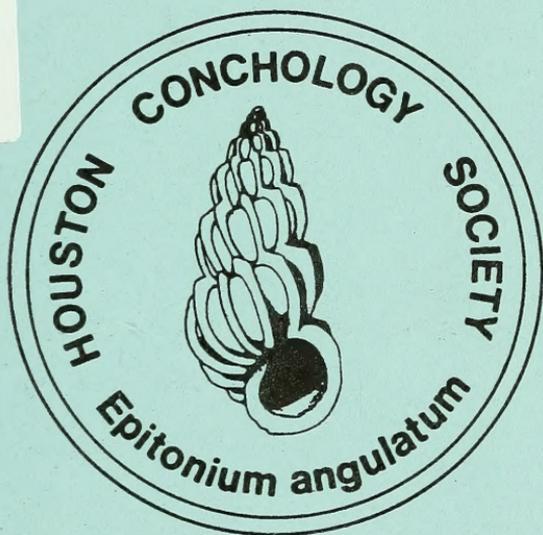


Texas CONCHOLOGIST

VOLUME XXXVI, No. 1

ISSN 0885-1263

QL
401
.T4Z
INVZ



FEBRUARY, 2000

The Texas Conchologist is the official publication of the Houston Conchology Society, Inc., and is published occasionally at Houston, Texas. It is distributed as part of the dues to all its members.

The Society holds regular meetings the fourth Wednesday in each of the following months: August, September, October, January, February, March, April, and May. In November, the meeting is held the third Wednesday. An annual auction is held in place of the March or April Meeting

Meetings are held at Southside Place Club House, 3743 Garnet, Houston, Texas. Meetings begin at 8:00 p. m.

The Texas Conchologist is published October, and May. It is mailed postpaid to regular members in U.S. postal zones. Overseas members will be charged additional postage. Only one copy will be mailed to a family membership.

Dues extend from the beginning of the fiscal year of June 1 through May 31. However, the May issue of the Texas Conchologist each year is the second issue due on the regular dues year beginning June 1 of the previous year. Memberships will be accepted throughout the year but will receive issues of that fiscal year. Members receive meeting Newsletters and have all other privileges provided by the Society's by-laws.

Rates and Dues

Family membership	\$12.00
Single Membership	\$10.00
Student membership	\$ 6.00
Single issues	\$ 2.50
Extra sets mailed to members	\$10.00
(Postage for overseas members required)	
Subscription	\$12.00
(Seamail \$5.00, Airmail outside U.S. \$8.00)	

Co- Editor

Darwin Alder
5415 Dickson St.
Houston, TX 77007
(713) 880-5946

Editorial Advisor

Dr. Helmer Odé
3319 Big Bend Dr.
Austin, TX 78731
(512) 452-7799

Scientific Advisor/Co-Editor

Dr. John Wise
Houston Museum of Natural Science
Houston, TX 77030
(713) 639-4677

The Texas Conchologist accepts contributions for publication from amateurs, students, and professionals, subject to approval by the Editors. Manuscripts should be typed and double spaced, and should be in the hands of the Editors the first day of the month preceding publication dates. Photos accompanying articles are welcomed.



The Houston Conchology Society,
Family, Friends & Associates
Join together in Honoring
Mrs. Constance E. Boone
&
Dr. John I. McHenry

Connie Shelled:

Australia

South Africa

Argentina

Cabo San Lucas

The Philippines

The Bahamas

Costa Rica

Mexico

Belize

Brazil

Guaymas

Zanzibar

Puerto Rico

Panama

Harbour Island

The Solomons

In this edition we honor Constance E. Boone and Dr. John I. McHenry.

I met Connie on the beach at St. Joe Island, Texas. I was invited to join the Houston Conchology Society. From my earliest days in the club, I have known of Connie's greatest loves in this life...shells, shelling trips, The Houston Museum of Natural Science, The Houston Conchology Society, and most importantly, the *Texas Conchologist*.

