

Jim the Man: Reminiscences by his Friends

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Introduction

This volume celebrates the many achievements of Jim Lowry. He was without doubt one of the foremost amphipod taxonomists of his time and his publication record is testament to this. To his friends, however, he was much more than the sum of his scientific works. He was a warm and generous colleague who enriched our lives. There follow some reminiscences by his friends, reliving memorable times spent in his company, along with a selection of photos taken over the last three decades (Fig. 1).

Alan Myers

I was fortunate to know and work with Jim for over forty years. We spent many hours together enjoying music, art, good food, and drink, and of course we discussed some of our pet grievances: over-population of the world by humans, lack of action by politicians on the environment and the long-term problems of the Sydney water supply! Because he despised what humans were doing to this planet, he sometimes couldn't resist the temptation to add

derogatory remarks to our manuscripts in preparation. The intention, of course, was to remove these remarks before submission. On one occasion, the references section of one of our manuscripts included the paper by Peart & Lowry “The genus *Arcitalitrus* in New South Wales forests”, but what he had actually written was “The genus *Arcitalitrus* in what is left of New South Wales forests”. This was typical of the cryptic remarks that one had to search out and delete before submission!

Jim grew up on a peanut farm in Virginia. Perhaps this instilled in him his love for nature. He recalled strolling down to the river to watch the geese as they arrived during their migration. He was a fan of old cars and bought himself an MG sports car in such a bad state that his stepfather had insisted that he should not buy it. However, Jim, being Jim, took no notice of the advice and spent hours working on it until he had it fully renovated and his father had to eat humble pie when he saw it with its gleaming paintwork. Later, one of the outhouses at the farm burnt down and Jim lost all of his books and possessions in the fire. At the University in Virginia, he commenced a degree in English, but his love of nature and time spent in the company of the renowned marine

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biologist and environmentalist Joel Hedgepeth converted him to marine biology.

After graduating, Jim then spent time in Antarctica. Many of us have a few amphipods named after us, but who of us has a mountain named after him or her? Jim did, Mt. Lowry, in the Patuxent Range. One of Jim's more hair-raising adventures in Antarctica is described in great detail later by Oliver.

Jim's first home when he arrived in Sydney was in Paddington, but before long he had moved to Pittwater on Scotland Island. He left it with considerable misgivings when, after his retirement, he moved to Crete. It was not the first time he had left his beloved Scotland Island, because he had moved to live with his then wife in Balmain, inner Sydney for a few years. However, he never became accustomed to urban life and was delighted when the opportunity arose for him to buy back his house and once again live on Scotland Island. He welcomed his friends to stay at his house and his "friends" included native wildlife. Parrots flew into his living room for titbits of food and he had a special place for a butcher-bird which dined off the best steak money could buy. He did, however, take exception to the sulphur-crested cockatoos that destroyed the railing of his deck with their strong beaks when he didn't feed them on time. He was also proud of the large goanna that climbed up onto his deck and strolled nonchalantly among his startled guests. Being American, Jim was brought up on bourbon as his whisky of choice, but in his latter years when I introduced him to single malt Scotch and Irish Whisky these quickly became his favourite tipples.

Although he drove a large 4-wheel drive Jeep, his real love was his motorbike—he owned several, his last being a BMW—and he liked nothing more than going on long "safaris" into the outback with his friend Pat whose reminiscences follow later. He had several quite serious crashes, but typical of him, after his worst crash he somehow managed to get himself home and although badly hurt, nursed himself back to health with no medical help whatsoever.

Jim travelled to many parts of the world on collecting trips. The downside of this was that when he tried to get Australian citizenship, he discovered that he did not have the required length of uninterrupted residency, as a result of being so often out of the country on research trips. He did manage to achieve it before he left.

Jim made Ireland his second home, making many trips to stay in Cork for weeks at a time. He was at his happiest taking walks by the sea. He particularly enjoyed Irish folk music and was able to go with us to a number of music sessions in pubs and elsewhere. On one occasion we went to hear one of his favourite Irish folk singers. He was excited by the prospect of talking to him, but admitted to us afterwards that he couldn't understand a word he said due to the Cork accent. Although he was brought up on American Country & Western music, it was left to us to introduce him to the American singer Nancy Griffith, who became a favourite of his.

