On a Comet, Always

Richard G. Elliott
‘On a Comet, Always’

a biography of Dr. W. Randolph Lovelace II

BY RICHARD G. ELLIOTT

SUNDAY, December 12, 1965, was shining and bright all along the top of the Rockies from Aspen, Colorado, on to Albuquerque, New Mexico, less than two hours away as a Beechcraft Travelair flies. In the noon hour two men and a woman walked onto the Aspen airport and to a white plane with a two-tone brown stripe, and with number 975R aft of the wings on the fuselage.

Climbing in first was the woman, Mrs. Mary Lovelace, 53, a wife, mother, church worker, and patron of the arts. Then, the two men. One was her husband, Dr. W. Randolph Lovelace II, a surgeon, reserve general, and pioneer in aviation and space biomedical research, who would have been 58 in a few days. The second man was Milton Brown, 27, a charter pilot. Mrs. Lovelace wore a warm coat and winter clothing. Dr. Lovelace was bareheaded and wore nothing over his suit coat. Pilot Brown also was lightly clothed.

The twin-engined plane lifted easily, went west at a low altitude above Maroon Creek valley so the Lovelaces could look down on their new house which was Number One in Meadow Lane. It circled, came back east across Aspen, and then on up the valley of the Roaring Fork toward Green Mountain and the crest of the Sawatch Range, with Independence Pass to the left of the mountain and with Lincoln Creek Canyon to the right—and with the short, dogleg, boxed-in canyon of Grizzly Gulch stemming south from Lincoln.

The man at the controls evidently swung the white plane to the right and into Lincoln Canyon, as a vacationing airman saw the plane "flying east through a pass." Within a few seconds, just above the reservoir and the caretaker's house, the plane swung to the south into Grizzly Gulch and around its dogleg to face the towering rock wall of the Sawatch's crest. Turning in a steep left bank with nose down, the plane struck through two feet of snow into the ground, with its propellers still turning. It bounced, and hit again, then cartwheeled.
for about ninety feet, the aircraft disintegrating as it spun and ejecting the occupants during its breakup. Pilot Brown was thrown to one side as was a plane seat. The Lovelaces were thrown to the other side, as were two other seats. With the shock and their fatal injuries, the Lovelaces never moved from where their bodies struck. At some point, the pilot got to his feet despite his head injury, walked over to look at the two others where they lay, then started to walk the two or three miles down the gulch to the house at the reservoir, but almost immediately turned back to the plane, not noticing in his shock that in the crash he had lost one shoe and that it was lying some distance away on the snow. Nor, apparently, did he notice the warm clothing scattered about from broken luggage.

After the crash, there remained perhaps an hour or two of the warm daylight before the sun moved on across the canyon’s high walls leaving an instantaneous chill which would deepen to twelve below zero in the predawn of the next morning.

When the fire inside the cabin had gone out and the metal had cooled somewhat, Pilot Brown tried to use the cockpit radio, and then as the chill deepened he crouched against the fuselage for its remaining warmth.

RANDY LOVELACE’S LIFE spanned fifty-eight years of great change, and his life was wonderfully exciting in itself as he sampled or explored the various phases of the changing environment. As he progressed from this point to that point, from this achievement to that achievement, he was helped and influenced by many individuals—including the Doctors Mayo of Minnesota and financier Floyd Odlum and his aviatrix wife, Jacqueline Cochran—but the most profound influence flowed from five within his family.

His Grandma Lovelace (Mrs. John L.) had direct influence on his life for his first thirty-three years until her death in 1940. She was the wife of John L. Lovelace, a Missouri teacher-farmer-storekeeper whose line went back to a Sir Richard Lovelace. In Paydown, Missouri, on August 1, 1881, she gave birth to Edgar Blaine Lovelace, the father of Randy. In a log cabin on a farm at Dry Fork, south of Belle, she gave birth to William Randolph Lovelace I on July 27, 1883. Later she had two daughters, Maybelle and Marie Lora. In later years Randy always expressed gratitude for Grandma Lovelace’s love and care, and for what she taught him. An associate commented once on Randy’s speed in reading and absorbing a multi-page report, and
ON A COMET ALWAYS

Randy explained with pride that “Grandma taught me that quite early.”

His “Uncle Doc” decisively affected Randy’s professional life, and had considerable influence on his life otherwise. William R. Lovelace I earned his medical degree in St. Louis in 1905 through his own hard work and with the financial support of his parents and older brother, then became ill, the diagnosis being pulmonary tuberculosis and the recommended treatment a trip to New Mexico. In 1906 he became a doctor for the Santa Fe Railway and its contractor in Sunnyside, a construction camp near present-day Fort Sumner, living and practicing in a one-room tar-paper building. A hemorrhage put him back in bed later that year and his mother came out from Springfield to care for him and, in fact, remained with him until her death. His father also came to Sunnyside and remained in engineering work with the Santa Fe as track was laid ever farther west. Uncle Doc never married. He reportedly left a sweetheart back in Missouri, and much later was quoted as saying he never had time to marry. Without over-dramatizing the matter, he devoted his life to his medical practice and to his mother, sisters, and nephews, taking time on the side to amass a considerable fortune through an abiding faith in the value of land. As a doctor and surgeon he earned not only the thanks of his patients, but also the praise of any doctor’s severest critics—the nurses. They have told how he stayed at the bedside of those recuperating from major surgery. As one nurse said: “His patients lived, when sometimes they easily could have died.” Those characteristics may have been the most important of the many things he passed on to his nephew Randy.

Randy’s parents, Edgar B. and Jewell Lovelace, influenced him less obviously but nonetheless profoundly. Randy’s father is a quiet, thoughtful and, I believe, a kindly man. He talks reluctantly about his own life or that of his son. In Albuquerque today, he appears much more interested in today and tomorrow than in yesterday. But the bare outline of earlier years is revealed by his sparse recollections. He was never fully in the foreground of his son’s adult life, but was always there in the background praising and comforting and, with a very loose rein, guiding Randy. Father Edgar was an ambitious, hard-working man who liked farming and ranching and didn’t like cities. By ranching and by shrewd investments in city real estate—principally in El Paso and in Albuquerque—he too put together a considerable fortune. Mother Jewell’s influence can only be surmised. From some-
where Randy learned to have compassion, from somewhere he learned to avoid inflicting pain and conversely to help cure pain. Certainly his parents' divorce when he was not yet eleven years old was a shock and something he accepted but possibly never quite understood. His parents, I think, strongly influenced his feeling for life and people, and quite possibly his attitude toward life and people.

Then, of course, there was his wife, Mary Moulton Lovelace. Anyone who knew the Randy Lovelaces would agree with his daughter Jackie who told me earnestly: "My father was a wonderful man, but some of that was because my mother was such a wonderful woman." Mary Moulton Lovelace was indeed a very big factor in his life and achievement. Pulmonary tuberculosis brought her father to New Mexico. One of eight children (and one of the five sons who eventually appeared in Who's Who), Earl Lake Moulton's health broke down after college and he came in 1902 to New Mexico's Estancia Valley where he lived in a tent-wagon and herded sheep. He tutored briefly in Pasadena, California, married a native daughter, Adelaide Louise Peirce, in 1905, then returned with her to a one-room adobe cabin and a homestead at Lucy, New Mexico. There daughter Ethel was born in 1908, and daughter Mary Easter on April 17, 1912. Mary was named Easter because it was that Sunday on which she was born. Then they moved to Corona, trade center for cattle and sheep country, where Gertrude was born in 1914 and where Mr. Moulton was a store manager and livestock manager for Charles Ilfeld.

Edgar Lovelace, Randy's father, finished grade school at St. James, Missouri, then went to work. In addition to helping his brother get an education in St. Louis he saved some money, which he changed to gold and carried with him across the Mississippi to Dixon, Illinois, where he went to business college, studying mathematics, shorthand, typing, Morse code, and other business subjects of the time. On the side he studied fencing with a French instructor and has a letter certifying to his ability either to compete in or to teach fencing. Back in St. James he continued to work and had enough money left over to buy some real estate—a practice he has followed consistently since then. He got into the southeastern corner of the state, and in 1906 married Jewell Costley, a dark-haired, vivacious girl, at Monett, Missouri. Jewell's father was a widely known veterinarian, who with his brothers had traveled and worked in Oklahoma's Indian Territory long before there were Sooners, and who had married a girl who had
a touch of Cherokee blood in addition to that which came from England, Scotland and Ireland.

Later in 1906, Edgar and his bride went out to Sunnyside to visit his parents and his brother, and also to see the country. Shortly they returned to Springfield, Missouri, where he was a streetcar conductor and had a store, and where William Randolph Lovelace II was born on December 20, 1907. The Springfield physician charged $15 for his services. Before young Randy was six months old, they moved into New Mexico, homesteading 800 acres just west of the Pecos and north of Sunnyside. Eight hundred acres were not enough for much of a ranch, but the country was open range and that helped, although on occasion it caused trouble. As both Uncle Doc and Edgar noted, most of the men in 1906-08 wore belt guns and they “were about the biggest belt guns we ever saw.” Randy lived until he was past six on that isolated cattle ranch in the bleak and open range land north of Sunnyside, and of course he regularly visited his grandmother and uncle. His father feels that Randy then and on their later ranches acquired his feeling for harsh and sometimes beautiful open land.

The family stayed on the ranch long enough to finish the required five years and obtain title, in 1913, which also was the year that Grandma Lovelace and Uncle Doc moved on into Albuquerque, actually following the two girls there, as they had transferred from Drury Academy, Springfield, to Albuquerque and the University of New Mexico in 1909. Early in 1914 Randy’s parents sold their ranch, and they too moved into the Valley section of Albuquerque. Randy was tutored there for two years, then they moved to a ranch near Willard where, after another year of tutoring he enrolled in the Willard Public School for the 1917-18 years, passing in June to the second half of fifth grade. In 1918 his father traded their ranch for the Chupadero Ranch some twenty-five miles south of Mountainair, almost to Gran Quivira, and later added a small ranch north of Mountainair. Sometime after school closed in May 1918, they were on the Chupadero—or the Lovelace Ranch as it came to be called.

Those were stirring times as the nation moved into World War I, and boys read of dashing knights of the sky in plane-to-plane combat high above the mud of the Western Front. Randy and his horse Pedro, accompanied sometimes by his pet dog “Wellfed,” could roam a home ranch of some forty-five sections, or about 28,800 acres of dry foothills graced in those days with sufficient bunchgrass and decorated with old
desert cedars. He fired many an imaginary machine-gun burst between Pedro's ears at the white-faced calves wearing their V-over-Lazy E brand. Randy's thoughts may have turned to the air as early as 1917 or 1918. All boys have long thoughts, and the big sky over the high plains and the mesas is an all-encompassing blue deepness that extends beyond the stars—even though a boy in 1918 would not have thought of it as extending on into "space."

