BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
AND
BIBLIOGRAPHY OF JAMES B. MURPHY

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SMITHSONIAN HERPETOLOGICAL INFORMATION SERVICE

The first number of the SMITHSONIAN HERPETOLOGICAL INFORMATION SERVICE series appeared in 1968. SHIS number 1 was a list of herpetological publications arising from within or through the Smithsonian Institution and its collections entity, the United States National Museum (USNM). The latter exists now as little more than the occasional title for the registration activities of the National Museum of Natural History. No. 1 was prepared and printed by J. A. Peters, then Curator-in-Charge of the Division of Amphibians & Reptiles. The availability of a NASA translation service and assorted indices encouraged him to continue the series and distribute these items on an irregular schedule.

The series continues under that tradition. Specifically, the SHIS series distributes translations, bibliographies, indices, and similar items judged useful to individuals interested in the biology of amphibians and reptiles, and unlikely to be published in the normal technical journals. We wish to encourage individuals to share their bibliographies, translations, etc. with other herpetologists through the SHIS series. If you have such an item, please contact George Zug [zugg @ si.edu] for its consideration for distribution through the SHIS series.

Our increasingly digital world is changing the manner of our access to research literature and that is now true for SHIS publications. They are distributed now as pdf documents through two Smithsonian outlets:

**Biodiversity Heritage Library.** www.biodiversitylibrary.org/bibliography/15728
All numbers from 1 to 131 [1968-2001] available in BHL.

**Division's Website.** vertebrates.si.edu/herps/herps_NMNH_herppubs/herps_herps.html
Numbers 84 to 148 available as pdfs in the herpetological publications section of the website.

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National Museum of Natural History
Smithsonian Institution

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Biographical Sketch *

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE BON VIVANT JAMES B. MURPHY

When I was seven years old—reaching that so-called Age of Reason known to all parents—my mother and I were strolling down an avenue in Chicago whereupon I glanced into a dramatic front glass window display in a pet store. There was an artificial pond housing several adult Eastern Painted Turtles. I was thunderstruck as these were the first living chelons I had ever seen—no animal should ever look like that. I pleaded with my mother to buy one to put into my grandparent’s outdoor goldfish pond where it lived for several decades in spite of the brutal winter temperatures in the Windy City. This unforgettable episode sent me careening down a herpetological trajectory toward my eventual professional zoo career, admittedly with modest financial rewards.

I was born in 1939 to parents who had never been exposed to reptiles or amphibians As I developed my interest in these creatures for no reason discernable to them, they had a considerable period of adjustment as I filled my bedroom with aquariums and cages of all sizes and descriptions and later broadened my collection by adding more enclosures in the basement. We learned together that constructing wooden cages must include a snake-proof design as a significant number of my ophidians began crawling throughout the house. During high school and college, I associated with herpetologists at both Lincoln Park Zoo (Ed Almandarz, Gene Hartz, Ed Maruska, Marlin Perkins) and Brookfield Zoo (Edward Bean, George Rabb, Robert Snedigar, Ray Pawley), Field Museum of Natural History (Hymen Marx), Chicago Academy of Sciences (Howard Gloyd), and Shedd Aquarium (William Braker). These professionals were important mentors and encouraged my developing interest although Marlin Perkins warned me that I would be a fool to go into zoo work—he told me salaries were terrible, administrators would constantly interfere to make my life miserable, and that many people hated snakes, ensuring that my social life would be a disaster. Two out of three is not bad!

One very early morning, my friend and I stopped at a gas station in our suburb Arlington Heights to use the air pump to fill inner-tubes for a canoe trip in Ely, Minnesota. This was during the time when a customer was not charged for using the pump. Soon police arrived and interrogated us at length about the reason for our presence—the officers believed that we were casing the place. When they asked us for identification, they saw my name and shared the story that my appellation was well known throughout the village as one who kept snakes in his parent’s home; in fact, my name and portrait (culled from the local newspaper) with a snake picture affixed was hanging as a warning not to enter our house under any circumstance unless accompanied by one of my family. These alerts were distributed and posted in the police station, fire station, city hall, water department, and even the power company. My parents had to read the electric meter each month and call in the results because the employees refused to enter our home.