One thing I learned about Jim quite early was, that when travelling on his own, he was a disaster waiting to happen (as Lauren also recounts later). On one occasion we arrived at Cork airport for his flight home to discover that his plane had left the previous day. "*I was sure it was Wednesday*"—"no Jim it says Tuesday!" On another occasion when he visited us, we dutifully waited at the airport arrivals hall until every passenger from his flight had come through—where was

Jim? It turned out that he had missed the connecting flight at London airport, because he had misread the time. Once you had realized that it was essential to check all Jim's documents for him, life proceeded smoothly. When travelling to foreign parts, although collecting amphipods was his main objective, he also immersed himself in the local culture and wildlife. In Madang he enjoyed visiting the local market and seeing all the artefacts such as masks and story-boards from the Sepik region, as well as the hawkers trying to sell us cuddly cuscus and impressive hornbills. He brought several select items (but not the animals) to his house on Scotland Island.

It was amphipods that brought us together in the first place and it was unravelling their phylogeny that gave us particular satisfaction. We sat side by side with our computers at Jim's house on Scotland Island, at my house in Cork, in a thatched rondavel in Tioman Island, Malaysia, at Panwa Marine Biological Center, Thailand, and in Kokkini Hani in Crete, from dawn (Jim was a very early riser) until late in the evening, sometimes for three or four weeks at a time, stopping only for food and perhaps a glass of single malt (or Mekong in Phuket) when the sun was over the yardarm. We exchanged DELTA files, nexus files, PAUP trees, and MacClade trees, the slog broken only occasionally by shouts of "Eureka!" when things seemed to fall into place.

The opportunity of a lifetime must be taken during the lifetime of the opportunity. I will always be grateful that I had the opportunity in my lifetime, to have Jim as my friend.

Penny Berents

I first met Jim in 1976 when he arrived at the Australian Museum (AM) as the new Curator of Crustacea. I was a Research Assistant at the AM and looking for a Masters project. Jim was keen to take on students to learn about amphipod taxonomy and that was the beginning of a long friendship. I knew Jim as my mentor, colleague, friend, and ultimately as his boss. Jim was generous with his knowledge and encouraged students to be thorough and meticulous in their work. Jim had friends and colleagues around the world and he encouraged me to make contact with his network of amphipod workers to foster my studies.

Jim was fun, irreverent, generous, enthusiastic, dedicated to his work and a keen observer of the natural world. He was interested in plants, birds, boats, art, good design, motorbikes, and bicycles. He loved running, cycling, skiing, bushwalking, diving, and natural materials like wood. He despaired of the world that "the humans" (as he would say) were creating. Jim always regarded himself as a southerner but did not believe in patriotic ties. He was a world citizen living and working around the world: USA, New Zealand, Antarctica, Australia, Papua New Guinea, Ireland, Denmark, Greece, and Italy.

Jim was a friend and colleague of Jerry Barnard, whom he held in high regard. Jim challenged himself to exceed the standards set by Jerry. Jerry would be proud of what Jim has achieved in the amphipod world. Jerry was a frequent visitor to Australia and I was so lucky to be tutored by these two masters of amphipod taxonomy.

Jim was always dreaming up new projects and new questions about amphipods. Somehow, he managed to find funds for many of his ideas. I remember late one day he came to my office and was describing a new project to study