What motivated Randy to be a doctor is not fully clear. His father recalled Randy's visits with his Uncle Doc, accompanying him on house calls in a Buick which Uncle Doc taught Randy to drive. But the father thought, his son's first inclination toward medicine came with the stories Randy heard of his maternal grandfather's work as a frontier veterinary. The father recalls that Randy was helpful with the horses and cattle, but that he didn't like to see the cattle hurt by dehorning or otherwise roughly treated as they sometimes must be when handled from horseback and not with chutes and pens. Randy was not really inclined toward ranching; before he was eleven he was saying that he wanted to be a doctor.

In mid-1918, Edgar and Jewell were divorced in the courthouse at Alamagordo, and she went to live first in Roswell and later in Ruidoso. She remarried but had no children other than Randy. Edgar managed it so that Randy saw his mother regularly all those years from 1918 to 1933, when she died in California. Aside from Edgar's recollections and her influence on Randy, there is little of her left except one old photograph showing her with her son, and the remarks of oldtime family associates who remember her as a "vivacious, very attractive woman."

Also in 1918, Edgar gave in to the urgings of Grandma Lovelace and Uncle Doc, and sent Randy to live with them in Albuquerque. For Randy's next seven years he lived there during school, but spent much of his vacation time with his father at the Lovelace Ranch. When he was back in New Mexico during college vacations he headquartered with Uncle Doc, but spent one or more summers working in El Paso, usually in the Santa Fe roundhouse, and living with his father there.

In 1918, Edgar went to Estancia and tried to enlist for World War I, but they told him to go back to raising beef as his war contribution, so he stayed with the ranch. By the end of 1919 he had paid for the two ranches and his cattle, which totaled then perhaps 350 cows and some 250 steers. With peace came economic difficulties culminating in...
ON A COMET ALWAYS

the recessions of 1921-22 and there was "one hell of a drouth!" Some
ranchers shipped their cattle to Mexico, but Edgar shipped his to St.
Joseph, Missouri, where cattle worth $75 brought $18 a head. When
he showed the check to his banker, in Carrizozo, that hard-pressed
gentleman fainted. Before the hard times ended, Lovelace owed
$55,000. He couldn't sell either ranch, so he kept on and by 1925
paid his debts and eventually sold the ranches.

RANDY ENROLLED in September 1918 in the Fourth Ward School
(now Lew Wallace) in the second half of the fifth grade. In June 1921
he concluded grammar school at the “Library” school building at
Edith and Central. On the record of his 1918-19 year there is a nota-
tion of “illness,” which pre-dates a comment years later by his wife
Mary, and something I had observed, that this big, active man was
quite susceptible to colds and to flu, which might confine him to bed
two or three times a year. Virginia Dillon, daughter of a New Mexico
governor and now the widow of aviation enthusiast William Cutter,
recalls that in the eighth grade both attended Double Ten Dancing
Club, which must have done little for Randy because others testify
that he was a shuffler, not a dancer. During the eighth grade his path
finally crossed that of the Moulton family, which had moved from
Corona in 1920 into Albuquerque's Valley area, but it was Ethel
Moulton and not Mary who went on through high school with him.
Ethel cannot recall any girl who regularly dated Randy in high school.
"He was always busy with the motorcycle his father had given him—
the biggest, reddest Indian motorcycle I ever saw. The girls, of course,
were always after him to ride tandem on that machine. Athletics? Not
that I recall. He delivered Journals each day on the Belen route and
I'd think, riding the motorcycle for all those miles over the roads we
had then was exercise and challenge enough." Ethel recalls that she
sat opposite Randy in history class and that he would sit with a book
of plays in his lap, reading, completely tuned-out from the class.

Uncle Doc also has stressed Randy's interest in mechanics, reinforc-
ing my observation that throughout life he was perhaps most directly
interested in learning how things were put together, and how to make
them go. The application of that quality to medicine, surgery, air-
space vehicles and instrumentation, nuclear energy, and his specific
interest in man's reaction to stress in any environment is, of course,
obvious.

Randy had many school friends, but he did not impress his class-
mates unduly. They voted him the student least likely to succeed. Their forecast was a poor one, but his senior-class, public-speaking teacher did better, rating him as "poor." Associates who heard him many times judged him an indifferent speaker, although his stature and the appeal of his subject matter brought hundreds of speaking engagements. He was more persuasive—and that was very persuasive indeed—with a few. It was a measure of his personality that most persons wanted to do whatever he asked.

He was graduated from Albuquerque High School in 1925, and in September rode on the Santa Fe as far as Kansas City with Ethel Moulton, on her way to two years in the University of Chicago. Randy rode on from there to St. Louis to begin eleven years of liberal arts and medical education. With both Uncle Doc and Father Edgar contributing, Randy had few real worries about finances at Washington University, joined the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity, and apparently set out to have himself a time. His first semester grades were acceptable, not good, but he received none for the second semester. His father remembers that Randy came home two weeks before school would have ended and finally confessed he had enjoyed life too much and studied too little. He thought of trying other colleges possibly applied to one or two, but in the end had to talk his way back into Washington University. Thereafter his grades in college were not brilliant but were good, in medical school occasionally quite good.

He joined the Navy ROTC and in the spring of 1928 went to Great Lakes Naval Training Center where he completed primary training and got his wings. Back at the SAE house in St. Louis he received a telegram dated November 7, 1928, from the Ninth Naval District at Great Lakes reading: "Can you accept advanced flight training for sixty days? Class assembling Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida, on December 19, 1928. Notify Commandant by dispatch your decision." Randy was not yet twenty-one, so he wrote both to his father and to Uncle Doc for permission. His father replied: "Do as you wish, son." Uncle Doc was opposed. In later years Randy said he was initially unhappy about the decision but that he had learned to be grateful because if he had gone to Pensacola he would have lost a year in college and most likely would not have returned to medicine, which proved to be the path on which he could combine medicine and aviation, and then space.

In his senior year, 1930, he coauthored with Charles R. Lynn a
play, "Gold Feathers," described as a story of aviation life as "told by a licensed pilot." The play was produced in St. Louis then, much later in Rochester, and was one of the first ten made available to high schools by Washington University. That explains partially an Albuquerque newspaper photograph some years later showing nine of The Ten Dons (a small literary club) on its Golden Anniversary, and including Randy. In his senior year he had a pre-medicine major, received his B.A. in liberal arts, and transferred downtown to the Medical School campus for two years. In the spring of 1932 he sought a transfer to Cornell University Medical School, New York City, and was accepted for the fall term.

Back home that summer something else happened. Randy knew the Moultons and their three daughters while in school. But, when he was a senior, Mary Moulton was an eighth grader. When and where and how did Randy and Mary meet in the young-adult sense? In one of Mary's memory books there is a photograph of Randy beside a table on which there is a photograph of Mary, with her caption reading: "Then we met—1932; Randy in his fraternity house." Mary had gone from high school in 1929 to Northwestern University, Evanston, joining the Pi Beta Phi sorority, and receiving a B.A. in music education in 1933.

In 1933, Randy again wrote Uncle Doc about a transfer. This time he was "wild about Harvard." Uncle Doc pointed out the difficulties of such transfers but Randy went ahead and was admitted for the fall term. On September 15, 1933, Randy and Mary were married in the Moulton's church, the First Presbyterian, had their reception in the Country Club, took the Santa Fe to Chicago that evening, went on by rail to New York for a few days, and then to Boston and Harvard Medical School. One of the few notes on their life in Boston is one by Mary recalling that on December 29, 1933, the mercury set a record of 17-below. Randy did well in Harvard and has recorded that he was inspired by the remarkable men on the Harvard staff. He received his medical degree on October 19, 1934, and immediately left for New York City and a medical internship in Bellevue Hospital.

As a frame of reference, the year 1934 marked the start of several years of drouth-caused dust storms, and also marked an end to the most severe days of the Great Depression of 1929, although the hard times lingered into the days just before World War II.

The two young people went to Albuquerque for Christmas in 1934, where Randy told Uncle Doc he was "very sold" on Bellevue and
would stay there for three or four years to specialize in surgery. Uncle Doc said: "Think about Rochester; Mayo's is a wonderful institution." The idea for the Lovelace Clinic came in large part from Uncle Doc's long-standing friendship and numerous discussions with Drs. William and Charles Mayo beginning in 1915—the next year he was made a life member of the Mayo Surgeons Club. But now Randy said "No' to Rochester, choosing to stay at Bellevue. Uncle Doc then asked if he and Mary would, on the way back East, visit in Rochester before reaching a final decision. Uncle Doc went down to El Paso to visit Brother Edgar and while he was there, shortly after New Year's 1935 Randy telephoned from Rochester to tell him: "I'm absolutely sold on this place." During 1935 Uncle Doc continued to bring Randy to the attention of the Mayos and their staff, and they in turn found Randy "highly qualified," and as a Christmas present on December 27, 1935, the Director of The Mayo Foundation offered Randy a fellowship in surgery as of July 1, 1936.

**During six years in Rochester**, all the elements and patterns of Randy's future began to come together.

*He and Mary had a home at 1235 Second St. N.W. in Rochester and by 1937 were buying property near it "for a home some day." Mary, with her lifelong gift for friendship and an already matured ability as a hostess, entertained a growing list. For several years she was a violinist with the Rochester symphony orchestra. Their first child, Mary Christine, was born December 22, 1938, and William Randolph Lovelace III—or Ranny—came along on December 10, 1940. The second son, Charles Moulton, was not born until August 3, 1942, when Randy was in uniform.*

As a Fellow in the Mayo Foundation, Randy studied surgery for a specialty. He was ambitious to make his mark, and noted in 1937 in a brief diary with a touch of impatience that one Doctor Mayo had "finally that day" taken him along on his patient rounds. He received his M.S. in Surgery from the Mayo Foundation, University of Minnesota, in 1939. The Mayos then offered a staff position in the Clinic and Randy went to Uncle Doc for advice. Uncle Doc had always planned for Randy's return to the Clinic in Albuquerque, but now he told Randy that the Mayos were offering an opportunity which could not be duplicated in Albuquerque, so Randy should remain there. Early in 1939, Randy received the Mayo Foundation's J. William White Scholarship providing $1,000 for study of surgery abroad. Mr
Randy Lovelace and his mother, Jewel Costley Lovelace, 1920's
William R. Lovelace I "(Uncle Doc)" and Dr. W. Randolph Lovelace II in the operating room of Bataan Memorial Methodist Hospital, July 26, 1957
as a Lieutenant Colonel in late 1943, Randy with his wife Mary; and daughter Mary Christine; William Randolph III or Ranny; and in his arms, Charles Moulton Lovelace, Chuckie.

