

Written Readings from the Memorial Service for Joe Hickey, 10/5/93⁹*

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* Attached are copies of remarks made by speakers reading from written copy. No written copy was available from the persons who spoke extemporaneously (Rev. Sam Robbins and Dan Anderson).

** A substitution on the program was made to add Dan Anderson, a former student of Joe's. Dan had been out of the country until just before the service. In the interest of not extending the length of the program, he was given the slot that had been allotted for reading a letter from another former student, John Gates.

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Introduction to reading of "Good Oak"
by Nina Leopold Bradley

It was some time in the 1940's. My father had just finished writing an essay to be included in a potential book, which he was calling, GREAT POSSESSIONS (A Sand County Almanac was the title created by Oxford editors.) On a warm summer evening Father and Mother telephoned the Hickeys. Father explained that he would like to read them a new essay - would they be at home?

The immediate reply was, "Of course, please come over" - their evening was free.

Infant Susie Hickey had a feeding problem. Scheduled meal time was not really the time she wished to eat. This particular evening she was especially fussy. Perhaps food would quiet her. With the guests about to arrive, both parents hovered over the baby, making every effort to force some food down that noisy little mouth. They had some success.

The Leopolds arrived. Aldo was eager for comment from Joe and Peggy, both being not only colleagues and friends, but also professional editors. The young parents were excited - and they were hoping with all their might that baby Susie would remain quiet.

Peggy poured drinks and the reading proceeded. After the first paragraph there were loud screams and hollering coming from the nursery. Dad delayed the reading while the parents dashed out of the room to quiet their vociferous infant. A little rocking, some warm milk, reassuring sounds from Ma and Pa and Susie quieted down.

The reading began again. About the time Dad got to the first "Rest, cried the chief sawyer" loud screams again emerged from the nursery.

Aldo and Estella sipped from their glasses, smiling; after all they had raised five youngsters.

Over and over the pattern repeated itself with breaks often coming in mid sentence. It is quite a long essay. The complete reading was pretty patchy and took most of the evening.

I can only say that THE GOOD OAK, had very special meaning to Joe and Peggy - and perhaps to Susie!

Opening pages of 13-page essay called "Good Oak"
from

A SAND COUNTY ALMANAC

February

Good Oak

There are two spiritual dangers in not owning a farm. One is the danger of supposing that breakfast comes from the grocery, and the other that heat comes from the furnace.

To avoid the first danger, one should plant a garden, preferably where there is no grocer to confuse the issue.

To avoid the second, he should lay a split of good oak on the andirons, preferably where there is no furnace, and let it warm his shins while a February blizzard tosses the trees outside. If one has cut, split, hauled, and piled his own good oak, and let his mind work the while, he will remember much about where the heat comes from, and with a wealth of detail denied to those who spend the week end in town astride a radiator.

* * *

The particular oak now aglow on my andirons grew on the bank of the old emigrant road where it climbs the sandhill. The stump, which I measured upon felling the tree, has a diameter of 30 inches. It shows 80 growth rings, hence the seedling from which it originated must have laid its first ring of wood in 1865, at the end of the Civil War. But I know from the history of present seedlings that no oak grows above the reach of rabbits without a decade or more of getting girdled each winter, and re-sprouting during the following summer. Indeed, it is all too clear that every sur-

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FEBRUARY

viving oak is the product either of rabbit negligence or of rabbit scarcity. Some day some patient botanist will draw a frequency curve of oak birth-years, and show that the curve humps every ten years, each hump originating from a low in the ten-year rabbit cycle. (A fauna and flora, by this very process of perpetual battle within and among species, achieve collective immortality.)

It is likely, then, that a low in rabbits occurred in the middle 'sixties, when my oak began to lay on annual rings, but that the acorn that produced it fell during the preceding decade, when the covered wagons were still passing over my road into the Great Northwest. It may have been the wash and wear of the emigrant traffic that bared this roadbank, and thus enabled this particular acorn to spread its first leaves to the sun. Only one acorn in a thousand ever grew large enough to fight rabbits; the rest were drowned at birth in the prairie sea.

It is a warming thought that this one wasn't, and thus lived to garner eighty years of June sun. It is this sunlight that is now being released, through the intervention of my axe and saw, to warm my shack and my spirit through eighty gusts of blizzard. And with each gust a wisp of smoke from my chimney bears witness, to whomsoever it may concern, that the sun did not shine in vain.

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Roger Tory Peterson's Talk at
Memorial Service for Joseph Hickey
September 4, 1993

REVEREND ROBBINS

THIS IS A VERY MOVING OCCASION IN MEMORY OF JOSEPH HICKEY
...AND THANKS TO LOLA HE HAS BEEN WITH US UNTIL NOW...HE ONCE
TOLD ME THAT LOLA, A NURTURER, WOULD ADD TEN YEARS TO HIS LIVE.
IT HAS BEEN MORE THAN THAT.

I FIRST MET JOE NEARLY 70 YEARS AGO--68 TO BE EXACT. AND HE
BECAME ONE OF MY DEAREST FRIENDS. HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR JOE AND
THE BRONX BOYS I WOULD NOT HAVE WRITTEN MY FIELD GUIDES.

I HAD JUST PASSED MY 17TH BIRTHDAY WHEN I ATTENDED MY FIRST
MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION--THE A.O.U.--IN NEW
YORK IN 1925. ONE EVENING AFTER THE FORMAL SESSIONS WE HAD A
SPECIAL GET-TOGETHER IN DR. FRANK CHAPMAN'S OFFICE IN THE BIRD
DEPARTMENT AT THE AMERICAN MUSEUM. THE THING I REMEMBER MOST
VIVIDLY WAS WHEN EDWARD HOWE FORBUSH, THE VENERABLE STATE
ORNITHOLOGIST OF MASSACHUSETTS, SHOWED US THE ORIGINAL
COLORPLATES BY FUERTES FOR THE FIRST VOLUME OF THAT CLASSIC WORK,
THE BIRDS OF MASSACHUSETTS. FUERTES WAS IN THE ROOM, TOO, BUT SO
THAT ALL OF US COULD SEE BETTER, FORBUSH PERCHED ON A SMALL
STEPLADDER WHILE HE HELD UP ONE PAINTING AFTER THE OTHER. AT THE
FOOT OF THE LADDER WERE TWO TEENAGERS, JOSEPH HICKEY AND ALLAN
CRUICKSHANK. THEY WERE STUDENTS AT N.Y.U. AND BECAUSE OF THEIR
CLASSES, COULD ATTEND ONLY THE EVENING EVENTS OF THE A.O.U.
THERE WAS NO KODACHROME FILM NOR FLASH IN THOSE DAYS. IF THERE
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HAD BEEN, WHAT AN HISTORIC PICTURE I COULD HAVE TAKEN!