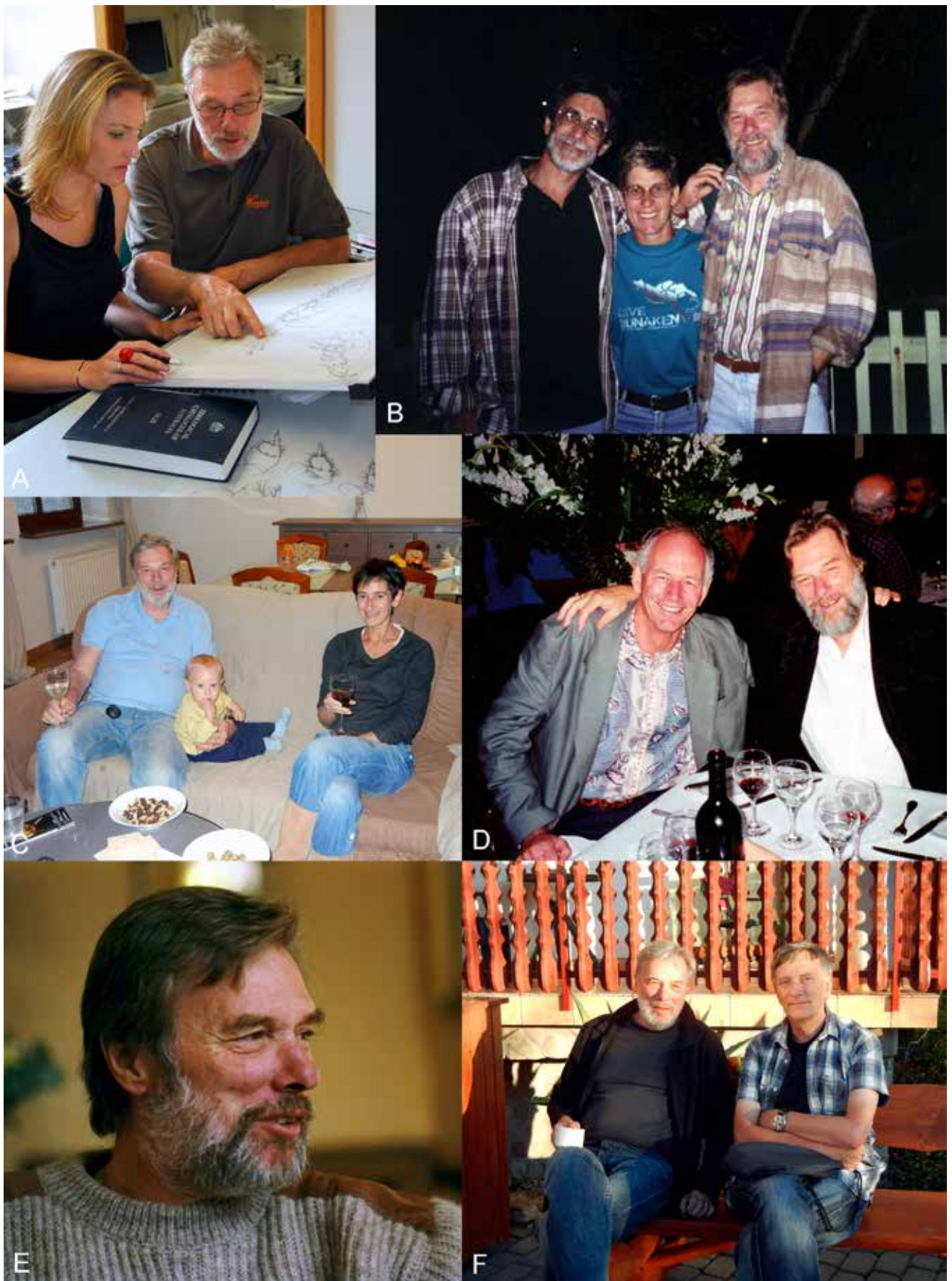


Figure 1. (A) Jim Lowry and Lauren Hughes at the Australian Museum; (B) Rick Brusca, Penny Berents and Jim Lowry in Sydney, 1994; (C) Jim Lowry, Rafael Lowry and Lucia Fanini at the 15th International Amphipod Colloquium, Szczawnica, Poland, 2013; (D) Gary Poore and Jim Lowry, Sydney 1994; (E) Jim Lowry; (F) Jim Lowry and Alan Myers at the 15th International Amphipod Colloquium, Szczawnica, Poland. Photo credits: A (Stuart Humphries, Australian Museum); B, D, E (courtesy of Rick Brusca); C, F (Penny Berents).

scavenging communities along the Australian east coast with transects from 50 metres to 1000 metres depth and spanning hundreds of kilometres from south to north. He described the traps that he would use on small fishing boats. Great idea Jim but how will you fund that!? Sure enough, he raised the funds, and the SEAS project was born (Scavengers of East Australian Seas). It yielded much information about scavengers in Australian waters. Jim led many expeditions to build the amphipod collections of the AM and these collections are still a resource for species discovery at the AM and beyond.

In recent years I continued to work with Jim on cerapodines and I enjoyed the friendship of Jim and Lucia. I was privileged to be at their wedding and to visit them both in Crete after the birth of Rafael. I treasure my memories of Jim.

