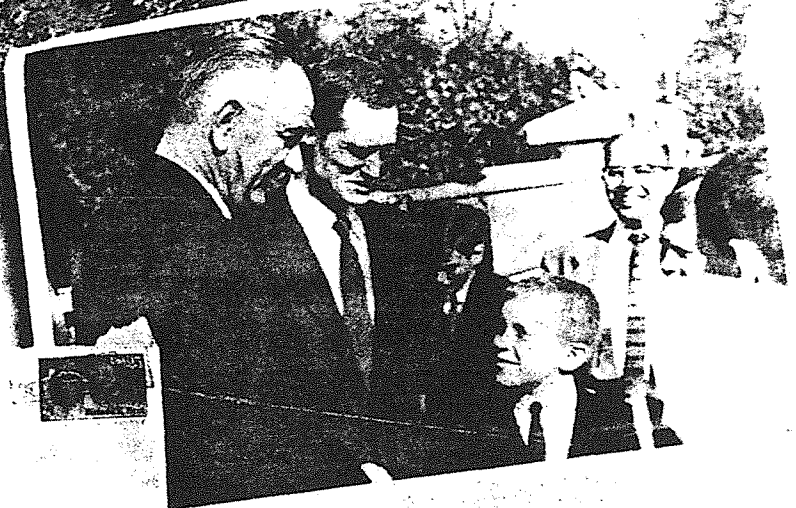


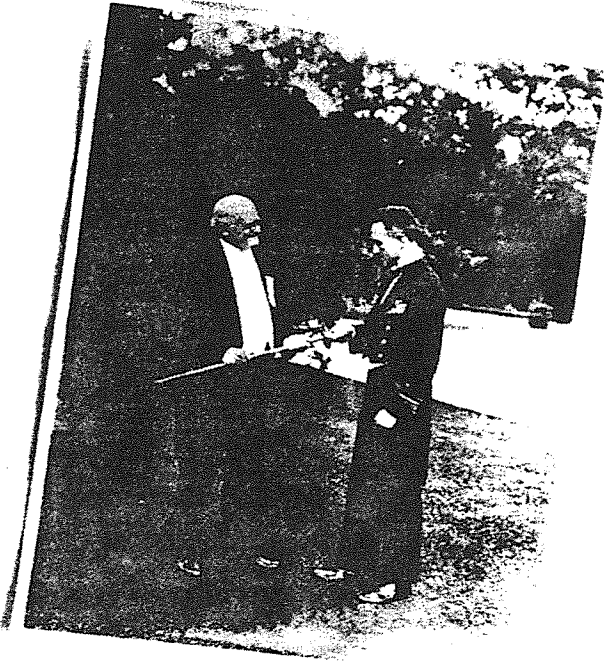
The Strange Death of Commander Byrd

Commander Richard Byrd Jr., the only son of the famed explorer Admiral Byrd and a member of one of the most powerful Virginia families, had one dream: to found a museum for his father. His dream was never realized. His sad story follows.

by J. Garland Pollard



Clockwise from top: Commander Byrd at his 1942 graduation from Harvard; Vice President Lyndon Johnson, Byrd, and son Leverett at the dedication of a memorial to Adm. Byrd at the Avenue of Heroes near Arlington; a Byrd family photo in the 1930's, with young Dick Byrd, the Admiral and daughters Katherine and Bolling. The stamp in the center was the one issued at the National Geographic ceremonies in Washington.



"... I have been living in a world of great adventure all my life—even if it's been second-hand."

—Richard Evelyn Byrd Jr.

September 14, 1988, was the kind of day that Commander Richard Evelyn Byrd Jr. liked. He was to attend a ceremony with the rest of his family at National Geographic Society headquarters. The Washington ceremony would honor his father, the famed polar explorer Rear Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd, one of the most distinguished Virginians of the 20th century. This time the Postal Service was doing the honors, introducing yet another stamp with his father's likeness on it, this one marking the 100th anniversary of the Admiral's birth, rekindling, in a nation in search of heroes, the memory of the last great explorer.