As Co-editor and contributor to the *Texas Conchologist*, I know what a labor of love the publication is. Long hours of typing, correcting, printing and distribution, are involved. "Her" publication is reknowned worldwide in the scientific community and in the lives of those that simply love shells. Nothing else shows the influence on the club and science, as does Connie's work on the *Texas Conchologist*. Connie encouraged people to write articles for her beloved Conchologist. It was a vehicle in which she could shine, and it was brilliant.

Connie had a special feature in the *Texas Conchologist*, called Search and Seizure. She presented a great variety of interesting articles, observations and points of view.

I was with her In the Bahamas, when she found a *Charonia variegata* (Triton's Trumpet). She was very pleased to add this self-collected shell to her collection. On a trip to Mexico, I found a fresh dead argonaut and she found a live argonaut laying eggs.

I would be invited to Connie's house for long chats. We would talk of shells, shelling trips, shellers, research, and many other wonderful topics.

Pat McElroy worked at the Museum along with other members of the shell club. Connie would have them help in the cataloging of the museum collection. Pat told me once that she and Connie were talking before Pat's first grandchild was born. Connie wondered how many more years of shelling trips she would have. Pat's grandson is now 12. Connie had 12 more years of trips, each of which she enjoyed as only she could

Connie had great influence on all of us who knew her in any way. She inspired, cajoled, supported and chastized but always loved and appreciated us.

We all thought that Connie was invincible and would live forever. A lady who descended in a two person submarine at the age of 80, could do

anything. She lived her life fully and as she wished to. She was always planning her next trip, and was very curious about where anyone was going next for a shell trip. I was told that she would like to pass away while on a shelling trip. She died on a shelling trip to Australia in September of 1999.

At her memorial service Truett Latimer remarked that Connie was always the editor, and always a newspaperman and that she would have to only correct a few things about my remarks.

As a postscript to my associations with Connie, I visited with her sons Chris and Nick at her home. Rarely was anyone invited to visit her shell room upstairs. Chris asked me if i would like to take a look. Of course i couldn't turn down such an offer. It was wonderful to see some of her most prized and treasured shells. Chris pointed to a picture of his brothers and their shell collection, the ribbon they won, and said.. this is what started it all.

Helmer Odé writes:

It is now more than forty years ago that I first met Connie Boone — the precise time and place I have forgotten, and discovered that she was very much interested in shells and shelling. This interest, in the early days fed by regular beach trips, was to intensify over the years, so that she finally became a national treasure for the malacological community of the U.S.A. Her great merits for malacology need not be mentioned here in detail and I will mainly dwell on some more personal recollections.

For many years Connie organised and catalogued the fine general and regional Gulf of Mexico collections of mollusks for the Houston Museum of Natural Science, a collection, which now has become one of the finest museum collections of shells in the southwest. She started that work during the directorship of Tom Pulley and held office in a basement room the walls of which were lined with an outstanding malacological book collection, which is probably the best source of malacological information in the southwest outside of California. All other available wallspace was filled with low cabinets whose drawers were filled with boxes full of shells being worked at or ready for final storage, and on top of the cabinets were stacked cardboard boxes full of new samples, just arrived. In the middle of the room surrounded by all this, was a large table on which microscopes, shells and newly

arrived publications vied for a place. I always considered it a privilege to visit her there and looked forward with great pleasure to spend most of the day discussing topics of interest to us in surroundings congenial to both of us.

In that room she started the immense task, while training and supervising some quite willing but not always, knowledgeable helpers, to properly catalogue the malacological material of the museum, a task without end, because the collection was growing by leaps and bounds. She attracted new acquisitions from many sources and in more recent years Connie participated in several collecting trips worldwide. I sadly realise that all this has come to an end now she did not return from her last trip to Australia.