Shane Ah Yong

It was a Friday afternoon in 1992 when I first met Jim. Back then, I was an undergraduate biology student and had come to the then sub-basement of the Australian Museum to examine stomatopods. That day, in the office, instead of the person I'd come to see, was Jim, relaxed and engaging (I think he was wearing a cap and possibly a Che Guevara T-shirt). We canvassed all sorts of topics well away from carcinology and somehow finished on Blue Swimmer Crab trawl by-catch in Moreton Bay—neither my major interest nor his at that time. This was my first glimpse of Jim's expansive curiosity (extending well beyond crustaceans) and there'd be many more wide-ranging conversations over the next three decades.

Ever impressive was Jim's energy and infectious enthusiasm for all things Amphipoda. It seemed he could talk amphipods all day long and his team was like a production-line generating a steady stream of new crustacean knowledge. That Jim was a single-minded scientist is not in doubt but he was not to be tied to just one line of inquiry, being never short of new ideas and plans—the SEAS Project, the Lysiannasoid Project, Crustacea.net, and the Circum-Australian Amphipod Project, to name just a few. In his later years, he was also very concerned for the future of taxonomic research and lamented the lack of opportunities for new taxonomists.

Jim was in many ways a larger-than-life character—personable, easy-going, widely read and a brilliant raconteur to be sure, but more fundamentally, I remember him as driven and restless. The drive to go further, discover more and understand more deeply; restlessness that would never be satisfied standing still. That combination occasionally fomented conflict but probably also contributed to his success. Whatever it was, it worked for him, and his impact on amphipod taxonomy remains for all to see.

Amphipods always held sway, but Jim did have other vices. Physical fitness was particularly important and running was a regular part of his week. He enjoyed sports and didn't mind a drink but motor bikes must have been at or near the top of his list. A mutual colleague often commented that Jim had nine lives, and perhaps with some justification. More than once, Jim arrived at work looking the worse for wear after coming off his bicycle or motor bike, and I recall one day spending some hours in the museum loading dock driveway helping re-attach the broken indicator light on his motorbike after a misadventure on the way to work.

It was a new bike and he was so disappointed. I don't remember which bike (there were several), but whichever it was, Araldite wouldn't stick to the plastic parts; we fixed it another way.

After spending some years overseas, in 2010 I returned to the Australian Museum; Jim was as active as ever. By this time, the Circum-Australian Amphipod Project had given way to his rapidly growing interest in talitroids. Although his mind for science remained sharp, within a few years, Jim seemed to many of us to have slowed somewhat, seeming not quite as driven to run each day and perhaps somehow more mellowed. By this time, he'd met Lucia, whom we all could see must have been good for him; soon enough, he moved to Crete. And, after knowing him for decades, we also thought he could no longer surprise us, even with word he'd soon re-marry; however, the additional news that would also be a father again...well, amazing. Restless no longer.

Even to very late in the piece, we were corresponding on taxonomic and other matters. We didn't always see things in the same way but remained friends and colleagues. Jim was the first to tell me about the beautiful original d'Orbigny crustacean prints that can be had from street vendors on the banks of the Seine, just around the corner from the Paris Museum. One now hangs on my wall at home.

Oliver Coleman

It was in July 2001 during the 5th International Crustacean Congress in Melbourne that Jim and I first met. We had been in contact before, but then I met this man in person whom I admired so much. He invited me to work with him in Sydney on a collection of iphimeriids and I spent two months in a visitor's laboratory just around the corner from his office. Very quickly I experienced Jim's great sense of humor when he nicknamed some of the most conspicuous taxa with provisional names. For example, a spinose species collected in the Tasman Sea he called "Tasmanian Devil" another with a saddle-like dorsal depression "Mr. Ed the talking horse" (the female we called Mrs. Ed), named after an American sitcom from 1960s. Later these nicknames were of course changed into reasonable names. When we ran out of new names, we immortalized the first names of the three most helpful ladies of the museum library (Carol, Leona, Nina) combining them into one species name: *Ochlesis caroleoninae* unaware whether they would actually like it to be forever trapped together in one name!

Jim had a small, very cosy wooden house on Scotland Island that Alan has previously referred to. It was full of beautiful Melanesian indigenous sculptures brought home from his stays at the Madang research station and also Australian aboriginal dot paintings. They were hanging in perfect harmony with paintings created by the Scotland Island artist Nettie Lodge who lived next door.

