale, A. E. Verrill, the grandfather of American cephalopod research. Already a burgeoning bibliophile, Stillman haunted the old book stores of Cambridge and Boston, picking up some "nice things for only pennies." On one such excursion in Boston he passed by the exclusive grocery store of S. S. Pierce, where a man was setting up a display of magnificent oranges in the window. Stillman marched in and asked, "Which grove in Redlands do those oranges come from?" The man confirmed what Stillman already believed: they were from Redlands and S. S. Pierce used them because they were the "best navel

oranges in the world." What a wonderful touch of home that must have been for someone so far removed from home and family. At Harvard commencement exercises of 1910, Stillman was selected to represent all the students earning Master's degrees. He never forgot the honor of sitting on stage between President Teddy Roosevelt and later to be Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, then Governor of New York, and, of course, he remembered every detail of their conversations.

Stillman Berry returned to Stanford for his Ph.D. studies, where he worked under Professor Harold Heath. His dissertation on the cephalopods of western North America was a masterful work that remains a classic in cephalopod literature to this day. The Ph.D. was conferred in 1913.

During Berry's eight years of education away from home, he maintained virtually a daily exchange of correspondence with his mother and aunt. All these letters are still extant in a large trunk along with hundreds of others; together they constitute a rich resource of information about the man and his family going back to the 1850s in Maine.

One of the many stories I never tired hearing concerned Berry's employment at Scripps Institution of Oceanography, then called the Scripps Institution of Biological Research. Professor Heath was approached in 1913 by Ellen Browning Scripps who was seeking recommendations for someone to set up the library at Scripps. Without hesitation Heath "allowed as how" there was only one person in the country whom he could recommend with the biological training and the great breadth of knowledge of the scientific literature. That was S. Stillman Berry. So Stillman Berry was hired as librarian to build the library at Scripps at a salary of \$300 per year. He was allowed to work overtime for extra pay of 35 cents per hour, limited to three hours a week. E. W. Scripps provided \$10,000 to purchase books and Berry, being a good New Englander, determined to make that go as far as possible. Europe was in the middle of World War I and a severe economic depression during this time. Many of the wonderful old libraries were being broken up and sold through antiquarian dealers at bargain prices. Berry conducted business with virtually every book dealer of note in Europe, especially in England and Germany. He had placed a huge order with a Berlin antiquarian dealer when the British imposed on Germany a complete blockade to shipping. There sat the books that were to form a major portion of the Scripps library, with no indication when the blockade would be lifted and even then, if the books would be shipped. Stillman reared up his scholarly indignity and approached the appropriate officials in the United States and British governments, who in turn conducted delicate negotiations with the German government. Finally, the British Admiralty agreed to lift the blockade for a very specific time period and to allow a single, designated ship to pass. That ship carried crates and crates of books around Cape Horn and into San Diego. The books arrived at Scripps without so much as a water spot and they form the basis of one of the most extensive and complete oceanographic libraries in the world. Thanks to Berry the Blockade Buster!

Interestingly, that job at Scripps was the only professional position Berry ever held.

During the five years (1913–1918) Berry was librarian at Scripps he had the opportunity to purchase books for his personal library that were duplicates of Scripps holdings or otherwise not needed. As his primary research interest was and always remained the cephalopods, works related to this group were his top priority, followed by chitons, land snails, and finally, general malacology and general natural science. Even with his overtime income, Berry's penchant for buying books placed a severe strain on his budget to the extent that he frequently went without lunch in order to pay for his books. Over the decades and into 1983 Berry continued to purchase books and ultimately amassed one of the best private libraries of its kind in the country.

