

RECOLLECTIONS¹

RECOLLECTIONS OF BOTANIST GEORGE JONES GOODMAN²

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The recollections of botanists who experience the tenth decade of their lives in the twenty-first century will surely be different from those of George J. Goodman. His life began near the beginning of the twentieth century. He has witnessed immense changes: transportation from horse and buggy on dirt roads to luxury automobiles along interstate highways and from trains to supersonic jets and space shuttles; communication from operator-assisted telephones and telegraphs to E-mail on the Internet; information found in bound volumes of encyclopedias to that on compact discs; photography from box cameras to spy satellites; and meal preparation on wood-burning stoves to microwaves, to name but a few.

So when Janet Sullivan, the editor of *Rhodora*, contacted me about helping George Goodman compile his recollections, I decided it would be best for him to tell his own stories. What follows are the ones he shared with me.

I was born in Evanston, Wyoming, on November 5, 1904, and until I was five years old we lived on a ranch some twenty-five miles south of Evanston. This was a ranch that my Grandfather Goodman had acquired by homesteading in 1883.

My mother's arrival in Wyoming and in this country, for that matter, did not occur until 1886. Her father's aunt had come west and liked it so much that she wrote to her favorite nephew, my Grandfather Jones, to come to Utah. Grandfather Jones did not have enough money to bring his family from Wales, but he came

¹ This is one in a series of articles appearing occasionally in *Rhodora*. Contributions will be invited by the Editor-in-Chief, and suggestions are welcome.

² Currently, George J. Goodman is Curator and Regents Professor Emeritus in the Department of Botany and Microbiology at the University of Oklahoma in Norman.

out to Salt Lake City, a city that was developing rapidly. His elderly aunt had bought considerable real estate there, and she would leave this property to my grandfather if he would join the Mormon Church. He refused, so, as a Mormon convert, she left all her holdings to the Church. My Grandfather Jones did like the West well enough to stay.

At the age of seven, following the death of his father, a coal miner in Wales, this boy, my grandfather, became the wage earner for his mother and sister. He went to work in the coal mines cleaning and filling miners' lamps. As a young man he was a member of the Royal Guard at Carnarvon Castle in Wales. In later years he would become the sheriff of Uinta County, Wyoming, a county which then extended from the state's southern boundary north to Yellowstone Park. This Charlemagne of a man handled these slightly over 200 miles on saddle horse. He was a Welsh giant, 6'2", which in those days was pretty large. His friends would all greet him with their hands behind them to avoid his handshake.

In 1886 he had enough money to bring his family over from Wales. My Grandmother Jones and their four children—a son and three daughters, one of whom would become my mother—arrived in New York Harbor where the Statue of Liberty was not yet completed. So, as you can see, half of me is a first-generation American. Coincidentally, I went to the New York Botanical Garden in 1986 to do some research, and that summer the 100th anniversary of the Statue of Liberty was celebrated.

Soon after my parents, Arthur and Elizabeth, were married and living on the ranch a survey was being done in the area. The surveyors stayed for a while at the ranch before heading south to the Uintah Mountains, where the sextant they were using was accidentally knocked over and broken. One of the surveyors recalled that the hair of "that young Mrs. Goodman" was the color and texture they would need to replace the crosshairs in the sextant. He rode back nearly a day's ride to the ranch where he asked my mother if he could have a couple of strands of hair to repair the sextant. As the story goes, she laughed and just reached up and pulled out a few strands and rolled them up and gave them to him. He took them back and fixed the sextant. When the survey was completed, one of the mountains had been named Elizabeth Mountain! It bears her name to this day.

My parents sold the first ranch and moved to Buhl, Idaho, a

new, tiny, little town not far from Twin Falls. We lived there for two years. That's where I attended the first and second grades in 1910 and 1911. Then we came back to Evanston in 1912 where I finished my public school education. I graduated from high school in 1922. At that time few people from Evanston went on to college. Only the men who planned to be doctors, lawyers, engineers, or ministers went. I had no plans to be any of these, so I got a job. In fact, I tried several jobs.

