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In Memoriam

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In Memoriam

Beverly Runge

George Washington never knew Beverly Runge, but she knew him quite well. She had been to his home countless times and also knew his family, his neighbors and closest friends, and even a number of Washington's passing acquaintances.

Her relationship with Washington, one-sided though it was, blossomed over a span of more than fifty years. It began at Mount Vernon and, some time later, was renewed with these words: "A Journal of my Journey over the Mountains began Fryday the 11th. Of March 1747/8 . . . Began my Journey in Company with George Fairfax Esqr.; we travell'd this day 40 miles to Mr. George Neavels in Prince William County."

That was the first entry Washington made, at age sixteen, in a series of diaries that would chronicle the balance of his life. Those diaries have been compiled and annotated in book form—six volumes in all—and parallel some fifty other volumes of Washington documents published so far by the Papers of George Washington project since its inception in 1968.

Beverly Runge was instrumental in the decades-long undertaking, and her painstaking research into the life of Washington will continue to serve as an underpinning as the project moves forward to include eventually some ninety volumes.

"The volumes would not be nearly as far along, nor as good as they are, without Beverly," said W. W. Abbot, who served as the Papers' second editor in chief and led the project from 1977 until his retirement in 1997. "She was absolutely invaluable."

Runge passed away April 18, 2008, at age 78. Her thirty-seven years at PGW will stand unsurpassed, having outdistanced even the tenure of Philander D. Chase, who retired in March after thirty-five years with the project. Before she arrived at the Papers, Runge served as assistant curator at Mount Vernon during the mid-1950s, and after moving to Charlottesville in 1956 continued to work on Mount Vernon's manuscript collection for several years.

Her professional legacy is that of a tenacious researcher who, despite her obvious talents and depth of expertise, was just as determined to remain in the

background. Abbot described her as "very modest"; Chase said she "was never one to seek the spotlight," an observation echoed almost verbatim by another longtime colleague, Dorothy Twohig, who was with the project at the beginning and served as the third editor in chief.

Runge was a major contributor to getting the project set up, said Twohig, and played a key role in identifying and organizing what eventually became a repository of 135,000 photocopied Washington documents. She was "a pillar of the project [who] probably never got the credit she deserved," Twohig added, noting that when Runge balked at efforts to place her in charge of the project's Colonial Series (covering the years 1748-75), Abbot nevertheless had her name displayed as "Editor" for the final edition of the ten-volume series.

Most of all, Runge will be remembered for her tenacity and skills as a researcher, especially when it came to identifying obscure individuals and untangling familial relationships.

"Whenever anyone on the staff was confronted with a baffling family genealogy or land transaction," said Chase, "he or she went to Beverly, who almost always was able to make sense of the complicated and seemingly contradictory documents."

"She was like a terrier—she wouldn't let those people go" until she could identify them, Twohig recalled. "Sometimes that would take a lot of work."

Chase, who served as editor in chief from 1998 to 2004, described her as "a researcher's researcher. She knew where to find the details necessary to explain complex events accurately and clearly, and no one was ever more indefatigable in digging them out than she was. Her knowledge and work ethic were remarkable and earned the respect and lasting affection of her colleagues. . . . Beverly also had a broad understanding of Washington and his place in history, particularly Washington the planter and farmer, and Washington the French and Indian War soldier. She knew more about the workings of Washington's Virginia Regiment and the building of frontier forts than almost anyone else."

Her Mount Vernon experience also made her the resident authority on that critical facet of Washington's life. "Beverly really was our Mount Vernon expert," Twohig said. "She knew more about Mount Vernon than any of us."

Runge was born September 7, 1929, in Richmond, Virginia. She received a B.A. in English from Mary Washington College in 1950 and an M.A. in history from the University of Virginia in 1954. She was the widow of William Runge, former head of the McGregor rare books collection at U.Va. They are survived by two sons and two daughters. Beverly Runge began her career with the Washington Papers in October 1970 and retired as a full-time employee in 1995. But she returned to work part-time until shortly before her death. Her final day in the office, March 21, preceded by one workday the retirement of her longtime friend and colleague Phil Chase.

"I had the great privilege and pleasure of working with her for 35 [years]," Chase said. "Her scholarly and personal integrity were unsurpassed, but she also had a marvelous sense of humor and a contagious excitement about history and life that endeared her to everyone who knew her. Her presence as both an editor and a person will be greatly missed."