But Commander Byrd never made it to the Washington ceremonies. His son Levertt had seen the 68-year-old off on an Amtrak train the day before from South Station in Boston. For some inexplicable reason, Commander Byrd got off the train in Baltimore. For three weeks, Byrd wandered the streets of that city, taken for a derelict.

On Oct. 3, he was found dead in a seedy warehouse, his emaciated body clad in dirt-blackened clothes and one scuffed shoe. Those who saw the national headlines would wonder. How could the only son of Admiral Byrd, a Harvard graduate, father of four successful children and a first cousin to Sen. Harry F. Byrd Jr. end up dead of "malnutrition and dehydration" in a Baltimore warehouse?

This is not simply the story of an eccentric old man from a distinguished Virginia family who got lost in Baltimore and died, suffering from Alzheimer's disease. It is more complex than that. This is the classic story of the son of a great American hero. Of unfulfilled dreams. Of living in the shadow of greatness.

Some fathers live vicariously through their sons. Commander Byrd lived vicariously through his father. Byrd had one dream: to found a museum about his father and preserve the legacy of the man he admired so much. He never realized that dream. Instead, Dick Byrd died unhappy and frustrated. Byrd's sister, Katherine Byrd Breyer, who now lives in Los Angeles, says that if Richard Byrd hadn't been the son of the Admiral, "He probably would have led a more private kind of life—like everyone

On Sat., June 21, 1930, Virginia welcomed home her son, Admiral Richard E. Byrd, after his trip to the South Pole. The writer's great-grandfather, Gov. John Garland Pollard (left), presented a sword from the Commonwealth of Virginia, paid for by donations limited to 10 cents so that all Virginians would get a chance to contribute. The sword was engraved with the coats of arms of Virginia and the Byrds. It brought the highest price, \$9,500 in a Lynnfield, Mass., auction of the Admiral's belongings after his son's death.

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- 4:00 P.M.—Signed Eucharist for
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CHRISTIAN EDUCATION CLASSES AT 10:15 A.M.

- CONCLUSIONS: THE CHURCH
IN CONTEXT
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- THE LIVING, HEALING CHRIST (III)
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else." His sister, Bolling Byrd Clarke, now living in Pennsylvania, calls her brother an excellent example of "What can happen to the children of heroes. . . . He felt a responsibility to take care of his father's legacy, but perhaps he took on more than he needed to."

IF VIRGINIA HAD ROYALTY, THE Byrds, no doubt, would be it. William Byrd of Westover was one of Virginia's early Renaissance men, inheriting over 17,000 acres from his father, the first William Byrd, one of the wealthiest men in the Virginia colony. William Byrd of Westover developed Richmond and Petersburg. An English-educated writer and reader of the classics, Byrd owned one of the greatest libraries in colonial Virginia. His secret diary, published posthumously, brought to life Virginia's golden era of the early 18th century. Byrd was an explorer too, best known for surveying the border of North Carolina and Virginia and writing about his exploits in his famous book "The History of the Dividing Line."

The Byrd clan kept a low profile until after the Civil War, moving to Texas before coming to Winchester in the Shenandoah Valley and reclaiming past glories of the colonial era there. The Commander's grandfather, Richard Evelyn Byrd, an attorney and also a well-known state politician, had three sons—Tom, Dick and Harry. The rest is history. Tom tended the apple orchard; Harry became a governor, then senator, then head of the powerful Democratic Byrd political machine, which held Virginia in its grip for 40 years.

But adventurous blood coursed through brother Dick. Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd was one of the most dashing and glamorous figures of the 20th century. The first man to fly over both the North and South poles, he is considered the father of the Antarctic Treaty, a pact signed by 12 nations and seen as a model for international cooperation. According to biographer Edwin Hoyt, in his book "The Last Explorer: The Adventures of Admiral Byrd," Byrd was the last of the great explorers, a club which began with deGama and Drake and ended with Peary and Amundsen. It is hard for us to realize today the kind of admiration and awe a man like Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd could evoke, especially when one can book a trip to Antarctica for less than \$5,000. But put together the trailblazing of astronaut Neil Armstrong, the looks of actor Errol Flynn, the P.R. savvy of daredevil Evel Knievel and you get a picture of Byrd's public persona.