Perhaps my strongest and most poignant recollections are those of the early days of our friendship. There come to mind many visits to Connie's home, when her husband still lived and she displayed some of her finest shells. Then there are the many hours we assisted each other to learn the ins and outs of conchology during the countless Sunday sessions at the home of Harold Geis, working on the Gulf of Mexico material. I am saddened to realise that now many of those who participated in that work are gone. But those sessions have left a wonderful memory in which Connie plays an important role. The participants in these sessions had sorted at home parts of samples obtained in the Gulf of Mexico survey, which was largely organised by Harold Geis and Tom Pulley and which produced extensive offshore material from many environments, including coral reefs and shale domes. Several agencies collected for us, including the U.S. navy. That material, reported over many years in the *Texas Conchologist* (see many earlier issues) was sorted out, labelled provisionally and listed with pertinent data. During those work sessions Connie played an important role in that work — in fact she did all the listing of data — and already demonstrated her leadership qualities and gave often excellent and sensible advice. Because of her unwavering attitude with respect to scientific publication she was also responsible to maintain the high quality of the publication of the Houston Conchology Society. In short she was preparing herself for the important role she was to play later in the A.M.U. Originally all the material of the survey and other shells were stored in a little metal shed on the museum grounds, now covered by new buildings of the enlarged museum. When in the new addition to the museum a large shell exhibit was installed, Connie helped to organise it into its beautiful and spectacular presentation to the public.

I am extremely thankful to Connie for her devotion to malacology and am deeply in debt to her, for she has by hard work at the museum made the entire effort by Harold Geis and myself, spent on the Gulf of Mexico survey, useful and available to the scientific community so that our work can bear fruit. I shall not forget her.

Barbara Hudson notes:

Connie and I had many wonderful trips together to some great beaches around the world. We also had some adventures--such as losing our supply of water on a camping trip, and being stranded on a sand bar with the water rising fast. We had celebrated our December birthdays together for many years--exchanging snails for her and frogs for me. She was an excellent teacher, and I treasure the knowledge she gave me. I really miss our long phone conversations about shells and books. Shelling trips will never be quite the same without my friend.

Richard Yuill, a former editor of the *Texas Conchologist* says:

Connie was an "amateur" scientist, but well schooled-self-schooled. That is to say, she did not have a college degree in marine sciences or malacology, but she knew more about mollusks and marine sciences than many Masters and Ph.D. prepared scientists, myself included. Connie was a born skeptic, and skepticism is the soul of science. For skepticism is what makes the scientist look for proof, whether by careful observation or by experiment.

A simple tale illustrates her skepticism.

On my first trip to Belize, Connie passed on the information that the locals of Caye Caulker considered the mangrove swamps that edged the islands to be prime habitat of the cowry *Cypraea zebra*. Connie was skeptical because: 1) the water surrounding mangrove roots tends to be turbid, or murky with suspended solids, and 2) Connie herself had never collected *C. zebra* from this habitat. Lacking logical proof that mangroves were good habitat, and lacking personal observation, Connie was skeptical.

On one of our first evenings at Caye Caulker, I decided to take a stroll by myself down the beach, flippers, snorkel and mask in hand. Just before dusk, I wanted one more leisurely snorkeling view of a little mangrove islet that was 10 meters off the shoreline of Caye Caulker

next to a boat cut at the northern end of the island. It was already one of my favorite spots to snorkel because the current through the boat cut provided a constant supply of tropical fish along the edge of the mangrove roots. Just before dark, I caught a glimpse of the "tentacled" flesh of a cowry mantle against one of the prop roots almost at the water's edge. This was an thrilling sight for me, because I had never self-collected a live cowry.

I must have been a strange sight. I had to climb out of the water onto the islet to approach the cowry from the landward side, not because the animal was likely to scamper away, but because no matter what angle I tried, my arms were about six inches too short to reach my gem. I climbed out of the water, my flippers tripping and hindering me in the tangle of mangrove roots. My mask was still firmly on my face. I am virtually blind without glasses and in the failing light, I really needed the lenses glued to the inside of my mask. When I finally reached the cowry, I was ecstatic!

As soon as I returned to our small motel, I showed Connie my prize and told her I had found it directly on the mangrove roots. She was almost as excited as I was. She considered that sufficiently close enough to first hand knowledge that *C. zebra* does occur directly within mangroves. I knew Connie well enough by then to know that accepting my observation as fact, was high praise indeed.