Thomas E. Dulan

Larry I. Bland

Larry I. Bland, editor/director of *The Papers of George Catlett Marshall,* died suddenly of a heart attack on November 27, 2007, in Lexington, Virginia. He was sixty-seven years old.

In addition to the *Marshall Papers*, Bland edited *George C. Marshall Interviews and Reminiscences for Forrest C. Pogue* and *George C. Marshall's Mediation Mission to China.*

He also served as managing editor of the *Journal of Military History* for nineteen years, for which he received the Victor Gondos Memorial Service Award for outstanding service to the Society for Military History.

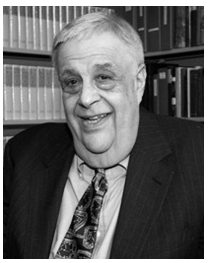
A native of Indianapolis, Indiana, Bland received his B.S. in Physics from Purdue University and his Ph.D. in Diplomatic History from the University of Wisconsin. After teaching at colleges in North Carolina, Bland accepted a National Endowment for the Humanities fellowship at the University of Illinois, Urbana–Champaign. He joined the George C. Marshall Foundation in 1977.

Bland is survived by his wife of forty-five years, Joellen; two sons, Neil of Boulder, Colorado, and Ryan of Lexington; his mother, Emma C. Bland of Indianapolis, and two sisters, Juanita Bower of Mesa, Arizona, and Janice Bland of Plainfield, Indiana.

A memorial service was held on Friday, December 7, 2007, at the George C. Marshall Foundation in Lexington, Virginia.

John Y. Simon

(The following remarks were delivered at the 2008 ADE annual meeting in Tucson and have been edited for publication here.)



In a sedit-l message about John Y. Simon's death I called him *The* Founding Father of the ADE. I stand by that statement. Though others who were present at the founding are very deserving of individual credit, John was our "first among equals." As evidence, here is the list of positions he held during this organization's early years: 1978—chair of the founding steering committee; 1979—appointed immediate past president; 1980—president elect; 1981—president; 1982—immediate past president; and in 1983, my favorite, substitute immediate past president. All of these titles might lead you to think that John was some kind of power hungry benevolent ADE dictator, but instead they demonstrate the respect that his colleagues held for him and the fact that he was the kind of leader that we needed—someone who was always ready to work on building the organization.

Having made the case for John Simon as our George Washington, I will switch gears and contend that he really deserves to be remembered as our mother hen in chief, nudging us along, worrying about the ADE's future, gently nagging, and always keeping our spirits up during trying times with his incredible droll humor. During my decades as chief cheerleader for the ADE advocacy team, John served as my cheerleader and could always be counted on to call (NOT email) on a regular basis, offer help, and walk the halls of Capitol Hill with me—though he always whined that I didn't warn him about the marble floors, which were too hard on his feet and legs. Here are just a few of my snapshot memories of John:

- The horrified look on his face when I told him in 1979 that we didn't allow smoking in our office.
- John happily almost dancing around the White Sox's luggage in a Baltimore hotel looking at the names on the luggage tags and gleefully calling out the name of the player whose luggage he had found.
- Annual Valentine's cards with messages like: "If you think I loved you when you got 4 million just think how much I'll love you if you get 5."
- Scouring Capitol Hill snack bars with John for Harriet's favorite peanut butter chocolate Tastee Cakes every time he came to Washington.
- John actually wearing a red "Coalition to Save Our Documentary Heritage" t-shirt—with his ever present blue suit of course—at the Columbia meeting.

- And finally, a 1981 meeting with radical budget hawk and NHPRC nemesis California Representative William Dannemeyer, who had a block of wood labeled federal budget with a hatchet stuck in it on his desk. After a Dannemeyer lecture on supply side economics, John tried to convince the Congressman that the NHPRC was like a rose bush in a garden of weeds and should not be pulled up and thrown out with all the other federal programs that were the weeds. It was truly difficult to keep a straight face.

Though we will miss John, I am sure we will always recognize how lucky we were to have had the good fortune to have him among us as our George Washington, mother hen, and, most of all, friend and colleague.

Charlene Bickford

While the crowd at John's memorial service included family members and representatives of SIU, most of us were there because of John Yoncker Simon's matchless gift for friendship. I can best demonstrate that with the story of my own relationship with John, a Nobel Laureate among friends.