My family (parents and two younger sisters Susan and Patricia) endured lizards on the curtains, snakes in the basement, crocodilians in the bathtub, minnows in the laundry room, mealworms in the refrigerator, box turtles in the fireplace, aquaria in the living room, crickets in the bedroom,* See Endnote on final SHIS page
aquatic turtles in the sink, salamanders in the kitchen, and frog tanks on the fireplace mantle. They learned early on that it is challenging to explain a budding herpetologist’s interests to friends and acquaintances – interests considered bizarre and hardly acceptable in polite society, a difficulty exacerbated when his favorite creatures chose to escape. In one instance, an adult Eastern Milksnake peeked its head out from beneath the couch cushion during my mother’s tea party, causing great consternation. My parents’ patience was awe-inspiring during my formative years although when my maiden aunt took my mealworms, which were nestled in bran in the fridge to avoid metamorphosis, and ate the lot believing that these were cereal, their mettle was tested.

My father owned an insurance brokerage in downtown Chicago so he assumed that I would join him after college, the business to be renamed James B. Murphy and Son. I enrolled as a business major at Xavier University in Cincinnati, Ohio. After a year of classes in accounting, business law, statistics, and so on, I asked Dad to allow me to change my major to biology with the intention of becoming a zoo herpetologist; when he asked why, given that the salaries were so low with little chance of advancement, I pointed out that my higher business salary would be spent on buying herps and weekly psychiatric therapy, resulting in the same fiscal outcome. The most convincing argument was that the business would be bankrupt in a few years if dependent on my competence.

When the chair of the biology department at Xavier insisted that I study chick neurobiology for a senior research project, I pleaded that my herpetological interest required that I work with living amphibians and reptiles; I could care less about chicks but pointed out that these birds would be perfectly suited as food for the boa constrictor and Indian python living in my dorm room. He was adamant and said that my proposed life in a zoo would only lead to a career of cleaning cages and aquaria; his view turned out to be quite prophetic. If I were unwilling to change my mind, I was no longer welcome in the biology program—as a result, my major was changed to philosophy with a minor in English literature and theology.

Fellow students learned that there was a snake collection in my dorm room; weekly feedings were attended by an increasing number of onlookers packed into limited space to the point where a new venue was needed. Hundreds came to the main lobby—some standing on tables, chairs and couches for a better view—and feeding times were posted in the school newspaper. As an aside, I received my alumni magazine about a year ago with a picture of a boa constrictor and discovered that the feedings were highlighted as one of the most memorable happenings in the history of the university, equal to winning the NIT basketball championship.

I learned firsthand about ophiophobia. When a new custodian came into my dorm room to clean, he saw the snakes, crashed through the closed wooden door with a force so strong that the entire metal door frame was dislodged from the room and fell into the hallway with the poor fellow lying on top; he never returned to work.

For my speech class I decided that I would show snakes; an adult black coachwhip was quietly resting in a cloth bag at my side. My presentation was punctuated by a lengthy description of the black mamba, speedy and agile, and its powerful venom. I opened the bag and my pet exploded from the bag into the front row of students. All shouted in primal fear and dashed madly for the
exits, including the teacher who told me later that I would receive an A+ for the class for ingenuity and sadism.

Keeping a collection of live snakes is a sure reason for eviction from an apartment; I was asked to leave four dwellings during my later college days. In one case, I told the landlady beforehand that I had a reptile collection but she did not realize that snakes were reptiles. A hundred laboratory feeder mice escaped from their quarters and were running throughout the apartment. Unfortunately, the landlady saw the rodents (and snakes) and threatened to call police. As she left toward her home, muttered in progressively softer tones, “No human being lives like this…no human being lives like this…no human being lives like this…no human being.” She actually did call the gendarmes when a blue-grass musician came to see her in order to rent an apartment, using my name as a reference. I had been the drummer in his band for a few months. He had bright green dyed hair and beard, a tame raven on his shoulder, and a young lion on a leash. The police arrived soon after her phone call and I was again on the street searching for an abode.

In another instance, the landlord discovered my ophidians during an inspection in my apartment and insisted that I leave the premises in haste. I refused and was stunned when a few neighbors gathered signatures on pro-or con-petitions on snake keeping throughout the neighborhood; unfortunately, the snake-haters won in a landslide but I was grateful for the efforts of the snake-lovers!

Some of my turtles, lizards, amphibians, hummingbirds, honey creepers, and Neotropical tanagers required fruit, vegetables, insectivoruous mix, and winged fruit flies. Inevitably, the insects escaped and were so prolific with plentiful liquefying piles of uneaten food that clouds of them filled my apartment then began to expand their range throughout the apartment complex. \textit{Drosophila} biomass was so extraordinary that the rooms seemed to be in fog. After many complaints from my neighbors to the landlord, I started yet another journey to find other accommodations.

