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GLOVER MORRILL ALLEN\*

1879-1942

By T. BARBOUR

Glover M. Allen was born in Walpole, New Hampshire, on February 8, 1879, the son of the Reverend Nathaniel Glover Allen and Harriet Ann (Scouler) Allen. He prepared for college at the Newton High School, graduated from Harvard, Magna cum Laude, in 1901, receiving an A.M. in 1903 and a Ph.D. in 1904. He held a John Harvard Scholarship in 1900 and was elected Phi Beta Kappa in his junior year.

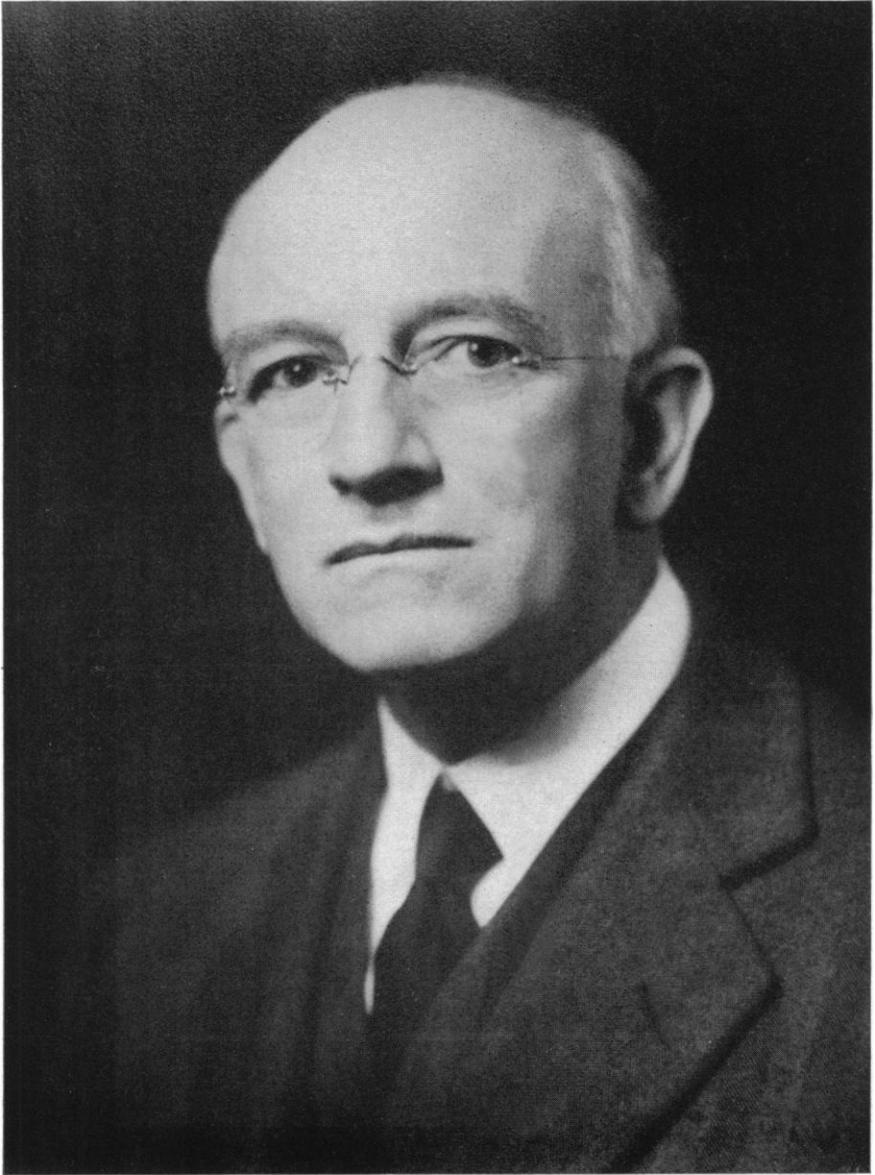
While in College not only did he take the usual courses in Botany and Zoology but he applied himself particularly to the study of foreign languages and his ability to read pretty much anything written in Europe, including Russian and the Scandinavian languages, played no small part in developing the breadth of his scholarship.