The first summer out of high school I worked at the Guild Ranch which was about thirty miles east of Evanston. I knew a little about ranching as I had worked on Mr. Newton's ranch out of Ft. Bridger one summer during high school. Then I returned to Evanston, and my next job was on a ranch half way to Ogden near Castle Rock, Utah. I worked there for just a few months and came back to Evanston where I worked next at the Wright Drug Store. I had worked at the Evanston Drug Store during my high school years. The next summer I worked with a small outfit drilling oil wells.

Then there was a job with the Uinta Mill and Elevator Company where I filled sacks with grain. I guess it was about that time that Uncle Lyman roomed at our house. He was a railroad engineer whose run was between Evanston and Green River. On his days off he would ride the train back to Ogden where he and my Aunt Jack lived with my Grandfather and Grandmother Jones. My grandparents were going to California to visit relatives, and this would leave Aunt Jack frequently alone in Ogden, so I agreed to go down and shovel the snow and take care of the furnace for my room and board. I shortly got a job. I had two or three jobs. I sold pianos and phonographs. I learned I could sell, and people would buy, and they shouldn't have. It's late 1923. There was a depression coming on. I felt guilty for selling things to people when they didn't need them, so I quit.

Next I sold printing on a commission-only basis at the Dee Printing Company. We printed menus or tickets for church socials or any little thing like that. One day I was working the restaurants down on 25th Street to see if menus or meal tickets were needed. I was near the U.S. Forest Service Building. The manager there, Mr. Morris, who was my grandparents' neighbor, was just coming out of the building. He said, "Oh, George, you're the man I need to see. Can you drive a Ford truck?" I said I could drive anything. "Oh good," he said. I had never driven a Ford, only three-speed

cars. He said, "Can you leave in the morning to take a loaded truck to the Kaibab in Arizona?" It's 5 o'clock on an April afternoon in 1924. I remember wondering what to do. I'm in the vested choir at the church. Easter is coming up the very next week. I had plans for the summer; there were things the family was going to do. What do I do? Grandfather Jones, who was then Chief of Police of Ogden, said, "Take it, boy!" I knew he was right, so I phoned Mr. Dee at the print shop and quit my job. I phoned Evanston and told my parents what I was going to do. I asked mother if father could, at 4 a.m., put some quilts for a bedroll on the train that Uncle Lyman would be coming on from Green River. All father would have to do was be there and throw the bedroll on the cowcatcher and wave to Uncle Lyman. This accomplished, at 8 o'clock the next morning I went down to get the Ford and find I'm riding with the boss to the Kaibab camp. We got down to the camp with no problem whatsoever, but a few days later I'm driving with another man as carefully as I can in a truck taking this new boss down to Kanab, Utah, to the hospital. He had appendicitis. He was operated on and got over that, but I never saw him again.

I drove back to the camp. There was no trucking to be done at that time. There were a couple of young foresters there, and they were the ones who were doing the timber cruising to locate the stands of trees infected by insects, a bug-control operation. These foresters mapped the location of each tree and estimated the amount of board feet in it. They needed someone to do this job. The snow was still about two feet deep on the Kaibab. The foresters said they needed a compass man. They asked me what education I had had. I said none, thinking they meant college education. I said I had been through high school. They said, "Down here that's just like going to college. We think you'll do. In the morning we'll go out and show you how to run a compass." They showed me how you paced the distance. I got good enough that I could hit it right on the head. I would map the location of the trees and tack a card on each one that was infected. I learned how to detect the infection. I could give the map to the timber crew, and they could find the tree. They said it was the first time they had had anyone who could tell them where to go. This was because I would indicate the topography. I had a fine time with that. It was a highlight of my life. The Kaibab is about two or three hundred miles south of Ogden on the Arizona line.

We were over the line into Arizona. I loved the whole episode; it was marvelous! When the summer was over I went back to Ogden.

Jerry's Grocery, on Jefferson Avenue, had a sign up advertising for a delivery boy, so I applied, and Jerry said he would give me a try. It was fun but hard. We opened before 7:30 every morning, and we didn't close until about 6:30 each night. It was a rushing, busy place. I would shelve stock, handle customers, and deliver groceries in a little truck. I just ran all the time. I worked a year and a half for Jerry. It's now about 1925, and father bought the second ranch, which was located due south out of Evanston and a mile over the Utah line. I knew that father and mother probably wouldn't have purchased this ranch had they thought that I wouldn't also be a rancher the rest of my life.

