



JOSEPH M. CADBURY

1910 - 1983

*Photo Courtesy of Germantown Friends School*

# JOSEPH MOORE CADBURY

## JOHN W. CADBURY III

Born August 25, 1910, in Moorestown, N.J., Joe on his mother's side was the grandson of Joseph Moore, Professor of Palaeontology and Geology and sometime President of Earlham College in Richmond, Indiana, and on his father's side a direct descendent of John Bartram, colonial pioneer botanist of Philadelphia. He thus inherited abilities as a teacher and as a naturalist which showed themselves almost as soon as he could talk. His lifelong interest in birds was first sparked by Louisa Jacobs, his third grade teacher at Moorestown Friends School. Later, at Haverford College, where he earned his BA in 1932, he was fortunate to meet several other keen birders who went on to make their mark in ornithology and other fields, among them John T. Emlen, Harry Jopson, Ben Hiatt, and Evarts Loomis. Joe was the older of two sons, and I, a first cousin also born in Moorestown, was between them in age. We three grew up together and shared long years of exploring and discovering the natural world around us, both in New Jersey, and later as high school and college students, in the swamps and forests of the southern states which we visited on Christmas and spring vacations. In 1936 Joe took his MA at Columbia University, where he met and married Lucille Smith, also a graduate student. As a teacher and biologist she teamed with Joe and supported him in all he was to do thereafter.

Joe was a teacher of natural sciences. For over forty years he taught several grades in the Lower School of the Germantown Friends School and at the Friends School in Haverford. During 28 summers he was Bird Study Instructor at the National Audubon Society's camp in Muscongus Bay, Maine. Here he was associated with Camp Director Carl W. Buchheister, who also served National Audubon as its President for many years, Allan D. Cruickshank, Roger Tory Peterson, and many others.

As a field birder Joe excelled. His exceptional ear gave him a leading edge wherever he went, and his ability to spot hard-to-see birds and identify them quickly and accurately made him a valued addition to any party in the field. For many years Joe was a popular field trip leader at Cape May during the New Jersey Audubon Society's annual fall weekend. He was a licensed bander and continued his enthusiastic pursuit of this activity after retirement in Maine as long as he could tend his nets. He never published his records, but they have been turned over to Steve Kress and presumably will be on file at the Cornell Laboratory of Ornithology.

Joe was a true outdoorsman. He was oblivious to cold or heat, impervious to all physical hardship, and stoical to physical pain. He forged ahead on field trips, expecting others to keep up and to accept, as he did, whatever discomfort or inconvenience might arise. This gave him something of an aura in the eyes of the young, certainly to his brother and to me when we were afield together as boys. Those school days and college trips remain among the most vivid and lasting of my memories of Joe. Our interests were always broader than just the birds. Salamanders, frogs, snakes, turtles, mammals—everything that moved, not excluding insects, were all avidly pursued, studied, and often collected. It was Joe who took the lead and supplied the inexhaustible enthusiasm that fueled those wonderful expeditions. His family had a cabin on the Rancocas at New Lisbon, New Jersey, where they went during summer weekends and holidays. Often I was a participant and from the cabin we explored the Pine Barrens. Wading up to our necks and probing with flashlights at night we tracked down calling frogs and toads, collecting the singers and learning which species made which call.

When older we camped in the Okefenokee Swamp of Georgia and the Everglades and Keys of south Florida. Many high moments of those trips I remember now: searching with Francis Harper and others for *Franklinia* near its type locality on the Altamaha River in Georgia and finding *Gordonia* instead; spending days and nights in the Okefenokee camped on Chesser's Island and poling in flat boats with Tom and Ben Chesser into the wet prairies to find Sandhill Cranes' and alligator nests; awaking at dawn to the wooden trumpeting of the Cranes, the talk of Barred Owls and visiting the Fred Hebard plantation on the St. Mary's River. Other days and nights were with Marvin Chandler in the Okeechobee region of Florida: finding Caracaras and Burrowing Owls by day, watching 120 Cranes fly into a roost one evening across a blazing red sunset at Burnt Fish Branch not a hundred yards from our camp and seeing a million fireflies rise from the sawgrass as dusk turned to dark. I recall another night made loud with the cries of uncounted Limpkins on the shores of the lake and will never forget slogging knee-deep for forty-eight hours through the black water of the Big Cypress in search of an Ivory-bill which Allan Cruickshank had seen there only weeks before. By day and night we explored Marco and Sanibel Islands before developers ever heard of them and the Keys from Largo to Key West when they were wild. From a campsite on the back porch of a friend's house in Florida City we traveled the trackless wilderness to Cape Sable that is now Everglades National Park and watched, as commonplace, thousands of Ibis and Wood Storks circling high on thermals in the blue sky and thunderheads over the sawgrass where they have now all but vanished. On the Loop Road we found a blooming Mule-ear Orchid, *Oncidium luridum*, -and never found one again. In Charleston one afternoon we visited Alexander Sprunt just after he had returned from a survey of the headwater swamps of the Santee, and he described to us a small flock of Carolina Parakeets he had seen there, a sighting which he defended to his life's end. And so I could go on.

