Richard Mott Gummere

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Richard Mott Gummere was born in Burlington, New Jersey on August 3, 1883, into a distinguished American academic family that had for generations been dedicated to excellence in both teaching and scholarship. His great-grandfather, John Gummere, was a nationally-known mathematician who published treatises on surveying and astronomy and who founded a boarding school in Burlington that attracted students from all over the country and from the West Indies. His grandfather, Samuel James Gummere, also a mathematician but with training in the classics as well, was president of Haverford College. His father, Francis Barton Gummere, professor of English at Haverford from 1887 to 1919, won world-wide renown for his work on early English poetry, especially for his study of ballads and his translation of Beowulf. As if this were not enough, Dick Gummere's mother, Amelia Mott Gummere, was a scholar in her own right, writing numerous books and articles on Quaker history and editing the journals of John Woolman.

Dick's forbears were all extraordinarily sensitive people, as well. Both his grandfather and father wrote poetry—an avocation that Dick himself later followed—and while they both had opportunity to hold positions of administrative responsibility, they seemingly were happiest when engaged in affairs of the mind. Dick's father received flattering offers of positions at both the University of Chicago and at Harvard but wisely decided to remain at Haverford and continue his teaching and his writing. Certainly Dick was brought up in an atmosphere where intellectual achievement was prized; and it may not have been an unmixed blessing, for he spoke often in later years of his concern that he live up to the family record of accomplishment.

Of Dick's early life there is little recorded aside from what he himself recounted from time to time to his family and friends. There were some vague memories of New Bedford, where Francis Gummere was headmaster of the Swain Free School until Dick was four. There were walks and games with his father, to whom he was always close. There was a great deal of reading done at an early age. On one occasion Dick's father and Frank Morley, the father of Christopher Morley and a

professor at Haverford, hired Dick to read *Huckleberry Finn* aloud to them while they sat on the porch in their rocking chairs and smoked. Francis Gummere had studied in Germany, winning his doctorate at the University of Freiburg in 1881, and his field of study necessitated frequent trips to Europe. As a result Dick was introduced to Europe and European schools at an early age. He spent a year at Marlburia in Montreux, Switzerland and some additional time at various schools in England. He always remembered these years with pleasure and found his experiences abroad stretching for both the mind and the spirit. In addition it was in Europe that Dick was introduced to two of his greatest loves—cricket and soccer.

Francis Gummere had graduated from Haverford at the age of 17 and it soon became clear that Dick was equally precocious. Though he attended the Haverford School for a while, he was never really happy there, and his family finally decided to have him tutored at home in preparation for admission to Haverford College. All went well except for mathematics—a subject that Dick could never make head nor tail of until his dying day. As a result, he entered Haverford with a "condition," even though a superior student in all the other fields. He was just 15. Dick liked to tell how Professor Ernest Smith of the Haverford Department of Mathematics gave him make-up after make-up in an effort to get his condition removed. Finally Smith told Dick's father that the boy was getting worse rather than better and that he deserved to have the condition removed on the basis of effort if not ability. Once Dick had recovered from his mathematical trauma, he did brilliantly and graduated Phi Beta Kappa. And throughout his career as chairman of the Committee on Admissions at Harvard, he always had a soft spot in his heart for the boy who could not do math.

In many ways Dick's college days were the happiest of his life. Though he lived at home for part of the time, he was in the middle of everything from the very start, including the horseplay. He was active in the musical clubs and at one time even attempted to learn the violin. It must have been during this period that he first began the singing that he was to enjoy so much thereafter. His voice was unusually sweet and true, and he was never happier than when singing German folksongs with old college friends—"How Can I Leave Thee?," "Muss I Denn?," "Im Wald und Auf der Heide," and the rest. Accounts of student life in other colleges indicate that the turn of the century was

indeed a golden time for the American undergraduate, and Dick never forgot the friends and the fun and the accomplishments of those days.

Though he graduated from Haverford with distinction in 1902, I think he was proudest of his college achievements in sports. Indeed, he can be called the father of American intercollegiate soccer. During his senior year at Haverford Dick helped organize the first college soccer team—one that played informal matches with the University of Pennsylvania and other pick-up teams from the Philadelphia area. The following year, while a graduate student at Harvard, he encouraged the establishment of a soccer team there, and his interest in Harvard soccer never flagged. I remember having lunch with him about two months before he died. After lunch he asked me if I would mind dropping him off at the varsity soccer field so that he could watch the opening practice. I asked him how he would get home. "I'll walk back," he said, even though the distance was close to a mile. And this was at the age of 86. It was a fitting recognition of his contribution to the sport when a group of New England secondary schools established the Richard M. Gummere Cup, for which their soccer teams compete each year.