In April or May of 1926 I went to the ranch. I put all the money I had into buying equipment—harnesses, etc. I was loving it. June came and my brother Lloyd, a dentist, phoned one evening. He said there were a couple of people here (in Evanston) from the university who wanted to collect plants. They wanted to know if I could come down and get them. I said I couldn't tomorrow because father and I were riding Whitney Ridge for cattle, but I told Lloyd I'd be down the next day. Whitney Ridge was in Utah due west from the ranch. There was the canyon of Bear River, and then the rise on the west side of the canyon was this north-south ridge.

When I got back from riding for cattle the next afternoon, the Paysons, Dr. Edwin Payson³ and his wife Lois, were at the ranch. Mr. Williams, the father of Auril Williams, had brought them out. Auril had been a classmate in high school, and she had gone to college in Laramie and had taken botany. When the Paysons arrived by train in Evanston, they called the Williams's. They asked Mr. Williams whom should they get to take them up into the Uintah Mountains. Mr. Williams said, "Oh, there's only one person to get, and that's the local historian." That was the first time that this term had been applied to me. So there they are at the ranch. They asked if they could stay there in the yard (of three or four acres) for a while. They camped there for a week or two,

³ Payson (1893–1927) did his graduate work on the Cruciferae at the Missouri Botanical Garden under J. M. Greenman. Payson became a botany professor at the University of Wyoming.

and then I took them on up to Stillwater Fork and Hayden's Peak where Sereno Watson had collected in 1869 on the King Expedition.

One time when I was helping the Paysons change felt driers in their plant presses (I had no idea what any plant was, but I could see what they were doing, so I just sat down and started doing the same thing), they said I was the sort who should go to college. "Oh, no, I said. Not only do I have no money, but I feel an obligation to be here on the ranch with the folks." The Paysons told me to think it over, and if I decided to go, they would give me my room for the year. So I talked it over with the folks, and they finally decided it was easier to get someone to help father with the ranch in the winter than any time. It is not complex; it's chiefly feeding the cattle every day. They decided a year of college really couldn't hurt anybody, so I agreed to go.

No one could have been greener. I didn't know that you went for four years. I didn't know you took required courses. I thought you took what you wanted—as many as you wanted or as few as you wanted. You're grown up, so you didn't need anyone to tell you what to do. I got hooked on college—I loved it. The folks saw it coming. They took it very well although they were worried about it financially. When I decided to go into botany I wanted to be sure I was doing the right thing so that I wouldn't kick myself later. I knew what salaries were for professors. They were low. Very few professors got as much as \$3000.00 a year; very few people in Evanston earned \$3000.00 either. If you are going to take time off to study and not have a very big payoff, you better get it justified in your mind some other way.

When the Paysons were still at the ranch, they told me they would see if they could find me a job to make enough money to get by on. They wrote to Dr. Aven Nelson and told him they had someone they thought would make a good person to work in the herbarium mounting plants. So one time I went down to the mailbox, which was six miles from the ranch (I went a little more often because I knew they needed the mail), and there was a letter from Dr. Nelson. They opened it and said, "Well, you've got the job in the herbarium." I remember that I had no idea what an herbarium was, but I'll be darned if I was going to ask. I learned.

Dr. Payson died the end of my freshman year in May of 1927. When I left for the summer I asked Lois to come to the ranch,

so she came out that August with her sister-in-law-to-be Lillian Borton and Dr. Nelson's daughter Neva. Lillian later married Francis Butler, Lois's brother. Lois went to library school at the University of Illinois at Urbana that fall. She just had to get away from Laramie. She was offered various jobs on the campus to tide her by. She could have taught English, Spanish, or botany, but she decided to become a librarian and did. She fussed about it; she would write back and say there were no mountains to climb—just staircases. She went to Montana after she got her degree and then to the USDA Library in Washington, and then they wanted her back in Montana. That's where she lived the rest of her life. She was a remarkable person.

I lived at the Stevens's after that. He was on the faculty of the speech department. He was married to Alice Hardy, and they had a little girl named Jean. I had a basement room for \$3.00/month.