My final move was precipitated when my elderly landlady, who owned a boarding house with many student residents, discovered an adult tame sparrow hawk flying around my room with a squeaking white mouse in its talons—she begrudgingly accepted herps and liked birds but the last straw for her was that memorable day when she saw her soiled bed linen covered with the bird’s gastrocolic waste. In my defense, I was planning on cleaning it up later.

Moving heavy cumbersome cages is no easy task, especially when my car was a tiny Volkswagen “bug.” Enclosures and aquaria were strapped to the roof, causing bewildered looks from pedestrians and other drivers.

After I finally graduated, I embarked on a zoo career at Zoo Atlanta as a keeper in the newly built reptile building but remained there for less than a year. The architect had designed the fiberboard cages with urea-formaldehyde as the bonding agent, causing terminal mechanical pneumonia in the specimens. The building was closed for several years due to a lawsuit advanced by the city against the architect.
The Zoo director’s morphology and ill-fitting uniform were reminiscent of a grossly-overweight southern sheriff; an image enhanced because he was in charge of a group of Georgia state prisoners in black-and-white striped coveralls, chained together and working at the Zoo in front of visitors. He carried a bullwhip and pistol to keep them in line, shouting a continual stream of invective and expletives while carrying an American flag. One day, he told me to hop into his zoo truck and go with him to the courthouse to defend a keeper charged with public intoxication. I discovered that he had been the defense attorney for all of the zoo’s employees, appearing over fifty times and never losing a case—amazing since he could not read or write. When his turn came, he quoted passages from *Gone with the Wind* and the bible—the judge banged his gavel on the desk and shouted “Case Dismissed!” His legal career ended when he was shot dead in his truck by one of the prisoners who confessed to the crime a decade later.

I felt that my life was becoming similar to one of the miscreants described in William Faulkner novels. Until arriving in Atlanta, I had never met an illiterate person. Many keepers were unable to read so there were no daily records or intellectual discussions about the mission of zoos and aquariums. I was relieved when offered a keeper position at Dallas Zoo. I was hired sight-unseen after a telephone interview. My first day was strange. Pierre Fontaine was director and I was told to meet and greet him in his office. He stared at me in amazement from behind his desk with his mouth wide open and completely silent, refusing to shake my hand. Later I learned that his response was due to the uncomfortable fact that I was the first person ever employed by the City of Dallas who was hirsute—I had a mustache. The next day, he ordered me to shave; I refused and stated with passion that it was illegal to discriminate on the basis of appearance. He checked with the city attorney and discovered that my position was correct and he risked a lawsuit should he try to terminate me for insubordination. After some months, he got used to his hairy employee and gradually I became his surrogate son, confidante, and favorite worker. He offered to elevate me to the top rung of the herpetological department. We had become fast friends. I was devastated when he died of a sudden heart attack.

My first adventure supported by Dallas Zoo was a collecting trip to the Bahamas to secure specimens for the collection. Curators from Waco and Houston Zoos were to meet me on New Providence Island to bring additional funds for an extended trip to other sites. Unfortunately, they were delayed and I soon was penniless. For a week, I slept in an auto junkyard. Legions of bloodthirsty mosquitoes nearly exsanguinated me. Luckily, I met a young street urchin who taught me how to steal conchs and shellfish on the piers without being caught. When my friends finally arrived, we traveled on a mail boat to Bimini, Exuma, and Andros Islands and found a number of ground iguanas, boas, geckos, anoles and amphibians for the three zoos. Traveling home on an airplane with our newly acquired treasures was quite an experience. Flight attendants noticed the cloth bags jumping around so we had to spill the beans; they insisted that we show all of the passengers our animals so we stood in the aisle doing show and tell. The iguanas stole the show and the snakes were a close second!

From 1966 to retirement thirty years later, I was in charge of the Department of Herpetology in the brand new Pierre A. Fontaine reptile building at the Dallas Zoo and later the curator of the Art Deco Dallas Aquarium in Fair Park. After retirement, I moved to Washington, DC and became a
Smithsonian Research Associate in the Department of Herpetology at the National Zoological Park (NZP) for 15 years and Curator for five years until October 2015. Currently, I am a research associate in the Division Amphibians and Reptiles in the National Museum of Natural History.