Much as Dick enjoyed soccer, his real love was cricket. He had played the game in England, his father was an enthusiastic cricketer, the Gummere house in Haverford abutted on the cricket field, and there was a long tradition of cricket at the college—his marriage to the game was inevitable. As a member of the first Haverford eleven, Dick soon became a star performer against such teams as Harvard, the University of Pennsylvania, and the Merion Cricket Club. The high point in his career came during his senior year in a match against Penn in which he scored 96 runs—almost the mythical "century"—and performed brilliantly as a bowler as well. Before the game Dick's father had offered him 10¢ for every run he made and 25¢ for every wicket he bowled in the game. As the contest ended, Francis Gummere walked out on the field with a check for what was then a considerable sum already made out and handed it to Dick. It was a day he never forgot. Throughout the rest of his life his enthusiasm for cricket never waned, and it is perhaps significant that his two closest friends—Christie Morris and Alec Wood—were both Haverford cricketers.

Before embarking on his career of teaching and scholarship, Dick's father had spent a year as clerk in an iron foundry and another read-

ing law. Dick decided to follow Francis Gummere's example and was employed for a year in a Philadelphia bank. One suspects that his purpose was more to prove to himself and to the world that he could succeed in a non-academic vocation than because he had any real doubts about what he wanted to do. His stint completed, he enrolled as a graduate student in classics at Harvard, where he received his A.M. in 1904. Instead of driving right ahead for the doctorate, he then taught for a year at Groton. He and the Rector, Endicott Peabody, got along famously—so well, indeed, that Dick was asked to stay on and was sorely tempted to do so. At this point Francis Gummere hurled a parental thunderbolt: Dick had been sent to Harvard to get a Ph.D., and there was to be no more diversionary activity. So Dick dutifully won his doctorate in 1907. Meanwhile President Isaac Sharpless of Haverford had been following Dick's career with interest; no sooner was the graduate work completed than an offer arrived to return to Haverford as an instructor in Latin, a position Dick accepted happily.

Shortly after his return he began courting a beautiful and high-spirited Philadelphia girl named Christine Robinson, and on June 30, 1908 they were married. During their 56 years together Christine proved a perfect complement to her husband. Though her world was completely different from Dick's, she soon adapted successfully to the academic life. Never a scholar, she soon became one of the best-read women in her circle of friends. Her great love was the eighteenth century, and she and other enthusiasts would spend hours reading aloud from Horace Walpole, Jane Austen, and other favorites. Christine also saw to it that her husband never became pedestrian or stuffy. Where Dick was conservative, she was liberal; where he was intellectual, she was intuitive; where he was cautious, she was daring; where he was thrifty, she was open-handed. Throughout his life Dick always hated—indeed was really afraid of—anything mechanical. Thus he refused even to consider learning to drive a car. So Christine became the family chauffeur, making it possible for them to take many trips to schools together in later years. When the Gummeres moved to Cambridge in 1934, they had never served cocktails, and Dick refused to learn how to make them. Again Christine came to the rescue and became the family bartender, occasionally shocking the more sedate members of a dinner party—and Dick as well—by announcing that she would not be content until the entire company was drunk. Despite

their dissimilarities in personality and despite Christine's frequent illnesses, the two were very happy together; they depended on each other, and they respected each other. It is easy to understand why Dick dedicated his first book to Christine with the inscription from Wordsworth, "The thought of our past years in me doth breed perpetual benediction."

In the years before World War I it looked as if Dick were settling in to the career of a professor at Haverford. In 1909 his daughter, Eleanor, was born, in 1912 his son, Richard, Jr. The teaching was going well, his father had helped him build a house on the Haverford campus, and he seemed ordained to follow in his father's footsteps. In 1915 he was made assistant to President Isaac Sharpless, a man he literally worshipped. Dick used to tell a story about an offer of a full professorship received from another college. He turned it down and then went to tell President Sharpless about it. The President smiled and then told Dick not to tell anyone, so that the offer could be used to get Dick a raise from Haverford's Quaker trustees. With a family, a good teaching position, and a chance to work closely with a leader whom he so much respected, the future seemed an open road.