Richard E. Byrd Jr. was born in Boston in 1920, one of four children. He had three sisters, all alive today save the youngest Helen, who died in a tragic household accident in the 1974. "The pressure was on," says son Leverett S. Byrd, 36, now living in Needham, Mass., about his father. In fact, the cards seemed stacked against the young Byrd from the start. Case studies show that, in general, it is especially hard on the only son of a famous man. Molly Brunk, director of psychology at the Virginia Treatment Center For Children, says she could have predicted extra pressure on the young Byrd.



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He felt a great responsibility to take care of his father's legacy, but perhaps he took on more than he needed to."

Bolling Byrd Clarke

While she hesitates to diagnose above the grave, Brunk says that, in general, if the father is a high achiever it is hard for the child to compete and frequently there is a "fear of failure." Some overcome it, some do not. Brunk says it is common for sons of high achievers to have the problem of living up to a father as "Fathers have historically had the role of encouraging achievement."

Byrd's sister, Bolling Byrd Clarke, says that living with her father's powerful image was easier on her, but she still remembers people coming up to her constantly asking, "What is it you're going to do with your name?" It is more difficult for the boy, especially with the same name. There is no way that one can live up to the image, although they feel like they must.

Try as they might to lead a normal family life, the Byrds could not always succeed. They lived at 9 Brimmer St., in the fashionable North End section of Boston. In order to escape attention, the Admiral, who rarely talked of his exploits at home, often took his children to his father's retreat in Maine. But when the family was in Boston, says Clarke, they would often attract attention, especially in photographs while they were together. They came to be known to the public as "ogres," says Clarke. "While their father courted the press, the remaining, mother Marie Byrd, was more reserved and pictures were taken of her alone."

Young Dickie Byrd, who his sister describes as the kind of boy who was always fixing motors and tinkering with machines, watched in admiration at Wiscasset, Maine, as his father left for his first mission to the North Pole on the "Chantier" in 1926. The Admiral had named a small Curtiss Oriole scout plane after his 5-year-old son, calling it "Richard the Third." (The admiral was actually Richard Evelyn Byrd Jr. and son Richard III. The Commander's son, who now lives in Boston, is Richard E. Byrd III.) Later in life, looking back on his early years in a Boston Globe article, Richard Byrd would write: "... I recall how my father worked around the calendar and clock to finance and equip two ships and 200 men. ... Before going to bed nights I'd see him working at his desk. And when I got up in the morning, he was still there—usually behind piles of papers, maps and letters that hid all but the top of his desk."


Early in Richard Jr.'s life there were high expectations. He attended the prestigious, private grade school, Dexter Academy. In 1933, he entered the equally prestigious prep school Milton Academy in Milton, Mass., in the suburbs of Boston, where his high school years were marked by an exceeding shyness, according to school papers.

During his Milton years, Byrd sometimes touched base with his Virginia roots. "He would come occasionally to visit his grandmother," says former Sen. Harry F. Byrd Jr., a first cousin, who was five or six years older than Richard Byrd. Byrd came for debutante parties and weddings, too, for the Admiral was keen on keeping his only son involved in the Virginia side of the family. On one occasion, the Admiral called to get young Dickie out of school for a wedding of a "brother's daughter" in Virginia. Dickie had wanted to go to the Texas Centennial but instead was sent to the Virginia wedding.

Harvard was next in the elite education of Richard Byrd Jr., who graduated from the school of Arts and Sciences in 1942. Yet even in Milton's recommendation to Harvard in March of 1938, the young Byrd couldn't escape from his father's shadow. In the recommendation, Byrd was, "well-liked by other boys" and his father, "has set high standards." But of overriding interest to the school was his "interest in rebuilding old autos, cast-off goods and machines, and concern with certain aspects of his father's exploration." The cars and machines would become his lifelong avocation; preserving details of his father's exploration would become his life's work.