Facing page, above: Edgar Blaine Lovelace (right), father of Randy, and his fencing instructor, I. A. C. Brodeur, Dixon, Ill., 1903.

Facing page, below: Four Lovelace generations about 1941, in front of the home of Dr. Lovelace I on West Central in Albuquerque. Seated is John L. Lovelace, holding his great-grandson William Randolph Lovelace III. With hat at left is John’s son Edgar Blaine Lovelace, now 85, and beside him is Edgar’s son, the late W. Randolph Lovelace II.
In 1940, President Franklin D. Roosevelt presented the Collier Trophy "to the air lines of the United States for their outstanding record of safety in air travel during 1939, with especial recognition to Doctors Walter M. Boothby [center left in photograph, wearing glasses] and W. Randolph Lovelace II [at Boothby's left] of the Mayo Foundation, and to Captain Harry Armstrong [at Lovelace's left] of the United States Merchant Marine.
General H. (Hap) Arnold, Commanding, U.S. Army Air Forces, in 1943 pinned a Distinguished Flying Cross on Lt. Col. Lovelace for his participation in the extremely hazardous experiment of bailing out of a B-17 from above 40,000 feet—the first man to do so—to test in person high-altitude bailout equipment and procedures.
Mary Lovelace wrote in her memory book: "A picture of Randy in uniform and the pressure chamber; ready to leave for Washington; February 1942." With him is Dr. Walter M. Boothby, his teacher and later associate in the early days of aviation medicine at the Mayo Foundation and Clinic in Rochester, Minn.

Major Charles Mayo and Lt. Col. Randy Lovelace November 18, 1943, at 233rd Station Hospital, Charleston, S.C.
Lovelace in Dr. Boothby's laboratory at the Mayo Foundation, before 1941, used Van Slyke equipment used to determine the oxygen capacity of blood.
Wearing the oxygen mask he helped to develop, Dr. Lovelace prepares for takeoff from a central Washington airfield. The Boeing Co. photo.
W. Randolph Lovelace II, June 1943, in front of the Boeing Flying Fortress from which he made his celebrated parachute drop, to test equipment developed in the Aero Medical Laboratory, Wright Field. The Boeing Co. photo.
Contents of the medical first-aid kit which Dr. Lovelace took with him on a 32,000-mile jet flight from Honolulu over both poles and back to Hawaii in
Photographed in the living room of the Lovelace home on Ridgecrest Drive in Albuquerque in 1959: Randy standing behind his wife, Mary, and oldest daughter, Mary Christine. At front daughters Jacqueline Anne, and Sharon Louise.
On April 20, 1964, Dr. Lovelace II was sworn in as Director of Space Medicine for NASA in a White House ceremony. Left-to-right: President Lyndon B. Johnson, Dr. and Mrs. John Sellman (formerly Christine Lovelace), Randy and Mary Lovelace, Herbert Miller of the White House staff who administered the oath, and U.S. Senator Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico.
With Dr. Lovelace II (left), Frank C. diLuzio, then Deputy Manager of Albuquerque Operations, AEC, and now in the Department of the Interior; and Dr. Clayton S. White, then Director of Research at the Foundation and now Foundation Director.
Randy Lovelace using a tracker, probably to track one of Jackie Cochran's speed runs for a record at Edwards Air Force Base in California
Moulton raised another $1,000 as a gift to Mary so she could accompany Randy. They visited centers of surgery throughout Europe and aviation medicine centers, particularly in Germany. With Europe moving ever more rapidly toward war, they came home late in June. In 1942, Randy became a staff surgeon and head of a surgical section, retaining those positions into 1946 even though because of the war he was seldom in Rochester. Many years later he told the Medical Tribune that “The Mayos influenced me, just as they had my uncle earlier.”

The Mayos were generous toward Randy’s interests. He had been exposed to flying briefly in 1928, now eight years in the past. At Mayo’s he came under the influence of Dr. Walter M. Boothby, long interested in military medicine and by then a pioneer of aviation medicine. Then he applied for training as a flight surgeon, achieving that status in six weeks at Randolph Field, Texas, in 1937 and became a First Lieutenant, Army Medical Corps Reserves. Later in 1937, at the National Air Races in Cleveland, he met Jacqueline Cochran and through her in Cleveland just a year later met her financier husband Floyd Odlum. A lifelong friendship resulted. Jackie had decided in 1932 to be a pilot, soloed her third day, and after eighteen hours aloft passed her examination. Two years later she entered big competition. In 1937 she began ticking off speed records, winning the Harmon Trophy as the outstanding woman aviator in 1937, 1938, 1939, and 1946. In 1938 she won the Bendix Race against a field of nine men. She is still competing for speed records.

Jimmie Doolittle in 1938 discussed with Randy the problems which pilots were beginning to encounter as they flew new planes ever higher, and suggested that an initial development should be an oxygen mask. The Aero Medical Laboratory at Wright Field then formally asked Doctors Boothby and Lovelace, and Dr. Arthur H. Bulbulian, to develop one. As a dollar-a-year consultant to the Army Air Corps, Randy conducted developmental tests in the low-pressure chamber at Wright Field. Using his single-engine Stinson, Henry H. Timken, Jr., of Dayton (now a Trustee of the Lovelace Foundation), would fly to 15,000 feet so the mask could be tested. The name BLB, after the initials of its developers, was given to the mask. In 1940, President Roosevelt presented the Collier Trophy, given annually for the greatest achievement in aviation demonstrated during the preceding year, to the airlines for their flight-safety record with special recognition to Doctors Boothby and Lovelace and to Captain Harry
G. Armstrong, Commander at Wright Field, for their contribution to that record.

With his growing interest in the effects of upper altitudes on the human body, Randy had spent a significant part of the 1939 trip inside Germany, and noted the numerous low-pressure chambers in use by the German Air Force. Back at Mayo’s, Randy and others expanded their work on pressure chambers and, incidentally, on cabin pressurization. In 1941, Randy and others tackled the problem of nitrogen bubble formation in body fluids and tissues as a result of a rapid decrease of barometric pressure below one atmosphere. Lovelace and Boothby learned the value of breathing pure oxygen for a period before takeoff and throughout a plane’s ascent, a technique used effectively in World War II.

As his interests broadened, Randy progressively traveled more and more. Despite his busy schedule as student, surgeon, and aviation researcher and consultant, he still managed time for recreation. Mary’s memory book also has a snapshot of a quite unrecognizable person captioned: “unshaven and after white mule, but an elk and a deer (his first), Nov. 28, at foot of Rockies in Montana.” Hunting—and sometimes fishing—remained his primary sport recreation.

In February 1942, Randy went on leave from Mayo’s and into a uniform full time, as a Major, Office of Air Surgeon, Headquarters, Army Air Corps. Within two months he was assigned back to Wright Field, where as Chief, Service Liaison Branch, Aero Medical Laboratory, he visited the Pacific, Alaskan, and European-Mediterranean theaters of war to learn firsthand the fliers’ needs which came within the scope of aviation medicine. About December in 1942, Mary put into her memory book a picture of a mother with three children and the somewhat wistful caption: “We hope daddy shall return safely home from Africa, India and China.” He did return, and was made a lieutenant-colonel late in the winter of 1943. Then, under date of April 2, 1943, came a letter from Uncle Doc addressed to “Col. and Mrs. W. R. Lovelace” at Wright Field, commenting on the recent promotion. Uncle Doc recorded that April was his hay fever and asthma month, then with an uncharacteristic touch of humor added: “Do not be surprised to see me blowing in some month.” His second paragraph—in view of later events—should be noted: “Now, what you must do is to guard against any unnecessary chances in getting in-
jured. Your reputation is made and all you have to do is protect your health and the rest will be o.k."

Only two months later—on June 24—Randy completely disregarded his uncle’s advice, dropping through the bomb bay of a B-17 laboring to hold 40,200 feet above the wheatlands of central Washington state to test bailout equipment and procedures. In later years, Randy would be quite exasperated by constant identification as the man who made that jump. “I must have done something else worth mentioning,” he told me once. Of course he had, but that drop was a specific thing, a thing of keen interest to those who fly and know about parachutes, and also a thing to hold a bit of a fearful thrill for those who fly only as passengers. There was an added touch: Randy had never jumped before, and he never jumped again.

Until January 1946, Lt. Col. William Randolph Lovelace II was only a name to me, albeit a somewhat heroic name. Having gone along on a late spring 1943 tour of training bases with Bill Crumm and his wonderful Jack the Ripper B-17 crew just home from England, I had become an “expert” and was soon busy arranging for the Memphis Belle and other returning aircraft and their crews. So, I had given up my assignment to the Office of the Air Surgeon and was only an observer of the handling by the War Department Bureau of Public Relations and by Boeing Company of Randy’s dangerous experiment. After General Arnold talked Randy into cooperating, the Air Forces Group and the War Department Bureau of Public Relations within which it functioned got into the act with after-the-fact handouts, which was all they could do inasmuch as they had not known about the experiment in advance. There are some indications that Army Air Forces had not known either. In fact, it was one of the few big events in Randy’s life that neither his Uncle Doc nor Mary knew about until days later. Mary was visiting in Albuquerque on the morning of July 1 when Uncle Doc brought to her the Albuquerque Journal and the story of Randy’s accomplishment, and of his close brush with death. Life and Look and everyone else carried pictures and a text, and they made Randy out quite a hero.

As Randy said many years later, “the portable oxygen equipment had to be ready for instant use. In any type of research where you have a piece of equipment that will be used by man, you finally have to test it under the conditions in which it will be used. A test flight was required of the portable oxygen bottle.” Others in aviation
medicine who talked many times with Randy about the experiment recall that he also made the jump to find out what was happening to cause injury and death to pilots forced to abandon their planes at high altitudes.