Then, in 1918, came the offer of the headmastership of the Penn Charter School, an outstanding Quaker institution in Philadelphia. Dick had been an overseer of the school for several years and knew it well. Here was a challenge and an opportunity for financial betterment. Whatever forces tugged at him, his decision to accept the position must have represented a real wrench. But accept he did and for the next 16 years had a chance to test Oliver Wendell Holmes' statement: "Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule, He most of all whose kingdom is a school."

As headmaster of Penn Charter, Dick displayed a rare gift for dealing with people, whether students, faculty, or overseers.[1] His predecessor, Richard M. Jones, believed that every teacher should be "headmaster of his own classroom," and as a result a distinguished corps of older teachers used to running their own affairs had developed. Such a group could present problems, but Dick, with one exception, soon won them over through his tact and understanding. In order to keep

1. For most of the information that follows on Dick's career at Penn Charter, I am indebted to Dr. John Flagg Gummere, his cousin, who was an outstanding teacher of the classics while Dick was there and who later became headmaster of the institution.

in touch with the students he continued to teach a class in Latin each year, and he gave a seminar for seniors that met twice a week before school opened in the morning. It was not long before his students had dubbed the new headmaster "Moby Dick." His relations with the Quaker overseers were equally felicitous, and together they were able to weather the difficult days of the depression. Before Dick's time there was bitter rivalry among the private schools of the Philadelphia area. To a large extent through his friendship with Greville Haslam, headmaster of the Episcopal Academy, Dick did a great deal to change this climate of opinion; he was convinced that the general public did not distinguish among private schools and that, therefore, what was good for one was good for all. Finally, for many years he himself took charge of college placement for Penn Charter seniors and soon won the respect and trust of all college admissions men for the frank and candid appraisals he made of his boys.

When Dick took office at Penn Charter, the school was located in the center of Philadelphia, which necessitated having the students go by train each afternoon to athletic fields outside the city. In 1903 a handsome property in Germantown had been donated with the understanding that at some appropriate time the school would move there. Dick presided over this change, accomplished in the 1920's. A gymnasium and a new colonial classroom building were constructed and other facilities added. When the move was finally completed, Penn Charter became indeed a "country" day school, with ample grounds, playing fields, and fresh air.

Like most private schools, Penn Charter prospered during the Twenties. When the depression hit, however, it was another story, and it is greatly to the credit of Dick and the overseers that enrollment was kept up, the faculty salary scale maintained, and academic standards preserved. Fearful lest he should appear "dressed up" before students and faculty under financial pressure during hard times, Dick characteristically insisted on wearing an ancient sports coat during the worst of these years. The depression and Dick's policy in meeting it served to weld the Penn Charter community into an even more homogeneous body with even higher morale. The faculty, in particular, thought of Dick as their protector, and when he left for Harvard, the general reaction was, "What's going to become of *us*?"

While at Penn Charter Dick worked hard to attract promising

young teachers. His ideal was a well-trained scholar-athlete. Two of the young faculty members of whom he was proudest were William G. Saltonstall, later headmaster of Exeter, and Henry Chauncey, later President of the Educational Testing Service, Inc. Bill Saltonstall remembers a day during his senior year at Harvard when he went down the hall to see his friend Henry Chauncey and found him talking to Dick. It soon transpired that Dick was anxious to engage Henry at Penn Charter. After the three of them had talked together for a while, Dick asked Bill, "Why don't you come too?", and both eventually reported for duty the following fall. Bill Saltonstall recalls that while Dick was always interested in his teachers, he was never "bossy" and that when problems came up he was invariably "unflappable." He remembers Sunday dinners at the Gummere home in Haverford, preceded by attendance at the Haverford Quaker Meeting and some wood chopping in the back yard. Henry Chauncey echoes Bill Saltonstall's memories of their years at Penn Charter. He was left pretty much on his own, though he was always aware of Dick's presence in the background as a supportive force. He sums up his impressions of the school as a place where the atmosphere was "somewhat relaxed but happy."