JOHN EMLLEN WAS AT THE 1925 MEETINGS, TOO--THE ONLY PERSON YOUNGER THAN I (BY FOUR MONTHS). BUT STRANGELY HE DID NOT MEET JOE... BECAUSE OF CLASSES JOE COULD NOT COME IN THE DAYTIME... JOHN, WHEN DID YOU FIRST MEET JOE? WAS IT HERE IN WISCONSIN? (JOHN EMLLEN TELLS ME HE DID MEET JOE AT THAT A.O.U. MEETING.) JOE HAD A TREMENDOUS ADMIRATION FOR DR. EMLLEN.

JOE, IN HIS GUIDE TO BIRD WATCHING, PUBLISHED IN 1943-- EXACTLY 50 YEARS AGO, WROTE IN A WHIMSICAL VEIN:

"BIRDWATCHING IS REGARDED BY SOME AS A MILD PARALYSIS OF THE CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM WHICH CAN BE CURED ONLY BY RISING AT DAWN AND SITTING IN A BOG. OTHERS REGARD IT AS A HARMLESS OCCUPATION OF CHILDREN, INTO WHICH MAIDEN AUNTS SOMETIMES RELAPSE--"

...JOE DID A LOT TO CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF BIRDWATCHING. HIS FRIEND JAMES FISHER, THE GREAT BRITISH ORNITHOLOGIST, COMMENTED:

"THE OBSERVATION OF BIRDS MAY BE A HOBBY, A PLEASURE, A SCIENCE, AN ART, TRADITION, OR EVEN A BORE--DEPENDING ON THE PERSON."

HE MIGHT HAVE ADDED, IT CAN ALSO BE A GAME OR A SPORT. AND THAT'S WHAT IT WAS WHEN JOE STARTED HIS CAREER.

WHEN I WENT TO ART SCHOOL IN NEW YORK I CONCEIVED MY FIRST

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FIELD GUIDE WHICH, WAY BACK IN THE 30'S HELPED TURN BIRDWATCHING AROUND, FROM THE BIRD IN HAND, OR "SHOTGUN SCHOOL" OF ORNITHOLOGY TO THE FIELD GLASS OR BINOCULAR. IT WAS MADE POSSIBLE BY MY FRIENDS--A CURATOR AT THE AMERICAN MUSEUM LUDLOW GRISCOM, AND HIS DISCIPLES, A GROUP OF TEEN-AGERS FROM THE BRONX WHO CALLED THEMSELVES THE "BRONX COUNTY BIRD CLUB." HOW THESE NINE BOYS OF VARIOUS ETHNIC AND SOCIAL ORIGINS--AND LIVING IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE BRONX--FOUND EACH OTHER, HEAVEN KNOWS!

FROM THEM I LEARNED THE TRICKS OF THE TRADE--AND BEING TRAINED AS AN ARTIST I WAS ABLE TO PULL THINGS TOGETHER AND GIVE THEM VISUAL FORM.

JOSEPH HICKEY WAS BIRDING ON HIS OWN WHEN HE WAS TWELVE AND, LACKING GLASSES, HE CLIMBED A TALL MAPLE TREE TO SEE WARBLERS CLOSE UP. HE WAS 13 YEARS, 10 MONTHS OLD--HE REMEMBERED THE BIG DAY EXACTLY--WHEN SOME KIND GENTLEMAN HE HAD MET NEAR THE BRONX ZOO GAVE HIM AN OLD PAIR OF OPERA GLASSES. THAT STARTED HIM ON THE ROAD TO SOPHISTICATED WATCHING.

THE NINE BOYS FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF THE BRONX CAME TOGETHER IN THE ATTIC OF THE KUERZI BROTHERS AND ORGANIZED THEMSELVES AS THE BRONX COUNTY BIRD CLUB (THE BCBC). JOE BECAME THE PERMANENT SECRETARY. THE OFFICIAL MEMBERSHIP STAYED AT NINE FOR YEARS, BUT THEY HAD STARTED A REVOLUTION. I WAS THE FIRST OUTLANDER--THE FIRST NON-BRONX MEMBER.

JOE CALLED ME ROGER TORY JAMESTOWN PETERSON.

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OUR FIELD REFERENCES WERE PAGES FROM EATON'S NEW YORK BIRD BOOK THAT JOE HAD SALVAGED FROM A RUBBISH CAN AND CHESTER REID'S LITTLE BIRD GUIDE THAT WAS SHAPED LIKE A CHECK-BOOK. AS FOR CHAPMAN'S HANDBOOK, WE CONSULTED THAT AT THE LIBRARY.

THOSE DAYS AROUND NEW YORK WITH THE BRONX COUNTY BIRD CLUB WERE WONDERFUL. (ALLEN CRUICKSHANK, INCIDENTALLY, WAS INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPION JAVELIN THROWER WHEN HE WAS AT N.Y.U. AND JOE HELD THE INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE ONE MILE RUN. [WITH VARICOSE VEINS] AND THEY BOTH WERE PRESIDENT, IN THEIR RESPECTIVE YEARS, OF THE STUDENT BODY AT N.Y.U.) ONCE WHILE THEY WERE WATCHING A SPORTING EVENT AT THE STADIUM, A SWALLOW-TAILED KITE FLEW OVER. THIS WAS IN THE BRONX!

LIKE SO MANY GIFTED PEOPLE WHOM I HAVE KNOWN, THEIR SPIRITS SOARED HIGHEST ON THE WINGS OF BIRDS.

THE GENERATION THAT JOE AND THE BRONX COUNTY BIRD CLUB REPRESENTED BECAME THE FOCAL POINT OF THE BIRDING MOVEMENT. THE LINNAEAN SOCIETY WAS THEIR BASE AND SOURCE OF INFLUENCE. JOE HICKEY TOOK OVER WHERE GRISCOM'S INFLUENCE HAD STOPPED, BY PUBLISHING IN 1943 HIS GUIDE TO BIRDWATCHING. HE BECAME A TREMENDOUSLY INFLUENTIAL CONSERVATIONIST ESPECIALLY WHEN HE CAME HERE (IN WISCONSIN) TO WORK WITH ALDO LEOPOLD AND THEN TO SUCCEED HIM--CULMINATING IN HIS WORK ON DDT--PEREGRINES AND OTHER RAPTORS.

