This is our collective attempt to provide an encomium (an honest song of praise) for Clyde Jones. After some urging from the editors of this volume, we conspired to share some of our memories of Clyde. We preface this effort by noting two things: 1) this is our second attempt at writing an encomium for a departed colleague; and 2) that we three each became friends individually with Clyde when we were young (child-like) mammalogists attempting to establish ourselves as scholars and also as members of a team of people who would be field biologists following in the traditions of such mammalogical luminaries as C. Hart Merriam, Hartley H. T. Jackson, Joseph Grinnell, E. A. Goldman, Gerrit S. Miller, Jr., Emmet T. Hooper, James S. Finley, Rollin H. Baker, J. Knox Jones, Jr., Sydney Anderson, and E. Raymond Hall.

Encomia can be tough, because although they are odes of praise, they are expected to be honest appraisals. If that kind of complexity gives you pause, then just think of Marc Antony’s encomium for Caesar! Sometimes taking an honest approach ends up being a “warts and all” outcome to telling about the person in question. But sometimes it does not take such a path. Inevitably, readers (who have their own opinions and always think correctly that they would have written the encomium differently) are most likely to come away with a bad taste in their mouth. But the thing of it is that encomia, if they are honest, often tell the reader more about the author(s) and their knowledge of the principal than they tell about the principal himself. It is impossible to write any encomium without self-revelation. Our first attempt at this was with a volume of articles in honor of J. Knox Jones, Jr. (Genoways, H. H., and R. J. Baker [eds.]. 1996. Contributions in mammalogy: a memorial volume honoring Dr. J. Knox Jones, Jr. Museum of Texas Tech University, Lubbock, 1 + 315 pp.). We asked all authors to write an encomium for Knox, and the results were 1 or 2 mm from disaster. What we did was unique, scary, and not so nice, but in the name of honesty Knox deserved it. Clyde, on the other hand, does not deserve it but that alone is a huge complement. It is fitting that Clyde and Knox were close friends (“buds” is the term they used). Knox took advantage of Clyde at every opportunity, just as he did with everyone else in his life.

We each had our own individual relationship with Clyde, which is something we discovered when we tried to write this encomium collectively rather than as individuals. Robert Baker recalls his first meeting with Clyde Jones was at the American Society of Mammalogists (ASM) meetings in Long Beach in 1966 where Clyde was one of the first platform speakers at that meeting. The science of mammalogy at that time was mostly about fieldwork, but Baker remembers that Clyde talked about his ecological research on bats in New Mexico. Clyde’s later work on the Rio Muni primate fauna was incredibly powerful. Baker recollects fantasizing about getting to go to the field in this African location and getting to collect primates and bats. When Clyde told stories about these field endeavors, it evoked jealousy in Baker because his own background had been fieldwork in Arkansas, Arizona, and Mexico. Over the next several years Clyde was always present at the mammal meetings and he usually had a bar in his room, primarily with bourbon as Baker recalls. Late in his life, Clyde replaced the bourbon with cheap (awful) Texas canned beer that he diluted with ice.

Baker recollects conversations with Hugh Genoways early in their involvement in the ASM about Clyde’s tremendous mental organization and seemingly global knowledge about mammalogy. Baker also recalls expecting Clyde ultimately to provide leadership to the ASM. As Baker remembers, Don Wilson shared his belief and also was very prominent in those early discussions. The fact that both Clyde and Don Wilson were associated with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service housed at the National Museum of Natural History gave these two young mammalogists instant credibility among their contemporaries. Robert’s premonition that Clyde would assume leadership roles in the ASM was prophetic because Clyde

Thinking back, Baker was particularly excited when Clyde became Director of the Museum of Texas Tech University in 1982 and later was active in the Department of Biological Sciences. It gave Baker his first opportunity to interact with Clyde on a daily basis and to find his first impressions were more than correct. It was Baker’s pleasure and honor to initiate the effort in 1999, along with Carl Phillips who was Department Chair at the time, that resulted in successfully getting Clyde appointed as a Paul Whitfield Horn Professor (named in honor the first president of TTU), which is the highest honor bestowed on a Texas Tech faculty member. This recognition is given to a faculty member who has attained national and international prominence in the area of his research.

In contrast to Baker, Phillips has no early—graduate school—personal memories of Clyde. However, it seems likely that the two of them first became acquainted at the ASM meeting held in Pacific Grove, California, in 1973. At that meeting, Phillips remembers that the Journal of Assinology [a spoof journal] made one of its last unauthorized appearances, with a drawing of a naked Clyde as a centerfold—a male parody of what Playboy magazine made popular. That particular issue of Assinology, which was created largely by James Dale Smith, marked the perigee (or apogee, depending on one’s opinion of such things) of its transformation from cute and witty (at least to insiders) to gross and embarrassing to all.

