

EULOGY FOR HENRY O. MALONE, JR.

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Henry O. Malone, Jr., was born in Shreveport, Louisiana. His Dad was a pastor; his Mom was the church organist. Growing up in this crucible called "church" formed his life. His sister Marilyn was born nine years later. H. O.'s father was also pastor of Baptist churches in Texas, where he founded the First Baptist Church of Marfa, Texas.

Those who knew H. O. well also knew that he was passionate. I'd like to address four of his passions, which will not be ranked by significance but by chronology, since he was an avid historian.

H. O. developed a love for flying as a child growing up in the 30s and 40s. He read every novel about the Red Baron and other WWI pilots immersing himself in thoughts of aviation. Even as an eight or nine-year-old boy, he could spot planes in the Texas sky and identify them. He truly was fascinated with flying, so much so, that he twisted his Dad's arm to buy a plane at age 16. H. O. was determined to fly a plane, but his mother did not like the idea, so he bought a Harley Davidson.

He had learned to fly during high school in San Antonio, where he graduated in 1952. He worked as a civilian "mechanic learner" at Kelly

AFB in Texas on the B-36 bomber that summer and then studied four quarters at Baylor University in Waco, Texas while also flying as a rated pilot in the Civil Air Patrol. During these four quarters, there was nothing he wanted to do more than to fly. Seeking to enlist in the United States Air Force, H. O. learned upon doing some research, that the USAF required post-high school education, so he traveled to Canada to enlist in the Royal Canadian Air Force for pilot training, which required only twelve years of schooling. Upon passing the entrance examinations, he was told that because of the McCarran Act, he would have to have written authorization from the U. S. State Department and Defense Department before the RCAF would accept him. He applied for the necessary authorization but was denied on the grounds that the policy was not to grant authorization in an *individual* case, but consideration would be given to an application from a *group*. As someone in his late teens, H. O. then wrote a letter which was published in *Flying Magazine* requesting others to contact him so that they could make application as a group. As a result, he received 80 replies, 60 of whom wanted to pursue enlistment in the RCAF.

H. O.'s father petitioned congress to change the requirement to allow high school graduates to be admitted for pilot training within the aviation

cadet program. The requirements were changed on November 1, 1953. A later letter from an Air Force Colonel to *Flying Magazine* mentioned this change in procedure, updated the readers of young H. O.'s status and also indicated that a copy of his prospects list had been forwarded for personal contacts by aviation cadet selection detachments. H. O. was appointed as an aviation cadet in February 1954. After attending numerous schools, H. O. won his Air Force pilot wings in 1955 at the tender age of 20.

This episode truly categorized H. O.'s confidence, drive, and determination. When he had an idea, he acted on it. This pattern reemerged throughout his life.

His fighter pilot resume includes continued flight schools and honors. He flew the F-86 Sabre in Germany and was qualified as a "bomb commander." His noteworthy instructors included "Hank" Buttleman, youngest jet ace of the Korean War and Korean War jet ace Robbie Risner, with whom he flew as wingman. Flying was his first passion.

While stationed in Toules-Rosieres, France, H. O. had to go to Wiesbaden, Germany to get a physical in December 1956. While there, he wanted to call his parents in the states to wish them a Merry Christmas. In those days, making long distance calls overseas was not always automatic.

He went to the German Post Office where someone could make the phone connection for him. There he met a woman named Monika who was working with the phone service. Waiting to get an available phone line, H. O. had to spend the whole night in the office. More importantly, H. O. spent all night during his waiting talking to Monika. A romance emerged and was maintained for six months; they were married in France on July 6, 1957. This began his second passion: family. The newlyweds lived in France for about six more months, and then H. O. seized an opportunity to get out early to return to Baylor.

In their first year in Waco, their oldest daughter Ingrid was born during exams in 1958. H. O. actually missed his final exam, because he was at the hospital. He went to his professor and told him the reason for his absence, to which the professor replied, "That's fine this time, but you certainly can't use that excuse for another nine months." H. O. told Ingrid that story every year on her birthday.

H. O. received his Bachelors of Arts in History from Baylor University in 1960. Fascinated with church history, H. O. moved to Switzerland to attend the Baptist Theological Seminary at Ruschlikon. Susan was born in 1962, and Victor followed the next year. H. O. graduated Magna Cum

Laude with a Bachelors of Divinity degree, and then the family of five moved back to the states where H. O. joined the Army, and he continued to fly. After numerous moves, they finally settled in Austin, Texas where he would receive a Masters in History from the University of Texas. His interest in church history had shifted to European history. Michael was born in Austin in 1966. For a couple of years, H. O. taught modern European History as a member of the History Faculty at Texas Christian University. In 1973, he began his twenty-one-year career as a Department of Defense civil service military historian. He served in Tactical Air Command, US Air Forces Europe, where he continued his graduate studies as an exchange fellow at the University of Zürich and the University of Heidelberg.

While holding this job and supporting a family of four kids, he finished his Ph.D. at the University of Texas in Modern European History in 1980. He published his dissertation as a book about a German Resistance Fighter Adam von Trott; the volume is in German.

