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TRIBUTES TO HAROLD E. MOORE, JR.

In Remembrance of Hal Moore

Hal Moore's passing is a grievous loss to all of us concerned in one way or another with palms. The loss of a personal friend, as Hal was to many of us, is acute. But to the rest of the world and the ages to come, we have lost the man who brought the scientific study of palms into the twentieth century, who made *Principes*, the journal of the Palm Society, into a respected scientific journal, and who became *the* authority on the palms of the world. He worked tirelessly, driven by a desire to achieve that which most of us never know. He left a mountain of unfinished work. That is to be lamented, but if he had lived to be 100, he would still have left a mountain of unfinished work, because like his predecessor, L. H. Bailey, his work was his life and he would have continued to the last day. It is our great loss that he did not have another 35 years; even so, his life's work has added up to a staggering accomplishment.

Hal Moore was my teacher. I studied under him for five years at Cornell. He taught me how to look at palms, how to find them, collect them and study them. Hal Moore led by example, not by preaching. He did not seem to feel comfortable in a classroom or before a group of fellow scientists, but he could certainly make his point when describing his work or when making an impassioned plea for the protection of an endangered species. He was always busy. When afternoon tea was served at the Hortorium, he barely stayed long enough to warm his seat, but always long



1. Hal Moore in the central plaza Quito, Ecuador, September 1970. Photo by Robert Dietz.

enough to provoke some excited conversation among the graduate students and staff. He was never too busy to sit down and talk with me when I had questions or problems with my research. His excellence as a teacher was expressed in this sort of one-to-one interaction.

Hal Moore was also a perfectionist, or so it seemed at least when I was writing my dissertation. Draft after draft came back filled with red marks and voluminous commentary. No detail escaped him. It made me a better researcher and writer and accounts for the consistent high quality of his own work.

We can hope that the various threads of his work will be picked up by his students and colleagues, but there will never be another Hal Moore.

FREDERICK B. ESSIG

A Rainy Day in the Everglades

It was soon after World War II that I met Hal Moore. He had recently become an assistant to Dr. Liberty Hyde Bailey, who had selected him as an understudy to carry on the great horticulturist's work with the palms. In his quest for knowledge, Hal was a frequent visitor to south Florida, and particularly to the Fairchild Tropical Garden and the Robert H. Montgomery estate, both of which had large palm collections. I was then a reporter on The Miami Herald, doing a Sunday gardening page on the side. Hal's knowledge of the palms made him of prime interest to a writer with columns to fill with material attractive to newspaper readers.

Eventually Dr. Bailey died, leaving his young successor with unlimited opportunities to find a place for himself among the world's great palm authorities. During his early years at the Liberty Hyde Bailey Hortorium, Hal talked freely of his dream: to learn all there was to learn about the taxonomy of palms, then write the definitive book on this great plant family. Alas, there was not to be the time to do both, to learn it all and cap off his study—in his old age—with the big, thick book. Hal died prematurely, at least for a plant scientist. He needed the long life of his predecessor, Dr. Bailey, to complete the work he had set out to do.

The closest Hal got to his definite work was *The Major Groups of Palms and Their Distribution*, published in *Gentes Herbarum* in 1973. Although far short of Hal's goal, the work is of considerable importance, Hal expanded the groups of palms to fifteen and provided groundwork in technical papers that should be of enormous help to his successors. The work that had to be done before Hal's definitive book could be written proved to be a lot more difficult than Dr. Bailey or his

young understudy could have dreamed back in the early 1950s.

Hal's search for knowledge of the palm family took him all over the world where palms grow—into the sweltering rain forests, through torrid jungles, across arid llanas, sometimes high into the chilled atmosphere of elevations where snow on palm fronds is no rarity. Despite his mounting responsibilities at the Bailey Hortorium, he squeezed in trips to out-of-the-way places half-way round the world to get the answers he sought, taking along his climbing irons to enable him to reach the tops of hundred-foot-tall palms, where he often had to fight stinging ants, wasps, small animals, and even snakes that sought to turn him away from his quest of a flower spike or fruit. Wherever there was a kind of palm that Hal hadn't seen he sought to go to the place where it grew and seek it out. It was not until he had done many years of traveling and collecting that he felt competent to complete *The Major Groups of Palms*.

