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A TRIBUTE TO GARY D. WALLACE

Dieter Wilken, Research Associate, Santa Barbara Botanic Garden. A reminiscence: Gary D. Wallace at Cal State College, Los Angeles.—Gary and I became friends early on, while majoring in Botany at Cal State Los Angeles. There being a 2-year gap between our ages, we did not have any concurrent botany courses except for Phycology, taught by Brian Capon. Field trips to the littoral zones at Dana Point and Palos Verdes were more interesting than algal life cycles and introduced us to field work and preparing algal specimens. However, our attention soon focused on land plants; the unusually moist late winter and spring seasons of the mid-1960s attracted us to the deserts where the weather was much more enjoyable than the foggy coast. Our increasing interest in taxonomy got attention from Richard Straw, the CSLA curator, who, with Jim Hennickson, encouraged our collecting activity by providing access to the herbarium and workspace. Gary and I took some memorable field trips, exploring the desert foothills of the Transverse Ranges and the Anza-Borrego desert (Fig. 1–3). Gary began building a list of plants indigenous to the San Bernardino “pebble plains”. We scanned Munz’s flora and took note of relatively rare taxa, including Castilleja cinerea, Arabis (= Boechera) parishii, Bursera microphylla, Castela emoryi, and the mysterious and intriguing (to us) Pilostyles thorberi.

With Dick Straw’s help, Gary got in touch with Bob Rutherford, a student at Claremont, who was conducting a study of Pilostyles. With the knowledge that it parasitized Dalea (= Psorothamnus) emoryi in Pinto Wash in Imperial County, Gary and I took off on our quest in early March, 1966, dry camping in my 1954 Chevrolet, plant presses in the trunk, sleeping bags and camping gear in the passenger space. We spent one morning trying to find access to Pinto Wash, southwest of Ocotillo. We found a gravel road leading south from the Bureau of Land Management’s Crucifixion Thorn preserve on Route 98. The road meandered in a southerly direction in the general direction of Mexico, whose boundary quickly became a destination for lunch and plant collecting.

After traveling for a few miles, it wasn’t too long until we came to a broad bajada drained by a large wash. An open area on the road was marked by a rock painted white to enhance the word “Mexico,” in red. The letters “US” were painted on the south side of the rock. The drainage, from our perspective, curved toward the northeast, convincing us that it was Pinto Wash. We searched on foot near the south side of the rock. We found no shrubs, except creosote and a few indigo-bushes (Psorothamnus schottii) but nothing that resembled what we thought was a parasitized stem. After getting over our frustration, we drove a little further and started to sample whatever plants attracted our attention. We were at least elated to have “bagged” some plants collected in foreign Mexico. Gary found a colony of Mohavea (confertiflora = Antirrhinum confertiflorum), a genus that neither of us had ever seen. Gary knew it almost immediately, because the ghost flower was on his list of desert endemics. We finally decided to try and find a place to spend the remaining afternoon and press our specimens, driving back over the same route we had followed earlier. The only sounds we heard was that of a small plane that we spotted over Pinto Wash.

Within a mile of the border, we came to a narrow place, and after turning to avoid a truck parked in the middle of the road, I stopped, facing a U.S. Border Patrol officer with one hand, held up high, the other hand on his holstered pistol, telling us to stop. To this day I can’t remember much of what else he said except his asking where we were from and what we were doing. Another officer, who appeared from among shrubs over my left shoulder slowly walked around the car, looking in the windows. He asked me to get out of the driver’s seat to open the trunk, but once revealed, never asked to see our plant presses or their contents. After a seemingly interminable time, composed mostly of a stern lecture about the danger of being on foreign soil, in a location known to border patrol officers of both sides as a route for smuggling, the officer with the pistol looked at us and told us firmly to “move on”. Within minutes we passed the plane, parked on the top of a hill at the end of a short runway.

Less than 24 hours later we found a population of Psorothamnus emoryi, in Pinto Wash, but in Imperial County, California (Wallace 813; Wilken 693), bearing the scars of Pilostyles flowers and fruits from the previous season.