After all, Connie might as well have been from Missouri since her watchwords were "Show me" and the first corollary "I'd rather see for myself."

Freida White, who is Curator of Malacology at the Brazosport Museum of Natural Science contributed this:

Long before I met Connie, Mildred Tate talked about their frequent shelling trips to local beaches, before they both became absorbed in Museum responsibilities...Connie in Houston, Mildred in Lake Jackson. My foremost memory of Connie is her continual challenging of everyone to learn more about mollusks. She never let you think, for a minute, that you knew enough...or that you were trying hard enough to learn. We will be motivated for years to come, by thoughts of her intense focus.

Mildred Harry penned the following:

I shall always remember Connie for her inquiring mind, the enthusiasm and energy that she brought to any project she tackled, her generosity of spirit and her sense of adventure. All of these qualities were expressed in her many achievements, two of which I remember very well. As president of AMU in 1994, she planned and presided over the programs, both professional and social, which "show-cased" her beloved state of "TEXAS": The symposium on the Mollusks of Texas, the collection at the HMNS, the Tex Mex dinner, the ranch barbecue and the elegant banquet at the Hyatt. The other event was the celebration of her 80th birthday in a submersible in the Bahamas collecting her very own slit shell. That I call high adventure! It was a joy to be with Connie. She was a ready source of information on many issues. She is a part of the history of HMNS, AMU and the Houston Conchology Society.

Hal and I shared many happy occasions with Connie. I am grateful to have known Connie as a dear friend. It was a special treat to have renewed our friendship at the AMU Meeting the week of July 4th. The paper she presented on "Women in Malacology" was the best on the panel. It was typical of Connie to be active and productive to the very end. I miss her very much.

At her Memorial Service Virginia Joiner gave the following remarks.

We are honoring Connie for her knowledge of, work with, and enthusiasm for malacology. While it is sometimes difficult to separate Connie from shells, she was so much more.

Connie was interested in everything. She and I could read the same newspaper or magazine and she would find much more than I. As most of you know Connie was a newspaper woman by training. She was ever the editor. There were some in the museum who wouldn't think of sending something out without Connie's seal of approval. She was passionate about sports: particularly Tennis and André Aggasiz, and University of Texas Longhorns. She read almost anything and everything: particularly mysteries; and adventure novels. It was not uncommon for her to stay up late reading. She often went to the bookstore on Friday afternoon, bought several books and by Sunday night was out of reading material. One of the novels that she read had an error about shells in it. Guess what —she wrote the author telling him of his error.

She loved traveling and seeing new things. Wherever she went she found shells and everything else. Either it was the shells themselves, or she found related things or she found things that interested her for some other reason. In Hong Kong she had heard about a research station in a very remote place. She engaged a taxi with a driver that didn't really speak English and wasn't sure where they were going. They left early in the morning and returned late in the afternoon. Connie was thrilled at how nice they had been and how she was able to purchase publications from them. I think some of them were in Chinese. In London she found shells prints and Christmas ornaments. While in Mexico she went to an outdoor seafood restaurant and asked for mussels and other molluscs that she could buy. She gave the meat to a patron and left happy with the shells. On "shell trips" she returned with many artifacts of the country. In Africa it might be necklaces, in the South Seas it might be woven objects such as baskets. Always it was something that would be representative of the place she had been.

Connie always believed that she could do anything that she wanted to do. She recognized no limitations placed on her and who would dare anyway. As a young Mother she went night fishing on the piers in Galveston and Corpus Christi. She went all over the Texas Coast shelling alone. Not only did she believe this about herself but also about other women. She was so proud to be a part of the panel at AMU this year on women in Malacology. She was pleased with the number of people who came to hear the discussion and with her part in it. She felt that women were accepted in malacology much more readily than in other areas. She was a mentor to the young ladies at the museum, particularly in Collections department.