Ironically, thanks to their meeting at the time of Clyde’s unwanted appearance in the Journal of Assinology, Clyde and Carl knew each other professionally for nearly 40 years before they unexpectedly found themselves working together. When Phillips was recruited to Texas Tech University as Chair of Biological Sciences in 1998, Clyde agreed to serve as one of his Associate Chairs. Choosing Clyde was a classic “no-brainer.” Clyde had served as a faculty member and as Director of the Museum of Texas Tech University. He had an encyclopedic grasp of the Department (a very large academic unit with 40 faculty with diverse interests), the university, and assorted personalities important to the daily life of the Department, including the Provost (John Burns) and Vice President for Research (David Schmidly), both of whom were mammalogists. From his Fish and Wildlife days, Clyde had acquired political and corporate experience far beyond that of a typical university professor and that fact, along with his time in service, (he knew where the bodies were buried) made him valuable to Phillips. Clyde was skilled as an Associate Chair. He was particularly good at semi-secret diplomatic missions on behalf of Phillips. This especially was the case with the Provost, who had been a faculty member and Chair of Biological Sciences—the worst-case scenario for any incoming new Chair. Whenever the Provost’s meddling in departmental business became too much to bear, Phillips would send Clyde on a mission to visit the Provost and cool off the meddling behavior. Beyond this sort of special work, Clyde’s loyalty to the Department was well known and widely appreciated. In 2001, Phillips and Baker obtained funding for fieldwork in Ecuador. Clyde visited with the two of them and requested an invitation to join them and help with the collecting project. By that time he had done fieldwork on every continent except South America, so naturally he was anxious to complete his list of continents. This was the first time that Phillips had conducted fieldwork with Clyde Jones: the surprise—or not so much of a surprise—was that Clyde was strictly old school. So, while Phillips and Baker prepared specimens for future genomic studies, transmission electron microscopy, and in situ chromosomal hybridizations, Clyde strictly did museum preparations following protocols popular in 1895, and even earlier. As it turned out, there was no
way to dissuade him from what seemed to Phillips and Baker as a wasteful approach. The waste was due to loss of potential data—once a mammal is euthanized retrieval of tissues has to be immediate. On the positive side, Clyde’s personality was such that he worked very well with the American and Ecuadoran students participating in the field project. Teaching traditional field mammalogy was Clyde’s big contribution to the program. And the same was true back on campus with Clyde’s graduate students.

One evening, Carl Phillips and Clyde Jones visited over scotch (Phillips) and awful beer with ice cubes (Jones), while discussing the history of American mammalogy, and in particular its most likely future directions, they hatched an idea that began with a question. Why not assemble a group of prominent scientists with similar backgrounds but diverse interests and ask them to talk and write about their professional lives and future of the discipline? Such a project would be unique. The next goal was to fund and host a conference followed by a publication of autobiographies that would be valuable to future students and science historians alike. The only criterion for participation was that the mammalogist had to have had at least 30 years of experience in his or her field. It quickly became clear that the most logical candidates shared academic ties that reflected the origin and history of North American mammalogy. Phillips and Jones edited the volume, entitled *Going Afield*, which can be described as successful (and now out of print).

Hugh Genoways does not recall when he first met Clyde in person, but he had already heard about Clyde and their shared Nebraska roots. The first meeting would have been in the Mammal Range at the National Museum of Natural History when Hugh was visiting to study his beloved *Liomys* or at an ASM meeting as they became more involved in the activities of the Society. Whenever that meeting occurred there was an immediate connection based on a mutual love of mammals, fieldwork, and Nebraska. Over the years, they met on many different occasions, but really only worked together in editing a book on museological practices for mammal collections. As time moved along Hugh became more and more aware of Clyde’s biography and was always struck by how much they had in common. The full extent of this common biography only became obvious with the publication of Clyde’s autobiographical piece “You Have to Catch Them First” in *Going Afield* (Museum of Texas Tech University, 2005). For example, Clyde was born in Scottsbluff, Nebraska, on 3 March 1935, whereas Hugh was born in the same hospital (there was only one) on 24 December 1940. Although Clyde’s family left western Nebraska, they were engaged in farming and ranching near Burwell, NE, (pop. 1,400 in 1940) on the eastern edge of the Nebraska Sandhills, Hugh and his family remained in America’s Valley of the Nile, the North Platte River Valley, living around and finally in the town of Bayard (pop. 2,000 in 1940), where his father was a farmer and then worked for the Great Western Sugar Company (turning sugar beets into sugar). Their mothers were both schoolteachers. They both began, and survived, educations in one-room country schools. Clyde’s graduating high school class was 32 (unfortunately, Clyde was not there in the fall of 2016 when his Burwell Longhorns won their first Nebraska State Championship in class D1 football) and Hugh’s was 44. Upon graduation, Clyde enrolled in Hastings College (Hastings, NE) in 1953, graduating in 1957. Hugh, upon high school graduation, entered Hastings College in 1959, graduating in 1963. They took many of the same courses from the same professors. Clyde played football with considerable success (his 1954 team was elected to the Hastings College Athletic Hall of Fame in 1989), but gave it up for academics in his senior year, whereas Hugh lasted only one year in the football program with the same coach before discovering Comparative Anatomy and the challenges of scholarly pursuits. Clyde made a life-long friend at Hastings in Eugene Fleharty, another Nebraska boy who went on to dedicate much of his life to studying mammals and the Great Plains. Hugh found a fellow traveler in Charles Fowler at Hastings, another Nebraska boy, whose professional pursuits ultimately involved studies of northern fur seals for NOAA. Clyde went off to the University of New Mexico for his graduate education, whereas Hugh went to the University of Kansas to work with yet another Nebraska native, J. Knox Jones, Jr. Finally, although their times did not overlap, they both served on the faculty at Texas Tech University and worked for the Museum of Texas Tech University.