Upon starting this I had not meant to attempt a review of Dr. Harold E. Moore's scientific work with the palms, planning instead to write a brief recollection of the man—to tell a little of his human side, so to speak. For twenty years Hal was a frequent visitor at our house, especially when we lived on Montgomery Drive, a short distance from the Fairchild Tropical Garden and the Montgomery estate. We invited Hal's friends to dinner or to cookouts, and sought to introduce him to people who had unusual palm collections, which he could study at a time before he began to receive grants that permitted him to travel over the world to see palms growing in their native habitats.

While Hal may have been a palm authority, interested specifically in this unique family of plants, it must be

remembered that he basically was an all-around botanist, not only well trained but gifted with sensitive insight. He enjoyed trips into the Florida wilds, botanizing while relaxing on a kind of vacation away from the arduous concentration his study of palms required. A memorable occasion was a visit to Corkscrew Swamp on a cold day in the mid-1950s, before the present boardwalk was built. We had to wade, of course, waist deep and more, with the air temperature in the low thirties.

Through efforts of the National Audubon Society, the swamp had just been acquired from timber interests who had planned to fell the swamp's 500-year-old cypresses and reduce them to lumber. Not only would one of Florida's unique wildernesses have been destroyed, but so would have been an important woodstork rookery among the trees' lofty branches. I had made arrangements with the warden living nearby for Hal to see the swamp, but since it had turned so cold he did not expect us. He was greatly surprised when we showed up ready to go. Hal hadn't mentioned the cold. We had set the day and the time and he assumed we would go regardless of the weather.

In those days I passed up no opportunity to do a story, so of course I had my camera, a bulky speed graphic. My son, Karl, then in his teens, helped to carry camera equipment, mainly the four-by-five-inch film holders and flash bulbs. Now forty-four, Karl looks back on that cold day as just one of the many unforgettable experiences we had in the company of Hal Moore.

Another memorable day was a picnic in the Everglades National Park in the spring of 1954. The morning opened with overcast skies and a drizzle that gradually increased to a wetting rain. Up in the morning Hal ar-

rived, running from his car to the house in a downpour.

"You probably have given up the idea of going," he said, raindrops flying from him as he entered the house.

"Looks bad," I said. "Maybe you don't like to go on picnics in the rain."

"Me? I like the rain," Hal replied, laughing in a boyish way he had. "I was afraid you folks don't like rain."

"I don't like getting wet," I admitted, "but I'm ready to risk it. Maybe it won't be raining in the park."

"It probably will," said my wife, who, like most women, is more realistic about such things than their husbands. "But we can eat in the car if it's raining."

And before you could repeat Everglades National Park twice we were carrying the picnic supplies to the car—a gasoline stove, wieners and buns, some vine-ripened tomatoes from our garden to serve as a salad, oranges for dessert, and, of course, coffee.

We arrived at the park in a steady drizzle. We saw only two other cars. The people in them, we suspected, were as looney as we were. Even the birds were grounded, and we saw but one alligator. If anything was happy it was the frogs. We stopped at a hammock then known as Paradise Key, which, with its present day improvements, including a ranger station, large parking area, and boardwalks over adjacent sloughs and sawgrass, has lost its name and much of its original delightful character. At that time the road wound through the middle of the hammock, with half a dozen picnic tables set up under spreading lysiloma trees. We moved a picnic table into the open, to avoid the heavy dripping from tree branches, and on it set up our picnic stove. With Karl holding an umbrella over me, I lighted the stove

and soon we had coffee perking and wieners roasting. We ate with as hearty an appetite as if we had been normal people.

And what did we do after eating? We strolled along hammock trails, admiring great live oaks whose branches were covered with resurrection fern, bromeliads and orchids, studying with amazement the sleek, red trunks of gumbo limbo, at other times stopping to see if it was possible to identify a tree by studying its trunk—perhaps a species of eugenia, mastic, or pigeon plum. Of foremost interest to Hal, of course, were the very tall royal palms that had pushed their tops thirty to forty feet above the green hammock, so tall, in fact, that they could be seen for many miles around, providing an unmistakable landmark for anyone who might become lost in the surrounding Everglades.