WHILE JOE WAS IN NEW YORK ERNST MAYR FROM GERMANY TOOK JOE

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UNDER HIS WING. HE SAID, "ANYONE WHO WATCHES BIRDS SHOULD HAVE A PROBLEM."

JOE LEFT CONSOLIDATED EDISON-- (BUSINESS) AND STUDIED IN MICHIGAN AND AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN AND BECAME ALDO LEOPOLD'S SUCCESSOR.

HE HAD GONE A LONG WAY FROM HIS BIRDING DAYS AT HUNT'S POINT DUMP AND THE BRONX BOTANICAL GARDENS.

IT WAS JOE AND PEGGY (BROOKS) HICKEY WHO LAUNCHED THE MAGAZINE, AMERICAN BIRDS, WHICH WAS INHERITED FROM THE SEASONAL REPORTS IN BIRD LORE WHICH EVENTUALLY BECAME AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

IT IS ALL VERY INTERCONNECTED AND JOE HAD A LOT TO DO WITH IT.

HUNDREDS OF HICKEY'S STUDENTS HAVE MOVED INTO AND BUILT UP THE STRUCTURES OF MODERN CONSERVATION AND ENVIRONMENTAL STUDY.

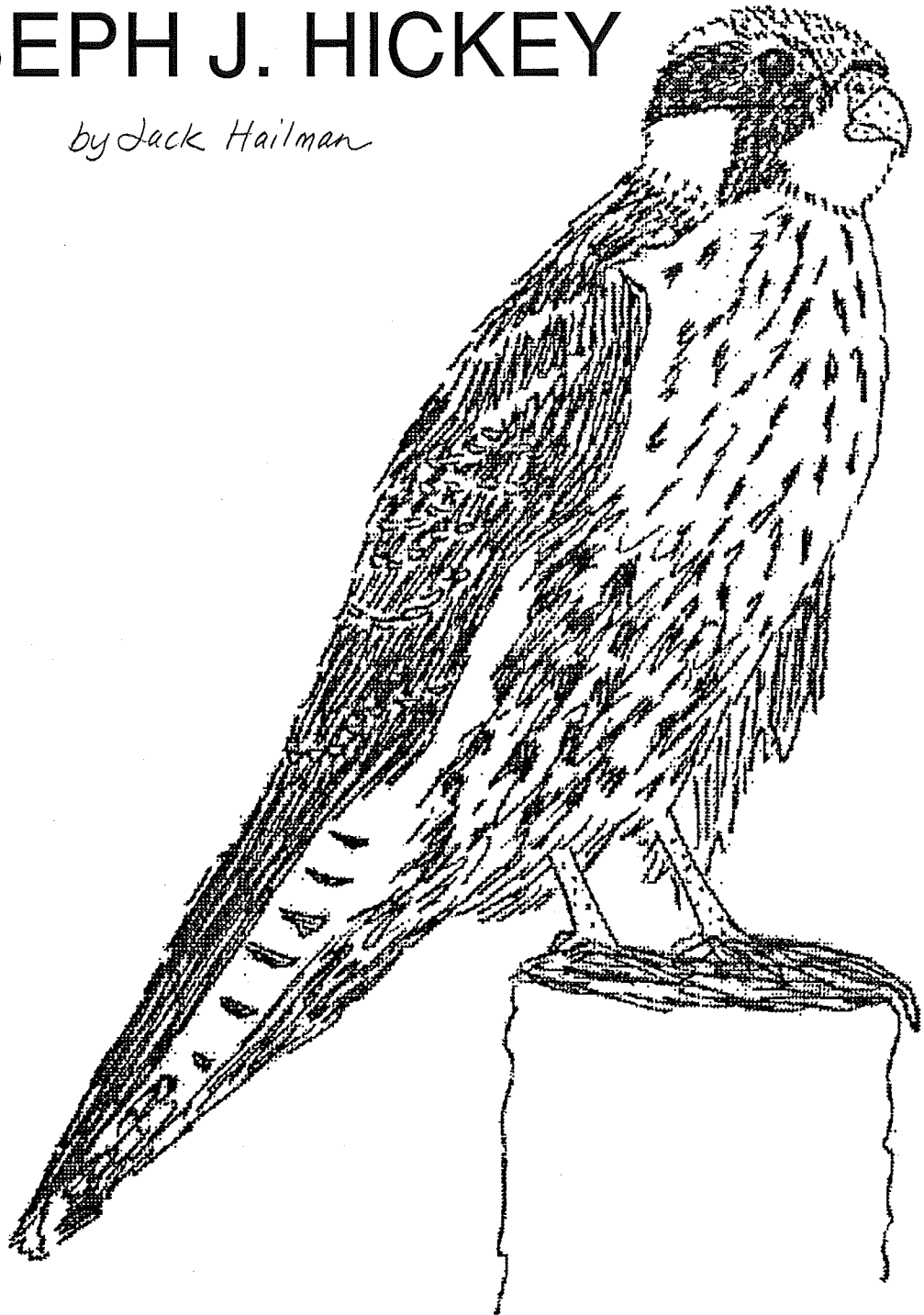
I KNOW OF NO ONE WHO DID NOT LIKE JOE. HE WAS A VERY KIND AND JOYOUS PERSON--A LOT OF FUN TO BE WITH.

HE KNEW THE MEANING OF CONSERVATION; THE VALUE OF BIRDS, ANIMALS, FORESTS, WATERS, AND SOIL; THE JOY AND WELL-BEING TO BE HAD FROM THEIR STUDY AND CONTEMPLATION. HE FELT THAT IT WAS A SACRED RESPONSIBILITY TO PASS THESE THINGS ON TO THE FUTURE.

A PERSON LIKE JOE DOES NOT REALLY DIE. HE HAS LEFT TOO MUCH
OF AN IMPRINT ON OTHER PEOPLE. HIS SPIRIT LIVES ON...

Verses for, about and by
JOSEPH J. HICKEY

by Jack Hailman



Peregrine Falcon (*Falco peregrinus*)
sketched from a photograph taken
on the coast of South Carolina.--J.P.H.

OLD MEN

People expect old men to die,
They do not really mourn old men.
Old men are different. People look
At them with eyes that wonder when...
People watch with unshocked eyes;
But the old men know when an old man dies.