In 1981, H. O. and family moved to Hampton, to their present home in Elizabeth Lakes, to be the chief historian for the Army Headquarters Training and Doctrine Command (TRADOC) at Fort Monroe. He served in

this position for thirteen years, then officially retired from Federal Service in October 1994. Since January 1995, he has been as a historical consultant, working primarily at Fort Monroe, which would become another of his passions.

While living in Virginia, his three passions of flight, family, and Fort Monroe truly have occupied his time. He was a member of the Virginia Aeronautical Historical Society and several air sports organizations. H. O. and Bert Howland collaborated on the design and construction of a plane, with H. O. offering the pilot's view point. He loved to fly his amateur-built, experimental H-2A Honey Bee aerobatic biplane named "Marvelous Monika."

H. O. was the 1994 United States Ultralight Association Moody Recipient. The Moody Award is ultralight aviation's highest and most prestigious award presented to an individual, group or organization that, by their efforts over a period of years, have made significant contributions or advancements of enduring value in the sport of ultralight aviation in the United States. (<http://www.usua.org/Awards/>)

His aviation passion included establishment of a company Classic Aero Enterprises to promote and sell plans for plane construction. H. O.

also flew gliders. In describing H. O's passion for aviation, his family offered words like enthusiastic, meticulous, and academic.

His last great passion was Fort Monroe, which began before the Defense Base Closure and Realignment Commission decision to remove the Army presence by 2011. The BRAC decision did prompt H. O. to be a founding member of the Citizens for a Fort Monroe National Park, of which he served as president. This last great passion went back to his identity as a historian. He has spent his academic and professional career in the preservation of history, but he also had a profound sense of justice. H. O. saw this issue as one which had a right and a wrong, and for him, to preserve it was right. Once he got a cause, he stuck to it

As he exhibited when he wanted to receive pilot training as a teen, once he set his sights upon something, he wanted to know every last detail and fact. This is the reason it took so long for him to complete his Ph.D. He was masterful at research; he was tireless as a campaigner; and he was passionate about what he believed. As his daughter Susan described him, once he was focused, he was unassailable.

Regarding the preservation of Fort Monroe, he has had the ears of members of City Councils, Congress, Senators and even the Governor. At

a gathering in Norfolk where then Senator George Allen was present, H. O. sought conversation with the sitting Senator but was dismissed by staffers. As Senator Allen whisked past the crowd, H. O.'s bass voice boomed above the chaotic noise, "Don't let Fort Monroe be your Craney Island," referencing a gaffe by Allen's opponent Jim Webb during a senatorial debate. Senator Allen stopped and asked H. O. to walk alongside him to learn more.

I can remember on two separate occasions on Sunday mornings that my alarm clock awakened me with a familiar voice. Set on a local public radio station, my clock radio played interviews with Dr. H. O. Malone, President of Citizens for a Fort Monroe National Park. Time will only reveal the fruits of his passionate efforts.

While H. O. had quite a stellar academic record, today he has received straight F's on his report card: flying, family, and Fort Monroe, but there is one more passion which began when he was born. This passion also begins with the letter f, and it is his faith. H. O.'s parents brought him up (to quote the biblical proverb) "in the way he should go, so when he was old he would not depart from it." Ever since he came into this world, H. O. has been involved in church. He graduated from the largest Baptist

university in the world, Baylor, and then graduated from one of the most academic Baptist institutions in the world, the Baptist Theological Seminary in Ruschlikon, Switzerland. On September 20, 1981, not long after they moved to Hampton, H. O. and Monika moved their membership from First Baptist Church in Sumter, South Carolina to Hampton Baptist Church. He has served as a Deacon, on numerous committees and also was an active member of our Church Council. I jokingly referred to H. O. as our “constitutional guru,” because he knew our church’s constitution as well as anyone.

As his pastor, I appreciated his stability and respect. His mind was like a trap; he seemingly never forgot anything. H. O. truly was a brilliant man. I always knew where he stood; he knew the rules. When his opinions differed, he exhibited confidence in his verdict and respect in his dissent. While I asked congregants to call me by my first name, H. O. always addressed me as “Pastor.” His winsome smile, methodical thoughts, and faithful presence will be sorely missed.

As listed on everyone’s calendar, today is Halloween, but to church historians, today is All Hallows Eve, the day before All Saints Day, which is a time to remember those like H. O. who were followers of Jesus Christ but

have now died. So today, we honor and celebrate the life and passions of H. O. Malone, and while I mentioned church involvement as it related to his faith, his church membership is not *synonymous* with his faith. H. O.'s belief in Jesus Christ began when he was a boy, and he continued to believe until the end. While he has lived all over the world, has seen the view of earth from thousands of feet above its surface, today, because of that faith in Jesus Christ, H. O. has now moved to his final destination, his home in heaven.

Thanks be to God for a passionate life well-lived; thanks be to God for the promise of resurrection; thanks be to God for the gift of H. O.

Malone, Jr.

AMEN.

Our Benediction this morning was authored by John Claypool, a friend and former pastor in Fort Worth. H. O. had typed it and placed it in his wallet where Monika found it this week.

“Depart now in the fellowship of God the Father, and as you go, remember: in the GOODNESS of God you were born into this world; by the GRACE of God you have been kept all the day long, even unto this hour; and by the LOVE of God, fully revealed in the face of Jesus, you are being redeemed.”

AMEN.