Eventually gaining the exterior, we found an old road that took us along the border between the evergreen hammock and the sawgrass. Inside the hammock it had been dark, with the branches and foliage of trees high above our heads. We had trouble telling which trees fallen flowers and fruits belonged to. Outside, under a drizzily, overcast but bright sky we had no trouble seeing. Most things were close at hand, and Hal could nip a tiny flower and examine it under a hand lens, making it reveal its relationship to plants he knew, if not its complete identity.

Although the Everglades may appear to be mainly sawgrass, it is a veritable botanical garden where countless species, including orchids, thrive. Having an incomplete knowledge of south Florida's native flora, Hal saw many plants he was unacquainted with. But being a botanist, he knew the family and usually the genus to which the unfamiliar plant belonged;

he just didn't know the species because he had never seen it before.

Sure, we got a little moist, and we had to do some wading. But it was a worthwhile experience, seeing the woods on a rainy day. "Gloomy weather" may have described the day to many persons, but the expression had no meaning for us. On an overcast, drizzily day there are no deep shadows in which small things can hide; you see everything more clearly than on a bright, sunny day.

Returning home late in the day, we built a fire to warm ourselves. After we ate supper—Evelyn served us hamburgers, as I recall—Hal lay down on the carpet before the fire and dozed.

It was another day that our family has never forgotten—a rainy day in the Everglades, botanizing with Hal Moore.

NIXON SMILEY

Letter to the Editors

I wanted to write you a few lines about the late Harold E. Moore, Jr. and enclose a photo (Fig. 1) I took of him in the summer of 1966 on a one day trip to the Arthur Langlois Estate, "The Retreat," in Nassau, Bahamas, which immediately followed the Palm Society Biennial Meeting held at Fairchild Tropical Garden in Miami.

I was a new fledgling to the Palm Society then, and it was by chance we sat together on the flight over. You can imagine the thrill I felt to be able to ply my questions to the world's foremost authority on palms. I remember well his kindness towards me in a situation that surely must have been tiresome for him as I bombarded him with every question I could think of, mostly of a very elementary nature I'm sure. Yet, he took the opportunity to encourage me.

Since that meeting, Hal Moore and I have corresponded frequently over



1. Dr. Harold E. Moore, Jr., holding an inflorescence and standing in front of *Coccothrinax miraguama*, at "The Retreat," home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Langlois, Nassau. Photographed in 1966 by K. Foster.

the years. He always found time to answer thoroughly whatever bit of knowledge I sought, mainly about locations of palms in the wild. The little success I may have had on my various collecting trips was due in large measure to his sharing with me some of his vast knowledge.

Ironically, his last letter arrived just a few days before his passing in which I had hoped to get the specific name of a new palm discovered only last spring near Suva, Fiji. *Gulubia* was the genus, but without the female flowers that he was expecting to receive soon to complete his herbarium sheet, he would not venture forth with a species name, and indeed, as he indicated, the discovery vastly extended the known *Gulubia* range, thus mak-

ing the naming of this palm important in the world of palm taxonomy.

Now, as my tiny *Gulubia* sp. *nova* seedlings grow on, how long will it be before they will be named? Hal Moore, I and all the palm world will miss you.

KENNETH C. FOSTER

Our Contribution to the Special Memorial

Joining with many others I would like to pay tribute to Professor Harold E. Moore, Jr.,—known to many of us as just plain "Hal"—for all that he has done for the understanding and clarification of the palms.

Ours was a friendship of thirty years in which my husband and I did what we could to assist in the furtherance of the palm work. We sent him gladly any material he requested from the Retreat Garden. For his part he never failed to send us the periodicals in which he had described a new genus, a new species, or made a transfer. This continued up to the end, the last ones covering the new genera described by him from New Caledonia, the information still coming even after my husband's passing. I appreciated this because it encouraged me to carry on and not to give up interest in the palms. It was also helpful in assisting me to bring up to date the palm records we had accumulated for over fifty years, including about 5,000 photographs, and which we had promised to the library of the Fairchild Tropical Garden in Miami, Florida.

