

## JOHN WARDER CADBURY 3RD, 1912-1989

Frederick A. Ulmer Jr.

Jack was born in Moorestown, New Jersey, on May 9, 1912, the older son of John W. and Rachel Cadbury. His cousins Joseph and Bartram Cadbury also lived in Moorestown, and Jack once said that they were more like brothers, as all three played together and explored the nearby countryside. When Jack was eight his third-grade teacher "ignited an interest in birds that has burned steadily since."

A birthright Quaker, Jack attended Earlham College in Richmond, Indiana, a small Quaker liberal arts college where he took all the biology courses, plus many others, including two languages. From there he went to Cornell University where he majored in entomology and earned a B.S. degree. During his summers in the early 1930s he worked as a volunteer in the Entomology Department of the Academy of Natural Sciences. His interest in insects, especially Lepidoptera, was greatly influenced by his aunt, Margaret M. Cary, his mother's sister, who lived in Germantown. In 1936 he was promoted to the Scientific Staff of the Academy where, as a fellow worker, I first met him.

Along with his aunt, Jack traveled to many then distant places, from Mt. Katahdin to Nags Head and into the depths of the Okefinokee Swamp, where they lived in a ramshackle cabin on Chesser's Island and enjoyed the hospitality of those quaint swamp dwellers, especially Ben Chesser.

Everywhere that Margaret Cary and Jack went they collected moths and butterflies. This is vividly described by Margaret Cary in her book *Sugar Down the Wind*. She and Jack had devised a bait of rotten bananas, brown sugar, dark molasses and stale beer, which was painted on the trunks of trees they visited during darkness for the moths attracted to the bait. Jack's name figures prominently in this book.

With the coming of World War II, Jack left the ANSP to join the American Friends Service Committee, which sent him to England to do relief work among those homeless from bombings, evacuated city children and refugees. Jack arrived in London on June 18, 1941 shortly after the Blitz. He was headquartered at the Friends International Centre at 37 Gordon Square, where he met his future wife, Tessa Rowntree. They were married on August 16, 1942. Fate threw us together when, as a member of the U.S. Army, I was sent to England to serve on a hospital train. Whenever I was free, I traveled to London to enjoy the gracious hospitality of the Cadburys, whose flat was a home away from home. After the war, in July 1945, Jack and Tessa invited me to spend a week at the "Huts," perched on the cliffs of Anglesey overlooking the Irish Sea. There Jack and I had wonderful birding, for the cliffs were covered with nesting birds. On the summer evenings we delighted in the winnowing display flight of the snipes and the melodious calls of "cour-li" from the curlews on the moors behind the cliffs.

Jack and Tessa came to the U.S. in 1946 and found a bungalow on the Rancocas Creek at the edge of the Pine Barrens and named it "Spung Hollow." On 9 February 1949 their only child, Alison Harvey Cadbury, was born. Jack continued work with the American Friends Service Committee until he resigned in 1954. Then he went into the nursery business, growing native American Holly (*Ilex opaca*). When this failed in 1960 he joined the staff of the Institute for Cancer Research in Fox Chase and there ran the greenhouses that grew plants that were prone to develop tumors. He worked there until his retirement in 1972.

In the meantime his birding had grown apace. With a small Airstream trailer, he and Tessa crossed the country in 1963. They continued their travels year after year and visited every state save Vermont and Rhode Island and most of Canada. Jack's North American bird list was nearly six hundred species. He and Tessa also visited Trinidad, Surinam, Guyana, Panama, Ecuador, Peru, and Chile. In 1949 Jack accompanied Margaret Cary to the coastal Andes of Venezuela where they lived a month in a dilapidated building called Rancho Grande in the cloud forest that had been written about by William Beebe in *High Jungle*. There Jack and his aunt collected hawkmoths at night. They also collected in Jamaica and Jack studied orchids there. Jack was a truly peripatetic naturalist. Great friends of the late Horace Alexander, he and Tessa took him to Texas when he was ninety.

In February of 1987 Jack was found to have colon cancer and underwent chemotherapy. Indefatigable, he and Tessa still traveled across the country, stopping along the way to have doctors give Jack his needed injections. On May 31, 1988, his cancer in remission, Jack visited me at the Academy looking quite well. I showed him his old haunts, the Butterfly Room, which was being completely renovated, and he was delighted. But his greatest excitement was in looking at the North American warbler collection. When he examined the Bachman's Warblers, he was firmly convinced that he and Tessa had seen and heard a male Bachman's Warbler on 10 April 1985 in the I'On Swamp in South Carolina.

Later in 1988 Jack's condition worsened and radical treatment at the Institute for Cancer Research in Fox Chase failed. Jack passed away on 13 February 1989. He had joined the D.V.O.C. in 1933 and was a Life Member. When I walk past the Butterfly Room I often imagine that I hear Jack's cheerful, rollicking laughter as of old.