Gary and I never determined why the border patrol officers didn’t search our car or possessions more carefully. We both suspected, however, that they had us under surveillance for quite some time that Saturday morning, including by air, and they may have decided that we were not what they first suspected us to be. Our excursion to Pinto Wash was among several trips we would take together that year, before both of us entered graduate school at separate schools. We kept in touch, first by letter or telephone, later by email, occasionally in person at professional meetings. I wonder if his research into the biology of Monotropoid Ericads was a result of his brief encounter with Pilostyles, but I never asked him. After his publication of Plantae Coulterianae (Wallace 2019 [2020]), I did ask him how close we, in 1966, had been to Coulter’s route to Yuma in 1832. Gary smiled and simply suggested to “look at Coulter’s map”, which Gary thought might have retracted the historic Anza Trail, perhaps as close as the Vista De Anza Historic Marker, only a few miles north of Pinto Wash. Gary’s attention to detail and his knowledge of rare plants throughout his career came no doubt from his early curiosity and academic experience at Cal State LA.

Larry DeBuhr, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Carlsbad Fish and Wildlife Office.—Gary Wallace greatly enriched my

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Fig. 1–4. Gary Wallace conducting botanical field work and teaching the library orientation class at California Botanic Garden.—1–3. Field trips of Gary Wallace and Dieter Wilken.—1. Gary Wallace looking at a display of desert flowers and cacti on a rocky bajada, with Ferocactus, Fouquieria and Eschscholzia (parishii?) on the Elephant Tree interpretative trail in southern Anza-Borrego Desert State Park, California, in February 1966.—2. The field vehicle, a 54 Chevrolet, used for a field trip to Pinto Wash, northern Baja California, in March 1966.—2–3. The border boundary “rock” showing the Mexico (north-facing) and US (south-facing) sides, respectively.—4. Gary surrounded by some of his favorite books during the library orientation class at California Botanic Garden. Photos by Dieter Wilken (1–3) and Irene Holiman (4).
time as a graduate student at the Rancho Santa Ana Botanic Garden, now the California Botanic Garden. As a graduate student colleague and friend, I was left with many adventures and life-long memories. We spent hundreds of hours late into the night studying and reviewing notes and ideas from the numerous classes we took with Bob Thorne, Sherwin Carlquist, Dick Benjamin, Lee Lenz, and others. Some of those hours were spent on the roof off the east wing of the second-floor herbarium with a bottle of wine and whatever we had for dinner that night. We put thousands of miles on one or the other of our cars, as we traveled throughout California, searching for monotropoids and learning the California flora. Along the way we had camera equipment stolen from the car while camping in one of the redwood state parks, were stopped by border security while driving along a gravel road in the desert just north of the Mexican border, had a hot and dusty walk into a canyon in Death Valley, and hiked down Damnation Trail in Del Norte County. Our adventures also included taking skiing lessons at Big Bear, frequent trips through the wine country in Napa County, weekly trips for the pitchers of beer at a local bar whose name has now been long forgotten, and climbing over the fence late at night to go swimming in the pool at Harvey Mudd College.

William Miller, Biomonitor, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Carlsbad Fish and Wildlife Office.—I first met Gary when I started at the USFWS out of grad school and had to review a plant palette for fuel modification zones developed by a group of landscape architects that worked for the development industry. At that time, I had taken a few classes in identifying native California plants but knew nothing about non-native plants, or even the horticultural varieties of natives favored by the landscape architects. It was immediately apparent that Gary should have been reviewing the plant palette as he knew all plants, not just those native to California. When discussing plants, he would often recount tales of the botanists that collected the type specimens for a species of interest or know who wrote the treatment for the genus in the Flora of North America.

From that day forward Gary was a favorite mentor and colleague. He seemed always to have a cup of coffee in his hand, a mischievous smile (Fig. 6) and his fountain pen ready to jot notes for your edification. On my office corkboard (Fig. 7) I still have a guide to plant nomenclature that he printed and annotated with his pen. I bet most of the biologists in our office received one of his notes. They are unmistakable in their fountain ink and can still be found all over our work library.

For years Gary drove two hours each way from his home in Monrovia to our office in Carlsbad multiple days a week because the head of our office did not want to allow him to work remotely at RSA - wanted to keep him on task. Gary was perhaps more thorough in his research than desired for tight deadlines but that is what made him so valuable. Eventually, word got to headquarters about his talents and, in addition to his own impressive authorship of listing rules and recovery plans, he was frequently asked to proof read draft endangered species listing rules prepared in other parts of the country. He would easily catch errors like the author not listing the correct type specimen, citing a flora for a taxonomic description, or using incorrect nomenclature. No one else had his talents in the USFWS and few outside the Service do today.