When we worked together on a manuscript, we often sat with our notebook computers on the deck or in the living room. As the house was on the slope of the hill, we looked into the green canopy of eucalyptus trees, the blue of Pittwater shimmering through the leaves. Swarms of lorikeet-parrots and cockatoos would make a stopover on the railing of the deck waiting for food. Jim always had food for them and loved it when they would land on his hand. He kept meat and cheese in the refrigerator for species

like magpies or kookaburras. And he always had grapes in store, the preferred treats for currawongs. His favorite birds were the gentle king-parrots, who regularly distracted us from our work by flying into the living room. They always found something to eat in a black wooden bowl on the dining table, a souvenir Jim had brought from Papua New Guinea. There were other animals coming into the house. Sometimes possums sneaked in at night eating all the fruit in the kitchen. They were very cute, but also a nuisance. We once caught one in a trap and took it away from the island at 4 o'clock in the morning, so none of the islanders could see us kidnapping the cute little bugger. And then there was the scary 1.5 m long Goanna lizard who liked to rest on Jim's bed. As in many warm regions of the world, the house was an Eldorado for cockroaches. They were everywhere, even running up my legs while cooking in the kitchen. I wondered how they could get even inside cookie tins. To control them, Jim always had bait boxes, so-called "roach hotels" which I liked for the advertisement motto: "they check in, but they never check out".

Jim was very athletic and aside from his beloved BMW motorbike he had two expensive pushbikes, a street bike and a mountain bike. We made regular bike trips into the close by Ku-ring-gai Chase National Park. One day we were running down a very steep hill and we both fell. Jim got a bad bruise on the knee and I fell into a thorny bush and I looked like a porcupine, but we both laughed and had a beer as a cure. Regularly, we were running around Scotland Island. I had to take care to lag behind during the last few metres of our race, giving him the chance to win. Jim was very competitive and hated to lose, even against somebody 20 years younger than he was.

Jim was a great storyteller and he loved to share his many adventures with me when relaxing on the porch at night. The best story of all goes back in time to Jim's PhD research when he worked in the Antarctic at the small New Zealand run field station Cape Bird on Ross Island. One day Jim and his three friends Graham Fenwick, Paul Sagar, and Warren Farrelly decided to make a short trip with the glass fibre trimaran "Clione", normally used as a research platform. They did not make it far when the motor died and they did not notice that they were drifting away from the station into the open water of McMurdo Sound. After a while the four scientists decided to abandon the trimaran, grabbed what might be useful from the boat and moved onto an ice floe. They jumped from floe to floe towards the shore, but the floes were too far apart. Jim tried to cross a stretch of thin ice and moved on his belly over the black ice, broke in and fell into the -1.8°C cold water. After a terribly cold night, while they tried not to fall asleep, currents moved their ice floe quite close to the station. But then a strong storm came up and their floe was pushed far into the open water again. Another night on the floe and Paul became lethargic, so the friends made him move, they were singing songs in order to stay awake. Day four on the ice and an *Orca* came close to their floe. They did not move, fearing that the whale might tip them over as they do when hunting seals. The same day a penguin jumped on their floating ice sheet, so Jim caught it, killed it, and shared the bloody meat with his friends. It gave them energy and revived their spirits. On the fifth day a rescue helicopter flew over them, but the crew did not see them. At least somebody was searching for them! For the

next time they wanted to be prepared and cut of the legs of their rubber boots in order to ignite a smoky fire to draw attention. By the sixth day all of them were very desperate, far out in the open ocean without any other ice floes nearby. But then they saw a C130 Hercules plane which had taken off at McMurdo Base and they signaled the pilots with a little hand-mirror. They were finally rescued by a helicopter, frostbitten, snow-blind but happy. This nightmare story was later documented in the New Zealand TV program "Against the Odds" and more recently in *New Zealand Geographic* <https://www.nzgeo.com/stories/at-the-mercy-of-the-ice/>.

Gary Poore

I first met Jim in my office at the University of Canterbury in Christchurch, New Zealand, in 1970. He was just starting his PhD with George Knox on Antarctic benthos. I had returned on holiday to my alma mater from Melbourne, Australia, where I was employed to report on the benthos of Port Phillip Bay. We soon discovered our common interest in peracarid crustaceans, an interest that we were able to share for the next half-century. Soon after Jim moved to the Australian Museum, he visited Melbourne to invite me to join him on the 1977–1978 expedition to Macquarie Island. By that time, we had both begun to describe the many new species being discovered locally, amphipods by Jim and isopods by me, both choices influenced by our regular meetings with Jerry Barnard. The three-month Macquarie Island expedition involved two other divers besides Jim and me. A stay of this period on a cold, rainy, and isolated island (no email then) is certainly an opportunity to get to know someone. While Jim was the initiator and organizer his leadership was low-key but effective. He and I became close friends. We all shared in the onerous tasks that were necessary to collect from the shore: day-long hikes from the base carrying wetsuits, air tanks, weight-belts, samples of algae, sometimes food, and even an air compressor. We became exceptionally fit and certainly had no fear. Our inflatable boat was used to get divers beyond the fringing kelp but on one occasion we were unable to row it home into the headwind. We had to beach under a 200 metre cliff that we then climbed and walked home with our samples. Jim and I recovered the boat later.