In the beginning, the herpetological collection in Dallas was very uninteresting, being comprised of mostly common pet-shop taxa. Many of my friends came to the rescue and began to place extremely rare species on loan. At one time, there were 51 varieties of rattlesnakes and a large number of Neotropical pitvipers. A colleague at USFWS began sending Indo-Pacific confiscations of rare booids, pythonids, elapids, varanids, and so many others too numerous to mention. These were exciting days—so many choices contributing to a sensory overload! After one trip to Latin America, every single trash can (#30)—used to hold animals when enclosures were being cleaned—was filled with specimens collected by two close friends—Barry Armstrong and Jonathan Campbell. As word circulated through the herp community that these creatures—some never photographed—were in our collection, an increasing number of zoo workers, biologists and serious amateurs throughout the world came to see and photograph the animals. When we opened the building in 1966, there were precious few who wanted to work there but as our reputation grew, many started sending job applications. In one case, I was asked by the personnel department to stop advertising positions as over 400 persons, some with advanced degrees, had applied for a previous one. Those days will never happen again. Since there were potential breeding groups available, reproduction was often successful and in one year, over 400 individual reptiles were donated to other institutions. Our department received American Zoo Association (AZA) Awards:
* Two Edward H. Bean awards for reproduction in Bismarck Ringed Python and Bushmaster;
* Four Significant Achievement awards for reproduction in Eastern Diamondback Rattlesnake, Tancitaran Rattlesnake, Coahuilan Boxturtle and rattlesnake reproduction program;
* Twenty-one First Captive Breeding awards for a variety of reptilian species;
* Silver Propagator's Certificate for American Milksnake;
* Gold Propagator's Certificate for American Milksnake.

In 1989, a letter from the University of Colorado arrived at the Dallas Zoo informing me that I had received an honorary Doctor of Science degree, due to the efforts of David Chiszar and Hobart M. Smith. Unbeknownst to me, they had solicited dozens of letters of support from colleagues throughout the world. I cannot adequately describe my gratitude and appreciation for the kindness from my two late friends. But I pointed out to them that arranging the issuance of this degree at the graduation ceremony ensured the death of Western education, obvious when viewing my college transcripts.

Clay Garrett, one of my employees at Dallas Zoo, surprised me by naming a new species of protozoan parasite [*Eimeria murphyi*] (Apicomplexa) from our armadillo lizard *Cordylus cataphractus* from Namaqualand, South Africa after me (Upton et al. 1993). When I mentioned this great honor to a colleague, he said that I should be grateful that it was not an anal mite as he felt that this appellation—Murphy’s Anal Mite—would be far more appropriate.

I served as President of the Society for the Study of Amphibians and Reptiles (SSAR) in 1981. This was a difficult time for this organization, due to shrinkage of financial investments. I talked to
incoming president Kraig Adler and we decided that all of the publications needed to be cut in size in order to avoid insolvency; editors of these publications were most unhappy with me. We also removed some of the chairmen in charge of various societal initiatives who were ineffective, again causing ill feelings directed toward me.

I have held various positions in a number of herpetological organizations. I have written or edited twelve books, some on captive management of herpetofauna, natural history of Mexican rattlesnakes, Komodo dragons and other varanids, chameleons, “Grzimek’s Animal Life Encyclopedia,” and over one hundred and fifty papers, book chapters and bulletins on topics such as the ethological and reproductive studies on a variety of amphibians and reptiles, ophiophobia, zoo history and philosophy, social behavior of herpetologists, and husbandry. Many of these books, papers and chapters were coauthored with academic herpetologists—Kraig Adler, J. T. Collins, Jon Campbell, Charles Carpenter, Gary Ferguson, Jim Gillingham, Jim Hanken, Gordon Burghardt, David Chiszar, and Hobart Smith, resulting in far better final publications. Over twelve years ago, Kraig Adler and editor Robert Hansen asked me to be section editor of a new column called ZOO VIEW in SSAR’s Herpetological Review to stimulate zoo workers to join the society. Part of this new endeavor was to solicit articles from them; one important example was the description by NZP pathologist Don Nichols on his search to identify the etiologic agent, later described as Batrachochytrium dendrobatidis (BD) in a paper entitled “Tracking Down the Killer Chytrid of Amphibians” [2003, vol. 34(2):101–104]. I was a board member of the IUCN/SSC Declining Amphibian Populations Task Force from its inception until it ceased operations sixteen years later (see Heyer and Murphy 2005) and continue as a member of the Captive Breeding Specialist Group of that organization.