Despite enduring the hardship of driving to the office multiple days a week, Gary also found time to make important contributions elsewhere. In addition to being an exceptional mentor to biologists at the USFWS, Gary had a whole other life encouraging conservation biologists as an adjunct professor at UCLA and in his role at Rancho Santa Ana Botanic Garden. His contributions as a southern California botanist, mentor to many, and conservation biologist are missed.

Scott Eliason, Mountaintop District Botanist, Forest Service, San Bernardino National Forest.—To me, Gary Wallace was a colleague, mentor, inspiration, and friend. Gary valued knowledge and facts, and how they fit into a broader context. This held firm through our time in history when facts are often drowned in a constant stream of information that is more defined by its volume, both in decibels and amounts, than truth and meaning. Gary held firm to these values while working for institutions where facts faced headwinds of expediency. But Gary was not just a man of science and facts; he was deeply interested and connected with people. He was an extravert who truly enjoyed talking to people and learning their stories and connections. He valued friends and family and the ancient arts of sharing perspectives and stories. I believe it was these values that led Gary to be a student of history. His motivation was not to discover and chronicle dusty old facts, but rather to

Fig. 5–7. Gary Wallace eclectic.—5. Gary and his favorite drink.—6. Gary sporting a lichen (Letharia vulpina)?.—7. Gary’s office at the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service in Carlsbad, California, with notes in his handwriting posted on his corkboard. Photos by William Miller.
enrich our collective current knowledge and to inform courses of action for the future.

I first got to know Gary when I arrived at the Carlsbad U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service Office in 1996, not long after he began working there as a botanist in Listing and Recovery. As a younger botanist with a passion for protecting rare plants, I was very interested in the projects Gary was working on. At that time, his work mostly had to do with a backlog of rare plants that had been proposed for listing as Threatened or Endangered years earlier, but not finalized within the timeframe they should have been. The Fish and Wildlife Service, at least in the ’90s when I was there, often operated in crisis mode. This had a lot to do with litigation driving priorities of how to direct limited staff and resources. The varying winds of the economics of land development and Clinton-era politics were blowing pretty strong. There was a growing sense that conservation of endangered species needed to be approached with a sort of pragmatism and expediency that was not well-aligned with land development, environmental interests, or with scientific knowledge.

From my perspective, leaders in the agency were fearful of drowning in litigation, and also fearful that the powerful laws and regulations pertaining to endangered species conservation could be weakened or lost. I showed an interest and Gary was always eager to share knowledge and gather fresh perspectives; our friendship grew from there. We often shared our lunchtime, sharing stories and ideas, talking about challenges, and envisioning better ways to do things. Gary had little patience for sloppiness with facts, thought, and narrative, and he used his experience to make the government publications he worked on clear, coherent, scientifically sound, and therefore legally defensible. He used his knowledge of libraries and herbaria worldwide, and his extensive personal network of experts in various fields, to be sure all the right facts and records were considered and referenced. He made sure that scientific names were correct at a time when few in the Fish and Wildlife Service really knew what that even meant. His expertise was drawn on by the Service nationally, not just within the Carlsbad office. Facts and context, expertly put into practice, was his way of cutting through the nonsense and doing important and high-quality work.

When I was considering leaving the Fish and Wildlife Service for the San Bernardino National Forest a few years later, playing in my mind were Gary’s great stories about driving up the mountain in his ’60 Chevy and exploring pebble plains in the Baldwin Lake area before anyone had really recognized the uniqueness and ecological importance of this plant community. And even more influentially, we shared a sense of the importance to conservation of really learning about a species in situ and doing real natural history across seasons and years. When I moved to Big Bear, I moved into the funky little Wallace cabin in Moonridge, and Gary and Marianne became my landlords. Our friendship continued to grow after I got married and my wife and I adopted two kids. Our conversations, often over a pint, expanded to sharing stories and perspectives on family. And more recently, about Gary and Marianne’s big project of purchasing and restoring another mountain cabin in Big Bear, which from the beginning was bound to be a fruitful bearer of stories.

Gary was a lover of books. Not as a collector, but for the knowledge. He and I shared a love of old and rare books, and also the burdens that come with keeping books. I think he was more interested in the differences between books than the information in any given book. He accumulated a very complete set of floristic treatments covering California. He organized them on his shelves in chronological order so that it would be easier to integrate information like when a certain taxon was first included in the flora, and how names changed over time, or how different authors treated taxa over time. He also loved the ‘ephemera’ that helped fill the gaps between the published volumes. The newsletters and field notes and accounts of field trips. It’s the understanding of the broader context, the story, that he was so interested in. The ephemera are like the soft tissue that doesn’t show up in x-rays, but without it, you can’t really understand the whole system. Ultimately, I think the best use of many of the books that Gary accumulated over the years was to share them with friends, colleagues, and the many book sales he organized supporting the Southern California Botanists at the annual symposia.