For 30 years, 1979–2009, Jim and I held equivalent positions in the museums in Sydney and Melbourne (he started earlier than I and left after I had retired). Our roles, variously titled, were in part to document the Australian crustacean fauna and this brought us into frequent contact, in both Sydney and Melbourne. Jim was an extremely focussed researcher. For many years he concentrated almost entirely on lysianassoids, then later it was talitroids. He was an early adopter of the taxonomic software DELTA and influenced its development. It was Jim's encouragement that got me using the program for my own work but he had to explain its advantages and subtleties several times over. I recall getting up early while staying at his home on Scotland Island to discover Jim had been working since the very early hours converting yet another amphipod family into DELTA format.

Our friendship extended easily beyond working hours. Jim was relaxed and entertaining company. I always enjoyed visiting and discussing his collection of books and art. Together we explored Pittwater in his tinnie and spent evenings discussing the world's ills over good food and

wine. He stayed with my wife Lynsey and me in Melbourne whenever he visited and got to know our children well. His friendship with our son continued professionally when Alistair moved to UNSW in Sydney where they collaborated on the taxonomy and biology of amphipods.

In 2011 Jim and I visited Tonga in the South Pacific. He was looking for a particular shore amphipod in its type locality. I offered to keep him company and search for intertidal ghost shrimps—I was recently “retired” and was free to go exploring. It was a relaxed expedition befitting two naturalists of our age but we found what we wanted and enjoyed each other’s company as we always had.

Roger Springthorpe

I had the privilege of knowing Jim Lowry for over forty years. As friends and colleagues, we had our ups and downs but were still collaborating until his health deteriorated suddenly. I remember many anecdotes concerning Jim and I would like to share some of them.

Jim had a great mind for amphipods, but not so much for bureaucratic machinations. For many years Jim had all his personal mail, including bills and the like, sent to his Australian Museum address. Under his desk, was a large cardboard box into which he filed any envelope with a window or hint of officialdom, without even opening it. This included phone bills, electricity bills, car driver’s license, car registration and so forth. Many a time there would a flurry of activity to locate the required bill to restore power or evade large fines, interspersed with cries of “It’s lost”! But then that cry was often heard when something was misplaced—in plain sight!

Not only did Jim have a love of amphipods, but also for natural history in general. For many years he lived on Scotland Island in Pittwater and enjoyed the proliferation of wildlife there. He would feed grey butcher birds, sulphur crested cockatoos and king parrots which would visit of a morning to sit on the deck rail or inside the house on the back of a chair, expectantly. Goannas too would wander through looking for tasty morsels. Alas, as the dog population on the Island grew, the goanna population declined much to Jim’s disgust. He didn’t like dogs very much. He also had a strong interest in Australian native plants and developed a beautiful bush garden at his house as well as a DELTA database of the Sydney sandstone flora, doing many bush walks in Ku-ring-gai National Park to take photographs of flowering plants. He railed against needless and apparent wanton destruction of the environment at the hands of greedy corporations and couldn’t understand why governments were blind to the approaching climate disaster.

Cycling and running were two other pursuits for Jim, and he would occasionally come to work with harrowing tales and physical proof of some close encounter with road base or tree branch. To avoid traffic congestion travelling between home and work, Jim used to ride a motor cycle on most days. Sadly, though, he came to grief when he collided with a car and spent some time in hospital. I went to visit him to find him outraged at being placed in the geriatric ward. Even though he was well over sixty at the time, he didn’t seem that old, but it knocked him around a bit.

Scuba diving was a necessity for Jim’s research interests, and his underwater swimming technique was clearly

influenced by his love of cycling. This interesting circular motion of his fins, however, did little for the efficiency of his underwater swimming but didn’t hinder his ability to make excellent collections of amphipods.