When Randy dropped through the bomb bay, a cord attached to the B-17 pulled his chute open immediately. It was thought that there would be less shock if the chute was opened in the thin, high air than if the airman dropped down to thicker air before opening it. The opposite proved true. Randy suffered 40 or more G’s of pressure when the chute opened, was knocked unconscious, and lost the outer and inner gloves from his left hand. The violent, pendulum swings of his body below the chute nauseated him, and his hand was deeply frostbitten. He fought his way back to slight consciousness at 8,000 feet, waved feebly to an accompanying airplane, but landed hard in a field of wheat stubble. As Randy said, someone has to try these things before one knows.

So, Wright Field and the Air Force thought to test what seemed to be—and of course proved to be—the safer way, of delaying the opening of a chute until heavier air is reached at 12,000 feet or less. Lt. Colonel Melvin W. Boynton made the jump. This time Headquarters and the Pentagon knew in advance, and the news media were on hand. Colonel Boynton had no automatic chute, but relied on retaining consciousness and pulling the ripcord by hand at a safe altitude. He dropped from the plane, his chute did not open at the planned lower altitude, and he plummeted into the ground in front of press and spectators.

Randy showed his courage otherwise during the War, putting his life on the line for other tests and to gain other information, and to return United States prisoners of war, but these events and his many accomplishments have been told in the tribute by Brig. Gen. Ernest Pinson, himself a man who has risked death in radioactive clouds and elsewhere to learn the facts.

In September 1943, Randy was advanced to Chief, Aero Medical Laboratory, Engineering Division, Wright Field, and remained in that position until he went on terminal leave in December 1945. In that capacity he supervised a staff of 225, most of whom were highly trained in the various aspects of aviation medicine. He directed research and development as applied to the effect of flight on the human organism; he supervised studies aimed at eliminating effects which would adversely affect flying personnel; and he supervised develop-
ment and testing of items of life support, such as oxygen equipment and airplane ambulance equipment. During his work while at Rochester and his wartime work at Wright Field, Randy explored all known stresses affecting fliers under then-current conditions and helped to arrive at solutions, thus establishing a strong base of knowledge from which to look into the future to anticipate stresses on fliers and equipment needed for high-speed, high-altitude jet aircraft. From there it was not a difficult projection to visualize the requirements for men in orbiting space capsules. As discussed in Men of Space, the problems of space medicine are mostly increases in magnitude of the problems that faced aviation medicine. Man cannot be altered to suit new environments; problems remain basically those of getting sufficient oxygen to breathe, keeping forces to a level man can tolerate, and maintaining a temperature that neither freezes nor roasts man.

Under the tutelage of the Mayos in Rochester and during 1936-42 as he met there the challenges and the opportunities of work in that institution, a pattern of life was developed by Randy encompassing home, recreation, travel, and multiple avenues of work, such as surgery and aviation medicine. During World War II the background of his work and his life became national, in some respects international. His life never really was constricted after the war to a local or a regional scale. He liked life and work on an international level. That fact, combined with a very real patriotism, led him over the next nineteen postwar years to accept progressively more demanding assignments while still attempting heavy professional and administrative assignments in his home institutions. The 1936-42 pattern was followed the remainder of his life, although there is reason to believe that at the last he thought he might change the pattern somewhat.

About 1944, Jacqueline Cochran, as Director of the Women’s Air Force Service Pilots, had a few press troubles, stemming particularly from some of the women writers. Air Forces Group assigned me to the WASPS. I wrote a few things for Jackie, and did some odd jobs now and then, and learned as others before me had that her gratitude for helpful effort is exceptional. Among her thank-you’s was an invitation to the Cochran-Odlum date-and-citrus ranch near Indio, California, and I finally got there from Chicago in January of 1946, via Wilshire Boulevard where all I could find for civilian wear was a frighteningly purple coat and houndstooth trousers.

Jackie wasn’t at the Indio ranch. I think she was still on her way.
west-to-east around the world, sometimes sending back articles for *Liberty Magazine* in which she was then interested because her husband, Floyd Odlum, controlled it. Floyd was on hand, confined much of the time to a wheelchair by arthritis. The cosmopolitan guest list included Lt. Colonel and Mrs. Lovelace, and it was there that I began to know Randy and Mary.

Big thoughts about life patterns, whether on a provincial or an international scene, were far from his mind as he and Mary relaxed there in the Coachella Valley. Now thirty-eight, with a fairly solid 190 pounds on a frame just under six feet, large head with somewhat prominent cheek bones, and the assurance and confidence of almost four highly rewarding years of military life, he undoubtedly was in his prime. Full of nervous energy, he spent almost no time reclining in the sun with the rest of us, but drove here and there with Mary in their Cadillac roadster. Then he became occupied with calls to associates at the Mayo Clinic and to other medical centers, seeking a hint of something which would bring relief to Floyd. One result accomplished not too many months afterward, was the installation of an outdoor heated swimming pool complete with telephone extensions so that Floyd could carry on his business while paddling in the tepid water.

While Randy was busy I talked with Mary, kidding half-seriously about Albuquerque and wondering what she found so attractive about New Mexico with its deserts. It was then I learned of the Moultons and their three girls and of their extremely close family relationship. And of Uncle Doc, that sometimes gay and sometimes stern bachelor. And that New Mexico had high and forested and lovely mountains. Always when I asked, in response to something she had said, what was so beautiful or so nice or so attractive about life in Albuquerque, she would reply: “But, the mountains are only fifteen minutes away.” It is a constant theme in her private writing. Once, remarking about a family picnic supper in the mountains in 1947, she wrote “It’s so wonderful up there.” If you had pushed her for an answer, she probably would have said that if she ever had to die, she would want it to be up there.

Winter and spring of 1946 were also quite possibly Mary’s finest time. She was a mother of three, a girl and two sons. Her husband was back safe and sound from the war, with honors and awards and friends, and ready again to settle into homelife in Rochester and to practice his very real surgical skill at Mayo’s.
From Indio, Randy and Mary returned to Albuquerque for several weeks. Not long afterward Randy told Odlum that Uncle Doc was urging him to return to Albuquerque. Back in Rochester late in the spring, after his terminal leave expired, Randy and Mary evidently continued to think about a change. In June 1946, Mary came to New Mexico, ostensibly because her father was receiving an honorary degree at the University, but, she told her family, she talked with Uncle Doc about the arrangements which might be made concerning the Clinic if Randy should decide to return.

Then came their time of tragedy and pain. Randy III was five and a half when he contracted polio in Rochester. On July 7, Randy telephoned Uncle Doc, who was at an American Medical Association meeting in San Francisco, saying that Randy had died that day and that they would take him to Albuquerque. Then Chuckie came down with the same dread disease, was paralyzed, and was flown in Jackie Cochran's plane from Albuquerque to Warm Springs Foundation, Georgia, accompanied by Randy, Mary and eight-year-old Chris. Chuckie lived only until August 13. Both boys were buried in Fairview Cemetery in Albuquerque.

The bereaved family remained in Albuquerque. The Mayos wrote for Randy to return and let work help with his grief. Randy told Uncle Doc that he simply couldn't go back. By early September the decision had been made, as Randy then wrote me in Chicago—they would stay in Albuquerque.

Their first plans for the Clinic, in which Randy was now one of three partners—Uncle Doc, Dr. Edgar T. Lassetter, and Randy—were limited. The press reported on September 8, 1946, that the Clinic management was readying plans for a new building, to house an expanded clinic and a new research department. The building was planned for Tenth and West Central, where Randy and his family were then living. (Dr. Lassettet had also come to New Mexico for his health, had married Lora Lovelace, and in 1922 combined practices with Dr. Lovelace, which was the nucleus for the Clinic.)

Soon thereafter Randy was thinking more specifically of institutions modeled like the Mayo Foundation and the Mayo Clinic, and on July 7, 1947, obtained Odlum's agreement to be chairman of the board of trustees. Their plans matured rapidly, and on September 25, 1947, following a meeting in Uncle Doc's home they announced that the three owners of the Clinic had transferred its assets—appraised later at about $700,000—to a new Lovelace Foundation for Medical Edu-
cation and Research. Mr. Odulum served also as president, and Randy as vice president until he moved up to president in 1963. The fourteen trustees included eight New Mexicans and six from out of state. Underlining Randy’s continuing interest in aviation, three were aviation connected: Odulum at that time had control of Northeastern Airlines and of Consolidated-Vultee; Thomas Fortune Ryan III of San Francisco and Three Rivers, New Mexico, was Chairman of Mid-Continent Air Lines; and Nelson S. Talbott of Dayton was a board member of Trans-World Airlines. Odulum put up $5,000 to get the Foundation going, and other early funds were borrowed from Drs. Lovelace I and Lassetter and from Earl Moulton. The Clinic simultaneously was reorganized into a voluntary association of salaried physicians, under a Board of Governors of which Uncle Doc was Chairman. In 1960, Randy was made co-chairman. The Drs. Lovelace I and II and Lassetter agreed to work the first year without salary. Then, as now, Foundation and Clinic were separate entities, the Foundation being a nonprofit corporation with one of its purposes being to supply buildings and equipment which could be rented to the Clinic.

In view of the more expansive plans, it was decided not to build on West Central and by 1949 an ample future site had been selected. Uncle Doc owned 112 acres in the Llano Addition—a triangle formed on the east by Sandia Base and on the two other sides by Ridgecrest Drive and Gibson Boulevard, adjacent to the Veterans Administration Hospital, and in its length paralleling the long east-west runway to Kirtland Air Force Base. He gave eight acres—later adding two more—to the Foundation. With Governor Mabry in attendance, ground was broken May 29, 1949, for the first Foundation building, which was dedicated on November 5, 1950. Following that dedication, those attending moved east to an adjoining ten-acre site, also donated by Uncle Doc, to turn earth for the Bataan Memorial Methodist Hospital, which was consecrated on April 20, 1952.

The years 1947 through 1950 were relatively quiet. The family had to learn to live with its tragedy. Sharon Louise was born on May 13, 1947, and her presence helped. Mary thought they should have a new home and liked the idea of Rio Grande Boulevard. After the Foundation’s future site had been identified, Uncle Doc took Mary to a high point of the Llano Addition. He indicated the views on all sides: east to the Manzanos, north along the front crest of the Sandias, west across the river to the volcanoes and far away Mount Taylor, and the
promise of a box seat for this country's sometimes startling sunsets. He pointed out the closeness to the clinic-to-be, and what that would mean to a surgeon husband. "I'll give you twenty acres right here," he said. Mary accepted. With the help of architects Zehner and Meem they built a home which formed a square around a central patio and which was ideal for their joint purposes of family living and of entertaining in connection with Foundation and Clinic activities. The house and land were valued at $90,000 when Randy and Mary moved in, in 1949.