From stories Gary told me about his love of wood, it struck me that he approached wood anatomy very much like he approached books. From studying the wood of tiny tundra willows to alpine Ericaceae, it was really all about the context. The story that the wood had to tell about the life of the plants, the evolution of the taxa, and the environment tying it all together. Working with wood in his garage for fun, to finishing, labeling, and keeping the little disks cut each year from the family Christmas trees—it’s storytelling: tying together facts and objects and events into something really meaningful.

Travel advice from Gary was much the same. Whenever I was thinking about a trip, Gary was always my first stop for the inside scoop and tips. He had so many stories from his travels over the years, including collecting trips to some pretty wild places with his wife Marianne and their two sons. From the eastern Sierras to the high peaks of New England and Quebec, to Ireland, his travel stories were true-to-form in tying the basic geographic facts with lots of rich stories and context. Some of my own most valued stories come from my family and me following in Gary’s storied footsteps.

Carol Roberts, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Carlsbad Fish and Wildlife Office.—Gary Wallace was a gift to the Carlsbad Fish and Wildlife Office. His knowledge was so vast, and what he didn’t know, he could somehow manage to find if he set his mind to it. He was always a stickler for accuracy, which is important in what we do, and he was a font of information on all topics related to botanical history. The thing I will remember and miss most was his incredible sense of humor. His wit was as sharp as a razor.

Gjon Hazard, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Carlsbad Fish and Wildlife Office.—Crisscrossing sprays of showy Cymbidium orchids adorn my deck as I write this. These and other plants in my yard are the spoils of numerous no-cost raffles that Gary regularly hosted at the Carlsbad Fish and Wildlife Office, where I worked with him for many years. It’s hard to look around my yard and my office and not be reminded of him. Indeed, memories of Gary abound in much of what I do, for while he was generous with his plants, he was even more generous with information, the stock-in-trade for biologists. Gary was a habitual teacher; he was always enlightening those
around him. Botany, taxonomy, history, ephemera, grammar, wood-working, Ireland, and Guinness (Fig. 5) are but a few topics that I know more about thanks to him. He had a penchant for sharing “fun facts” and anecdotes, but when asked, he could give a mini college lecture on any of these topics (and more!) at the drop of a hat. He helped shape my professional and personal interests. I am thankful to have had him as a colleague and to have known him as a friend.

Steve Boyd, Herbarium Curator Emeritus, California Botanic Garden.—My association with Gary Wallace began in the mid-1980s, when he was Curator of Vascular Plants at the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County, continuing through his tenure at the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and into retirement—both his, and mine. Throughout that time, I treasured Gary’s sometimes irreverent sense of humor, his depth and breadth of botanical knowledge (especially history of Southern California botany and botanists), his views on plant conservation, and most of all, his deep devotion to the Garden, its mission, collections, and graduate students. I regret that our respective positions didn’t allow more time to work with Gary in the field, but I treasure those times we were able to get out in the wild together. The highlight, by far, was a trip he and I took to Hidden Lake in the San Jacinto Mountains. Our goal was to examine the federally-listed Hidden Lake bluecurls (Trichostema austromontanum subsp. compactum). It was an exceptionally good bloom, not of just the bluecurls, but of many other uncommon annuals around the margins of the montane ephemeral pool, and we took the opportunity to collect more broadly at Hidden Lake. Unfortunately, weather had other plans, and we were surprised by a pop-up thunderstorm with very heavy rain and lightning creating very dangerous conditions. It was his laughter that guided me from where I had been collecting to the relative safety of an overhanging boulder. Eventually we were able to return to the Palm Springs Tram, soaked through and through and laughing all the way down the mountain at both our misfortune and sublime luck.

Irene Holliman, Librarian Emerita, California Botanic Garden.—Gary Wallace was one of the first people I met when I started working as Library Assistant in 1999 at Rancho Santa Ana Botanic Garden (now California Botanic Garden). Gary was a Research Associate who spent Tuesdays and Thursdays at the garden working on various projects for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, which meant spending time in the library, often searching through documents in the archive collection. It was clear that Gary had a deep knowledge of the Garden’s history and was happy to share that information with me. He told me stories about Garden events and former staff members. He relayed stories about his experiences while a graduate student at the Garden, always with a smile as he reminisced.