We were very grateful for Hal's answering patiently countless questions when Arthur's book was in the making. In this book are seen many transfers due to clarification of genera named by Hal over the years. The book described and illustrated many of the genera described by Max Burret

which are in "An Official List of the World's Valid Palm Genera and Some Synonyms" published by Max Burret and Eva Potzta in February 1956 in *Willdenowia* and reprinted as *Bulletin XXI*. The List was brought up to date by Burret and Potzta in September 1959 and published in "Palms of the World" by James C. McCurrach, 1959. Inasmuch as Arthur's book was a supplement to "Palms of the World" and illustrated only those genera not shown by McCurrach, it was necessary to follow the list of valid genera, as at that time, as far as I know, no other list had replaced it. It was therefore necessary to include in the "Supplement" palm genera accepted in the list and then give Hal's rejection of the validity of the genus, with the name of publication, date, and reason for rejection.

Thus, it was made clear to palm students just what had happened. I am sorry to say that my husband's motive was misunderstood and botanists in particular were critical of his including and illustrating such genera as had been invalidated by Hal. I know that Hal understood. His name in the book is the most prominent one and keeps recurring frequently. He personally says of this book, "The copy that you so kindly sent me is in my reference library here and a very useful book to have" (letter August 31st, 1978). Arthur's purpose in writing the book was for it to be of use and there is much gratitude that the world's authority on palms should find it so.

When did we first meet Hal and how did it happen? It was this way: Professor L. H. Bailey was a friend of ours for many years. We would send him material from the field and when he visited Nassau he never failed to get in touch with us and dine with us. In a letter dated January 19th, 1951, thanking us for photographs, he

says—"I have also talked over the question of a visit to your place by Dr. H. E. Moore. He is a very keen young fellow. He is driving to Florida with one or two of our staff in March to look after the bromeliads collected by Foster near Orlando and then going on to Fairchild at Coconut Grove. I have told him that we would pay his way from Miami over to Nassau if he wanted to go. He does want to go and says if he can arrange for someone to drive his car back he will make the trip. You will find him a very agreeable young man. He has travelled much in Latin America for his age and speaks Spanish fluently. He is a Harvard graduate and a thorough student." Hal did come and not having a spare bedroom at that time we offered him a bunk on our 30-foot cabin cruiser moored at the Nassau Yacht Haven. He accepted and enjoyed it. Hal was equal to any occasion that might arise, and continued to be so for the rest of his life.

Palm lovers and students will never cease to be grateful for his dedication to the understanding and clarification of the palms; that includes my husband and myself.

MARGARET LANGLOIS

Hal's Last Palms

Like everyone else, I was deeply saddened by the loss of Dr. H. E. Moore, Jr. Hal had given us all a tremendous quantity of knowledge concerning palms, yet he did so in a very humble manner. I feel indebted to Hal for the knowledge he shared with me, especially concerning the palms of New Caledonia, although he would have said that my feelings of indebtedness were unwarranted.

Although I had corresponded much with Hal since 1974, I had only met him on two occasions before the 1980 Biennial Meeting in Hawaii. These



1. *Pritchardia* sp., Moore et al. 10570, occurs in open, mixed *Metrosideros* rain forest near Honomalino, S. Kona on the island of Hawaii. Dr. Moore thought this to represent an undescribed species.



2. Dr. Moore (right) taking notes under *Pritchardia* sp., Moore et al. 10570, on his last day in the field collecting palms.

were at the 1974 Biennial Meeting in Miami and in Honolulu in October 1978, for a few short hours on the eve of his departure for his beloved New Caledonia. So it was with some eagerness that I awaited the June 1980 Biennial Meeting in Hawaii. Hal was to be in Hawaii for the Biennial Meeting and I had made arrangements to take him into the field to look at several species of *Pritchardia* that are located not far from where I lived in the Kona District of Hawaii. It would be Hal's first experience with *Pritchardia* in the wild in Hawaii and, although not mine, it would certainly be a real treat for me to be accompanied by Hal.