My colleague Winston Card and I published two papers on zoo herpetologists. One of them (Murphy and Card, 1998) presented our analysis of the characteristics of our fellow workers in zoos and aquariums and our perception of their unique personalities. It is striking that herpetologists have many similar interests; I received numerous comments from partners of these people stating that the comparisons were spot on.

The second contribution (Card and Murphy, 2000) was divided into two parts: 1) lists of persons in chronological order under their institutional affiliations in the United States; 2) biographies of deceased and retired staffers who have had an impact on our discipline. This circular, focusing on deceased zoo herpetologists, updates and expands upon earlier information presented in the first publication. In addition, the histories and accomplishments of deceased foreign professionals have been added to show how our profession is global in scope. Early on, I realized after talking to zoo workers that the rich herpetological history and contributions of our predecessors were in danger of being lost forever so I wrote my book entitled Herpetological History of the Zoo and Aquarium World in 2007, jointly published by SSAR and Krieger Publications. This writing effort lasted over five years. One aspect was that all non-English literature citations were translated by volunteer translators available through the Smithsonian Institution. I sent drafts of chapters to many colleagues, for comments, additional information on initiatives and publications, and possible revisions; Roger Conant penned the foreword.
NZP retired curator Dale Marcellini and wife Judy White obtained a sizeable National Science Foundation grant to study the potential of interactive displays in reptile buildings to improve the public experience. Dale and his coauthor Tom Jenssen had observed visitor behavior in the reptile building and discovered to their chagrin that visitors averaged slightly over 8 minutes in the building and around 8 seconds at each exhibit. When the results were published in 1988, shock waves throughout the profession occurred. Three institutions were involved in designing a new type of reptile house (NZP, Dallas Zoo, Zoo Atlanta); results were described in *Herpetologica* (1998). I often traveled from Dallas to Washington DC to work on this project. Unexpectedly, I met my current wife Judith Block, the now retired registrar at NZP. Early during our courtship phase, we decided that marriage was in our future so we told many of our friends and acquaintances about our engagement. An alarming number said that this was an example of a union between the best- and worst-dressed persons in our profession. One even said that he could be wearing a swimsuit and I a tuxedo and he would feel better dressed. It must be told here, gentle reader, that I had earlier received a stuffed adult northern pike as an award during the business meeting at an annual herpetological conference for being the best-dressed attendee; I had worn my tuxedo for five days and received a standing ovation at the end.

Chris Wemmer, then head of the NZP Conservation Research Center in Front Royal, Virginia, started a wonderful program to teach zoo workers throughout the world about principles of captive and medical management, and field study techniques. He kindly invited me to be an instructor for courses in Indonesia, Morocco, Latin America, and Myanmar (Burma), conducted for zoo professionals from surrounding countries. When students completed the five-week course, they received a certificate emblazoned with the Smithsonian logo. Judging by their excitement and facial expressions, it was clear to me that this was a most important accomplishment in their lives.

My son James B. Murphy III was born in 1977. He is currently an environmental lawyer for Texas Parks and Wildlife Department (TPWD) in Austin. He has been recently involved in reviewing grant applications for funding available through TPWD for sea turtle conservation and research projects.

My research interests are now centered on developing quantitative methods for assessing competence of animals raised in captivity, conservation programs for amphibians and reptiles in zoos and aquaria, art in herpetology, evaluating the efficacy of zoo programs, and ethology of reptiles and amphibians. When reflecting on my years working in zoos, I realized that I never took a sick day unless really sick and looked forward to the daily challenges and opportunities. I was able to watch a wide variety of interesting animals do interesting things. Making a living in a field one loves is not possible for many persons; I feel incredibly fortunate that I was able to do so. The chance to travel to exotic places throughout the world to observe and collect herps was a dream come true. My herpetological expeditions included Costa Rica, Europe, Mexico, Guatemala, Colombia, Peru, Ecuador, Galapagos Islands, various U.S. locations, Australia, New Zealand, Africa, Madagascar, Indonesia, Guyana, and Myanmar. An added benefit was a chance to meet and interact with a plethora of somewhat eccentric people with similar interests who thought about virtually nothing other than amphibians and reptiles. The downside was that I watched the modification and destruction of so many living spaces for amphibians and reptiles caused by human
activities—these places disappeared at increasing numbers during my career and I have no reason to believe that this trend will not continue.