Ogden Nash
Golden Trashery of Ogden Nashery
=*The Pocket Book of Ogden Nash*
p. 140

The Village Ornithologist

Under a spreading chestnut tree,
 Along the lakes and fields,
 Stands enthusiastic Joe.
 Binoculars he wields,
 And the twinkle of his watchful eye
 To no unknown bird yields.

Hickey is a city boy,
 Raised in York of New.
 He even went to college there
 With business-life in view,
 And raced an almost record mile:
 Track honors did accrue.

One day while searching for a bird,
 Perchance a nest and egg,
 He met a mother and her girl.
 The daughter's name was Peg,
 And after many years afield
 For her hand he'd beg.

A Con man Joe was forced to be
 (He worked for Edison),
 Though in his dreams he'd wander off
 To watch a duck or swan
 'Till finally the time was right
 This life to jettison.

It all began within the Bronx:
 The County Club for Birds
 And those who watch our feathered friends
 In flocks and rafts and herds
 On Christmas Counts and other times:
 A joy that transcends words.

But then the German from Berlin
 New gospel came to spread:
 "You've got to have a problem, Joe"
 Is what Ernst Mayr said.
 So Joe exchanged the business-life for
 Ornithology instead.

Two classics from those years appeared
 (The first is still in print):
A Guide to Watching of the birds
 Has more than a useful hint,
 And the study of duck populations
 Bears the Hickey imprint.

The years to follow were not plush
 (A bird-man can't be choosy),
 But Joe and his bride were happily blest
 With the girl we know as Susi
 And Leopold's influence on his career
 Was also something newsy.

The Hickeys at Wisconsin stayed
 Where Joe began to teach.
 In Wildlife courses through the years
 Vast numbers did he reach
 With the message of conservation and
 The urgency of his speech.

Dichloro-diphenyl-trichloro-ethane
 Has no color and odor, but kills
 Insects, creepies, crawlies and pests.
 But what of whip-poor-wills
 And other beasts that feed on pests
 Or eat songbirds, fishes and krills?

Some kind of action must be done
 To halt the DDT.
 So Joe joined forces with other souls
 Achieving the victory
 That spread the news both far and wide
 Of hideous letters three.

The peregrine was of special concern
 So a meeting did Joe call
 To report its numbers and its plight
 In a document for all.
 Helped by Peggy's editor's eye
 The book can't help but appall.

Added to studies done afield,
 His message to implement,
 Joe edited with Peggy's help of course
J. Wildlife Management,
 And of the Ornithologists' Union
 Became the President.

Recognition and honor to him befell
 Like mortars in some bombard;
 Including the one he liked the best:
 Wisconsin's teaching award.
 There are so many it's a foolish attempt
 Every one of them to record.

Through Peggy's loss he stood up straight,
 Bound by an iron will
 That steers through trials that life will bring,
 Traversing valley and hill.
 And as retirement new things present
 He'll tackle each with skill.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend
 For the lesson you still teach!
 Thus in the Christmas Count of life
 Each habitat we reach
 With knowledge that if Joe can do it
 Perhaps it's in *my* reach.

A FEW VERSES OF VERSE FOR JOE
 upon the occasion of his retirement picnic, 6 August 1977
 with appropriate apologies to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Song for Lola

What ever Hickey'd want, Hickey'd get,
And widowed Lola, widowed Hickey wanted you.
In his new life he'd have no regret:
Resigned himself, reclined himself—had fun.

Joe was a Yankee Damned¹, you knew that,
And angel² Lola, husband Hickey welcomed all
Your family that now came to chat
In your old home, in his new home—so fine.

You traveled here and there, like birds that soared.
And helpmeet Lola, what Joe'd talk of most
Was the Alaska cruise: great fjord,
The birds galore, and much much more—and you.

Now Joe has gone on the last depart,
And lovely Lola, I'm sure you're aware
That he lives on right here in my heart,
Abiding here, residing here—with you.

Dedicated to Lola Gordon Hickey on the occasion of memorial services for Joseph J. Hickey
(1907-1993), 5 September 1993. J.P.H.

¹With apologies to the creators of the Broadway musical *Damned Yankees* with the song
"Whatever Lola Wants."

²Reference to Lola's work with the Attic Angels organization.

Doctor Mayr, Speaking

If you love the birds and beasties
And their ways you would adore,
Learn to speak to them in German
And you'll love them more and more.

"My only published verse came in the little publication called *The Auklet*." --Joseph J. Hickey.

Spring in Flushing

There's a Redwing in my yard
Puffing up and singing hard.
Midst the Starlings' din his lilting sounds
Carry me off to some swampy grounds.
Where no doubt he'll meet his bride
And puff some more and sing with pride.
The male may take a wife or two
For Redwings do know how to woo.
The female birds will do all work
And incubation never shirk
So the male can puff and loudly sing
All through the carefree days of spring.
While here am I a bachelor still
With not half of the Redwing's will,
Half way through the span of life
And I haven't even got one wife.

Now, if I were born a Boat-tailed Grackle
My friends you'd really hear me cackle.
For Boat-tails often have five wives
And evidently lead full lives.
But they steal eggs, which isn't nice,
And they doubtless must be full of lice.
This is the way I rationalize
As you can readily realize.
Oh, I'm fairly content with the state I'm in,
But I'm not half the bird I might have been.

"Another one from my youth."--Joseph J. Hickey.

Remembrances of Joe by Nina Bradley

I feel full to the brim! Having Joe Hickey a part of my life is one of the great bonuses in my life!

Joe came to Wisconsin to enter graduate school - it seemed to me he was almost an old man - at age 34 starting graduate school! Would he ever make it to a PhD? As he enrolled at the University of Wisconsin, he was assigned to the only opening available, a research position in forestry and erosion. It carried a stipend of \$1000 per year plus travel expense. My father wrote to Joe, "I hadn't thought of you for the place because I had you mentally classified as interested in ecological ornithology. If you are interested, I would rather have your intelligence than most people's training." Joe accepted.

World War II interrupted this assignment and Joe was enroute east to be inducted into the army. He and Peggy stopped to see Bill Elder and me at the U. of Chicago. After lunch, we took them to the campus and before evening Joe was employed in a research program in the Pharmacology Department which relieved him of military duty. Academically University of Chicago was a great place, but escaping urban Chicago for weekend birding in the Indiana dunes blotted up much of our meager salaries.

We attended weekly seminars in the pharmacology department. When it was Joe's turn to address the group, his pattern was always the same. He would begin with - "I give you a choice of three subjects; raise your hand at the one most appealing to you!" When the choice was made, Joe would give a polished, organized, scholarly talk on the selected subject.