I worked in the herbarium during my years in Laramie. I also worked for two years from 7 to 9 p.m. at the Carnegie Public Library in Laramie and took care of two furnaces. One time Dr. Nelson said that I was doing so well that I should stay for summer school and graduate in three years. I said, "Oh, no, that's a little too much." He thought I should. I said, "Let me see how I do next year. If I can keep my grade point average up and carry twenty-two or twenty-four hours and make it in a summer to graduation, then I'll stay." That's what I did. In order to take over eighteen hours you couldn't get anything but straight A's. With three jobs, I graduated with honors in three years and a summer.

I told Dr. Nelson that I thought I would go to the University of Colorado for my master's degree. He said, "Oh, no, there are other places you ought to go." I told him I would get busy and write letters to as many places as I could think of. He said, "No, there are just two places you ought to go—either to the Missouri Botanical Garden or Harvard." This was before the Botanical Society of America meetings in August of 1929. In longhand Nelson wrote to Dr. Jesse M. Greenman and Dr. B. L. Robinson. I had heard of Dr. Greenman because Dr. Payson had gotten his degree under Greenman at the Garden. I remember seeing the letter he wrote to Dr. Robinson. He said, "This young man is full of promise. He hasn't done anything yet, but he's promised." The response from Dr. Robinson was in longhand; the one from Greenman was typed. They happened to come within a day of

each other, and I had been accepted by both. The decision of which to take was done largely by the finances and by the high regard the Paysons held for Dr. Greenman. At Harvard the stipend was very good at first glance, but you had to pay your tuition, and it was high. At the Garden the tuition was free, and I had a Lackland Research Fellowship which paid \$50.00 per month for ten months. I sent money home every month. I was just rolling in the stuff.

I stayed in summer school at the University of Wyoming Camp, and then I went back in August to the ranch. I stayed until September and got the hay put up. I bought a jitney for \$50.00. I drove it to St. Louis and sold it when I got there. I went up to the herbarium the next morning. I had met Dr. Greenman at the Botanical Society of America meetings which were held at the University of Wyoming Camp that summer and were attended by botanists from all over the world. That was quite an episode. Dr. William Solheim had just been hired at Wyoming, and he came to the meetings to meet Dr. Nelson. They didn't interview people ahead of time. There was no money for that. Dr. Greenman came to the meetings and Milton, his son, came too. I have that picture (Figure 1). When I met Dr. Greenman, I "fell for" him. I think he liked me, and he was impressed by my knowing so many plants. There weren't many of the plants around the camp that I didn't know except for the grasses. Hitchcock's *Manual* wasn't out then. It was slightly unethical to collect a grass. You only collected one if there were room in the press, and you broke every record trying to see that there was no room.

I remember one time Mrs. Greenman, who was much more Bostonian than she was St. Louisan, was asked where she and Dr. Greenman were going that summer. She replied, "Oh, goodness, we used to always go to Europe, but now Jesse has to go out to that Goodman Ranch every summer." It was just incomprehensible to her that anyone would go out to a western ranch when you could go to Europe.

I went up the stairs to Dr. Greenman's office. I, of course, feel perfectly confident with him. I've had a week or so with him at the camp at the University of Wyoming. He was such a handsome man. There was a fellow standing there scowling, beautifully dressed in a nice herringbone suit. Greenman said, "Oh, by the way, Mr. Goodman, this is Mr. Hitchcock from California, you



know.” I knew about him because Hitchy⁴ (C. L. Hitchcock) had written me. Mildred Mathias⁵ had gone west looking for umbellifers that summer. She was Dr. Greenman’s assistant. She took over in a helpful way on everything. When she met Hitchy that summer at Pomona, she told him that there were only two students coming to the Garden that fall who were from the West. All the others were from the East. She gave Hitchy my name. Hitchy didn’t think he was going to get along very well with an easterner, so he wrote to me and asked, “How about our rooming together?” I was shocked; I never thought of rooming with anybody. Well, why not? It sounded kinda fun; yeah, let’s do it. So we met. I saw that he looked a bit crestfallen when Dr. Greenman introduced me. Hitchy was cordial enough, but my utter self-confidence must have bothered him, for he, underneath it all, was very shy. Here I come in, never been together before, ready to take over, and utterly at ease with Dr. Greenman. Hitchy had been nervous the whole time—afraid he’d say the wrong thing. Later on Hitchy and I would be bantering with each other, and he would say something real mean to me in his ever-loving way, and the other students (Figure 2) at the Garden would say, “Isn’t it wonderful that the two of you get along so well.” “What do you mean,” said Hitchy. “The day that I met him I went home and