A career quite aside from teuthology (the study of cephalopods: squids, octopuses, cuttlefishes) and malacology occupied a significant portion of Stillman Berry's attention—the running of Winnecook Ranch near Harlowton, Wheatland County, Montana. Stillman's father, Ralph, and an uncle, Ralph's brother, left Unity, Maine, for "better pick-in's" in the west; they eventually settled in Montana Territory where they founded the 65,000-acre Winnecook Ranch in 1880, named after their favorite lake, Winnecook Pond, near Unity. Stillman's father went to the west coast to pick up the shipment of several thousand Merino sheep. With the assistance of a single Basque shepherd, Ralph Berry drove one of the first herds from Nevada across the mountains and into Montana, an impressive feat of endurance and skill. At one point Berry was surrounded by hostile Indians who threatened to steal his sheep; he quickly slaughtered a fat ewe and gave it to the Indians, who then departed, satisfied with their next meal. During those first years, that part of Montana was still Indian Treaty lands where several tribes had hunting rights. I was fortunate to be able to visit Winnecook with Stillman in 1973. He was in peak pedagogical form as he recounted the history of the ranch. His parents witnessed the final Indian buffalo hunts at the buffalo falls, a cliff over which the beasts were driven and slaughtered. We looked down on the little valley from atop the falls and saw numerous rings of large stones laid out by the squaws to hold down the hides for scraping and tanning. Bleached bison bones still lay all about and stone scrapers were common. Several Indian skirmishes took place on the ranch, one just outside the log cabin where Stillman's mother, Evelyn, and a young girl helper were alone. They blockaded the door and poked rifles out every window, then made the rounds frequently, moving the rifles so the Indians would think the cabin was filled with marksmen. The great Chief Joseph made his escape into Canada across Winnecook lands. Winnecook Ranch is bisected by the Musselshell River, a tributary of which provided Stillman with a study site for long-term observations of colonies of beavers, their canal building and maintenance, the first such ever published (Berry, 1923). Winnecook also is the type locality for a number of fossils. We visited many fossil sites and collected fossils, including cephalopods—nautiloids, ammonites, belemnites—dinosaur



Figure 2. S. Stillman Berry at Winnecook Ranch, Montana, in August 1973. (Photo, Clyde F. E. Roper)

gizzard stones, and Indian stone artifacts. All this activity was accompanied by a constant litany of historical facts, geological and paleontological lessons, Indian lore, and sheep and cattle ranching theory and practice.

At one point, up in the northern section of the ranch, Stillman had tired and sat down on a comfortable rock to rest and watch the cattle and distant antelope, letting my son, Erik, then eight years old, Ingrid and me wander off in search of treasures. Ingrid eventually tired as well and said she was going back to talk with Stillman. We had circled around in a broad arc, so her approach was from behind Stillman and up over a steep slope. Before spotting him she heard what at first sounded like rhythmic moaning sounds, but as she drew near she recognized the strains of an old German folk song being sung at full volume. When Erik and I returned an hour or so later, Stillman was still holding forth, entertaining Ingrid with all the old songs he had learned in Europe, in near-perfect tune and perfect pronunciation, regardless of language! Not bad for an eighty-six-year old!

Stillman Berry was a member of the Winnecook Ranch Board of Directors for 73 years since his father's death in 1911, and also was President of the corporation for 67 years from 1917, positions he held until his death. Surely these are records in American corporate history.

The Berrys lived on Cajon Street in Redlands from 1897 until they moved up to West Highland Avenue in 1913. On this very productive small acreage Stillman Berry maintained an orange grove and raised 97 varieties of fruits and nuts, some of them quite exotic. Here, too, a second career blossomed—that of Stillman Berry, the horticulturist. He was a recognized world authority on daffodils and irises and is credited (Brookshire, 1984) with developing 2,700 varieties of these two groups of flowering plants (I have been unable to verify this figure, and I don't recall Stillman ever telling me). Stillman was justifiably proud of his horticultural and gardening skills and he told me that for many years his small property reported the highest per acre yield in California. State agricultural agents visited frequently and verified Stillman's figures. In this activity, as in his malacology, his ranching business, his genealogical studies, he kept meticulous notes and records. The production from these 2 acres provided the income that sustained the Berrys for many years while the ranch was barely keeping apace.