The agenda for the 1980 Biennial Meeting had Wednesday and Thursday, June 18 and 19, as free days before the Meeting was to reconvene in Honolulu on Friday. We began our

palm hunting Wednesday morning by observing different populations of *Pritchardia affinis* including those at the type locality of *P. affinis* v. *gracilis* at Kiholo Bay, North Kona. Along with Dr. Moore and me were Anne, my wife, Dick Phillips, our house guest and fellow Palm Society Member from Fiji, and Timi Judd, my close friend and associate. Hal made two collections of *P. affinis* that morning, Moore, Hodel, Judd and Phillips 10568 and Moore et al. 10569. We all watched with undivided attention as Hal, with great modesty, demonstrated expertly how to take notes and prepare specimens for pressing.

For me, Thursday, June 19, was the climax of Hal's visit. With Timi driving as he had the previous day, and loaded with ice chests of food and refreshments, we headed for South Kona and Kau for an all day outing to observe a *Pritchardia* sp. near Honomalino, S. Kona, and *Pritchardia eriostachya* in the Kau rainforest. The former is quite impressive and the tallest of the genus in Hawaii. I believe it to represent an undescribed species so I was espe-

cially eager to have Hal see it (see Fig. 1). Only a dozen old, tall individuals remain in the wild and with no young, short trees to collect from, it took us some time to find fallen inflorescences, flowers, mature fruit, and one battered leaf. These represented *Moore, Hodel, Judd, and Phillips 10570*. Hal also believed this to be an undescribed species and while he intently took notes, the rest of us searched through the pasture grass for additional fallen fruits (see Fig. 2).

Late morning found us out of South Kona and driving up a rocky track behind Naalehu and into the Kau rain-forest to look at *P. eriostachya*. After eating lunch at the car, we headed out on foot under overcast skies and a constant drizzle to a lone individual of *P. eriostachya* located in the dense, wet, mossy forest about a half mile away. We clambered up a muddy slope through a tangle of tree fern fronds and there on a basalt outcropping stood the lone individual of *P. eriostachya, Moore, Hodel, Judd, and Phillips 10571*, the very last palm that Hal was to collect.

The hour long drive back to Kona under a setting Hawaiian sun and late afternoon mauka shower was marked by a wide variety and endless stream of palm talk and other light topics that were characteristic of the entire two days. We were a joyous and happy crew, yet inside me a touch of sadness lingered as I realized that these two wondrous days of chasing *Pritchardia* with Dr. Moore were now over. I wanted it to continue, not to end. When would I have the opportunity once more? Less than four months later, while living in Tahiti, I received a letter informing me of the unfortunate news of Hal's passing. The memory of those two days and Hal's last palms will be with me for a long time.

DON HODEL

Dear Natalie,

I first became acquainted with Hal when I began working on taxonomic identification of a large plant collection during the winter of 1974. It would have been a dreary task had I not by chance chosen a working place on the bench adjacent to Hal's office in the Bailey Hortorium. During the months that followed, Hal and I became good friends. Although he had no formal connection with my degree program, he gave freely of his knowledge of taxonomy and taxonomic literature, helping me almost daily with the various problems I encountered. Working in this way with Hal was one of the best educational experiences of my years at Cornell. Although he did not consider himself a teacher in the traditional classroom sense, he knew his subject well and could communicate it wonderfully in an informal setting. Hal's generosity also went beyond the time given in helping me with my work. I was a frequent dinner guest during my last years at Cornell, and I always had a warm welcome.

There are many other things that I'll remember about Hal. He was an enormously hard worker, often putting in 10 to 12 hour days for weeks at a time. It was clear that he loved his work, and I never saw him tired or discouraged despite the seemingly endless hours. In fact, Hal had a delightfully youthful and optimistic outlook on life along with a wonderful sense of humor. Both were infectious!

With Hal's passing we lose a valued friend and co-worker. I do hope that you will be able to continue the work he loved so much and to put the finishing touches on unfinished projects. My best wishes to you, Natalie, and please feel free to share this letter with anyone who would appreciate reading it.

TOM WENTWORTH