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Figure 1. Botanical Society of America meetings, August, 1929, University of Wyoming Camp, near Centennial, Medicine Bow Mts. Kneeling, front row, left, is George J. Goodman. Eighth from far right, first row, is Jesse M. Greenman. To his left is Aven Nelson, then J. C. Gilman and J. P. Anderson. On the far right of front row is John Martin. Between and behind Gilman and Anderson is Walter Loomis. Fred Seavers is behind and between Greenman and Nelson. Above and directly behind Greenman is Ada Hayden. The girl, with wavy hair, above and to J. P. Anderson’s left is Alice Ellen Ford Cherbeneau, granddaughter of Aven Nelson. William Solheim is on far right of picture. Next to him and directly behind Martin is T. D. A. Cockerell. To Cockerell’s right and above is Milton Greenman, son of J. M. Greenman. Photograph by Paul F. Shope, courtesy William A. Weber, Boulder, Colorado.

⁴ Hitchy (1902–1986) would become professor of botany and the curator of the herbarium at the University of Washington, Seattle, where he was a major contributor to the *Flora of the Pacific Northwest*.

⁵ Mildred Mathias Hassler (1906–1995) became professor of botany at the University of California, Los Angeles. She was a specialist in the Umbelliferae.



wrote my parents and told them that I had met all the people around here now, and the one I like the least is my new roommate." He was telling me this within a week. I'll never know if it were true, but I think it was. He could be mean as could be but in a way that was just marvelous.

In the summer of 1930 Hitchy and I decided to make a collecting trip. We bought a second-hand panel truck and painted it aluminum so it wouldn't be too hot. We put "Goodman and Hitchcock" on the side. It didn't say what Goodman and Hitchcock did. It happened that I was already working on *Eriogonum*, and Hitchy was working on *Lycium*. We each knew we ought to see the plants in the field, and the Southwest was the place to go for them. Both genera were down there—not exclusively, but some of both. We made collections primarily in New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, California, and Utah, with a few from Oregon. The trip was a wonderful opportunity to see so many species, and most of them new to us. At the end of the trip Hitchy telegraphed our landlady telling her we would arrive in St. Louis the next day and requesting her to "kill the fatted calf—spare no expense!"

We wrote quite a few people and herbaria to see if they would be interested in purchasing a set of plants, subject to their approval, at 10¢ a sheet. I don't think anybody turned us down. We wrote mostly to the larger institutions. Dr. Greenman had the Garden give us \$100.00 in advance on our plants; that was so typical of him. The Garden bought Set #1 after we got back and all the tag-end sets that were left. They could be used for foreign exchange. We wrote to Mr. George E. Osterhout, a lumberman who lived in Windsor, Colorado. I knew about him from the Paysons, who liked him very much. He had been up to Laramie once or twice, and they had been to Windsor. He was a charming person. One time they told him about me. He said he would like to exchange plants with me, so I sent him a couple of hundred specimens, and he sent a couple of hundred back. In the OKL

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Figure 2. Left to right: C. L. Hitchcock, Carolyn Allen, Julian Steyermark, Jo Darlington, Mildred Mathias, Dorothy Francis, and George Goodman along the Mississippi River, near Jefferson Barracks and St. Louis, 1929 or 1930.

herbarium there are some George E. Osterhout specimens. Those are the ones he exchanged with me. We thought he might want some of our southwest plants, so we wrote to him. He wrote right back and said that he was delighted we were making the trip and that he wanted a set. He enclosed a check for \$110.00 as advance payment without ever knowing how many plants he would get. The plants weren't even out of the ground yet! When we got our plants identified and labeled that fall, we sent Mr. Osterhout Set #2. He had overpaid us by \$28.00, and we told him as soon as the checks came in from the other sets we would send him the money. He wrote back and said, "The plants are wonderful. You fellows deserve a lot of credit. Don't worry about the change. Keep it!" That's like \$280.00 now. And then at the end of the letter Mr. Osterhout wrote, "I'm eager to open your package; I've just been so busy; I haven't had time." He was talking about how wonderful they were, and he hadn't even seen them!