Joe will go down in history as one of Wisconsin's GREAT professors. He affected many lives with his warmth, with his academic breadth and precision, and with his human understanding. His monumental research on the effect of DDT on bird populations was the first to challenge the burgeoning pesticide industry. The legal battles were frightening, exciting, expensive and rewarding but Joe had the facts. This was only the beginning of a rich research career.

When Joe took over Ecology 118 his class load was around 25 students. At retirement Joe gave three separate classes, with around 500 students in each lecture. They came from all over the campus. I need not tell you that he was a great teacher.

One way to review Joe's remarkable accomplishments would be to catalogue his recent travels with Lola as they attended scientific gatherings around the world, to accept awards, medals, and honors.

Charlie and I feel a little responsible for Joe's finding Lola. During their courtship Joe often reported to us on his Wood Lane research. (By coincidence that's where Lola lived!) During the fifteen years of their marriage, every time we were together, Joe never failed to comment to me - "Nina, aren't second marriages marvelous?" Amen!

Remembrances of Joe by Bob McCabe (1)

Dr. Joseph J. Hickey was a colleague and friend of mine. During the last 46 years we shared an office, a profession, many mutual friends, scars of the Great Depression, and a devotion to our mentor, Aldo Leopold, and loyalty to his department.

Joe's main interests were in ornithology and ecology. He was born and raised in the East and some of his closest friends were Eastern scientists or men of great vision, Roger Tory Peterson, Ernst Mayr, ^{James Stevenson} ~~Charles Hener~~, to name just three. The key attribute of our deceased friend was Striving. In all his efforts, professional, social, and familial, he earnestly sought to do what was right, what was best, and what gave satisfaction and comfort to those around him. His greatest striving was to be a good teacher. It was also his greatest success professionally. He worked with great zeal and dedication in preparing his classroom presentations, often using innovative and interesting audio and visual props and demonstrations. The students responded with great enthusiasm. He agonized over his tests to avoid being unfair or ambiguous. To be forced to give a low grade was to him a personal failure. The result of that striving was a campus-wide award as an outstanding teacher.

His editorial skills were available to all graduate students in the department of Wildlife Ecology and to professional colleagues when he was editor of The Journal of Wildlife Management. He and his students were in the midst of the DDT and PCB conflict of the 1960s and he was one of the first wildlife academics to employ life table analyses to animal populations. When Peregrine Falcons were teetering on the verge of extinction, he organized a conference to focus on the welfare of that handsome predator. The published proceedings, which Joe edited, has become a classical reference for the species.

I would be remiss if I did not mention his book, A Guide to Bird Watching. That effort alerted millions of devotees that watching birds was more than a walk in the woods and indeed it added a meaningful dimension for amateur ornithologists.

In 1972, at an international meeting in Mexico City, he was honored by the Wildlife Society by being awarded the Aldo Leopold Medal, the highest honor of the profession. In his response, he grinned in gratitude and said simply, "Muchas gracias."

On the lighter side, Joe had a propensity to sleep on command. He would sometimes say in the midst of a conversation, "Pardon me, I would like to catch 40 winks." And with his hands on his chest, sitting upright in a chair, he was asleep before you could ask, "What did you say?" A TV program entitled, "How did they do that?" must have copied our seminars. Often, particularly with certain speakers, Joe would doze off as the lecturer droned on. When at the end applause awoke him, he was first on his feet asking pertinent questions on aspects of the talk related during his slumber.

More than one of us has asked, "How does he do that?"

We use An expression ~~out of the Great Depression~~ *to cope with discouragement or frustration in life's battles!* dampened spirits, ~~was~~, "You will be rewarded in heaven." Joe was luckier than most; he

was rewarded in advance because Providence granted him two wonderful and devoted wives, who in turn received his affection. The late Peggy Brooks Hickey and Lola Gordon Hickey could not have been more supportive and caring of Joe's well-being. His daughter Suzie was a source of pride for him.

Now, we say farewell to our departed friend and colleague who by sincere striving accomplished during his lifetime the goals he set for himself both professionally and personally. Fulfillment was the legacy of striving for Joe.

DR. HICKEY'S ADVICE
by Eduardo Santana

Eduardo Santana C., "Manantlán" Institute of Ecology, Universidad de Guadalajara, Apdo. Postal 1-3933, Guadalajara, Jalisco, C.P. 44100 Mexico. (The original manuscript was written on 17 October, 1992. Joe Hickey died on Tuesday, August 31, 1993. A modified version of this manuscript was presented at the remembrance services: "Joe Hickey: in memory and celebration of his life" on 5 September, 1993, Madison, Wisconsin. Speakers: Rev. Sam Robbins, Roger Tory Peterson, Jack Hailman, Nina Leopold Bradley, Robert McCabe, Dan Anderson, Eduardo Santana, Bill Foster, Stuart Gordon and Susi Nehls. Music: Dave Sample, Steve Holmes and Mike Mossman. I thank Curt Meine for his comments on an earlier draft.)

I have just returned from visiting Dr. Hickey and Lola. Hickey was charming in his usual way. He had aged much since my last visit, but he remembered many things from the past. He showed me his paintings, books, and medals of recognition; he talked about Aldo Leopold and his wife of Mexican origin, Estella. He made me laugh with his jokes, and he laughed at mine. I feel it is time to write about Joe Hickey and me.

I was born in Havana, Cuba. At the age of four my family moved to Puerto Rico, where I grew up. My sensitivity to nature came from my mother and father, although neither was the outdoor type. My mother grew up in the Cuban countryside, in a dirt-floor house surrounded by chickens, hogs, and horses. She would always tell me beautiful and exciting stories of life in the country. My father was a building contractor, and would take my friends and I tromping through the woods whenever he had to check the location for a new road or bridge. My parents taught me few facts about the natural world, but they did teach me to love it.

At the age of 17, in 1974, I moved to Madison, Wisconsin to attend college. I had graduated from a small high school of about 350 students, and most of what I knew about wildlife ecology at the time I had learned from television shows like "Wild Kingdom" and "The Wonderful World of Disney." The University of Wisconsin seemed like a huge monster to me. During the first semester as an undergraduate in the Department of Zoology, I had a bad experience with a professor who, when I asked him a question after class, told me that I did not belong in college. He did not understand the needs of a young inexperienced foreigner. That incident, and the fact I disliked Chemistry and was required to take five semesters to earn a Zoology degree, prompted me to search for other career alternatives.