In 1914 Stillman Berry was elected to the Fortnightly Club of Redlands, an old, honored literary society. Stillman presented numerous papers during his lifelong tenure with the society, of which he was, since 1955, the Honorary Life President.

The Berry home in Redlands very early became the center of attraction for young people interested in natural history. Stillman was a teacher of the highest order, *outside* the classroom where lessons of life were interwoven with the zoological and botanical topics. From his own youth onward Stillman took a keen interest in helping students; the first was Allyn Smith, later an associate of the California Academy, followed through the years by over a hundred who proudly called themselves one of "Stillman's Boys." Many have gone into various fields of biological science, but many fields, other sciences, the professions, and business are represented by Stillman's Boys. I venture to say that every one of them, regardless of his chosen field, will readily credit Stillman Berry with playing a significant role in his development as a young man. His interest in them certainly was keen, sincere, and everlasting, and he followed their lives and careers with warm enthusiasm. Little wonder that the Berry homestead was called the "B-Hive" and "Berry U.!"

Anyone who ever visited Dr. Berry's home will never forget it, inside or outside. The front yard is graced by a single magnificent redwood tree, now huge, but planted from a coffee can by Stillman on Armistice Day, 1918, in memory of a cousin killed in the World War. California state foresters claim that that tree is the largest known for its age on record; they visited annually to measure its growth. Stillman was so proud of Redlands; in fact, his unswerving loyalty had a comical bent. I recall one visit in the summertime when I took him for a ride in the mountains outside of Redlands. On the way home we stopped at an overlook to admire the San Bernardino Mountains, Mt. San Gorgonio, and Cajon Pass. He was thrilled at the scene and the air. "You know," he told me, "Redlands doesn't have any smog. It comes out the valley and *stops* at San Bernardino." As though smog

wouldn't *dare* penetrate Redlands. This was followed by a little dissertation on why this was so. I didn't have the heart to ask him why my eyes were burning so. I took a photo of proud Stillman with the mountains and the valley in the background; I *knew* the valley had to be there somewhere!

The longer I knew Stillman Berry, and with each recurring visit, I learned what a truly remarkable man he was. First off, he was a true scholar, almost in the Renaissance sense. He knew ten languages, including Greek and Latin. He was an avid student of history, art, music and literature. We, from the perspective of AMU, think of Stillman Berry as a malacologist; many see him as a teuthologist, some as a chiton specialist, someone else as a West American land snail expert, others as an eastern Pacific marine malacologist, etc. He was *all* of these as a malacologist. Berry's first mollusk paper was published in 1906 on the genus *Cerithidea*, and he continued publishing for seventy years, with his last paper appearing in 1975 on the pelagic octopod *Ocythoe*. During his career as a malacologist Stillman Berry published 207 titles and described 401 new taxa (Sweeney and Roper, 1985). This is a truly incredible achievement for someone who never held a professional position in his field.

Stillman attended his last AMU meeting in San Diego in 1975. Ingrid and I had visited with him for a few days in Redlands; much of the time was spent in hunting down material for the paper he was scheduled to present. He had slowed down by then and it was easier for me under his direction to dig out specimens from the dining room closet and the basement, books from the corner room, reprints from the back room, notes from the landing, and illustrations from the land snail cabinets. Only those who have seen Berry's 17 room house in the past 2–3 decades can appreciate the challenge this presented. The drive down to San Diego was an experience in itself. We avoided all freeways and stuck to the back roads as much as possible. The entire journey was a naturalist's travelogue during which Stillman pointed out type localities for myriads of plants and animals, early collectors and their important collecting sites, geological history, paleontology, his own adventures here and there, Indian and Spanish history. At one point we passed a huge flower plantation and Ingrid exclaimed, "Look at all the gladiolus" (long o), whereupon Stillman swung around in his seat and said, "My dear, those are gladiolus" (long i). Then he commenced a lecture on the rules of Latin governing the correct pronunciation of that flower, *Loligo*, *Octopus*, and *margarine* (hard g) of all things. He didn't see the humor when I asked him if "garage (hard g) was correct; in fact, he quite properly ignored that comment and went right on with the lesson!