Randy became Chief Medical Officer for Trans World Airlines in late 1947 and also became consultant to other airlines and to aircraft manufacturers. He remained in the Air Force Reserves, and was never without a high-level, military assignment. In late 1945 he had begun many years of service in first one capacity, then another, with the Scientific Advisory Board (Air Force), and in 1947 also began consultancies with the Air Surgeon General. The assignments were interesting and rewarding, but not in those years very demanding of his time or energy. So, Randy was home for much longer periods than in the war years or in later years.

The Foundation itself was not as demanding as in later years. The first requirement was money to provide a Foundation-Clinic building and thus provide facilities for an expanded clinic staff and more activity—in other words to provide for patients as well as for research and medical education. The Foundation had a few clinical research projects, but it was not until about 1951 that it undertook a major program—a continuing study of the effects of blast-energized missiles and of blast-wave shock on the human organism, under a contract first with the Atomic Energy Commission and after 1959 with the Department of Defense. In its new quarters the Clinic's workload expanded rapidly, and little space was available for Foundation programs.

In 1949, Randy suggested that I visit Albuquerque to determine if the city would support me in a public relations activity. En route I could visit a then-bankrupt farm-implement client, so I rode out from Chicago on the Santa Fe. It developed quickly that Albuquerque would not provide for me. Randy drove me to Santa Fe in his Cadillac roadster and even demonstrated the supercharger. On the way home he pointed out the lights of Los Alamos and on the whole did such an effective job of describing life in New Mexico that within six months I had accepted an appointment in Los Alamos and was living there. Mary was in the hospital while I was in Albuquerque and
it was the next night, June 16, 1949, that the Lovelace's youngest daughter, Jacqueline Anne, was born and named after Jacqueline Cochran.

As Randy told me then, the family was finding enough time to enjoy New Mexico. He usually managed throughout the years to get into the high parts of the Sangre de Cristo Range above Eagle Nest Lake and to the Springer Ranch along the upper Cimarron for the fall hunting of wildfowl, turkey, bear, deer, antelope, and elk. Almost every year he and Jimmie Doolittle would try for elk with owner Robert S. LeSage of Dallas on his Marino Valley Ranch. Hunting, perhaps like flying, was a recreation which wiped out other concerns for a brief time, and he gave hunting the same concentration which otherwise he gave to surgery. In addition his reflexes were good, his equipment superb, and he was a fine shot. He always got game. John Dornacker, early business administrator of the Foundation and now an Albuquerque stock broker—whose wife, then Martha Matthews, was a doctor's daughter and was a school contemporary of Randy and the Moultons—has many stories about hunting and fishing with Mary and Randy. He recalls one day on the Springer Ranch when he and Randy were seated on a bale of hay at their favorite spot, watching a point where two game trails intersected. Suddenly, a doe appeared from one direction and a buck from the other, both racing toward the crossing of the trails. Both rifles were fired, both deer fell upon the crossing, and both hunters began to argue as to who had killed and would take the buck. John's most vivid memory is of the speed with which Randy could dress out a deer or an elk, then loaf while the others struggled with their game. The Lovelace girls say that their mother really wasn't very enthusiastic about hunting or fishing, but it was a way to get into the high mountains—and with Randy along—so she hunted and she fished. I talked with her one day as she prepared for a trout-fishing trip, asking how she was with flies and she said she used worms. I asked about the slimy feel of worms that so many women complain of, and she said she had licked that problem by coating her hands with mud when using worms.

Randy always carried a heavy surgical load and at times a full research load, but he was especially busy with surgery from 1947 for perhaps ten years. An associate has said that during those earlier years when he was regularly in surgery and when his travel schedule was relatively light, he was an exceptionally fine surgeon. Here, too, Randy retained his interest in things mechanical, having developed at least
six tools now in general surgical use and bearing his name. I have heard persons in Indian pueblos and Spanish villages speak of Randy—and of Uncle Doc—with utmost respect and affection. When Randy died, they spoke of it as of an intimate loss. They had thought of him not so much as a doctor or a surgeon, but as a man of compassion. The wife of a friend underwent an operation and in a sentence described his doctor-patient manner: “He seemed to think you were the only patient in the world.” Floyd Odum mentioned that Randy had operated on him twice and on Jackie Cochran three times, and he stressed that Randy had sat up two nights in Jackie’s room following the second operation to be on hand in case of postoperative trouble. Uncle Doc, secretaries, and others have mentioned how “He always had time to talk with a patient, whether it was in the hall, at the airport, or on the street.”

Those characteristics are of course reminiscent of Uncle Doc, but it was Randy who achieved them and who retained them despite the other demands on his time and his abilities. Randy seldom spoke of his feeling for Uncle Doc, but the respect and the very real affection with which he expressed “Uncle Doc” left little doubt of their close relationship, and that opinion has been confirmed by close associates of the two. Both were strong men—and stubborn—and there were differences, of course, but there was also mutual respect and affection which led to compromise when their positions were opposed.

Two Drs. Lovelace in one building, and both in top administrative as well as professional positions, could be confusing. In the years after 1947, staff members began referring to them as “Dr. L-I” and “Dr. L-II,” which made good shorthand. It became “Dr. Lovelace the First?” or “Dr. Lovelace the Second?” as a telephone operator’s question. The close relationship of Dr. L-I, of Randy’s father, Edgar, and of Randy caused terminology sometimes confusing to the outsider. He spent many school years in his uncle’s home, and quite naturally referred to Grandma Lovelace and Uncle Doc as “his folks.” Over the years a few outside the family were privileged also to call the older man “Uncle Doc,” although I think he granted that privilege primarily to keep us from referring to him as “old Doc” and to Randy as “young Doc.” Uncle Doc sometimes addressed Randy as “son,” with the full understanding of Randy’s father. Randy almost always referred to his parent as “Dad.” To Mary, Edgar Lovelace also was “Dad,” while her father was always “Papa.”

For the Lovelaces the few years when outside interests were some-
what less demanding extended through 1950. Taking Chris with them, Randy and Mary sailed for Europe on the Queen Elizabeth on August 3, 1950, visited five nations of western Europe, and returned on the same ship in early September with Mr. Odium as a welcome copassenger. When they returned the Korean War was fully under way. Even earlier the shape of the two decades to come had been drawn when Russia fired an A-bomb in 1949, and in January 1950, President Truman directed an intensified program at Los Alamos to develop the so-called H-bomb. There were five series of atmospheric nuclear weapons tests on Marshall Island atolls, and seven series on the new test site in southern Nevada; while in Siberia the Russians almost matched series for series. Those events resulted in growth and a high level of activity in government installations in New Mexico and had impact on activity and programs at the Lovelace facilities, and in the Lovelace home where Mary henceforth always had to keep a suitcase packed for Randy.

Randy accepted in 1951 a two-year appointment as Chairman, Armed Forces Medical Policy Council to the Secretary of Defense. In his new position, and with the younger Charles Mayo as a co-worker, Randy in the fall of 1951 traveled a zig-zag, 30,000-mile course across the nation and on around the world inspecting medical installations of the U.S. Armed Forces and then of our Allies. The position required his residence in Washington, D.C., and, as it worked out, his usual schedule was half a week there and half a week at home, when he wasn’t traveling. There comes a time when a capable man is sufficiently knowledgeable that he doesn’t require a detailed briefing. It is told that an Army officer in the Korean War went to Randy to say he wanted to develop a project which would furnish bulletproof armor to the soldiers and that he was having difficulties. Randy cut him rather short, and asked him to come back at a certain time. When he returned, Randy told him everything was arranged and to go ahead. Randy had recommended, helped develop, and tested flak armor for the Eighth Air Force in World War II. He knew that subject. He had many capabilities, but more and more it was that experience, that broad knowledge which brought him key appointments.

I have sought among his associates to pin down his capabilities, aside from the very real physical and moral courage which General Pinson has described.

Floyd Odium thought Randy’s qualities three-fold: a) Randy had a lovable personality; others wanted to do what Randy wanted them to
do; b) Randy was thoughtful of others and had pride in his work, as shown by his efforts toward perfection; and, c) his interest in seeing what made things go, an almost childlike curiosity.

Dr. C. S. White was a Navy flight surgeon and a Rhodes Scholar, and was brought to Albuquerque by Randy to direct research at the Foundation. He succeeded Randy as Foundation Director. He had a penetrating and quite interesting evaluation that Randy was a "great catalyst." He said Randy would get people together to consider a subject and somehow he would cause the group to "go critical," and action would ensue. He also said Randy was always able then to find someone in the committee or other organization of the moment, or at the Foundation, to carry the action to a conclusion. He also noted Randy's ability to look into the future.

Dr. Ulrich C. Luft, of the Foundation staff, said: "Randy had the quite unusual ability to achieve very rapidly and with minimum briefing a sufficient grasp of fields which were strange to him and very complicated." He added: "He also had an ability to pick the essential, key item out of many; to go right to the heart of a matter; and coupled with this or perhaps growing out of it, an ability to anticipate requirements in time periods of the future."

Equally penetrating was the analysis of another longtime associate, who is well aware of the many executive positions Randy held but who said: "Randy was not an outstanding executive or administrator. A good executive can say 'no,' and make you like it; Randy couldn't say 'no' unless he worked his temper up first." We discussed that thought quite awhile and finally decided that he was indeed a very fine leader with, in the best sense of the word, a touch of the promoter in that he could manage to get things done.

In comparison with 1958-65, Randy stayed home a great deal during 1952-57. He still traveled considerably. Travel was necessary to him. It was from the contacts and observations of such trips that he drew his ideas and his inspirations. He recognized this fact, saying in an interview that reports were fine and had their place but that they could not equal face-to-face discussions. He began attending more national and international congresses. In 1952 he had helped found the Aero Space Medical Panel, Advisory Group for Aeronautics Research and Development, of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and through 1964 that organization provided a reason for periodic trips to Europe, almost always including Sweden. A glance at the list of his appointments and memberships shows that he had relatively
fewer in this period; as a result there was greater concentration on the Foundation and the Clinic, and both moved ahead rapidly in all types of resources and in programs and, for the Clinic, because of larger staff and facilities, in patients treated.