When Osterhout died, his herbarium went to the University of Wyoming. So Set #2 of the Goodman-Hitchcock collecting trip is at Wyoming. We didn't send a set there ourselves. Nelson was very frugal about such things. You don't spend public money unnecessarily. He got his specimens on an exchange basis. Places like Harvard, New York, and the University of California bought sets.

The depression had come on by the time I got my doctor's degree in 1933. I was the only one of the ten of us who got our doctor's degrees that year to get a job in a university. I came to the University of Oklahoma. My nine-month's salary, \$1600.00, with a Ph.D. at a university was the same as my eleven-month's salary had been as a delivery boy just out of high school. That's why the folks saw me as the failure of the family. I remember when I was forty years old, my mother saying, "Don't tease him about his salary. He's able to pay his bills, he hasn't had to borrow money, and he's enjoying what he's doing." I enjoyed being teased about it. I would get some little honor at the university, be involved in professional societies, and then I'd go home, and there I'm a failure. I'd become a full professor—so what.

I stayed at the University of Oklahoma as an assistant professor and curator of the herbarium from 1933 to 1936. During the summer of 1935 I went to Iowa State College at Ames to teach summer school. In September 1935 I received an offer from Ames from Dr. Melhus, the department head. The offer was for \$200.00 more than I was making at the University of Oklahoma, but I

turned it down, not wishing to leave Dr. Paul Sears, the department head in Oklahoma, so abruptly. Later, another offer would come from Ames that I couldn't turn down, so in the fall of 1936 I went to Ames where I stayed until 1945.

Dr. Milton Hopkins, who had taken my place as curator at the University of Oklahoma, resigned to take over his family's publishing business. A call came from the president of the University, Dr. George L. Cross. Dr. Cross, a plant morphologist, had come to the University of Oklahoma in 1934, so for two years we worked in the same department. He became president of the University in 1944. Dr. Cross wanted me to come back to the University of Oklahoma. While I liked Ames very much, and my cheerful daughter Sula Grace was born there, I never felt completely at home the way I did in Oklahoma. I told Dr. Cross I wasn't sure since I had been at Ames for nine years and knew the faculty very well. Dr. Cross replied, "Well, this is your home." I realized he was right, so I said, "Okay, I'll come." Dr. Cross exclaimed, "Wait, we haven't discussed salary!" I remarked that that was his problem and hung up the telephone. In 1945 I returned to Oklahoma at a salary of \$4000.00 a year, and I remain "at home" still. When Marcia, my wonderful wife of forty-eight years, and I were married in December, 1948, Dr. Cross was best man at the wedding.

The banter between Dr. Cross and me has continued throughout these years. Once I phoned the president's office and asked his secretary, Ada Arnold, if the president were busy. Dr. Cross took the call, and I invited him to the herbarium for coffee. "Well," Dr. Cross inquired, "is it ready?" I assured him it would be by the time he arrived. Dr. Cross asked, "Do you have any doughnuts?" "Yes," I replied. "How many?" asked Dr. Cross. Carelessly, I answered, "eight." "Eight!" he exclaimed. "Why not a dozen? Doughnuts don't cost much!" In just minutes Dr. Cross arrived at the herbarium where I gave him a doughnut and coffee. There were several people who came that morning for coffee. Soon the pot was getting low, so I filled everyone's cup as well as I could. Dr. Cross remarked, "That's not very much coffee." To which I replied, "It's pretty good considering what you paid for it!" One of the coffee drinkers, shocked by my remark, said, "Dr. Goodman, you wouldn't say that to the president if you didn't have tenure." To that Dr. Cross responded, "In Goodman's case, tenure doesn't mean a damn thing!" When Dr. Cross retired