To commute from Scotland Island to the mainland each day, he used a boat that he called the *Flying Scud*. When Jim left the Island to live in Balmain for a few years the *Flying Scud* resided on a trailer and became the department’s defacto research vessel, and the name is entrenched in the collection data. It was a good dive boat.

Jim was an avid reader and had quite an extensive library of mostly science-related volumes some of which were rare. He also had an eclectic art collection of paintings and artifacts by local artists and from his many field trips to exotic places.

After Jim and Lucia were married, he decided that it was time to retire. Whereas many retirees opt for golf or gardening in their later years, Jim chose to start a new family. Together, Jim, Lucia, and Rafael moved to Crete where Jim could continue to indulge his study of amphipods and Lucia could continue her work at the institute in Gournes PEDIADOS. We visited them there in 2018 and had a fabulous time. Jim and Lucia were our tour guides. He was working hard as usual on things amphipodous and was happy with his life in Crete. We had a lot of fun and that’s how I remember Jim.

Lauren Hughes

I met Jim when I was a 20-year-old, impressionable and keen, honours student. The opportunity to work with him led to a collaboration over the next 22 years and it was a privilege to share an office with him for just over a decade. You can never quite put into words the amount of knowledge absorbed through daily conversation and the familiarity of spending hours in proximity (as regularly commented, more waking hours than you spend with your home life).

Visitors to the Australian Museum will know that eating lunch together on Stanley Street, or the surrounding suburb, was a daily work ritual. On the odd day when you attempted to get out of lunch, Jim would not be happy, so it was always better to go along, which wasn’t much of a burden as it was a chance to talk amphipod research in great company and eat great food. The size and type of meal was proportional to the work being completed on that day—quick take away sushi if there was a manuscript to finish; sit down Thai food or sushi train when there was a longer discussion about a difficult to place taxon, Italian, usually associated with departure or return from travel, fieldwork or the arrival of guest researchers. At one point over the years, we were both fond of steak, pomme frites and Tasmanian oyster stout at the French restaurant for a celebration or for tough days to lift the mood—great fun on either occasion.

The opportunity to work in Jim’s lab resulted in a lot of amazing travel to remote places for fieldwork. Looking back now, it was even more fantastic than I took it to be at the time (Lizard Island, Heron Island, Torres Strait, Christmas Island, Cocos Keeling Island, Norfolk Island, Timor-Leste and Ningaloo Reef twice). There were always so many nuisances to organize with boats, travel, accommodation, processing space, freight, and so forth to keep me grounded and busy. Jim’s calm attitude was a little frustrating at times with so much needing to come together—wind, rain, and high seas, can all scupper six months of planning. Yet there was also a

great confidence and the awareness that he was giving me the opportunity to lead and learn. Jim was an incredible teacher, with an effortless and casual manner. Although I sometimes felt that I was being left to do “everything” it made me an independent and confident scientist with the experience of so many successful trips.

Jim was always ready to embrace new technology and had the innate ability to think big. Every time I had just a single new species, I found myself coerced into databasing the entire world genera for the family. Although I grumbled about it at the time, I did the work and only afterwards realized how much I had gained from the experience. He initiated a volunteer programme to scan amphipod literature, I remember thinking “what a pipe dream it will never get finished”. Now, the resulting pdf library of the majority of the amphipod literature is shared and reshared throughout the peracarid community. His World Amphipod Checklist became a *magnum opus*. When he discovered that Microsoft word is unstable after 50,000 pages, he persisted in splitting the file. He would work every morning at home, bike to the museum, then return home to work until late in the evening and after four year’s his 9,500 records formed the kernel of the WoRMS amphipod database (see Horton *et al.*, this edition).

