

Jack Fogg, 83; Joe McDaniel, 70

The persons most responsible for founding and perpetuating the American Magnolia Society both died within six weeks of each other last fall — John M. Fogg, Jr., 83, on October 12 at his home in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, and Joseph C. McDaniel, 70, on November 28, at his home in Urbana, Illinois.

At the time of their deaths Jack Fogg was registrar for the International Registration Authority of Cultivar Names in Magnolias and Joe McDaniel was president emeritus of the society, having served as president from 1968 to 1982. Both had retired recently, Jack as director of the Barnes Arboretum in Philadelphia and Joe as assistant professor of the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois. Both were the first two recipients of the society's D. Todd Gresham Award, its highest honor, in 1981. They co-authored the "Checklist of Cultivated Magnolias," published in 1975.

Jack Fogg took undergraduate and graduate degrees in botany at Penn and Harvard and in 1925 became an instructor at Penn, where he taught for the next 41 years. He was appointed dean of the College of Arts and Sciences in 1941 and vice provost in 1944, remaining until 1953 when he resumed research and scholarly publication. He traveled the world in plant searches, part of it as a consultant for E.R. Squibb & Co. looking for plants with medical properties. He also led 17 world botanical tours for student groups, many in recent years.

He was co-author of the "Atlas of

Pennsylvania Plants" with Edgar T. Wherry, whom he also joined often in research and in writing other works. He was a member of the visiting committee of the Arnold Arboretum at Harvard, the board of managers of the New York Botanical Garden, the executive committee of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society and the John Bartram Association.

He had served in posts with the American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia Botanical Club and state and national botanical societies.

He had served as director of Morris Arboretum, Philadelphia, and of Barnes Arboretum, at Merion Station, Pa. He retired from Penn's faculty in 1966 to give full time to the Arboretum School at the Barnes Arboretum.

The A.M.S. evolved out of Jack's agreement to a request by Arnold Arboretum to serve as national registration authority for cultivar names in magnolia. During his correspondence with various people and institutions for this project, several respondents suggested that a magnolia society be formed, and the idea soon caught on. The first AMS periodical, edited by Jack, was published in January 1963 under the name of the Newsletter of the A.M.S. The name later was changed to *MAGNOLIA: Journal of the A.M.S.* Jack served as president pro tem of the society until Joe McDaniel was elected president in 1968 and as editor until 1973. Phil Savage and later Joe McDaniel also served terms as editor.

Joe McDaniel had been a faculty member of the Department of

Horticulture at the University of Illinois College of Agriculture for 32 years. Prior to that he served as horticulturist for the state of Tennessee, with the U.S. Soil Conservation Service in Tennessee and Florida, and with the Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA). He was graduated from Alabama Polytechnic Institute in 1934 and did graduate work at Michigan State University and Ohio State University.

He won many awards for horticultural contributions and plant breeding. He bred or selected many new plants and introduced them to the nursery trade, including fruit and nut trees, magnolias, hollies, hydrangea, and others. He wrote extensively for journals in the field, also served as an editor, and was a contributor to the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and *Hortus Third*. He was a former president of the Northern Nut Growers Association, and was a member of the International Plant Propagators Society, Holly Society of America, North American Fruit Explorers, and Royal Horticultural Society.

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The foregoing sketches briefly treat the accomplishments of these two great gentlemen and the esteem they have enjoyed, but they don't begin to assess the contributions each has made to furthering the culture of that most beautiful of flowering trees, the magnolia. I think it was the poet Donne who said that not one of us is an island, that each is a piece of the continent; therefore, when one individual dies, we are all of us diminished. Maybe that's not quite it, but close. I do know that I feel diminished at their deaths, and I'm sure many others do.

I count myself fortunate to have known these fine men, who, along with Phil Savage, preceded me as editor of *MAGNOLIA*.