That '75 AMU meeting was memorable on several counts. It was the last time three west coast malacologists were together: Stillman Berry, Joshua Baily and E. P. Chace. I figured their aggregate ages totalled around 270 years. What a sight it was to see them all together! Stillman presented his last paper at those meetings, and quite appropriately it was on a cephalopod, the pelagic octopod *Ocythoe*. He had told me that he felt this would be his last paper and he very much wanted it to be on cephalopods. He mentioned



Figure 3. S. Stillman Berry and Joshua Baily in San Diego in 1965. (Photo, Eugene Coan)

then, as he did on several occasions over the years, that the cephalopods were his favorite group of mollusks and that had he worked at an institute or museum they would have been his exclusive research group. However, working independently as he did, and living in an area where the molluscan fauna still required much delineation, he felt compelled to do what he could to improve the knowledge of other molluscan groups in addition to cephalopods, especially his "second favorites" the chitons and then the land snails.

We have mentioned Berry's prowess as a horticulturist; tied to this were interests in botany, gardening, and English gardens, all subjects in which he also published numerous papers, including some on desert flora with Edwin Jaeger, the famous desert botanist. Another interest of Berry's was genealogy, "that's pronounced *g*enealogy (short e, not long e); it's the study of your generations, not your genes!" He was considered a national expert on New England genealogy. Whenever he met someone for the first time he would immediately determine where they were from and what was known of their ancestry. He was fond of trying to find connections between his ancestry and that of someone he liked, including teuthologists. For example, he was fairly certain there was a distant connection with Gil Voss, whose ancestors had been Mainers since they came to this country. He told me he tried hard to find a Berry relationship with Roper, as Ropers and Norcrosses (my maternal lineage) go way back in Massachusetts and Maine history (it was all Massachusetts back then), but he never did, at least not that he would admit to!

Through genealogy he also was a historian, especially of New England and western America, because of its settlement by New Englanders.

Finally, Stillman Berry was a bibliophile supreme. His magnificent library reflects the very broad range of fields mentioned above. His extensive library ultimately became stored throughout the entire house, including hallways, stairs, floors, closets—everything with a horizontal surface became a fair resting place for books and reprints. What once must have been good order eventually became total disarray. In recent years Stillman had many interests and projects going on simultaneously, or someone would stop by for a visit with a special specimen and he would pull books and papers appropriate for the moment. Then, before he had a chance to put them away, something else came up, until eventually it became an impossible task to keep order. Stillman maintained a strong interest in literature throughout his life and still received all the antiquarian catalogues which he would scrutinize to see if there were anything he needed to fill in gaps or shake his head aghast at the prices they were asking for items that he picked up for only a few dollars years before, or laugh in dismay at what they were charging for *his* papers!

A few years ago we were having a conversation when he said, suddenly, "You know, Clyde, I don't have any sins!" I wasn't going to get into that one so nodded for him to continue. "I don't drink, never have. I don't smoke. (Woe be to anyone who ever did in his presence or in his home!) I've never been married." (*That's a sin?*) He paused pensively, then with that special little twist of the head that was uniquely Stillman, he confessed, "Well, I do have *one* sin. My *only* sin is buying books!" That being the case, Stillman Berry was a sinner of the highest order!