Somewhere in the Fifties, Randy ran into trouble again about his flying. It had been many years since 1928, so he went to Bill Cutter for flying lessons and was given a solo certificate—undated of course, as are so many of the Lovelace mementos. The girls have told me that their mother did not like private flying, but I do not know what she may have done about Randy's flying. Clark Carr recalls that somewhere in the early Fifties, Mr. and Mrs. Moulton, Mary's parents, came to him for arguments to help bolster their contention that Randy should fly only as a passenger. Uncle Doc had been a very early user of piloted small aircraft to reach ill patients around New Mexico, but he also was opposed to Randy in the role of pilot. Perhaps fairly late in the decade the Foundation's Board of Trustees got into the act, reportedly issuing a "strong suggestion" that Randy should use piloted charter planes and that he should leave flying to the pilot.

There was national debate in 1956 as to the need to develop long-range missiles capable of carrying the newly developed thermonuclear explosives, then there was Sputnik in 1957, and the United States' hurried efforts to answer with Explorer. Suddenly the accent was on rockets and satellites and space. Randy was by then in space medicine which was a reasonable progression on outward from aviation medicine.

With space Randy was in his element, the element toward which his interest had nudged him since that day, whatever day it was, when as a boy he looked into the big sky above New Mexico and imagined himself up there. If he had lived he most certainly would have somehow got aboard one of the multiplace orbiting vessels, perhaps not today's type but tomorrow's. Always some measure of his thoughts or perhaps of his yearnings was up there, and later out there. It was this dream and motivation and yearning and not specifically a reference to an always-on-the-go man which caused Mary's sister, Ethel Moulton Huffman, out of her own knowledge of the boy and the man, to tell me: "He was on a comet, always."

Three events during 1958 committed him thereafter to space. In April, Jimmie Doolittle asked him to chair the Working Group on Human Factors and Training, of the Special Committee on Space Technology, National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics. Serving with
him on the eight-man committee were his associate Dr. Luft, of the Foundation, and Dr. Wright Langham of Los Alamos. They made a crash study of the problems of putting a man into space. Later in 1958, Randy became Chairman, Special Advisory Committee on Life Sciences for Project Mercury, NASA. Over the years he went several times to Moscow, but in 1958 he was there for the annual meeting of the Federation Aeronautique Internationale and by observation learned enough of Russia’s effort in space to become seriously concerned. Then he and his associates helped design and program the extensive series of tests given to the thirty-two military test pilots from whom the seven Mercury astronauts were selected. As each group concluded the tests in Albuquerque before going on to Dayton for others, Randy and Mary had the men to their home for cocktails, and some of us were privileged to tag along. He may have said it elsewhere but it was there in the Lovelace living room that Lt. Colonel John H. Glenn Jr. said of their tests: “I didn’t know the human body had so many openings to explore, probe, poke, jab, squeeze, and scrutinize.” Part of Randy’s attention was always focused on medicine and on patients, and after Glenn completed his flight, Randy announced: “This program represents a real breakthrough in medical research inasmuch as it provides new methods of physical evaluation of patients and biological monitoring of patients during health and disease.”

The appointments after 1957 became more numerous and the pace of Randy’s life quickened, then quickened again, and again. Among his several appointments to important and time-consuming committees, such as the Stever Committee, was one as a member of the Plowshare Advisory Committee, dealing with the peaceful uses of nuclear explosives for engineering projects and he was among the observers that very chill December morning in 1961 when Project Gnome was fired deep down in a salt deposit and its highly radioactive steam vented through the workshaft to drift downwind between the observers and Carlsbad before it dispersed.

From the pattern of Randy’s life and its ever-quickenining pace after 1957, one should have foreseen a period like 1963-64. It began in 1963 when among other appointments in April he became president for one year of Southwest Foundations, an organization of fifty-four nonprofit foundations in three states, and the president had to help plan, then organize, its convention in Albuquerque in spring 1964. He accepted in 1963 appointment as Senior Consultant, Office
of Manned Space Flight, with the intensifying requirement to look ever further ahead to anticipate the biological and other physical science requirements. On September 12, 1963, culminating repeated board and committee service, he was elected President of the Air Force Association with the accompanying requirement to spend a year on the speech-and-banquet circuit. The load was at its peak in early spring as planning went forward for the dedication on April 26 of a $2,700,000 Foundation-research and Clinic-use building which filled the space between the Hopkins Memorial Radiation Laboratory and the Lassetter Memorial Laboratory buildings to the west and the enlarged Bataan Hospital to the east. The dedication program encompassed numerous and varied seminars and conferences, trustee meetings, dedication of the Albert K. Mitchell Gallery of Western Art, as well as social events, and extended through a week. Immediately prior to that week, Randy went to the White House with Mary, Dr. and Mrs. John Sellman (daughter Chris), and Senator Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico, where he was sworn on April 20 as Director of Space Medicine, Office of Manned Space Flight, NASA, and President Johnson described him as “A true twentieth-century pioneer.”

The new position was accepted with the understanding that he would retain his work and home in Albuquerque and commute to an office in Washington. Only the new availability of jet air-service made such an arrangement, or meeting his other commitments, possible. Soon he was spending at least a day or two each week in Washington, at least monthly visiting Langley Air Force Base or Cape Kennedy, or traveling to make his Air Force Association appearances. In the brief periods when he was home he had to occupy himself with surgery, and with the affairs of the Clinic and of the Foundation of which he was now president. To those of us who saw him periodically, he aged visibly. In October 1958 his passport for an Air Force trip to Europe had described his hair as greying; in 1964 it was grey. His weight increased, and many worried about him. I could only twit him about the many years since he had had a medical examination (he finally had one in July 1965), or about how he was or wasn’t adapting to the stress of his environment, which was using his phraseology and was taking an unfair advantage. Mary and the two girls were more practical. Recently I talked with Jackie and with Sharon and was informed that they and Chris were all good swimmers and divers, which led me to observe that that explained the swimming pool beside their home. “Not at all,” Sharon said. “We built the pool to force Daddy into exercising.”
At a later date Randy had his secretary prepare for me a paper which outlined his travel and speech engagements from October 1962 through 1964. In three months of 1962 there were eight formal engagements involving travel; there were forty-six in 1963, and fifty-seven in 1964. Randy's frequent absences were troublesome to Mary, who never enjoyed his being away from her and their home, and who really suffered emotionally as 1964 progressed. Randy must have had wise advice because in July he, Mary, and the two girls—Sharon and Jackie—were flown from New York to Europe, to Russia, to India, to Southeast Asia, to Japan and on home, returning as a happy and glowing family group. Associates talked him and Mary into making new wills before undertaking that round-the-world flight. During the remainder of 1964, Randy made only eleven trips, far below the earlier portion of the year, and five of those were to Houston and Washington for the space job. One was for the Air Force Association in September, when he ended his year's presidency. In the remainder of the year, other appointments terminated and there were few new ones. There was one exception, and it holds interest.

In talking with Jackie, and then with Sharon and Chris, I sought information on the family's eating preferences, learning only that they all liked corn on the cob, barbecue, Spanish food, and steak—in fact, they thought they could best be described as a steak family. Then I learned that possibly sometime in 1964 their father had joined "The Cooking Club" of Colorado Springs at the invitation of Thayer Tutt, president of the Broadmoor Hotel and a Lovelace trustee. The Lovelaces flew to Colorado Springs several times for the once-a-month, Saturday-night events. Only Randy could attend, as they were stag, and held in a cottage on Cheyenne Mountain. Sometimes Randy took associates at the Foundation with him. The girls remembered also that their father was an experimenter, and most particularly they recalled a meal of canned iguana, which they thought was something like "chewing on a string." They also recalled that their father taught them table manners and, they said, they turned out to be "quite Continental." They explained: "We learned to eat meat and vegetables—but not salads—with our forks held in the left hand." The preceding caused Chris some amusement later. She said: "Father was very much a tease; the girls are recalling times he was teasing them." But she did agree with them that her father used his knife to rap the knuckles of young ladies who erred in table manners, and that Sharon, who sat next to him, was quickest to learn.
I attempted to lead the girls on, by asking just what they thought of their lives during these years when their father was strictly a go-go-go type. Both girls concentrated hard, they explained. "Yes, he was gone a great deal of the time, but that's the way he was and that's the way things were. But when he was home he was one hundred per cent with us. We had breakfast and dinner together. Sundays we would do things like go to the mountains together. For dinner, we frequently would eat off TV tables in his den, with the TV turned off, although maybe we would watch TV after dinner. He would kiss us goodnight." Those informal meals in the den, perhaps with cedar chips burning in the small fireplace, stood out importantly in the girl's memories, in contrast to the many formal meals at the opposite end of the house, and closer to the kitchen.

I took the opportunity to ask about discipline. The two girls' answers varied. Sharon, the elder, thought that most of their discipline came from their mother, because their father was so often absent. She agreed though with Jackie that while much that they learned was from their mother's example, some social discipline, like the table manners, was to a considerable degree taught by their father. For instance, anyone who has visited at the Lovelace home will have noticed the gracious way the girls extend a hand for a greeting, and the firmness of their handshake. As Jackie explained, "Daddy would offer us a fishy hand, then teach us how to shake hands firmly, and how to say a good 'how are you?'" The girls are in agreement on two other aspects of discipline. Jackie recalls that one could bring home a card with four A's and one B and Randy would ask: "How about that B?" But he didn't scold. When truly upset, his eyes became piercing, and both girls agree that those eyes gave them lots of trouble. They also agree that Chris had quite a few spankings, that Sharon had only one (when she rode her tricycle down Ridgecrest and was caught), and that Jackie never was spanked. The simple fact is that all three girls are wonderfully well trained in social things, apparently have sound heads to go with charming ways, and each is different in important ways from the others.

So, they came to Christmas of 1964. Christmas morning was gift time. They all had breakfast together, with Oregon pears a must, and on each girl's plate the usual check from Granduncle Doc and another from Grandfather Lovelace. When their father could no longer contain his curiosity, they went to the tree in the living room and opened their presents in customary fashion, rotating one by one around the circle. They not only had their own stockings hanging on the fireplace,
there also was a single huge stocking Mary had found somewhere. One Christmas the girls turned the tables and bought many food delicacies to stuff that large stocking, to provide tidbits for their parents to serve at the many cocktail receptions.

So Randy came into 1965 with a continuingly heavy schedule related to his space administration work but with fewer demands otherwise. In January he thought everyone should get behind the effort to bring a health center, one of the thirty-two proposed by President Johnson, to Albuquerque. He helped here and there with the Medical School being organized for the University of New Mexico. With his talent for taking what his peers said, then jumping ahead, he had long proposed the use of computers to provide quick diagnosis of a patient’s ills, and discussed with me several times what could be done if the records of one million Mayo patients could be computerized and put at the prompt call of any physician. He also had thought of what computers could do to solve the problems of information retrieval in this day when data promises to engulf mankind. He had managed to get a small computer through NASA, and in 1965 got a larger one through the AEC.