"He worshipped his father," says Douglas Mercer, a Boston lawyer who knew Byrd for two years at Harvard and whose son is close friends with Byrd's son, Dick III. Mercer and Byrd were both members of the Fox Club, one of the school's eating and drinking clubs, also an honor society. Mercer remembers Byrd as "fairly quiet and 'reserved,' so different from the outgoing Dick III."

AS HIS FATHER HAD DONE years earlier, Richard Byrd began a career in the Navy just after Harvard. During World War II he served in the Pacific.



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a special air group operating a pack of guided aircraft missiles and became a Lieutenant. After rising to the rank of Commander in 1946, at age 26, Byrd found out from Admiral Nimtz that his father would be heading to the North Pole. Byrd applied to the Navy unit assigned to his father, who was preparing for Operation Highjump, one of his many trips to the South Pole. For his entire lifetime, Byrd had wanted to accompany his father to the Antarctic. But he had always been too young to go with the Admiral. Now he was an officer, he had earned the right to go on his own. Byrd was accepted as a junior member of the expedition's scientific and technical study team, and would work as an assistant to Capt. George F. Keesee.

On Dec. 2, 1946, Lt. Byrd left Norfolk on the U.S.S. Olympus on Operation Highjump. His father was to arrive later in January to visit the old Byrd base of Little America. In a Dec. 18, 1946, Boston Globe newspaper account Byrd detailed the father and son trip to Antarctica. In a story headlined, "A Boy's Dream Comes True—Admiral Byrd's Son Goes on Expedition to Antarctica," Byrd wrote, "Although this is my first expedition into the unknown, it seems as if I have been living in a world of great adventure all my life—even if it's been second-hand."

But the rosy portrait Byrd painted for the Globe contrasted with accounts of the Operation Highjump expedition in Edwin Hoyt's important biography of the Admiral, "The Last Explorer." About that first father-son trip, Hoyt writes of an aging Admiral Byrd, not the upstart Admiral who had challenged bureaucracy, raised money on his own and organized large expeditions. According to Hoyt, the Admiral had a "miniscule" part in the operation and was shut out of most activities. Instead, the Admiral spent much of the time with veterans of other Antarctic trips reminiscing about old explorations.

In 1948, between his first and second trips to Antarctica, the younger Byrd married the daughter of Massachusetts Sen. Leverett Saltonstall, a family as important and influential in Massachusetts as the Byrds were in Virginia. The wedding reception at the Saltonstall's Dover, Mass., estate, Lone Oak Farm, attracted over 1,800 family members, friends and politicians. The guest list included Henry Cabot Lodge, three Supreme Court justices and President Truman's Secretary of State, Frederic Cook. It was the stuff of dynasty—two great American political families, the Byrds of Virginia and the Saltonstalls of Massachusetts, united in marriage. Sen. Harry Byrd Sr. was there, as was brother Tom. Then-state Sen. Harry F. Byrd Jr. and brother Beverly were ushers.

In 1955, Operation Deep Freeze I took the Admiral and his son to "Little America" again, exploring 800,000 acres of the Antarctic. But in this last trip, a year before his death, the Admiral was an aging 67 and only a figurehead leader for the expedition. The Admiral suffered numerous breaches of Navy protocol, including rudeness to his staff by lower ranking officers. Biographer Hoyt says this was not contested by the ever-polite Virginia Gentleman. Hoyt writes

that relations between The Admiral's staff and Rear Admiral Dufek were so bad that Dufek had to tell his staff to be more respectful to the Byrd staff.

