

## Alfred Tatem Driscoll 1936–2021

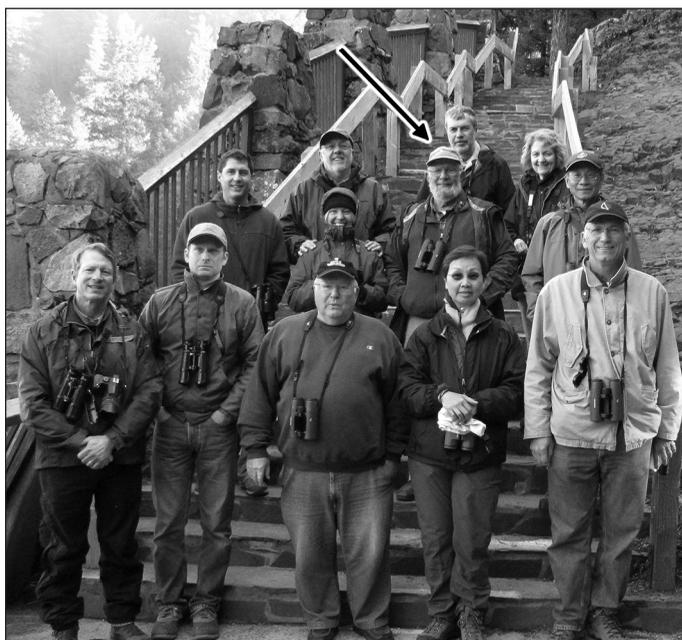
Alfred Tatem Driscoll, called “T” or “Al,” was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania on October 14, 1936. He died at age 85 on November 26, 2021. He is survived by his wife Ann and four children. Al grew up in Haddonfield, New Jersey and graduated from Moorestown Friends School where he was introduced to birding (then birdwatching) by one of the faculty. After high school, he attended the University of Maine (Orono), where he majored in Engineering Physics and minored in Electrical Engineering. In 1960, he joined the US Air Force serving on numerous bases around the world and in the United States, including Thailand, Vietnam, Germany, Spain, California, Florida, and Alaska as an aircraft maintenance officer and finally squadron commander. One of his favorite assignments during his time in the Air Force involved accident investigation of aircraft bird strikes. He retired with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in 1982.

An avid birder with an impressive American Birding Association North America life list (837 at his last count), he traveled extensively throughout North America in search of rare birds. Although passionate about adding rare birds to his North American list, the lifelong friends he made along the way were even more significant to Al. He served as the president of the San Bernardino California Audubon Society and was active in the Fort Walton Beach Florida Area Audubon Society. After retiring from the Air Force, he spent a portion of each year working for Attours (a company created by Lawrence Balch in 1979 to assist birders desiring to bird on the most remote Aleutian Island, Attu; the tour group size grew to 50-80 participants — the maximum that could be handled at the primitive abandoned military facilities available). Al’s job assignment was to make it possible for the birders to stay in the abandoned military facilities with at least a modicum of comfort. He participated in the annual hawk-banding in Cape May, New Jersey for many years, as well as other birding and conservation efforts. Al and Ann hosted the Moorestown, New Jersey Christmas Count wrap-up at their home for many years. They had a summer cottage called “The Boulders” on beautiful Lake Onawa in northern Maine. Many birding and other friends enjoyed their superb

hospitality and rich birding at and around “The Boulders.” Each July Al did a loon count on Lake Onawa for the Maine Audubon Society.

In 1984 Al joined the Delaware Valley Ornithological Club (DVOC) and became a life member and fellow. DVOC is where our paths crossed; we became friends. For the next 37 years, I had the privilege of accompanying him on many of his quests for ABA rarities — a greater than 3000-mile trek in March 1999 for a Common Redshank at the appropriately named Happy Adventure, Newfoundland, a Green-breasted Mango in December 2000 in Concord, North Carolina, and a Great Black Hawk in January 2019 in Portland, Maine come to mind. And then there was the Loggerhead Kingbird in March 2007 at Fort Zachary Taylor State Park in Key West, Florida. Ann joined Al, my wife, and me for this seven-day Florida birding trip but the main focus was to be the kingbird that was reported as “very reliable” meaning essentially present and seen every day. On March 24 we spent the entire day at the Fort looking for the bird and dipped (Brit birding term for *never seen nor heard*) and headed north. On March 26 we were at the Comfort Inn in Lantana, Florida. The next morning (March 27) Al arose before the rest of us as was usual, no doubt because of his many years of military service. He went to the guest computers in the lobby and discovered that the kingbird was present again that morning at the Fort. He then awakened the rest of us to share this exciting news (I remember my first thought “Oh God, why do motels provide lobby computers for their guests”). So, it was a lightning-fast breakfast and we were again heading to Key West. Rather than another day of failure we located the bird about ten minutes after our arrival at the Fort, spent twenty minutes enjoying superb views, then reboarded the rental car bound for Lantana so we could catch a noon flight home the next day.

In addition to local birding, Al, Tom Bailey, and I along with other DVOCers made annual regular birding trips to birding hotspots in the United States — Arizona, Texas, California, Oregon, Colorado, and Minnesota/North Dakota. Al and I enjoyed many pelagic trips together out of New Jersey, North Caro-



Al Driscoll *not* wearing his trademark ATTU hat.

lina, and Monterey, California. Ann joined two birding trips — to Puerto Rico (2002) and Belize (March 2005) where she was able to study wild orchids and other tropical plants in their native habitat.

At this point, I digress to the *USCG LORSTA-ATTU* hat that Al always wore. It was a rare event to see Al without *the hat*. I looked through at least a hundred photos of Al on birding trips and found a scant

## Barbara Granger Jaffe

### 1942–2021

In 2014, not long after I joined the DVOC, I received an email from Dr. Barbara Granger, Associate Editor of *Cassinia*, offering “many thanks for stepping forward to help with the editing” of the new issue (vol. 74/75). That email marked the beginning of a genuine friendship of six years, during which we collaborated to produce two more issues (vols. 76 and 77). Barbara also became a trusted mentor and writing coach, informally reviewing some of my manuscripts before I submitted them for publication. She was a wealth of knowledge, had an eagle’s eye, and a knack for eradi-

few where he was not wearing *the hat*. Sometimes he took it off at meals; other times he did not.

Presumably, Al took *the hat* off for showers but who knows because he certainly wore it in the hot tub he constructed on Attu. How many ATTU hats did Al own? Were they ever washed? How did they last so long? All legitimate yet unanswered questions. Finally, look at the photo below taken in 2009 at Salt Creek Falls, Oregon — a rarity rivaling many of the birds on Al’s North American List and perhaps one of a kind. Blasphemy! Al in a different hat, tan not blue; on closer inspection a DVOC hat. Yikes! Can Armageddon be far off?

Al, thanks for the memories and years of friendship and generosity that you gave freely to all who were fortunate enough to know you. One could ask no more.

**Donald Jones**  
Southampton, NJ

*Editor’s note:* We were saddened to learn that Donald Jones passed away on Thursday, November 24, 2022, as this volume of *Cassinia* was being prepared for printing. His obituary will appear in the next volume of *Cassinia*.

cating unnecessary commas. “I am but an editor/consultant in your life and you can take my guidance or not,” she wrote after one critique, “I just give you my best based on my own experiences.”

Barbara was not one to boast, but her experiences were extensive and included dozens of research-based publications and presentations, and more than a decade on the Editorial Board of *Psychiatric Rehabilitation Journal*. She was born on August 9, 1942 in Brockton, Massachusetts, and relocated to the Phila-