



Richard Allen Martin

October 6, 1934 - November 27, 2017

Matthew Martin's Tribute to His Uncle Dick

Uncle Dick has passed away.

Since I'm not able to come home right now, I thought this might be the easiest place to share the news for those of you that knew him. And for those of you that didn't know him, please indulge me to write a few words in his memory:

If you had met Richard Martin it's a near certainty that he made an impression on you. At 6'5" and somewhere north of 350 lbs. he was a giant of a man (although my father loved to introduce him as his "baby brother", with a wink and a grin, as Richard was three years younger). If it wasn't his size that got your attention then his personality would do the trick: a potent mix of boisterous, loving, confident, friendly and good-humored to most, but also at times demanding, gruff and fiercely protective if he perceived someone as a threat to him or his family. What I'm trying to say is that Uncle Dick had some nuance to him, a nuance that was undoubtedly influenced by a youth spent in New York City.

Born in Brooklyn, Richard had a formative experience working among the row of bars that backed up to piers lining the West side of Manhattan. With a clientele of mostly merchant marines and navy soldiers that were thirsty and a

bit stir-crazy after being out to sea, the one guarantee for a successful bar in the area was that it would host fights almost nightly. Luckily for Uncle Dick, he became quite adept at breaking up those fights. "Two hits" became his M.O. - "Me hitting you, you hitting the floor". As his reputation began to grow, they actually started to call him Big Dick along the row. No kidding. Big Dick. Ha.

He once gave the two hit treatment to a loudmouth that was spouting off in his friend's bar. Only this time, when the guy hit the floor everybody told Uncle Dick to beat it out of there before he woke up. "That guy is fighting to become the heavyweight champion of the world in three weeks" they panted. Rocky Marciano made quick work of him a few weeks later, but Uncle Dick would say with a grin that Rocky owed him for softening the guy up.

From New York he set off on a cavalcade of adventures and occupations. From Florida to Texas, Louisiana and Colorado and from hotel manager to carnie, and just about everything else and everywhere else in between, Uncle Dick always followed his heart. And though he traveled widely, he always made an effort to stay close to family.

He was also a man that was driven by his passions, which, like his meals, came in extra large portions.

Try as we might, we could never get him to forsake his beloved Dodgers and root for the local team.

He was an accomplished bowler, and self-professed bowling hustler. He used to stroll into the bowling alley carrying his equipment without a bag, shoes tied together and strung across his shoulder, bowling ball dangling from one finger, all while wearing a pink shirt. Apparently it was chum in the water because they couldn't line up fast enough to get a piece of the giant pink clown. And if the Cadillac and sizeable wad of cash that he used to sport in those days was

any indication, those people didn't make out so well.

Later in life we took him fishing, and he became hooked, literally and figuratively, from day one. He was meticulous in his preparation, and almost unbelievably patient and unrelenting in his angling pursuits. A lifelong film connoisseur, he was no less meticulous in cataloguing his vast movie collection. He later turned to more indoor pursuits like beating everyone within shouting distance at Wii Sports and becoming a voracious reader. When Uncle Dick did something, he did it full tilt. He will be missed.

Fare thee well Uncle Dick, at long last may you rest in tranquility and comfort.