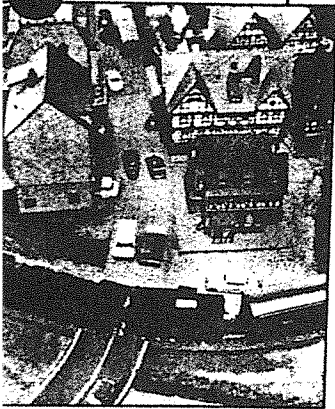
The Admiral died in 1957, at age 68. At the same time the Admiral was near death, Byrd's marriage (he had four sons) was falling apart. The unhappiness would surface in extensive newspaper reports when the divorce proceedings began in 1960; the two were separated in 1957, Byrd leaving the family's Newton, Mass., home for 9 Brimmer St., the residence of his childhood and of his widowed mother. The four children stayed with their mother in Newton. In Jan. 22, 1960, the Boston Globe quoted Emily Saltonstall Byrd as saying her husband "raised a rumpus at two in the morning, broke dishes and badly frightened her." Additionally, there were "periods of silence" in the relationship where Byrd would not speak to her for "as long as two weeks at a stretch."

TO THOSE CLOSE TO HIM, THERE were two Commander Byrds. Says the Ven. Robert A. Bryan, longtime friend of Richard Byrd and an Anglican arch deacon in Quebec who performed ceremonies at Byrd's Arlington National Cemetery funeral: "The Commander's lifestyle was confusing to those who knew him." On one hand, he was "very polite, a gentleman, and articulate with a great sense of history," bringing the explorer's era alive and spending years of his life trying to preserve his father's memory. "He would regale me," says Bryan, "with visitors to Brimmer Street, like [financier] Bernard Baruch."

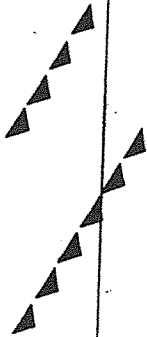
But at the same time, the Commander was a man of great eccentricities. Friends say Byrd had perhaps 500 old cars scattered throughout New England, collected all manner of what friends called "junk," drove cars with batteries sitting on the running boards, sometimes slept in old buildings, and frequently appeared unkempt, sometimes wearing three pairs of pants. Ultimately, the accumulated "junk" together with the extensive collection of the Admiral's artifacts and correspondence overcame Byrd, rendering him incapable of sorting out either.

When Marie Byrd, wife of the Admiral, died in 1974, Commander Byrd was placed in charge of the Admiral Byrd Foundation, established in 1966 and made up solely of family members. The Foundation consisted of the Brimmer Street house, a small trust, and the Admiral's equipment, medals, and expedition papers. (The Admiral's artifacts were housed in the Smithsonian Institution, the Jamestown-Yorktown Foundation, the Brimmer Street house and other institutions).

Marie Byrd's wish was that the house on Beacon Hill would become a museum for her explorer husband. With her death, Commander Byrd took on that task. If all went as planned, Dick Byrd would assemble all of the Admiral's possessions from the various institutions that housed them and bring them together at the family's Beacon Hill home. Byrd's son Leverett says the task of setting up a museum would prove much larger than his father could handle. The Admiral's legacy, housed in bank vaults and



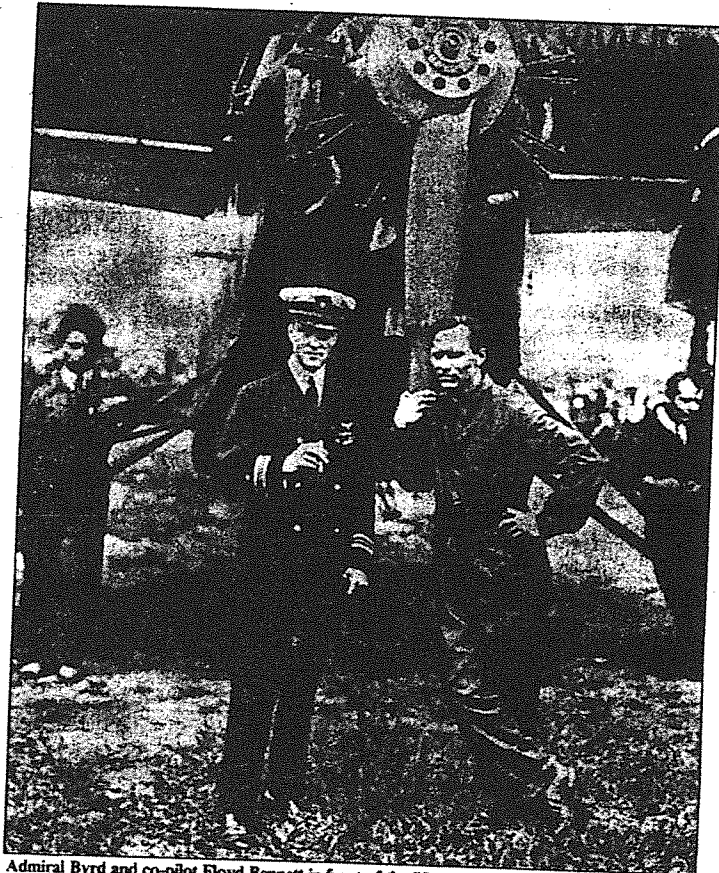
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Admiral Byrd and co-pilot Floyd Bennett in front of the "Josephine Ford" the Fokker airplane that took them over the North Pole in 1926.