Dick's career at Penn Charter was a success. But he was no innovator: he made no important curricular changes, nor was there any infusion of the "progressive" movement in education that was having a profound influence on some schools. Dick was certainly successful in winning the loyalty of his faculty, which, however, rarely participated actively in the formulation of important school policies. Some Philadelphians of that period have suggested that Dick was not really tough enough and that he tended to yield to pressure from influential people. Finally, he thought of Penn Charter as a "WASP" school, and there is no evidence that he sought to diversify the undergraduate body so as to make it more representative of Philadelphia society as a whole. His policy was typical of private-school practices of the day, and there is every reason to believe, had the offer from Harvard not come, that he would have continued to direct Penn Charter with skill and with success for the remainder of his active career.

In 1934 Dick was toastmaster at a dinner for private school headmasters in Philadelphia at which the newly-elected president of Har-

vard, James Bryant Conant, was guest of honor. Dick presided with his usual charm and grace; Conant was impressed; and the next thing Dick knew was an invitation to become chairman of the Committee on Admissions at Harvard. When asked recently what had prompted him to choose Dick, President Conant replied that it was first of all Dick's personality, which seemed ideal for the position, and second, the respect and affection in which he was obviously held by the other headmasters. If the move from Haverford College to Penn Charter had been a wrench, that to Cambridge was even more so, for it meant giving up the Haverford home and many Philadelphia friends. Christine was dismayed at the thought of leaving until she saw the George Herbert Palmer house in the Harvard Yard, where they were to live, and fell in love with it immediately. Yet Dick must have realized that the Harvard position was ready-made for him. A substantial part of his time would be spent working with schools like Penn Charter, and his administrative experience as headmaster fitted him admirably for that part of his new responsibilities. The scope of the position was national rather than parochial. The holder of two degrees from Harvard, Dick had always had tremendous admiration for the institution and had broken a long-standing family tradition by sending his son there rather than to Haverford. Finally, he may well have decided that this time, when Harvard beckoned, a Gummere should accept.

In these days of burgeoning college applications, it is hard to remember how different things were in the Thirties. Even Harvard was having its troubles—for example, only 200 applicants were turned down for one of the classes during that decade. The depression had precluded many families from considering a boarding college education for their sons, and institutions had to scramble to maintain full enrollment. President Conant realized that the private schools of the country were the most promising source of students who could pay full tuition, and it was early agreed that Dick would concentrate his energies in that area. This policy proved congenial; Dick was committed to private schools by training and conviction; and he was extraordinarily successful in winning the affection and respect of such headmasters as Lewis Perry of Exeter, Jack Fuess of Andover, Frank Boyden of Deerfield, Horton Batchelder of Loomis, John Briggs of St. Paul's Academy in Minneapolis, and many others, all of whom be-

came dear friends as well as professional associates. If Dick's mission at Harvard was to win over the leadership of the private schools to the institution, it was an unqualified success.

Not that he ignored the public schools. He had many friends among public school men and visited leading high schools in the country regularly. He always had a soft spot for a hard-working, ambitious boy who had been disadvantaged. I remember talking with a man who became one of the leading lawyers in Anchorage, Alaska. He had graduated from high school and then gone to work. After a couple of years he had decided that he was not going to get anywhere without a college education. So out of the blue, with no transcript of his record or other admissions paraphernalia, he called on Dick. They talked for a while, and Dick then admitted him on the spot.

There is no question but that Dick was a skillful interviewer. He had a way of putting a boy at his ease, getting him to talk, and asking the right questions. He often used to interview three or four boys at a time and get a general conversation going. Yet his associates never failed to be impressed by the accuracy with which he was able to assess a student after one of these relaxed, unstructured sessions. Of course Dick did have his blind spots. He never warmed to the unkempt, "quiz-kid" type, and he would certainly have been miserable with many of the undergraduates of today, but generally, in dealing with boys who were applying to Harvard, he showed the same sensitive understanding of people that had become the hallmark of his success in other areas.

Dick ran the Admissions Office in the same "relaxed" way that he had Penn Charter. When he first arrived, he found that an exceptionally able secretary, Anne MacDonald, knew the mechanics of the office backward and forward. Rather than reorganize the place, he gave her a new title and put her in charge of the office routine. The Committee on Admissions took a much less active part in making decisions than is the case today. No one but Dick ever read folders regularly, and the Committee delegated to Dick power over most of the clear-cut cases. There were some meetings in the early summer to consider doubtful ones, but here again the Committee, at least at first, usually accepted Dick's judgment. As time went on, the Committee began to get more aggressive and challenge Dick on some of his decisions. There is an amusing story told of a meeting at which Dick reported a problem that

was bothering him. Eight Harvard sons were applying from a rather mediocre private school. None stood particularly well in his class. Dick was always partial to sons of alumni, and the Committee was sympathetic. It was finally agreed that Dick could take any three. Much to its annoyance, the Committee discovered in the fall that all eight had been admitted.