J. B. Murphy
June 2016

Bibliography


Murphy, J. B. 1998. How a weird Ohio schoolboy done good: Kraig Adler, this is your life. *Fauna* 1(3):676.


Curriculum Vitae – J. B. Murphy

Birthplace: Oak Park, Illinois, November 2, 1939
Marital Status: Married; 1 child
Education:
   B.S.  Xavier University 1965
   D.Sc. Honorary Degree, University of Colorado 1989
Research Specialty: Captive management and ethology of amphibians and reptiles

Positions Held:
Atlanta Zoo
   1965    Keeper in herpetology

Dallas Zoo
   1966    Keeper in herpetology
   1966-1977   Supervisor of Herpetology
   1977-1995   Curator of Herpetology
   1987-1988   Acting Curator of Birds
   1989-1990   Acting Curator of Aquarium
   1990-1991   Acting Curator of Birds
   1992-1994   Coordinator – NSF training & facilities grant
   1970-1993   Acting Director when Director and/or General Curator were unavailable
   1994-1995   Curator of Department of Herpetology and Dallas Aquarium

Texas Christian University, Department of Biology
   1979-1995   Adjunct Professor of Biology

National Zoological Park/Smithsonian, Department of Herpetology
   1996-2009   Research Associate
   2009-2015   Curator of Herpetology

National Zoological Park/Smithsonian, Conservation Research Center
   1990-1997   Instructor, Zoo Biology Training Program

National Museum of Natural History/Smithsonian, Department of Vertebrate Zoology
   2015-present Research Associate

Awards and Special Recognition:
   1988    Top Employee Award, Park and Recreation Department
   2013    Lifetime Achievement Award, International Arboreal Collective Symposium

Fieldwork: Costa Rica, Europe, Mexico, Guatemala, Colombia, Peru, Ecuador, Galapagos Islands,
various U.S. locations, Bahamas, Australia, New Zealand, Africa, Madagascar, Indonesia, Komodo
Island, Rinca Island, Flores Island, Guyana, Myanmar.

Professional Organizations:
American Society of Ichthyologists and Herpetologists [1964-present]
   Local Committee, Convention at Texas Christian University, Fort Worth, 1979
   Chairperson, Special Interests Committee, 1980
American Society of Zoologists [1979-1983]
   Co-host of Symposium of Feeding Mechanisms of Snakes. Dallas 1981
Association of Zoos & Aquariums [1965-1993]
   Professional Fellow 1965-1993
Chelonian Research Foundation [1996-present]
Chicago Herpetological Society [1970-present]
Herpetologists' League [1964-present]
   Finance Committee 1980-1985
International Herpetological Symposium [1966-1988]
   Program Chair 1966, 1968
      Symposium on the differences between captive and wild snakes 1988
      Honorary Advisor 1966-1980
International Society for the History and Bibliography of Herpetology [1996-present]
   Declining Amphibian Populations Task Force Board of Directors 1989-2005
   Captive Breeding Specialist Group, 1989-present
Societas Europaea Herpetologica [1985-1995]
Society for the Study of Amphibians and Reptiles [1964-present]
   Chairperson, Nominating Committee 1977-1982
   Chairperson, Zoo and Regional Society Liaison Committee, 1976-1979
   Chairperson, Zoo Liaison Committee 1976-1984
   Convener, Reproductive Biology and Diseases of Captive Reptiles Symposium 1978
   Board of Directors 1977-1979
   President-Elect 1980
   President 1981
   Immediate Past-President 1982
   Herpetological Review Section Editor ZOO VIEW 2002-present
   Long Range Planning Committee 2010-present
Texas Herpetological Society [1965-1990]
   President 1980
Endnote – Contributions to the history of the Division of Amphibians & Reptiles – USNM

As one grows older, there comes a desire to record one’s past experiences and also the history of one’s workplace. None of us in the USNM Division of Amphibians and Reptiles has expressed a desire to write a divisional history for the past half-century. As an alternative, I am encouraging colleagues who have been associated with the division to create autobiographical sketches. Although such sketches will not provide a detailed history of divisional activities, each offers a unique perspective of past divisional activities and insights into each author’s contribution to the division and, of course, a window into the author’s personality.

The SHIS series is an obvious outlet. SHIS has been a facet of the division’s contribution of research information to the herpetological community since its establishment in 1968 by James A. Peters.

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Previously published contributions to divisional history