museums and Brimmer Street, was enormous. There were his medals (the Medal of Freedom, the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Legion of Merit, the Hubbard Medal of the National Geographic Society, to name just a few), his voluminous papers and his many letters. There were mukluks (Eskimo fur boots), fur gloves, hats, underwear, sleds, skis, compasses, stuffed penguins, handguns, certificates from Teddy Roosevelt, books and every manner of equipment—all of which filled the Brimmer Street house.

In 1979, the Commander was ousted as head of the Admiral Byrd Foundation. By order of the Massachusetts attorney general's office, the foundation's board was expanded to include "three nonfamily members," according to newspaper reports. Then in 1982 the house on Brimmer Street—which was intended to be the home of the Admiral's museum and where Byrd lived—had to be sold. (Because of a change in the water table on Brimmer Street, the entire block had to undergo costly stabilization. The Byrd Foundation couldn't absorb the cost of the repairs). The Commodore's dream was coming apart. Says longtime friend Bob Katz: "It tore him up when it had to be sold."

The money from the sale of 9 Brimmer St., \$417,000, was given to the Institute of Polar Studies at Ohio State University, in Columbus, Ohio, to set up a research fellowship in memory of the Admiral and Marie Byrd. After the house was sold, the

most valuable expedition papers of the Admiral, ones that showed the personal side of the explorer and were for so long kept from biographers by protective family members, were dispersed, ending up in attics, warehouses, bank vaults and basements throughout Boston. Later, they were sold by the foundation to Ohio State for \$155,000.

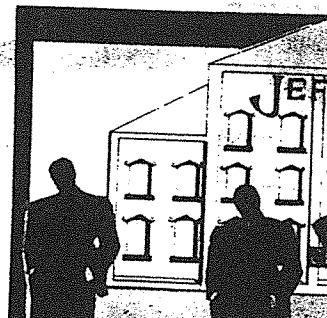
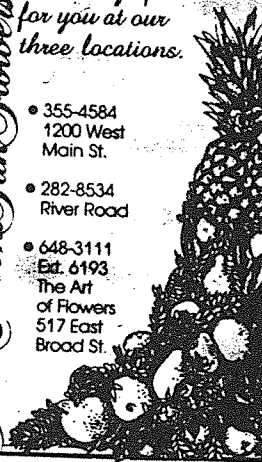
The Commander's indecision over the relics would result in their being auctioned off. Bryan says Byrd "would vacillate, whether it would be the Smithsonian or National Archives that would get all of the Admiral's things." During this period, Bryan says the Commander was continually worried about money to establish the museum, now that the Brimmer Street house was gone. "When he had money, he never spent it on himself," says Bryan. "He would never buy an expensive meal or go to a vacation spot. He was squirreling resources away to make sure certain funds were there to make the big move, to pay for whatever it cost." The big move never came, and ironically the most valuable papers were almost lost, finally turning up in damp supermarket bags in a home in Newton, Mass., where they were about to be thrown out as trash. All of the Admiral's papers are now at Ohio State, and still being sorted, organized, cataloged and studied, according to Peter Anderson of the Research Center.