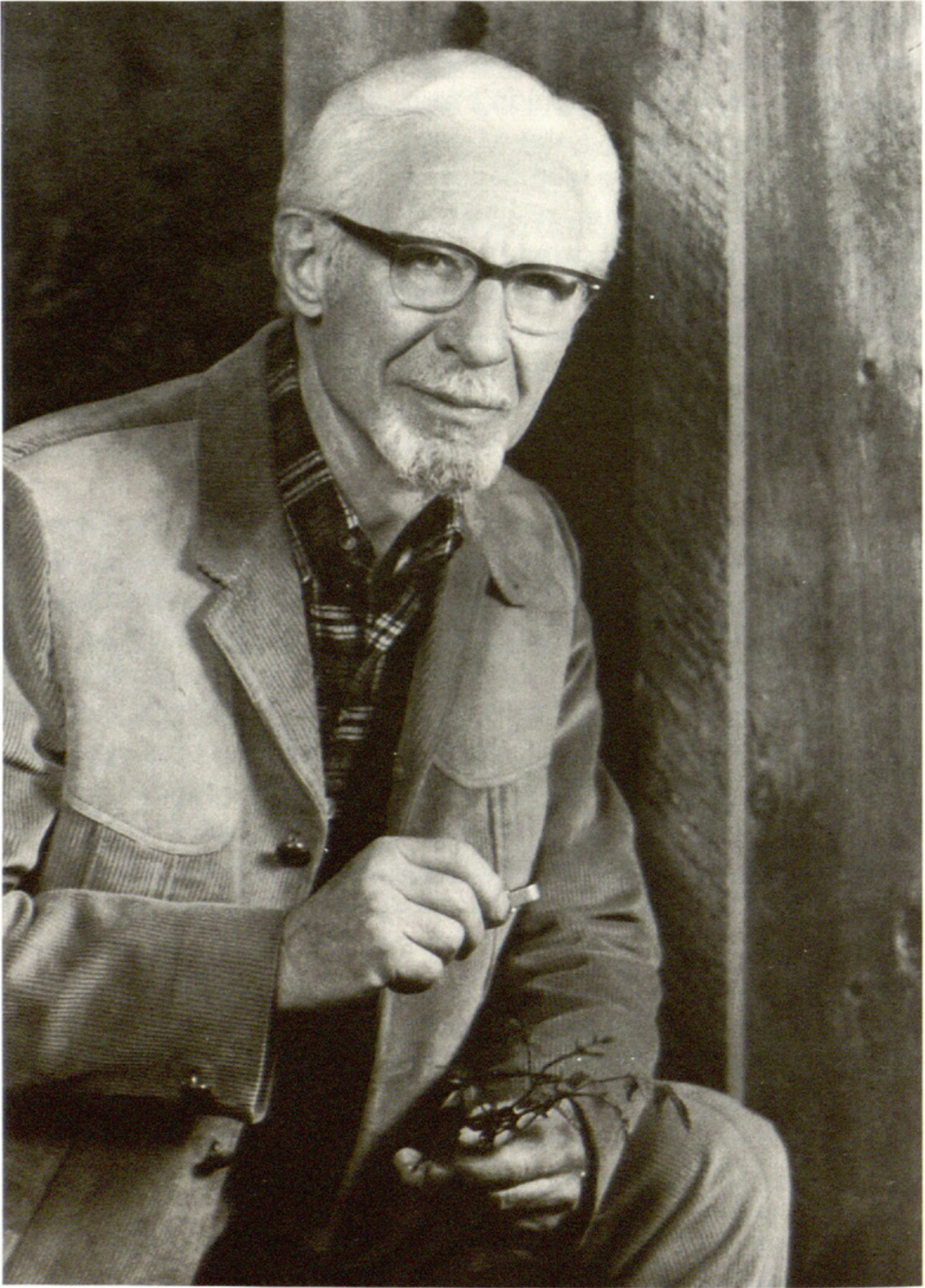


Figure 3. George Jones Goodman, spring 1975.

after nearly twenty-five years as president of the University, I presented him, at a dinner in his and his wife Cleo's honor, with a sack of doughnuts and assured him that there was a full dozen inside. What happy years those were!

My years at the University of Oklahoma have been so wonderful. The students have always been so enthusiastic, never complaining, and so considerate. We've had great classes, great field trips, and, traditionally, great "coffee hours" in the herbarium.

I retired as curator of the herbarium in 1975 (Figure 3), but I've continued to work on taxonomic and botanical problems for the last twenty-two years. Many of those years were spent with Dr. Cheryl Lawson, my last graduate student, collaborating on the botany and itinerary of the Long Expedition of 1820. As with my trip with Hitchy, our trips in the West following the route of this expedition were full of episodes which are recounted in our book, *Retracing Major Stephen H. Long's 1820 Expedition: The Itinerary and Botany*, which was published shortly after my ninetieth birthday.

Life has been such fun!



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