When at the Newton High School he made a beautifully prepared collection of skins of local mammals and acquired an enviable reputation as an authority on birds. He was a marvelous observer and had already an extraordinary abil-

*\*Editors' Note:* In preparing a memorial to Glover M. Allen, the Editorial Committee soon became aware of the fact that, as is all too frequently true of great men, no one seemed to know him intimately enough to undertake the task of preparing a biography that would take the reader behind the scenes. Replies to our inquiries usually read: "I have known Allen as an associate for many years, but I never really *knew* him. I suggest that you ask M— to write the account; he was closely associated with Allen, and probably knew him better than I."

In lieu of a single account of Allen's life, we here present several short ones by some of his close associates—Thomas Barbour, Director of the Museum of Comparative Zoology where Dr. Allen served as Curator of Mammals from 1907 to the time of his death on February 14, 1942; Barbara Lawrence, Assistant Curator of Mammals; William E. Schevill, Assistant Curator of Invertebrate Paleontology, Museum of Comparative Zoology; Sherwood L. Washburn, one of Allen's students; and Mary B. Cobb, who replaced Allen as Librarian of the Boston Society of Natural History when he resigned from that position in 1928 to devote his time to teaching and curatorial work at Harvard University.

Dr. Allen was a charter and life member of the American Society of Mammalogists, served the Society for 24 years as an active member of the Board of Directors, 1919-1942; as vice-president, 1924-1927; as president, 1927-1929; and on several committees, especially "Marine Mammals" and "Nomenclature." See also *Auk*, vol. 60, no. 2, 1943.



*Glover M. Allen*

ity to recognize birds by their notes or by catching a glimpse of them in the field when he was only a boy.

He married, on June 26, 1911, Sarah Moody Cushing, had a daughter Elizabeth Cushing Allen, now Mrs. Arthur Gilman, both of whom survive him.

Allen travelled widely. He knew the mountains, the fields, the dunes, and the meadows of New England as few ever knew them and while he never wrote anything of a popular nature concerning his travels, he often talked of them, relating his experiences in a most whimsical way and with a high degree of humor which was utterly charming, for he drew on a gigantic fund of power to quote from all sorts of literature to adorn his tales.

In 1903, in company with Owen Bryant and myself, he went on a long cruise on a sponging schooner in the northern Bahamas which almost turned out to be something of a disaster, for the islands were visited by an epidemic of the most virulent dengue fever and a prolonged drought. Fresh water was usually caught by tricing up sails during the heavy tropical showers which were normally to be expected almost daily and to these troubles was coupled a cessation of the trade winds, so the vessel lay becalmed and the whole group even tried eating young cormorants, herons, and the like, garnered from rookeries in the coastal mangroves. Allen used to laugh about this as long as he lived. The number of interesting novelties turned up on this voyage was quite unexpected.

In 1906 he went to Labrador with Dr. C. W. Townsend. In 1909 to East Africa with Doctor William Lord Smith and Gorham Brooks; and who can ever forget the tale of his being helped climb a spiny *Acacia* by the antics of an angry rhinoceros close at his rear. In 1910, with Professor C. T. Brues, he visited the island of Grenada in the West Indies. Here again the booty was exceptionally rich, for Allen was not only a skillful and resourceful trapper but, as is so often the case with small, slight persons, he was absolutely tireless and with an ability to walk and carry a load which was a source of wonder on numberless occasions. In 1912, he went back to Africa with Doctor John C. Phillips. This time, with a caravan, they travelled through the Eastern Sudan along the course of the Dinder River and the Blue Nile. One can hear Allen, now, mimicking the broken English of George, the Greek caravan leader, imploring Phillips to purchase great stores of objects of religious art, in Khartoum, of all places. "Little Christs and small, cheap Virgins; these be very good if Abyssinian poachers raid our camp."