I can still recite Jim’s birthday 2-10-42. He liked to sing it along with his passport number when we travelled overseas to conferences and workshops. Again, I am struck by how many working and travel opportunities were open through Jim’s strong work ethic and friendships. Jim was slightly disorganized with documents constantly losing passports or forgetting to book the accommodation, so I would manage these documents. Although he was notorious for borrowing \$10 for lunch and forgetting to return the funds, or borrowing money from me, a struggling PhD. student, and forget to find a cash machine, he also showed unexpected kindness. Heading to the Seville Amphipod Colloquium we stayed in Madrid as the stop over (because I wanted to see the Prado and Jim, Guernica at the Reina Sophia one of his favourite images). Post conference I returned to Australia early and Jim went back to Madrid, I made the booking arrangements for him to stay at the same hotel near the train station and restaurant area. Sometime later when we were both back in the office in Sydney, Jim came in very sheepishly that morning and gave me a travel gift. It was very out of the usual, a delicate ceramic sea urchin lantern that I still cherish. He told me how he had wanted to go back to a deli we had seen which had a fantastic small-goods display, but ended up getting terribly lost for several hours and could find no one to direct him, nor could Jim remember the hotel name. Jim admitted that he realized at that point just how much he depended on me for getting around, because he discovered the hotel business card that I had put in his wallet, just in case! The other very kind gesture is a limited edition print of an indigenous artist Abby Loy that always hangs in my lounge room. Jim picked it out from a local Sydney gallery as a gift to commemorate the Circum-Australian Amphipod Project coming to a successful end, we had worked with a number of indigenous and local groups as part of the fieldwork. The print remains a treasured item, a memory of all the adventures and a great symbol of the friendship that only an unexpected gesture purveys.

Jim was a remarkable scientist in the field of Crustacea, “one of the greats”; what is more, he was a brilliant conversationalist with interests in art, photography, music, motorbikes, and travel. Jim was a people person, warmly engaging with local communities, and had an enormous network of friends around his home on Scotland Island (and later in Crete) and internationally through his productive career. Having shared so many in hours of office, field, and travel work Jim was instrumental in shaping my life and remains so. His companionship and encouragement was an amazing honour for all who knew him, both personally and professionally.

Pat Filmer-Sankey

How to describe Jim? Generous, funny, impulsive, a dedicated scientist, and as we know, sometimes brusque. So many memories and of course so many regrets, including hovering over him, nominally helping with an air-lift sample somewhere on the Great Barrier Reef, with my eyes full of sunscreen and my mask full of tears and snot, ardently wishing that he would get a move on, his leading of a most ill-advised but joyfully joined game on the *Flamingo Bay* returning from Elizabeth and Middleton Reefs when, as in heavy seas, we approached Sydney Heads, he had all of the Australian Museum expeditioners on the foredeck, standing on one leg to see who would last longest.

We shared so many memorable moments with our joint love of motorcycles. Our trips together included the Oodnadatta Track to Alice Springs along tracks rendered almost impassable by the cyclones Yasi and Carlos (our timing was impeccable), a trip he took against the advice of his optometrist who feared he might lose a retina, shameless flirting with the pilot who flew us over Lake Eyre, his BMW F800 going down six times, once pinning him where he lay until I, on my cautious Honda CX 500 arrived to pick him up and dust him down, the failure of the zip on his micro-tent which left him at the mercy of a hungry and diverse mosquito hoard, when we woke (if we had ever managed to sleep) to find our small camp decorated with camel pad tracks, our rain drenched farewell at the top of the escarpment above Port Augusta and my visiting him in hospital (with a small bottle of Jim Beam), where he lay with broken ribs after demounting from his Honda in an uncontrolled manner and how we could NOT stop laughing despite the obvious pain. His innate generosity was epitomized when he lent me the deposit for a ‘74 Honda GL 1000, insisting that I do not miss the opportunity to buy it.

He was almost shy and diffident when he first told me about his great love for Lucia and how they planned to marry, so at odds with his sometimes-casual air. Lucia tells me, that being pregnant, she was the ONLY one who was sober at their joyful wedding on Scotland Island. His dotting love and affection for the lively Rafael was exemplified by the spectacular bruise that had been accidentally inflicted by a toy fire truck. He wore it as a badge of pride, throwing himself wholeheartedly into fatherhood. This was one of the very last times I saw Jim.

These are a few of the things I think of when I recall Jim—someone who marked all who knew him indelibly and who is sorely missed.

John Derman

Jim was not only a great host but also a perfect guest. We didn't live in the same city for the last 25 years but we visited each other often. His closest living relative; Aunt Dorothy lived in Long Beach and that brought Jim to Los Angeles most years. As many who knew him know, Jim was the easiest person to have as a guest. He had a quiet easy-going manner and was always up for good food and wine. The only

time I saw that manner change was when we compared notes about conservative politics and how the planet was suffering.

I learned early on what a respected scientist he was and about his dedication to his work. It must have been a challenge for him to explain some of the complexities of his work to a non-scientist like myself. He was patient and always generous with his time. It was a challenge and fun to keep up with him and his endless curiosity about people and the world. I sure miss him.