She mentored many people in malacology. One of her most favorite things to do at a convention was to sit with the students. She loved to hear what they were doing. For years she has been corresponding with students from all over the world and collecting for them when they needed specimens from the Gulf Coast. As many members of the club know Connie would help any person who had an interest and was willing to work to learn about shells. She always looked to the future times that they had in a small Texas town before and during the depression. She was proud of what they accomplished and of the land of which they were a part.

Connie's legacy is her joy of life, her dedication to the pursuit of knowledge, her kindness to others, and her determination to carry on regardless.

The following was read by the editor at Connie's Memorial Service:

My name is Darwin Alder, I am a member of the Houston, Conchology Society and for the last few years, assisted Connie Boone in the publication and distribution of the *Texas Conchologist*.

Connie had several loves in this life. She loved shelling, and shelling trips, the Houston Museum of Natural Science, The Houston Conchology Society and the *Texas Conchologist*.

Connie had a tremendous love and appreciation for shells and mollusks. She collected them personally world-wide and purchased those that she couldn't find herself, to have one of the finest personal collections of shells. Those of us who were privileged to enter her house and were treated to a glimpse of her astonishingly beautiful and magnificent collection, would invariably exclaim...Oh My... She appreciated the beauty of the shell and the mollusk that made it. She wanted to know the names of all the shells and worked tirelessly to that goal.

She loved the Houston Museum of Natural Science. She was curator of Malacology and was instrumental in displaying the collection at the Strake Hall. She enjoyed science and worked very diligently to further the study of shells and mollusks. The Museum houses one of the finest collections of Texas and Gulf of Mexico Shells in the world.

She loved the Houston Conchology Society and was the driving force for many years for the shell club. It became one of the largest shell clubs in the country. Under her guidance the club grew from a few members to over 100. She loved the members and worked hard to get them interested in naming, cataloging and learning the scientific names of shells. She would seldom just simply name them for you, but if you showed potential to add to the knowledge and science of malacology, she would help you all that she could. She was very aware of the interests of the members of the club. During her years as president, she presented the officers and board of directors with personally selected shells. She looked for a shell or family of shells that person liked, and gave them an appropriate gift. She was the impetus for some helping arrange some of the finest shelling trips for those members of the club who wanted to participate. She was curious to the end, and always wanted to know what shells you had found. She loved mollusks and shells, from the microscopic to the

grandiose. She always said that if you knew the scientific names, you could speak to anyone else in the world with a similar interest.

Although some thought her use of Latin names a bit difficult, it was just as easy to use the Latin name, such as *Epitonium angulatum* as it was saying Angulate wentletrap. She stressed the importance of the location data being accurate, for that was the single most important piece of information to science, the when and where of the acquisition of the shell.

Connie told me once that her true love and labor of love was the *Texas Conchologist*. This publication has been in existence for over 30 years. She loved Texas, and all things Texan. The Gulf of Mexico and the shells of Texas were very important to her, and she wanted to let people know that Texas was a very important place to collect and study shells. The findings of the Northwest Gulf of Mexico are well represented in the pages of the *Texas Conchologist*. This publication is very important to malacologists and is used and requested by scientists, students, and scholars from around the world. The *Texas Conchologist* is a very important part of her legacy.

I have enjoyed many long and wonderful conversations with Connie. I have enjoyed her "OH MY!" room, her knowledge of shells and shelling, and some of the finest collecting trips of my lifetime. At the club meeting in May, she asked me to present a program on my trip to Alaska. I felt honored to share it with her and the club because it was a place that I had visited, she had not. She was a scientist, a friend, and the source of much information on shells and shelling. I would like to close with a poem that I composed...

Connie Boone

a tribute composed
by Darwin G. Alder,
read, Nov. 19, 1999. at the
Houston Museum of Natural Science

Oh, how she loved her shells
The tale's for me to tell

Of trips so near and far
With her collecting jar

Shelling was her love
A gift from up above

So sad she's gone away
Her memories here to stay

Her legacy still lives
And happiness it gives

On Heaven's shore she will shell
For the shells she loved so well

She will know all the names
Of the shells that gave her fame

On celestial shores will find,
A shell of every kind.

to a wonderful lady and a fine friend.