As the first half of the year moved along, there was talk within the Foundation and with the trustees about a building, possibly a final building for the present, to house an auditorium, a library, a computer, and various educational facilities otherwise. Viewed against what this doctor and promoter—and again I use the phrase in a conservative sense—had done since 1947, it seemed quite possible that such a facility might be added soon. Randy had always had drive and enthusiasm, and I think he brought a degree of romance to the Board of Trustees as they helped him bring to pass some of his dreams for the Albuquerque institutions.

The entire family was delighted in March when John and Chris Sellman had a baby boy, Charles Randolph, and there began to be more and more occasions for trips to San Francisco.

Randy was obviously a very tired man by midsummer 1965. There are some indications that he then began to think it was about time to cut back on national commitments, about time for a catching-up pause in Foundation and Clinic expansion, about time to spend more time with his family. He told Uncle Doc one day in mid-1965 that so much had already been achieved that he thought he would take time to write his autobiography. He must have talked similarly with Mary because she had the basement cleaned and rearranged so there
would be room for an orderly arrangement of the many files containing his papers. There can be a reasonable doubt whether, after he had rested, he would have continued at a slower pace, but it obviously was his intent.

Robert O. Anderson of Roswell had become co-chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Foundation, and was also chairman of the Board of the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies. Then Dr. Alvin C. Eurich, president of the Aspen group, also became a Lovelace Trustee. Somewhere along the line Randy found time to attend an Institute seminar and found that he liked Aspen. In August he paid $5,000 down on a $40,000 condominium house in Meadow Lane. When in residence the owner occupies such houses, but when he is absent they are rented to other visitors. Randy applied for a Colorado license to practice medicine, for use when in the future he might be in Aspen.

There were increasing items of joint interest to the Institute people and the Foundation people, and Randy flew to Aspen quite frequently. Partially because of their new house, Mary went along several times and now and then they took Jackie with them. There is one basic procedure when flying out of Aspen, I have been informed by several charter pilots. It is to climb fast to 12,500 or 13,000 feet which is above the crest of the Sawatch Range to the east and south although not above all the peaks. The more direct route to Albuquerque is almost due south to Gunnison, which means flying for perhaps one hundred miles over rough terrain. Sometimes the pilots would go farther east of south, following above the Roaring Fork Valley toward Green Mountain then swinging to the right and on south, but this route also involves a long stretch of rough terrain. Usually, if Randy was on board the pilot would turn to the left of Green Mountain, flying well above Independence Pass, over only possibly twenty miles of bad terrain and then above the central valley. They “always” used the last route if Mary or Jackie was aboard, I was told. Of course, if the weather was clear Randy often directed the pilot to fly here or there off the direct route, sometimes to fly closer to the ground, so he could do a bit of sightseeing.

In September, Randy and Mary donated land valued at $32,500 to the Kit Carson Council, Boy Scouts of America. In mid-autumn Randy joined Jimmie Doolittle and LeSage for elk hunting, and then he, John Dornacher and others began looking ahead to their annual goose hunt on the C/S Ranch at Cimarron, to be sometime between December
ON A COMET ALWAYS

15 and 24. Then in mid-November he was off again like an old fire horse at the sound of an alarm. With only an hour's notice he was invited to be an observer on a flight which Rockwell-Standard Corporation had arranged and Randy managed to make a commercial jet flight to Honolulu. From there the group—some thirty persons drawn from various disciplines—were flown in a modified Boeing 707 nonstop across the North Pole to London; then to Buenos Aires and nonstop across the South Pole to Christchurch, and on to Honolulu, covering 26,203 miles in a total flying time of 51 hours, 21 minutes. Randy then took a jet back to San Francisco where the entire family gathered with the Sellmans for Thanksgiving. As some thirty hours were flown in darkness, not too much was observed. Upon his return to Albuquerque he told the Tribune that he was able to see the U.S. base in the Antarctic and that this was his biggest thrill on the trip.

On November 15, before the takeoff from Honolulu, Randy managed to get Mary on the phone to wish her a "Happy Anniversary." He also phoned her from each stop the aircraft made, but the monthly anniversary call was something else again. They were married on the fifteenth of the month—September—and ever afterward played a game of who would be the first to wish a "Happy Anniversary" to the other on each fifteenth. Once during the war this was done by letter, but otherwise in person or by phone. Randy's call from Honolulu marked their 386th anniversary, by their calendar, and each undoubtedly was already thinking ahead to December 15 and how to best the other.

They had already planned to spend Christmas at home as usual, then go to their new home in Aspen for the year-end holidays. All the family was to be there.

The week of December 5 was busy: On Tuesday, Mary offered her annual book review to the Tuesday Literary Club. On Wednesday, she presented the devotional service at the final meeting of the Board of Deacons of the First Presbyterian Church. That afternoon she and father Edgar's wife, Frances, went Christmas shopping in Winrock Center where Mary bought Frances shoes with a bright flower on them, and Frances bought Mary and Randy a large barrel to be used for icing drinks. Thursday she attended the Presbyterian Women's annual luncheon. She gave some thought to the Christmas party which was to be at her home on December 20 for the other deacons.

Randy had his usual busy week. He assigned several tests to be made by the astronauts during their forthcoming and highly important rendezvous flight. He and Thayer Tutt were both members of the...
Rocky Mountain Wine and Food Society, which has gourmet meals in restaurants or hotels anywhere but which always returns to the Penrose Room of Colorado Springs' Broadmoor Hotel for a pre-Christmas event, and they both were committed to attend with their wives that Saturday night. Friday I went to his office to have him get me the result of a diagnostic test which a physician had neglected to pass along, which was the type of thing which irritated him and he very quickly had the information for me. As I left his office a staff physician was waiting, and said he was tired of dealing with committees but that Randy would get him a decision. We agreed we both would feel somewhat lost if he wasn't there to hear and act on our problems. Before I left, Randy had told me that he was thinking seriously of resigning his space position; perhaps he said that he had already sent NASA a preliminary letter.

On Friday, Randy called the Cutters and, as had become his custom, asked for pilot Milton Brown and that a plane be assigned for two days, Saturday noon through Monday noon. Brown was 27, a native New Mexican, and lived in Albuquerque with his wife, a daughter, and a son. He had piloted Randy in the same plane for about twenty-five hours. He was committed to go to Santa Fe Saturday morning to helicopter Santa Claus from the airport to the downtown plaza but would be back for a noontime takeoff. Randy wanted to see Dr. Euriach and also wanted to make certain the house would be ready for the holidays, and had already decided to go on to Aspen after Colorado Springs.

Then he got around to telling Mary and Jackie that they would all go to the Springs and Aspen Saturday, and ran into unexpected difficulty. Jackie is a sports enthusiast, and especially good at breakaway, which seems to be a spinoff from soccer football. Saturday morning her team was to play a visiting team, and she felt she was committed. She recalls that her father "became quite a bit provoked with me." It is quite probable her eyes flashed as they do when she becomes intent, and that his eyes took on that piercing look. But, "Mother said nothing." In fact Mother had cooperated other times to get Jackie excused from weekend flights. On Saturday morning, Jackie weakened a little and told her mother she would try to return by 11:30 or in time to accompany them. As it turned out, she had to call her mother at 11:30 and tell her that she simply couldn't get there, and for them to go ahead. So she spent the weekend at home with Mercedes Barela, who had been with the family for years and was more than a housekeeper.
The banquet Saturday night was a bit overwhelming in its wines and brandies, and the variety and richness of the food, but thoroughly enjoyable. Sunday morning they didn’t get started quite as early as they had planned, but they were flown above the Front Range and the valley and on across the Sawatch Range, with snow-covered mountain peaks all around shining brightly in the sunshine, then down to the Aspen airport. On the way Mary quite possibly talked with Randy about the gourmet dinner he would have to arrange for the Cooking Club’s February feast. Dr. Eurich was not there when they arrived, so they talked with others, then drove out to see their house, which would be ready by Christmas.

Back in Albuquerque, father Edgar Lovelace and his wife Frances became concerned when Randy failed to visit them in mid-morning. For the seven or eight years that they lived on the ranch west of the Rio Puerco, and in the three years they had been back in town, Randy never failed to visit them on Sunday morning if he was in town. If he was to be absent or too heavily engaged, he always telephoned to tell them so. This time they had heard nothing, so they expected him. They phoned, Mercedes told them about the trip to the Springs and Aspen and that Randy and Mary wouldn’t in any case be back before afternoon, so they accepted that Randy wouldn’t come to their home that Sunday.

About noon Randy and Mary returned to the airport where Pilot Brown was waiting. Mary probably climbed into the back seat. Randy may have got back there with her, as he sometimes did, or he may have been in the front seat beside the pilot, as he often was. They took off at 12:30 noon and while it would be about two hours back to Albuquerque and they wouldn’t get there before mid-afternoon they still had time to fly a circle to the west to look down on their new house. Then the white plane with its two-tone stripe flew into the east up the valley of the Roaring Fork and those on the ground thought it was going to fly above Independence Pass, but before the stream split around Green Mountain, the man at the controls swung to the right toward Grizzly Gulch and the rocky sides of the Sawatch Range.
W. RANDOLPH LOVELACE II: BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

WILLIAM RANDOLPH ("RANDY") LOVELACE II was born on Dec. 30, 1907, in Springfield, Mo., the son of Edgar Blaine and Jewell Costley Lovelace. Edgar B. Lovelace was born in Paydown, and Jewell Costley in Monette, Mo. They were divorced in 1918. The mother died in California in 1933. The father, now 85, lives in Albuquerque with his wife, Frances.

Randy Lovelace's uncle, William Randolph Lovelace I, "Uncle Doc," was born July 27, 1883, on Dry Fork south of Belle, Mo., never married, and has been a resident of Albuquerque since 1913.

Randy's wife, Mary Easter Moulton Lovelace, was born April 7, 1912, in Lucy, N.M., to Earl Lake and Adelaide Peirce Moulton, he being from Michigan and she from California. Mr. Moulton died in 1948. Mrs. Moulton, now 82, lives in Albuquerque. Mary's older sister Ethel, born in 1908 at Lucy, is now Mrs. Oscar B. Huffman of Nambe, N.M.; the younger sister, Gertrude, born in 1914 at Corona, N.M., is now Mrs. E. E. Kinney of Artesia, N.M. The Moultons moved to Albuquerque in 1920, where Mary completed grade school in 1925 and was graduated from Albuquerque High School in 1929. She received her B.A. in musical education at Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., in 1933, where she was a member of Pi Beta Phi sorority.