One day, I went to talk to my advisor, Carl Williams, who was a medical student. "There is a professor I know, that I think you should talk to," Carl said. "His name is Joe Hickey. I took his Wildlife Ecology 118 course as an elective and enjoyed it a lot. In fact, in that class I met the woman that is now my wife, and Hickey came to our wedding." Carl was black, so at least I figured that Hickey wasn't racist (an important consideration after going through some ugly experiences in Madison). I called Hickey on the phone the next day, and from the other end of the line came a dry response -- "Hickey." I asked if I could go see him at noon. He said: "I'll go jogging at noon, why don't you stop by at one o'clock." Joe Hickey was 66 at the time.

We hit it off right away, and after our conversation he agreed to be my advisor when I transferred from Zoology to Wildlife Ecology. He also gave me some guidance: "Don't worry about what that one professor told you. Stay after class and pester your professors with good questions. Make sure you understand everything." A few weeks later I was officially an undergraduate in the Department of Wildlife Ecology. At that time I didn't even know who Aldo Leopold was.

The following semester I took Hickey's Wildlife Ecology course. He always started the class with recordings of bird songs that he often imitated by whistling while tilting his head sideways back and forth. He also explained the context in which the birds sang. Sometimes he would have mammal and bird skins on a table so students could get some hands-on experience, and he used many color slides during lectures. His course was sometimes criticized for not being technical enough, yet I now see his objectives. In addition to providing the basics of wildlife ecology to majors, he had designed his course to serve as motivational experience for non-majors, helping to raise concern about environmental issues and promoting activism in nature conservation. We have come full circle, and now see the need for that type of course in college curricula.

Every day (following his early advice) I stayed after class to ask him questions. Some of my questions might have been interesting; but most, I now realize, were simply stupid.

Perhaps, not stupid, but they certainly revealed my complete ignorance of wildlife and nature in general. Despite this, Hickey never discouraged me from continuing in the wildlife field. However, he did seem a little distressed one day when I solemnly asked him; "Dr. Hickey, what is a thistle?" and he said: "Eddie, of all the city boys I know, you're the cityboyest of them all." Not the best compliment for a student who wanted to live out in the wilderness and study wolves and eagles. But then, Hickey always told me that he was a city boy himself. (I have always made the point of having people in the United States call me by my name, Eduardo, and not by an anglicized version like Edward or Ed. Due to the way our friendship developed, Joe Hickey was the only person I allowed to call me "Eddie.")

That semester came and went. I received an A in his class and earned A's in most of my other classes as well-- but then, at the age of 19, new experiences touched my life or that of friends close to me-- Strange cultures, strange religions, racism, love, sex, rape, homosexuality, drugs, alcoholism, imperialism, and armed struggle for liberation. All of the sudden, studying wildlife did not seem to be all that relevant; there were too many problems to solve in the world and not enough time. Worst of all, I understood little about the world I felt had to transform. I was learning and feeling new things so fast, that I couldn't process all the information. I needed time to think.

So ... I began thinking-- and as is common with students that begin to think, I began flunking most of my classes. I finally decided to go and chat with Dr. Hickey. For about 20 minutes I paced back and forth in his office, giving him a long dissertation about social injustice and human suffering and how I needed to do something about it. I told him I didn't care that I was flunking most of my courses.

I was sure my brilliant presentation was going to ignite a complex, and stimulating discussion of the biologist's role in abolishing social injustice. Discussions similar to those I had been having with friends at the Memorial Union, the 602 Club and the Cardinal Bar. But, all Hickey said was: "I think you're burnt out, Eddie, you've been working too hard." He didn't talk about politics or sociology. He said he would play his role "in loco parentis" and was pragmatic about the whole situation. He offered some advice: "Well, if you don't care about school then drop out. No sense to waste your time. Maybe you will have wasted your money, but let's make sure those F's stay off your record by dropping out early. Second, let's get you a job in a wildlife refuge where you can get some experience and can decide if wildlife ecology is the field for you." So he made one phone call and immediately got me a position as a technician with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. (It was past the deadline to submit summer job applications, so I guess someone high up in Fish and Wildlife Service owed him a favor.)

I was assigned to the Chautauqua National Wildlife Refuge, in Illinois. The refuge was part of the Mark Twain National Wildlife Refuge, and a surprising coincidence was that the nearest town to the refuge was called Havana. When Hickey learned where I was going, he told me that he had a friend who worked near that refuge. "Do you know who Frank Bellrose is?" Hickey asked. "Nope." I answered. He rolled his eyes (again!) and took me into the library and showed me a whole box of scientific articles on waterfowl written by Bellrose. I did not know it, but Hickey then called Bellrose and asked him to take care of me.

Bellrose called the refuge asking for me even before I arrived. I only visited Bellrose a few times during the summer, but each time I did, he would drop what he was doing and had a very nice and long educational conversation with me. He was the first person with whom I went birdwatching for shorebirds, and he set me up to work with biologists at the Illinois Natural History Survey. At the end of the summer Bellrose told me: "Make sure you tell Hickey that I took good care of you, I don't want him to disown me." The summer experience had its ups and downs, but it served to get my thoughts and feelings in focus again. I learned what it was that I wanted to get out of college, and, more vaguely, out of life.

I returned to Madison feeling I owed my life to Dr. Hickey, and I told him so. I also told him I didn't know how I could ever pay

him back for all the help he had given me. He answered by giving me still more advice: "Eddie, some day you will be in a position similar to mine. And when you get to be in that position, you will have the opportunity to help others. And every time you help another person, you will be paying back all the help I gave you." That was one of the most important lessons of my life, one that I have never forgotten, and one that I have taught all my students in Mexico. Although I owe much to various mentors and friends in my career, I might have never become a biologist had Joe Hickey not had the sensitivity to understand me and help keep me on-track during those early years.

At least one good thing Hickey got out of this whole affair was the ~~case~~^{case} of Puerto Rican Rum that my father sent him in appreciation of the help he had given me. At the time Hickey liked to take a drink now and then, and I remember he got a big kick out of the unexpected present.

I eventually graduated "With Distinction" and went on to work for the U.S. Forest Service on the conservation of the critically endangered Puerto Rican Parrot. When I returned to school for a Masters degree, Hickey, although retired, was always there to share his wisdom. He gave me advice like: "Always discuss your research project. You will think of things while you are talking, that you will not think in silence. Ask fellow students and colleagues for their opinions and criticism." He steered me through the university bureaucracy and politics, and wrote

important letters of recommendation.