On February 5, 2000, Dr. John I. McHenry of the Houston Conchology Society departed this life.

I first met Dr. McHenry at the meeting of the Houston Conchology Society. He had always had a great interest in nature and things. He loved sea shells and had shells from early dealers in the 1960's up to the time of his retirement, in the late 1990's. He was also interested in pre-Columbian art, he had amassed a magnificent collection of butterflies, and fossils, and sea shells.

Dr. McHenry was very instrumental in furthering the cause of science and was a renaissance man, interested and captivated by almost everything.

Dr. McHenry would come by my house with donations to the auction and sale table of the Houston Conchology Society. He would bring me an excellent donation of world-wide seashells. I would clear a little

space on my kitchen table and he would wow me with his knowledge and generosity. He often told me he had to agonize over giving up a shell. Perhaps it had a special meaning to him, or perhaps he thought it specially beautiful. He was generous in every sense. I am certain that over the years he donated more than 2,000 shells to our auction, not to mention the donations of the shells directly to the Museum of Natural Science.

Dr. John and I would drink V-8 juice or a can of Dr. Pepper and discuss the beauty and name of each of the many shells. He loved shells and told me once that he sometimes experienced obsessive compulsive behaviors. He bought in quantity from dealers and often had many more than one of the same shell. One of my favorite stories of him is delightful, he would donate a shell to the auction, I would place it on display and he would buy it back. There were several of the genera *Conus* (Cones) *Cypraea* (Cowries) and *Voluta* (Volutes) that he donated and repurchased at least three times. We always kept the original labels and the donated labels and were able to trace the path of the shell. He also said if he had had a shell for a long enough time he could donate it to the club for someone else to enjoy as much as he had.

Dr. McHenry's legacy lives on in each of our lives. We remember his generosity, his kindness, his courtesy, his consideration and his healing touch as a Physician and how he touched our very souls.

On Tuesday, February 8, 2000, Dr. John I McHenry was eulogized and honored by his many friends and family at St. Luke's Methodist Church, in Houston, Texas. He is survived by his wife Jean, his son John, and daughters Allison and Susan, and a host of family and friends.

The telephone would ring
and Dr. John would bring

a gift for you and me
a dozen, two or three

he loved to collect shells
and butterflies as well

Treasures from the sea
and among them there would be

Rarities for sale
and with each one a tale

he loved the young and old
from pottery to gold

Cones and cowry shells
were ones he knew so well

Sometimes he would give a shell
and say to me, Oh Well!

It's hard to give you this
It is a shell I'll miss

but at a later time
I knew he'd spend a dime

to buy it back once more
and donate to my store

He had many more than one
of many shells under the sun

He never travelled far away
at home he chose to stay

and buy a shell or four
and give it up once more.

Darwin G. Alder 2/2000

Dr. John McHenry was a kind considerate man and will miss him
very much.

Dr. John Donated:

Harpidae

Conidae

Ranellidae

Cassidae

Epitoniidae

Olividae

Muricidae

Veneridae

Naticidae

Olividae

Fasciolariidae

Mitridae

Muricidae

Volutidae

Strombidae

Neritidae

Together
they
circled
the
globe

HOUSTON CONCHOLOGY SOCIETY, INC.

Officers

1999-2000

President:	Cheryl Hood
Program Vice President:	Nancy Mustachio
Field Trip Vice-President:	Frank & Tina Petway
Treasurer:	Angela Doucette
Recording Secretary:	Carol Andrews
Corresponding Secretary:	Cathy Betley

Directors:

Sandy Clark	Barbara Hudson
Lucille Green	Joyce Martin
Dave & Nancy Barziza	Rachel Mendez & John Zelko
Immediate Past President:	Constance E. Boone
Co-Editor, Texas Conchologist	Dr. John Wise
Co-Editor, Texas Conchologist	Darwin G. Alder

Honorary Life Members

Dr. Helmer Odé

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION LIBRARIES



3 9088 01623 6960

Table of Contents

Tribute to Constance E. Boone and Dr. John I. McHenry.....	1
---	---