Randy Lovelace was tutored, 1914-17, while living in Albuquerque and on a ranch near Willard, attended Williard Public School 1917-18, then enrolled in Sept. 1918 in Albuquerque's Fourth Ward (now Lew Wallace) School; finished elementary schooling in June 1921; and was graduated from Albuquerque High School in June 1925. He attended Washington University, St. Louis, 1925-30, having a premedical major and receiving a B.A. degree; studied medicine, 1930-32, in Washington Medical School, St. Louis; Cornell University Medical School, New York City, 1932-33; Harvard University Medical School, Boston, 1933-34, receiving his M.D., Oct. 19, 1934. He interned in Medicine, Oct. 1934—July 1936, Bellevue Hospital, New York City. In summer, 1929, he took a course at University of Southern California. In summer, 1931, he also took a course at the University of Wisconsin. He was a Fellow in Surgery, Mayo Foundation for Medical Research and Education, Rochester, July 1, 1936, to 1939. He received his M.S. in Surgery from Mayo Foundation, University of Minnesota, Rochester, in 1939.

Randy and Mary were married Sept. 15, 1933, in the First Presbyterian Church, Albuquerque. They had five children, three girls and two boys: Mary Christine Lovelace, born Dec. 22, 1938, in Rochester, Minn. On Aug. 26, 1961, she married Dr. John Sellman, now in post-doctoral training in an orthopedic residency in the University of California Medical Center, San Francisco. Their son, Charles Randolph Sellman, was born March 5, 1965. William Randolph Lovelace III, was born in Rochester Dec. 10, 1940, and died there July 7, 1946. Charles Moulton Lovelace was born in Rochester Aug. 3, 1942, and died Aug. 13, 1946, at Warm Springs Foundation, Ga. Sharon Louise
ON A COMET ALWAYS

Lovelace was born in Albuquerque, May 13, 1947. Jacqueline Anne Lovelace was born in Albuquerque, June 16, 1949.

Randy and Mary died as the result of an aircraft accident on Dec. 12, 1965, about 20 miles from Aspen, Colo., in Grizzly Gulch.

Aviation Medicine and Surgery: As a Navy ROTC member, W. Randolph Lovelace II attended Great Lakes Naval Training Center, spring 1928, earning a pilot’s license. On leave from Mayo, Feb. 15 to Apr. 1, 1937, he earned a rating of flight surgeon, School of Aviation Medicine, Randolph Field, Texas. Early in 1939 he received the Mayo Foundation’s J. William White Scholarship providing foreign travel to study medicine and surgery. During Apr.-June 1939 he studied surgery in nine countries in Europe. Beginning in 1937 he was a student, then an associate of Dr. Walter M. Boothby in aviation medicine research at Mayo’s. In 1938 the Aero Medical Laboratory at Wright Field asked them, together with Dr. Arthur H. Bulbulian, to develop an oxygen mask for the Army Air Corps. In 1939-40, he was First Assistant to Dr. Charles W. Mayo at the Mayo Clinic, and in 1940-41 was an assistant surgeon. In 1942 he became a staff surgeon and head of a surgical section at the Clinic, retaining those positions while on leave with the military, 1942-46. Together with the airlines, Dr. Boothby, and Captain Harry G. Armstrong of the U.S. Medical Corps, he was a recipient in 1940 of the Collier Trophy.

World War II Service: His records indicate that after Randolph Field in 1937, he was made a First Lieutenant in command of an Army Medical Corps Reserve unit. In Feb. 1942 he was called to active duty with Army Air Corps (later Army Air Forces) as a Major, Office of Air Surgeon, Headquarters. Beginning in Apr. 1942, at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, he served first as Chief, Service Liaison Branch, and then as Chief, Oxygen Branch, Aero Medical Laboratory. Early in 1943 he was made a lieutenant-colonel. On June 24, 1943, he tested high altitude bailout equipment and procedures in a drop from 40,200 feet. From Sept. 1943 until December 1945 he served as Chief, Aero Medical Laboratory. In 1944 he was promoted to colonel. Terminal leave was from Dec. 1945 until Mar. 1946, after which he returned to his surgical duties at Mayo Clinic.

He was awarded: the Distinguished Flying Cross (1943), the Air Medal, the Legion of Merit, the Army Commendation Ribbon, and American Service Medal, and was authorized to wear the American, Asiatic-Pacific and the European-African-Middle Eastern Theater Ribbons with three bronze battle stars, and American Service (Alaska) Ribbon. The Lovelace Foundation and Clinic: After his return to Albuquerque in 1946, Randy became head of a section on surgery and partner in the Lovelace Clinic. On Sept. 25, 1947, the Drs. Lovelace and their partner, Dr. Edgar T. Lassetter, a brother-in-law of Dr. Lovelace I, announced that they had donated the assets of the Clinic to establish a Lovelace Foundation for Medical Education and Research, under a fourteen-member Board of Trustees to be chaired by Floyd Odulum of New York and Indio, Calif. Coincidentally the Clinic was reorganized into a voluntary association of salaried physicians, controlled by a Board of Governors. In 1960 Randy was named cochairman of the Board of Governors, with his uncle, Dr. Lovelace I. Randy was Director of the Foundation 1947-65 and, until 1963, a vice-president, then was elevated to the presidency. Ground was broken May 21, 1949, for the first new Foundation-Clinic building, which was dedicated Nov. 5, 1950. Helping round out the medical center, the Bataan Memorial Methodist hospital was consecrated Apr. 20, 1952, on adjacent land donated by Dr. Lovelace I.
Other Military Service, 1945-65: Randy remained in the U.S. Air Force Reserves, was promoted to Brigadier General, USAFR, in 1961 and posthumously to Major General in February 1966.


Space Medicine: The following appointments were with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA): Advisory Committee on Flight Medicine and Biology, 1959-61. Chairman, Special Advisory Committee on Life Sciences, 1959-63. Senior Consultant, Office of Manned Space Flight, 1963-64. Director of Space Medicine, Office of Manned Space Flight, National Aeronautics and Space Administration, Washington, D.C., Apr. 20, 1964, to Dec. 1965. Also a member of the Advisory Committee on Flight Medicine and Biology, National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NACA), 1957-58; and Chairman of Working Group on Human Factors and Training 1957-58.

Other Appointments: U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. 1951-52, member, Biomedical Test Planning and Screening Committee. 1955, delegate, International Conference on Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy, in Geneva. 1959-65, member, Flowshare Advisory Committee, and in December 1961 an observer at Project Gnome near Carlsbad, New Mexico. He held positions on the board of directors and other posts in some twenty-two foundations and organizations. He was a member of some thirty-three international, national, and local associations and societies.

Hospital Staff Appointments: Bataan Memorial Methodist Hospital, Albuquerque, New Mexico, active staff, 1952-65. Veterans Administration Hospital, Albuquerque, consulting staff, 1946-65. Presbyterian Hospital, Albuquerque, courtesy staff. St. Joseph's Hospital, Albuquerque, courtesy staff. Los Alamos Medical Center, Los Alamos, New Mexico, consulting surgeon, 1955-65.

Publications: Dr. Lovelace II contributed over 90 technical papers and articles for scientific and medical journals on surgery of the neck and abdomen (intestines), on oxygen therapy and aerospace medical problems.

Awards: 1941, named by U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce one of Nation's Outstanding Young Men. 1947, Royal Order of the Sword—Degree of Officer First Class by Swedish Government for his assistance in establishing an aviation medicine program in Sweden. 1948, John Jeffries Award—(Institute of Aeronautical Sciences) for "Out-
standing contributions to the advancement of aeronautics through medical research." 1955, Exceptional Service Award—(Dept. of Air Force) in "Recognition of distinguished patriotic service, 1946-55." 1959, Science Award—(Air Force Association) for "Distinguished service to air power in the field of science." Co-winner with Brig. Gen. Donald D. Flickinger. 1962, Special Aerospace Medicine Honor Citation—(American Medical Assn.) for outstanding service to the U.S. in connection with the astronaut program. 1963, Melbourne W. Boynton Award—(American Astronautical Soc.) "for more than 20 years outstanding service in advanced space medical research." 1963, New Mexico Academy of Science Award in recognition of contributions to science and distinction brought to New Mexico. 1963, Man of the Year Award—New Mexico Realtors Assn. 1964, Lyster Award—(Aerospace Medical Assn.) for outstanding scientific and professional achievements and contributions in the field of aviation medicine. 1964, Outstanding Achievement Award—(Regents, Univ. of Minnesota) for contributions to aviation medicine, research, government and armed services. 1964, Karolinska Institutet Medallion—(Karolinska Institutet, Stockholm), presented by Dr. Ulf von Euler. 1964, Academy of Medical Sciences, Prof. N. I. Pirogov Memorial Medallion in honor of the 150th (1810-1960) Anniversary of the Academy of Medical Sciences, Moscow, U.S.S.R., presented by Dr. V. Parin, Acting Head of Academy of Medical Sciences. 1964, The Moscow Kremlin Medalion, in honor of the City of Moscow, presented by Prof. P. G. Gazenko in his capacity as a Representative of the Academy of Sciences. 1966, Louis W. Hill Space Transportation Award, with $5,000 honorarium.

Richard G. Elliott has been Director of Information for Albuquerque Operations Office, U.S. Atomic Energy Commission since 1950. Following his early years with newspapers and magazines, progressing from writer to columnist to managing editor, he promoted sports enterprises in western Europe for two years, published an Oregon weekly newspaper, became an account executive and then general manager for an industrial-financial public relations counseling firm. He continues such work here in Albuquerque but is almost exclusively occupied with work without remuneration for nonprofit organizations. He serves as a director of various community and state organizations, including the Sandoval County Economic Opportunity Corporation. Mr. and Mrs. Elliott live in the community of Llanito, north of Bernalillo, in the Rio Grande Valley, where they raise and show registered Angus cattle on what is known as Elliott's Pear Tree Ranch.
Mr. Elliott served with Army Air Forces during World War II, being assigned to Air Forces Group, War Department Bureau of Public Relations, where he first learned of Dr. Lovelace II. Through Jacqueline Cochran they became acquainted in early 1946, and the association continued through 1965.

The manuscript for "On a Comet Always" was coordinated with members of the Lovelace families, including the daughters of Dr. and Mrs. W. Randolph Lovelace II, and with officials and other associates at the Lovelace Foundation.