

In Memory of Captain Larry T. Quick

September 20, 1941 — October 10, 1999



Larry with his wife, Connie, and son Jeff



Dear Larry,

Well, my friend, your last battle was like so many others that I've seen you undertake: difficult, high stakes, and an uncertain outcome. As always, you were thoughtful, tenacious, and brave. Those of us who watched and listened from afar prayed for the best, but this time it was not to be.

Some pilots will not know your name, but they like many of us are among those who are benefiting from your efforts on past negotiating committees and by your work in the grievance arena. All US Airways pilots owe you a debt of thanks for your many hours of ALPA work. You long ago earned the status of pilot advocate. Even when you no longer had an official ALPA role in the business of the pilots, you provided a rich resource on the history of issues in which you either personally participated or were a knowledgeable bystander.

Your wife, Connie, has been so patient over the years with your union-related absences, and we owe her many thanks for that. I also admire her fortitude and devotion.

I know from the remarks made at your funeral by your children, Larry, Jeff, and Terri, that they understood your loyalty to the pilots. Their pain at losing you was turned outward into insightful comments about their admiration for you. Your old friend, retired Capt. Joe Kernan, summed you up well: honesty, integrity, and guts.

It was a beautiful day to say goodbye. There was the kilted Scottish sentinel who marched a solitary square in front of your gravesite with his bagpipes playing. Then, as *Amazing Grace* was sung a cappella by your niece, Trisha, a sudden breeze caused a vigorous flapping of the canvas canopy over your gravesite. Maybe that was your final protest at flying west so early. Finally, the lone military jet that flew over headed west during the minister's final words couldn't have been more poignant. It was a service that touched all who attended. In fact, no one wanted to leave afterwards, instead lingering to bask awhile longer in the glow of your spirit and the comradeship that brought us there that day.

That we will miss you, Larry, goes without saying. You left a fine legacy, so you will live on in a way that lets us appreciate you everyday. Take care, my friend, and thank you for being there all those years for the pilots.

John Davis (PIT)

B-757

Note: Cards may be sent to the family at: 5030 Oatlands Lane, Warrenton, VA 22186. Donations may be made in Larry's name to: Fauquier County Hospital, 500 Hospital Drive, Warrenton, VA 20186.