In the midst of the Commander's frustration at not being able to start the museum,

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there were family struggles as well, ones ultimately led to lawsuits. Byrd conveyed the family's beloved Maine property, Wickyp on Tunk Lake in Sullivan, to a third party because he didn't trust his sisters, says Bryan. To settle the disagreement, Byrd's sisters took him to court to share in the property. The Commander told Bryan that "He was worried that sisters might sell property, but he had promised his parents he would keep it. His perception was 180 degrees off the mark."

To finally settle the entire Byrd estate, 14 years after the death of Marie Byrd, there have been three auctions: one for the household items, one for the expedition items, and the last for the medals. Today, the estate of Marie Byrd is close to being settled, and the estate of the Dick Byrd is perhaps a year away from being settled, according to Adrienne Serwo, vice president in charge of estate settlement at State Street Bank in Boston. Serwo says the difficulty in settling of the Commander's estate is that among the trailerloads left there is so much "junk" to sort through amongst the Commander's "stuff."

(Part of the estate was thought to be in Richmond. Neil November of the Virginia Aviation Museum found out about the estate sale when the Admiral's trust was settled just before the Commander's death. The estate knew that there were articles of the Admiral's in Richmond; they were housed in a display case in the lobby of Byrd Airport, now Richmond International Airport. The estate could make no claim to the articles, as ex-Sen. Harry F. Byrd Jr. had purchased them from the estate and donated them to the airport. The Admiral's display case is now at the Aviation Museum).

WHILE PUTTING TOGETHER THE museum proved too much for him, Commander Byrd was a success in other ways. Friends thought he was an excellent mechanic, even a genius with the internal combustion engine, his tinkering having begun years before as a child. In fact, his cars may have been the joy of his life, an outlet other than the failed museum and the Admiral's legacy.

Perhaps the legacy in New England of Commander Byrd is his cars, squirreled away in so many different places they might not all be found by the estate. Longtime friend Bob Katz says there are probably 100 left scattered in various places. At one time Katz estimates there were probably 500, about 10 percent of them in working condition at any one time. Son Leverett has one of his father's cars, a Packard, (not working, of course) in his garage in Needham, Mass. Katz says the Commander's prize possessions were a Mercedes touring car worth over \$250,000, a Stanley Steamer and an aluminum-bodied Locomobile. To go with these cars, Katz says, Byrd had cases and cases of toothpaste tubes, apparently used inside old car batteries to keep them running.

Even in the Commander's eccentricities, Admiral Byrd's influence was apparent, sometimes leading to outrageously funny situations for friends. John Widelski tells the story about when the Commander

brought in an old mattress to his friend's apartment. It had been on the street for what Widelski guessed was over two weeks. As the Commander pulled it up the steps, he insisted that it was made of horsehair, and horsehair stuffing was useful in repairing old car seats. Byrd also said it might be good for repairing the side of a ship in the Antarctic, but only, of course, until proper repairs could be made to the hull. The Commander's oft-repeated saying was "Not that I want it, but I hate to see anyone else get it at this price."

Bob Ryan, director of the Boothbay Railway Village in Maine, a place frequented by the Commander, said there was always a lot of "mysteriousness" surrounding Byrd, who would drop by the museum to check on cars he had lent the museum. The museum staff always wondered whether he was "filthy rich, or as poor as he looks," Ryan says. To the staff and Ryan there was always a sense of "anticipation" when the Commander showed up. The Commander would always command the staff's interest and was "always endearing that way." At a museum of mechanical products, as Boothbay Railway Village was, the Commander was appreciated too because of his mechanical knowledge. Listening to Byrd was like "hearing a reference book talk," says Ryan. Byrd impressed everybody on the staff with his "knowledge, mind and eccentricities."

THE COMMANDER'S DEATH IN Baltimore was like many things in his life, a mystery, even though the family knew he was becoming forgetful. Byrd was found in a vacant warehouse at 1760 Union Ave., where he had apparently been dead for a couple of days, his only identification a Boston "T" transit authority card. The only person the Commander was known to have spoken to in Baltimore was Burt Gayleard, 40, the property manager for the owners of the warehouse. According to newspaper accounts, the Commander asked him "Where was Baltimore?" and Gayleard replied, "You're in Baltimore." According to a United Press International story, Gayleard said he knew there was something different about Byrd by the way he pronounced "Baltimore," even if he did look like a vagrant.