These strenuous and brief trips displayed Joe's unique talents as a field man. The excitement of discovery remained with him all his life, was highly contagious, and characterized his teaching. He never lost this sense of wonder and kept a kind of innocence from his childhood days, somehow shedding the crowded worries and perplexities of adult life. His students, and particularly children, felt an immediate rapport with him. He taught, as it were, by osmosis rather than formal pedagogy. There are thousands of adults today who owe to Joe their first awakening to the world of Nature and to the dependence of all living things, ourselves included, upon each other and upon the environment they create. This contribution is the awareness of this central fact in the lives of those he taught and through them still others, now and in the future. Few among us can make a more lasting or significant contribution, and few there are who could do it better.

He implemented his concern for education and civic responsibility by serving for many years as a member of the governing body of Friends Select School. He was its Chairman for twenty of those years, during which time he, with Headmaster Larry Blauvelt, took chief responsibility for construction of the new building which houses the school today on the old premises at 17th and The Parkway.

Apparently Joe was never undecided about his choice of profession or the direction in which he wanted his life to go. He pursued his objectives with a dogged persistence which to others appeared sometimes as stubbornness, especially when they might wish to deflect him from his course.

He had a clear mind, a strong character, a devotion to truth, and a remarkable willingness to help all who came to him. To many Joe appeared to be a very private person, reserved and uncommunicative. He rarely, if ever, allowed himself to be drawn into heated arguments, but he frequently relieved tensions with a pun or play on

words that reduced all present to laughter. I never knew him to be destructively critical of anyone, and he withdrew into himself when those around him were. Such were his generosity of spirit and his tolerance that, while morally strong and secure in himself, he could forgive weakness in others, especially children. He would point the right way to them not by conventional discipline but rather by example and a cogent word, spoken with temperance, gentleness, and sensitivity. Generations of school children loved and respected him. For them he became the ultimate authority not only in his subject but also many others, to the sometime embarrassment of surprised parents! He finished his teaching career with the deep gratitude of the faculty, governing committees, his pupils and their parents, many of whom regarded his teaching as one of the important reasons for sending their children to the two schools where he taught so long.

Joe continued almost to the end his art work in silver. He was a craftsman of high order. His silver bird pins, tie clips, and other works were always in great demand because of their exquisite and accurate detail. This work always remained an avocation, although it could easily have become a business if pursued exclusively.

Joe was not a joiner or profligate supporter of many organizations. His contribution was first himself, not his dollars. He was a lifelong worker for the National Audubon Society and at least two of its local chapters. He held membership in the Delaware Valley Ornithological Club, the Cornell Laboratory of Ornithology, Eastern Bird-banding Association, Wilson Ornithological Society, the American Ornithologists' Union, and he served on the Board of Directors of the Merryspring Foundation in Camden, Maine. Joe joined the D.V.O.C. in 1929. He served as Secretary of the Club for a five-year period, from 1944 through 1948. Following a year as a Councillor, Joe served as Vice-President in 1950-1951 and then as President in 1952-1953. He was elected an Honorary Member of the Club in 1975. He contributed to *Cassinia*, participated on many Christmas and spring counts, and was the first to record Great Cormorant, Long-tailed Jaeger, Black-headed Grosbeak, Painted Bunting, and Golden-crowned Sparrow as species new for the Cape May area after publication of Witmer Stone's *Bird Studies at Old Cape May*.

After retirement in 1975 Joe was able to expand his horizons, and he became a popular tour leader for National Audubon and later Holbrook Travel, with trips to Alaska, Mexico-Yucatan, and Ecuador-Galapagos. It was on the Galapagos Islands that he collapsed and was forced to return to Maine where he and Lucille had by then retired to live.

The accelerating pace of destruction, exploitation, and pollution of the biosphere caused him acute pain, and yet he derived satisfaction from knowing that he had sent into the world a small army of dedicated conservationists who otherwise might never have come to be. He loved life and lived it to the full - right to the end. He died in his sleep on March 12, 1983, at the Portland, Maine, hospital where for a year he had undergone the leukemia chemotherapy that destroyed all traces of the cancer but left him open to the secondary infection of pneumonia which finally took his life. He bore the ordeal with courage and unflagging determination to get well. He never complained to or burdened those he loved with the bitter realization that all he still wanted to do would be denied him. His brother, B. Bartram Cadbury; his wife, Lucille; and two sons, Joel of Indianapolis and David of Philadelphia, and four grandchildren survive him.

Joe will be long remembered by the legions he touched, whose eyes and ears he opened to the world of Nature, and whose lives he changed as a result.

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