In the last few years of Dick's chairmanship the system that had worked so well in the Thirties and Forties began to develop strains and stresses. Applications mounted, and the Admissions Committee began to insist on having a larger share in the decision-making process, particularly with a view to making Harvard more representative of the nation as a whole and less the "Establishment" institution that it had been. I remember the late Wilbur J. Bender coming to me in distress because Dick was unwilling to share with the Committee, on a democratic basis, the power of selection that he had hitherto exercised so effectively. It was clearly a time for changes in procedures and in policy, yet Dick found these difficult to accept. Thus it was undoubtedly fortunate for him that in 1952, at the age of 69, his career in admissions came to a close. His approach had been admirably suited to the needs of the college during the depression and war years, but it was no longer appropriate for the new era.

One might think that the job of admitting boys to Harvard was a full-time one—and indeed it was. I can well remember the nightmare of telephone calls that used to make the summer hideous for Dick after letters of acceptance and rejection had gone out. People were forever claiming that they knew "Mr. Montgomery" intimately. Yet Dick found time to serve Harvard in a number of other ways. Until the war, when he and Christine moved to an apartment on Memorial Drive, the Palmer House was an oasis of hospitality amid the hurly-burly of Cambridge for all kinds of Harvard visitors. Dick and Christine soon acquired a wide circle of friends in the Boston area, and some of the best conversation I have ever heard took place at their dinner parties. Dick soon proved himself an effective Harvard representative to alumni organizations throughout the country and often combined speaking at alumni dinners with admissions trips. He was a member of several social clubs in Boston, as he had been in Philadelphia, and was often able to solve a sticky admissions problem with a troubled parent in the informal atmosphere of a club, whereas a formal confrontation

in University Hall would have been much more difficult. In Cambridge, as in Philadelphia, he found time to engage in local politics; in 1944 he ran for and was elected to the Cambridge School Committee. The experience proved anything but pleasant; he found himself overwhelmed by aggressive politicians more interested in school contracts than in education, and after one term he decided not to run again. But while in office, he fought hard to improve the quality of education in the Cambridge schools.

From his retirement as chairman of the Committee on Admissions until 1966, Dick served as curator of the Lowell Institute. His major responsibility was to schedule and make the arrangements for the Lowell Lectures. Dick also taught a few Latin courses at Harvard during this period, seminars for graduate students for the most part, and he was obviously happy to get back in the classroom again.

Dick's work as a scholar is the part of his career that we at the Massachusetts Historical Society remember best. His first important scholarly productions, begun at Haverford and completed at Penn Charter, concerned Seneca. Dick's son has a very astute explanation of why his father became interested in Seneca. It was because the old Roman exhibited in his life and writings the same basic problem that the Gummeres in general, and Dick in particular, had had to face—namely, how to reconcile a life of action in the world with the life of contemplation of the philosopher. Certainly Seneca had had to grapple with that problem in his own life. Dick had translated Seneca's *Epistles* for the Loeb Library while still at Haverford. In 1922 his *Seneca the Philosopher and his Modern Message* appeared. A distillation of Seneca's teachings, written *con amore* by one who obviously subscribed wholeheartedly to the old Roman's precepts, this little volume was well received in the scholarly world: J. St. L. Strachey, writing in the London *Spectator*, spoke of it as "a miniature or a medal in which, though the scale is tiny, everything essential is minutely recorded"; others commented on the enthusiasm of the author for his subject; the only adverse reaction came from Alvin Johnson, writing in the *New Republic*, who said rather churlishly that if Seneca had any modern message, it had not come through to him. But the volume has stood the test of time and is still held in esteem as an important study of Seneca.