Gary was well-read and particularly interested in historical botany. He would excitedly share information about the early Western botanists, plant discoveries, and botanical excursions. As an avid reader, Gary was a staunch library supporter and advocate. He donated materials for the library and archive collections and was always willing to share duplicate materials with others, especially the botany students. He encouraged those just starting out in botanical studies to build their own library collection with basic botany works. He knew the floriistic study areas of the botany staff and students and would give them literature he had, or had come across, regarding the flora of that region.

Each year, Gary and I held a library orientation for new students and staff (Fig. 4). Over the years, we refined our presentation, I spoke on the library basics and general use, Gary shared about the resources he used as a graduate student, introduced them to materials that would be useful in their research, and would show them books he found on the shelves that could be easily overlooked but proved to be a valuable resource. Gary knew the library collection including the rare books extensively, and it took me years to become as knowledgeable about the library holdings including the rare volumes, as Gary was.

I retired from my position as California Botanic Garden Librarian in 2022, and look back fondly at my time there. I’m grateful that I got to know Gary and I appreciate his generous spirit. He was always willing to help me with Garden- or botany-related questions; if he couldn’t provide an answer, he would point me in the direction of someone who could. His contributions to the conservation of numerous plants from the southern California flora, his efforts as a botanist and eagerness to impart his knowledge and experiences to others are evidence of a man who was well-respected, highly cherished, and sorely missed.

Naomi Fraga, Director of Conservation Programs, California Botanic Garden.—I feel grateful to have known Gary Wallace as my friend, colleague and mentor. He was an important pillar in my personal growth as a botanist, always providing me with insight and advice on potential projects and career pathways. Gary was generous with his knowledge and time, frequently sharing reprints and publications from his personal library, and intriguing anecdotes about local botanical lore. I know that I was not the only California Botanical Garden graduate student who benefited from his generosity and wisdom. I also had the pleasure of working alongside Gary as a board member of the Southern California Botanists, and I had the opportunity to work alongside him to help conserve several rare plant species including Hidden Lake bluecurls (Trichostema austromontanum subsp. compactum) and star phacelia (Phacelia stellaris). It was through those collaborations that I got to see Gary’s commitment to plant conservation and botanical education first hand.

Gary was a cornerstone in the plant conservation community, working in several important positions throughout southern California, including as a Botanist with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Gary fostered important relationships between the Service and the California Botanic Garden that serve both institutions to this day. His long-standing service to the Southern California Botanists (SCB) was unparalleled. He was always the first to arrive at the SCB symposia and he led our silent auction which was the primary fundraiser for student grants. He also established a grant specifically for student research focused on plant conservation. I miss Gary dearly, including his dry sense of humor. Those of us who knew him were so lucky to have a colleague and friend as generous, kind, thoughtful, and knowledgeable as Gary Wallace.

Travis Columbus, Research Scientist, California Botanic Garden.—Gary and I did not go to school together, work together, or collaborate on any projects, but I came to know...
him well during our many interactions over the years. I don’t recall when we met—it was likely around 1994 when I began my appointment as a research scientist at Rancho Santa Ana Botanic Garden (RSABG). Gary was a regular participant at our Thursday staff/student lunches, a tradition that carried on for many years and included RSABG research emeriti Richard (Ben) Benjamin and Robert (Bob) Thorne. It was during these lunches I learned a great deal about the history of the Garden’s research and graduate programs, much of it from Gary, an alumnus. He loved to tell stories about the faculty and students, these often being funny and concluding with a hearty laugh. Indeed, one of Gary’s passions was history, especially southern California botany. He was an avid book collector and frequent visitor to the Garden’s library, which he loved and knew better than anyone else. He was an active member of the library committee and invaluable resource to the librarians.

Most of my one-on-one interactions with Gary involved plant nomenclature, which I have a decent knowledge of. Most of his queries were in person or via the telephone, emanating from his personal research or work at the USFWS. Shortly before Gary fell ill, I was assisting him with typification of California *Pinus* names based on Thomas Coulter collections. I miss Gary, especially my conversations with him about the history of RSABG.