The last formal bit of advice that he gave me was in 1985. I had just received my M.Sc. degree, and was leaving for west-central Mexico to help create a biosphere reserve in a remote mountain range. Other professor friends gave me practical advice about meeting the new challenges I was going to face in my first professional job. Not Hickey. This time he told me: "First, find a good woman and get married. Women have been very important in my life. Second, get your union card. Eddie, in our business this means, get your Ph.D."

Now, seven years later, Dr. Hickey met my wife, MaryChuy, talked with my mother and father who are still grateful for the help he offered me. He also listened to me talk about my new Ph.D. project on birds. I think he was happy to learn that I had finally followed his last advice.

Some say Dr. Hickey's greatest contribution was his work on DDT and the conservation of the Peregrine Falcon. Others say it was his novel use ^{of} bird band-return data to conduct life-table analyses. Still others, say it was his leadership in conservation organizations like the Audubon Society or the Nature Conservancy. However, I feel that his greatest contributions came in his role as a teacher and advisor. At the beginning of each semester you could easily identify Dr. Hickey's office. It was the one with a crowd of undergraduate students waiting in

line to talk with him. He spent much effort working with undergraduates, even if this was not always adequately rewarded by the academic authorities.

In unquantifiable ways he helped many young students and biologists at crucial times in their academic and professional careers. And I am sure that most of those students have their own beautiful stories to tell. If only a fraction of those he helped are now following his advice of helping others, then his goodwill is spreading widely, making this a much better world.

It is fitting that I end with the famous quotation by Henry Adams:

"A teacher affects eternity; ... (for we) can never tell where his influence stops."

I know we will be feeling and benefiting from the positive influence of Dr. Joseph J. Hickey for many, many years to come.

5 September, 1993.
Madison, Wisconsin

REMEMBERING JOE HICKEY *by Bill Foster*

Joe Hickey, long before he knew I existed, had become one of my heroes. He entered my life from the pages of the Audubon Society's BIRDLORE Magazine. BIRDLORE in the mid 1930s periodically reported unusual bird sightings from various regions of the U.S. - and Joseph J. Hickey of the New York City region was a star BIRDLORE performer. For years as a kid in East Tennessee I looked first for the New York report when the latest BIRDLORE arrived and time and again, there were Joe and his wonderful rarities, leading the list. For me, no one could be all bad who had added the Swallow-tailed Kite to his life list in New York while watching a baseball game.

When, almost two decades later, I joined the UW Law Faculty, it was an unexpected and special delight to learn that Joe Hickey was here ahead of me, a member of the Wildlife Management Faculty. I lost no time in bringing me to his attention and I number it among the blessings of my life that Joe and the family around him came to count me as a friend.

My relationship with Joe began with list-chasing excursions, competing against each other to be first to see or hear - and identify - a species new for the day. All this called for a tricky balance since it was devastating to make an erroneous call, far more serious than having the other guy make the correct call ahead of you. Publicly, Joe Hickey the scientist decried list-chasing. It was just a game, nothing scientific, kid stuff. Privately, however, Joe loved list-chasing and he was really good: an extremely acute ear, a sharp and knowing eye, and a storehouse of facts about field marks, bird behavior, habitat preferences and song that he could instantly sort out and call up.

The skills involved in identifying and coming to know a bird have about them a holistic quality. They press one to look for - and think about - relationships between parts and larger wholes. Small wonder, then, that this top list chaser had come so well prepared as a student to learn from and understand his great mentor, Aldo Leopold.

Joe and I talked a lot on our list-chasing excursions and over the years I marveled at the expanding breadth and depth of his grasp of ecology. And, as it turned out, Joe's growth and development were perfectly timed for the controversy stirred by Rachael Carson's Silent Spring. Silent Spring suggested that chemicals like DDT - hugely valuable to agriculture - were leading to environmental devastation. From the College of Agriculture at Wisconsin, criticism of Miss Carson was quick to come and harsh: she was an irresponsible fear-monger, utterly without proof that these chemicals caused the harms she suspected.

WHA, the University's public radio station, soon discovered

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that Joe Hickey was, quite literally, the only member of the Ag School faculty who would appear on the air in defense of Miss Carson. Her critics landed on him: Where are your proofs that Miss Carson is right? You have none and you are as irresponsible as she.

Joe's response was that the critics couldn't prove their case, either - and evidence suggesting links between these chemicals and harm was mounting. On our list-chasing trips these days, Joe spoke of his loneliness in the Ag School, alone without any publicly-stated support for the proposition that Miss Carson might just be correct.

Less than a decade later DDT was banned - first in Wisconsin, soon afterwards throughout the country. And evidence critically important to proving need for the ban had come meanwhile from Joe and his students.

By instinct, Joe Hickey was not one to launch out aggressively to support his own interests or to seek out confrontation to advance causes he cared deeply about. When confronted - as he had been by critics of Miss Carson - Joe stood his ground and spoke his piece. But down inside he was something of a shy man. Given those qualities, Joe was fortunate that he had across his adult life the close, forceful and effective support of three strong women: Peggy, his first wife, then after Peg's death, his wife Lola, and though last, scarcely least, his daughter Susie. Individually these were very different people but they in common contributed reinforcement and impetus for major steps and directions he took. We who are the beneficiaries of the great legacy Joe has left us owe very much to Peg, Lola and Susie.

I close with the point that when I remember Joe Hickey, I feel good all over.

G. W. Foster, Jr.
September 5, 1993

In Memory of Joseph J. Hickey by *Stuart Gordon*

Date: Sept. 5, 1993

I have the honor of commemorating and celebrating the final 15 years of Joseph J. Hickey's life. On December 26, 1978, Joe married my mother, Lola Gray Gordon and thus began a wonderful decade and a half. At their wedding reception, my brother Bob read a clever creation he had composed. I would like to read a portion of it for you to provide a flavor of the years ahead.