Just when Dick got the idea of studying the influence of the classics on colonial Americans is not clear. Certainly it was well before he came

to Harvard, as some of his earlier pieces on the subject show. Steeped as he was in the classics, with a long-standing interest in American colonial figures, he naturally sought to combine these two enthusiasms into a series of studies of individual American leaders. He realized that in a sense he might land between two stools and used to complain in a good-humored way that the Classicists dismissed him as a classicist *manqué*, while the historians ignored him as an historian *manqué*. But he stuck to his guns, and article after article on different colonial leaders appeared in scholarly journals. After retirement, he was finally in a position to put these individual studies together in an integrated whole, and in 1963 *The American Colonial Mind and the Classical Tradition* was published by Harvard University Press. The book received practically unanimous praise from reviewers. Samuel Eliot Morison, writing in the *New England Quarterly*, spoke of the book as "unique, most important, and highly interesting," suggested that an understanding of the classical background of the leaders of the Revolution was essential to an understanding of the movement, and bemoaned the scrapping of the classics in contemporary education. In his review in the *Journal of American History*, Frederick B. Tolles of Swarthmore College was equally enthusiastic. In speaking of the debt of colonial leaders to the ancients, he wrote that Dick "takes this fact and documents it so fully and so gracefully that it will be hard for anyone who reads his book ever again to disregard it." And he went on, "This is an agreeable book to read. Put together from hundreds of bits and pieces . . . it has coherence, substance, and grace. Gummere's translations are always clear and idiomatic: '*Cedant arma togae*,' for example, becomes 'Ballots are better than bullets.'" And he closed by feeling "envious of the educated colonials, whose orderly and spacious minds were surely made so by their familiarity with the great writers of the ancient world." One suspects that Dick may well have been prouder of this achievement than of anything else during his long and busy life.

One might think that with the publication of *The American Colonial Mind and the Classical Tradition*, Dick would have decided to rest on his oars. He was over 80 when the book was published, he had worked hard all his life, and he certainly deserved a chance to relax and bask in the praise that it elicited from all who read it. Hardly was his first book off the press than he was at work on a second—and companion—volume. It was fortunate that he retained his drive, for he was now a

lonely man. His wife Christine, after a long illness, had died in 1964, his daughter following her mother by a few months. His son and family were living full and busy lives in New York. Many of his dearest friends were dead. Not that he was without relaxations. He loved the Tavern Club and used to lunch there pretty regularly. He remained active in one of his favorite organizations, the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, of which he had been president from 1956 to 1960. He still enjoyed the small dinner club to which he belonged. He visited relatives in the Boston area occasionally but was really uncomfortable if asked to spend the night away from home. Most of the time he lived by himself in his apartment on Memorial Drive. Thus the work on what became *Seven Wise Men of Colonial America* was really what kept him alive.

This book, though dealing with the same general subject as the first, differed in that Dick included colonial figures who were not enthusiastic about the classics. His seven were Hugh Jones, Robert Calef, Michael Wigglesworth, Samuel Davies, Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, Benjamin Rush, and Thomas Paine. By now he had developed a scholarly procedure that could be applied, almost mechanically, to any colonial leader. His thorough knowledge of the classics enabled him to recognize easily the classical influences in their writings. It thus became his task to read carefully everything a man had written, note the classical derivations, and then organize the material and write it up. *Seven Wise Men* was as well received as the first book. Though one reviewer thought the work pedestrian and the conclusions obvious, most agreed with Michael G. Hall, who wrote in the *New England Quarterly*, "These essays, by their ease of style, their humanity, and their unobtrusive scholarship make a most engaging book." Dick was 85 the year it was published.

These two books were a source of tremendous satisfaction to Dick and went far to ease the loneliness of his last years. As he pushed hard to get the second done, I had the feeling he knew this would be his last creative effort. And he spoke often of the release he experienced, once it was published. To be sure he started right in again on another colonial leader—Andrew Hamilton of Zenger trial fame—but he complained that it did not go well, and it soon became clear that he was working from force of habit. Thus when he suffered a stroke, in Octo-

ber 1969, it could really be said that his life's work was done. Two months later he was dead.

A fitting epitaph for Dick might be taken from his own beloved Seneca: *Non quid sed quemadmodum feras interest* ("It's not what you bear but how you bear it that counts"). Certainly Dick's life was not an easy one; during almost all of his 86 years he had to work relentlessly; during much of his marriage Christine's poor health was a constant source of worry; and finally, though he held many positions of public responsibility, he was never completely happy in them. Yet through it all he moved ahead steadfastly with grace, with integrity, and with an infinite capacity for friendship. As President Pusey wrote of him in his President's Report, "He was a gracious, kindly, and witty gentleman in the finest sense of the old tradition."