While the death would shock family and friends, it would not be surprising to anyone who knew him that Byrd would sleep in a warehouse. According to Bryan, Byrd "was used to a Spartan existence," saving money for the Admiral's museum. When visiting the Boothbay Railway Museum, according to Bob Ryan, Byrd would sometimes sleep in the cabooses overnight.

But his eccentricities don't explain everything. Byrd's getting confused and lost in Baltimore was probably due to his failing memory. The coroner's report listed Alzheimer's disease, malnutrition and dehydration as the causes of death. Maryland Medical Examiner John E. Smialek said the Alzheimer's had led the Commander to wander off from the train station and "In his confused state, he could have appeared to have been intoxicated. He wasn't able to get help." Son Leverett says that, "Towards

To those close to him, there were two Commander Byrds. One was an articulate gentleman with a great sense of history. The other was a man of great eccentricities given to collecting old cars by the hundreds.

the end, he was getting foggy, but he could clearly remember [what happened] 20 or 30 years ago." He says that his father had been tested over the summer for his forgetfulness, but that the tests showed no signs of Alzheimer's. This forgetfulness was evident in his personal financial matters. The family tried unsuccessfully to intercede, seeking a conservatorship, which would have given the family control over his finances.

Even in the end, the Commander could not escape from Admiral Byrd's influence. Another of the Commander's eccentricities

was that, from 1961 on, he would not fly. This is why he traveled to the ceremony in Washington on the Amtrak train himself, rather than on the plane with the rest of the family. According to Bryan, Byrd was convinced that the Admiral had told him not to fly, which, according to Bryan, was ludicrous. According to Bryan, one night in 1961 at the family compound in Maine, the Commander had noticed a fire miles in the distance and was extremely worried about it. Bryan, an expert pilot who flies himself as chairman of the Quebec-Labrador Foundation (the foundation develops leadership in youth in the hinterlands of Canada) on a regular basis, agreed to fly over the fire though it was dangerous. He returned unharmed, and Byrd thanked Bryan. But later, the Commander would refuse to fly with Bryan, saying, "The skipper [i.e. the Admiral] doesn't want me to fly."

THE GRAND AGE OF EXPLORATION, kept alive long after the Admiral's death inside the Commander, was over on Oct. 3 with the death of Richard Byrd Jr. But the ceremony at the National Geographic Society honoring the Admiral would still go on. What has never come to pass, though, is the dream of his son, the founding of a museum in Admiral Byrd's name. The Commander's wish, according to his close friend Robert Bryan, was that "the skipper's [the Admiral's] record would be maintained" with all of his possessions in a special place. "He was responsible for getting it organized, but wasn't able to carry things through."

For many families a burden. There are expectations to live up to, achievements to emulate, pitfalls to avoid. But most struggle and carve out unique identities, separate from our parents. Somehow, Dick Byrd found the struggle more difficult than others. He carried a burden many of us will never carry: He was the only son of an international hero.

At the funeral, Bryan delivered a short prayer at the Commander's burial service at Arlington National Cemetery, where he was buried next to his father:

"We give thanks that Dick has been relieved now of the burden of suffering and frustration of many troubled years. Often unable to cope or follow through with the challenges and tasks set before him, he brought anguish upon himself, his family and friends.

"And yet we remember his quiet dignity, his remarkable grasp of history, his passion for anything to do with the internal combustion engine, the whimsy and wit that drew children to him, his love for the solitude of Tunk Lake, his abiding allegiance to his country and his overwhelming sense of duty in accordance with his father's wishes. Let us try to remember those qualities and not dwell on the things we cannot change.

"As we think of Dick we will close ranks again and move ahead a day at a time which he would want us to do—doing the next thing to be done, not looking back over our shoulders, but forward where the sky is bright."