After this journey he remained in Cambridge for many years, caring for the mammal collections in the Museum and writing prolifically until, in 1926, he went with Strong, George Shattuck, Bequaert, and Harold Coolidge to West Africa, where, in Liberia and the Belgian Congo, he collected with his usual skill and industry. Having returned for a few years more of brilliant research and writing, he made an expedition to the Serra de Paranapiacaba in southern Brazil. Doctor Afranio do Amaral, the distinguished Brazilian naturalist, had been working in the Museum and suggested this area as being little known, and was able to provide many facilities in Brazil for which Allen reciprocated by giving some conferences while in Sao Paulo, quite in the Museum tradition, for

Professor Louis Agassiz had done the same thing, bringing Harvard to Brazil in 1865. His last foreign journey was, I suspect, the most enjoyable of them all, for who could have asked for a greater privilege than going to Australia with William Morton Wheeler.

Details concerning the positions that Allen held in the Boston Society of Natural History, the American Ornithologists Union, the American Society of Mammalogists and this University are set forth in the admirable notice of his life prepared by his old friend, Austin H. Clark, which appeared in *SCIENCE* for March 13, 1942.

Garman remarked many years ago that "Wyman was the Johannes Müller of America." In appearance and in intellectual qualities, Allen was astonishingly like his kinsman, Wyman. Indeed, during the last few years, we have said repeatedly how strikingly Wyman-like Allen was growing. Like Wyman, his lack of interest in selling his wares in the scientific marketplace, his utter unconcern with praise or credit, his singleness of purpose and gentleness and purity of spirit were beyond all praise. Allen never wore his religion on his coat sleeve but was intelligent enough to derive deep satisfaction from being willing to defy a mystery and worship it according to the form prescribed by the Episcopal faith of his fathers.

When something over a year ago there was a celebration held in the Museum to take note of the fact that Allen had published three outstanding books in a single year, I made a few reminiscent remarks and recalled the fact that a line in that surpassingly beautiful hymn, taken from the Liturgy of St. James, might well be considered as a behest which Allen had obeyed all his life, "Ponder nothing earthly minded."

BY BARBARA LAWRENCE

It is not easy to write of Dr. Allen. Sitting in his office this dreary January day with the fog so thick that one scarce can see the tower on Memorial Hall, I half expect to hear him say: "You know, I often think I'd like to live in a desert;" and I am reminded of his comment on the sunny, longer days after the turn of the year: "Well, it looks as if we might get through another winter." Indeed, the sense of his kindly presence stays in this place where he worked such long hours studying, questioning, finding out, never losing sight of the fact that it was living creatures he wished to know about, not just dried up remains.

His contributions to the subjects of mammalogy and ornithology have been discussed elsewhere. His research was tremendously important to him and yet he never forgot that he was a Curator as well, and the work of making a rapidly expanding collection available to all who might need to use it was never neglected. Feeling as he did that: "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds. . .," he avoided all elaborate systems and with a minimum of carding and listing kept the collections readily accessible. In his eyes, the material was here not for him alone to study as he saw fit: it was in the museum to increase the sum total of knowledge about mammals. With this in mind, he was

ever ready to help those who wished to use it, whether eminent colleagues or undergraduate students; whether they wished advice and counsel and his wise opinion or whether they merely wanted to look and see. The informality of the department under his aegis was delightful, anyone was free to come no matter for what purpose. How often I have seen him, interrupted at his work, marking the margin of some manuscript and laying it aside to greet some questioning visitor with his friendly: "No you're not disturbing me at all." So the morning would pass, the guest would leave, and he would look at the clock: "What, twelve o'clock already," and when really pressed for time he would add solemnly, "For are there not forty-eight hours in the day?"

