



RICHARD McCALL ELLIOT, JR.

1902-1905

RICHARD McCALL ELLIOT, JR., the son of Richard McCall and Elizabeth Wheeler Elliot, and a great-nephew of the First Rector, was born at Philadelphia, Pa., on April 12th, 1888. In 1917 he married Joan Packard, who survives him. He entered Annapolis in 1905, was graduated in 1909 and served continuously in the Navy until he was killed at sea, March 19th, 1918, at which time he held the rank of Lieut. Commander.

No St. Paul's boy ever better exemplified in his life and death the finest traditions of St. Paul's and of the American Navy than did Richard McCall Elliot, Jr. An officer and a gentleman, he gave his life in a heroic attempt to save his ship and the lives of his fellow-officers and crew.

He had an excellent record at St. Paul's, was modest and unassuming, but ever sweet-tempered. He studied well, played hard and won the affection of all who knew him. He matured somewhat slowly in mind and body, and did not reach his full development until later, at Annapolis, where, as at St. Paul's, he studied and played hard, rowing stroke of the second crew for four years. The Navy was his choice; to it he gave the best he had; no task was too arduous; no duty too hazardous, and nothing could daunt his intense devotion to his beloved profession. Small wonder was it that he won the love and respect of all his shipmates: so that a fellow-officer writes of him, "More than his professional skill or his untiring faithfulness to duty, or even his heroism; more than any of these, and far beyond, stands out one quality that has always seemed little less than God-sent to me—to the best of my knowledge, no officer, old or young, in the past twenty years has been loved the way both officers and men loved Dickie. When an Admiral heard of his death, he beat his fist on the bridge-rail and cried, 'But why in hell does it have to be a man like that!'"

In 1915 he was cited for "exceptional bravery while on the U. S. S. Destroyer *Aylwin*. When the boiler exploded off Cape Hatteras, he entered the flooded boiler room and rescued men at night, with a heavy sea running."

And so, when on that day in March, 1918, in the perilous days of the war, the Destroyer *Manley*, of which ship he was Executive Officer, approached a transport at sea to deliver orders, Lieut. Commander Elliot, seeing danger of a collision, for "someone had blundered," sprang aft to avert it if possible, and to warn and save his men. Too late! The ships came together; the contact exploded depth bombs on board the *Manley*, and Lieut. Commander Elliot and sixteen of the sailors were killed.

When his body was laid to rest in the graveyard at Bryn Mawr, close to his birthplace, amid all the wealth of flowers from officers and friends, no tributes were more significant and none would have touched him more than the many bunches of faded flowers, arranged by the loving hands of his men, in symmetrical order on the cover of the steel coffin, in which he had been brought home.

One might speak of traditions of his young boyhood; of his growing up in the family atmosphere, which made his record at St. Paul's School and his service to his Country inevitable; of his diligent application to the technique of his profession; of the charm and sweetness of his personality; of his perfect bearing in his home life as son, brother and husband. All these were the indices to his character. They made it not only possible, but natural, for him to forget self and act instinctively for others, even when such act was the last of his life.

A gallant officer and gentleman was Dickie Elliot; an aristocrat in every instinct, but in every act and thought a democrat.

The Navy Department has honored his memory by naming one of the destroyers the *Elliot*.

By his life and death, he has added luster to the Honor Roll of St. Paul's, of the Navy and of his Country.