Nebraska is a large state in area, but less than 1.5 million people were scattered over these distances. What were (or are) the shared experiences and backgrounds that led so many Nebraskans to the study of
modern mammals? Clyde’s autobiography certainly makes some of these factors quite clear—the love of empty places (Hugh calls it the high lonesome); love of the land and landscapes; working with, and knowledge of, animals; a general understanding of the environment and how it works; ability to work alone; love of being out of doors; and self-motivation. Many probably were motivated also by the thought of finding a way to get out of Nebraska. Nebraska has also produced its share of ornithologists and herpetologists and certainly more than its share of vertebrate paleontologists, but here is Hugh’s admittedly incomplete list (other than those listed above) of native Nebraskans who have shared Clyde’s and Hugh’s experiences over the generations: Lawrence Bruner, Merritt Cary, Melbourne A. Carriker, Myron Swenk, Robert Packard, William F. Andelt, Robert M. Timm, John Cornely (another Hastings College graduate), Richard W. Manning, Keith Geluso, Jeffrey Huebschman, Teresa Zimmerman Frink, Justin Hoffman, and Zachary Roehrs. If you don’t know some of these people, you should.

Hugh was always impressed with what Clyde was able to accomplish in 20 months in Rio Muni [now Equatorial Guinea] in 1966–1968. This work was carried out under field conditions that could only be described as “primitive.” No one was there to watch him or to be certain that he conducted his research. The information that he gathered during this work resulted in 15 of his first 50 publications, covering his target primates as well as information about rodents and bats. His classic work “Comparative ecology of Gorilla gorilla (Savage and Wyman) and Pan troglodytes (Blumenback) in Rio Muni, West Africa,” published with his co-investigator Sabater Pi in Bibliotheca Primatologica (13:iv + 96 pp., 1971) stands as the seminal work on lowland gorillas. This comparative study of these two great apes remains unmatched in the primatological literature.

One of our co-author colleagues seems to be somewhat critical of Clyde; stating that he “strictly did museum preparations following protocols popular in 1895 . . . there was no way to dissuade him from what seemed to Phillips and Baker as a wasteful approach.” Hugh is certain that much the same things are said about him, when he is not listening, so that a defense of these practices seems appropriate at the end of this “honest song of praise.” Thank God! Someone has been around since 1895, and before, who was willing to take the time and effort to do museum preparation of mammals. Where would our science of mammalogy be without those efforts? How would we anchor our knowledge about species without museum vouchers? The generation of mammalogists who were trained in more traditional practices of mammalogy, but later have taken up genomic studies, transmission electron microscopy, and in situ chromosomal hybridizations during their careers have understood the need for voucher specimens for their research. Unfortunately, to the detriment of our science, the present generations of researchers pursuing these and related studies have not been trained in these traditions. Mammals are known to these young researchers as pieces of frozen tissue, or cell lines, or genetic sequences from GenBank®. Little or no thought is given to these resources or the time and effort that it has taken to gather, preserve, and document them, but rather these are treated like a birthright. Seldom are the sources or the scientists involved in building the foundation of these resources even acknowledged. Clyde and Hugh would give these young scientists the same advice that Jim Finley gave Clyde: “You have to catch them first.” You must become familiar with the whole mammal functioning in its environment. You must become a contributor to replenish the resource that you are using, be it frozen tissue or cell lines or any other stored resource. You must become aware of the value of voucher specimens to help place the results of your studies into the context of the science of mammalogy.