For those who worked under him, he was unfailingly considerate, never impatient, never faultfinding, never demanding, and yet time and again I have seen him with his judicious praise and gentle suggestion teach the clumsy-fingered to clean skulls almost as delicately and as well as he himself could. If, in addition, he could interest his assistants in mammals he was more than pleased. Indeed, he was always at great pains to vary the tasks of the newcomers in the department so that they would not find the work tiresome and, instead of turning over to them the more tedious chores, he often did them himself, at the same time encouraging his helpers to start research projects of their own.

Perhaps the time thus spent would have finished his paper on New England mammals and yet one feels sure he felt that the continuity of the naturalist's tradition of scholarly work was far more important than any single project he himself might complete.

#### BY WILLIAM E. SCHEVILL

Although Dr. Allen, like most museum workers, spent by far the greater part of his time in indoor work, he much preferred the field. He enjoyed studying his animals in the museum collections and the library, but he never lost sight of their living existence in the wild, and most relished his scattered opportunities to study them there. He used to observe ruefully that our actual knowledge of the living animal could in far too many cases be summed up: "When we found it, it ran like hell, whereupon we shot it."

I had the good fortune to be with Dr. Allen in Australia in 1931, when he and I shared several trips in the dry country. I think he liked desert and semi-desert above all other sorts of country. Dr. Allen was then 52 and allegedly in delicate health, but his endurance was greater and much quieter than most youngsters'. His desert camps were as informal as any bushman's—more so than most, for only the blackfellows had less camp gear than Dr. Allen. Provisions were never much on his mind (even when among hotels and restaurants he was an ascetic eater, which was just as well, in view of the many inferior eating houses a back-blocks traveller has to cope with), for all he cared about was to eat just enough to operate on, and never mind the trimmings. When we were on the Houtman Abrolhos, the rains had failed and water was low; he cheerfully and quietly worked for a fortnight on a ration of two cups of water a day, including what was used in cooking.

He was no "sportsman," and often went years without handling a gun, yet he was a competent wing shot. In our first few days on West Wallaby Island we had found the nesting ground of only the more abundant of the two shearwaters so numerous there. These (*Puffinus pacificus*) we collected easily by walking among them and picking them up, but the other species (*P. assimilis*) we then knew only by its call and vaguely glimpsed silhouette as both kinds together flew over on their trips to and from the sea before dawn and after dusk. Accordingly, Dr. Allen waited on the beach at dusk, and as the squalling cloud of birds passed over, he unerringly picked out the uncollected species. He had only the brief moment as they flew across the faint western afterglow, yet he brought down every bird he shot at and made no mistakes. Each one, as I retrieved it with the aid of an electric torch, proved to be *assimilis*,—which a few days later we collected more simply in its burrows. That this was not just his lucky day was clear from Dr. Allen's consistently dependable shotgun work under all conditions. There is a tale, which I did not hear from him, of his shooting bats by firelight in Africa when he had one arm out of commission in a sling.

Dr. Allen was always grateful for any help that came, but did not much seek it, and never let its absence turn him from his work. He did admit that finding himself all alone on a beach with a dead whale made him feel a bit snowed under. I remember him spending hours laboriously scraping the fat from the skins of the mutton birds and the blubbery little wallabies of the Abrolhos. Although he often prepared specimens that others had had the fun of catching, he customarily credited the material to the captor alone.

It is ordinarily expected that companions quarrel and fall out under the routine irritations of camping and cruising, but Dr. Allen did not bear this out. He accepted his disappointments without fuss or petulance, though not with any unnatural polyannishness. Sometimes he took refuge in one of his characteristic pat remarks or quotations. Once when a melancholy acquaintance had subjected him to an exhaustive inventory of his woes, Dr. Allen smiled cheerily at him and said mildly, "Well, we none of us come out of it alive."