*Yet one sunny day Lola met a new friend
Who seemed determined their lives would blend.
Hickey has surname, his first name is Joe.
He is witty and wise and rarin' to go.
His talents are many for success he does strive,
For he's the bird man of Dorsett Drive,
Birds are his hobby and birds his career,
But Lola's the one whose heart he holds dear.
His word and his actions shows Lola he cares,
and perhaps this Tuesday he will make it upstairs.
For their wedding they have finally decided a date,
The day after Christmas in the year '78.
their marriage will be one that's heavenly made
But there are definite factors that can't be down played.
Lola keeps her house cooler than most folk do,
So Joe bring your coat so your lips don't turn blue.
It'll be early to bed and early to rise
If you want to spend time with your lovely new bride.*

So commenced 15 wonderful years of love and companionship. Their lives were full of many different elements; let me focus on two that seem to me representative of the new and dynamic life Joe brought to my mother. When we were kids, family vacations were camping trips. Joe and mom's travels, on the other hand, took a very different flavor...civilized is the word that comes to mind. As mom recently reflected..."I was very willing to give up sleeping bags and tents for first class luxury cruises and well orchestrated tours to beautiful and fascinating parts of the world". They traveled the inland waterway to Alaska, they ventured down under to Australia and New Zealand. They toured the heritage of all wildlife biology, the Galapagos Islands. Of course, they also visited unique and lovely places in this country, including the wildlife refuges of the Outer Banks of North Carolina and Corpus Christi Texas, Fort Jefferson off Key West Florida and the wildlife sanctuaries of Wisconsin. They were great travel companions, whether in the concrete canyons of New York at an Audubon Meeting or the wilds of the Galapagos Islands.

But perhaps more sacred to both Joe and my mother was the peace and contentment they both enjoyed at home. Joe moved from Dorset Drive to the Gordon home and very rapidly adorned his new dwelling with his personal trappings, including many wonderful bird and wildlife books, artwork and photographs. He made it his house and his home and it was a place he dearly loved. At the same time, he opened his heart and his home to his new step family. Joe always welcomed all of us into his home and into his life. He always appreciated our time and attention and our individual and collective lives and achievements. My father was my inspiration to seek educational advancement; Joe complemented this inspiration with continued interest and silent applause. He cheered the successes and anguished the trials and tribulations of all the Gordon children and grandchildren. Grandpa Joe, as he was affectionately known, loved to follow the lives of his grandchildren and he thoroughly enjoyed

their visits. ^{By} A striking coincidence, every time we visited, it was necessary to replenish the chocolate ice cream supply. Joe was a man ^{of} many passions; chocolate was certainly one of them. Another was my mother and the life they shared together. Joe was a wonderfully happy, cheerful and always grateful companion. I don't believe I ever visited their home that he didn't comment that he was very much in love with his new bride and that he was a very lucky man. He often said that the most important measure of success in a man's life was the sincere love and respect of his family. Joe, your life was a definite success.

MY FATHER *by Susi Nehls*

Some years ago I joined dad and Lola at an opening of one of the annual Birds in Art shows in Wausau, and we listened to a talk by artist Don Eckleberry. After the talk, I remember someone from the audience asking Mr. Eckleberry how he could charge so much money for a huge painting of a little bird on a little branch against an unpainted background. He replied that his prices were so high because it took a lot of time to decide what not to paint.

I had the same dilemma this week: sifting through years of memories and trying to pick out those that I not only wanted to talk about but would be able to as well. Here are a few recollections that fit both criteria.

My dad sure was a swell storyteller. Certain people and past experiences were vivid in his memory. This, coupled with his sense of humor, helped him come up with a story for any occasion. Some were good, a few were not, but it didn't matter because it was the telling that counted. His favorites we knew by heart.

One of the most wonderful things about dad was his enthusiasm for just about everything. He could literally captivate an audience, not just in the classroom but out of it. During the year, in the 60's I think, that he introduced speakers for a distinguished naturalist series sponsored by Madison Audubon Society, several persons told me even if they knew nothing about the speaker, they went because they were sure at least the introductions would be memorable.

During his brief bachelor years after mom's death, dad continued life with the same gusto he always had. He was proud of the new activities (ironing, planting flowers, cooking) that he had never done before. He used to call me up and tell me what he was making for dinner: quiche lorraine, marinated chicken, potatoes au gratin from scratch, etc. "Wow, I'd say, who's coming for dinner?" "Nobody," he'd exclaim, "just me. Isn't it great!"

Unlike most of the rest of us who tend to take good things for granted, dad never did. "Lucky Joe, I am" he'd say, and even at age 86, he never failed to speak of his appreciation for the people -- both past and present -- who had made a difference in his life.

Dad leaves many legacies. In talking to people from around the country these past few days, I realize he has been a landmark in many lives. As a result, I could go on telling stories about my father for hours and not tell half of them. But what is important today is not the just the story telling but how Joe Hickey, the father, the husband, the teacher, the researcher, the friend has touched each and every one of us in his own special way, a way that has added something to all of our lives. Thus to make a speech that would cover all of the feelings that are in each of our hearts would be impossible. So I will end just by saying that I am glad to have been Joe's daughter, and as his daughter, to have met so many wonderful people who shared his long and rich life. "Lucky Joe" really was lucky to have such friends, but we were also lucky to have been a part of his life as well.

In closing these reflections about my father, I would like to thank all of the speakers who shared something of themselves. Sometimes this is not easy, but your thoughts were very much appreciated. I also thank the people who contributed in other ways to this celebration. But most of all, I thank all of you who came today to remember and honor my father. Joe Hickey truly was a lucky man.

* * * * *

In tribute to my father's lifelong love of birding, I'd like to close with a poem from a book by one of dad's teenage birding buddies. The book is The Christmas Poems of Charles Anderson Urner, and the poem is called "Memories".

Gray skies that slowly lighten with the dawn,
Revealing o'er an angry, storm-tossed sea
The southbound flyers hurrying down the lee;
Uncounted gulls, now sparring with the breeze,
Now in the sheltered troughs between the waves;
Long lines of ducks; unformed massed flocks of brant;
Lone loons, high fliers, hewing to the line,
Scorning protection of the friendly waves;
And gannets, winged arrows, black and white,
Splitting the air with lightning, saw-tooth flight.

With this the treasured comradeship of those
Who know the joy of dawn, come wet, come bright;
Whose pulse-beats quicken with the cadence
Of the moving sea, and waterfowl in flight.

As this afternoon of remembering and celebrating Joe Hickey's life draws to a close, we would like to share one last poem. It was read in 1969 at the memorial service of a long-time friend of his, wildlife artist Francis Lee Jaques.

"The Dark Wood" by John Hall Wheelock

In the dark of the wood, silence, no leaf stirred.
No sound, whisper of water or trill of bird --
When a voice said, a voice I had never heard,
 "How is it with you?"

The evening light peered through the wood.
A long way over, up the long hill I had come --
Low, half to myself, I answered, turning home,
 "It is well with me."

Silence. Silence over the valley and hills.
Silence in the dark wood. The world was still.
But a music I had heard was with me still,
 As I turned homeward.