Berry was a man of strong likes and dislikes. While we won't go into them all here, he intensely disliked government and the Democratic Party, and if you had an extra hour or two, just mention FDR! These dislikes developed naturally enough through what he viewed as the interference and over-regulation of government, and especially the Roosevelt administration, concerning the ranching business. Berry fought most of his life to maintain Winnecook Ranch as a free enterprise, free from government loans, subsidies, takeover. His likes were many. He loved animals and wouldn't tolerate harm to any; he allowed no hunting or trapping on Winnecook and had a difficult time accepting the predator control program on coyotes. If they *had* to control coyotes, he didn't want to hear about it. He loved cats and always had one or more around, completely tolerant of their misdeeds. He was especially attached to his last two in succession, Purry Boy and Fluffy. Food: Stillman loved certain foods, but, living alone for so many years he had developed some peculiar eating habits. Crackers were his staple; only two kinds were worth eating—Pilots and saltines. Crackers and milk could be any meal of the day or every meal, if necessary. He saved every cracker box he ever had, too (along with every letter, card, rubber band, piece of string, "tin" foil and "butter" tub!). He used them for specimen boxes. For years they were stored in the north end of his kitchen, floor to ceiling, 3–4 layers deep.

One year I visited him in June and out behind the old cook house I discovered his raspberries in full production. I picked several quarts, then asked Stillman what his favorite raspberry dish was. "Pie," he replied, "although gooseberry is my favorite pie." So I made three huge raspberry pies and that's all we ate for the next two days, the only variable being coffee for breakfast, milk for lunch, and tea for supper—Earl Grey or Darjeeling.

Stories about Stillman's house could go on forever, but there is one thing worthy of note—in spite of the incredible amounts of papers, newspaper clippings, correspondence, envelopes, etc., piled and heaped everywhere in the house (the 1938 material was on a table in the dining room, the pile of '62 papers in the back corner of the living room, etc.). I never saw evidence of insects, except in the kitchen, of course, where generations of ants subsisted on the kitchen table and counter top. The reason: Stillman kept his own living pest control system—spiders. He wouldn't kill a spider and wouldn't allow anyone else to, either. They kept the undesirable insects under control. This empathy for spiders goes far beyond the pragmatic aspects of "natural hygiene." It goes back to the French and Indian War when two soldiers from the Maine regiment were the only ones to escape the Indian massacre on a fort of solidiers and civilians in western New York State. Some Indians noticed the two disappearing into the forest and took off in hot pursuit. One soldier eventually tired, fell back and was captured and killed. That gave the survivor time to press on 'til the point of collapse. With the Indians again in pursuit, he was about to give up when he sighted a large hollow log. He carefully covered his trail and wiggled as deep into the log as he could. The Indians soon came upon the scene; some were tired and sat on the log, while the trackers tried to work out the trail. One insisted that the quarry was in the hollow log, peered in, then suggested they light a fire to smoke him out. Another pointed out that that was impossible because a spider web was stretched across the opening; anyone entering would have broken it. "And the longer we wait, the farther he runs." His argument prevailed and the war party went off. The survivor remained in the log for nearly two days, then with great travail eventually made his way back to Maine. That soldier was a direct-line ancestor to Stillman Berry, and Stillman figured if it hadn't been for that quick spider 250 years ago, he wouldn't be around to tell the story or to protect spiders. What a twinkle in his eyes whenever he told that story!

The last few days of Stillman's life serve to demonstrate the kind of person he was. From Christmastime 1983 into early January 1984 Stillman had a series of small strokes that left him weak but which primarily affected his speech. He

had some difficulty finding the right words and in pronouncing some words. Confined to bed, he instructed his housekeeper/nurse of three years, Alexandria Luzell, to fetch his old Greek grammar text. He spent hours restudying his Greek in order to improve his speech and vocabulary!

Then, in late March, Alexandria drove Stillman out to the desert beyond Redlands so that he could see the spring flowers in full bloom. He sat among them, reciting their scientific names, authors, notes about their biology, and recounted anecdotes and reminiscences of his many trips to the desert, mountains, and sea. His joy was intense. Some time after returning home he told his long-time, dear friend and neighbor, Paul Allen, "Now it's time to move on and make room for someone else." His way. His time.

Who could ask for more than that?

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