His alert and lively interest went far beyond his professional preoccupation with mammals and birds. He was a proper naturalist, and noticed all sorts of living things and their setting in the world. He had the happy quality of sharing this interest with his companions in a serenely pleasant and unpedantic way, with no faintest hint of the dusty lecture room. It is this quiet joy in the field that I remember most clearly of him.

BY SHERWOOD L. WASHBURN

Many books and articles constitute a lasting memorial to Dr. Allen's intellect and industry. Unfortunately, there is little in these scientific achievements that reflects the genial personality and kindness of their author. Everyone liked Dr. Allen.

Dr. Allen was never too busy to help a student. Every year he used to explain the differences between African and Indian elephants' teeth to student after student, although this was all in the laboratory instructions. Anyone who

came into the mammal department got as much of Dr. Allen's time as he wanted. Sometimes at the close of the day Dr. Allen would remark, "Life is one long interruption."

Students who came for a reference often borrowed Dr. Allen's books and reprints. He cheerfully loaned them year after year, although all too frequently they failed to return.

No student could work about the mammal department for long without being influenced by Dr. Allen's patience and attention to detail. The Peabody Museum used to send over tray after tray of fragments of animal bones. Seeing Dr. Allen sorting and identifying these tiny pieces was a source of inspiration to the student who was having difficulty recognizing whole skulls in the laboratory.

Once while studying galagos, I noticed one that had been shot to pieces. Someone had sewn each little scrap back into place and made an excellent study skin. The collector's tag showed that the man who had gone to all that trouble to save one specimen was G. M. Allen. Later in Borneo when specimens were brought into camp late and in bad condition, when I was tempted to let just one go, I remembered that galago and did my best.

A trip to the mammal department was always an adventure for the student. One never knew what to expect. Dr. Allen might be doing anything from drawing a tiny bat's skull to macerating whale bones. He might be reminiscing about Africa or telling a man with a particularly foul bit of sewage sludge, "I am afraid that is not ambergris."

When classifications change, when new data supplant that which were available to Dr. Allen, his students will still think of his kindness, industry, and patience. Perhaps, we can pass on to our students some of his interest and devotion to study. Perhaps, his greatest contributions aren't published but live on in the lives of his friends and students.

BY MARY B. COBB

Although Dr. Allen resigned as Librarian of the Boston Society of Natural History in 1928, he never lost his keen interest in the Library nor his concern for its problems. In all our endeavors we could rely on that sympathy as much as on his great fund of knowledge.

His memory was phenomenal. "Dr. Allen, do you know whether anything has been published on this subject?" "Oh, yes, didn't B—— write a good paper in the Zoological Society's *Proceedings* about 1898? I'll find it for you." It was hard not to impose on such generosity. But there was never a hint that he felt it an imposition. The manner of conveying information, too, was a pleasure to see. Never a suggestion that you ought to know, nor yet that of course you *wouldn't* know. Instead he implied somehow that you knew, but that it had slipped your mind for the moment. "Why, that's one of the (such-and-such animals),—isn't it?"

Praise was apt to embarrass him. The nearest I ever saw him come to out-

spoken annoyance was when I read gleefully what Casey Wood said of his work on Pleske's "Birds of the Eurasian Tundra." ". . . translated and edited by Dr. Glover M. Allen, although, with characteristic modesty, he suppresses any mention of that fact in the text."

When he came over to our Museum from Cambridge there were always queries, as soon as his presence was known. Curator, Preparator, Director, visitors, as well as Librarians, would need him for something that no one else knew about. But he never held court. When the questions were answered he would slip away, and be found in a far corner of the stack, consulting the Bombay Journal, or refreshing his memory on what Gesner had said of a certain mammal.

Looking back it seems almost humorous that the self-effacement of a lifetime should have failed to achieve its purpose; that a total lack of aggressiveness could have proved so dynamic. As Sir D'Arcy Thompson has said of another, he had "that singular and indescribable quality of *character*, which is never to be mistaken, never to be concealed, never to be sufficiently valued and admired."