When I first met Joe McDaniel, it was at the U.S. National Arboretum,

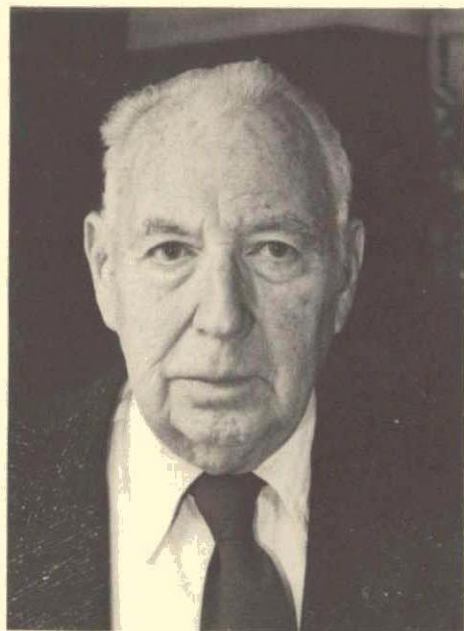
back of the greenhouses at the tree nursery on the slope at the edge of the woods. I was startled, minutes later, when he reached suddenly into his pocket, pulled out his pocketknife (actually grafting knife), jerked open the blade, and almost ran toward a small magnolia sapling ahead of him. Before I was over my surprise, he'd used swift, savage swipes to chop it to pieces — not the magnolia, but a honeysuckle vine that was choking off the young tree's growth.

This was typical both of his practiced eye and his concern for plant health. He could, in a glance, detect significant details, aspects of needs of plants that most of us overlook, a talent shared with the great plant explorers. What caught his notice might be upswept branches, a witches-broom out on a branch, denser than normal foliage, or an unusual leaf shape or bark pattern. If he judged the characters were worth perpetuating, he'd snip off a twig or two, then first thing you'd know he would have the plant in production and the smarter nurserymen would be clamoring for cuttings or scions.

Joe had the habit of replying to anyone so quickly in a conversation or discussion that there was practically no gap between what you'd said and what he said. He grasped your thoughts almost before you'd uttered them. His comment would be in a flat, uninflected voice that picked up the thread of thought so rapidly that you needed to stay on the qui vive.

The volume of his correspondence with horticultural people in this and other countries was phenomenal. One result was that his name and reputation were known worldwide, among professionals and amateurs. Many of us have trees that were supplied as scions by Joe McDaniel.

What he didn't do with growing material, he made up for with his writings. Until illness severely weakened him, he was the most prolific author writing in *MAGNOLIA*.



John M. Fogg, Jr.

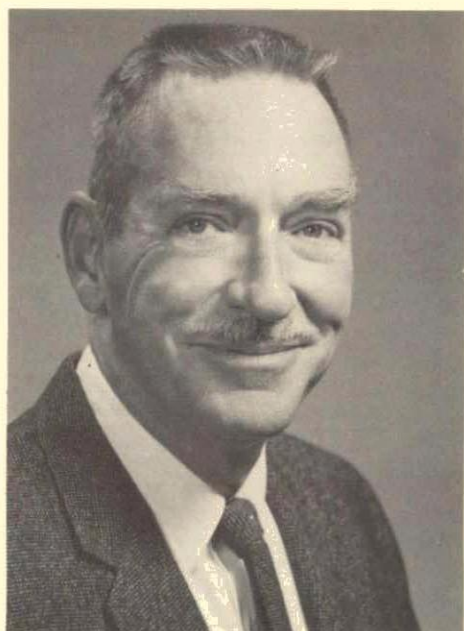
producing articles that gave members the benefit of his extensive knowledge and experience in magnolia lore and culture.

Particularly relevant in summarizing Joe's extraordinary horticultural talents is a remark by his wife Mary Nell. It's worth quoting:

"His knowledge of the entire plant kingdom, at least the flowering ones, was legendary and truly awe-inspiring. Once having seen a plant that interested him, even though it might have been from the window of a moving train 20 years earlier, he could lead one directly to it."

Jack Fogg liked all plants, but I have come to believe that he held magnolias in special high esteem. Certainly he was proud of those growing at Barnes Arboretum and also at Morris Arboretum.

He was a felicitous writer, and when he knew I was trying to fill out an issue, always came up with a good piece in the nick of time. His writings were serene and studded with sparkling, understated wit. I used to



Joseph C. McDaniel

receive copies of the Barnes Arboretum bulletin in which he described his botanical tours in various parts of the world. It made me wish I was along, particularly when he took a group to China. The man knew plants, no matter how exotic, and could identify family or genus and often species without a hitch, then tell you an appropriate anecdote to make you remember it.

Right up to the last, Jack worked for magnolias. His last writing project was putting together an article on the new cultivars introduced since the "Checklist" was published in 1975. He was full of plans for it. Alas, he slipped away before it was completed, and I hope that whoever finishes it will pass along that part of the credit due Jack.

Several years ago, I don't know just when, we began a delightful correspondence, and his letters were full of tongue-in-cheek humor, pulling no punches. Once the letters started back and forth they never stopped until the one I received from Helen Fogg that began: "Dear Harold: I'm sorry to have to tell you that Jack . . ."