**Vanessa Ashworth, Aliso Editor, California Botanic Garden.**—I first met Gary when I moved to the library office in about 2012. Gary was a frequent visitor to the library, often bringing interesting books and other materials, and sharing fascinating insights on historical publication methods, different editions of botanical literature, and anecdotes about plant collectors. For many years, I knew Gary as an occasional reviewer for *Aliso*. It wasn’t until more recently that he published two articles in the journal, both of them delving deeply into old botanical records and revisiting questions of dubious or superficial historical accuracy.

The first of these articles traced the travel itineraries and plant collections of Irish botanist Thomas Coulter in the early 1830s in California (Wallace 2019 [2020]), and his second article dissected the intricacies of nomenclatural priority of two botanical synonyms (Wallace 2022). Neither article would have been possible without Gary’s profound botanical knowledge and his tenacity to pursue the relevant historical resources.

I felt very privileged to work with Gary on readying his manuscripts, and somewhere along the way I picked up the bug for sleuthing botanical history and poring over historical maps. We also talked about his trips to Ireland, including both the Trinity College herbarium and his visits to the Burren, a rugged limestone area in western Ireland with many endemic plants. His love of Guinness undoubtedly enlivened these forays.

Gary’s most recent article was already submitted to *Aliso* when he became ill and, regrettably, wasn’t published until several months after his death. Early in the revision stage, Gary told me that he had never found writing an article so effortless as the one about the nomenclatural priority of *Ptero-spora andromedea* (over *Monotropa procera*). Certainly, the topic was addressed with considerable verve, and Gary was eager to point out that the nomenclatural issue may not have arisen if early taxonomists had checked original sources.

The final paragraph of his article encapsulates the glee Gary felt when he discovered a delightful factoid concerning the earliest encounter between botanists Amos Eaton and John Torrey. I can still hear him chuckling when he told me about this finding. I miss Gary’s tremendous sense of humor and irresistible enthusiasm for all things botany and beyond.

**Hester Bell, Research Associate and Trustee, California Botanic Garden.**—I’d like to emphasize just how funny Gary was. He was quick witted and could find a joke in almost anything. He was a great storyteller and always wove in so many fascinating details. He was also a font of humorous anecdotes about escapades by fellow graduate students at the Garden in the 1970s.

Gary was a person and was always willing to share his knowledge and broad experience with students, staff, volunteers and visitors. During his time with the Fish and Wildlife Service, Gary worked at the Garden several days a week. He always made sure that he was there for the Thursday lunches that were so dear to Dr. Thorne.

Among his many projects and passions, Gary really valued Southern California Botanists. I think that his experience in chronicling the history of SCB reinforced for him the importance of complete, accurate, and dated communications along with the need to collect complete sets of meeting materials for archival purposes. Gary applied these principles when he reviewed meeting minutes for the Board of Overseers (Advisors) and it sure continued with the Trustees.

Gary was a Fellow of the Linnean Society of London. He loved to explain why he included FLS among the initials after his name. Finally, Gary was a family man. I remember being a bit surprised the first time that he told me how much he loved Marianne. Many men are not able or comfortable in sharing such private feelings. He was so proud of Marianne’s talents as a writer and illustrator.

**Lucinda McDade, Executive Director, California Botanic Garden.**—Gary Wallace had been a member of the Advisory Council for a handful of years before he was asked to consider joining the Board of Trustees. He was so dedicated to the Garden and so knowledgeable about many aspects (e.g., the library, the graduate program, our conservation work)—aspects that other trustees tend to know little about—that I thought that he would be an excellent addition to the Board. In fact, he was wonderful as a Trustee: recognized for his font of knowledge and deeply respected by his colleagues. Gary served as a member of the Governance committee and then became the committee’s chair. He was especially closely involved in the reworking of the Trustees’ handbook toward making it a more ‘digestible’ compendium of information.

As a Trustee, Gary continued to be an avid fan and supporter of the library at CalBG right up until the end of his life. He was among the handful of people who made it possible for CalBG to hire archivist Rachel Poutasse to work with us during the odd times of covid. Gary knew how immensely valuable our archives are and how much the collection would benefit from Rachel’s attention. Gary also lent his deep knowledge to Rachel in support of her work throughout the nearly a year that she was with us. The Archives took a giant leap forward in terms of curation and storage, thanks significantly to Gary.
Not a day goes by that I do not think: I must ask Gary! ... that I do not wish that Gary were with us so that I could ask him something important ... before the sad realization kicks back in. He knew so much and I am grateful for every bit of that knowledge that got passed by him to staff and into history. Remarkable person!

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