One of the amazing things about Dr. Allen was the amount of work he accomplished, and this without any dashing about or electrifying the atmosphere around him. His motto might have been, "*Ohne Hast, ohne Rast*". There were no waste motions; one noticed this even in the rapid but clear writing with which he took down a reference. He sighed sometimes over his tendency to set himself enormous tasks, and hardly expected that he would live to see them accomplished. Many of them he did, happily for him and for science. His earnest wish, often expressed, that he might "do something for Africa" found fulfillment in the great checklist of African mammals; and his "Bats" have made many friends for one of his favorite creatures. In odd moments he made a complete Index to the first fifteen volumes of this Society's *Proceedings*, a sheer feat of industry.

Others will have told of his wide range of interests. It was my delight to add to his collection of animals in ancient art. Whether they were Persian, Chinese, Aztec or Egyptian, crude, conventionalized or fanciful, he could always tell what creature was represented, and how important it was to that particular civilization. The Chinese art, with its frequent use of bats, had a special interest for him. He would sketch rapidly the Five Bats of Happiness in a circle, and in a whimsical moment use this for his "mark" on a card; though more often a little bat would follow his signature.

It was pleasant to see the touches of humor that relieved his habitual gravity. With what relish he would quote Topsell's description of the "Su"—". . . and when she seeth the hunters come about her, she roareth, cryeth, howleth, brayeth, and uttereth such a fearfull, noysome, and terrible clamor, that the men which watch to kill her, are not thereby a little amazed . . . And this is all that I finde recorded of this most strange beast." A line from the "Bab Ballads" or from one of Kipling's poems would fit some other occasion or person; but his humor was always kindly.

When Jeffries Wyman died in 1874, James Russell Lowell wrote a sonnet to

him, which is remarkably appropriate to Wyman's younger cousin, Glover Allen.

"The wisest man could ask no more of Fate  
Than to be simple, modest, manly, true,  
Safe from the Many, honored by the Few.

.....  
To widen knowledge and escape the praise,  
Wisely to teach, because more wise to learn,  
To toil for Science, not to draw men's gaze,  
But for her lore of self-denial stern;  
That such a man could spring from our decays  
Fans the soul's noblest faith until it burn."

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## RELATIONSHIPS OF THE ORDERS OF MAMMALS

BY WILLIAM DILLER MATTHEW

(Edited and Annotated by George Gaylord Simpson)

[It is doubtful whether any student ever achieved a more comprehensive and balanced knowledge of all the Mammalia, living and extinct, than the late W. D. Matthew. His ideas of the relationships of mammals are therefore worthy of attention and study, even after a lapse of years. He published broad discussions of mammalian affinities within particular orders, such as the Artiodactyla, or at particular times, such as the Paleocene, but he did not publish any concise, general statement of opinion as to the relationships of all orders throughout mammalian history. An unsigned and undated manuscript giving such a statement has recently been found. It is certainly by W. D. Matthew and internal evidence dates it as probably 1925 and surely within a year of that date. The manuscript consists of a sketched phylogenetic chart and of 27 notes corresponding with numbers on the sketch. The chart has been redrawn, without any emendation, and it is here presented along with Matthew's comments on it. Editorial notes are added in brackets, like this introduction, where there is reason to believe that Matthew modified his opinions before his death in 1930 or where subsequent discoveries have made a decisive change in the evidence. This is done in order not to mislead students in publishing a paper written about 17 years ago, but the editorial annotation is not critical and does not alter the fact that Matthew's brief manuscript is valuable today and not only historically. All statements not in brackets are as Matthew wrote them.]

1. *Tritylodon* is the only representative of the Multituberculata in the Lower Jurassic. It belongs to a quite distinct family from the Plagiaulacids and is not ancestral to them. The earlier history of the order is unknown. Earlier views on its affinities may be disregarded as they were based on a very small fraction of the anatomical data now available. Among recent authorities, Broom, whose acquaintance with *Tritylodon* is especially intimate, regards the