Long before the era of email, Facebook, texting, and other tools of "virtual" bonding, John and I became friends without ever meeting. I introduced myself in formal and collegial style to "Dr. Simon" in letters in 1970 and 1971 that reported my discoveries of Grant materials in obscure, uncatalogued manuscript collections that I searched as an archival agent for the new projects publishing the papers of George Washington and the delegates to the Continental Congress. Never one to lose touch with a potentially valuable ally for the Grant Papers, John kept my name in mind for the next few years.

There was little I could do to help as an editor of the well-established Adams Papers in Boston, but when I moved back to NYC in 1975 to begin the Papers of Aaron Burr, John scented gold. A search for Burr's scattered letters and documents would, John knew, take me and my staff to areas the Grant editors had never seen. And so he wrote to congratulate me on my new post. I replied politely.

Soon letters crisscrossed half a nation between the Morris Library in Carbondale and my office at the New-York Historical Society. Almost immediately, John and I discovered that we shared a sense of humor whose nature has been described by friends and enemies as uproarious, irrepressible, madcap, Looney-Tunes, irreverent—and by some who found themselves the targets of our jibes as "irresponsible" and "undignified."

We finally met in 1978 when John and Harriet visited New York for the annual meeting of the Organization of American Historians. John and I had already embarked on one of the great Kline-Simon collaborations—the Aaron Burr Papers Xmas card. John initiated this creative process by remarking

casually—"You need a greeting card that shows Burr and Santa Claus fighting a duel." I couldn't ignore that hint. I did the line drawing of Burr and St. Nick, back to back with pistols drawn. Xerox copies were generated for me and my staff to hand color with red and green magic markers.

This year, Joanne Ryan, my Associate Editor on the Burr Papers, and I have will reissue the card in a John Y. Simon memorial edition. Photoshop will allow us to skip the hand coloring, but the original caption will remain: "Christmas Eve 1803, Weehawken, New Jersey. Concept suggested by John Y. Simon."

I will skip the complicated process by which John learned, nearly two decades later, that I was dating his friend and fellow editor Ted Crackel. I will confine myself to recalling John's audible relief on learning of my plans to marry Ted—I had followed John's sage advice a few years earlier on my dating career. Ted was a retired U.S. Army colonel, and John had counseled me: "You really should consider looking for a man with serious combat experience."

If John intended to masquerade as a jokester, of course, he failed miserably. In more than three decades of friendship, I always knew that he was on my side and in my corner. And we both knew that the jokes concealed the most basic element of his character—a firm unwillingness to take himself seriously paired with an inability to view his responsibilities to his work, his wife, his children, or his granddaughters with anything but complete devotion and singleness of purpose.

I will miss the jokes. I will miss the encouragement. Most of all, I will miss the sound of his voice at the close of each telephone conversation: "You know we love you, gorgeous."

For all of us, I will just say thanks, John—for the memories, the jokes, and the unfailing, invaluable gift of your friendship.

Mary-Jo Kline

I loved John Simon and I love Harriet Simon. They are among the finest people I have ever known. This friendship began thirty years ago through this Association and blossomed from that point forward.

I spoke to John by telephone just a few weeks before he died. We did have a few laughs again, and I managed to coax a few of those Great Gildersleeve guffaws out of him. But he was down in the dumps. I told him that I loved him and that I would always be his loyal friend. I had no idea it would be the last time I would ever hear his voice.

Everyone in this room knows how important John was to this organization and what he meant to the whole field of documentary editing. Charlene and Mary-Jo have already spoken of this from their hearts.

When John made his annual pilgrimages to Washington, D. C., to plead for funding for the NHPRC, he would always stop by my office on Capitol Hill, and sometimes we would grab a quick lunch in the House of Representatives cafeteria or meet with Charlene and other co-conspirators for a more leisurely meal where we could take up the cause of documentary editors.

He was in his element on Capitol Hill. He took off his cloak of humorist which he wore so easily and so lightly and became all business before the House committees. I always admired his consummate professionalism and dedication to the Association for Documentary Editing, but what I will miss the most is his marvelous affable style. He was so much fun to be with. He brightened the room.

John could say things that were serious and funny at the same time. Those of us who were in the room that night when he gave his presidential address to the ADE in 1981 will never forget his opening line delivered with great fanfare and Biblical solemnity: "In the Beginning, there was Julian Boyd. . . ."

In the Beginning of this organization—there was John Simon. We will never forget him. His legacy will endure as long as the ADE exists and as long as scholarship and fellowship are valued on this planet.

Ray Smock